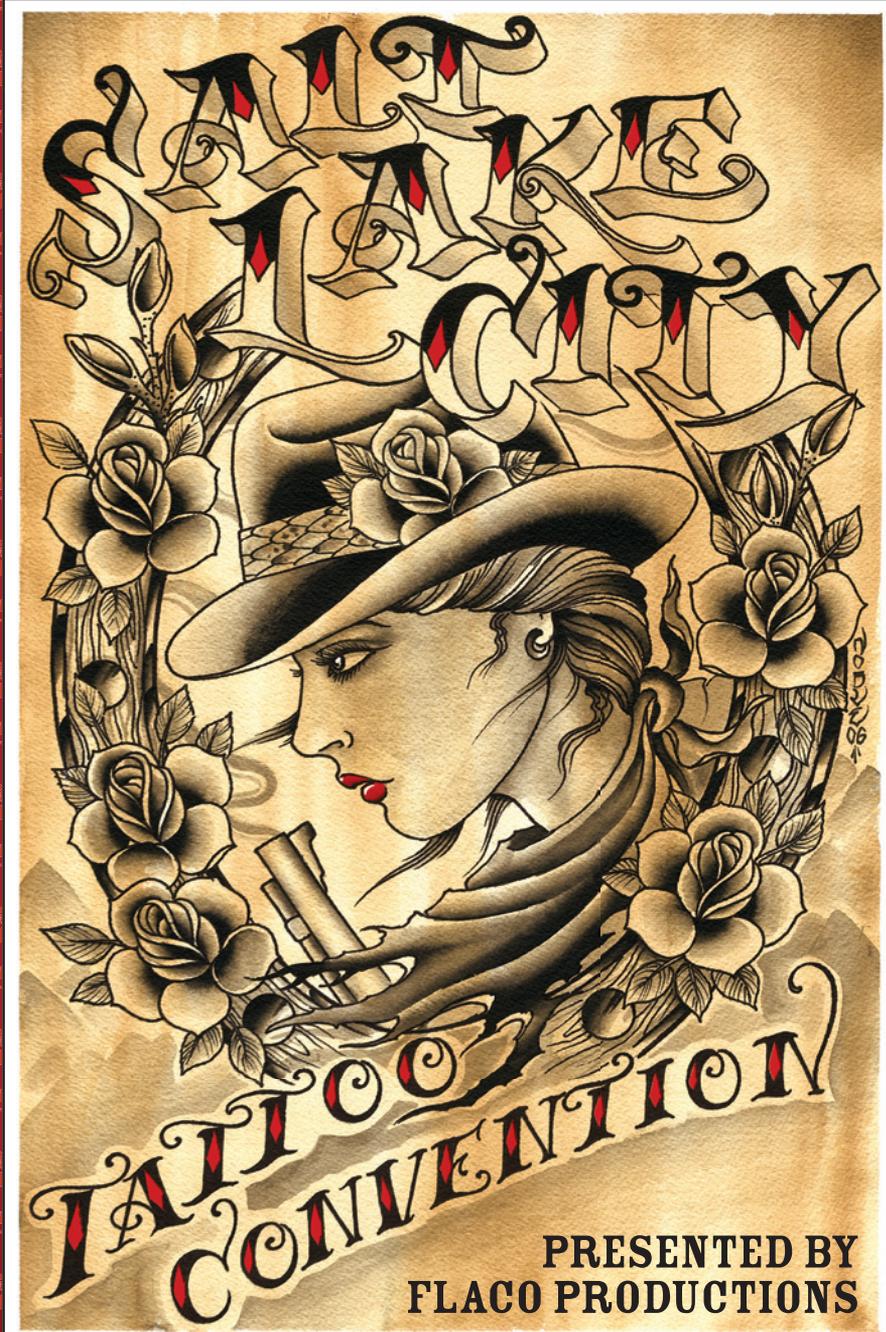


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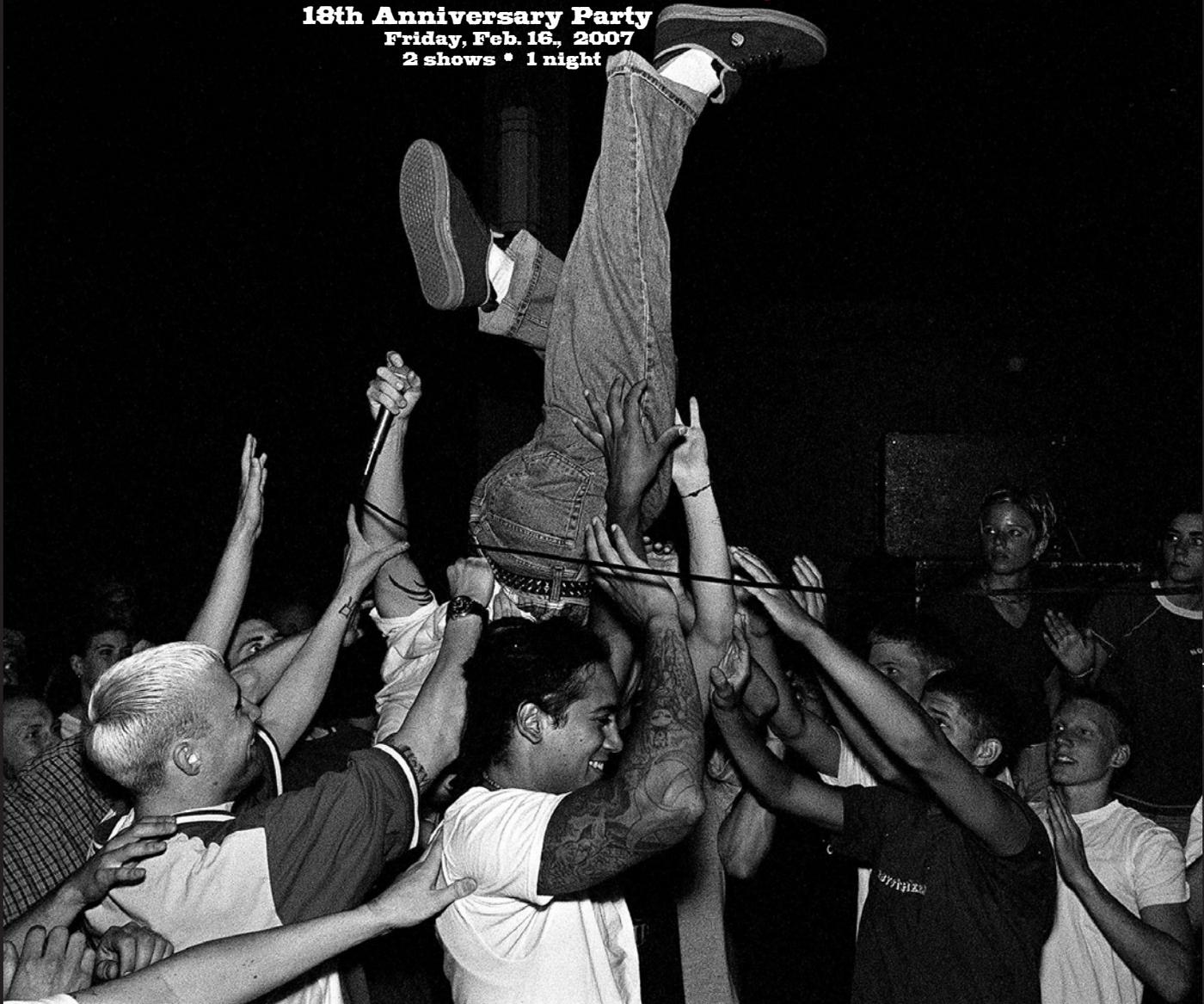
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Ryan Ashley Workman

Ryan-Ashley Workman started freelancing at SLUG as a contributing writer in Feb. of '89 and has lent us his helping hand ever since. You may remember Ryan as the guitarist in Right Side Up and Mayberry, where he sang lead vocals. Now, at the ripe age of 33, Ryan is single-handedly running his own independent record label, Pseudo Recordings. Established in 2002, Pseudo Recordings has released

10 albums (including several vinyl-only releases) by pinnacle bands such as Erosion, COSM, The Wolfs, Red Bennies, and Blackhole. Ryan is expanding his labels' territory by promoting our Utah bands overseas, pushing the label's e-commerce and signing the best local bands. Ryan currently lives in Holladay, but it's only a matter of time before he leaves his day job and makes the label a full time gig.

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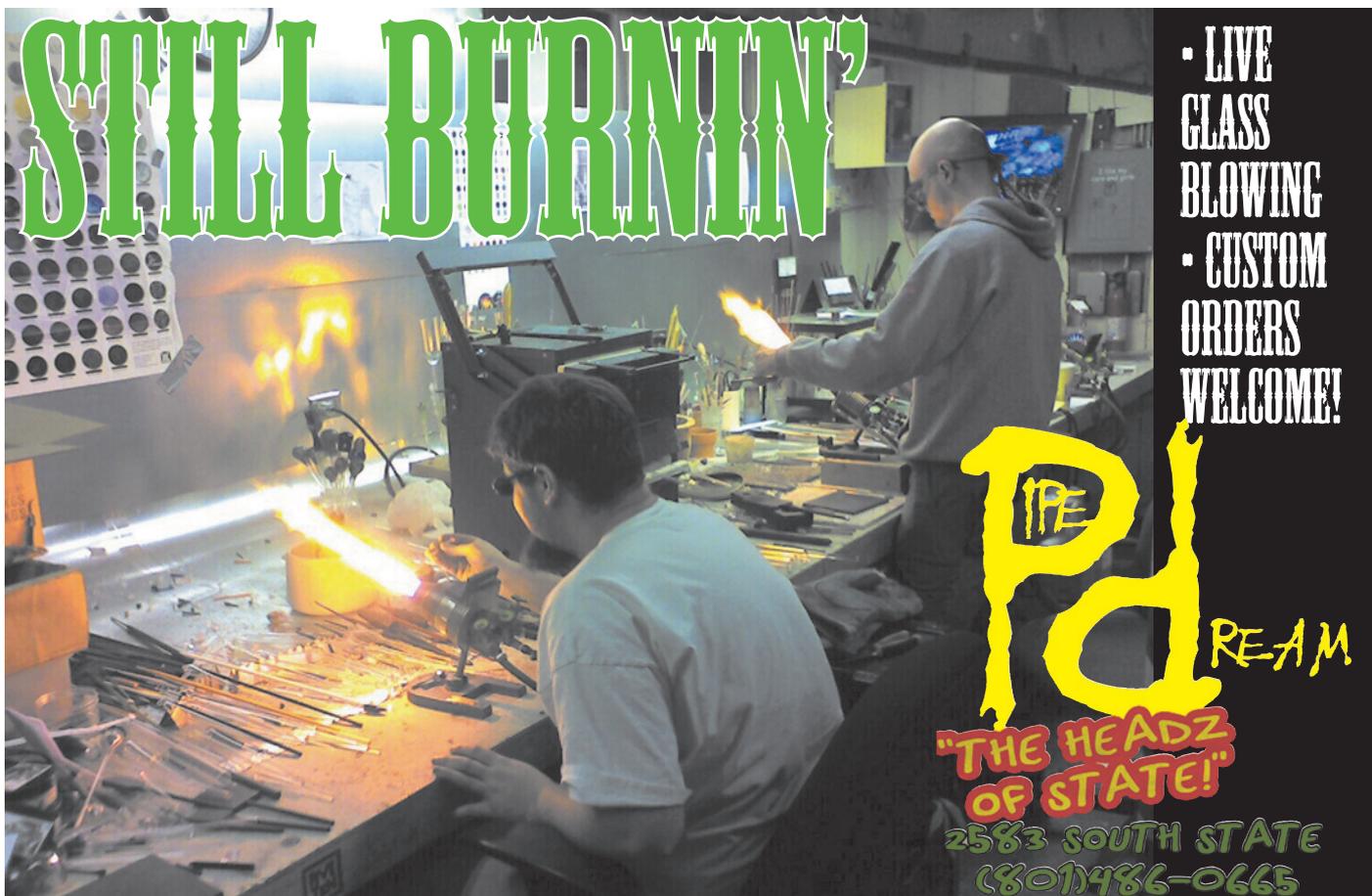
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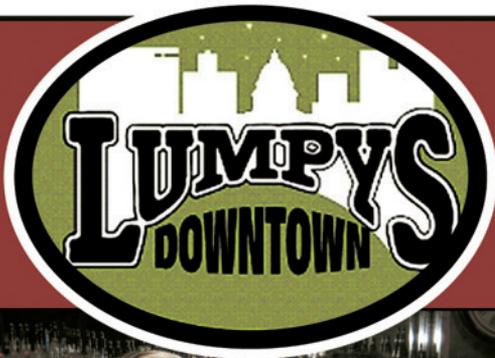


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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

My roommate sucks. I am sure you, humble readers of SLUG, have had bad roommates before. I am not talking about the roommates that play drums in the middle of the night, have sex at 3am in the morning or that burps or belches inappropriately and to your great annoyance all the time. I am talking about the type of roommate who neglects the delicate balance of living with someone. Case in point: you leave the house for a minute and your roommate masturbates all over you computer and tells you your computer was overheating and started to melt even though you clearly know that he came all over it and was too lazy to clean it up. My roommate is THAT roommate. Previous to us being roommates he was cool but, come to find it out, he wasn't really that cool and I just didn't know him that well. What do I do about a roommate who is inconsiderate, annoying and worries too much about his girlfriend? Do I kick the shit out of him? Do I constantly nag him about his worrisome ways?

Your faithful reader,

Mortified Mortimer

MM,

Why not just move out of the house? Who is the bigger dickhead ... him for being a clueless asshole or you for not a) moving out of the house or b) telling him he is an asshole and trying to fix the problem yourself? Why the fuck do you need us to tell you what to do? Why don't you grow some balls and talk to your roommate? Or, if those things don't work, start your own counterattack by belching in his face, wearing your underwear around the house leaving empty beer cans around. While this may not solve anything, it might make you feel better.

Dear Dickheads—

WTF dude! What is this hoighty toighty art fag bullshit? Who is Douglas Crimp and why should I care? I read the article and it was poorly written, all over the place and talked in "quotes" of "words" "like" "this" (a clear sign of academic wankery). Quite frankly it seems like it is just a moment for one art fag to wag his feathers in front of other art fags who in turn fag it up with this sort of nonsense. Whoever this Brian Kubarycz fag is and whatever he thinks he is, his article sucked and I would advise taking this kind of shit out of your magazine and focusing on something more important such as the national romance writers association conference (which would be more interesting). Instead of catering to one group of fags their faggotry, you should try to stomp out this dumb shit. Really, who cares about Hegel – he was just another white dude and quite honestly, this stuff is boring and irrelevant.

—Douglas Brain Cramp

SEND US YOUR LETTER! DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM



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WOCALITY

I sat at the Tea Grotto fidgeting with my new digital voice recorder and wondering how exactly I would tell the members of QstandsforQ apart from the many other patrons enjoying their tea. A major detail we hadn't discussed was what I look like, or what they would look like, and I wasn't about to hold up a sign like an escort waiting at the airport. After a half-hour or so of awkward fidgeting, I decided to risk looking like an ass and ask someone. The most likely candidates were a thin young man wearing a long, goth-style dress coat and a young woman with short hair. It turned out to be Byron and Sara of QstandsforQ. They had been sitting next to me for 15 or 20 minutes looking as confused as I was. A third person, Jason, arrived shortly thereafter. When I saw the three of them scanning the room and discussing what to do, I figured they were a safe bet.

"A lot of times when we perform, we lose track of who we are at that moment because we get into this little realm where we're technically trying to enlighten the audience. We're trying to give them an experience that will lighten up their lives a little bit. That's more of what we focus on. We just lose ourselves in the music and hopefully the people in the audience do as well," Sara told me.

QstandsforQ describe themselves as gypsy ethereal, apocalyptic, melancholy-folk. They find it hard to use the word "folk" because of the association with said word.

"I couldn't see us on a folk show," Byron said. "Or parodied in *A Mighty Wind*," Jason quickly chimed in, "though that would be kinda cool, I guess." The recordings have an almost *Books*-ish feel to the production. There's something atmospheric and haunting about it. There is a beautiful, but foreboding presence lurking just behind the music.

I could definitely imagine the audience losing themselves in it, but not in a light, airy way.

As melancholy as the music may be, the musicians don't fit the description. They are all very cordial and friendly, and don't take themselves too seriously. They obviously have a sense of humor about things, which was made evident when I asked if there was anything about their performances that stood out to them.

"Something that I like when we perform is, every once in awhile Jason will go into a sort of crazy mode. He kinda wants the audience to know that he could give a flying fuck what they care and so he'll just start laughing maniacally," Sara brought up.

Byron smiled, "One time, we cut out a pumpkin and Jason wore it on his head, and after the show, his skin was all wrinkled and orange."

"Yeah, and we put candles in my mouth and I lit up like a jack-o-lantern," Jason laughed. "That was a funny experience."

"My wife's brother used to come to several of our shows, and he says his favorite thing about our show is that while we always play the same songs, every single time the songs are different," Byron told me, "We're not just playing a set list."

"In that way we try to convey whatever it is we have at the moment. Kind of like the essence of what we are then, but more on an emotional or spiritual level." Jason said.

myspace.com/qstandsforq



Q STANDS FOR Q

Byron: Saw and percussion. Jason: Guitar and vocals, and sometimes other things...sometimes. Sara: Vocals and keys.

CALLICO

By Chris Carter dannofalchris@gmail.com

Calico is a hard band to get a hold of. After many games of phone and e-mail tag, I finally had the pleasure of talking to them over a cup of coffee at *Nobrow*. It turns out I'm acquainted with Tyler. We worked at *The Depot* together. That was no fun, but that's no reflection on Tyler, and having someone I was semi-familiar with there made things a little easier on me.

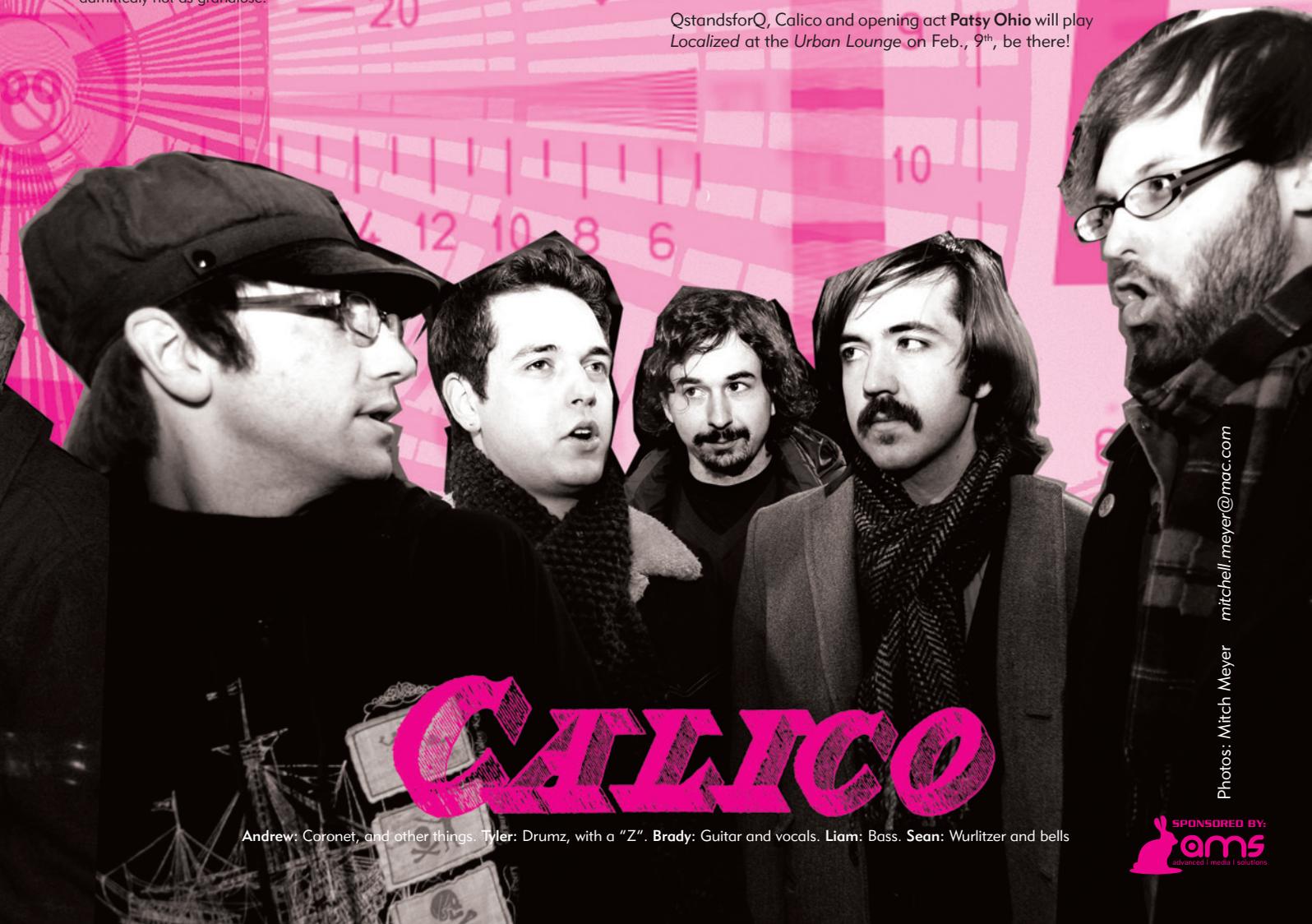
Calico plays experimental folk. The avant-garde, ambient kind. Although they list themselves as experimental, they still find their music more accessible to a wider audience than most other bands described as such. "Usually experimental kinda turns me off, like it's going to be some weird noise thing," Liam explained. To them, being experimental is much more involved than that. "The funnest parts about being experimental are playing with arrangements and texture," explained Brady, "it's avant-garde without being bratty and pretentious or kooky." The music is multi-layered, textural pop-folk. The tinkling of bells and Wurlitzer weave themselves slowly through vocals semi-reminiscent of **Elliott Smith**. In listening, it's almost surprising that there are only five musicians. Some parts even come close in styling to **Sigur Ros**, though admittedly not as grandiose.

The Salt Lake indie scene is a bit incestuous. Notable bands are always sharing members. The scene itself is made up of a seemingly small group of musicians who will disappear from one band only to surface in another. Calico is no exception. Within are ex-members of **Victrola**, **Starmy**, **Redd Tape**, **The Heaters** and **Brownham** among others. Many current projects were also mentioned. Very few of the members knew each other previously, just of each other. Sean stated, "I didn't know anybody personally before we started playing, and now these guys are some of my best friends." All the members of the band have come together under the direction of Brady. "The project has developed over the course of two-plus years of songwriting and recording, and painstakingly trying to find people who understand what I'm trying to do," he told me. "It's taken awhile for this to come to fruition for me."

When I asked if the focus was mainly on the music Brady told me, "The album is extremely personal—painfully personal. Most of the songs deal with a common subject, which is loss. It's about dealing with personal history."

myspace.com/calicosounds

QstandsforQ, Calico and opening act **Patsy Ohio** will play *Localized* at the *Urban Lounge* on Feb., 9th, be there!



CALLICO

Andrew: Coronet, and other things. Tyler: Drumz, with a "Z". Brady: Guitar and vocals. Liam: Bass. Sean: Wurlitzer and bells

Photos: Mitch Meyer mitchell.meyer@mac.com



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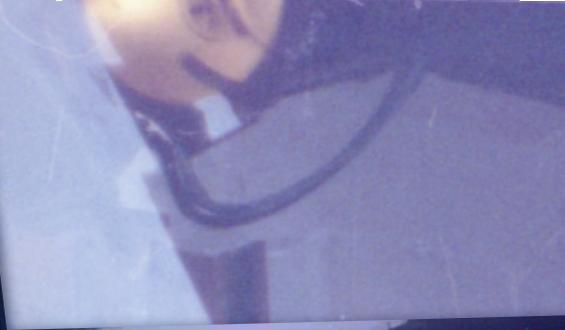
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"Recollections of an Innocent Bystander"

A Snapshot of the Salt Lake Music Scene from the Late Eighties, recalled by Ryan-Ashley Workman

My first taste of the Salt Lake music scene was back in the summer of 1987, when I was just 14 years old. It was at the old *Alice's Café*, a place whose name had graced many flyers around town advertising punk bands, both local and beyond. I went to see **7 Seconds**, who was not only my favorite band at the time, but also one of the first punk bands whose records I started to collect. What I didn't expect was the loud energy of the local bands that opened the show. If my memory serves me correctly, it started out with **B.F.D.** and **Draize Method** (from Ogden), both of which were familiar names within the local scene at the time. This was my first time seeing punk music in a live setting, and this show set the bar pretty high in terms of what local bands were capable of. It was raw, loud and angry, and the crowd interacted by dancing in the "pit." As a place to see live music, *Alice's* was exactly what I had expected; not much to look at inside or out, a few random video games, a decent-size stage, and bathrooms to fear for your life in. As intimidating as it was to a kid that never left the suburbs, this place had an excitement that I couldn't describe. Punks, longhaired rockers, gothic kids, jocks and just plain, normal folk all stood, in the same room and actually enjoyed each other's company. It was a cool vibe; much different from the cliquish environment of the public school system that most of us endured growing up. Somehow I knew that this group of people made up a small but strong faction of the creative population in Salt Lake, people who were willing to express themselves, be outspoken, and yet feel a part of a supportive community of art and music, which at that time was still so left of center in Utah's conservative community.

After this night, I knew how I wanted to spend a good deal of my free time as a teenager. So I sought out the live shows and bought or borrowed records of local bands like **Maimed For Life**, **The Stench** and **L.D.S.** (the punk band, not the religion) and started to listen to the homegrown talent that would inevitably breed some of my favorite bands. I would spend my Saturdays scanning record bins at the original *Cosmic Aeroplane* on South Temple, and then walk or skateboard down to the *Positively Fourth* area to talk music with **Brad Collins** at the first (and still the coolest) locale of *Raunch Records*. I would grab free local magazines like the *Private Eye* and various others, many of which were photocopied rags done by musicians or artists. *SLUG Magazine*, in its true form, was still a year away from being launched, so these small DIY magazines were what bands used for advertising local shows, along with plastering flyers and posters everywhere they could. If I ever needed more ideas on cool, new music, I could always tune into the late-night programming on *KRCL's* Saturday lineup, to hear everything from British political punk, to Japanese noise bands, and everything in between. Where else would I hear this, outside of suggestions from my record-collecting friends? And yet, I had accessibility to all this counterculture, long before I had a driver's license.

Speed up to 1989, the year that I not only went to more local shows, but actually played some as well. If I was not rehearsing with my "straight-edge" band, I was cruising down to the *Word* or the *Speedway Café* every weekend. There, we would hang out with many of our friends, and enjoy bands like **Mudhoney**, **DRI**, **Bad Brains** and **Uniform Choice**, among others who we all loved to listen to, all of which would play for measly ticket prices, sometimes to full-house crowds, sometimes to 20 or 30 people.

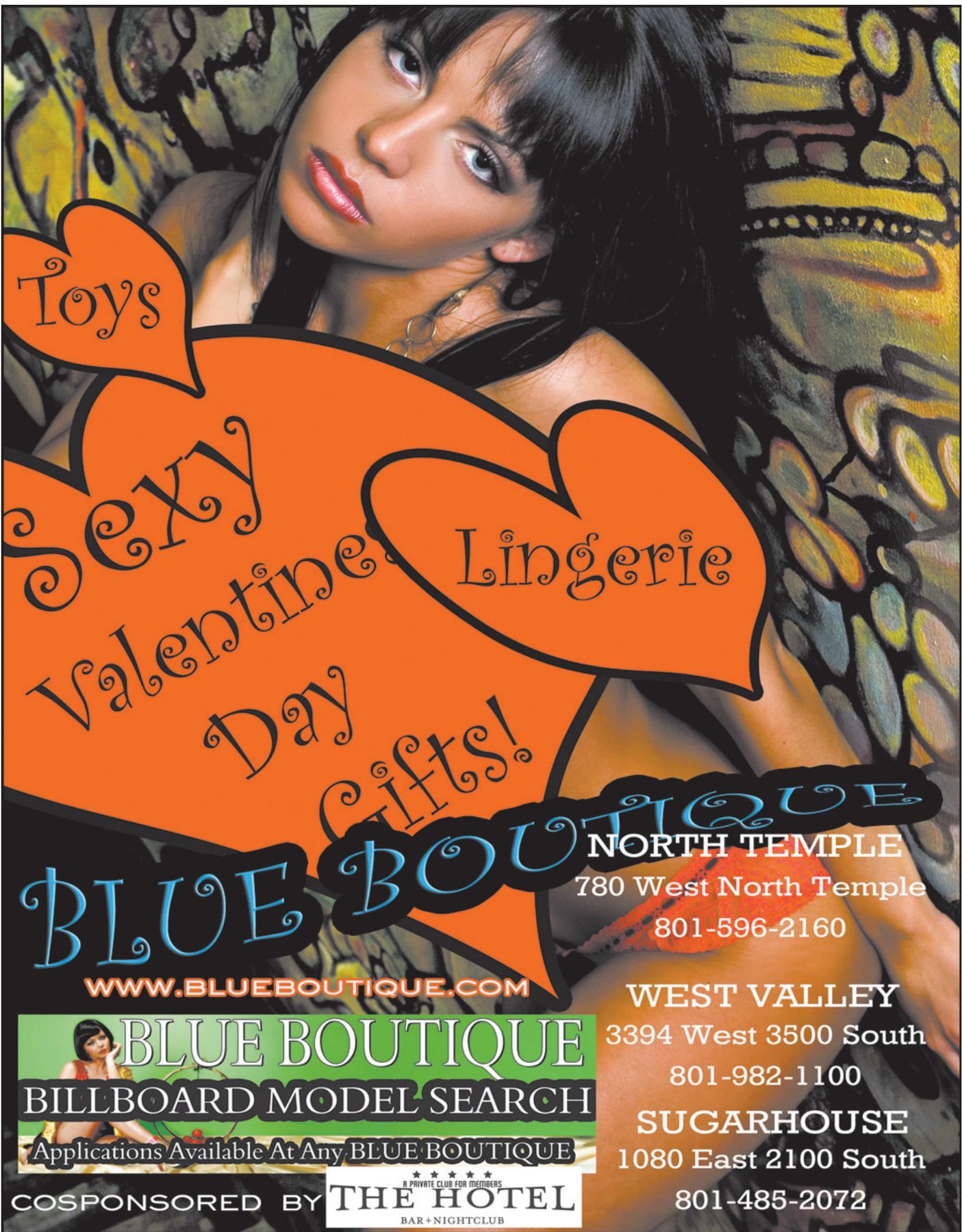
This level of support was also given to many of the better-known local acts as well. I can recall many times where I was pushing through the crowd at a sold-out **Stench** show at the *Word*, or seeing **Insight** and **Better Way** egg on the crowd into dog-pile sing-a-longs. I remember seeing **Gnawing Suspicion** open up for **Hate X 9** and wondering if I was going to get punched for being in the "pit." There was the time where **Leadfellow** and **House of Cards** opened up for **Fugazi's** first *Speedway* show, or a **Terrance D.H.**-led **Bad Yodelers** opening up for **7 Seconds** (the third time I'd seen **Kevin Seconds** and crew), and I found myself up front each time, cheering on the locals as loud as anyone else. All these bands had equal amounts of creativity and style, parallel and sometime surpassing the headliners that they were so lucky to open up for. And yet, there was still a certain amount of modesty, or even humility, that all these bands expressed at one time or another. There was little ego-tripping to be had and very little "competition" between musicians. The "scene" encompassed many different styles and welcomed people of all walks of life. We all supported the scene, because we knew how vital it was to have these outlets of creativity. It kept many of us out of trouble, and fostered many great musical talents, many of which are still playing around town today, albeit in different incarnations or musical genres.

1989 was also the year that I started contributing to *SLUG* as it moved from its original Xeroxed look to the more expansive newsprint format. I would talk to **JR Ruppel** (the originator of *SLUG*) while I hung out at various *Word* shows, and ask him what shows were coming, and if he needed someone to review them, which he always did. Whether it was a small review of some obscure album I picked up, or some photos from one of many local shows I attended, I somehow managed to send what I could to contribute to the latest issue of *SLUG*. I'll admit I just liked to see something I wrote or photographed in print, but on a larger scale, I felt that my contributions, however small or spread out, were helping the bands somehow, in terms of notoriety or hype. While I was never an "official" staff writer, I continued to send in what I could off and on for the next five years.

I had a lot of good times then, all of which didn't involve sneaking into bars for the sake of live music. We, as a collective community of artists, musicians and supporters, had the resources and the accessibility to great talent. We supported it as strongly back then as we do today. The venues have changed many times over the past 20 years, but the drive to create is still there, regardless of any financial success or national exposure the bands may or may not get playing in this town. Yes, we still have the ability to attend all-ages shows, due to countless efforts by the proprietors of *Kilby Court*, along with many others like *The Project Audio Lounge* in Bountiful, *Club Boom Va* in Ogden, *Starry Night* in Provo and *The Driftwood Venue* in Logan. And 21+ clubs have dedication to continue booking the music, local and otherwise, because they know that people want to support it in this town (and possibly get their drink on at the same time).

As it stands, this musical community has not only maintained its creative output, but helped it grow and expand to something sustainable. Whether or not the clubs or bands will be here 20 years from now is unpredictable, but I can guarantee, as I remember from my younger years, the love and support for a strong and talented local scene will still be present.





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CLASH SLC

SLUG Magazine has been documenting SLC's local music scene (and the subculture surrounding it) for the past 18 years. In honor of the scene's unprecedented achievements, *SLUG* has invited four of our favorite and now defunct bands to reunite for one evening in the name of local music-lovers everywhere.

This reunion show is not an attempt to glorify the past over the present. Rather, the reunion show is an opportunity to celebrate our present-day music scene by acknowledging an era from SLC musical history—a part of history that is responsible for influencing many of today's prominent and active Utah bands. It is our hope that this showcase will inspire you to start imprinting your own legacy.

Unfortunately, we were not able to provide editorial coverage of **The Stench** in this issue; we received the bands' confirmation to play moments before going to press.

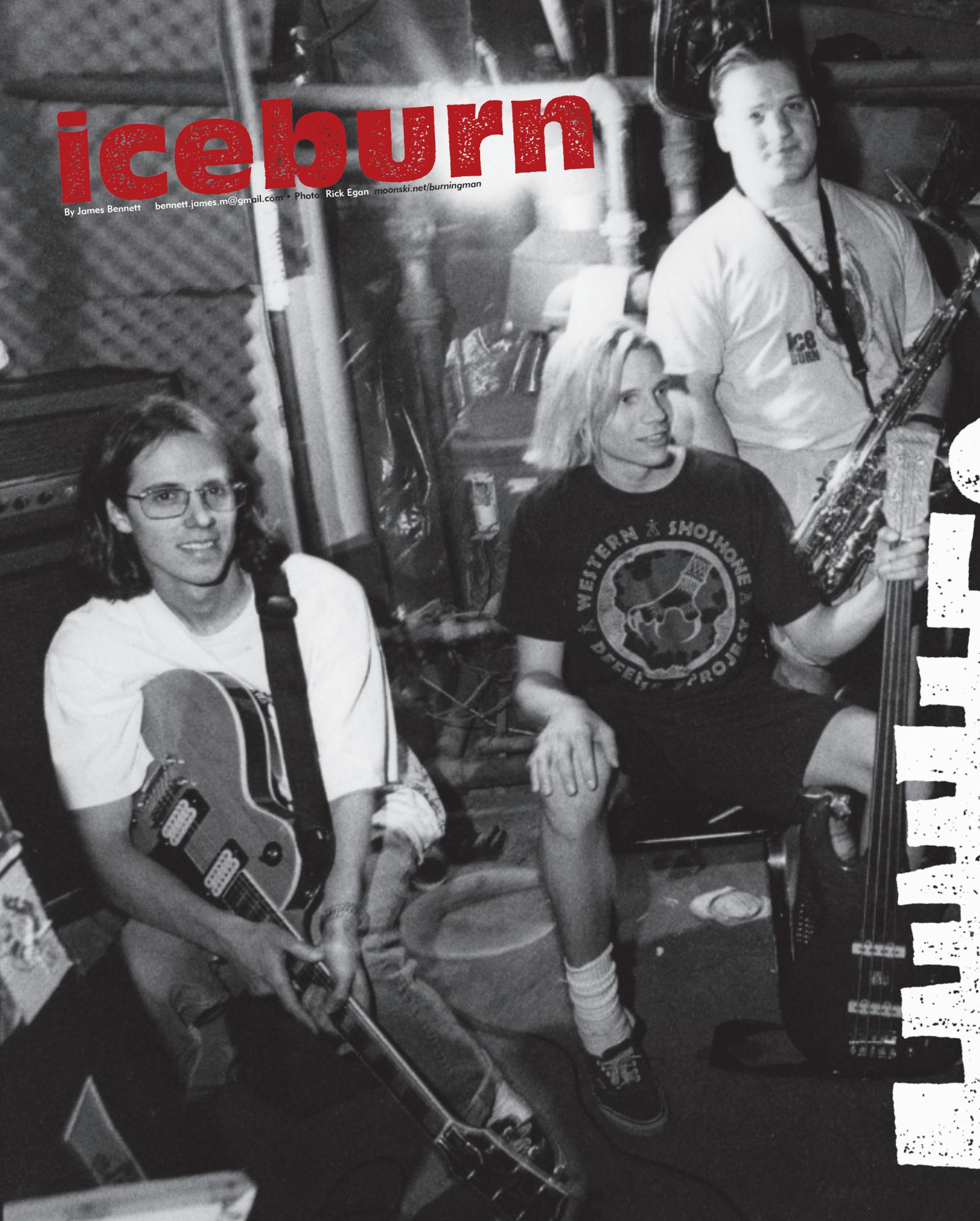
SLUG thanks the following bands for putting in the extra time to play our *18th Anniversary Party*: Iceburn, CLEAR, The Corleones and The Stench @ *Club Vegas*, and Bombs and Beating Hearts and Subrosa @ *nobrow coffee and tea*.



THE STENCH

iceburn

By James Bennett bennett.james.m@gmail.com • Photo: Rick Egan moonski.net/burningman





SLUG

Iceburn was active from the late 80s into the early 2000s, with band members and influences changing almost as often as the seasons. Essentially, Iceburn was the musical journey of **Gentry Densley**—a Salt Lake music pioneer. As Densley's musical tastes evolved from prog-rock, punk and hardcore to a more improvisational rock sound, so too developed the music of Iceburn. Later versions of the band went even further, blending free-jazz, noise and rock into 20 minute anthems of aural experimentation. The local audience's response to Iceburn's constant shifts in style was primarily positive, though it was difficult to please everyone all of the time. Notwithstanding, Iceburn had a large following in the Salt Lake and Provo areas and toured incessantly during much of their ten-plus years together. More than a decade after it started, as members busied themselves with family and other projects, Iceburn stopped being a priority. The *SLUG* anniversary show will be the first time in over five years that Iceburn will perform. The reunion show will feature core members **Gentry Densley**, **Cache Tolman** and **Joseph "Chubba" Smith**. It will also include **Jaime Holder** and **Jeremy Chatelain** doing guitar and vocals on some songs, and possibly an appearance by saxophonist, **Greg Nielsen**.

Iceburn is playing the *SLUG* 18th Anniversary show in part because the magazine has always been a supporter of the band. They were featured

on the cover in June 1991, and Gentry Densley was the main focus of the September 2000 issue. In speaking with Densley, it became clear that he views *SLUG* as a positive force in the local music scene. The *Death by Salt* compilations have seemed especially important to him, as *SLUG* has worked to inspire and chronicle the local music scene. He has appreciated the coverage and friendship afforded him by the magazine over the years, and seems genuinely pleased to reform Iceburn for the anniversary party.

In the years since Iceburn was active, the core members have stayed involved with music in one form or another. Gentry Densley currently plays in **Form of Rocket**, **Smashy Smashy** and **Eagle Twin**. He is working on other projects as well, and is also a teacher at the *Paul Green School of Rock*. Among other bands, **Cache Tolman** currently is playing with **Skullfuzz**, and has played with numerous other bands including **Institute**, **Cub Country**, **Fearless Vampire Killers** and **Rival Schools**. Chubba took a break from music for a while, but this reunion show marks his return to the Salt Lake music scene. And though there is only one show planned, Densley doesn't completely rule out more surprises from Iceburn. The *SLUG* reunion show could be a springboard for a new incarnation of the band, or even a starting point for new projects with former bandmates.

Greg
Christensen



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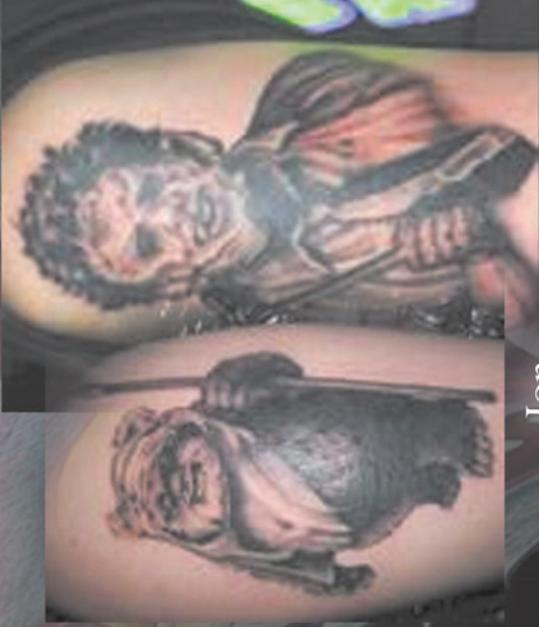
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CLEAR

By James Bennett bennett.james.m@gmail.com • Photo: Trent Nelson trenthead.com



The date of the *SLUG* 18th Anniversary show is almost 11 years to the day from when **CLEAR** played their first show in February 1996. This first show, like many during their four years together, showcased their trademark metalcore sound. This sound was a mixture of American hardcore music and Swedish metal, with a local Salt Lake slant. It was an attempt to take what hardcore was producing and make it smarter and more sincere, something that **CLEAR** recognized in other local bands, like **Iceburn**. In their prime, **CLEAR** played to sold-out crowds in Salt Lake and toured across most of the US and Canada. On tour, they constantly had to defend their hometown, and had to work extra hard to show that a Utah band really could produce solid, hard music. One must remember that these were the days before mainstream metal/hardcore. **CLEAR** was one of the bands that put SLC hardcore on the map. They kept hardcore going in the city, and helped local bands realize that there could be national interest in what they were doing. The entire original lineup, consisting of **Sean McClaugherty**, **Jason Knott**, **Josh Asher**, **Mick Morris** and **Tyler Smith**, will play at this reunion show. This is the last show that **CLEAR** ever plans on playing.

As the individual members of **CLEAR** progressed musically, hardcore became less of a main concern. They played their last show seven years ago, in the basement of *DV8*. Since then, members of the band have gone on to play in several groups, including (but not limited to): **Form of Rocket**, **Eagle Twin**, **Minerva**, **The Kill**, **Eighteen Visions**, **The New Transit Direction**, **Accidente**, **Furious Five** and **Hammergun**. These bands, and other projects that members of **CLEAR** went on to spearhead, show just how far-reaching their musical influence in Salt Lake has become.

CLEAR is grateful that *SLUG* considered them for this show. The magazine has been an inspiration to many of the band's members, even in the days before they played in bands. Both Sean and Jason view *SLUG* as an encouraging force in the local music scene—something that local bands can look to for support and motivation. Mick went a step further, crediting *SLUG* as being a major force in keeping the local scene alive over the last two decades. The band is happy to play this show for *SLUG* and to let us experience their energy and drive one more time. As they each move on musically, this reunion show is an opportunity for one last hurrah—one more chance to play for the scene that they helped to build.





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BRAKE



By Rebecca Vernon

sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

"The Corleones were too dangerous to exist. They played brash, harassing punk rock and paid tribute only to themselves, their cohorts in crime and their insatiable urge to piss off just about everyone. What's so offensive about a dead naked girl? She was hot!" —Nate Martin, "The Corleones," *SLUG's Death by Salt I CD Compilation*

The Corleones formed by accident in the late 90s, and continued on until about 2004, when they released a track on *Death by Salt I* just before their demise. Ryan Jensen, lead singer, says he was suckered into singing for a band for someone's birthday party, and said band got such a good reception they kept going for a "bunch of years." Six, actually.

"I never wanted to be in a band or make music," says Ryan. "I thought music was a sham for people who didn't have talent. Unfortunately, I found out they did have talent."

The Corleones mixed uber-punk attitude with a nasty, dark, pop-punk approach high on venom, defiance and hooks, low on art. They incubated at their hangout, the Hellhouse on 33rd South, and possessed one of the shittiest reputations in town, having been kicked out of pretty much every bar in Salt Lake City. Ryan credits *SLUG* for helping put Corleones in the limelight. "Without *SLUG*, we wouldn't have gone anywhere," says Ryan. "*SLUG* took us seriously and gave us exposure."

That didn't keep them from having spectacles for shows, though. Once, with oft-showmates The Cronies, both bands got cut off after two songs—Corleones for making smart-ass remarks, Cronies for being "too loud," whatever that means.

Inspired by Dave Payne's skillful vocals and Wire ("who were more punk than the Ramones"), Ryan came to the conclusion that he could push boundaries and do "whatever he wanted" with his voice. Ryan kept wanting to put more art in The Corleones and approached them with *Dark Wizard*—what would be Vile Blue Shades' first release—but they wouldn't have it. Exit Ryan.

"I didn't want to have this reunion with the Corleones," says Ryan. "I'm doing it because everyone else in the band wanted to."

To commemorate this special occasion they will make public a secret full-length recording never intended for release titled, *The Rise and Fall of Violent Rock N' Roll*.

Paul Burke, guitarist—who helped raise hell with Ryan while they were running for office at SLCC (their campaign motto was "the only party with a keg")—is flying down from Portland to be part of the original Corleones lineup.

"Just sharing a stage with Clear and Iceburn is reason enough to come down," says Paul. Paul's first band, The Vomiting Cockroaches (later becoming Sprinklerhead) formed while he was in junior high, with Levi Lebo (The New Transit Direction, The Novelists) and Dan Whitesides (The New Transit Direction, The Used). They played numerous house parties—many broken up by cops.

Paul was also a member of The Downers and the Assassimators and Homesick, and still does Late Night Sleep TV in Portland. Dave McCall was a part of Politically Erect, The Grubs, Calvin Recliner, Bipolar Bears, Frankensystem, V vs. V, and is currently playing in an untitled project. Dave Coombs was in Homesick, Riddilin Kids, The Downers and is in The Pleasure Thieves. Ryan Jensen still continues swanky-strong with Vile Blue Shades. Sean has been on the DL since The Corleones.

This is the last show, reunion or otherwise, The Corleones will ever play.

Photo: Ruby Claire

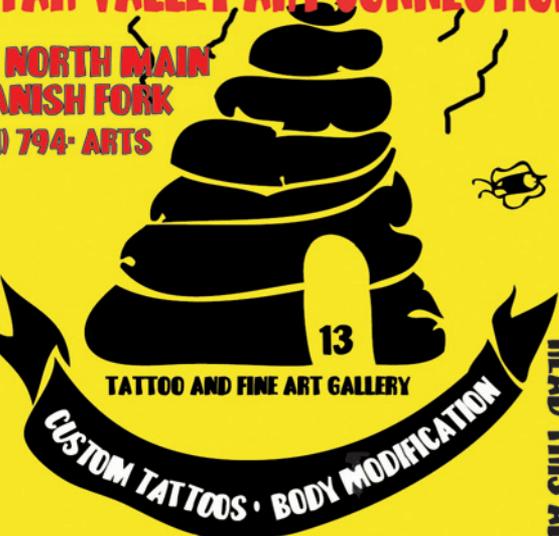


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Rusty Cabot White
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By Bob Plumb • Self-portrait by Rusty • Image courtesy of Mark White.

On January 17 around 11 a.m., I called my friend **Brandon Doyon** to go shoot the new SLUG ad when he told me that **Rusty White** had been killed in a car accident late last night. The news was shocking. I had just hung out with Rusty at the SFK house on Friday night. Rather than trying to immortalize Rusty, I want to write about how he impacted my life.

I met Rusty in the art department at the *University of Utah*. He was an up-and-coming photographer, and I was taking classes as a photography major. Rusty was working with *Blindside* and would soon work for *Elevation*. He was living the dream, and that was inspiring. I will never forget the shots that Rusty would bring into the dark room. It was snowboarding, but with a new, raw perspective. His lifestyle shot of the *Elevation* team still lingers in my mind today. I missed a lot of class at the time because of the snowboarding season. Rusty noticed how often I missed class, or showed with my gear still on, and told me that I should think about becoming a snowboarding photographer.

After being fired from a restaurant, I decided to use my photography degree and get a job shooting photos. I applied for a job at *The Canyons* as an on-hill photographer. This consisted of standing at the top of the lift and harping people for family portraits. I ran into Rusty one morning while I was standing there. I hadn't seen him for over a year, but had followed his work in *Transworld*. I told him how shitty my job was, and how I would leave work all the time to shoot photos in the park on the companies' dime. Rusty said he would hook me up if he ever had someone wanting him to shoot photos and he couldn't go.

The next day Rusty called me and said that a kid named **Tom Flocco** was looking for a photographer. He gave me Tom's number, and we went out and shot. Today Tom is one of my good friends.

As I started to get more into photography, I knew I could call Rusty anytime of the day to ask him questions. Regardless of how dumb the questions were, he was always patient with me. I owe a lot to Rusty for being where I am today. Rusty was a genuine nice guy. Rusty, thank you for being my inspiration.

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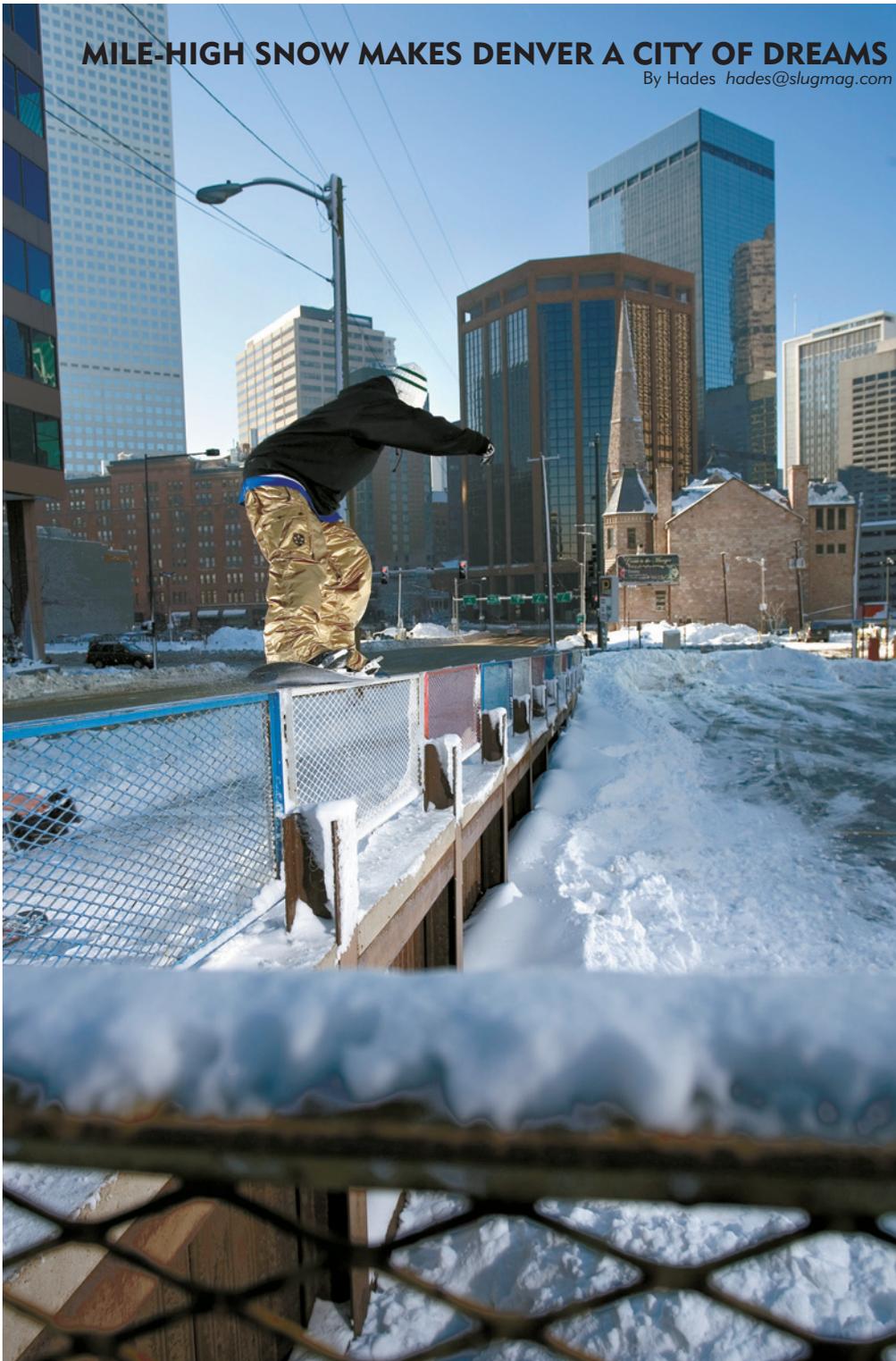
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MILE-HIGH SNOW MAKES DENVER A CITY OF DREAMS

By Hades hades@slugmag.com



Damn son, it's already the second month of 2007—can you believe it? Well, SLC has not been the place to be this year if you love to get wicked while strapped in. Early on, even before the new year, Denver started getting dumped on, and it's been a weekly ever since. This sparked a filming riot in the streets. Although fairly close to the mountains, the city of Denver, doesn't get nearly as much snow annually as the Great Salt Lake. In fact, it rarely gets more than a couple inches that only last a few days. This year we are talking about piles of feet-high snow and cold weather that make it last. Film crews everywhere are taking advantage.

Out and about poaching Denver's city streets were all the top urban killers: **Mark Frank Montoya**, a Denver homegrown; **E.C., Dead Lung, Phildo, Matty Ryan, J2,**

outerwear, and an old (but not necessarily good) boot line. So far the rumors are that **Lauri Heski** and **Devun Walsh** both broke some big time contracts with **Forum** and **Special Blend** to sign with the all-in-one sponsor. Word on the street is there are a few more coming as well. No names yet, but you know their bank accounts are going to inflate once it happens, as all the riders are coming from well established places with their former sponsors.

So until the names drop and the games get popped, have fun shralping and stay tuned for more juicy romance gossip, not to mention a journey to Asia by yours truly. Time to see how the other half lives.

If you have any juicy-sweet industry gossip you want thrown in the stew, email

Justin Bennee, Kurt Wastell, Seth Huot, Stevie Bell, Darrell Mathes, and Mikey Leblanc, all filming for either *F.O.D.T.*, *Absinthe*, *Mack Dawg*, or *BozWreck*. And on the girls side: **Hana Beamen, Laura Hadar, Desiree Melancone** and **Jaqui Berg**, all filming for the new flick *RUNWAY FILMS, Colors*. Denver is a little bigger than Salt Lake, therefore the shots that came out of the city are sure to please the urban eye. Plenty of new rails, urban bomb drops, ollie gaps and believe it or not, city booters are all in the mix for next years videos.

In industry news, the newest and freshest is this: **Nike** is dropping back into snowboarding. You may remember a couple years back Nike dipped into snowboarding with its program **ASG**. Well, with lack of anything original and not staying true to their Nike roots they totally botched it. ASG was a huge disaster in the states. It never took off so they called it quits about three or four years ago, but in Europe it never failed, so technically its still alive, just over there. What Nike learned thru their loss in the snow community, and later through their success in the skate community with **Nike SB**, was that they had to stay true to their own style, to who they really are. Just like anyone else in this world, if you try to be something your not, people will be able to see through it and won't be into it. So with that said, Nike took a step back, gathered themselves and hired some new designers and now they are ready to do it right. Nike will launch its boots and outerwear in fall of 08. So far they have signed **Justin Bennee** and **Eric Jackson** for boots and outerwear and **Laura Hadar** plus **Louie Vito** for boots and shoes. Now you may have noticed some strange Nike ads in the magazines lately and thought WTF? But be aware, these silly cartoon ads have nothing to do with the **Nike Snow** project. These cartoon ads are part of their 6.0 program. After the success of Nike SB, which is only available in legit skateboard shops, Nike decided to bridge the gap of people who liked SB but weren't involved in skateboarding, so they came up with 6.0. From what I know they have a few young snow kids signed, some wakeboarders and maybe even some moto-cross guys. This is a totally different thing from Nike Snow, and from the gossip on the street, the basic prototypes for the boots Nike is making are amazing. Nothing too juicy, but expect Nike SB in boot form. And you know they have the technology to make it one of the most technically advanced boots on the market.

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{ A FEW MORE DETAILS }



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RANDOM NEWS FROM THE SKATE WORLD

BY: PETER PANHANDLER peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Congratulations to *Fairmont Park's* own **Nash Saxton**. Nash won last month's *Skate Nerd Trivia* contest. This kid knows his skate history, and he has a bag of tricks that can verify that fact. Nash not only wins a **Dark Star** deck autographed by **Adam Dyet**, but he will also be getting a bunch of other cool, free stuff. I've never met a skater who didn't like free stuff. Speaking of Adam Dyet, he will be making his way to pro status at the beginning of March. Congrats to him; it's well deserved. Who is the next person to go pro from Utah? Maybe **Caleb Orton**, who recently left the land of Zion to move to sunny Clairmont, Calif. Good luck, my four-eyed friend. **Hell Rose** scumbag **Lizard King** has been evicted from his Echo Park house where he resides with **DJ Chavez**. It's not what you think; the owners are just selling their property. In other Lizard King news, the kid has left the stables over at **Think**. He has moved over to the bloody pastures of **Crimson Skateboards**, and is killing it on the streets with all his homeboys. Oh yeah, have you seen the new **Thrasher** DVD, *Shotgun*? There are full parts by Adam, Lizard and new paparazzi celebrity **Dirty Hadley**. Send me your news—you might make it in next month's installment, but probably not.

DVD REVIEW: *Get Familiar—A Chris Hall Film*

By: Peter Panhandler

Dude, **Tony Hawk** and **Ryan Sheckler** have the sickest doubles line in this DVD. They're both wearing matching outfits, skating the loop on fire, all while holding hands. It's pretty hard to top that off, especially since I am just kidding, neither of those fools are in this flick. **Daewon**, **James Craig**, **Donny Barley**, **Mark Gonzales**, **Reese Forbes**, **Casey Rigney**, and **Bobby Worrest** all have parts, though. To tell you the truth, I hope that robot killers invade planet skateboarding and there is world peace through creativity.

spots that are in every video? Are handrails even skate spots? Personally I think **Jamie Thomas** has taken skateboarding the wrong direction over the past ten years and that's why you see him doing airwalks and wallrides in all of his ads now. If Jamie saw you doing a wallride six years ago, he would've laughed at you, but now that being creative on your board has become the standard, Jamie has bought into it. Actually I should say bit into it, because the dude copies everyone's shit. His next part is sure to have all sorts of transition skating and cool unique spots, because that's what's so hot now.

SHOTGUN is the fourth installment of *Thrasher Magazine's Beer Series* DVD's, directed by **P-Stone**. It's one hell of a ride. No one knows how to have as much fun as P-Stone and his merry band of skate brothers. So what if everyone he knows is an alcoholic, there are a lot of worse things you can be in life. If you travel outside the state of Utah or the United States for that matter, you'll see every skater loves to chug brew. Amen.

This DVD is primarily made up of the **Anti Hero** and **Creature** teams running amuck around the U.S. and Europe. They kill every piece of poured concrete in their paths. You'll also see an amazing part by **Kyle Berard**. Kyle is one of the most underrated skaters in the business, so I was happy to see some footage. The pool skating in this DVD is insane. All the people you've never heard of and probably don't want to make appearances, shralping the cement coping. **Pat Duffy** is still the man, all these years later. The highlight of the DVD has to be Adam Dyet's two-song part. His good buddies, Lizard King and Dirty Hads, share the lime light with him. Adam is on his way to becoming a skate legend. The kid skates everything and destroys it. Hadley, how does it feel to be famous now?

Caleb Orton • One foot blunt fakie • Photo: Chris Swainston

There are no loops, no mega jumps and no handrails in this DVD, only raw-ass street shredding.

This DVD is chockfull of skaters you've probably never heard of, like **Fabio Cristiano** and **Adam Graham**. There are even a few cameos of big names like **Andrew Reynolds**, **Chris Cole** and **Omar Salazar**. Standout parts have to be **Zach Lyons** and Bobby Worrest, two of Washington D.C.'s finest. These two put together some amazing lines at amazing spots. Let's not forget other D.C. native, **Darren Harper**, coming in hot with his first-on screen appearance. This dude skates like **Stevie Williams** but with more pop, as if that's even possible. Guess that's why he got on **DGK**. Homeboy is putting down the hustle for the skate community. Can anyone say dealing crack rocks? Daewon is definitely the highlight of this DVD, busting out new tricks left and right. Daewon wasn't voted *Skater of the Year* for nothing. He has more creativity in his little toe than I do in my entire body and soul. Buy this DVD if you can find it. Most shops probably won't have it; seems they stop paying attention to skater's needs during the winter months. They're more interested in mommy's credit card and that new snowboard that you don't need.

DVD REVIEW: *THRASHER MAG'S SHOTGUN VIDEO*

BY: PETER PANHANDLER

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RICKY CHENEY ANALYZES HIS LIFE IN SLOW MOTION AS HE GETS READY TO GET BROKE OFF. I BET HE'S ASKING HIMSELF "WHY ME?" RIGHT ABOUT HERE.

Words and Photos by Chris Swainston

With each new season the progression of snowboarding reaches a higher level. Bigger gaps are discovered. Urban spots are constantly being built in cities around the world. Riders think up innovative technical tricks that nobody has ever seen. Terrain parks allow new tricks to be dialed before taking them to the streets or backcountry. Television, magazines and videos have allowed riders to see the innovations that people invent, like hitting an old spot in a new light, or never-been-done trick variations. Everyone sees it and builds off of it. It's like the entire snowboarding world is shredding together and getting hyped on one another.

Even industry technology is pushing snowboarding's progression. The creation of short flexible boards with no edges designed for rails and long ridged ones for jumps. Wax created for every weather condition, pipe dragons that can cut walls 20+ feet deep and new jump concepts like the one **David Benedek** came up with in "91 words for snow" allowing riders to go bigger and stay safer.

Who knows where it will end up this year. Just when it seems that the industry has seen the craziest it can get, someone steps it up to a new level. Is there any limit to snowboarding's progression? Can it reach a point when "it's been done before" defines the sport? I doubt it.

One thing is for sure, riders will always have to pay to play, make it or break it. Nothing can ever change that. A good slam could be exactly what's needed to jumpstart your session with a hit of adrenaline. Or it could lead to exactly what isn't needed—healing a new injury and a waste of a day.

Such was the case on this beautiful blue-sky afternoon. Keeping it low tech and steezy, **Cody Comrie** glided flawlessly through a front



INSTEAD OF CALLING FOR HELP, THE CREW DECIDES TO PEEP THE FOOTY TO SEE IF ITS WORTH THE TRIP TO THE E.R.

board on this concrete ledge with a treacherous drop to one side. Amped on Cody, **Ricky Cheney** got taxed on an attempt to up the ante with a switch front board. We've all been there, that half a second that lasts half the day as you wait to slam into the ground like a limp rag doll.

No worries, though. You always have good friends close by to point and laugh while you gasp for breath. After a quick "thorough" examination you will certainly be left alone in agony while everyone huddles together to check the footy in super slow motion. Undoubtedly heaps of OOOOOooooosss will below from the group at that exact moment when body meets ground. Most likely you yourself will smirk and laugh a bit at what has just happened ... assuming you're still conscious.



Snow Patrol: Still Chasing Stars

By ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

Gary Lightbody and Mark McClelland founded Snow Patrol in 1995; nine years later, they saw their band climbing the charts on both sides of the Atlantic. McClelland's sudden exodus raised a few eyebrows (not to mention selling a few British newspapers.)

In McClelland's absence, Paul Wilson took over bass duties and Tom Simpson, the band's touring keyboardist since the beginning, was made an official member of the band in what he describes as a "formality."

Simpson isn't interested in making any comments about McClelland, preferring to leave the stories shrouded in the typical wash of conflicting statements and speculation. And to be honest, this time I'm not all that interested either. Soap operas are for daytime television and supermarket magazines.

SLUG: How has success changed the band?

Simpson: We're down to earth, very good friends. We keep each other in check, so no one really has an ego. It makes us work as a unit; we're not a new band. We've made four albums in 10 years and toured constantly. We cut our teeth playing to small crowds, moving up to 200 seat venues—this didn't happen over night. The band has evolved, but the excitement remains. Well, maybe we don't drink nearly as much.

SLUG: How do you feel about being constantly compared to Coldplay?

Simpson: It's a lazy generalization. Live, we're nothing like Coldplay. We're a lot more rock-y. We've always been more of a live band.

SLUG: With *Final Straw* you were able to gain a lot of momentum, not only in the UK but in the US too. Was there a lot of pressure to repeat that success?

Simpson: We put the pressure on ourselves to become better. The record label and management just let us go. We're far more critical of ourselves.

SLUG: And the album has done quite well.

Simpson: We're surprised we've done so well. We don't need to sell millions of copies. We just wanted *Eyes Open* to do well enough to tour.

SLUG: You've been touring *Eyes Open* for quite some time now.

Simpson: We've been touring constantly since February [2006] and have shows booked through the end of next summer. We've only spent two of the last 12 months at home.

SLUG: This is at least your third pass through the states for *Eyes Open*; it was nice to see you're finally playing Utah.

Simpson: We're happy to play the bigger cities, but we like to hit the smaller places as well. You don't know what you are going to get and sometimes there are great surprises. They're more appreciative, just happy that you've come. One of our best shows was in Tulsa. We're always hoping for another Tulsa.

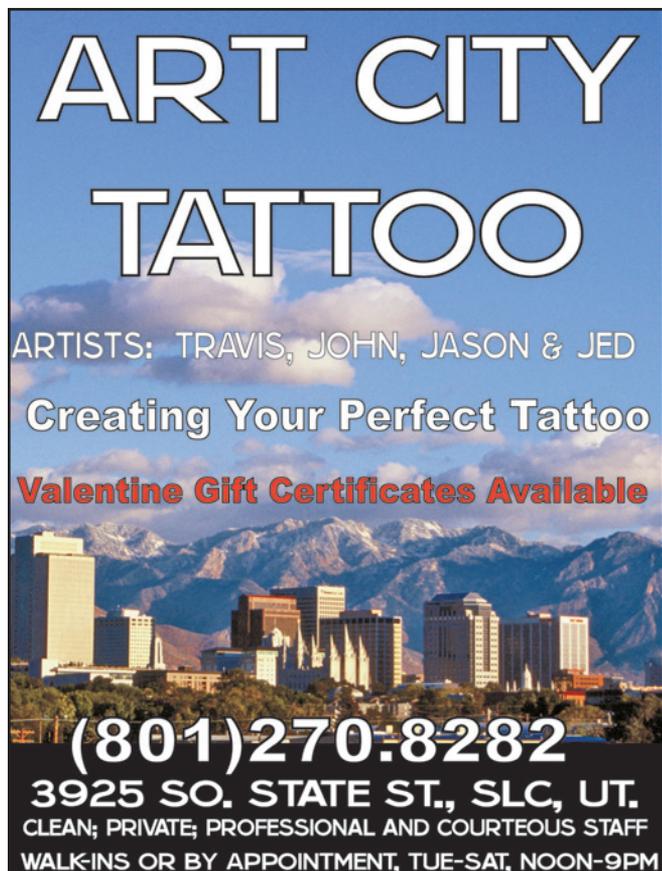
SLUG: What is life like on the road? Do you find time to work on new material?

Simpson: There's not a lot of time to work on new material. Personal time is precious and you become selfish. Most of it is spent in solitude, but we all have laptops so if there any ideas we can record and store them for later.

SLUG: It seems that popular opinion is that after a few down years music is back on the rise. Would you agree?

Simpson: Bands are back in the UK. The 90s was about dance, except for Brit-pop, but right now there are a lot of really great bands.

The Snow Patrol caravan returns to Utah on March 5th at the *Salt Air Pavilion*, maybe this time we can leave them more to remember than a bunch of kids moshing to their mid-tempo hit "Chocolate."



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2.9 Dead City Lights, American Sex Machine & DCL

2.11 Joe Chisholm Unit & DJ Snience

2.13 Send No Flowers & DJ Snience

2.16 Beati Paoli & Tolchok Trio

2.18 Dj Robotroid & DJ Snience

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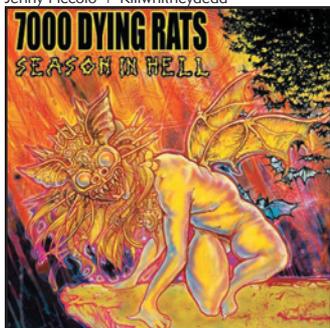
7000 Dying Rats

Season In Hell

He Who Corrupts Inc.

Street: 01.09

7000 Dying Rats = The Locust + Jenny Piccolo + Killwhitneydead



You know that kid you always saw talking to himself in school, the one that smelled funny and got beat up by the football players? Well, I'm convinced that 7000 Dying Rats is what you'd get if he learned to play guitar and started a grindcore band. They're sick of being thrown into lockers and they're just not taking it anymore. The great thing is, through all the pent-up anger and aggression, they just couldn't get rid of the nerd inside them. Nestled snugly between the furious grind, there are obscure, misplaced samples, rap songs about smelly armpits, 70s rock complete with cowbell and mouth harp and the funniest cover of **Black Sabbath's** "Paranoid" that I've ever heard. There's nothing serious about this band except the grind, and they do it very well. —Chris Carter

Aereogramme

My Heart Has a Wish that You Would Not Go

Sonic Unyon

Street: 02.06

Aereogramme = Sigur Ros + Mogwai + Snow Patrol

Like a wise warrior who hung up his sword and wanders peacefully from town to town confident in his own strength, Aereogramme's latest effort shows the restraint of the truly accomplished. Just like true strength is not shown in acts of physical power, Aereogramme lets the listener know that they could pummel at any time, but don't. On Aereogramme's latest release—their third full-length—bombastic distorted guitar is checked at the door. Strings, soft vocals and musical swells are the sound du jour. The album is no less grand in scope or aurally encompassing, in fact, it's more

complete, accomplished and well thought out. Although the interspersed moments of guitar chaos and screams were well placed and offer a sonically interesting punch in the face on past albums, their absence on this one makes for a more cohesive and tight listen. It is the perfect accompaniment to a long drive in the snow and deserves full attention to all of the carefully planned instrumentation and composition. —Peter Fryer

Big Sir

Und Sheisse Andert Immer

GSL

Street: 02.20

Big Sir = Massive Attack clones + Dali's Car

You see names such as **The Mars Volta**, **Beastie Boys**, **Air** and **Hella** attached to a project and assume great things. Perhaps this hype just shatters the dream that Big Sir, a collaboration between TMV bassist **Juan Alderete de la Peña** and vocalist **Lisa Papineau**, could be something great—or maybe it's just a stinky project to begin with. The duo and plenty of company hints at a **Massive Attack** collaboration, lining the tracks with somber moods, loops and more loops, slinky fretless bass and Papineau's reserved croon. However, apart from a few choice moments (i.e. **Money Mark's** dizzying Hammond line on "Pelo de Elote"), Big Sir fails to augment the template established by MA and **Portishead**. Mysterious and sultry attempts translate to boring escapades too reminiscent of works by the masters. Unfortunately, the band saves its best, most unique work for the penultimate and last slots (stomping **P.J. Harvey**-esque antics on "Eastside Westside Blue" and "Speedy's Rejoinder," a hip-hop samplefest written by neither de la Peña nor Papineau); wading through 12 other lackluster tracks to get there is just not right. —Dave Madden

The Boils

The Orange and the Black EP

TKO Records

Street: 01.09

The Boils = Swingin' Utters + Dropkick Murphys

This six-song EP from The Boils, appropriately titled "Hockey Anthems," conjures up visions of hockey fans throwing their fists in the air and shouting "We are the orange and the black," along with **Greg Boils'** gruff punk rock vocals. The EP pays homage to The Boils' hometown hockey team, **The Philadelphia Flyers**. The band was

approached by the Flyers when the song "Bullies" from the 2005 release *The Bleachers* received radio play and were asked to write a new fight song for the team. "The Orange and the Black," "When the Boys Are Out Tonight," a new version of "Bullies," "Warriors on the Ice," "The Life for Me," and "I'm A Hockey Fan," are the result of the Flyers' request. The songs are full of energy and plenty of encouraging shouts, chants and mountains of inspirational lyrics for the team and fans alike. The only real drawback to this release is that it feels like you are listening to a commercial or endorsement for the team instead of actual music. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Bracken

We Know About the Need

Anticon

Street: 01.30

Bracken = Ehlers, Ekkehard + odd Nosdam



Bracken, (**Chris Adams**), falls right into place amongst the avant-garde pop-smothering faces that adorn *Anticon's* roster. Known for his vocal/soundwork in the Leeds legends, **Hood**, Adams' solo debut, *We Know About the Need*, is an album heavy with the weight of world-torn vocals lovingly floated over the swirls, beeps and squelches of a cityscape clashing with the people that haplessly move across its concrete walks and ways. With an uncanny, and at times eerie, understanding of the familiarity certain sounds hold to the human ear, Adams works methodically in and out of two distinctive structures, intertwining his more vocally hip-hop paced pieces such as "Four Thousand Style" through his more ambient-driven hollows, "Music for Adverts" and "Evil Teeth." While this patchwork is seamless, it's moments like those found in "Safe Safe Safe" and "Back on the Calder Line," where Adams' hip-hop is carefully poured out of his swirling electroscares, that set We

Know About the Need into a beautiful uncertainty all its own. —Miles Ridling

Bunny Rabbit

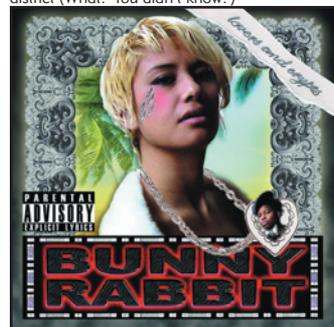
Lovers and Crypts

Voodoo-EROS

Street: 02.20

Bunny Rabbit = Peaches +

CocoRosie + Disney Land's red light district (What? You didn't know?)



Oh yeah! Here's some sex rhymes for all the lovelies. Bunny Rabbit (**Melisa Rincon**) is as much a puff of innocent woodland creature fluff as **Joan Rivers** is a wanton sex goddess. And as a result, the bump that pours from *Lovers and Crypts* is hot, sticky and dripping—a tantric-laced lyrical tryst into the world of coming bees and the "Pussy Queen," a fuzzy fuck-fest smothered in the rhythmically obscure pelvic-thrusting that only **Black Cracker's** (**Celena Glenn**) bass-heavy beats can incite. *Lovers and Crypts* is as much beats to pace-swinging dicks'n'tits in your local strip club as it is hip-hop to keep the kiddies bouncing in da' club—vibrations to keep the flesh swollen, shimmering and ready for the friction. Neat. And as such, I feel the need to administer a warning to all those "saving" themselves: do not listen to *Lovers and Crypts*. If you do, you'll be "flop[ping] and fuck[ing] [something] in the mother-fucking nature shit," by the disc's end. —Miles Ridling

Eluvium

Copia

Temporary Residence

Street: 02.13

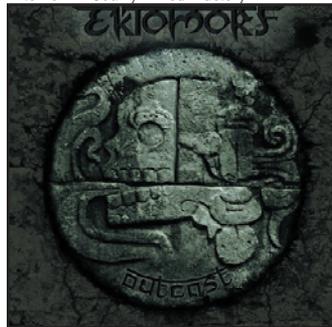
Eluvium = Sigur Rós + Fennesz + The Album Leaf

Honestly, orchestrated post-rock soundscapes have gone the way of the woolly mammoth in my book. Once you have heard one, you essentially have heard them all. Yes, they are gorgeous, pretty and in the words of one reviewer, "good enough to make just about anyone

cry." With such empty, hollow, music criticism floating about, it isn't hard to see why someone would make those (among other) statements: the album is just too generic in its genre. Essentially, it is all the build-up of Godspeed without the climax. While this album isn't bad, hell, most things on Temporary Residence are great; this is just another one of "those albums." Great for sunrises, Sunday brunches and cuddly morning sex. —*Erik Lopez*

Ektomorf

Outcast
Nuclear Blast
Street: 01.23
Ektomorf = Soulfly + Fear Factory



There's an obvious reason Ektomorf has found themselves outcast. They're one of those bands that spells the word "new" with that accent mark. You know the one. It goes over the letter u and makes a long "eww" sound. Eww. Ok, I'm not giving them quite enough credit. Although they adhere pretty strictly to the nü formula, they are a little more musically adventurous than most of their nü-metal counterparts. Apparently, they know how to play sitar, and that's some complicated shit. Still, I can't shake that feeling that I've heard this all before. The lyrics are angsty and juvenile. For example, in track eight, eloquently titled "Leave Me Alone," the singer screams over and over, "Why can't you see, why can't you see you're fucking up my life?" It seems like he's pretty pissed. Maybe mom wouldn't let him borrow the minivan to go to the mall today. —*Chris Carter*

Fear My Thoughts

Vulcanus
Century Media
Street: 01.23
Fear My Thoughts = Soilwork + Darkane + Caliban + The Haunted



The German melodic thrash outfit Fear My

Thoughts has something to offer for metal fans of many discriminating tastes. Amongst the blazing fast guitars, there are plenty of melodies to party down to as well. The band holds true to their German roots, inviting seminal German thrash troop **Destruction's** vocalist and bassist **Schmier** as well as guitarist **Mike Siffinger** to guest on the song "Accelerate or Die." Don't confuse that with these guys being straightforward thrash like Destruction; they add their own little flash of melodic stuff as well as plenty of top-notch, clean singing. There is enough diversity going on with this album to keep any cynical folks at bay and not get bored. It may not be winning any top awards for 2007, but Fear My Thoughts can duke it out with the best of many melodic thrash/death outfits. —*Bryer Wharton*

Ferocious Eagle

The Sea Anemone Inside Of Me Is Mighty
Polk Records
Street: 02.01
Ferocious Eagle = Deerhoof + Hella – The hoof and the hell

"Jam bam," "hammy-ham hands" and "jiggle-wiggle toss" effectively describe the sounds of Ferocious Eagle. The sea anemone inside of the rock trio is—like they say—mighty, although, it's also chockful of anxiety. Pummeling through the album with half-shouts about roundabouts (credit cards, Jesus, newspapers) and choppy, angular guitars, FE is like coffee on an empty stomach: a hot charge that nonetheless leaves you sweating in weird places and feeling irresolute. There's not much cohesion through the album nor in the songs themselves, but with song titles like "This Song Is A Train Wreck" and "I Just Don't Care," I have a feeling these guys are content with rocking like dinosaurs. —*Senator Spencer*

Field Music

Tones of Town
Memphis Industries
Street: 02.05
Field Music = Clinic + Belle & Sebastian

Field Music is one of the UK bands that continually linger in the "coming soon" area of the "next big thing" tent. They've garnered attention, attracted friends (Belle & Sebastian, **Maximo Park**, **The Futureheads**) and amassed critical acclaim. They write short, angular, rigid and brainy pop songs that somehow emanate warmth despite their mathematical disposition. *Tones of Town* is tighter than their self-titled debut, but in this case, maybe a bit too much so. I prefer the slightly reckless, unpolished Field Music (further emphasized on their B-side and rarities collection *Write Your Own History*), but a really good record is still really good even if it pales in comparison to its predecessor. —*ryan michael painter*

Fifty Caliber Kiss

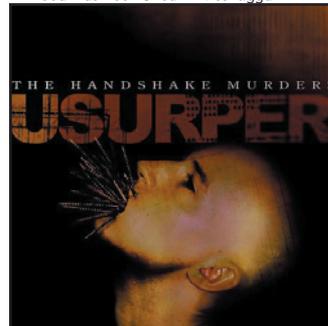
Armor Class Invincible
Universal Warning Records
Street: 02.20
Fifty Caliber Kiss = Chimaira + Norma Jean + Lamb of God

Fifty Caliber Kiss sounds like your basic hardcore metal band; however, what they lack in originality they make up for in

conviction. They seem to play their music with more passion and energy than any metal band that has come out recently. Yet, even with all their effort and intensity they, are just not pulling it off. The band in general seems to be pretending to be **Pantera**. The lead vocals throughout the whole album are a constant gut-wrenching scream that never lets up. The backing vocals sound like a mix between **Ozzy** and **Eddie Vedder**, but never seem to be quite on key. After listening to the first few tracks of the album, the constant screaming starts to wear itself thin and the guitar work, which alternates between traditional metal and hardcore, is tiring as well. The band has definitely mastered the art of playing hardcore metal, but there is no originality whatsoever. It would be nice to hear Fifty Caliber Kiss mix some other influences into their intense sound. —*Jon Robertson*

The Handshake Murders

Usurper
Goodfellow
Street: 02.20
The Handshake Murders = Coalesce + Blood Has Been Shed + Meshuggah



When I first spun this latest disc by The Handshake Murderers, I almost thought the Coalesce singer had joined up with a new band. Upon further research and listening, I realized that that was not so, but the band's vocalist embodies that same spirit and raw brutality. That said, it is the vocals that make this album stand out amongst the pack. On the song "Painted Contortionist," hearing the singer scream, "I'll rip your throat out" almost makes you shudder with fear in a corner. The intensity of the vocals alone allow listeners to finally sink their teeth into something that doesn't sound forced or contrived. As for the music, you have your stop-and-go mathematical riffing Meshuggah has so forcefully brought to the scene, along with some vicious breakdowns. Prepare yourself for a visceral ear-scraping and relish in this outing the usually trustworthy Goodfellow Records has to offer. —*Bryer Wharton*

The Harlem Shakes

Burning Birthdays
Self-release
Street: 02.06
Harlem Shakes = The Strokes + The Futureheads + The Hot IQ's

Before attempting the Harlem Shake, it is important to take the appropriate time and effort to stretch your muscles—remember, hold each stretch for 30 to 60

seconds, and stretching should not hurt. Done? Next step: place *Burning Birthdays* in the closest compact disc player; skip to "Sickos" (Track 4); now elbows in, palms down, feet together and shimmy. I find it easier to shimmy left and then back to your right, but whichever way you choose to shake, shake, shake yo' ass, the lo-fi sounds of NYC's The Harlem Shakes will aid in working any hip-swaying/arm-spinning out of your body. The Shakes' first EP, *Burning Birthdays*, is the decision of four underage garage-rockers to try and play it gritty but safe. Worked with plenty of down strokes and more whoa-ohs and OooooOOOs than anyone should reasonably shake a stick at, *Burning Birthdays* comes off as a sunshine-polished version of The Strokes' 2001 *The Modern Age* EP, and as such, can and should be enjoyed with warm milk (4%) and cookies. —*Miles Ridling*

The Hatepinks

Tete Malade
TKO Records
Street: 01.09
The Hatepinks = The Briefs + The Stitches + France



For anyone who was planning on writing this album off because The Hatepinks are a French band—please fuck off and die now. These boys play dancy electro-punk fueled by catchy lyrics, pogoing and, of course, by wearing their shades inside—just like The Briefs. The resurgence of the 77-style pogo-punk hasn't gotten stale yet, and I think that this album may have been released at the peak of the wave. The chord progression on "Tete Malade" makes it sound like a Briefs song, while the vocals are more reminiscent of something from **The Adicts**. Fans of punk won't be the only ones who will enjoy this seven-track release. Anyone willing to take a chance in territory that may be a bit unfamiliar will leave pleasantly surprised. —*Jeanette Moses*

The Higher

On Fire
Epitaph Records
Street: 02.20
The Higher = Panic! At The Disco + Something Corporate + Justin Timberlake + Saves the Day + Maroon 5

My first reaction to hearing The Higher's *Epitaph* debut and sophomore album, *On Fire*, was that I wished it would have started on fire before I had a chance to hear it. Anyone who has even loosely followed punk in the last 10 years would know that at one time not too far past, *Epitaph* held the crown for promising punk bands, old and new alike. That

crown has since been stolen, broken into pieces and passed on to several different labels, leaving Epitaph latching onto poppy moneymakers ever since. The Higher try to blend R&B with emo and pop-punk, a combination that in reality, doesn't work. This crap is supposedly meant to impress fans of punk and R&B and be some sort of crossover music but it's far from impressive, to say the least. With lyrics like: "All that matters to me girl, win or lose, is an X-rated complete swirl of me and you," from the first track, "Insurance?" it is hard to take anything seriously afterwards. If I were eight years old, had never owned a CD before or listened to real music, I think I would love this CD—out of ignorance. The Higher's fire should have been extinguished long before they scored a record deal with anyone. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Knife the Symphony

Self Titled

Phratry Records

Street: 01.13

Knife the Symphony = Sonic Youth + (insert favorite indie-rock band here)

It's funny to me how many indie-rock bands try to sound so much like Sonic Youth. Sonic Youth bores the fuck out of me. So does this. Knife the Symphony plays your standard indie-rock; slow, calculated and pretentious. I stared blank-faced and glossy-eyed through most of the album, very rarely even hearing any of it (though I've spun it five times now I think, and I'm completely alone and distraction free). The most emotional response I could come up with was to drool a little on the press sheet. There's just nothing that caught my ear. I'm sure they'd draw quite the crowd if they played the *Urban Lounge*, but that's the best that I can give them. —Chris Carter

Maher Shalal Hash Baz

L'Autre Cap

K Records

Street: 01.23

Maher Shalal Hash Baz =

Preschool class during music hour



I wish I could reprint the entire press sheet I got from K Records, because it really says it all itself. Unfortunately, I don't think that would fly. The problem is, these songs are not held together at all. There's no dynamic, no structure to speak of. It's literally a bunch of amateur musicians making noise. The press sheet is laughable in trying to make this sound appealing. This album is completely un-listenable. I can't believe the label

actually forked out the money to record an album! What the fuck? —Chris Carter

Marnie Stern

In Advance of Broken Arm

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 02.21

Marnie Stern = Hella + Yeah Yeah Yeahs

+ Lightning Bolt + Eddie Van Halen



In Advance of Broken Arm is yet another Hella-related release, and it is seriously getting ridiculous how prolific those Sacramento-based mathematicians have become. Marnie Stern is a New Yorker who spends hours each day tapping away at her guitar. After hooking up with **Zach Hill**, she came out West to record her album and to be in a place where people are more appreciative of virtuosity. Her playing is incredibly precise, and though some songs are directly influenced by Hella, she has her own sound that is both technical and pleasant. Where Hella goes for the strange vibe, Marnie's music is more focused and positive. Her voice is amazing: a little punk, a little new wave and very present within her complex rhythms. She is one of the few musicians who is deathly serious about performance, and all her effort definitely pays off. —Andrew Glassett

Misguided

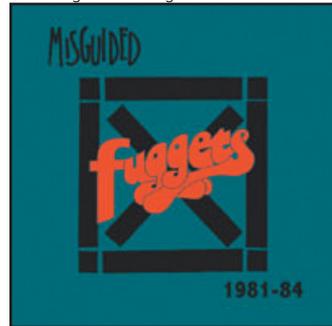
Fuggets

Mad at the World Records

Street: 01.18

Misguided = Minor Threat +

Black Flag + Youth Brigade



Fuggets is a compilation of demo, live and studio material by the early NYHC band Misguided. It was all recorded from 1981 to 1984. Taking the time frame into consideration, you can easily imagine what the album sounds like. Grab all your favorite old-school East Coast punk vinyl, melt it down, pour it onto a plate, press it and this is what you'll get. It makes me kinda nostalgic. I think I'm gonna go dust off my old Minor Threat

T-shirt and lace up my Docs. Circle pit! —Chris Carter

MV & EE with the Bummer Road

Green Blues

Ecstatic Peace

Street: 01.23

MV & EE = Beatles circa 1970 + Badly Drawn Boy



Thurston Moore would be a good friend to have right about now; it seems like he has his big grubby hands in about everything. To be on his label is akin to being some type of indie-music royalty. Bearded MV (**Matt Valentine**) and the lovely EE (**Erika Elder**) are such people. This is a very psychedelic album, full of unrecognizable electronic backdrops fronted by flanged guitars and delayed harmonica. The vocals are somewhat mediocre, but it is obvious that they aren't supposed to be the focus of this eclectic version of blues. It is like looking at a classic blues concert through the end of Coke bottles while sitting on the prairie: sometimes the purpose is clear and other times everything is warped and almost headache-inducing. This album is organic, experimental and charming all at the same time. —Andrew Glassett

Nahemah

The Second Philosophy

Lifeforce

Street: 01.30

Nahemah = Isis + Green

Carnation + Cult of Luna + Opeth



Enter another realm of melodic doom metal. This time encompassing more melody than say, Isis or **Neurosis**. Also, a big difference from said bands is the group's tempo, the rhythm section is notably faster, as well as the guitars. The Spanish act knows how to create different songs encompassing a multitude of instruments and moods. *The Second Philosophy* is a similar but much different take on an already established sound. While the songs are faster, they still maintain a doom sort of vibe. So there

isn't a hell of a lot of happiness here; just a very dark and haunting album. So hop in the tub with a toaster, down some booze and pills or just plain prepare yourself to get depressed and enjoy it to death. —Bryer Wharton

November's Doom

The Novella Reservoir

The End Records

Street: 02.20

November's Doom = Opeth + (old) Katatonia



With six albums under their belt and acclaim only coming from the underground scene, November's Doom stand as an extremely underrated band. There is a distinct progression with every record the group releases. With *The Novella Reservoir*, the doom is still there, but the songs are sped up, a huge difference from what the last record, *The Pale Haunt Departure*, was. Not to mention the production is pristine due to help from metal greats **Dan Swano** and **James Murphy**. This album is probably one of the strongest the band has put forth yet and definitely will be the one that receives the most spins from me. The melodies and riffs are catchy, haunting, beautiful and most importantly, brutal. —Bryer Wharton

Ranarim

Morning Star

Northside

Street: 01.30

Ranarim = ABBA + The Young Dubliners

— Irish folk + Swedish folk

It is really, really exceptionally hard to take this CD seriously if you are not in the right mood. My first reaction to Ranarim's *Morning Star* was a loud, hearty laugh and the thought that I'd had the CD put in my box to review as a joke—maybe it is a joke, I don't know. Ranarim is a Swedish folk sextet whose two female singers proudly sing in their native tongue to their little Swedish hearts' desire. Surprisingly, though, the music itself is actually really good for what it is: Swedish folk. If you're into foreign folk music, then this CD will be your dream come true. If you're not, it might make you laugh. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

The Showdown

Temptation Come My Way

Mono Vs. Stereo

Street: 02.20

The Showdown = Nicleback + Shinedown + Seether + extra heaviness

Normally, this pop shit makes me sick; somehow *The Showdown* makes it slightly bearable. Maybe it's the fact that the band isn't afraid to use plenty of

shredding solos. Regardless, there is no hiding the pop in the Showdown, though the band almost brings forth the ethics from **Motley Crüe** into their modern brand of hard rock. The whole thing just reeks of musical excess, getting loaded and starting some bar fights. The Tennessee outfit uses a heavier guitar crunch, taking away from the more peppy or ballad-type songs of Nickleback. They lyrics forget the touchy-feely crap and just scream, "We are rock n' roll and we could give a fuck less what you think." Even though I may not think *Temptation Come My Way* sucks complete ass, I foresee that it won't see many spins in my realm of angst and anger. —Bryer Wharton

SJ Esau

Wrong Faced Cat Feed Collapse

Anticon Records

Street: 02.20

SJ Esau = Belle and Sebastian + 'Folky' Sonic Youth + Slint



Take every preconceived notion of how you might think a new Anticon signee might sound like—and throw it out the kitchen window. This Bristol-based "bedroom virtuoso" successfully crosses multiple musical genre's, making it impossible to pigeon-hole. *Wrong Faced Cat Feed Collapse* is rich in luxurious loops, melancholy moods, haunting vocal takes and gradual build-ups of epic compositions. However, I believe it is delicate business approaching this album. Given the amount of artistic/experimental leeway that Anticon Records has bestowed in previous years, this disc may not appeal to the avant-garde enthusiast that thought of Anticon as a crucial commodity in the hip hop community. Thick with smooth violins, whimsical Melodica's, and piano loops that put you to sleep, "Cat Track (He Has No Balls)", stands as the albums anthem and champion song, while "Geography" leaves you to shuck and jive in apathy. Truly, I'm torn in half with this one. —Lance Saunders

Sophe Lux

Waking the Mystics

Zarathustra Records

Street: 01.09

Sophe Lux = Dresden Dolls + Tori Amos + Nietzsche

What do Nietzsche, vaudeville and female singer-songwriters all have in common? They are all badly done in this day and age. It is bad enough to have a female singer-songwriter recruit a band, but it is even worse when she is a triple threat and tries to combine three things that shouldn't be combined: the philosophically soft lyrics from Nietzsche,

the look and feel of the Dresden Dolls and the vocal stylings of Tori Amos. The music contained within is a bad parody of all these things combined. They are a few months late and a couple dollars short of following the gothic vaudeville train and what is worse is that they throw in some sunshine R&B pop to round out the sound. If you like the Dresden Dolls and sympathize with the **Decemberists** you might consider buying this, but I recommend some **Todd Haynes** movies instead. —Erik Lopez

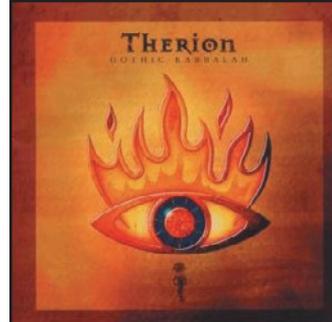
Therion

Gothic Kabbalah

Nuclear Blast

Street: 02.06

Therion = Nightwish + King Diamond + Iced Earth



From the opening notes of *Gothic Kabbalah* I could do nothing but laugh in pure disbelief. I've never given metal opera a chance, and I now know why. This is completely ridiculous. Therion conjures up images of dark basements inhabited by teenagers shunned by their peers, faces pock marked with acne, sniffing away whilst rolling twelve-sided die and arguing in nasal whines about dark spells and seventh level dungeon masters. They dream of the day they will have enough points to summon their dragons and dispel their evil tormentors forever. If you LARP, this is for you. —Chris Carter

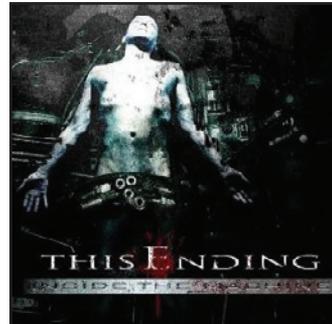
This Ending

Inside The Machine

Metal Blade

Street: 01.23

This Ending = Darkane + God Dethroned + Callenish Circle



Melodic death metal has come a long way since the days of **At The Gates** and the old version of **In Flames**. This Ending does well to make that sound modern and updated yet doesn't come off like sounding like their peers. They seem to have a knack for keeping things interesting and incorporating all of the old elements

into their sound. While it may not be the most interesting thing to be released as of late, the band succeeds in where so many others fail, writing creative songs. Molasses thick guitars cut through your cranium with enough melodic soloing and blast beats to season any bland offering. Take note and scream along with this journey of masterful pain and just plain gloat in the fact that melodic death metal still holds a hopeful future in the realm of metal. —Bryer Wharton

Thomas Lunch

Diagrams Without Instructions

Hi-Fi Alliance

Street: 02.08

Thomas Lunch = The Walkmen + We Are Scientists + Spoon

Retro eighties-esque drum-machine scents, fogged-over vocals and a random attempt at indie-folk rock try very hard to pull *Diagrams Without Instructions* into an outer genre stratosphere that, really, is as jaded as the gentrified world of pop it seems to be rejecting. Though, Thomas isn't totally lost in his search for originality; that random dip into indie-folk rock I hinted at, "Hybrid Seed Corn," runs around with enough we-faked-it, guitar-twang-scratch-vocal gusto that if you put your ear really close to the speakers and turn it up real loud you can almost hear tradition splintering into a million little pieces. Almost. Ok, I lied. You really can't, not at all. *Diagrams Without Instructions* covers a lot of ground (electro rock on down to faux-indie-folk-rock) and isn't all that hard an album to listen to for that fact. It's just... Well, *Diagrams Without Instructions* is a little stuck. Nothing more than a notable achievement in the field of anonymity. —Miles Ridling

Trail of Tears

Existentia

Napalm Records

Street: 01.30

Trail of Tears = Beseech + Tristania + Sirenia



If you like Tristania, then you won't have any trouble finding enjoyment in Trail of Tears. The bands are very similar in structure and style. Even if you aren't a fan of Gothic metal (due to the overly gothic tendencies) Trail of Tears sort of lets you overlook that fact. Instead you have a slightly more organic feel to the record. There are plenty of keyboards, but not enough to make you wonder how many bpm's they're spinning out. The clean male vocals—opposed to some guy using operatic style and chanting—give it more of a progressive/power metal feel, and surprisingly they are highly

infectious. In short *Trail of Tears* is a gothic metal band for people that don't like Gothic metal. —Bryer Wharton

Various Artists

Brazil Classics 7: What's Happening in Pernambuco

Luaka Bop

Street: 02.13

What's Happening in Pernambuco = Siba + Alex Sant' Anna + et cetera

Every few months, some country/town/village you've never heard of pokes its head out to offer its "scene." Don't worry, this isn't a **Peter Gabriel Presents...** joint. *Luaka Bop*, **David Byrne's** label, is known for its preservation, not bastardization, of ethnic and "world" music (i.e. **Tom Zé**, **Zap Mama**). According to the map and included bits of history, this Northeast Brazilian state is a raucous, crime-ridden area whose revolutionary spirit spawned a "punk-rock-funk-rap-electronic sound." For sure, this is not your crazy uncle's *Bossa Nova*, per se, but rather great pop music with a focus on poly-rhythm and stylistic inquiry. **Otto's** "Bob" twirls with sparkling synths, ethereal female vocals and drum 'n' bass patterns (realized with a host of acoustic percussion instruments). **Nacao Zumbi** mixes surf guitar with tricky jazz bass and a just-behind-the-beat baritone vocal counterpoint on "Carimboo." "Pobre Dos Dentes de Buro" by **Cidadão Instigado** is the love-child of **Eminem**, **Jimmy Hendrix** and **Gypsy Kings**, effortlessly cycling through a melee of juxtaposed elements. What's happening indeed! —Dave Madden

Various Artists

Don't Fuck With Her

On The Rag Records

Street: 11.25

Don't Fuck With Her = A sweet-ass hardcore-punk girl-fronted four-band split that has a good cause behind it too!

Girl fronted punk bands are the best punk bands. This four-band split was all that I expected and more. **All or Nothing Hardcore** starts the split out with a fierce attack of punk reminiscent of **Naked Aggression**, **I Object** and **Provoked**. My favorite track was "Tom Apart." **Gruk** is next. Their lead singer **Rachel Loveless'** voice sounds like the noise a cat might make if you threw it in a bag, shook it around and released it while listening to a backdrop of **Blatz**. "Church of America" begins with a spastic chaos, which breaks down into lyrics that are being sung instead of screamed. Their four songs are fast, intense and engaging. **Liz Sanchez** of **Riot This** has a harsh voice that complements the rapid guitars perfectly. "Desperate" was my favorite track of their five on the split. **Bruise Violet** closes the album up. They play basic fast-as-hell punk rock and their lead singer **Daisy**, sounds like a female version of **Jake Syles** of **Fifth**. The four bands on the split compliment one another's style without sounding like clones of each other. *Don't Fuck With Her* has an excellent cause behind it to. Dedicated to **Kayla Lorraine Wood**, a 16-year-old who was raped, tortured, murdered and then set on fire in a house in Monero Valley, Calif. in Oct. 2006. The split serves to educate and remind people everywhere the horrors of rape, and most

of all is a dedication to all of the women who've been victims of rape who are unable to tell their stories. —Jeanette Moses

Waku' Seai Sin

Untitled
Self-Released
Street: 02.01
Waku' Seai Sin = Rocky Votolato + Owen + Bullwinkle

This homemade CD is two songs sung by a boy who listens to his heart and the malapropisms it murmurs. Lilted acoustic guitar lullabies and languid—although concerned—vocals carry the lot through this two song construction. The titles (“Do I Choose my Heart?”; “I Tried Wrong”) complement the direction of the songs, which stand on their tiptoes struggling with perseverance and unrequited questions. While the guitar is sorrowful and the whiny lyrics intentionally un-arc'd, but artful, I can't help but enjoy the six and a half minutes of this 19 year old boys' sleepy sentiments. —Senator Spencer

Yoko Ono

Yes, I'm a Witch
Astralwerks
Street: 02.06
Yoko Ono = Pauline Oliveros + The Beach Boys



Yoko Ono's early art career is filled with astounding accomplishments, including work with **John Cage**, **La Monte Young** and former husband and composer, **Toshi Ichiyanagi**. Her imagination and unusual vocal style are well-suited to the experimental aesthetic of the **Fluxus** movement, with whom she was associated during most of the '60s. So if anything, it's **The Beatles** that broke her up, sending Ono into the pop realm. The premise of *Yes, I'm a Witch* is the following: Ono allows bands access to her master tapes, bands use her vocals. If you skip over mixes by the boring **Le Tigre**, ordinary **Peaches**, Sgt. Pepper-impersonating **Polyphonic Spree** and faux-metal-luvin' **The Brother Brothers**, you'll find some gems such as the subtle, chugging repetition of Cat Power's "Revelations," the plunderphonic, shrieking big-beat of **DJ Spooky's** "Rising" and whispered echo of **Porcupine Tree's** "Death of Samantha." Still, there is some real crap here, and the album smacks of gimmick and opportunism via name-dropping (though the biggest names churn out the worst tracks). The label promises a "dance" version of the album come March. Way to make a buck, *Astralwerks*. —Dave Madden

LOCALS



Band of Annuals

Live Warehouse EP
Self Released
Street: 11.01
BOA = Neil Young + Emmylou Harris – that dreaded country twang

It's rare these days that a record can actually exude warmth. Live Warehouse EP does exactly that. From the first song, "Thought I'd Have Learned," to the final "Blood on my Shirt," these seven live tracks tug at your heart strings and make you long for a time when communities lived and died by what was playing on their phonographs. Classic country and folk themes like alcohol, infidelity and regret are all present here. The songwriting and sheer musicianship represented on this disc will make you wonder why Band of Annuals is not the best-selling band in every music store in Utah. They should be—the record is that good. It is the best alt-country music to ever come out of Salt Lake City. It will inspire you to write poetry, to sleep in without guilt and to call an old friend and start planning that road trip through Kentucky that you've been putting off for far too long. —James Bennett

COSM

Microphone Boutique
Pseudo Recordings
Street: 02.19
Recorded at Deep Red Records Studio by Alex Vazquez

Well, for starters ... their website is broken. Maybe it's just under construction while they remove all of the haplessly outdated pictures of Wendy (the former COSM frontwoman). The reason I brought it up is because I don't think I have ever seen a full-length album produced by the likes of the local electronica-hop legends. I thought I could obtain the facts; no can do. Microphone Boutique is another five-track effort by Daniel Day (Drums) and Amuse (Decks and Electronics) featuring Ramases (rigorous raps) and Ms. Karter (sultry song). Every COSM album is a little different. However, as the chosen arrangement of songs played, I couldn't tell if I was listening to the same record or not. Microphone Boutique bounced from one vocalist to the other, changing the mood on every composition. But let it be known: COSM conveys a genuine harmony and approach to the music they make; maybe that's what makes a commendably cohesive EP. Who needs a full length anyway? —Lance Saunders

Glacial

Self-titled
Exigent
Street: 2006
Glacial = Red Sparowes + Black Sabbath + Dixie Witch

The unmistakable finesse of Drew Smith, Glacial's late drummer, shines through the recordings on this album, bringing an intricate Pelican feel to Glacial's material. Andy Patterson's heavier-than-hell chunk-drumming, in recent live settings, points Glacial in an almost Goatsnake/Isis direction. Pick your poison; both are awesome. Glacial's epic chord progressions and slow Southern

breakdowns sound like an interesting conglomeration of Lynyrd Skynyrd, Failure and any number of Neurot bands. One of the most underrated aspects of Glacial are their terse, political lyrics. Check it: "Her face is so serene up onscreen. It's unsettling. ...They're thick as thieves. Rotting together like the autumn leaves," ("Thick as Thieves") and "The bombs are falling outside. The bombs are falling inside. America beams with pride as we watch the fight from ringside." ("Testify"). "With These Eyes," one of my two favorite tracks of the album (the other's "Testify"), has an old, freeform-flow, Americana spiritual feel. Glacial is single-handedly ushering in the angel militia of the apocalypse. —Rebecca Vernon

Her Candane

No Battle!

Tribunal Records

Street: 11.07

Her Candane = Himsa + Dillinger Escape Plan + Every Time I Die + noise

Salt Lake City homeboys, Her Candane, come out screaming and ready to fight on their Tribunal Records debut, *No Battle!* Blending metal, hardcore, all the bloody screaming and layering of screaming you can handle with just plain noise, Her Candane has created a blend of chaos and abrasiveness that is only comprehensible and appreciated if you follow the type of music they play. *No Battle!* comes enhanced for your computer with a music video for the track, "Everyone in My Band Puked on Me! Even Billy." The music video uses a shaky camera that zooms in and out really fast while Dreu Hudson walks around screaming as its greatest special effect, so really, you're better off not spending any time to watch it. The only downside to this release, besides the included music video is the lagging and dragging noise in between several of the songs. Other than that though, Her Candane have done well for themselves with *No Battle!* —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Monsoon Season

The Last Commute

Narrl Recording Co.

Street: 01.01

Monsoon Season = Sting + Late night NPR Jazz — any shred of relevance

Nothing strikes fear into the heart of a SLUG reviewer faster than when a band compares itself to someone as musically worthless as John Mayer. What's even sadder is listening to the album and realizing that it is far worse. "Wonderland" it is not. If 21st-century jazz rock is your thing, then grab your fretless bass, loosen your tie, and sing along to *The Last Commute* with all of your balding, middle-aged friends. On the other hand, if you require your music to actually rock, then skip this watered-down Steely Dan record with its weak vocals and tired hooks and listen to something better, like almost anything else. —Jack Sauteurs

The Sons Of Guns

Self titled

None

Street: 09.22

The Sons Of Guns = Beat!Beat!Beat! + Queens Of The Stone Age + The Black Crowes

I can't say I was very impressed by this record. The Sons Of Guns make their battle cry from a platform which has been used countless times by countless bands and there is nothing new to be heard here. The nasally vocals and indie/rock/classic rock sound on this self-titled record is nothing to be coveted, to say the least. While listening, a part of me wanted to like it, but the rest of me kept my head on straight. There is nothing exceptionally new or original about The Sons Of Guns' style of rock and this release is mediocre at best, to be completely honest. A word of advice to the band: I wouldn't brag on my Myspace page that you shared a stage with Lit that is in no way anything to be proud of. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

This Is My Airport

In D

A. Star Recordings

Street: 12.05

TIMA = Space Needle + Bob Dylan + John Cage + winter

Those kids at A. Star Recordings know what is going on. Just when you think blues is completely played out, along comes a recording such as *In D*. An obvious play on a classic blues progression, this album is anything but traditional. Most of the recordings are noisy and gritty while others are recorded with more clarity and avant-gardeness. Track three would be the best example of the latter, with what sounds like toy percussion playing atonally against a bluesy type guitar while drone voices shudder along. Add in a little throat singing and you are taken on a strange, eerie journey through some type of cold, barren wilderness. There is a lot of atmosphere on this album that is recorded too well to be considered a local recording. The performances are very engaging, and it is nice to have such a visceral experience while listening to music. It is freezing out! —Andrew Glassett

Thunderfist

Too Fat for Love

ECG

Street: 01.2007

Thunderfist = Lemmy + Spark + 1,000 cases of PBR

Legendary scene vets Thunderfist know how to write hard-rockin' anthems for the wild ones; tight as a snail's ass and twice as raunchy. After nearly a decade of putting out albums that would give the Supersuckers a run for their money, it's no wonder Thunderfist have songwriting cinched. This album delivers in spades, the best stoner-love song being the fat-ass riffage of "Bottom Feeder," the best song title "My Dick is a Foot." Mick Mayo fuels the songs with turbo-charged punneling thanks to 18+ years of bass skill; Erik Stevens awis mercilessly with crushing drums, Jeff Haskins & Mike Sasich vomit nonstop catchy guitar riffs and Jeremy Cardenas adds acidic wit and hedonistic abandon that'd make Dorian Gray blush. There was a year or so when I thought

Thunderfist was gonna fade from the horizon forever. Thank heavens to betsies they finally got their heads outta their asses and realized how much SLC needs a band like them. —Rebecca Vernon

Venus Euphoric

The Other Nine Planets Are Next

The Collective Intelligence/Chabrama Record

Street: 2006

Venus Euphoric = AFI + any number of bands that sound like AFI

What can be said about a band that isn't fresh, creative or very interesting? Is it different if it is of a genre that isn't fresh, creative or very interesting? Is it bad, even for a screamo band? Considering their contemporaries, that's very difficult to say. Sure, the guitar player can probably lay out some sweet Slayer licks and the lead singer is surely the apple of many a Farmington 16-year-old-girl's eye. I'd even venture to say that their shows are well attended and well received. I could go on all day explaining why this sort of emo-metal-punk is more than just tired; I could go into detail on what's wrong with lyrics like, "tears that fall never hit the ground;" but it would be intellectualizing something that just can't be intellectualized. Do I like it? No. Do the 16-year-old emo girls? Probably. —Jeff Guay

Bob Dylan: Don't Look Back—65 Tour Deluxe Edition

D.A. Pennebaker

Docurama

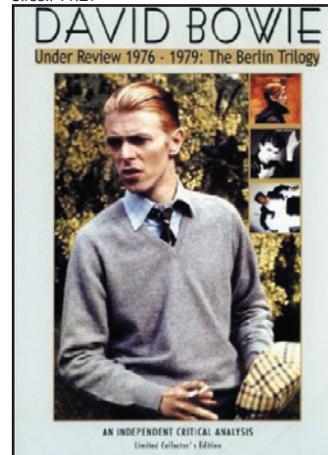
Street: 02.27

While this documentary captures an interesting character in the history of music, I wouldn't go as far as saying that this is a "must have" for any music collector. The first disc features the digitally re-mastered *Don't Look Back*, the documentary that was originally released in 1967 that followed Dylan on his 1965 tour through England. Pennebaker's hand-held camera footage gives the film an unobtrusive feel that makes it seem more like a home movie than anything else. *Don't Look Back* catches Bob Dylan in some of his most intimate moments. When Dylan tell a reporter "No I'm just a guitar player that's all," fans receive a flash of who the man behind the music really was. Whether he is fucking with reporters asking him ridiculous questions, chatting with young female fans or performing before a wide-eyed and silent audience, you can't help but love Dylan. The second disc, *Bob Dylan 65 Revisited*, appears to be all the footage that was left on the cutting room floor after *Don't Look Back* was released. It's like a rare b-side of footage for all the Dylan junkies out there. *Bob Dylan 65 Revisited* includes much more live footage, but lacks the loose story line that the original captured. It's interesting, gives a fresh look at one of the most influential performers of the last fifty years, but I'm not quite sure that it's worth the fifty-dollar asking price. —Jeanette Moses

David Bowie: Under Review — 1976-79 The Berlin Trilogy

MVD Visual

Street: 11.21



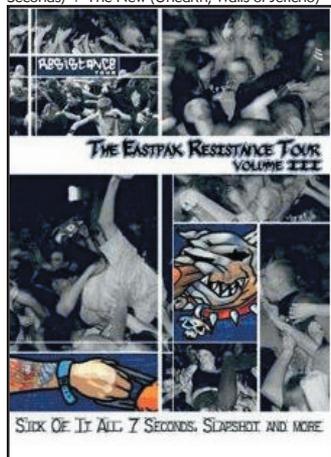
David Bowie's Berlin trilogy, the albums *Low*, *Heroes* and *Lodger*, marks a significant aesthetic shift in rock music — at least that's what the critics of this DVD (and fans ranging from Trent Reznor to Anthrax to Billy Corgan to me) want you to believe. At the very least, it was a noteworthy change in Bowie's career where he 1) cast off "characters" (i.e. Thin White Duke, Ziggy Stardust) 2) embraced the idea of weirder epic tracks he previously hinted at on *Station to Station*'s ten-minute title track (released just before *Low*). Fresh off the film *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Bowie also



longed for anonymity, a “fresh start” (read: no more cocaine) and a place where he could reinvent himself yet again. Berlin. Here, he kept a hermetic lifestyle, producing a recently-broke **Iggy Pop** and touring as a keyboardist in his band, ingesting a diet of **Steve Reich**, **Philip Glass** and kraut rock, popping up for air now and then on programs such as **Bing Crosby’s** Christmas special and **Marc Bolan’s** *ITV* (Bowie was Bolan’s last guest before the latter’s death), and bringing iconic weirdos such as **Brian Eno** and then-retired **Robert Fripp** into his bubble. The fact that Bowie was so tightlipped during this era makes for a lot of speculation and confusion, mirrored in the commentaries on this documentary (though the filmmakers do clear up the fact that underrated producer **Tony Visconti**, not Eno, was responsible for Bowie’s sound during this time). Perhaps it’s an editing issue, but the film is based a little too much on “perhaps...” statements, substituting fact for dry hypotheses based on, say, a single offhand comment by Bowie in 1977. I suppose that’s the pay-dirt of theorists, but it inspires boredom during a 90-minute movie about an already mellow subject. Don’t get me wrong! I personally love these albums, and though the guests (everyone from UK music critics to members of **Neu!**) do their best to show appreciation and demonstrate knowledge about these years, you should plan on multiple viewings before you make it through without nodding off. —*Dave Madden*

The Eastpak Resistance Tour Volume III

I Scream Records
Street: 11.21
ERTVIII = Classic Hardcore (Sick of it All, 7 Seconds) + The New (Uearth, Walls of Jericho)

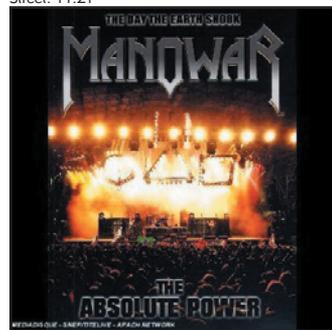


Credit must be given to the photographers responsible for *The Eastpak Resistance Tour III* – it is shot better than any other hardcore DVD I’ve ever seen. That makes sense considering MTV Network’s *Benelux* shot it. Fast cuts, fades, and camera pans visually enhance the barrage that is a hardcore show. There are nine bands represented on this DVD release, the most noteworthy being Sick of it All, 7 Seconds, **Slapshot** and Uearth. Interestingly enough, the DVD plays in

a more or less reverse concert order, meaning the biggest acts come first, the lesser known are tacked onto the end. Although the DVD boasts that it contains 41 tracks for the price of a CD, that could probably be cut to 20. The lesser-known acts, such as **Judasville**, **No Turning Back**, and **The Bones**, could make shorter appearances. Sick of It All shows just why they’re the kings of hardcore; they still show the same energy they had 20 years ago. 7 Seconds hasn’t aged as well, although they put on a great set, **Kevin Seconds’** age is starting to show, and at points they look weary. **Slapshot** is still a band that I wouldn’t want to meet in an alley brawl, with singer **Jack Kelly** hitting himself in the head during “Watch Me Bleed” and bleeding through the rest of the set. Damn. Uearth changes it up by bringing the metal, and puts on a fine set. Walls of Jericho is middle of the road as usual, and that’s really all that’s worth watching. This might be good to pick up for those looking for video of some classic acts, but all said and done not the best hardcore DVD out there. —*Peter Fryer*

Manowar

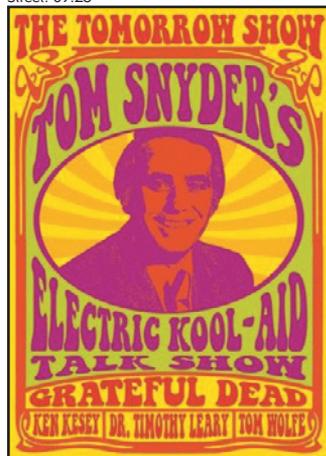
The Day the Earth Shook
Metal Blade
Street: 11.21



Okay, first things first, if you are not a Manowar fan chances are this DVD won’t even cross your radar. In my rare instance, not being a fan, though a supporter of what they do this DVD coming in contact with my auditory and visual senses is all purely accidental and is something I wouldn’t spend my cash on (though if you are a fan of Manowar, more power to you and I don’t doubt that you won’t be owning this latest DVD offering). Prepare yourself for more screaming guitar solo’s, falsetto vocals, power chords and sing alongs straight from the *Day the Earth Shook*, festival in Germany. The two disc DVD set boasts close to seven hours of footage from the very concert containing 28 Manowar classics to the obligatory bonus junk. Manowar even gives their fans that can’t travel to Germany the chance to join in on their fan club convention. What more could a fan of true metal ask for? —*Bryer Wharton*

The Tomorrow Show: Tom Snyder’s Electric Kool-Aid Talk Show

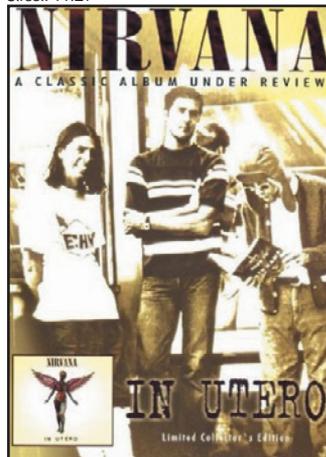
Shout! Factory
Street: 09.26



Over a decade after the hippie “revolution,” talk show host **Tom Snyder** had such iconic figures on his show as **Ken Kesey**, **Tom Wolfe**, **The Grateful Dead** and **Dr. Timothy Leary** although usually at different times. Unfortunately, the only guest Snyder really takes seriously is Wolfe; whose anthropological observations on the fashion styles of upstate New York couples in 1982 aren’t exactly compelling. The Dead play some great live songs, but Kesey seems a little too drunk or fried to make a very good interview subject. The most interesting guest is Dr. Leary, whose studies and personal experimentations with LSD got him dismissed from the faculty at Harvard. Snyder doesn’t seem to find him very interesting, however, as he steps on his responses and subtly demeans him on air. There are no great revelations or insights with any of these subjects, although the timing might have seemed right. —*Jeff Guay*

Nirvana: Under Review In Utero

MVD Visual
Street: 11.21



My grandparents had the great depression, my mom and dad had the JFK assassination, and when I was a teenager we had the death of **Kurt Cobain**, or as I like to call it, the one

that **Courtney** got away with. (Seriously think about it, that bitch killed the genius). What I’m trying to say is that if the great depression and the JFK assassination had sex and made a child, that child would be **Kurt Cobain’s** artistic out-pur; a perfect soundtrack to my, “Fuck you, Dad! I’m not mowing the lawn!” teenage angst existence. This DVD takes an in depth look at some of the history of Nirvana, and events leading up to the creation of their last CD, *In Utero*. It’s like a *VH1 Behind the Music*, but about a billion times more interesting. That is of course, if you are a Nirvana fan. If you do not like Nirvana then go fuck yourself instead of buying this DVD. I don’t care how many frat boys liked this band; I’ll always have a special place in my CD wallet for these guys. On a side note, I saw **Krist Novoselic**, the bass player for the trio, at a spoken word thingy with **Jello Biafra** a couple years ago. He was talking about reforming our democracy. He’s tall and bald, but still pretty cool. —*Mike Brown*

What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library

AK Press
Street: 11.21

This 4-DVD (!) documentation of the rise and fall of the Black Panther Party was culled from the annals of **Roz Payne**, one of the original members of the radical 1960s film group *Newsreel*. The ambitious collection contains interviews with **Donald Cox**, the Black Panther’s Field Marshall, Panthers’ defense lawyers after the FBI infiltrated and destroyed the party, FBI agents and those filmmakers and activists involved with *Newsreel*. The 3rd Reunion of the BPP is also documented. *What We Want* contains over 12 hours of footage, and, although every second of this film is vitally important to American history, this DVD should definitely be treated as a library for research, not as a viewing pleasure-ride. There is a shitload of info to wade through and that info forms a collage, not a storyline. Furthermore, although Payne acknowledges that this is not some slick Hollywood production because she never intended releasing it to the public, it is usually not even as good as an average home video. Hearing microphones and knobs being adjusted in the background in interview after interview, bad lighting and awkward zoom-ins start to grate after awhile. However, if the only reason you pick up this DVD is to see the three classic *Newsreel* films at the beginning, *Off the Pig*, *Mayday* and *Repression*, the purchase is worth it. Incredibly explosive black-and-white footage of riots, rallies and protests captures conflicts between the pigs and citizens; truly captures the energy and tension of the time. The DVD liner notes go into much more in detail on *Newsreel*, and it is fascinating. Another big highlight of the DVD is the interview with movement lawyer **Beverly Axelrod**, one-time girlfriend of **Eldridge Cleaver**, one of the founders of the BPP and its spokesman for four years and author of *Soul on Ice*. Beverly put out a publication called *The Black Panther*, and explained the widespread origin of the use of the word “pig” to refer to the police, which the BPP popularized long before the punk movement came into being. One evening they had a space to fill on the front page and found a drawing of a baryard pig. Underneath it they wrote the caption, “Support Your Local Police.” —*Rebecca Vernon*

VIDEO GAMES

By Jesse Kennedy slsuby@gmail.com

FlatOut 2

Bugbear/Vivendi
Xbox
08-06
Driving/Arcade



Last year Bugbear released FlatOut to some fairly dismal reviews. Not one to give up so easily, they climbed back up on the mighty horse of game development and released FlatOut 2 and this time around things are much improved. I started out with some derby racing, which involves about six cars, a dirt circuit and no rules. Smash, crash and plow your way to victory or (in my case) annihilation. The graphics look great and the feel of the cars is very well done. The environments are fun and allow you to plow through many of the things that would stop you dead in your tracks in other games. You are rewarded for hazardous driving with 'Nitro' points that allow increased acceleration. Placing well in the races earns you money to upgrade your vehicle and unlock other races.

Another feature of FlatOut 2 is the mini-games that involves launching your driver out of the car in order to complete some kind of stunt with his comatose body. You can high jump, skip on water or go bowling with the poor little guy. Obviously, this is a novelty in the game but it is surprisingly addictive. Completing different races unlock different stunt events for you to compete in; these mini games also proved to be irresistible to spectators who just had to try it once.

If you're into arcade style racing games, then FlatOut 2 should find its way into your Xbox library, it's worth the rental even just for the mini-game stunts! Although not as fancy as some of the next generation racers coming out on the new consoles this game is good for hours of good racing

and with Xbox Live you can race on line on both the tracks and the mini games! When you pick up your copy, try to ignore the horribly cheesy cover art. **4 out of 5 smoking car wrecks**

Gears of War

Epic Games/Microsoft Game Studios
Xbox 360
11-06
Third Person Shooter



Gears of War was the action game of 2006 and one of the most popular games to be released on the Xbox 360 to date. Not only does the game look great and have some hair-raising action but it steps beyond the typical run-and-gun shooter and requires players to use their environment for cover and strategy. This does not, however, mean that you can sit back and play it safe. The action in Gears is relentless; every room, every corridor and every courtyard become a kill-or-be-killed blood fest.

Most of the environments look like they have seen a fair amount of action before you get there and the rendering and detail is really quite impressive; picture a futuristic ancient Rome after World War V. The cover system allows you to not only hide and peek but also to blind shoot and progress between cover opportunities with quick rolls and jumps. At first there were times when I would get stuck between taking cover and trying to get out of cover to move, but once you get the rhythm of the game the flow becomes very natural.

Another great thing about Gears is how difficult this game can be. From the very beginning, you are thrust directly into very trying battle. With multiple enemies constantly unloading on you it's very easy to wind up another corpse for the surviving fighters to step over. The weapons are mostly conventional with a few interesting twists like the

chainsaw bayonet and the ability to call upon satellite weapons using an aiming device called the Hammer of Dawn. I think the name says it all. Although this game is only an introduction to the abilities of the next generation consoles, it represents a very strong title from Epic Games and will not soon be forgotten. **4.5 out of 5 blood splatters**

Pocket Racers

Konami
PSP
11-06
Racing/Arcade



One in a while I encounter a game that is so flawed (not only in execution but in story and game play) that there is almost a fascination in playing it just to bear witness to it's mediocrity. Pocket Racers is about a bunch of hip youth whose party is invaded by a tow truck driving demon that turns them into tiny cars and forces them to race to save their souls. Honestly, that's the story; I couldn't make this shit up if I tried. The races are short, the graphics are crap and the controls are vague even for an arcade racer. Avoid this game at all costs. **1.5 out of 5 whiffs of lameness**

Race Driver 2006

Sumo Digital/Codemasters
PSP
06-06
Driving/Simulation



There are plenty of arcade style racers already here but Race Driver 2006 is one of the first attempts at a serious racing simulator on the PSP. As you might expect from a dated game (this is a port of TOCA Race Driver2), the graphics are not spectacular and the racing dynamics seem familiar. However, nice work has been done by Codemasters to make the controls very user-friendly and the feel of the cars very realistic. Forget about a manual transmission but count on crashes doing some real damage to your car for once! Maybe not as challenging as it could be, this game is still a must-try for any racing fans in the portable game market. **4 out of 5 scorched synchros**

Xiaolin Showdown

Bottlerocket Entertainment/Konami
PSP
11-06
Kid's Adventure



Based on the animated TV series for kids, Xiaolin Showdown is a breezy romp that pits you against some not-too-sinister villains in a game where fun, not game play, is the focus. The biggest problem with Xiaolin Showdown is how easy this game is. I played through the first three levels without getting 'knocked out' and I had yet to learn any of the signature moves that this game offers. With mediocre graphics and confusing battles, this game may be fun for a while but should be left to the kids who watch the show. **2.5 out of 5 mindless button mashes**

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Sat. Feb. 17: ENTOVEN, Eleventh Hour, Under Radar

Fri. Feb. 23: DROWN OUT THE STARS, Factory Air, Distal, Massacre At The Wake, Someday Broken

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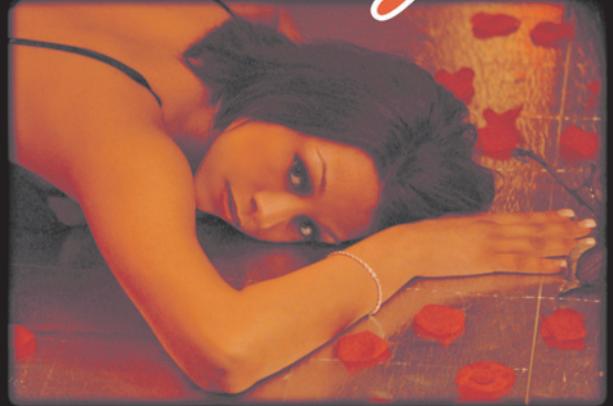
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BOOKS ALOUD

Book Reviews for the Illiterate

33 1/3 Greatest Hits, Volume 1

Edited by David Barker

Continuum [Street: 10.30]

As the disclaimer at the beginning of this book advises, the 33 1/3 series is not for everyone. People who canonize their favorite albums, feeling that their commitment to and investigation of said discs (i.e., the search for the actual recording speed of **The Cure's** *The Top* and the reason that **Robert Smith** didn't catch this before mastering) gives them some sort of ownership, eat these books for three squares and a snack. Others will find the dedication of an entire tome to one record a tad heavy-handed, pedantic and verbose. With that in mind, this collection includes a chapter from each of the first 20 volumes of 33 1/3, just enough to get you started. The editor's genius behind such a gesture is two-fold. He knows that those who aren't already addicted and own each book will shortly do so after reading a few slices; you might only own those covering *Meat is Murder* and *Unknown Pleasures*, but the geek in you will even care about *Abba Gold* and *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* before you're through. Second, those with even a modicum of interest in the music-making process (those who only glance at magazines for their source of music info) will be able to sustain their interest with these *Reader's Digest* portions. At the very least, the hot pink cover—and the featured cartoonish hot chick—will provide a nice contrast to your theory library and impress the girl you manage to bring back to your lair. —*Dave Madden*

The Salt Palace

Darren DeFrain

New Issue Press [Street: 10.2005]

This book was written by some smarty-pants who was obviously raised in Utah. It is a story about a JackMormon who goes on a road trip. I honestly didn't like the story very much at all. It had more holes in it than **Tupac's** corpse, but I won't trash it that bad because it's clear that the author is a *Jazz* fan. The book is weird because it is heavily footnoted with the *Jazz's* 96 playoff run and interesting tidbits of local Mormon trivia. The author explains just what the fuck those weird sculptures behind the Chuck O'Rama on 400 South are and who built them. The footnotes almost work as an alternate story, one that I liked better than the story the author wrote. There are just all these variables in the fictional story that don't seem to add up, in my opinion. Maybe I don't get it because I grew up in East Salt Lake with Mormonism crammed down my throat. There's a part at the end of the book where the Mormon dude's dad and him share a beer. Trust me, that kind of father-son bonding doesn't really happen in modern-day Mormonism. If my dad offered me a beer one of these days I'd probably shit myself laughing while saying, "Good one dad! Now where's the cameras!" But creating this scenario is a nice attempt at appealing to non-Mormons as to the feeling the author was trying to capture at the time in the story. My favorite thing about the book was how it ended without mentioning that the *Jazz* ultimately lost game seven of the western conference finals to the *Seattle Supersonics* because we don't need to relive that sort of thing again, anyway. Good call, Darren DeFrain. —*Mike Brown*

So This Is Reading? Life On the Road With the Unseen (Audio Book)

Tripp Underwood

Hopeless Records [Street: 10.10]

So This Is Reading traces the history of the Unseen from their humble beginnings (in a garage at 16) to their current stance as a punk band that many kids all over the world have patches of sewed on their jackets. Tripp Underwood began playing bass in the band 13 years ago, at its incarnation. He has given up a teaching career, wasted an expensive college education and lost girlfriends over the band. This is his story of his life with the band. The first two discs (which cover the early years of the band) were the most interesting. During these first discs you travel to the Unseen's first real show at a shitty hair-metal bar left over from the 80s, to a tiny studio in Maine that doubled as their home during the recording of their first album *So This Is Freedom?* and to Japan, where they had the bad idea to hire an obnoxious AV guy, did a three week tour independent of any legit booking agency and drank with the Nagasaki punks in a bombed out building left over from WWII. The first two discs cover all the interesting parties, ridiculous fights and run-ins with the law. They also include rare tracks like "Countdown" and "Protect and Serve". The last two discs become a little stale. The band becomes a more serious business venture and less of an expensive hobby. The same problems continue to plague the band, but the crazy adventures are less frequent. Tripp has found a way to bring the touring experience to a person who hasn't ever done it. He's also found a way to bring his story to the handful of illiterate punks (how many can you count that have "fuck books" written under their favorite books on Myspace). Luckily this four-disc story can be enjoyed the old-fashioned way too—being read instead of listened to. —*Jeanette Moses*

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BELLYOGRAPHY

By Astara

Photo: Francis Smith

Living life in a big way seems to be Amanda's life journey. Not content with just dancing, she is a stage manager, a volunteer organizer, a belly dance teacher and a costumer. She has danced with **Thia** for 12 years and has been a member of *Wysteria* for 11 years. Amanda has been married for 17 years, manages a game store with her husband, and has a 27-pound cat named Paws. Through this interview, I discovered a woman of immense energy and drive, a great sense of humor, a loyal and devoted friend and a dancer who truly wants the very best for Utah's belly dance community.

When Amanda pinched a disk at work 12 years ago, she discovered that the exercises for her back were the same as belly dancing movements—body waves, figure-eights and mayas. Belly dancing seemed more fun and has become her life's hobby.

"I thought I was too big. I knew I wouldn't be able to dance in front of an audience. I told Thia that I would take the classes, but she would never get me on stage. Ha! Now you can't get me off the stage!" Amanda said.

It wasn't long before Amanda found her niche in belly dance. "Tribal dancing was like putting on a pair of old shoes," she told me. "Really comfortable. I can truly express myself. Being a big girl, tribal suits me much better, and I can costume myself more easily. In fact, because of my size, I often have to make and adjust my costumes. Now I alter costumes for other dancers. Belly dancing gave me a new career."

Amanda's tribal style has been influenced and inspired by *Fat Chance Belly Dance* and *Rachel Brice*, but it is Thia who is her foundation. Thia has first and foremost been her guiding inspiration in dance. It is Thia who gave her an opportunity to become a stage manager, to organize volunteers for her Belly Dance Spring Fest, and to teach at her dance studio. Thia has acknowledged Amanda many times as her "right hand goddess." These experiences have given Amanda a perspective from many angles regarding belly dancing and our community.

"When I can't dance anymore," she laughs, "I'm going to write a book! Recently, I have been surprised to see many of our dancers move out of their boxes. We are sharing ideas, choreography and the creative process. I see the dancers in Utah really stretching themselves in new ways. It is wonderful." Amanda said.

Utah's belly dance community survives and thrives because of the voluntary efforts of people like Amanda. The "behind the scenes" people, who make all the dancers look beautiful, get on stage, and dance to the right music, are never acknowledged enough. I give a standing ovation and applause to Amanda and everyone else that keeps our art form alive, healthy and fun!

Amanda will be performing with *Wysteria* and *Nenephta* at the *Belly Dance Spring Fest*, March 3, *Utah State Fair Grounds*. Go to www.bellydancingbythia.com for more Spring Fest information.



GALLERY STROLL

SLUG's Birthday Party, As Sophisticated As We Can Be At 18.

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

Ahh 18-years-old. I remember the days, trying to work as little as possible and party as hard as possible. The nights were filled with friends, drinking and drinking games. My, how times change, now I sit back and discuss politics and current events with my friends while we drink and play games. I think you never grow out of some things. SLUG Magazine is one of those things.

While bands change names and members, the coverage and hype SLUG has dedicated to them hasn't. The venues have changed over the years, yet SLUG has always kept you informed of where the show has been moved to, and who has the cheapest PBR. Now that I've taken you back to the beginning lets look to the future, in particular Friday Feb. 16, for SLUG's 18th birthday and the Feb. gallery stroll.

To celebrate our 18th anniversary, SLUG will be hosting two parties. These two parties, one at *nobrow coffee and tea* and the other at *Club Vegas* will be documented for a special collectors DVD by three film crews! Come be part of the filming, future and fun of SLUG Magazine. The parties start at no brow, 315 east and 300 south, from 6-9pm and end at Vegas, 445 south and 400 west from 9pm-1am. Come one come all and be prepared to throw it down on and off the camera.

Now we don't want to be a tease, and we know you youngsters are used to getting off quickly and having to beg for more, so well give it to ya.

Did you ever want to keep a copy of your mug shot, or are you willing to get arrested just to get a mug shot? Well SLUG will save you some bail money. We have a photo booth just like at the prom, and you can get your ugly mug taken to look like your going to be spending some serious time with a man named Bubba who likes to cuddle. Now finish your homework, tell your parents you need some money for books or laundry and come get caffinated with the SLUG crew!

Oh, and for those of you who haven't checked out SLUG's brand new website, log on at *slugmag.com* and look for my interview with national artist **David Hochbaum** whose show, *111 Ladders* at the *James Anthony Gallery* was intriguing, disturbing and enlightening—the same things could be said for the gallery.

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The Virtue of Abandonment: An Interview With Shedding



Shedding is really the work of one man—Connor Bell. The Kentucky native is currently seeking out his doctorate in Central-Asian history and like most artists, creates his art directly from his influences. His album, *what god doesn't bless, you won't love; what you don't love, the child won't know*, was released Nov. 14, 2006, on Boulder, Col-based record label Hometapes.

Hometapes is a strange little label, sporadically releasing albums that vary from the reconstruction of original tape splices to the deconstruction of classic jazz performances. There are also more customary releases, such as electronic folk artist Paul Duncan and psychedelic folkies The Caribbean. The one thing that all the releases have in common is extraordinary cover art and the love of the slightly bizarre. Bell originally met up with label owner Adam Heathcott through "pornography. No, actually file-sharing on the Internet. I'm not sure how you feel about printing that, but I personally don't have a problem with it. We started talking and turned each other on to different types of music," Bell said. Bell wishes that the label would release albums on regular basis, but also said that the label is "kind of low key. They are not trying to take over the world or anything."

Shedding started when Bell's electro-pop group Paden slowly dissolved due to busy schedules and social lives; he realized that the band was becoming more about getting ready for shows, than creating something new and interesting. "I still struggle with frustration in bands; in a way it is more rewarding than flying solo, but it is also endlessly frustrating." He grew tired of being reliant on other people and started fiddling with computer manipulation. "The name Shedding came to me when thinking about shedding the dead weight of bandmates. There have been other interpretations, and they have all become meaningful." Lately, Shedding has taken on a different form in more of a singer-songwriter mode; "I haven't been as interested in the computer stuff or excited about the more experimental. I feel like I have something to say again, post-girlfriend, naturally."

Before his recent delve into the acoustic realm, he performed what has become *what god doesn't bless* live. He struggled to create something live that was consistent with what his current vision was until he decided "fuck it! I can't do it live, so I might as well put it on a record and get it perfect." The album was directly influenced by Bell's discovery of the groundbreaking alto sax player, Eric Dolphy. Dolphy was renowned for his use of wide intervals as well as getting various animal sounds out of his instrument during the 60s. Dolphy was very influenced by North American songbirds, and his playing often reflects these animals. On *what god doesn't bless*, Bell used microscopic sampling techniques to gently lift milliseconds of data that were then manipulated by various computer programs. Some minimal percussion and bass lines were added to produce a brooding, yet sometimes whimsical record. The three tracks amass 40 minutes of music, leaving the listener with a sense of beauty, mystery and psychedelic redolence.

The future of Shedding is somewhat uncertain as he begins his sojourn into the depths of the academic world. "I've put a lot of stock in music in the past, dropped out of school and such, but sometimes it makes me wonder if it is worth it." There is one thing that Connor won't abandon, which are his favorite TV shows. "The OC is classic television. I heard it is getting cancelled, which is fine, because I'm sure I can find another crappy show to watch. Wednesday is Beauty and the Geek; I don't know why that resonates so much with me."

THE WARDENS



OF DARWIN

By Brian Kubarycz

Do science and philosophy belong in SLUG? What could be less UG? Well, some of the most exciting (and perhaps dangerous) action in SL is going down in public, funded by government bucks. Eager for risk, I headed to the *Coffee Garden* and pulled up next to **Anya Plutynski** of the *University of Utah's Department of Philosophy*. We discussed *Darwin and Darwinism(s)*, a new class which arose as Anya's rebuttal to Utah State Senator **Chris Butters'** 2005 bill calling for the state-mandated teaching of Intelligent Design. By way of encouragement and support for this project, Anya received an Honors Professorship award.

With regard to Chris Butters' proposal that Utah's schools should "teach the controversy," Anya speaks definitively: "There is no controversy, at least not among practicing biologists." She points to a growing cultural and political divide between academics and the rest of America. "We trust doctors and do anything they tell us," she said, "but we don't trust people who have had just as many, if not more, years of scientific training in medicine's foundational principles ... I find it baffling."

I asked how **Darwin** relates to the godfathers of modern radical thought: **Marx**, **Nietzsche** and **Freud**? "Like this," Anya said. She grabbed my pen and spelled Darwin above the three names jotted in my notes. Then she drew three arrows linking Darwin to each of them. "Each saw himself as Darwin's legitimate heir," she said. The connection to Marx and social progress seemed clear enough. Then I recalled that Nietzsche (the self-styled Anti-Christ) had read deeply in biological theory, and that Freud's psychoanalysis grew out of his interest in how human consciousness could have arisen from simple cells.

Darwinism has become a diversified field. Anya believes the major conflict within the subject today is the debate between Selectionism and Evolutionary Developmentalism or as she calls it, "Evo-Devo, for short."

"Selectionists," Anya explained, "assert that species transformation is determined exclusively by genetic factors." Each generation produces a wide variety of slight mutations, and environmental conditions blindly weed out the least fit. Here, change is directionless and species can adapt into a virtually unlimited diversity of forms. "Evo-Devos, on the other hand, argue that there are processes and forces aside from mere natural selection which direct the evolution along determined paths," she said. These would be factors such as cultural constraints and sexual selection.

A key non-genetic determining factor would be morphological limitations. Here, a species is not free to evolve in any old direction, but can transform only within the limits of viable anatomical structures. Parts, or organs, are useless if they can't be coordinated into working wholes, or organisms. Unusually off combinations will result in monsters, the genetic end of the line. "The term which appears everywhere in the literature," Plutynski said, "is Bauplan, German for blueprint." The form-follows-function rule underlying Bauhaus architecture and furniture design, might be instructive here. Crudely put,

selectionists would argue that if the environment will support it, there's nothing monstrous at all about the emergence of a species of two-headed birds; nature is free to go there. Evo-Devos, on the other hand, would argue that although such freaks do appear, a new race of this kind will never get off the ground, because a bird with two heads is simply structurally unsound.

Anya begins the semester with the traditional Victorian background readings: **William Paley** (champion of creationism), **Thomas Malthus** (over-population specialist) and **Charles Lyell** (the voice of slow geological change). The course also takes in some of today's most radical Darwinists. These include philosopher **Daniel Dennet** (Darwin's Dangerous Idea), who describes the law of natural selection as a "universal acid" corrosive enough to destroy even the most resilient traditional beliefs. "**Richard Dawkins**," Anya says, "uses Darwin to defend a 'gene's-eye' view of the world." For him, all living forms (including you, DDH) are mere machines which DNA uses to maximize its chances of survival in the widest possible variety of environments. Meanwhile, **Richard Lowinten**, a veritable Marxist biologist, objects that most Darwinism today is unconsciously determined by bourgeois ideology. "Dick's a great writer," Plutynski assures me, "a biologist who does philosophy better than most philosophers."

These various interpretations of Darwin might all seem threatening, though for different reasons. But what about Darwin himself? The misrepresentation of the actual man is exactly what Plutynski's class combats. "Darwin was, above all else," she announces cheerily, "a modest and reasonable man." This claim might not seem so dangerous. But it echoes words art critic **Douglas Crimp** used in last month's SLUG: to change the world you must be modest, understand clearly what is really feasible for you, rather than chase wild impossibilities. For Plutynski, this empowering realism emerges once we recognize, with Darwin's help, our actual place in the world.

Darwin's name has been associated with social control. Yet Plutynski insists that none of this was ever Darwin's intention. Darwin's modesty lies in his refusal to turn his research projects into social projects. "He was never prescriptive," she insists, "but simply descriptive. Darwin doesn't make loud pronouncements." "In reading him," Plutynski continues, "you find instead evidence of his intense curiosity, remarkable powers of observation and love of facts." "After all, she says, "Darwin spent the bulk of his career simply conducting detailed analyses of earthworms, orchids and barnacles"

Anya Plutynski received her undergraduate degree from the University of Chicago, where she studied under noted historian of biological research **Robert J. Richards**. She received an M.A. in Biology and a Ph.D. in Philosophy from the *University of Pennsylvania*. She currently teaches for the Department of Philosophy and the Honors Program and the *University of Utah*.

I Like Turtles

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

The following is a list of animals that I'm not allowed to own as long as my girlfriend and I live together:

1. **Ferrets**
2. Skunks (stink box removed or otherwise)
3. Lizards or snakes of any kind
4. **Fish, salt or freshwater** (even though I consider aquariums household decorations and not pets)
5. **Dogs** of any kind (unless they are black, fat, can climb a tree and are called "cats" by most people)
6. Frogs or any other amphibians
7. Gerbils, hamsters, and other small rodents
8. No birds, no way (this one I agree with)
9. Squirrels, jackelopes, bears, giraffes, or any other zoo-like animal incapable of domestication
10. **Turtles**

Everything that's in bold is an animal that I have owned and cared for in my lifetime, and one that I am confident that I could still care for. Ironically, my girl gave me the green light to own a tarantula or scorpion, but that's because she knows that I'm afraid of both of those creatures. So when it comes down to it, the only animal I'm allowed to have is a cat.

Don't think for a second that I'm complaining. I now like cats even though I didn't when I was a kid. And I once had to break up with a girl because she had pet ferrets that she liked more than me. She also had a bad crystal-meth habit, which seems to be a reoccurring theme with my exes.

The only animal I'm really sad about not being able to own these days is the turtle. I think turtles make the best pets ever! Sure, a Red Ear Slider might require a somewhat smelly aquarium to flourish in, but an Eastern Box turtle is a relatively low-maintenance animal, and they're so cute! Turtles, as we all know from watching cartoons, are exceptionally smart. What other animal can you think of that is so prepared that it carries its entire house with it everywhere it goes? They are the RVs of the animal kingdom!

When I was a youth, my big Mormon family and I drove out to a family reunion on my dad's side to the wonderful "Show Me" state of Missouri. Or if you're from Missouri like my dad, it's pronounced miz-UR-aa. Missouri is best known for that big fucking arch, Branson (which is just like Las Vegas minus prostitution, gambling or anything fun) and amazing stores like Bass Pro, the world's largest specialty fishing store. Before Wal-Mart destroyed the rest of the country's economy, it spent a lot of time brainwashing Missourians into full allegiance. So much so that one of my cousins on my dad's side of the family got married in the Wal-Mart aisle where he met his wife. He died a year later from a tobacco overdose.

Missouri is also home to many different breeds of turtles. I could have cared less about meeting relatives I didn't know that I had. On this trip, all I wanted to do was catch turtles. And that's exactly what I did!

I caught around 10 or so turtles and convinced my parents to let me take them home with us. I rode in the back of our big Mormon van with them, making sure that all the turtles got along and weren't too bored on the drive home.

When we got back to Salt Lake, I hustled the turtles to all the local neighborhood kids, five bucks a box turtle! Well below wholesale price! Since I was my own distributor on this deal, I made a nice chunk of change for an eight-year-old!

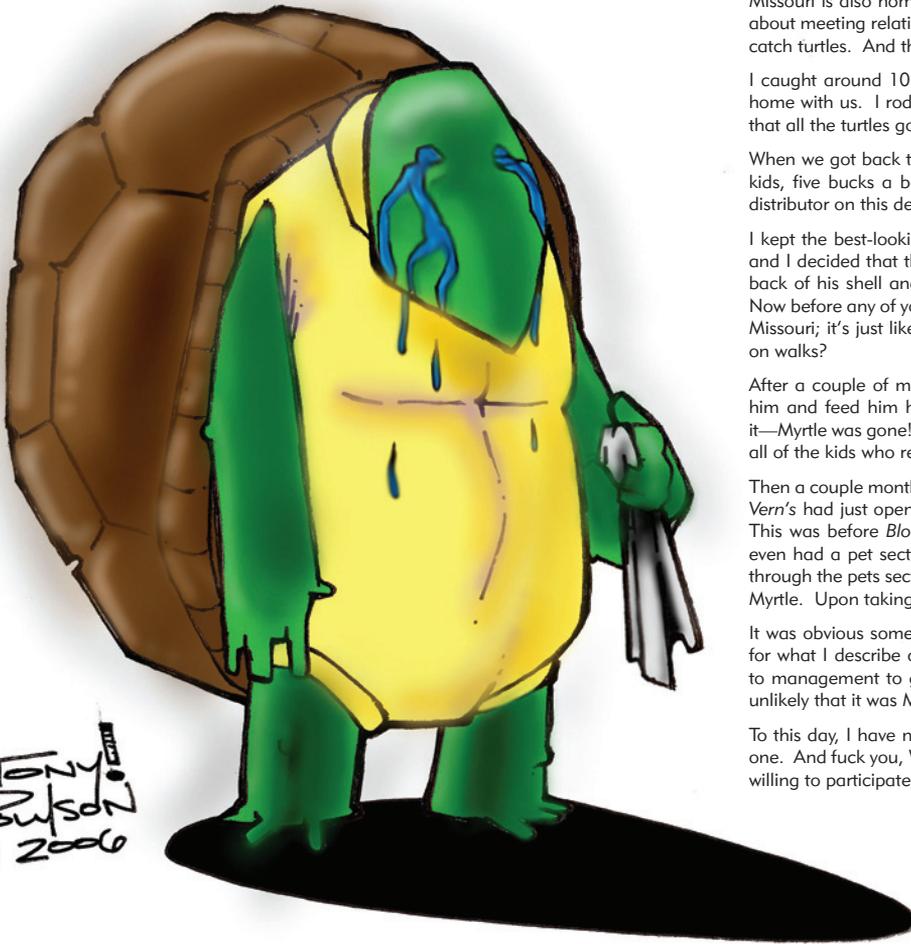
I kept the best-looking turtle to myself and named him Myrtle the Turtle. My dad and I decided that the best way to keep a-hold of Myrtle was to drill a hole in the back of his shell and tie him to a tree in the back yard. So this is what we did. Now before any of you animal-friendly types get upset, this is a common practice in Missouri; it's just like shoeing a horse and how else was I supposed to take Myrtle on walks?

After a couple of months of Myrtle living in my back yard, I went to say hello to him and feed him his dog food—you really can feed turtles dog food, they love it—Myrtle was gone! Someone had stolen my turtle! I had no idea who did it, since all of the kids who really wanted turtles had already bought them from me.

Then a couple months later, something shitty happened. A video store called *Video Vern's* had just opened and it was unlike any other video rental place at the time. This was before *Blockbuster* really caught on and *Video Vern's* was huge! They even had a pet section with live pets in a video store. Anyway, while meandering through the pets section, I stumbled upon an Eastern box turtle that looked just like Myrtle. Upon taking a closer look, I noticed a hole in the back of the shell!

It was obvious someone had stolen Myrtle from me and sold him to *Video Vern's* for what I describe as a "blood profit," just like slavery. I begged my dad to talk to management to get my turtle back. He tried to convince me that it was very unlikely that it was Myrtle I saw, but I know what I saw!

To this day, I have no idea who stole my turtle, but may he burn in hell if there is one. And fuck you, *Video Vern's*! You guys were just like the South back in the day, willing to participate in slavery and now out of business!



Valentine's Day

Wednesday,
February 14th

Theme: Prom.
Costume contest,
photo booth, and more!

Drink specials!

Bring a valentine or
meet one!



Mardi Gras
Saturday,
February 17th

Hurricane drink specials!
Beads, beads, and more
beads – need we say more?

TUESDAY

Upstairs – “80s Time Tunnel” 80s Flashback with DJ Radar
Downstairs – Old School Goth & Industrial with DJ Jeremiah
Cover – \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, Ladies FREE until 11pm
Drink Specials – \$2 Pints, \$6 Pitchers, \$3 Sex on the Beach

WEDNESDAY

Upstairs – Midweek Party Mix with DJ Radar and DJ Jeremiah
Downstairs – “Klub Karaoke” with Spotlight Entertainment
Cover – \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, Ladies FREE until 11pm
Drink Specials – \$2 Pints, \$6 Pitchers, \$4 Jager-bombs

THURSDAY

Upstairs – 80s New Wave Flashback with DJ Radar
Downstairs – “Sanctuary” Gothic and Darkwave with DJ Evil K
Cover – \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, Ladies FREE until 11pm
Drink Specials – \$3.75 Red Bull Vodka

FRIDAY

Upstairs – “Klub Kulture” Dance, Alternative and Techno
with DJ Jeremiah
Downstairs – “Das Maschine” Industrial and EBM with DJ Viking
Cover – \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm
Drink Specials – \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

SATURDAY

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

Fat Tuesday
Tuesday,
February 20th

Drink specials!

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to sin before all sins are
forgiven on Ash Wednesday!

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FEBRUARY



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THE STENCH 02.16

Friday, February 2

Suburban Legends, Mc Lars, Patent Pending, Rotten Musicians, The Upstarts – *Project Audio Lounge*
Prism – *Depot*
Bicasso, Illadapted, One Block Radius, MC Enee1 – *Urban*
XAcRox, Pirates of the Revolution – *Rose Laundry*
The Growles – *Monk's*
Fire Dog – *Alchemy*
Royal Bliss, Bradbury Press – *Liquid Joes*
Fight Like Hell, Palehorse, Everyman 4 Himself, Cries Hannah – *Darkside*
The House, Harkonnen, Hellbound Saints – *Starry Night*
Slippery Kitten Burlesque, Utah County Swillers – *Suede*
Karate High School, The Hideout, The Yearbook, Love You Long Time, ABBYnormal – *Driftwood*
Blitz, Resilience, The Willkills, SKINT, All Systems Fail, Negative Charge – *Country Club Theater*
Drown Out The Stars – *Vegas*
Lynette, Patter Stats, A Cassandra Utterance, Ian Bell – *Kilby*
Monorchist, The Photo Atlas, The Cobras, Soultree – *Burt's*

Saturday, February 3

No Quarter – *Depot*
School of Rock – *Pat's*
City Weekly's Showdown to Slammys: Numb Skull, Dead City Lights, Iota, MAIM Corps, Adapt – *Vegas*
Dr. Octagon – *Urban*
John Draper – *Alchemy*
Verbatym, Run Doris Run – *Starry Night*
Pato Banton & the Mystic Roots Band – *Suede*
Karate High School – *Country Club Theater*

Sunday, February 4

Ryan Workman's Birthday – *Monk's*
Soul P Kaboose, Man of War – *Monk's*
Die Young, Cool Your Jets – *Darkside*

Monday, February 5

XBishopx, Barriers Now Bridges, Cherem – *Vortex*
Jus Goodie, Dr. Israel, The River Jordan Band – *Monk's*

Tuesday, February 6

Vagina Monologues – *Starry Night*
Munly & The Lee Lewis Harlots, Iota – *Urban*
Everclear, Johnny Lives!, Neon Culpa, God or Julie

– *Depot*
Rehab, Authority Zero, A Change of Pace – *Country Club Theater*

Wednesday, February 7

SXSW Semis – *Urban*
Shorty Gilbert, Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Horse*
Meatwagon, Oxido Republica, Stillborn – *Burt's*

Thursday, February 8

American Sex Machine, Flocked Cows, The Shuttles – *Driftwood*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Joshua Radin – *Urban*
Colin Robison Trio – *Piper Down*
Double AB, Karnage – *Monk's*
Jack's Mannequin, Head Automatica, The Audition – *In the Venue*

Friday, February 9

All That Remains, Misery Signals, The Human Abstract, Offered No Escape – *Avalon*
The Sisterwives – *Pat's*
Garry Earl Baldwin – *Alchemy*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Prism – *Depot*
Dead City Lights, American Sex Machine, DCL – *Monk's*
Localized: QstandsforQ, Calico, Patsy Ohio – Urban
Mowar, Cavity Burn, Run the Red – *Vegas*
School of Rock: Best of Season: Metallica, 80s, Queen, Zappa and More – *Masonic Temple*
Thunderfist, Charlie Don't Surf, Screaming Condors, Dead Riff 2 Drag, DJ Velvet – *Liquid Joes*
Elemental, Eliza Wren – *Starry Night*
Mean Molly's Trio – *Broken Record*
Young Love – *Kilby*
Me and Him Call It Us, The Blue Letter, Fail to Follow, Haunt the Seas, Medea – *Project Audio Lounge*
Secret Sobriety, Books About UFOs, Blackpool Lights – *Burt's*
Greely Estates, Victim Effect, My Silent Goodbye – *Country Club Theater*

Saturday, February 10

School of Rock: Mardi Gras Hurricane Katrina Benefit – *St Francis Xavier Catholic School*
The Woolfe Bell Band – *Pat's*
Count Bass D, DJ Roddy Rod, Tableek, Kno It Alls – *Urban*
SLUG Junk Show – Brighton
Shorty Gilbert, Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Wine Cellar*
M!ss Crazy, The Street, Tommy Had a Vision – *Vegas*
Formally Known As, ID, The Endless Fall, Hooga – *Starry Night*
Matt Wertz – *Kilby*
Love You Long Time – *Project Audio Lounge*
Xur, Glacial, Bird Eater, Lost in the Fire, God's Revolver – *Driftwood*
All Shall Perish, Terror, War of Ages – *Overdrive*
The Sensations – *Burt's*

Sunday, February 11

Joe Chisholm Unit, DJ Snience – *Monk's*
Shorty Gilbert, Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Horse*

Monday, February 12

Shorty Gilbert, Legendary Porch Pounders – *Zanzibar*
The Broken West, Backwards Moon – *Kilby*
Machine Head, Separation of Self, Cavity Burn – *Vegas*

Tuesday, February 13

Send No Flowers, DJ Snience – *Monk's*

Wednesday, February 14

Valentines Day Prom – *Area 51*
Dave Tate, Victoria Lagerstrom – *Alchemy*
Grizzly Bear, We Are Seagulls – *Kilby*
Ted Dancin – *Urban*
C.D.C, xRepresentx, O.C.L, Blood Loss – *Country Club Theater*
Corpse Show Creeps, Spooky Deville, Pagan Dead – *Burt's*

Thursday, February 15

The Yearbook – *Starry Night*
Gamma Rays – *Piper Down*
The Dukes of Ted – *Suede*
Carlos Cornia – *Urban*
Gaza, Robinson, The Came in Swarms, 13th Cadaver – *Project Audio Lounge*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*

Friday, February 16

Gallery Stroll – Pierpont
SLUG Magazine All Ages 18th Anniversary Party
Feat. Bombs & Beating Hearts, Subrosa – Nobrow
Coffee 6-9pm
SLUG Magazine 21+ 18th Anniversary Party: Iceburn, Clear, The Corleones, The Stench – Vegas 10pm
Potter and the Lightening Bolts – *Starry Night*
Clumsy Lovers – *Suede*
SLC Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
Beati Paoli, Tolchock Trio – *Monk's*
Mary Tebbis – *Alchemy*
Tolchock Trio, The Weak Men, Eden Express, Return to Sender – *Kilby*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Stark Raven – *Pat's*
Oni Tattoo Party: The Hotness, The Red Rockets, Rope or Bullets – *Broken Record*
Slammys Party – *Urban*
The Shins, Viva Voce – *In the Venue*
The Swamp Donkeys, Charlie Don't Surf, Screamin' Condors – *Burt's*
Myrzah, Fcon, Jeebiss, They Came in Swarms, Offered No Escape – *Driftwood*

Saturday, February 17

Afroman – *Suede*
Mardi Gras – *Area 51*
SLC Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
The Highway 89 Band – *Pat's*
Eric McFadden Trio – *Urban*
Hurt, Undar Rada, Supersofar, Almost Undone – *Avalon*
Free Form Film Festival – *Nobrow*
The Goodlife Experience Reunion Show, Lover Runner – *Kilby*
Iota, God's Revolver, Blackhole, Spork – *Starry Night*
Mustache, The Monikers – *Driftwood*
Entoven, Eleventh Hour, Under Radar – *Vegas*
Trophy Scars, Imperial, Her Candane, Tero Melos Damiera, Brilliant Red Lights, Haunt the Seas, Killbot – *Project Audio Lounge*
The Front, The First Wave, Anything That Moves, Shackleton, SKINT – *Burt's*

Sunday, February 18

DJ Juggy's All Star Throw Down Part III – *Urban*
DJ Robotroid, DJ Snience – *Monk's*

DAILY CALENDAR

SLC Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
Royden, Faulter, Driver Side Impact, In Manhattan
– *Country Club Theater*

Monday, February 19

Horizontal Orange, She Rides A Rocket, Smooth Like James – *Driftwood*
The Ettes – *Burt's*

Tuesday, February 20

Fat Tuesday – *Area 51*
Styx – *Depot*
Starmy, DJ Snience – *Monk's*
The Critical Solution – *Starry Night*

Wednesday, February 21

56 Hope Road – *Urban*
Lola Ray, The Oohla's, Neon Trees, Another Statistic – *Kilby*
Quiet Drive, Melee – *Darkside*
Height – *Driftwood*
Particle – *Suede*
Shat, Die Monster Die, Mindless – *Burt's*

Thursday, February 22

The Hit Makers – *Alchemy*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Acid – *Uprok*
Broke – *Piper Down*
Pete Yorn, Aqualung – *Suede*
Drag The River, Tim Barry, Wuhu Sea – *Kilby*
Gin Palace Jesters, Utah County Swillers, Badgrass

Boys – *Burt's*

Friday, February 23

Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Dead Prez – *Urban*
Music Incorporated – *Alchemy*
Drown out the Stars, Distal, Factory Air, Massacre at the Wake, Someday Broken – *Vegas*
Glacial – *Broken Record*
Natural Roots – *Monk's*
Gomez, Joe Purdy – *Suede*
Tycho Monolith – *Starry Night*
Will Sartain, Kid Medusa, Chaz Prymek – *Kilby*
Drag the River, Tim Barry, The Silent Sevens – *Burt's*

Saturday, February 24

Abacabb, Blood Comes Cleansing, Thumbscrew, Cassius, They Came In Swarms – *Country Club Theater*
Larusso, Down for the Count – *Darkside*
Joseph Israel, Bad Grass – *Urban*
Burnt Orange – *Kilby*
Bboy Battle – *Uprok*
Daniel Wilson – *Alchemy*
The Tangelridge Blue Grass Band – *Pat's*
Caroline's Spine – *Suede*
2 and 1/2 White Guys, The Upstarts – *Burt's*

Sunday, February 25

Dee Jay R 2, DJ TeeToe – *Monk's*
Street Dogs, Dead City Lights, SKINT – *In the Venue*

Monday, February 26

Quiet Color, The Lionelle – *Kilby*

Winger, Shadow, Rattlesnake Shake – *Vegas*
George Clinton & Parliament Funkadelic – *Suede*
The Used, 30 Seconds to Mars, Senses Fail, Saosin, Chaidos, Evaline – *E Center*

Tuesday, February 27

Rickle Lee Jones – *Depot*
Jonathan Clay, Aston League, Kelly Kellam – *Monk's*
Lights Below – *Project Audio Lounge*

Wednesday, February 28

Saturday Looks Good To Me, Automatic Body – *Urban*
The English Beat – *Suede*
Barcelona, Eric Westbroek – *Kilby*
Red Top Wolverine Show – *Burt's*

Thursday, March 1

Dave Compton – *Tony's*
The Spinto Band, Dios Malos, The Changes, Canadians Among Us – *Kilby*

Friday, March 2

Trentalange, Ex Archers of Loaf – *Urban*
Prize Country, Spur, Glacial – *Broken Record*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Blackhole, The Grimmway – *Burt's*
N.I.C.E – *Starry Night*
Say Hi To Your Mom, The Andies – *Kilby*
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PARK CITY

Kilby Court Calendar February 2007

- 01 - Casket Salesmen, Auditory Aphasia, The Brood \$6
- 02 - Lynette, Patter Stats, A Cassandra Utterance, Ian Bell (of Sea.Mine) \$7
- 09 - Young Love, t.b.d. \$10
- 10 - Matt Wertz, t.b.d. \$10 adv/\$12 doors



- 12 - The Broken West, Backwards Moon \$6 adv/\$7 doors
- 14 - Grizzly Bear, We are Seagulls \$7 adv/\$8 doors
- 16 - Tolchuck Trio, the Weak Men, Eden Express, Return to Sender
- 17 - The Goodlife Experience reunion show, Lover Runner, t.b.d. \$6
- 21 - Lola Ray, The Oohla's, Neon Trees, Another Statistic \$8
- 22 - Drag the River, Tim Barry (of Avail), Wuhu Sea \$7
- 23 - Will Sartain, Kid Medusa, Chaz Prymek, t.b.d. \$6
- 24 - Locals show with Burnt Orange, etc.
- 26 - Birthday show for Jeff with: Quiet Color, The Lionelle, and more \$6
- 28 - Barcelona, Eric Westbroek, t.b.d. \$6

March 2007

- 01 - The Spinto Band, Dios Malos, The Changes, Canadians Among US
- 02 - Say Hi to Your Mom, The Andies
- 03 - The Antiaives, Keith Varon
- 04 - The New Trust, Abby Norma
- 06 - Briertone, Great Glass Elevator
- 07 - The Loved ones, Dead to ME
- 08 - Hella, Dirty Projectors

Kilby Court is all ages, located at 741 South 330 West
 tickets available during shows or at 24tix.com
 more info: www.kilbycourt.com



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