

ether

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19TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Two individuals are shown from the chest up, wearing full-body hazmat suits and respirators. They are holding a large, clear plastic bag. The person on the right has a name tag that reads "FRED" and "1110".

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Contributor Limelight



Ischa Buchanan is a SLUG Mag Marketing Assistant, joining the crew in November of 2007. With her genuine smile and eloquent professionalism, Ischa has mastered the art of marketing and event coordination in just a few short months. Born in Germany, she moved to the US when she was 10 with her 8 brothers and sisters. Once an intern for the Utah Opera in their costuming dept, Ischa now heads the sales team at a well-known "pink" panty store. When she's not sorting cup sizes and helping run SLUG events, Ischa loves to research Health and Nutrition.

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

I work for a local Salt Lake restaurant where my coworkers are hip and the tips are great. I love my job, but as a practicing vegetarian, I hate having to serve meat to people. Why would anyone want to eat a hunk of dead animal flesh? Don't they understand how bad it is for them, and how much suffering they're causing? Sometimes I whimper audibly when a customer asks me if I recommend the veal. I thought Utah was supposed to be about clean living, so why this dirty little culinary secret? What gives?

—Tina

Tina, Tina, Tina. I didn't ask to sit in your section of the restaurant. It's not my intention to make you schlep around a platter of dead animal flesh, but meaty dishes are on the menu, so you don't really have a choice. Don't whimper when I ask for the beef stew, especially not when you're wearing a pair of leather shoes. The cow's life was shitty anyway. This isn't an opportunity for you to sound off. Just put the shit in the bowl, and smile when you give me the receipt.

Dear Dickheads,

I love to eat, but I hate to cook. As a result, I eat out a lot. But something keeps happening to me: whenever I go to a restaurant, I always end up being seated next to the bathroom. What the fuck is going on? Do you have any idea how hard it is to enjoy a plate of biscuits and gravy when a 300-pound man is shitting a mere 15 feet from where I'm eating? It's fucking impossible! And you know the lard ass isn't going to wash his hands properly. And even if no one uses the can while I'm seated there, there is almost always the strong scent of bathroom cleanser or urinal cakes lingering in the air. Good God. Is restaurant space in SLC so tight that there needs to be a table in the fucking toilet stall? What the hell?

—Jack Pantins

Jacky! You have shit luck with eating establishments (pun fully intended). Urinal Cakes? Honestly man, how many times a day do you eat at Beto's? Has it ever occurred to you that maybe you're just so dirty that the restaurant management wants to keep you segregated from the regular folks? If you would consider leaving the house wearing something other than your Juggalo t-shirt and cut-off jeans, then maybe people would stop treating you like a hobo. But it might not be your appearance—it may be what you're ordering. Wait a minute!! Is your waitress named Tina?

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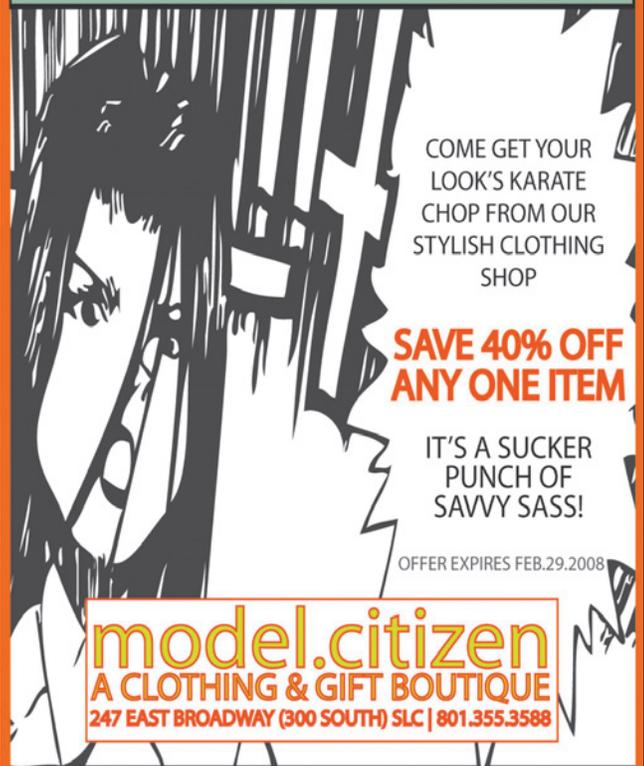
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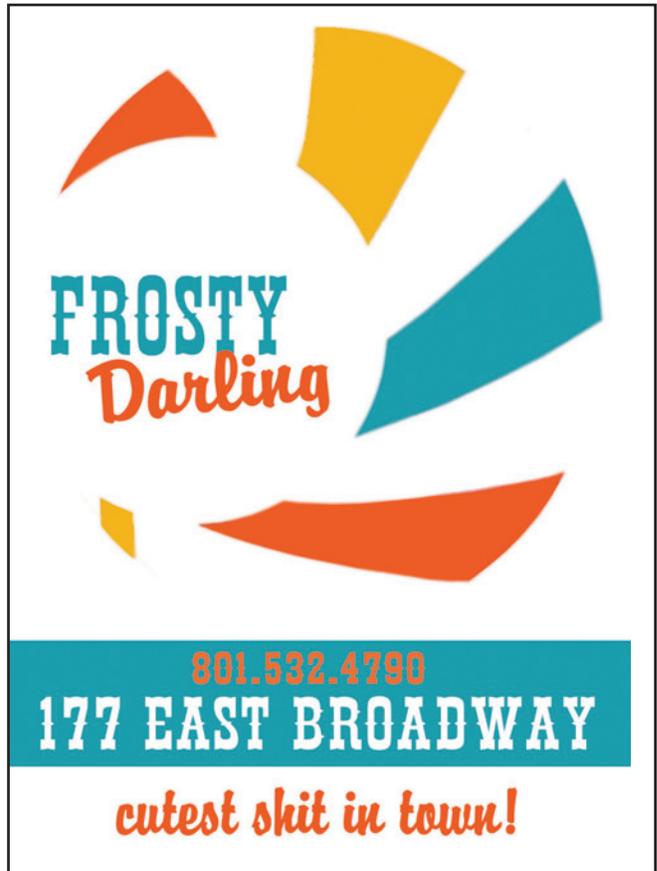
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February Localized

By Bryer Wharton Xinvisiblewounds@aol.com

Localized is SLUG's monthly local band showcase happening on the second Friday of each month. February's series features **The Obliterate Plague**, **Rico Black** and opens, **Cave of Roses** giving out a dose of rocking tunes for your ear bleeding enjoyment Feb. 8 at the *Urban Lounge* (a private club for members). Tickets are five dollars at the door. Prepare yourself with some neck loosening exercises to let loose and headbang.

Obliterate Plague

Alex Berzerker – Vox, Guitar
Cliff – Drums
T-Hate-Fucker – Guitar
Necrogutsfuck - Bass

Toss out whatever clichés you might have about extreme metal; in our own hometown we have The Obliterate Plague brutalizing the scene now for roughly seven years. Sitting down with Alex and Cliff, talking about the local metal scene, metal stereotypes, religion etc. Alex told me stories of how he got into metal running around with a Les Paul guitar as a kid mimicking **AC/DC** videos. The group will gladly tell you that they aren't your run-of-the mill brutal metal band. All it takes to find out is just to experience the band pummeling the crowd during their live shows.

"It gets pretty rowdy; we've had a few crazy pits. It makes you want to thrash pretty hard. We play a lot of bars and get drunk.. There's the legendary *Burt's Tiki Lounge* show, with us and **Ibex Throne** and **Beyond This Flesh** that turned into a bar brawl in 2004. By the end of the night the bar was in ruins, there was glass, blood and cops everywhere," Cliff and Alex reminisce.

Alex is quick to offer up explanations of their performances and some intriguing stories of past craziness. He describes their music, "Generally, our music is dark metal. It is brutal, in-your-face technical stuff that is all over the place on the guitar., Alex continues to put the feeling of his music into words, "It's really fast, the tempo changes to fast and

thrashy, or something really hyper speed, war-metal kind of shit, then it can go into some weird, doomy-type atmosphere. It's really unexpected."

Alex has much to say about the local extreme metal scene in Utah, but ultimately, he winds up talking about the nature of his own band.

"There is a lot of people that don't like to put up with the religious bullshit of this town... We're not afraid to be freethinkers and live how we want. That's a fucking sin and that's extreme. Having views about Quantum physics or metaphysics, which is a big pain in the ass of mainstream science and is considered extreme."

Striving on the point to be original Alex sums up the methods and goals of the band without hesitation.

"My main passion has been trying to do something from the beginning to be as original as possible."

Going on to say, "I have such a varied musical taste. I know what to look for and I know what I want to do. There is a lot of that Satan, Satan, Satan stuff out there and it's really boring and unoriginal. We're into more occult kind of methods., which requires a lot of thought.

You can approach it and it makes you think that we are tapping things that are hidden beneath the veil., Alex tells in describing his intentions with The Obliterate Plague.

Summing up the end result, Alex states, "I think our minds are capable of just about anything, without boundaries. I think that makes our band unique."



Photo By: Sarah Poirer

RICO BLACK

Tito Valdez – Vocals
Ty - Guitar
Sam Compton – Drums
Jay Russ - Bass

Meeting up with Tito and his “producer” **Cash Toleman** at the *Broken Record Bar* seemed less like a band interview and more like a meeting of musically passionate minds. Sharing a round of drinks while talking about music, love, clubs and just basically shooting the shit, was welcoming as well as interesting and Tito’s comments about his life in general were just funny to hear.

Once married to a supermodel while living the rockstar lifestyle, being a DJ for swank parties and living in San Francisco, Tito tells of his beginnings of becoming a musician and ultimately creating Rico Black. Like most “rockstar” relationships, his marriage ended. Rico describes it as being born again, in a sense. “When I was going through my divorce process, that was when Rico Black came a’round, working with Cash, who helped teach me how play instruments, sing and bring his message from dance club disco tech culture to real music.”

The real origins of Rico Black are suited with the pain of love lost. Tito goes on to tell more about his wife and how his ultimate message of his music came about.

“I went through all sorts of trials and tribulations. I had achieved most dreams a DJ can ever achieve, like it was reality TV for me, or like **The Devil Wears Prada**. Then this beautiful woman leaves me, and it fucked with me. I gave my heart and soul to her. I had no other outlet, you

can’t express that by playing other peoples’ music, you have to write your own. You have to get your words and emotions out there. It all spawns from a broken heart.”

In describing how his music sounds, Tito goes on to say, “Love is the greatest muse. Whether it’s positive, or you’re scorned from love and you’re like, ‘how can I get you back?’ My answer is rock and roll.”

Delving more into the subject, “If I had to classify it under one genre it would be stoner rock/blues. I would describe it as **Iggy Pop** meets **John Belushi**. It’s wasted fucking music. When asked about there being any apprehension for playing *Localized* with an extreme metal band, Tito was quick to answer and promptly said, “I don’t give a shit. Any time, anywhere, any day, I will give a show, rock any stage, I will fucking make people remember the name Rico Black.”

About the actual band name, Rico Black, Tito states, “Because that’s what it is. I’ve always had this issue with duality in life, because there is duality everywhere we go, whether it’s yin, yang, dark or light, fire or snow. My duality has always been a concern.”

Living in Frisco, Tito worked, spending 52 hours worth floating time in a sensory deprivation tank, which adds a whole other element to his music. “That shit is the ultimate psychedelic to me, that’s what Rico Black is about, stoner rock, psychedelic rock, you can tap into the next level of your psyche without doing drugs, why would I take the elevator when I can take the stairs.”

Whether you’re looking for extreme metal or stoner rock/blues, grab five bucks and make your way down to the *Urban Lounge* February 8th.



Photo By: Katherine Winter

Gallery Stroll

Photo By: Mariah Mellus

Enjoying Art Around Salt Lake

By Mariah Mann-Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

In the past few years, the Salt Lake art world has expanded and so have the galleries—making this evening a wonderful way to get to know Salt Lake City. The best art is usually found in the well-kept hot spots and back alleys of the community.

Artopia gallery, a coffee shop, retail space and underground music venue, recently opened up at 60 Exchange Place. The new location is a product of the mass upheaval of Sugarhouse businesses. *Artopia* opened their doors in Sugarhouse three years ago, but the new building has a fresh and inviting vibe. The change has allowed for more of a cross-cultural experience. "I'd really like to have something in here for every kind of person," **Lee Cano**, owner of *Artopia*, explains. Currently showing in the main level is **Randall Nigonosiah**, **Tracy O'Brien** and paintings by **MASO**. *Artopia* also carries numerous hats and hand-blown glass. From the paintings in the café to a full gallery space/concert venue in the lower level, it's obvious they revere locally made products. My experience, be it on *Gallery Stroll* or any other night, is that it's a charming place to be.

I know it's hard to get out and check out art, but what if you didn't even have to leave your car? The *Don Brady Interior Design Firm* had 18-foot windows just begging to be decorated. Utah artists heard the call and the partnership lead to the *Don Brady Drive Through Gallery*, located at 1300 East and 2108 South between the *Finnish Touch Day Spa* and *A Gallery*.

The month features, *Storm's Coming*, an installation by **Elmer Presslee** and **Xkot Toxsik**. The installation features creations and creatures from both artists in their first collaboration. Toxsik has been creating mutant meat monsters for years, which is a perfect match to Presslee's muscled monstrosities. Both men have similar styles and appreciation for sci-fi. "We had been in shows, hanging on the same walls and we are finally getting to work together," says Toxsik, who is also the owner of *Blitz Salon*.

Presslee has been working on developing this installation for a year, but other projects kept coming up. His new show in London for the *Strychnine Gallery* and sending art to Berlin to be on permanent display are only two examples. The *Storm* is a powerful, enlightening and diabolical look at what happens if you let Toxsik and Presslee play God. The best time to view the piece is after dusk until 3 a.m.

played host to many artists over the years, providing a popular alternative to Clydesdales etched on mirrors or buzzing neon beer signs. Opening February 12 and hanging until Feb. 18, fierce female artists **Sarah de Azevedo**, **Michelle Emerson** and **Shauntay Ramsey** will brighten up the normally dingy bar walls with their renditions or fears and fantasies. De Azevedo will have a collection titled *Baby Teeth*, small paintings and drawings inspired by creepy animals, bats, cats, teeth, lots of sharks and severed girls. Shauntay Ramsey's work focuses on *Teratophobia* (the fear of having a deformed child), while Emerson takes it down a notch and back a step in *As You Were*. She describes it as "photography that is genuine, honest and sincere." All works are originals, so if you are looking to buy, get there early. The show opens at 8 p.m. on Feb. 12. *Broken Record* is a private club for members, 21+ only.

Kayo Gallery, under the new direction of **Shilo Jackson**, has graciously donated their space for an evening of awareness, empowerment and healing hosted by **Allison Woo** on Feb. 8-9. "My vision is to inspire and empower women who have been battered or abused," she says, "My vehicle to do so starts with the gallery show titled *A Tribute to Battered Women*, with [the word] 'battered' crossed out and replaced with 'deserving and powerful.'" This show will feature female artists and their renderings of battered or abused women, along with powerful first-person accounts of how it feels to be in, and struggling to get out of, an abusive relationship. Show times are from 6-9 p.m. and the *Kayo Gallery* is located at 300 S. 177 East.

On Feb. 15, **Red Light Books** will host *Phuck Picasso* by **Qi Peng**. Qi Peng is a self-proclaimed male feminist, which is why he felt so strongly about the sexism **Pablo Picasso** was known for in his personal and professional art career. In *Phuck Picasso*, Peng takes a closer look at what Picasso created and insinuated using the female form, and then explores how he too can use the female form: to empower rather than mold for personal and commercial gain. Using his "mash-ups" of *Hustler*, *Penthouse*, *Bare Legs* and *High Society*, will he champion women's rights, or offend the very same group he claims to be fighting for? Only the viewer can decide. For adults' eyes only, check out what might be the most controversial show of 2008.

A lot is happening in the art world and there is so much more. Stay on the lookout, because art is all around you.

Pictured Below: One of Xkot Toxsik's Meat Monsters • Photo: Mariah Mellus



(12) SLUG For other late night art showings, check out the *Broken Record* located at 1051 S. 300 East. *Broken Record*, formerly *Todd's Bar and Grill*, has

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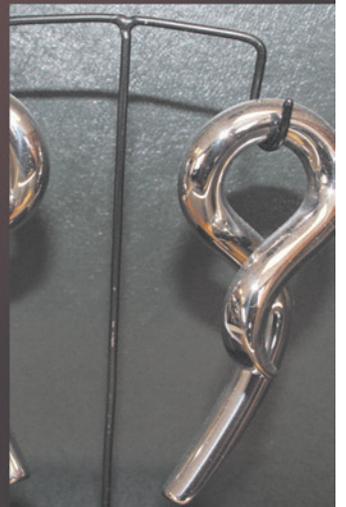
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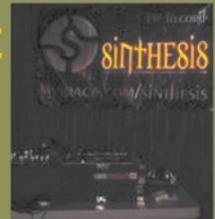
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Product Reviews

Eesa Lux Layering

Blindside Polo Shirt

Eesa.com

Eesa is a new company from the East Coast, and they make high quality garments designed to keep you warm, dry and looking fresh "from lift to lounge." My first victim was Eesa's Blindside polo shirt. Since it's a legit-looking polo, I decided to put it through its paces on New Year's Eve, little knowing what this garment was capable of. Soft and comfortable, the silky polyester fabric stayed warm and dried quickly as countless beers and shots were spilled on it, proving that it would do the same when in contact with snow or sweat. Moisture-wicking capabilities aside, this shirt really proved itself during a classic drunken New Year's Eve brawl. Around 2 a.m., in true blackout fashion, my friend **Wild Willy** began to run around naked, so I politely asked him to put his clothes back on ... (or did the drunken equivalent—flying over a coffee table and punching him in the face.) Soon, a pile of people were punching anything that moved, and it's a miracle I didn't end up testing how warm the shirt could keep me in a jail cell. When I woke up, everything was covered with blood and a button was missing, but a lil' Oxyclean and some Home Ec knowledge fixed it. Based on the rigorous testing I put this shirt through, I think it's safe to say that Eesa's shirts can stand up to some major abuse. —Sean Sullivan

Photo By: Sean Sullivan

Zotes Sunflower Seeds

Misc. Flavors

www.zotes.com

When you go out riding and need something to snack on to give you a little more energy, **Zotes** are the best fuel you can find. With a huge selection of sunflower seed flavors, from "Energy" to your basic salt and pepper, Zotes have a flavor for every taste bud. My personal favorites include dill pickle and beer-battered, and they are not those cheap seeds that have no sustenance; they are the big seeds with tons of flavor. Also, I hear that sunflower seeds are a great way to curb your cravings for a cigarette, so instead of smoking on the lift ride up, pop a handful of Zotes into your grill and you're in flavor country without the smelly after-effect. So if you need a snack that is portable and more widely accepted than a cigarette, go pick up some Zotes sunflower seeds and get crackin'. —adam dorobiala



Eesa Lux Layering

Yaw

Eesa.com

This is a long sleeve with a medium gauge, waffle-weave polyester fabric that makes it a versatile layering option depending on the temperature and the environment you wear it in. I threw this baby on immediately after I washed the blood off myself from the night before and then spent all of Jan 1st loungin, reading *Hotel Honolulu* by **Paul Theroux**, napping, snacking, and recovering from an epic night of partying and fighting. This shirt may very well be one of the most comfortable things I've ever worn, and I think that the high level of comfort actually decreased my hangover by 37 percent. Since it's so warm, this thing is smart for layering, but you need to be smart to layer with it. On the hill one day, I found myself overheating due to underestimating how well this thing keeps your core warm. I recommend you check this out, as well as Eesa's other products, but bide this warning: you will want a different one for every day of the week. —Sean Sullivan

Celtek Gloves

Outbreak Lightweight Gloves

www.celteksnow.com

One of the newer companies out there, Celtek is blowing up in more ways than one. Started by **Bjorn** and **Erik Leines**, *Celtek* are probably the coolest gloves to make it to the snowboard world thus far. The Outbreak Lightweight gloves are amazingly comfortable and keep your fingers so warm you might think you have toaster ovens on your hands instead of gloves. And on top of all that, the artwork on their gloves and apparel are probably the most imaginative and original of all, courtesy of local artist **Dave Doman**, which only adds up the steez points when sporting *Celtek's* gear. You can find them at pretty much any snow/skate shop, but if you are having trouble finding a pair, visit their website and look through the plethora of product they have posted. —adam dorobiala

Cameron Pierce

New Kid on the Block

Words by Helen Wade

Full Name: CAMERON THOMAS PIERCE

D.O.B.: 7/10/87

Year's Riding: 5

Riding Style: FIRST TRY OR DIE HARD

Sponsors: FORUM, FOURSQUARE, BOARDPARADISE.

Hometown: WAYNESVILLE, NC

Current residence: SANDY

I was first introduced to Cameron on the Digger bus at *Windell's*. It was a warm early summer morning and we were all slumming our way to the bus. As I jumped in, I was confused to see some new dude wearing a huge, yellow, tall tee and gangster pants listening to gangster music. All the Diggers were whispering to one another, trying to figure out what to think of this guy. I remember one person saying that Cameron had rollerblades and was serious about them. Three days, and a full bottle of Absolut Vodka later, Cameron became part of our family. He admitted to owning a pink tall tee, two pairs of soap shoes, and that even though he hadn't known us for that long he really loved us. "I was so nervous. I thought everybody hated me even though they didn't know me," remembers Cameron.

Throughout the summer, Cameron would leave us pondering how he just did that astonishing trick. His first day on our big jump he decided his warm-up trick would be a front 7. Later that day, when we were exhausted from riding, Cameron was still on that jump, hiking on his own, singing to his gangster music and pulling off some of the most

amazing tricks ever. Cameron never stops pushing himself, and it shows off through his riding. After the summer he flew back to North Carolina packed up his truck and drove out to

Utah, where he now lives, rides and pretty much kills it. He remembers his first hours here in Utah and how they did not really go as planned. "I was so excited to get out to Utah. It was nerve-racking because I didn't know many people here and within the first three hours of living here I was told I had to find a new place to live!" says Cameron.

Cameron has been cleaning up at the local contests here, always placing in the top three. He almost had a clean sweep at last year's *Dragon Contest*, winning best trick and best all around rider. He was even able to land a part in the **Team Thunder Video**, *Remember When*. "Filming is a whole lot of work. It consumes every open hour I have. It is physically demanding and opens my eyes to how much work getting one shot takes," explains Cameron.

This year is going to be a great year for Cameron. He is challenging all aspects of his snowboarding. From park to powder, urban to cliffs, nothing will stop this kid. He has been working hard on the mountain and in the streets to land a part with **Standard Films**. Cameron has such smooth style that he makes snowboarding look to easy. He keeps his tricks legit and never brings the circus into his riding style.



Photo: Jesse Anderson

Cameron is a young, hungry rider ready to blow your mind.

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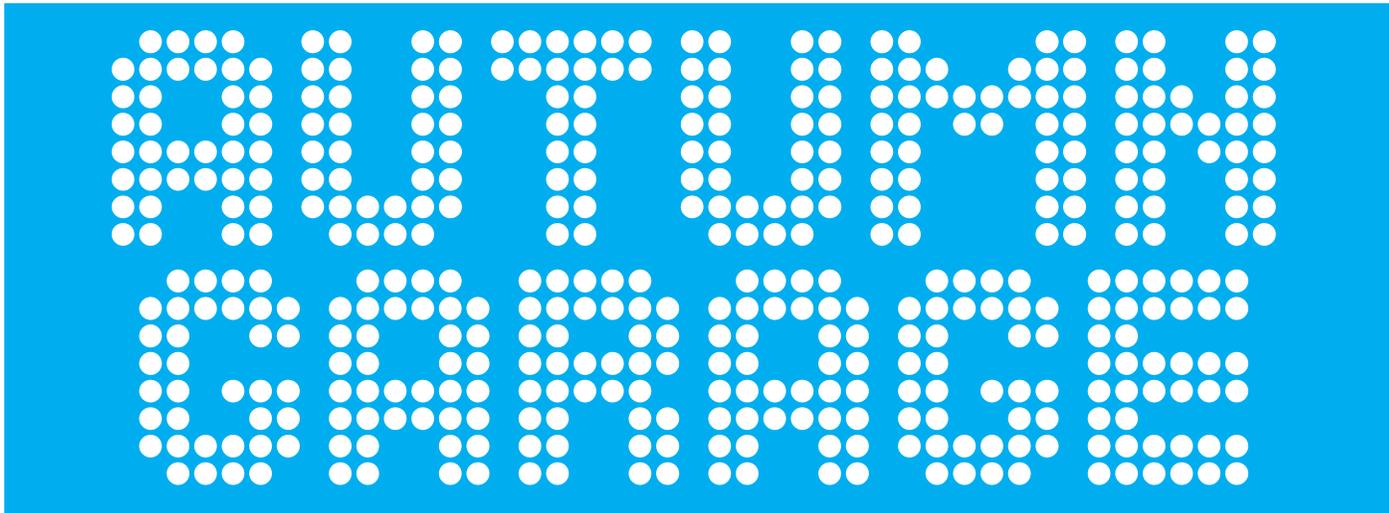


The TRUTH

ARCTIC CAT

thirtytwo

ph: Bob Plumb
rider: Eric Fernandez



Putting the Fun Back Into Spending Your Money

By Mike Reff

m.reff@utah.edu

As I walked into *Autumn Garage* for the first time, I was relieved not to be accosted by a sales predator. Instead, I met the friendliest, most down-to-earth employees I could ask for in a retail environment. From the younger guys behind the cashier to their merchandiser and buyer, the staff is compiled of people who put in more than 100 days a season, not people hating their job and forced to work at a ski shop. They were stoked to be there and just interact with people of the same interest. It's a good feeling to go into a shop and feel welcome to stay. Today, people are always looking for ways to get customers in and out of a shop as quickly as possible. At *Autumn Garage*, they have flipped the philosophy and are trying to find ways for people to stay and enjoy the experience within the shop itself by creating their own scene. *Autumn Garage* is the latest edition to the Utah snow scene and it is more than just a new place to get your fresh gear for the mountain; "Autumn Garage is a mountain lifestyle boutique," says owner **Jared Skidmore**.

A long-time local Wasatch ripper who was unhappy with the direction of ski and snowboard shops in the valley, Skidmore is an avid snow-shredder himself and didn't feel any of the shops really represented his style and culture. He wanted to create his own face for the kind of skiing he liked—hanging out in the mountains soaking up the sun with his best buds. "Skiing is why I still live in Utah. Some of my best friends and experiences have come from skiing," says Jared. For Jared, skiing is life, but in life there is a lot more than simply skis and outerwear. For many, it is a lifestyle that reflects on every aspect of life. Jared had a dream to create a place where the passion for snow lifestyle is shared through medias such as art and style. He teamed up with his longtime friend and owner of *Surface Skis*, **Mike Schneider**, who helped him turn his dream into a reality. Mixing elements of a physical space, events, team riders and a shop, *Autumn Garage* is creating an identity. It's an

Photo: Ruby Johnson



identity that encompasses the passion and excitement that everyone gets from hitting nipple-deep freshies first thing in the morning on a bluebird day or greasing a rail for the first time.

Most of the shops today focus on either the snow-bro scene or the extremely vulnerable gaper population. *Autumn Garage* focuses on the enjoyment everyone has from being a part of the snow-sliding scene. They are a non-denominational snow-sliding shop carrying both snowboard and ski brands. The majority of the products are soft goods with an emphasis on limited productions. Even if you're not one for sliding down the snow with boards strapped to your feet, you, too, will find the experience of *Autumn Garage* a pleasurable one. "We want to bring the fun back into spending your money!" says Schneider.

"We want to create an environment people want to see—an experience," says Schneider. Although retail is the main source of income, it will not be the only attraction to entice visitors. With its location at the base of the Cottonwood Canyons, *Autumn Garage* is situated at the Hollywood of today's industry. They will be hosting several photography and art exhibits in the shop, making it an excellent place for skiers and riders to wind down after an epic day of shredding the Wasatch. Recently, *Autumn Garage* hosted an opening party with the live band **Thunder Mistress** to kick off their fresh beginning. They look forward to hosting a multitude of events at the shop as well as hosting several days on the mountain. In the near future, *Autumn Garage* will also be compiling a global pro team and a Wasatch Front team, so all of you local shredders should keep your eyes open. With these teams, *Autumn Garage* will be hosting several days to come ride on the mountain along with several friendly local

competitions on the map. A "435 vs. 801" is in the works right now for next season and it is going to be off the chain.

Autumn Garage is located at 2258 Fort Union Blvd., Cottonwood Heights, UT and can be contacted at 801.733.4305.

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SIMON DUMONT photo: Justin L'Heureux



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Lumberjack

I Love the Smell of Fresh Cut Wood in the Morning: The SLUG Games Lumberjack Jam

By Sean Sullivan

Sully@slugmag.com

The *SLUG Games Lumberjack Jam* is by far one of my favorite contests to be a part of for a number of reasons, but mostly because I'm a patriot, and lumberjacks are about as American as apple pie. **George Washington**, **Paul Bunyan** and **Clarke Griswold** are all prime examples, and on Saturday, January 12, over 70 kids got their chance to don some flannel and lay some metal and p-tex into wood under perfect blue skies at *Brighton Resort*.

Set up at the top of the *Majestic Lift*, terrain park manager **Jared Winkler** and the *Brighton* park crew teamed up with *SLUG* and *Team Thunder* to create a venue perfect for an original, all wood, jam-format contest. This was *SLUG* and *Brighton's* second *Lumberjack Jam*, so the course featured some timber from last year's event, as well as a slew of new wood. Competitors had their choice of three lines: there was an up-log that fed you to a flat log, a roller next to a tree that set you up for a healthy ill' jump with a pole halfway out the deck for bonk-tap-chop-spin combos and a handrail-style down log into a really long, arcing log that was a true test of board control and balance.

Both spectators and competitors were treated to free flapjacks courtesy of *SLUG Magazine* and an open-entry hatchet-throwing contest hosted by the boys from *Celtek Gloves*. **Ryan Powers** set the tone for the contest with a never-ending playlist of fun music, while **Laura Hadar** rocked the mic. All day she was calling out tricks, heckling the judges (*Team Thunder*, baby!) and photographers, providing entertaining commentary on the proper application of sunscreen in a **Borat** accent and taking her jacket off to let a few young girls duke it out for her steezy duds. *SLUG* couldn't have asked for a better MC: she knows her shit inside and out, plus she's an excellent role model for the younger kids.

After a mellow warm-up session and a ton of Red Bull and flapjacks, the 17- division was ready to shred.

During the jam session quite a few egos were bruised (along with faces, hips, asses, backs, necks and knees) because the wood used to make the jibs was a bit softer than expected, and just about every competitor caught an edge and got served quicker than **Robert Downey Jr.** at an empty bar. I watched a group of sick young shredders adapt and conquer a setup that would have sent lesser riders right down into the lodge.

The open division was no different; kids were getting racked left and right as the 17- lumberjacks chopped the rails up quite a bit, leaving the open class to deal with wood rails that I thought couldn't get much gnarlier. I don't think that phased anyone though, because right off the bat kids started throwing hatchets like there was no tomorrow. The pole-chop jump saw a lot of action, with lumberjacks serving up hearty portions of bonk variations including shifty back 1 high five taps, method front three taps, f/s shifty back 3



Photo By: Dave Brewer

JAM

and 5 taps, and all sorts of other wild style action. **Ted Borland** nose-pressed the long arcing log and **Erik Van Assche** did a cab 180 - 50-50 - back 3 on the down log. Other notable tricks thrown on the down log included hard way backside 180s and some perfect back-tails and back-tail combos thrown by the homie in camo pants and blue tall-t. A few skiers came out and did their own versions of boardslides and combos, gaining respect from everyone in attendance. While the judges had their hands full dodging snowballs and trying to score each rider, spectators, photographers and those filming were having a field day as the soggy logs claimed victim after victim. My personal favorite was when **Colin Defnuts** caught an edge getting on to the down log and fell onto the last third of it, breaking the whole thing in half (fingers crossed that that clip makes it onto *Youtube*). After making sure he was ok, the *Brighton* park crew and some other riders ripped the remaining support bar out of the ground and cleared the debris out of the new landing. Less than a minute after the rail was broken, riders were hitting the freshly modified log like nothing happened, proving that riders in Utah are some of the most adaptive in the country.

Unfortunately, the day came to an end far too soon, but *Milo, Salty Peaks, Blindside, OGIO, Union, Broken Boardshop, Dank Squad, Celtek, Zotes Sunflower Seeds, Lenitech Snow & Skate, Rome SDS, Arbor, The Levitation Project* and *Spacecraft* all contributed enough product to make sure that everybody

Lumberjack Jam Results
Boarder Women's Open:
 1st Madison Blackley
 2nd Marley Colt
 3rd Alicia Trujillo Boarder

Men's Open:
 1st Ted Barlund
 2nd Brandon Hobush
 3rd Kevin Rasmussen

Skier Men's Open:
 1st Chanceton Bird
 2nd Kolby Roloff
 3rd Weston Charlesworth

Tough as Nails Award:
 Kristie Giles

Men's 17- Boarder:
 1st- Uriel Ruvalcaba
 2nd: Sam Foxworthy
 3rd: Skyler Brinley

Best Grom:
 Caden Roberts

Men's 17- Skier:
 1st Michael Laganier
 2nd: Ian McMillan
 3rd: CJ Bode

Best Trick Snowboarder:
 Lejawn Allen- Backlip/frontboard

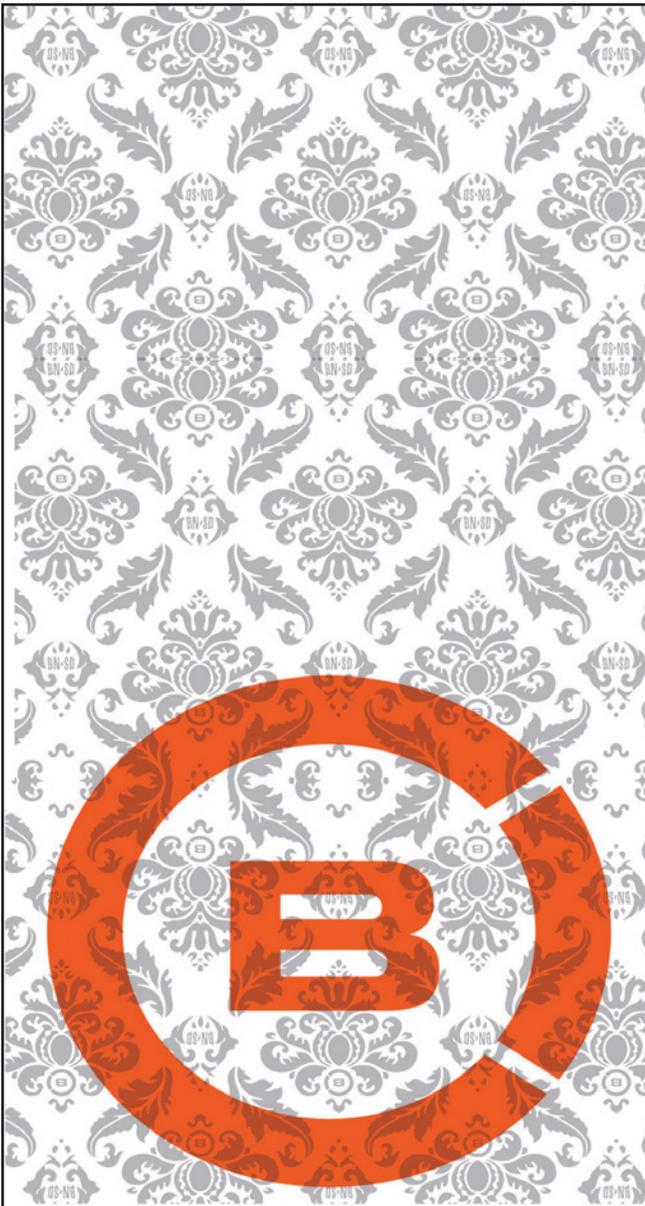
Best Trick Skier:
 Weston Charlesworth-
 Switch 270 on Clean out

walked away with some goodies. The first-place winners in each category walked away with cash, a backpack stuffed full of goods provided by our generous sponsors and a handcrafted trophy created by yours truly. Second and third place winners in each category received backpacks stuffed with gear and trophies. By the time you read this, everyone's bruises will almost be healed, the winners will have blown the cash they won, the jibs from the contest will be stashed around *Brighton* for you to find and ride, and ear-to-ear smiles will materialize whenever someone mentions the *SLUG Games*.

SLUG Magazine would like to thank *Red Bull Energy Drink, the Utah Winter Games, Milo, Salty Peaks, Blindside, OGIO, Union, Broken Boardshop, Dank Squad, Celtek, Zotes Sunflower Seeds, ABZ Enterprises, Team Thunder, Lenitech Snow & Skate, Rome SDS, Arbor, KAB Rails, The Levitation Project* and *Spacecraft*.



Photo By: Dave Brewer



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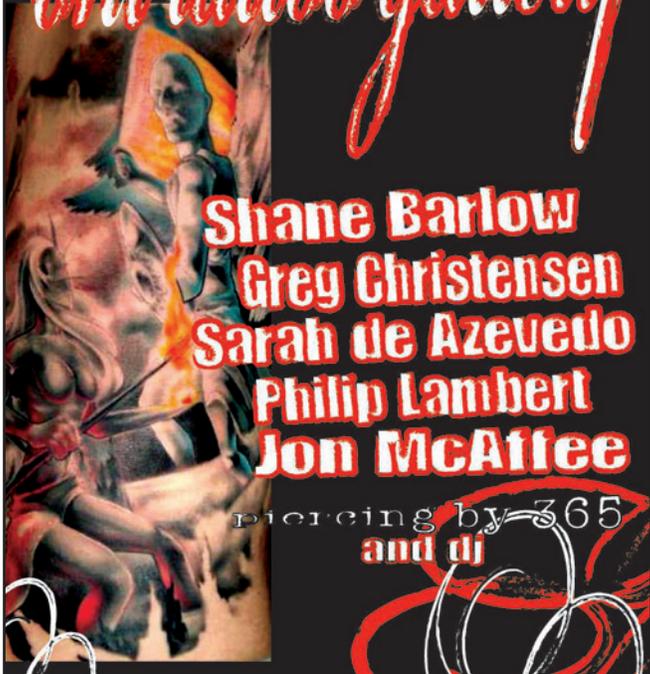
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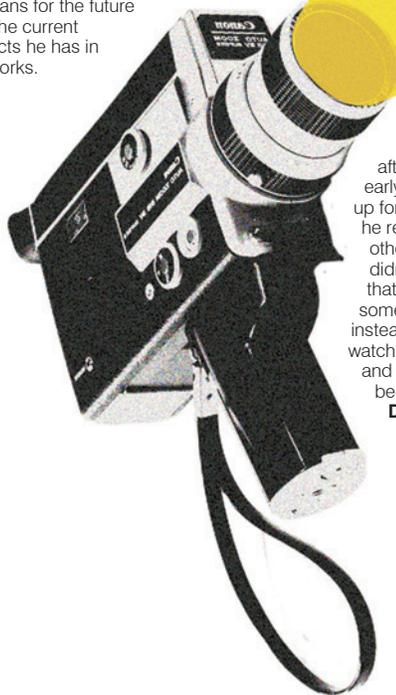
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Steadyhands: An Erik Jensen Spotlight

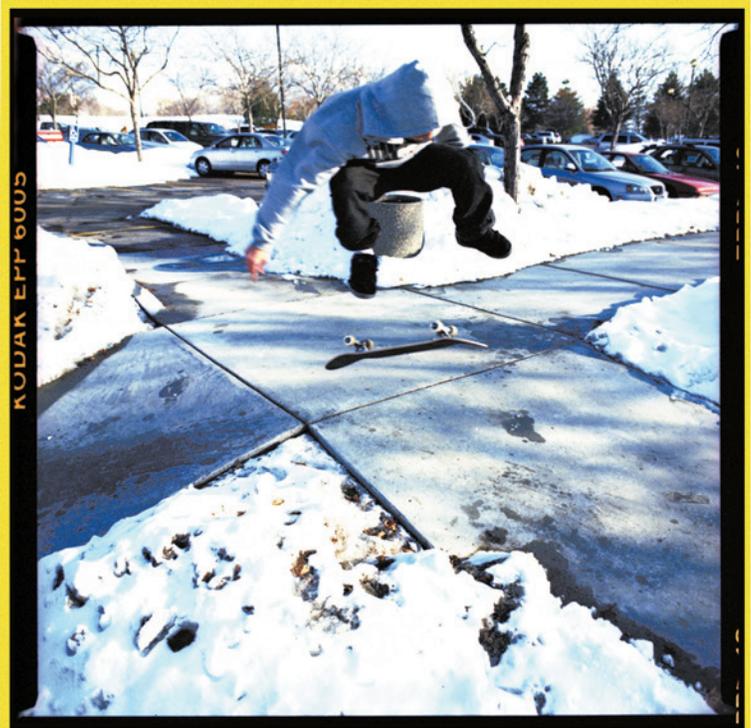
By: adam dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Erik Jensen is a hard person to get in touch with, whether it's because he's out skating or filming, or because his phone is turned off because he lives a humble life; but when you go filming with him, it's definitely an experience. Erik, more commonly known as E.J., has the steady hands that make his filming look top notch, while still having the cool, calm personality that makes him easy to film with. I met up with him in his "studio" and we chatted about his beginnings in filmmaking, his plans for the future and the current projects he has in the works.



"I've been skating for 12 years and filming for about 10," E.J. mentions after I storm into his basement early in the morning, waking him up for the interview. He said that he realized he could film while others skated what he didn't want to skate and that way he helped get something accomplished instead of just sitting there watching. "We started filming and producing movies because we had seen the **Dirty Hessian** movies and felt like they influenced the whole SLC skate scene; filming, producing and releasing films of local people on the come up," he says.

He has produced a total of six movies, ranging from his early days where he and **Rory Bruggeman** would film and edit whole movies just of friends, and then



all the way to his last out, **Weast**, a classic movie featuring all of the pros of the SLC skateboarding realm. On remembering his first camera, he said, "We didn't have a camera really; it's more like we stole our parents' cameras and put them to good use." In 2005, E.J. upgraded to his current camera, the VX-1000, and that made him even more stoked to film friends and local skaters. "It definitely made me more psyched to film and help friends get their 'sponsor me' tapes to the people they needed to get them to." He has had footage in the **almost** video, **Random Lurkerz**, and has helped out on some of the **Filmbot** videos as well. "I filmed **Tyrone Olson's** whole part [the almost video] and edited it, too," he says. "I actually had to look in his phone to get the number of the guy I had to call to get paid for doing his part for the video." He also helped film for the **Binary** video and had some footage in the first **Technique** video as well. Pretty impressive for a local skate bum, at the young age of 24, the future definitely looks bright for E.J. His current project, **Salty Peaks' Makin' Moves**, should be making its way into theatres and peoples' brains early April. Expect great parts from the whole Salty team and get ready for his next movie, **Weast Infection**, to hit shops soon after that.

blaster of a kick-flip

Not only does he film, but he also has some of the smoothest moves on a skateboard. All of his footage is super-unexpected tricks landed with style; he is definitely one of the chilliest motherfuckers around. Living it up at night at **X-Wives Place** to wait out the security guards and police before heading to a spot, he is always down to get shit

done. So if you see him on the streets with a camera in hand or being filmed, know that he is putting down some quality shit for the ages. Erik would like to thank (in no particular order) **Niels Jensen**, his parents, **Andy Pitts**, **Mike Murdock**, **Dirty Snuggles**, **D-bell**, **Isaiah**, **Mark White**, **Rob Peterson** and **Andrew Wilson** for all their support and motivation.

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Blackhearts Ball: The Return of the All-Ages Underground

By Ryan Michael Painter
 rien@ davidbowie.com

I've known **Kevin Reece** (aka **DJEVIK**) for over half my life, and I have marveled at his stubborn dedication to a music scene which has often taken him for granted. I've shaken my head in disbelief, muttering "Silly Kevin," as if I really knew better. I had had forgotten how much we have in common.

While he laughs at the idea of being "a legend," it should be noted that Kevin has been the face of Utah's goth/new wave/industrial/post-punk scene way before 16 years ago, when I stumbled into a club only to find that there was a safe haven for self-anointed outcasts who picked **Robert Smith**, **Peter Murphy** and **Siouxsie Sioux** over whatever pseudo-hip-hop-flavor-of-the-week-lip-sync-band was popular at the time.

Over the years, Kevin has acted as advocate, friend, writer, fanzine creator, concert promoter and lead singer for **The Midnight Dreary**. Currently, he plays in Dada-influenced, dark cabaret act **Domiana**. He has also made a few cloaked appearances with the likes of **Tragic Black** and **The Gothic Rap Project**, to keep things unbalanced. He's also been a DJ with various residencies since 1991. "I always think of myself as a musician first, but I'm recognized as a DJ and I'm very lucky to have lasted this long," Reece says. "I'm not just the longest-running goth DJ in Salt Lake, I'm the longest-running DJ in Salt Lake, period."

At age 14, Kevin was introduced to the world of DJ-ing carrying boxes which housed hundreds of vinyl records for a mobile DJ who worked the wedding circuit. He was paid in pizza and strictly forbidden from touching the equipment. "It was a no-touch philosophy," he says with a smile.

In the late 80s, Salt Lake and Provo were filled with all-ages dance clubs that catered to the "modern music" comprising everything that subverted the top 40. Five nights a week it was *Plastique*, *London Underground*, *The Palladium*, *Ivy Tower*, *The Palace* or *The Ritz*. "It was more than just dancing. It was a personal theatre; a way to find yourself. It's a catwalk for everyone to explore their ideas without recourse. You can't do that at school or at home," Reece says.

Days were fodder, merely the filler between when Kevin would dig through records and create the perfect soundtracks for that night's adventure. "I'd make mix

tapes with a two-channel mixer to listen to while we drove to and from the clubs in Provo. The idea was to find a flow that connected the songs together."

As the late 80s turned into the early 90s, clubs evolved (devolved in some cases), and the landscape changed as new nights and new buildings opened. Old venues were demolished, relocated or simply disappeared. *The Ritz* saw their numbers diminishing and called on Kevin to bring the bodies back into the building. "I never thought about being a DJ. They asked me because they knew I owned the most music and had some idea around a mixer. Now I can't imagine not doing it."

"In the early 90s, goth music was still relatively new [to Salt Lake] and unexplored. People would be more open to dance to new music. There weren't really your dance floor hits; obviously, there were songs that everyone knew, but you could get away with a lot more because people were willing to take risks with you. Really, we were all just variations of punks; there weren't as many subgenres, so you could play a broad range of music." Radio was even favorable then. **The Cure**, **The Sisters of Mercy**, **The Church**, **The Jesus & Mary Chain**, **The Mission**, Peter Murphy, **Siouxsie & the Banshees**, **Xymox**, **Love & Rockets** and **The Cocteau Twins** were crashing into the college charts.

Even when grunge pulled radio away, there were enough who weren't swayed by the sudden pull to Seattle. Without the Internet, finding bands proved difficult, but the challenge made it more rewarding.

When the Ritz phased itself in and out (returning over the years in one form or another) Kevin found himself back in the booth at *Confetti*. "It was an accident, really," he says. "None of the DJs could make it one night, so Mark [Kevin's roommate and *Confetti* DJ] recommended me." I spent a lot of time in that booth. Rarely would I come to the club (which I attended as often as I could) without a few CDs with notes attached begging Kevin to squeeze a song or two in before the night was through. Dressing up, distancing myself from the inability to find my place in high-school culture, dancing as an emotional release for all the frustration and disappointment, kept me relatively sane.

In the late 90s, club life changed dramatically. State laws systematically killed off the all-ages venues. Like the *Palladium*, before *Confetti* was demolished, Kevin found himself DJing at a variety of venues including *The Manhattan*, *Axis* and the various incarnations of what became *Sanctuary* before shifting over to

his current residency at *Area 51* on Thursdays and Saturdays. As the members of the scene grew up, going out to the club became less and less about dancing and more about drinking in a room by a dance floor. You'd go and have a few drinks, maybe dance to a song or two and then have a few drinks before rolling yourself out in hopes of waking up in your bed. But what about the kids?

On Saturday, Feb. 16, Reece will be DJ-ing *The Blackhearts Ball* at *The Ritz Club*. The event serves as a return to the all-ages experience that has slowly faded out over the years. It only seemed appropriate to host such an event at a place that once served as a stronghold of the all-ages club scene.

"I'm trying to cross over between the older songs [and the product of that influence on] a lot of the indie bands these days. That's what I hope to do at the *Blackhearts Ball* as well," Reece says. Reece found it important to give a teenage DJ the chance to play a real club, so **DJ Nekro** was asked to come. The night will also include a fashion show by *Arsenic Fashions*, live music by **Carphax Files** and **Digital Lov** and music by **DJ/DC**. "The focus is on creating a real club experience for those who haven't experienced it," Reece says.

For those worried they might have to dress a certain way fashion-wise at the ball, fear not. Says Kevin, "It's not about how you look. It's about involvement. I'd rather have a full dance floor of people dressed however they like rather than a group of well-dressed people standing at the sides. It's not about being goth, really. Dance music is an exploration. It cuts through the genres."

Blackhearts Ball is an all-ages event, with a beer bar for those 21+. It will be held at *The Ritz Club* (2265 S. State) on Saturday, Feb. 16 from 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Admission is \$7 at the door, but tickets are also available at *Arsenic Fashions*, *Graywhale* locations and www.24tix.com. It's high time to revitalize the all-ages underground club scene in Salt Lake City, securing the creativity and energy of past scenes for the music scene of our city's future.

Also—Don't miss DJEVIK on Fri., Feb., 22 as he DJs *SLUG*'s 19th anniversary after-party at the *Trapp Door* (615 W. 100 S.) Pre-party will be held at *Brewvies Cinema Pub* (8p.m. & 9p.m.) as *SLUG* releases *Making a Scene*; a new documentary film showcasing the history of SLC's diverse local music community.





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Tommy Had A Vision, Radiata

Fri. Feb. 8: Adjacent To Nothing, Insanity Plea,
6:1, Uncomfortable Silence, Meat Wagon

Sat. Feb. 9: The Dreaming, The Street, Eleventh Hour

Fri. Feb. 15: Poetica, Collin Creek,
Blonde Assassin, Motif Onix, R. Dub

Sat. Feb. 16: Massacre At The Wake, Vinia,
Prosthetic Heads, Necrophacus, Shred Bettie

Tue. Feb. 19: Devison, Necessary Response,
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Thu. Feb. 21: SkeletonWitch, tba

Fri. Feb. 22: Separation Of Self, Kohabit,
Balance Of Power, Guttshot

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One50eight, Til She Bleeds

Tue. Feb. 26: Goatwhore, Xur, Gaza, tba

Thu. Feb. 28: LA Guns, Aerial, Dirty Loveguns

Fri. Feb. 29: Rune, Final Exit, The Street

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RECORD COLLECTOR

LAST MAN STANDING:

The Record Collector's David Hansen Explains Collecting, Longevity, and His Favorite Bands

By Gavin Hoffman
loveyoudead666@hotmail.com
Photo: Katherine Winters

When I was 13 years old, I remember opening the yellow pages in search of record shops in Salt Lake City ... I was one full-length away from completing my **Skinny Puppy** collection on cassette. Although I ended up finding what I was looking for at *The Heavy Metal Shop*, one of the first places I called (and subsequently visited) was *The Record Collector*. Although the only item I purchased there that day was a **Beatles** poster, *The Record Collector* and its sense of true independent operation and friendliness has remained a favorite place for me to visit when I'm looking for vinyl.

SLUG: How long have you been in business, David?

David Hansen: Coming up on 25 years.

SLUG: All in the same location?

Hansen: Not quite. Roughly 20 years in my current spot, and I spent three years across from the Soup Kitchen up here in Sugarhouse, as well as two years down on the corner of 21st South and 7th East.

SLUG: What initially got you interested in opening a business, especially one centered around buying, selling and trading vinyl records?

Hansen: I'd always been interested in music; I played in bands and such as a kid. I always wanted to be a musician, but needless to say, it didn't work out. I had a brother-in-law at the time who had an amazing record collection, probably around 3,000 pieces, and that got me really interested in amassing a collection strictly for the purpose of collecting. A little while down the road, I began to realize that the obvious next step for me was to open a record shop of my own.

SLUG: How do you see yourself and *The Record Collector* continuing to exist here in Sugarhouse with all the changes currently taking place? Your shop is essentially the last of the local-owned businesses still up-and-running among the proverbial chaos.

Hansen: That's a good question. I was kind of the first here, and I'll probably be the last. If I can get another five years here, I would be happy. I mean, what's happening in Sugarhouse right now didn't do me any good ... I don't think it did anyone any good. It really hurt a lot of the little locally owned businesses. It's a drag. I, however, haven't had any pressure to close or



move. The people that own my building own the entire block, and they've had some people express some interest, but no one's come along with the money to make anything happen. Of course, it could eventually happen and take me somewhat by surprise. I've been thinking about that since the *Sugarhouse Commons* went up.

SLUG: How does what's going on currently affect you personally? Essentially, the entire face of Sugarhouse is changing, and a lot of us who grew up in this area and frequented the businesses here aren't too thrilled about it. Do you feel the same way?

Hansen: I've tried not to let it bother me too much. All in all, it's another one of those sad things when big business comes along and "ends an era," so to speak. I think if I were 10 or 15 years younger, it would be much more difficult for me. I tend to be practical about things, though. I try not to take what's going on here too personally, but that doesn't mean I like it. As I said, I'm coming to the end of my business career pretty quickly, but I could also see the shop staying open for another 20 years with someone younger running it.

SLUG: So, if the current owners decide not to sell the land or the building you occupy, you wouldn't mind allowing someone else to take over the business, essentially?

Hansen: Well, all in all, I should not be here in business in the first place ... If I knew how I managed to stay here, I would sell the ideas and information for a million dollars, you know? Firstly, I don't pay a lot of

money for rent here. The people I rent from are from a much older school than most landowners today, and they're not greedy people. This whole block was paid off years ago, and the landowners know all the business owners that rent from them personally. They're very good people.

SLUG: Do you live in Sugarhouse, then?

Hansen: I am the MAYOR of Sugarhouse ... self-appointed, of course. I'm a legend in my own mind, so to speak. I've been a big part of Sugarhouse for 25 years, as I've said ... almost two decades in the same place. I've had people who started coming here when they were in high school; now they bring their kids in here. That's something I'm pretty proud of. Maybe it means more to other people than it does to me, though. I didn't grow up in Sugarhouse, but I remember spending a lot of time here as a kid. In the 1950s, Sugarhouse was what was "happening" in the city apart from everything downtown, much the same way it was what was "happening" until the current changes.

SLUG: Let's change course a bit here. Who are some of your favorite bands?

Hansen: Oh, I have too many to name. **The Rolling Stones**, of course. **The Beatles**. I know that's kind of a clichéd response, but there's a reason so many people cite the Beatles as their favorite band. I remember watching **Elvis** when he was becoming popular, and I used to listen to a lot of music that my older siblings had ... **Chuck Berry**. I thought **Chuck Berry** and **Chet Atkins** were amazing. But the Beatles; if you weren't there at that time, it's impossible to understand how immense they were and how absolutely influential they continue to be on popular music. The same goes for **Bob Dylan**, or bands like **Pink Floyd**. The 60s and early 70s were an amazing time for music, and I haven't had the same feeling with many current artists. Well, **Beck** kind of knocked my socks off ...

SLUG: How has having so many favorite artists affected your owning a music store?

Hansen: Well, I've listened to a lot of music, probably more music than most people will listen to in their entire lives. But when I go home, I don't like to listen to music. I keep that pretty much at the store, and I listen to a lot of different stuff here. I was listening to sitar music in here earlier today—**Ravi Shankar**, you know? But because I tend to listen to music mainly in the store, it's actually had a positive effect because I've become exposed to so many different artists and types of music during this whole ride, and I consider myself to be extremely fortunate because of that.

SLUG: So, you pretty much have the coolest job in the world, right?

Hansen: Absolutely.

You can visit *The Record Collector* at 1115 E. 2100 South in Sugarhouse.



The Evolution of Sarah de Azevedo

By Jeanette Moses

Jeanette@slugmag.com

Sarah de Azevedo's interest in tattooing began at the unlikely age of 16, after one of her friends received an awful fairy tattoo in someone's basement. "This thing had the biggest sailor boobs, dread locks, pissed-off cheek bones, one arm was super long and the fingers looked like sausages," she jokes. "I looked at it and thought, I can do a better job than that blind-folded."

In 2002, at 18, de Azevedo landed an

apprenticeship at *Big Deluxe* under **Rich D**. She had completed just one semester of college and had decided that all she wanted to do was tattoo. "All I could do was just doodle on all of my papers," she jokes. Eighteen may seem ridiculously early to make such an important decision, but de Azevedo had always been in love with art. "All I ever did was draw," she says. She still has notebooks filled with drawings of pews and the backs of peoples heads that she created when she was 6 years old in sacrament meetings.

Although the majority of her family are active members of the LDS Church, they have been nothing but supportive of her career choice.

"I brought in a sketchbook to some of the tattoo shops that I would want to work in to ask their opinions," she says. "I just kept going back in to show that I was serious." After



Photo: Sam Melianta



landing her apprenticeship, de Azevedo was expected to do the dirty work around the shop. Her duties included answering phones, assisting customers, giving price quotes, sweeping, mopping, running errands and cleaning up the artists' stations.

Most apprentices are unpaid, and de Azevedo was no exception. During her internship, she worked full-time at *Silver Express*, working at the tattoo shop for about six hours afterward and an 11-hour shift at the shop on Saturdays. "The most difficult part of my apprenticeship was the adjustment to working with cursing, drinking, smoking, older men," she says. "I was brought up in a very Mormon household, and even though I hadn't chosen that lifestyle for myself, it was all I knew." She did her first tattoo, a 1-inch by 1-inch star on her friend's back, about a year and a half later. "It took me almost 2 hours. I have never shaken so badly in my whole life. It was ridiculous," de Azevedo says.

In 2006, de Azevedo left Big Deluxe to work at the newly opened *Oni Tattoo Gallery*.

Since 2002, she has quickly risen to become one of the most prominent female tattoo artists in Salt Lake City.

"Getting into [tattooing], I was really concerned that it would be an issue that I was a girl," de Azevedo says. Her initial concerns were quickly thwarted when she realized that many people saw it as "a special exciting thing" to be tattooed by a woman. "I would like to pretend that I'm not special because I'm a female, but that I'm special because of the work that I do and the way that I treat my clients," de Azevedo says.

Although de Azevedo says she has faced no hardships in her profession due to her gender, aside from a few stupid comments about women not tattooing as hard as men, she does realize the many misconceptions that society still maintains about heavily tattooed females. "People look at you and immediately judge you. They decide that you're probably a certain way—a drug addict, or an alcoholic," she says. Her father is a prominent member of the LDS community, who, according to de Azevedo, is

often confronted with the fact that his daughter is covered in tattoos. "He just says, 'Don't make it any more than what it is. Don't judge her by her appearance. She has a lot of tattoos and all it means is that she's passionate about what she does.'"

Ultimately, de Azevedo loves the shop she works for, her clients and her job. "I'm really lucky to work with four other tattoo artists, where I know that I can send someone in and if I can't help them, they will get taken care of. They will get treated with respect, get a lot of thought put into their tattoo and get a good tattoo," she continues. "I don't think I'll ever move, because I don't want to give up my regulars."

This month, de Azevedo will participate in her first formal non-tattoo-related art show, *Battle Axes Art Show* with photographer **Michelle Emerson** and painter and mixed media artist **Shauntay Ramsey**. de Azevedo's portion of the show will include small "cutsey-creepy" watercolor paintings and drawings with the theme of *Baby Teeth*. The collection will include cupcakes, creepy animals, teeth, dinosaurs, bats, cats, shark and severed girl heads. "It's nice to not be expected to do tattoo stuff all the time. I can do my default setting, which is creepy cute dinosaurs for some reason," de Azevedo says. The show will open Feb. 12 at the *Broken Record* on 300 West 1051 South. All of her pieces will be for sale, most of them in frames decorated with ribbons.

Sarah de Azevedo currently works out of *Oni Tattoo Gallery*, does occasional guest spots at *Loyalty Ink* in Kenvil, New Jersey and will be working the 5th annual *Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention*. Check out de Azevedo's portfolio at www.onitattoogallery.com, swing by the shop on 325 E 900 S or visit her at the *Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention* on Feb. 15, 16 and 17 at the *Salt Palace Convention Center*.

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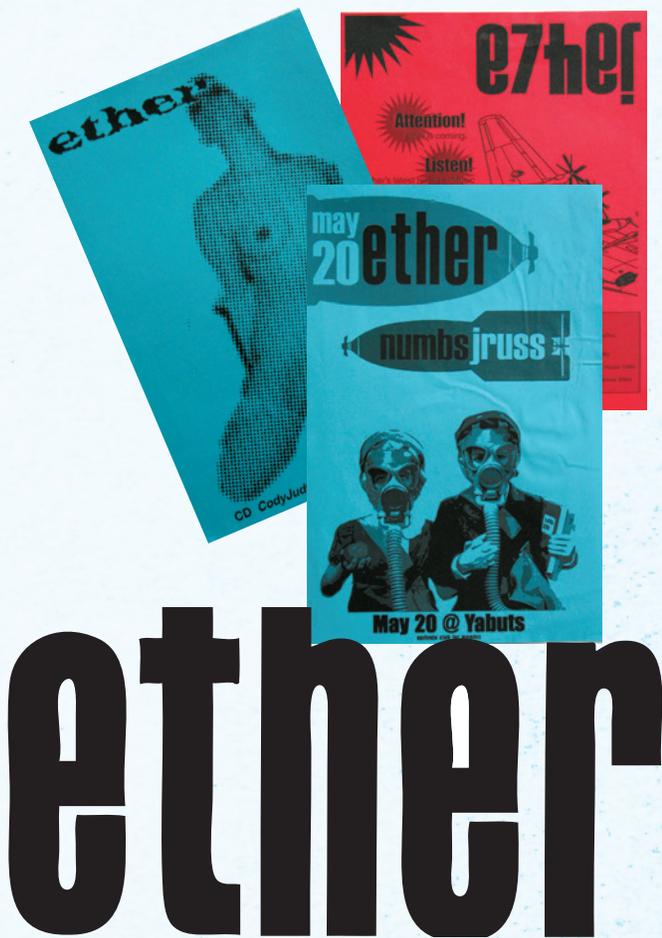
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ether

By Jona Gerlach jonagerlach@gmail.com

For those of you who've been kicking around the underground music scene in Salt Lake over the past two decades, Ether hardly needs any introduction. Even someone like me, who didn't turn of age until after the new millennium, can remember hearing about this band in high school, seeing guys with Ether T-shirts and wondering what all the fuss was about. When I eventually did see Ether in 2001, they were opening for **Fugazi**, definitely a strange gig for them, and their thundering percussive maelstrom had the crowd divided, leaving those of us who like a good challenge breathless—and the kids who just came to hear "Waiting Room" angry and confused. Little did I know, this would be the last time for several more years that I would get to see Ether play. So, for those of you who've missed them, and those of you who never knew they existed, now is the time to get re-acquainted.

Ether was formed in 1994 at a time when the music scene in Salt Lake was dismal at best. "When you'd go out to bars, all you'd hear is funk-rock," says founding member **Eli Morrison**. "I just wanted to

FROM FROM THE ETHER ARCHIVES OF ELI MORRISON:
 Pictured here are various unreleased pieces, tour-only CDs, and small-run, local-releases.



say, 'Hey, there's already a **Pearl Jam**. Go home.'" As a response to this, a small and very tight-knit underground scene began to flourish with little regard to stylistic continuity. "There would be shows with a punk band, a goth band, and a metal band on the same bill," Eli recalls, "and you dug it all because it was weird and different from the mainstream."

Ether began without a definite agenda or direction, but rather a sense of restlessness and boredom. But this too, proved ultimately tedious. **Ryley Fogg** remembers seeing bands like **Tragic Mulatto** and **Hitting Birth**, who placed a heavy emphasis on percussion, as well as **Crash Worship** and **Semen**, who focused on over-the-top live shows, as major inspirations for what Ether was to become. "We were inspired by bands that were creating an event rather than just standing on stage playing music," he says.

Ether began adding drummers and abandoning vocals and 4/4 time in favor of less standard, more challenging structures. This is really one of the only constants among Ether's full-length albums, which otherwise tend to diverge widely in style and mood. Another trademark is their unorthodox use of guitars as a way to process sounds, not just play chords. "All of the sounds you hear on our records are being made by or filtered through electric guitars," says Eli. "We don't use samples. It's all played live."

While music based on atmospheric noise and multiple drummers may conjure such images as kids fucking around randomly with delay pedals and hippies at a drum circle, Ether's approach is wholly different. Rather than build songs out of jam sessions, each album is written collaboratively and carefully crafted as a whole work rather than a series of disconnected tunes. This sense of structure is what truly sets Ether apart. A cursory listen to **Hush**, which morphs seamlessly from soft murmur to Middle Eastern dub to noisy squalor and back again over the course of its hour length, or the more stylistically consistent and apocalyptic **Music for Air Raids**, will tell you that this is not the work of snot-nosed punks with effects pedals, but thoughtful, studied musicians.

However, Ether in the studio is one thing; Ether on stage is an altogether different beast. This being instrumental music, the band wants to give the audience something more to look at than just a bunch of musicians noodling on stage. In the late 90s, Ether became notorious for their exciting live shows, which typically included lots of dancing and projectile fire. These performances could be as dangerous as they were exhilarating: during one gig, a fire breather caused the gas inside of an intricate fluorescent light display to explode, eliciting a chain reaction and leaving the stunned crowd to pick glass out of their beers. Another gig saw the excited crowd demolishing a piñata Ether offered them, only to find that it was full of stale donuts and raw chicken fat. Though these performances didn't always win them friends

at venues, they did create a devoted fan base dedicated to their unpredictability on stage and on record.

After the release of *Music for Air Raids* in 2000, Ether continued to play gigs and record sporadically for a couple years until they just sort of stopped. The way the band members explain, it wasn't that they broke up or even decided to take a sabbatical; they just ended up getting sidetracked by life and other projects. Indeed, the core members of Ether are busy men: Ryley has **Ether Orchestra** (a jazz group with a loose aesthetic relation to Ether), James plays in **Purr Bats**, and Eli divides his time among **The Wolfs**, **Vile Blue Shades**, **Pink Lightnin'**, and "about 20 other bands," according to Ryley. With all of these other obligations, Ether began to slowly fall by the wayside until now, six years later, it has finally been brought out of its accidental hibernation.

Though partially jumpstarted by the vinyl re-issue of *Music for Air Raids* on **Rotofelief Records**, the band shows ambivalence about the reasons for starting up the band now, making the decision seem nearly as arbitrary as the decision for taking a break. However, the band members identify certain aspects of the current state of the local music scene that seem to point to the time being ripe for re-starting Ether. The scene has changed a lot since 1994; rather than choosing between funk-rock and whatever the alternative may be, we now have a wide variety of indie rock, punk, hip-hop, noise and countless other genre permutations to choose from. Nonetheless, Eli feels that the scene has become too fragmented: "It's hard not to be nostalgic for the old days when everyone would go see bands just because they were different."

Ryley identifies another void for Ether to fill. "I feel like there are a lot of great musicians and music here but I often feel underwhelmed by the performances ... I very rarely see agitators or provocateurs on stage. Utah to me has always felt like a place with a lot of self-hate or at least self-consciousness that prevents both the performers and the audience from thinking too big. When I go out and see bands, I see lots of people looking cool and playing cool music, but I rarely experience bands who are reaching for an ecstatic state and trying to bring the audience along with them."

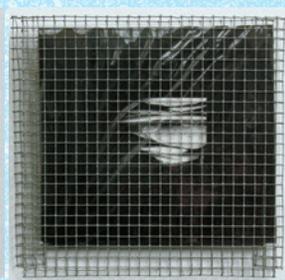
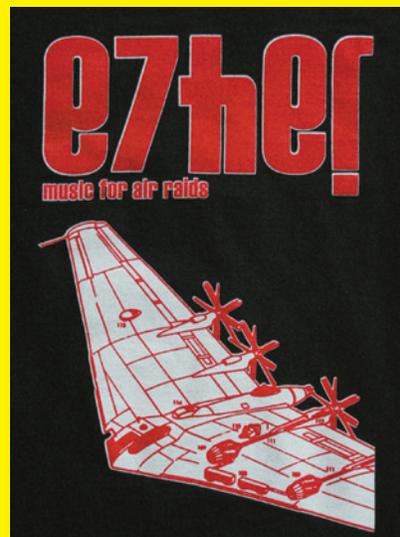
2008 will (hopefully) see the release of two new Ether records and more performances to be announced. While the band is reluctant to divulge any of their ideas for their new live shows, Eli mentioned a move from fire to electricity, as well as the potential introduction of Jell-O. How these elements will be used, I can only guess, but it's assuredly going to be memorable. While the band may not be playing to the same tight-knit scene that nurtured it, I can only say that regardless of your aesthetic proclivities, whether you frequent the **Urban Lounge** or **Uprok**, **Slowtrain** or **Red Light**, you should do yourself a favor and mark your calendars whenever you see the word Ether on a marquee.

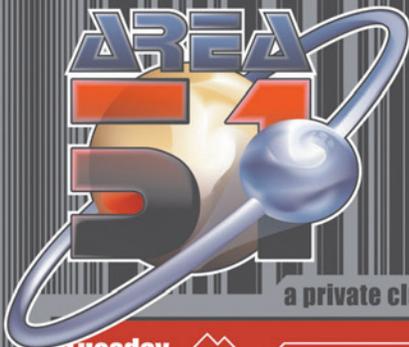
Ether Discography:

- **Die Kramer Die** (aka the Owl Tape) (Shimmy 1995) Limited edition release of 50. CSS-only release
- **CodyJudy** (Pinworm 1996) CD
- **HUSH** (Pinworm/Chanel House 1998) LTD Edition Release of 100 CDs
- **Music for Air Raids** (Extreme 2000) CD
- **HUSH** (Extreme 2002) New mix, master & released on CD

Compilations:

- V/ A, **Serpentine: Extreme Label Sampler** (2001)
- V/ A, **Exigent Promotion Sampler** (2007)
- V/ A, **Extreme Special Editions** (2007)
- V/ A, **Death By Salt III, A SLUG Magazine Compilation** (2007)





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Tuesday

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

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

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm

\$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$3 sex on the beach

Wednesday

Upstairs: Transmission with DJ Radar and DJ D/C.

All request Indie, electroclash, danceparty.

Downstairs: "Klub Karaoke" provided by Spotlight Entertainment

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm

\$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$4.50 Jager bombs

Thursday

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Downstairs: "Sanctuary" Gothic and Darkwave with DJ Evil K

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies free until 11pm

\$4 Rockstar vodka

Friday

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

Downstairs: "Das Maschine" Industrial and EBM with DJ Viking

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

Saturday

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

Downstairs: "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic and 80's with DJ Evil K and DJ Viking

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Sex on the Beach

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GLINTING GEMS, 2 \$ COCKTAILS

SUN 17SPEC THE 10TH

TUES 5 SOUL SHAKERS, SPITSOFR-
RENTIC

TUES 19 HAPPY B DAY LANCE,
DUB TRIO, FORIEGN ISLANDS,
LION DUB STATION

Wed 6 SPORK, SEVERE BROS.

Wed 20 ERIC OPENSHAW BAND,
SOMETHING ELSE, R.DUB

THURS 7 BLACK HENS, KATHERINE
COWLES, DEAD HORSE POINTE

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Fri 22 TOLCHOCK TRIO CD RELEASE
PARTY, FUTURE OF THE GHOST

SAT 9 THE RUBES CD RELEASE
PARTY, TOLCHOCK TRIO

SAT 23 MEN!, HEY WILL POWER,
ROPE OR BULLETS

SUN 10 TIME TO TALK TWEEN
TUNES.....SPEC THE 3RD

SUN 24SPEC THE 17TH

TUES 12 PREZIDENT BROWN

Wed 27 SOLE, TELEPHONE JIM
JESUS, SYNTHESIS

THurs 14 TONY FURTADO, MOTHER
TRUCKERS

THurs 28 JOSH RADIN

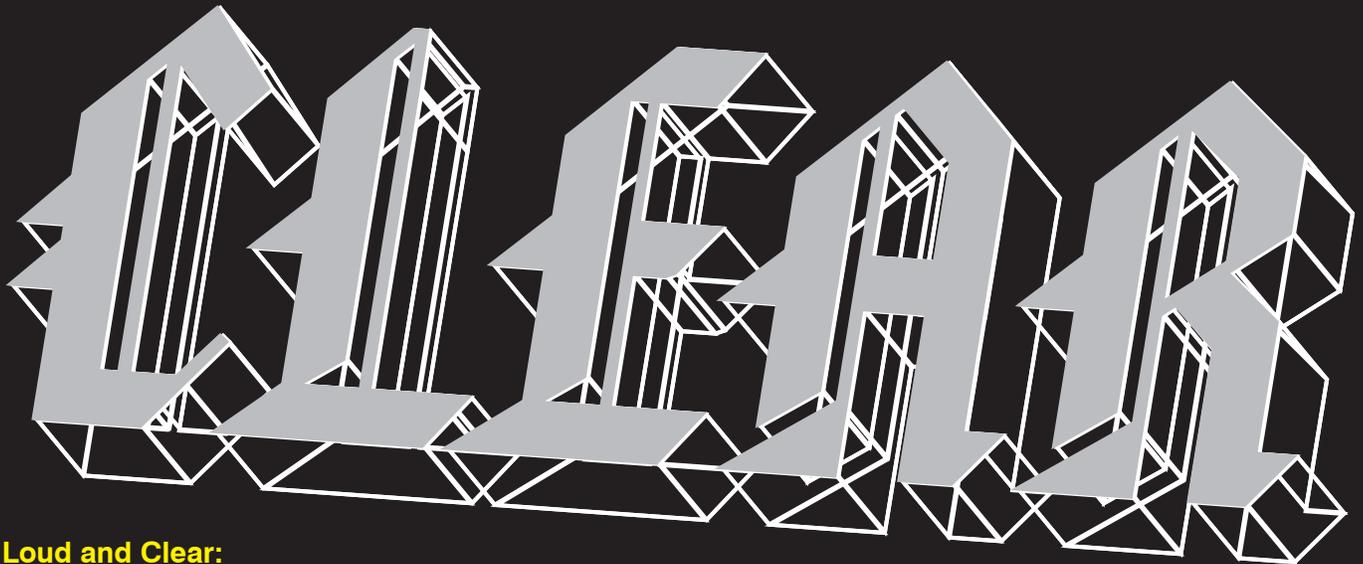
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Loud and Clear:

The Life and Times of an SLC Hardcore Band
by Kelly Ashkettle

Years before **Trent Nelson** became Chief Photographer for *The Salt Lake Tribune*, he was shooting photos of Salt Lake City punk rock shows. Some of the most compelling images from his 1998 collection at *trenthead.com* are of the Salt Lake hardcore band Clear, due to the sheer emotional intensity that appears to be pouring out of each member.

Singer Jason Knott recalls what it was like performing on tour in those days: "I felt like my soul was leaving my body most of the time. Just *everything* comes out of you. After you're done, every muscle in your body hurts, and your neck is killing you, but you'll do it again the next night, and just as hard, if not harder, 'cause that's just what it makes you feel like doing. It's a huge release."

Another striking aspect of Nelson's Clear photos is the way the members appear to be interacting with each other. They are shown jumping in tandem and criss-crossing one-another's airborne arcs while playing instruments.

Knott agrees that the energy onstage was something that they created with each other ... and also by interacting with the audience. "I never really wanted to talk to too many people about it because I thought they'd think I was a hippie," Knott admitted, "but the second we started playing, it just got built up in this huge circle, and it's like we threw it out at the crowd and that energy just got bigger and bigger, and the next thing you know, it's just going through the whole room and the crowd's just a part of the band."

Knott's former bandmates laughed in agreement after Knott's last comment. It was Feb. 10, 2007, and it was the first time in seven years that they were all in the same room together. They'd gathered to practice for a Feb. 16 reunion show, arranged by *SLUG* to celebrate the magazine's 18th anniversary. Now in their late twenties and early thirties, the former members of Clear found themselves telling each other things they never managed to say when they were bandmates just out of their teens. Guitarist Mick Morris said, "Right after the last show, I was like, 'Fuck, I love this band so much, and it doesn't really feel like it should be the end, but it is.' "

"Yeah, that's the same thing I felt!" exclaimed bassist Sean McClaugherty. "We never talked about that, but I felt that way, too."

Second guitarist Josh Asher agreeing, said, "All these guys, I love them. I can go years without seeing them, and [we remeet and] it's like time hasn't passed."

Drummer Tyler Smith wasn't yet in the room, but he later said, "We can not-talk for a while, but we're still super-close. I love those guys. I always will."

When Clear called it quits in 2000, many of their fans were stunned. The band had recently released an album on **Stillborn Records** (the label started by **Jamey Jasta** of the band **Hatebreed**), and had completed several national tours in support of the record. They were the only Utah hardcore band well-known out of state, and seemed poised to make it big.

"We were right there at the threshold, where we could have broken through," Sean said. "We could have really done a lot of tours if we'd stuck with it. Hardcore got huge. Kids that played in bands that we played with ended up in bands that became huge and on MTV and make their living doing that."

So what happened? Why did five guys choose to walk away from a successful project with some of their closest friends?

The fissure could best be attributed to growing pains.

Growing Up Straight Edge

Clear was formed in 1995 and was originally known as XclearX; the letter x serving as a symbol for straight edge. Often associated with hardcore music, Straight edge (in the mid-1990s) was a fusion of heavy punk and heavy metal, and that's the sound that Clear produced. When the band began, Jason was 21, Sean was 19, and Tyler was just 16. The original guitarists would later be replaced by Mick and Josh, who fall in the same age range.

In 1996, six months after forming, they released a 7" record called *The Sickness Must End*, which they supported with a national tour. Tyler was 17 then, and, as he explained in a phone interview, it was an eye-opening experience for him. "I was

traveling the world and pretty much living on my own with no money, and having these guys look after me," he said. "And they were young, too."

During the time that Clear was at its peak, Utah's straight-edge scene had a reputation as being one of the most violent in the country. In 1998-1999, Salt Lake City was receiving national media coverage for an alleged straight-edge attack on fraternity members. The members of Clear said that hardcore music fans who weren't straight edge were often afraid to come to their shows for fear of being attacked. However, Clear tried to reach out to everyone.

"We always tried to promote an embracing experience and get as many kids out as we could," Sean said. "[When] fights would break out ... we would stop playing. So all the kids that tried to channel hate through hardcore weren't OK with us."

Disintegrating from the Inside Out

In 1999, the band recorded a full-length CD, *Deeper Than Blood*, under the name Clear. After two national tours to support the record, Josh decided to leave the band to pursue his own indie-rock project, **The New Transit Direction**.

"I always felt like we probably could have kept going pretty strong if we'd never lost Josh," Jason said. "Because when this kid came and played with us for the first time ... you know that feeling that you get when everything clicks?"
A replacement second guitarist was added, and another tour

followed, but then Mick announced that he, too, was leaving the band. He said they no longer seemed to be able to write music together. While things looked great on the outside, they'd only managed to write two new songs in eighteen months. Sean said, "Mick wanted to be more metal, Jason wanted to be less metal, and [Josh] wanted to be more indie rock." Sean and Tyler were gravitating toward stoner rock. Once Mick announced that he was leaving, the rest of the band decided not to continue without him. Tyler said, "I didn't have the energy or the desire to ... find another guitar player and teach him the songs, especially since for the year before that, we wrote like, one song."

Clear played their last show in 2000, in the basement of DV8 to an audience of approximately 300. "It was an amazing show," Sean said. "We had a great time, kids were in into it, we played everything we had at the time, and when it was over, it was like ... that's it. It was kind of anticlimactic, you know?"

Life Post-Hardcore

Six months after Clear ended, Mick became the bass player for **Eighteen Visions**, an L.A. metalcore band who eventually morphed into a successful pop-metal band with an album on **Epic Records** and **Trustkill Records**.

"Living in California and everything, it's just like the whole dream, especially coming from Salt Lake," Mick said, at that Feb. 10, 2007 practice. "If it ended today, I would be happy. I've seen the world, it bought me a car, and I haven't had to work in four years."

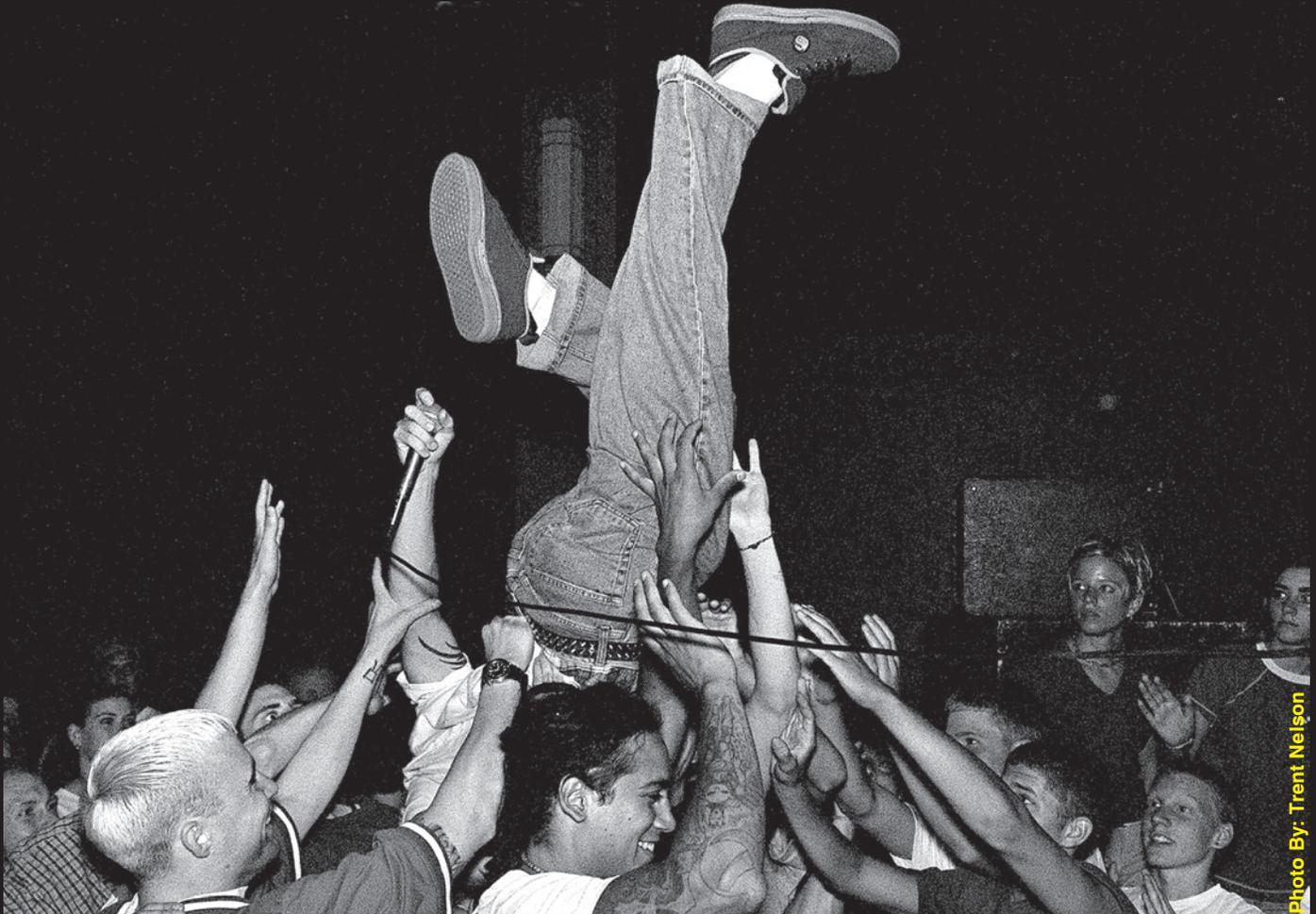


Photo By: Trent Nelson

I've met a lot of cool people and played a couple shows with Metallica."

The other four members of Clear continued to make music in Salt Lake—often with one another. Josh's indie-rock project, New Transit Direction, enjoyed moderate success on the indie-rock label **Some Records** before he went on to join **Accidente**.

Tyler and Sean joined the sludge-metal band **Hammergun**, and after that project "fizzled out," Tyler went on to drum for **Form of Rocket** and **Eagle Twin**. "I love playing music, I love playing my drums, but I don't want it to be something I have to do all the time," he said.

Jason became the vocalist for heavy rock band **The Kill**, which ended in 2002.

He also learned to play guitar. In 2006, he started the melodic rock band **Minerva**, with Sean on bass.

Sean has made peace with playing music for a hobby, but watching Mick go on to achieve fame made it difficult for him.

"I thought that maybe there was a chance for all of us to go on and do this as our job," he said. "When I realized that that wasn't the case, it took me a while to adjust to it. When I finally got comfortable with that and was happy with it, I was able to come back to music as a passion. Now I can play music only because I love it."

That's not to say, though, that he didn't jump at the chance to play a Clear reunion show. "I'm just stoked that we can do it and have that time together again and feel like little kids playing music just because we love it," he said. "That's how the band started, you know, just a bunch of kids in a basement loving music and doing it because that's what we loved to do."

Yesterday ... Again

On Fri. Feb. 16, the SLUG 18th anniversary show (which also featured reunions by local legends **Iceburn**, **The Stench**, and **The Corleones**) was completely sold out by 10:30 p.m.

While the audience was still filing in, Mick talked about how natural it had felt to practice with Clear again. "I've never felt the same passion for another band that I felt for Clear," he confessed. He said he hoped he would eventually make music with the guys from Clear again. And just as they envied aspects of his rock-star lifestyle, he explained, there were things he envied about their lives, too—like the opportunity to explore different styles of music, learn skills other than being a musician, and start a family. But for the moment, he was looking forward to an Australian tour with Eighteen Visions.

"How awesome is that?" he asked.

When Clear took the stage together again, they unleashed a mighty rush of power. From the moment they started playing, the crowd threatened to surge out of control, with people blatantly ignoring the "no crowd surfing" rule. The bouncers had their hands full holding back the tidal wave that kept threatening to wash up on stage at any moment.

There weren't as many athletic jumps from each member now, but there was still power in the stances they took, and the circling around each other. Jason lost no time in leaping over the barricades to sing into the crowd. By the end of the set, he was drenched in sweat—just as he appears in many of Nelson's photos from the '90s.

Pictured Below: From Sambas and camo to socks and Birkenstocks: CLEAR together again in Feb. 2007



"When we started playing, it was like yesterday again for me," he said afterwards. "And I did the same things that we did when we were around. The music kind of pulls that out of me."

The chemistry among the band members was also apparent. They couldn't seem to keep from smiling.

A few days later, Sean said that this reunion show was the third best day of his life—after his wedding and his son's birth.

"I think if anything can be taken from Clear," Tyler said, "it would be the friendships we made. And the fact that we played a show, and people really do still care. You know, seeing 500 people there, with a couple hundred people in front, singing along and going crazy ... that's a pretty incredible feeling."

"This show got me super excited," Jason said, "and afterwards, I was bummed. I was like, 'Ouch. I want to do that again. Can we do that again tomorrow?' This show gave me hope, just to know that I do still love that music. I can still get into it. Even though I'm playing something entirely different now, that doesn't mean that I can only do one thing."

Jason's renewed love for performance was on display on Nov. 2, 2007, when Minerva played a show at Burt's Tiki Lounge. A few months later, Sean wrote via e-mail, "Jason is getting very comfortable in that singer/songwriter position. He's always been a great frontman, but he had to adapt to new territory as a singer/songwriter. The tunes are super fun to play and my sense is that the few people who have actually seen us were pretty interested in what we are doing." The next steps for Minerva, he explained, will be to get everything solid over the next few months, play a bunch of shows and then get in the studio to make a record.

Sean McClaugherty, Gavin Hoffman, and Jason Knott perform as Minerva at Burt's Tiki Lounge on Nov. 2, 2007.

As for Mick, he got to test his theory about being happy "if it ended today" when Eighteen Visions announced their breakup on April 9, 2007. Since then, he has toured as a tech for Hatebreed, continued to run his eBay store selling hardcore band T-Shirts, and built the page myspace.com/clear801, to which Sean added photos and scans. And now Mick, too, has watched a former bandmate continue on the path, as Eighteen Visions singer **James Hart** signed a solo deal with **Island Records**. Lately, Mick has been writing music and starting to collaborate with other California musicians.

"It's been about eight months since Eighteen Visions broke up now," he wrote via a MySpace message on Jan. 10, 2008. "It's honestly just hit me recently that it really is gone." He's considered moving back to Salt Lake, and said that he will—someday. "It will always be my home," he wrote. "I miss all four seasons, family, friends and Cafe Rio! As for now, I'm staying in OC/LA and weighing my options."

On the subject of an occasionally discussed re-release of Clear's out-of-print album, he wrote, "That would rule if it ever happens, but no labels want to deal with a band that broke up almost eight years ago."

But if Clear were to reform ...? "I would love to play with the Clear [guys] again in the future," Mick wrote. "Probably not as CLEAR, but we always had a great chemistry and it would be awesome to make music with them again."

As Jason said shortly after the reunion show, "We were a fun band. Maybe it is a little bit more than just the music or the crowd. Maybe it's the specific people that are playing it and sharing that."



Celebrate the legacy of CLEAR (and three other bands from SLC's past) with the release of *Making a Scene*, a short documentary film chronicling the 2007 reunification of four legendary Utah bands.

SLUG's 19th anniversary party and film screenings of *Making a Scene*, Fri., Feb. 22, 2008 at Brewvies 8p.m., 10p.m. (after-party at the Trapp Door 10p.m.) and Sat., Feb. 23, 2008 at Red Light Books; matinée screening, 4p.m. Tickets are available in advance: 24tix.com



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Salt Lake Art Center

Annie Kennedy

Apprenticeship in Objecthood: Annie Kennedy

By Makena Walsh

Makena.walsh@gmail.com

For the new *Salt Lake Art Center's* Curator of Education, Annie Kennedy, the role of art, specifically that of the contemporary mode, is to encourage the re-evaluation of one's self in relation to one's environment—to initiate the sort of survey that opens us up to wider realms of perception. While contemporary art's unabashed originality may induce feelings of alienation and intimidation in some, Annie insists on the importance of an interaction with its rich objects in order to foster an educational discourse. "Art can be an intimidating subject if you think you need to know something about it, but [people] just need to feel like they are allowed to [have an honest opinion about Art]." The *Salt Lake Art Center* provides the perfect medium from which Annie is able to facilitate the meeting between contemporary art and those who stand to gain from exposure to its horizon-broadening effects. "I'm excited to be at the *Salt Lake Arts Center* because they're really dedicated to contemporary artwork and their exhibitions can be really challenging. These are my favorite things to educate people about. That's where the meat is."

Not only does Annie bring an impressive formal art education, a B.F.A. from the *Rhode Island School of Design* and a Masters in Fine Arts from *Parsons School of Design*, but perhaps even more important to her mission of bridging the gap between object and individual is her unique perspective as an artist herself. Raised in an LDS household, Kennedy brings that rich cultural heritage into her artwork, combining traditional Mormon themes such as quilting and food storage into pieces of art—in this case an emergency preparedness kit replete with matches, a flashlight, and at least thirty other emergency items—all vacuum sealed in a seven by ten foot plastic quilt. Her dual position as artist and art mediator allow Annie a special skill-set when attempting to foster a discussion between an individual and a piece of art. Though she has formal requisites in art history, she understands these avenues of information are only one way of connecting with the art, an area which, for many people, has inherent limitations. "I think art history is really important but I think a lot of times people read the text panel and think they have to know all that stuff to really understand the objects. As an artist I really feel like you should be able to have a genuine experience with the object. I approach art education the same way."

This informal art mediation is just one of many ways Annie and the *Salt Lake Art Center* bring art into the lives of people who otherwise might never experience it. The *Arts Center* designs and

facilitates programs such as *ACE (Art & Creative Expression)*, an outreach program that goes into the Salt Lake County Metro Jail to facilitate artistic therapy for the jail's inmates. Another is *KidsmART*, an after-school art program attempting to compensate for the ever-diminishing funding and attention paid to the arts in public schools. The latter is especially relevant to Annie, who would have remained in the artist's Mecca of New York City did she not feel the need to introduce art into the lives of Salt Lake's youth in the same way that she was introduced to it as a student at West High School; she might have become a lawyer were it not for the mentoring of **Steve Case**, an exceptional high school educator whose personal tutelage fueled Annie's now insatiable interest in art. "I feel like art really saved me and gave me a lot of direction in my life. That's part of why I'm excited about building and expanding on the high school programs—because I feel particularly dedicated to that demographic."

As Annie recognizes, this dedication to the youth is only increasingly relevant with the necessity of being able to command a well-rounded media repertoire in the 21st century. The written word's position of supremacy is threatened as exponential advances in technology diversify methods of communication and demand other skill sets in addition to writing in order to function. Annie hopes the artwork contained in the exhibits hosted by the *Arts Center* can engender a familiarity with these visual modes that will prove invaluable to those who gain by them. "It's incredibly important to teach kids to be visually literate, especially in this media generation. The more we give people the tools to think critically about the visual world around them, the more prepared they'll be to deal with the inundation of visual media they are being bombarded with."



Photo By: Emily Allen

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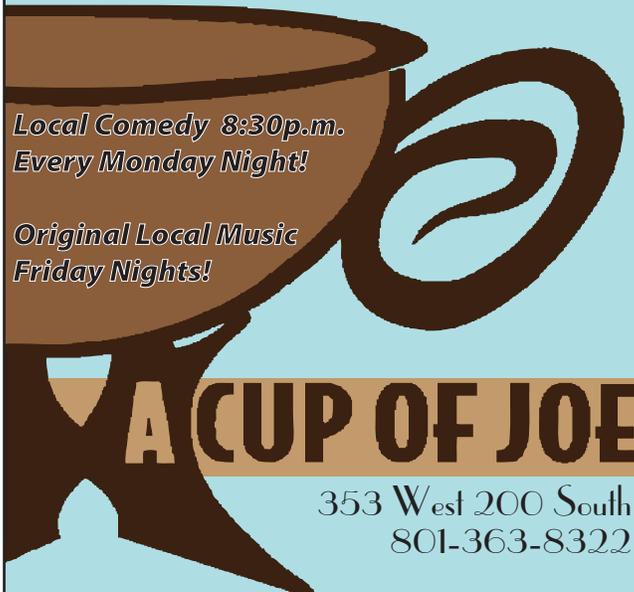
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Easy-Peel Clementines
Filed by Oom.

Not long ago Aunt Leona, Boo, and I were traveling along State Street which used to be a big cruising street on weekends for bored teens. It was a Friday night and there were a few teen-filled vehicles making the rounds. We were stopped at a light when a loud, constantly revving, primer-gray Camaro pulled up alongside us. Inside were a male driver and, as Boo put it, two blatantly female puffballs. The driver had mangy long hair and sported an animal claw earring dangling from his left ear. Both girls wore seriously shredded rock concert T-shirts with their boobs unnaturally large and protruding. Their faces were covered in so much makeup that it must have been purchased in large vats from some home hardware store. Both seemed somewhat diminished under their huge puffballs of hair. One of the girl's heads was showing off the many variations a person can achieve with peroxide—from orange through canary yellow to almost white. The other girl's hair was just various shades of dirt. Their car stereo was pumping out loud drums, screeching guitars, and vocal phrases like "Class dismissed. I have the hots for the teacher." I thought it was the coolest thing in the world. Then all three of them looked over at us and burst out laughing followed by a complex chorus of insults from which I could pick out "preppy faggot," "ugly lez-bean girl," and "stuck in the 80s." The light changed and they peeled off loudly. Aunt Leona looked at us calmly and rolled her eyes. "F-People," she said. "F-Dudes and F-Chicks—ya know, from my day. In other places, they're known as butt-rockers and you don't see many of them around anymore. 'Stuck in the 80s,' indeed. They're an endangered species and probably best, ya know, extinct." We were driving

Illustration by: Craig Secrist



casually, but as luck would have it, the offending Camaro was stopped at the next light. We were again beside them. This seemed to please the F-People very much as they immediately began their sing-song assault again. The light changed and they peeled off, turning into the parking lot of a convenience store and squealing around the back of it to park. "Right," said Leona. "How convenient." She put her blinker on and calmly pulled into the parking lot. She stopped at the front of the store and said, "You two get out here. I'll be right back." Boo exclaimed, "Aunt Leona, No!" To which Leona replied, "No need to worry, sweetheart. I know how to deal with these people. I've been doing it for years." Boo and I reluctantly got out of the car and stood on the curb watching as Leona's white Chrysler LeBaron convertible gracefully glided off around the corner. From where we stood, we could hear an initial outburst of surprise and glee and that familiar caterwaul of insults followed by an outburst of surprise and horror and screams—both male and female. Then silence ... Boo and I glanced anxiously at each other. Then, almost silently, the LeBaron pulled up beside us and there was Aunt Leona, smiling and looking totally undisturbed. "OK, get in, you two," she said. Boo walked towards the car and suddenly jumped back with several four-letter exclamations. "Aunt Leona, what's that on the seat?!" I glanced at the seat and saw fur—a large pile of it. I looked closer. Some of the fur was displaying the many variations a person can achieve with peroxide. In almost jinx-worthy unison, Boo and I exclaimed, "You scalped them!" Leona just chuckled and said, "Not scalped, well, not exactly." She lifted her hands, wriggled her long red press-on nails, smiled and flapped her eyebrows. "These things aren't just for beauty," she said. She then reached down and picked up the peroxide pelt, holding it up daintily on either side with her red claws. This time both Boo and I screamed. Hanging down from the hair where the face would be was ... A FACE!!! It was the dead-looking zombie version of that F-Chick's face staring back at us. Distorted red lips, spider eyelashes sprouting from blue eye shadow, heavy blush on unnaturally tanned skin. "You killed them," Boo gasped, almost in tears. "No, no" said Leona, "they aren't dead! Just bald and bare and, ya know, speechless for now." Again, she wriggled her press-ons. "From years of experience with the F-People, I discovered just the right spot under the chin to make an incision with my nail. Ya know, with all that make-up and several layers of hairspray creating an extra skin, all I hafta do is slice and pull and ... PRESTO! Just like, ya know, an easy-peel Clementine. It all pulls off, bringing the hair with it." Boo and I got into the back seat, keeping our eyes glued to the pellets as if they might pounce at us or try and crawl up on our laps. Leona just laughed all the way home.

Bellyography



Photo By: Francis Smith

Kissa means "cat" in Finnish, but this lady is definitely not "catty." If anything, she is one of the most nurturing and caring ladies in our dance community. A woman in love with dancing all her life, let me introduce you to Kissa.

Kissa was born in Colorado and grew up in Salt Lake City. She began dancing at age four, studying ballet, tap, and jazz, and became a Modern Dance major at the University of Utah. She fell in love with belly dancing after taking a workshop with Blaisia from New York when she was 14, but it was much later before she began her lessons seriously.

Kissa has seven children ranging in ages from one to 25, and also has three grandchildren. "After raising children for years," she laughingly told me, "I woke up one morning and told all of my co-workers (because she also holds down a full-time job) that we were all going to take belly dancing lessons. I looked in the phone book, found Thia, called her and said, 'When is class?' The rest is history. I have been there ever since."

Kissa is a wonder and a joy. She seems to possess boundless energy and enthusiasm for herself and other dancers. She not only dances with Troupe Topaz, but for the past two years, she has been teaching at Thia's Egyptian Dance Center. She teaches two adult beginning classes, and three children's classes.

"I love to teach," explained Kissa. "Teaching gives me so much positive energy, and I just give it back to my students. Everything comes back to teaching."

When it comes to her own dancing, Kissa is a "cabaret girl." She likes the glitz and glitter, but it is the dancing she loves. Her favorite dancers, Eva Fleming, Virginia, and Thia, all excel in Egyptian Cabaret. As she told me, "Virginia is so graceful and positive. I love her energy. Eva Fleming is just amazing. She has such fabulous technique and muscle control. And, well, I just love Thia as a teacher, mentor, performer, and friend. She has given me so many opportunities. I feel very fortunate."

When I asked her how she felt about belly dancing in Utah, she said, "Middle Eastern dance in Utah is so much bigger than I ever anticipated. Being a belly dancer has opened my eyes to what is available and what is really going on. There is so much diversity and such a large community. I know that this didn't exist several years ago. I think our dance community is one of the best in the nation."

Kissa will be dancing at *Spring Fest 2008*, March 1, and at upcoming Meetings of the Tribes. For more information on Spring Fest, go to <http://www.bellydancingbythia.com/springfest.htm>.

* Quote from "Burials" by Patricia Monaghan

Kissa

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a mother of the tribe ...
not a woman but a vessel for
the energy of the Goddess." ***

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Zane Miller Snowboard Interview

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

I had recently sworn off doing any more interviews for *SLUG* or anyone else for that matter. Not that I really write for anyone else, but if *GQ* had somehow resurrected my favorite author **William S. Burroughs** and was going to pay me in high-priced hookers to ask him a bunch of fucked-up questions and finally find out if he really killed his wife so he could become a homosexual junkie and such, I'd probably still say no.

However, offering me lower-bowl *Jazz* tickets in exchange for an interview? I'll gladly abuse my clout at *SLUG* for such a gesture. Throw in the fact that the interview took place in the *Jazz* practice facility and buddy, you got yourself a deal. So to anyone reading this, let it be known that if you can get me lower-bowl *Jazz* tickets and let me ball it up in an NBA practice facility, then yes, you too can have a *SLUG* interview. About anything.

Since Zane Miller snowboards and he's good at it, I decided to interview him about that and other random shit. Like, I heard a rumor that his uncle bought *Brewvies*, so I asked him if it was true or not and apparently his uncle did not buy *Brewvies*. I wish my uncle bought *Brewvies*. I love that place.

Anyhow, the first question I asked Zane was if he had ever snowboarded with diarrhea. It turns out he hasn't.

Then I asked him if he could spell diarrhea. It turns out he can't, but neither can I. The thing about snowboarding with diarrhea is that it's extra hard to hold it in because your legs are mounted so far apart; quite a scary experience.

Since Zane is a little younger at 19 (old enough to get killed for this country but too young to legally drink), I wanted to test his knowledge of snowboarding history; knowing your roots and all that shit. So I asked him which person was never a pro snowboarder: **Shawn Farmer, Rocket Reeves, Damien Sanders** or **Brodie Hammers**. Zane choked on this chunk of trivia I spewed at him, guessing that Rocket Reeves was never a pro snowboarder. The answer is in fact Brodie Hammers, the guy I made up a couple years ago when I was in charge of covering the SLC skate scene for *SLUG*.

Then I asked Zane if he knew how much it costs a snowboarder to change a light bulb. He didn't know so I told him. It costs \$1,002. Two dollars to buy the light bulb and \$1,000 to buy the gear so he looks dope doing it. I love to snowboard, but man, sometimes that shit is just funny. The last time I wrote an article for *SLUG* about snowboarding, I called it "Snowboarding: the New Football." I just talked about how much snowboarding was like football. A big-time pro, whom shall remain nameless, confronted the *SLUG* editor up at *Brighton* one day, probably because he hasn't

heard of this thing that most people have called a sense of humor. But enough about me, this is Zane's interview.

I then asked Zane if he knew any snowboarders who ride fixed gear bikes. We both knew of one, and it was the same dude.

Then I decided to ask Zane some basketball questions. The first one being: who would win in a street fight between **Ron Artest** and **Carlos Boozer**? For those who don't know who Ron Artest is, he's that dude who ran into the crowd in Detroit when a fan threw a beer on him. He tried to fight the first six rows, and not very successfully, I might add. Zane told me that he thought Boozer would tear up Artest. I'm inclined to agree, as long as Artest doesn't sucker-punch Boozer in the hamstring.

Next, I asked who has the worst tattoos in the NBA. There are a lot of bad tattoos on basketball players right now. We both agreed that **Jason Williams** of the *Miami Heat* has the worst tattoos in the NBA, along with the worst record. And as much as I love his

game, our boy **Deron Williams** could desperately use some cover-ups. He recently got drilled by a guy who has tattooed me before; when I found this out I begged the artist to talk to D-Will about fixing that lame-ass panther on his arm.

So who's got the best tattoos in the NBA? Zane said that Carlos Boozer's arms look pretty good and I'm inclined to agree. Zane said that the guy



Photo By: ED Herbold

who did them also did **50 Cent**'s back. Pretty cool! Another funny thing about the tattoos on the *Jazz* guys are those big-ass banners downtown on the *Delta Center* (or whatever the fuck they call it these days) because they've airbrushed out the tats. I think that's silly, but whatever.

Then Zane and I talked about the Ball Boys and what it takes to be one in this league. Zane explained to me that some of these guys have been draping towels over Ballers for so long that they should be called Ball Men. But that sounds kind of funny.

I then asked Zane if he wanted to be in my musical project, **The Power Forwards**. The Power Forwards is a *Jazz* band I've been trying to start for three years now, a *Utah Jazz* band where all the songs are about a basketball game. I'll have 10 people and four instruments and there will be substitutions, like a real basketball game, with technical fouls and everything! Zane said he's down! I even asked him if he could help me get booked at half time; I'd make sure there was no swearing and all.

Then I asked Zane if he's ever gotten drunk with **Hot Rod**, the voice of the *Utah Jazz*. He explained to me that he hasn't because he is underage and doesn't drink. I kind of knew the answer to that before I asked but since I love Hot Rod and I'm convinced that he's constantly drunk just based off of how he calls the games, I felt like I should ask anyway.

Local

George

Georgelife

Self-released

Street Date: 12.2007

George = Eminem + Nick Carter



George has included in his press kit no less than two letter-size **Backstreet Boy** portraits of himself (each one with a bad-boy look so earnest you'll just melt into his baby-blue eyes), one extra-large poster of himself (featuring one of said Zoolander looks), one burned DVD of live performance footage, one boastful bio (aggrandizingly self-written), one 12-page bio of one of his side projects (as numerous as they are flaccid), Bomb City, and one signed letter politely requesting a follow-up interview and "A&E" story—all neatly packaged in a paper folder covered in stickers. Did I just use up my word count talking about the "features" this "album" comes with and not even touch on the "music?" I'll leave that fruitless discussion up to such hallowed publications as *In Magazine*. —Makena Walsh

handjobinvolved

contractual obligations

Scatological Liberation Front

Street: 01.15

handjobinvolved = Annoying people with something to express + (gasp) an actual gig + nothing to see here folks, just move along

I hate myself. I even feel a twinge of glee whenever an artist can manage to disappoint me during a live perfor-



mance. For that reason, I love this album, recorded live at Monk's in 2006. I picture myself sitting in this smoke-filled bar, drinking cheap beer from cheap cups in order to make handjobinvolved seem tolerable. Their uninspired droning repulses me in absentia. My self-loathing admires that. The fact that this band, that should not have emerged from a basement littered with soda cans and gaming systems, can torture an audience at a private club where you actually have to pay to get in makes me stand up and cheer! I am even more impressed when the boring songs with off-key vocals manage to evoke handclaps of approval. If you too abhor yourself, you can get a free copy of this aural abattoir by sending an email to latexprem@yahoo.com. —Joey Richards

Lapsed & Nonnon

The Death of Convenience

Ad Noiseam Records

Lapsed & Nonnon = Panacea + Mothboy + ..but more progressive, what?

Just Because Lapsed & Nonnon hail from Salt Lake City, don't expect their music to not have a heavy, spaced-out-trip-electro-break-core sound that their international compatriots seem to follow behind and/or match. Lapsed & Nonnon rip down one genre wall after another with this powerfully kinetic album. *The Death of Convenience* explores the minimalist electro-rulebook and throws it out the window,

pushing outside the boundaries of rhythmic expectations, but handling convention with concentrated and precise attention to interaction between each other, the music and other featured artists. The handful of noises that compromise the record's cracklingly smooth rhythms all have rich texture and warmth, but rarely do they dip into the depths of low-frequency bass ... or I was just listening to it with shitty speakers, which I tend to do. But no worries, this album leaves the streamlined evolution of sound bare for repeated study in your car, on the couch, or lying on the floor. —Lance Saunders

The Lionelle

Oh! The Company That We

Keep!

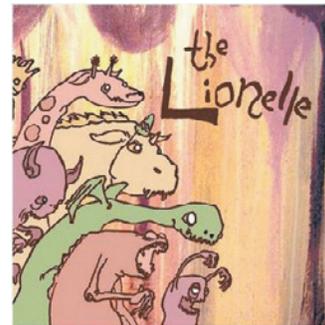
Independent

Street: Out now

Lionelle = Slint + The Pixies +

Cursive

The Lionelle's music is like be-



ing trapped inside a cardboard box and having the voice in your head tell you that you are never going to get out, at which point, you have a self realization that you're totally cool with spending the rest of your life in the cardboard box and being haunted by The Lionelle forever. The music is suffocating and awesome at the same time. It sounds like a panic attack with dissonant chord progressions and **Tate McCallum-Law's** vocals coming out at you, like the god of the cardboard box is telling you everything is OK or totally not OK. So, if this sounds like fun, put this album in your headphones and have your buddies tape you up in a card box. It's a good time. Believe me; I know from experience. —Jon Robertson

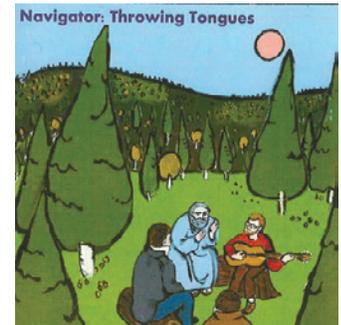
Navigator

Throwing Tongues

A-Star Recordings

Street 12.11

Navigator = The Unicorns + Ima Robot



It's always interesting to hear collaborations of musicians and unexpected instrumentals. **Braden J. McKenna's** new project, Navigator, has just that. It flows surprisingly smoothly from electronic experiments to mellow acoustic sets, sounding similar to **Modest Mouse**, if they were recording in kitchens and bedrooms. Each track holds anxiety as you wait for something else to come up. McKenna does a fantastic job of being unpredictable and keeping the listener on their toes, much like the **Unicorns** did in their previous albums, using unsystematic beats and erratic vocals on top of catchy lyrics. It's pretty obvious this was not recorded in a high-class recording studio, but that aspect adds a warm, fuzzy feeling where one is usually missing. You feel as though you were able to sit with McKenna and the rest of the contributors as the music was being made. *Throwing Tongues* is nostalgic and comforting—just the thing to listen to as spring arrives. —Lyuba Basin

Never Say Never

Rotten to the Core

Self-Released

Street: Oct. 2007

Never Say Never = SKINT + The Unseen + Complete Control

Rotten to the Core is heavily saturated in the elements that make street punk great: drumming fast enough to give any normal drummer a heart attack, guitars that are equally speedy, a shit-ton of anger and a lead singer who sounds as if he smokes a pack a day. The lyrics of the seven songs

Reviews



on this EP are all heavily focused on hatred, war, blood, burning and other forms of self-destructive behavior. Luckily, no one has ever judged a street-punk band on the merit of their songwriting ability. Andy Patterson recorded *Rotten to the Core*, and the crisp sound quality pushes the five-piece into the territory of signed bands in their genre. Never Say Never plays fast, dirty punk rock. It may not always be pretty, but hell, it sounds good. —Jeanette Moses

Pelpp

Pillow Rockets

Self-released

Street: 11.16

Pelpp = Dub Tractor on 3x fast forward + Boards of Canada

A varied and exciting electronic semi-debut sums up the latest from local electronic artist Pelpp. *Pillow Rockets* is his first solo album, with previous releases (*Rake EP* and *Pedal*) having been created with another local artist, a.vanvranken. While only six tracks long, this album does an exemplary job showcasing not only how dynamic Pelpp's sound is, but also the many unique features that set him apart from other artists in the genre. He demonstrates an extraordinary talent that should most certainly be checked out by all fans of IDM and dub. The characteristic and unique sounds will surely leave you yearning for more. —Ross Solomon

Revideolized

Look-In

Self-released

Street: 12.08.07

Revideolized- = Juno Reactor + Front Line Assembly + Depeche Mode



Rarely do you come across an electronic record that flows as naturally and organically as *Look-In*. Infinite keyboard melodies all backed up by intriguing beat patterns fill this lengthy 11-track album. There's nothing pop oriented about this release and there are few real danceable moments. The melodic music has a more soothing and relaxing effect than anything. There are brief vocal/sample parts, but the CD is mostly instrumental and nature themed. My personal favorite is "Canyon Lands," assuming the song is inspired by the National Park. It conjures up imagery of the sweeping, epic landscape that said park embodies. In the end, *Look-In* is progressive in nature—each song leading to different ideas and feelings, well worth listening to in any mood. —Bryer Wharton

Salt Lake Alternative Jazz Orchestra (SLAJO)

Laughing Babies/Wake Up

To A Melody

Self-released

09.11.07

SLAJO = Glenn Miller + Louis Armstrong + everything you never learned in band camp

If you're a band geek like me, you remember your band teacher ranting about dotted rests, accented eighths,

and screaming at the trumpet section. For those who look back on those days with a smile (and those who never touched a reed instrument in their life), this one's for you. This 14-piece jazz band was featured in our first ever *Death By Salt*, and two years later, they're still out to prove that jazz never dies. Complete with tunes that range from upbeat and brassy to mellow and bluesy, these two collections will catch the attention of any jazz enthusiast. So, if you're one of those who lives for Salt Lake's International Jazz Festival, or just never got over your high-school glory days, SLAJO will keep that jazz craving in check. —Kat Kellermeyer

The Trademark

This Island Earth

Self-released

12.19.07

The Trademark = The Used + A.F.I.

From the first track, this three-piece band falls into pulsing tunes that feel familiar but never imitated. Riley (guitar) and Drew Hamnett's (bass) harsh-but-clean vocals perfectly contrast the meticulous cacophony in the background. Unlike most bands, where there is a sense of insanity going on in the background, it's never overdone and it is this balance that really lets the vocals shine. Not to say instrumental is lacking; actually, it complements rather than competes with the overall sound. Drummer Natty Coleman adds to the already high-energy instrumental but never overplays. The most surprising element with this release is that this group really seems to have carved out their own sound. The tracks are enough alike to give the group a definitive feel, but varied enough to keep from giving off a "didn't I just hear this?" vibe, something seriously lacking in their genre on a national level. Simply wow. —Kat Kellermeyer

Until Further Notice

Self-titled

Quickstar Productions

05.10.07

Until Further Notice = Dashboard Confessional + Weezer – all originality

Usually, I don't mind genres getting mixed with each other. It's like corn and mashed potatoes—not a problem—but gravy in your applesauce? That's uncomfortable in the same way Until Further Notice is. If the sub-par sound of *trying* to sound like everything sub-par on the radio isn't enough of a turn-off, someone thought it was a good idea to put three-part folk harmonies into pulsing pop/rock tunes. Let me clarify: *it wasn't*. As if the chords weren't awkward enough, the vocals are nasal and strained, sometimes coming in just enough under the pitch to screw up your equilibrium, which is overall worse than just being flat. They have a mediocre sound and mediocre lyrics; nothing here that really sets these guys apart. Stick to the gravy in your applesauce. It's 10 times more interesting. —Kat Kellermeyer

Will Sartain

Bash Your Face In

Self-released

Street: 02.01

Will Sartain = Owen + The Microphones

Bash Your Face In draws from the unstable, self-conscious politics of *The Body* and the *Self*. Lacquered throughout like stale spittle, each song confronts the existential paranoia of "what life is about," "what happiness is," and "finding the self" through guts and juice insecurity. These are the "big themes," if you will, of the album, but it's the small stuff—the lovely, lilting glides of the guitarwork and Sartain's playful, hankered voice crooning anecdote after anecdote—that makes *Bash Your Face In* viable and worth considering. (Kilby, 02.01 and 02.02) —Spanther



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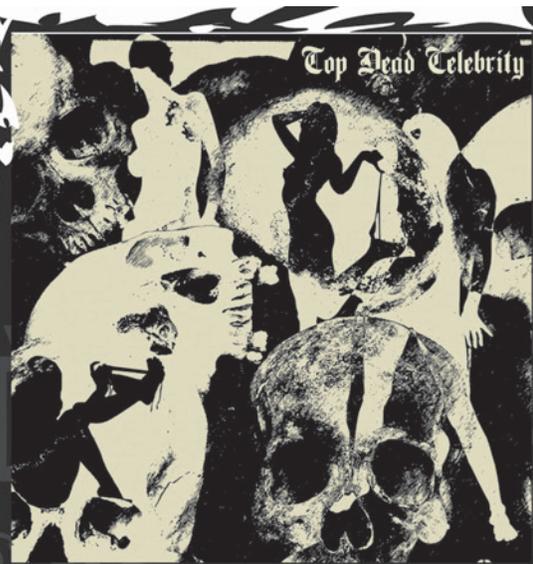


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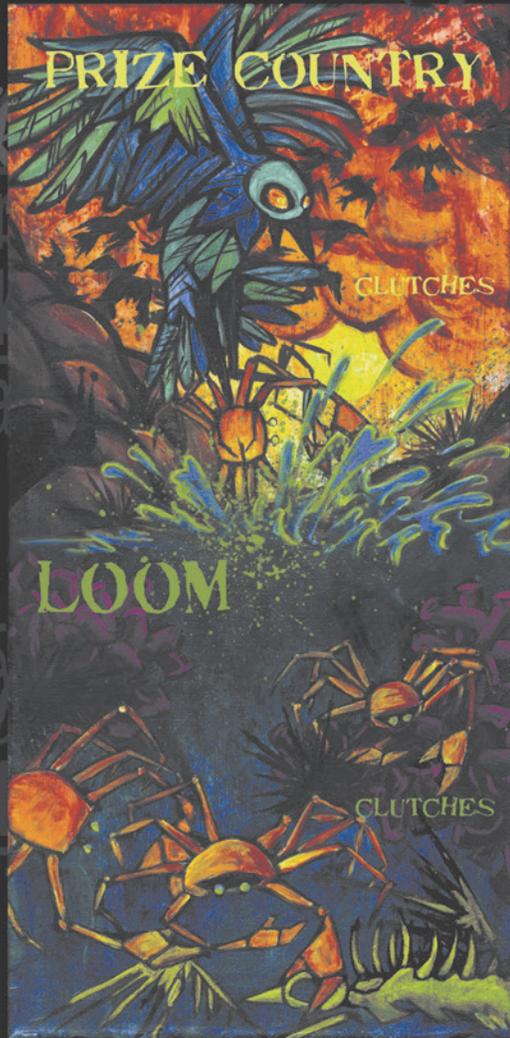


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Top Dead Celebrity

CD Release Show @Todds* Feb 29



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CD

Reviews

3 **The End Is Begun: Special Edition**

Metal Blade

Street: 02.19

3 = Coheed & Cambria + Porcupine Tree + Pink Floyd



It's funny how when promoting a "Special Edition" release, Metal Blade would send the already released version to be reviewed. The difference is minuscule: according to the band bio the special edition includes a Pink Floyd cover track and a bonus DVD offering live footage and video clips. The group in all its progressive nature has crafted a record uniquely different from their previous album, *Alien Angel*. The sound is a bit mellower than before; this is not a drawback at all, though. The focus on here is songwriting and musical prowess. The abundant use of acoustic guitars alone transports *The End Is Begun* to a higher musical plane. Forget your standard progressive metal that *Dream Theater* and *Fates Warning* (as good as it may be) releases. The diversity in instrumentation, catchy lyrics and quirky vocals is enough to interest fans of indie rock and other genres not associated with metal. Hell, the song, "My Divided Falling," is enough to reel any rock listener in. —*Bryer Wharton*

Abbie Gale

2
Inner Ear
Street: 12.11

Abbie Gale = Indie Evanescence

Abbie Gales's label, Inner Ear's debut album, certainly seems promising within the first few tracks. Good female vocals, strong guitar work and all-around tight musicianship are some qualities that initially stand out. Unfortunately, with repeated listens—nay, even a few tracks into the album, one very apparent flaw rears its ugly little head: repetitiveness. Tracks blend together with almost no defining point for any particular song. Vocal conventions and guitar riffs repeat endlessly. Even the setup of each song is very similar, often starting slowly and building up to a climax that always resembles one

featured in a preceding track. Abbie Gale possesses a very sweet voice and instrumentals that aren't half bad, but the execution ends up falling painfully flat in the end. —*Ross Solomon*

Alestorm **Captain Morgan's Revenge** **Napalm Records**

Street: 01.29

Alestorm = "Scottish Pirate Metal!"
Booze, Wenches, Treasure and more! How much more awesome can you get than Pirate metal? Lyrically, songs about women, drinking and sailing the seas looking for treasure and battling is where the most fun in the album is at. Face it, like the actual music of the record or not, the songs are great to get drunk to. I can picture a bunch of bar boys singing along to these tunes after only a couple beers. The music itself is also fun as all hell, sweeping keyboard and flute-type melodies pepper an established, heavy guitar-filled battle madness. The drumming is near perfection, keeping the tempo up and glorious. Add some gruff vocals and you'll feel like you're on a ship smelling salty air and fighting. Metal should always be this much fun and to make the package even better, you will never get tired of hearing any of the 10 pirate-filled tracks of mayhem. —*Bryer Wharton*

Arson Anthem **Arson Anthem** **Housecore Records**

Street: 02.19

Arson Anthem = Doom + Discharge + Hellhammer

Dirty, raw and brutal are just some of the adjectives that could be used to describe Arson Anthem. Born from an utter disdain of the modern heavy music scene, this super group of sorts is out to destroy and create a new audience and attention for old-school hardcore and punk groups that have come and gone. The songs on the EP are brief, the longest being a minute and 39 seconds. **Phil Anselmo's** guitars give a whole new meaning to shred and have renewed this reviewer's interest in what Phil is out to offer these days. Add to that, throat-shredding vocals from **Eyehategod's Mike IX Williams**, thick visceral bass lines from **Collin Yeo** and a total drumming assault coming from none other than **Hank III**. Disenchanted with the current state of hardcore and metal? Then take a glorious trip back to the sound that started it all, done in a renewed fashion that both pays tribute to the great bands of old but also brings in a whole new breed of extremity. —*Bryer Wharton*

Blood of Kingu **De Occulta Philosophia** **Supernal Music**

Street: 01.05

Blood of Kingu = Nile + Hate Forest + Drudkh

Questionable personal politics aside, I have been anxious to hear this release since it was announced last year. Blood of Kingu is the "new" project from Roman Saenko, he of Drudkh and Hate Forest infamy. This seems to be a new direction for Mr. Saenko, being lyrically (and sometimes sonically) occupied with ancient Sumerian/Egyptian mythology and history. Musically, it's above-standard black metal: extremely fast, for the most part, and if the tones were different, it would be easily mistaken for death metal. Vocally, however, it's 100% chanting ... think Buddhist monks gone evil. Completely recommended if you happen to enjoy Drudkh or Hate Forest, but don't expect Part II of either band. —*Gavin Hoffman*

B-Movie Rats **Radio Suicide** **Rankoutsider**

Street: 01.28

B-Movie Rats = Brett Michaels +



L.A. Guns + Guns N' Roses

If the B-Movie Rats ever come in concert, I am going to cover my body in leather or maybe shiny black vinyl, put a popcorn ball down by my junk so my bulge looks a little bigger and go to the show. I'm not going to actually watch the show, I'm going to wait outside backstage and hope that if I display my popcorn ball the right way in my tight leather pants that I can get hooked up with some of the leftover groupie chicks. This music is heavensent from the 80s realm where all bodacious 80s musicians go when they party it up too hard. I am grateful to still be able to hear hard-rocking, sexed-up 80s hair metal music. It is truly a miracle of God; I think this is what **KISS** was singing about in their song "God Save Rock N' Roll To You II!". —*Jon Robertson*

Bronze **Calypto Shakedown** **Self-Released**

Street: 01.22

Bronze = Stephen Chai + Bee Gees + Esquivel

Bronze is the cool, collected make-out of the nu-soul and disco genre. The songs lend themselves to exquisite bachelor-pad appeal as your typical three-piece band is supplemented with orchestral flourishes by harmonium, Rhodes piano, cello and viola, among other instruments. Songs such as "Chinatown" are noisily aloof with hints of Magnum PI thrown in to give this track a little more punch while "On the Clock" is more innocently 90210 and self-aware. Not surprisingly, each track can be made into a theme song for any number of smash TV hits from the late 80s to the early 90s, from *Perfect Strangers* to *Dear John*. Its easy, laid-back sound and cocktail-hour appeal has carved out a special place in my CD collection and will be played when I bring back ladies to my casa for some brandy and a nightcap. —*Erik Lopez*

Cadence Weapon **Afterparty Babies** **Upper Class Recordings/Anti-/Epitaph**

Street: 03.06

Cadence Weapon = Buck 65 + Spank Rock

With experience as a club DJ, **Cadence Weapon's** production borrows from that mode's peculiarities—particularly its synth and dance drums. Playful rhyme-scheme/flow come together with this style on "True Story," in which Cadence finds disjointed synchronicity with the beat's erratic club percussion—a complementary display that warrants the choosing of his moniker. Sadly, the rest of the album's earnest ballads of L.A.'s hipster indie-hop scene are innocuous enough to make one feel remorseless when "True Story" is put on repeat-one. —*Makena Walsh*

Cassettes Won't Listen **Small-Time Machine**

Self-Released

Street: 03.11

Cassettes Won't Listen = The Postal Service + et al

The fun thing about **The Postal Service's** album, *Give Up*, being so prolific is that it inspired so many other budding musicians to take a stab at recreating those feelings we felt when hearing **Benjamin Gibbard** crooning over glitchy Nintendo-esque music for the first time. Although **Cassettes Won't Listen** is undeniably influenced by TPS, there's a certain aspect to it that I really enjoy. From the DIY presentation to the catchy lyrics, all 30 minutes of this quick album are quite enjoyable. Most notable is the track "Freeze and Explode," which features some rather wonderful vocal harmonies throughout the chorus. There's also some frequent piano use which weaves throughout most of the songs and even some distorted guitar which is used

tastefully. Listen to this not to stave off your hunger for new TPS material, but for the ambition. You'll hopefully find it as rewarding and exciting as I did.
—Conor Dow

Del the Funkee Homosapien

11th Hour

Definitive Jux

Street: 3.11

Del = Hiero Imperium + George's brother + Gorillaz

Del is one of hip hop's true originals and a legitimate leader of new and true school hip hop that I have grown up listening to and that's why this album leaves me disappointed. Falling from his own family tree, Hiero Imperium Records, Del falls into the hands of Def Jux with his fifth solo release. I have two outlooks on his decision to change labels and I might be correct with both. One, Del could be trying to gain a larger audience through the utilization of Def Jux, or two, this album could have been thrown from his own branches for being such a horrible and lackluster creation. I know Del has been around for a long time and he has established a large name for himself, but that doesn't mean it's acceptable to be lazy. The 11th Hour is by far the worst addition to his very respectable and funky catalogue.
—Lance Saunders

Clutchy Hopkins

Walking Backwards

Ubiquity Records

Street: 02.05

Clutchy Hopkins = DJ Shadow + Cut Chemist

It's hard to determine which is better: Ubiquity Record's advertising gimmick for Clutchy Hopkins, or the latter's **Super Mario**-castle-theme instrumentals. Ubiquity, embracing an "alternative advertising" strategy has set out to dupe both music journalists and gullible 13-year-olds alike. According to my treasure-hunt press sheet, Ubiquity doesn't know who exactly Clutchy is—it came by the record through "thrift store finds, red herrings, a pizza parlor, and a list of characters long enough to cast a B-movie." You can even join the hunt yourself by searching Youtube and Ubiquityrecords.com for clues to Waldo's (I mean Clutchy's) whereabouts! How expensively mysterious. Clutchy's real identity is likely that of one of his derisively boring labelmates, **Shawn Lee** or **Connie Price**. Oh well, the beats are so sticky-icky the record should come replete with rolling papers. "Love of a Woman" (feat. **Dorando**), wins "Best Song To Make Babies To" in 2007. —Makena Walsh

Die!Die!Die!

Promises Promises

S.A.F.

Street Date: 02.12

Die!Die!Die! = Buzzcocks + Jane's Addiction + Wives – Plot to Blow up the Eiffel Tower

Promises Promises is an outcast record, lying somewhere between West Coast proto-punk and 90s alternative—all the more bizarre, considering the band hails from New Zealand. Unbeknownst to Die!Die!Die!, the sound on this record occasionally brushes with

a distinct style that could potentially develop into a new genre altogether. Vocally, the sound is more in line with '77 punk, while the drumming and rhythms bring to mind **Antioch Arrow** or **Guyver One**. Fans of both genres will admire this unique mashup, while the layperson may have a difficult time appreciating the subtleties of this album. —Ryan Powers

Drew Danbury

Mother

Independent

Street: 02.06

Drew Danbury = Beach Boys on whip-its + Pete Yorn on laughing gas + Bright Eyes on prozac

Drew Danbury is your standard singer/songwriter action, using his best friend, the acoustic guitar, as his weapon of indie-pop destruction. But he does all the little things that let you know he cares. Like on the first track, "I'm Pretty Sure This Is Someone Else's Song. But I Couldn't Figure Out Whose So I'm Keeping It!" (that has to be one of the coolest song titles of all time) in which he overlays people's laughter into the background of the song, as if he is secretly laughing at the fact that the first track could quite possibly be someone else's song, but it ain't no thang. I like the way this guy works: he's hating on himself while still saying that he doesn't care if you claim him as being a poser, even if he does cry himself to sleep every night while cuddling his acoustic guitar because he has a negative self image. —Jon Robertson

Envy

Abyssal

Temporary Residence

Street: 11.20



Envy = Mono + Corrupted + Isis

Ah, Envy ... I've never been completely sold on this band, and this release doesn't quite cement my feelings for them, although it comes ever closer. I quite enjoy the arrangements and songwriting capabilities on this release, ranging from insanely pretty to insanely heavy, and the musicianship is second-to-none, but Abyssal leaves me ... well ... wanting more. MUCH more. And I can't quite tell if this is a good thing or a bad thing. The mid-tempo marching dirge that is the mid-section of "A Road of Winds the Water Builds" is one of the best pieces of music I've heard in quite some time, but it's still not enough ... ah, fuck it. This is a great release, and I'm jumping on the Envy bandwagon.
—Gavin Hoffman

For the Fallen Dreams

Changes

Rise Records

Street: 01.08

For the Fallen Dreams = Norma Jean + As I Lay Dying + Dead to Fall

This CD couldn't finish fast enough. Listening to *Changes* is the musical equivalent of sitting through an Uwe Boll film—if Uwe Boll were a hack mosh/melodic/metalcore act instead of a director. No wait, it's not even that entertaining or engaging. This crapfest is a horrendous amalgam of terrible vocals that sound more like constipation than anger, awful lyrics that read like Scholastic Books' 6th-grade-level *Mad Libs of Terror* lyrics, and songs that sound so painfully similar that I had to actually check the CD player to make sure I hadn't repeated it. The song structures are all the same, open D (or C or whatever) chord, some trite melodic guitar, and back again. That's it. This is the worst piece of aural fecal matter that has emanated from my stereo in a long time. I just hope I can get the stains out of the speaker box.
—Peter Fryer

Graveyard

Graveyard

Tee Pee

Street 02.19

Graveyard = Cream + the Nomads + Danzig

When presented with a Swedish band called Graveyard, it would be completely normal to entertain mental images of black metal occultists in fright makeup burning churches to the ground. And while the music on this disc is nothing like you'd expect, it stills seems at least a little linked to these misconceptions. In reality, Graveyard's style is much more in the vein of 1970s psych rock—think Cream melting into **Black Sabbath**. And where Tee Pee Records has made a serious stand putting out retro-style psychedelic rock, this release is much harder than anything else they have recently put out. And, in an almost surreal way, Graveyard's singer **Joakim Nilsson** howls and grovels in a near-perfect approximation of **Glenn Danzig's** signature holler. The end result is quite fantastic. Graveyard manages to cover hard rock in a dark haze with nine songs of almost perfect psychedelia. —James Bennett

Here I Come Falling

Oh Grave, Where is Thy Victory

Rise Records

Street: 01.08

Here I Come Falling = The Chariot + With All Sincerity + The Devil Wears Prada

Actual printed lyrics: "Father i can't undersand how You could ever love me when i'm so undeserving and unworthy of anything"—yeah, especially a record contract. On a more intellectual level, the only words capitalized in this entire lyric sheet are "Father," "King," "Lord," and "God." This gimmicky, calculated, dishonest, almost automaton knee-jerk Christianity coupled with unsettling references to being surrounded by demons and picking battle lines that smack of Crusades and Jerry Falwell leaves a bad taste that just can't be spit

out. Freedom of religion is an inherent right and should be the right of any musician, but empty-shell televangelist propaganda is insulting. Musically, why are people still buying into this? The screamo sound is so played out; it's almost embarrassing to write it. Lyrically, this one could provide fodder for 10 Christopher Hitchens critiques, and musically, it's close to undeserving of just one. —Peter Fryer

Holy Rolemodel

The Sum of Our Parts

Circle Game Records

Street: 02.01

Holy Rolemodel = AFI + a couple other generic bands + 10 chemistry classes worth of boredom

Holy Rolemodel would have you believe that they are a "blistering North Bay post punk band." The truth is that they are just boring. The music is boring, even more boring than that are the lyrics, and more boring still is singer **Aaron Browe's** voice. Dude sounds so bored singing these songs that it's impossible to believe that he cares about any of the issues he's singing about. That's a problem if you are a fairly political band, which Holy Rolemodel is. The obligatory **Misfits** cover ("Skulls") makes an appearance on the album as well. The problem here is that it's the strongest track on the album and really the only one in which Browe shows any energy. Even if you've never heard *The Sum of Our Parts* before, believe me, you're all too familiar with it. —Aaron Day

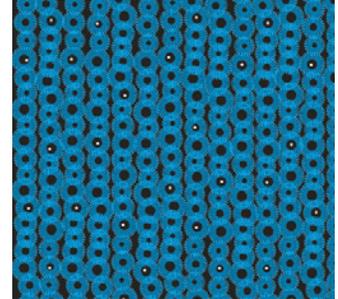
Joe Gilmore

On Quasi-Convergence and Quiet Space

Cut

Street: 09.07

Joe Gilmore = Kaffe Matthews +



Joe Henderson

Quite often, the results of computer "improvisations" end up as cacophonous sound clusters, a purge of the performer's hard drive and an attempt to see how much of the "Abyss of Freedom" he can explore. Not so with the latest work by Joe Gilmore, an artist who opts for restraint and prudence instead of chaos and indulgent abandon. Just as the bebop masters of the 1940s preferred to mine life from harmonic scales, hitting chromatic tones and non-sequential notes for dashes of color, Gilmore works within a tonality of sorts for each of these tracks, all pieces built from mulched hums, microphone manipulations, sine-tone ripples, echoes and clicking misfires. Though the sounds are interesting enough alone, his use of economical,

classic *musique concrète* techniques—simple panning, phasing, augmentation and reversal, not masturbatory DSP abuse—further the appeal. Gilmore's work is a stunning path marked by subtle furrows and dimples, not wild exclamations. —*Dave Madden*

Left Lane Cruiser *Bring Yo' Ass To The Table* Alive Records Street: 01.08

Left Lane Cruiser = Pink Lightnin' + The Black Keys (if they had a musical orgy)

Left Lane Cruiser have four years under their belts now and its about time they put out another doozy of an album. The energy of these guys is really intense, almost death metal-ish, and oh-so-perfect. When listening to the record, you can close your eyes and almost picture them onstage in front of you. All of the riffs and solos are fuckin' amazing. And the fact that they use anything else they can to make more noise (i.e., ladders, hub-caps, trash cans, etc.), only sweetens the sounds coming from the musical device. This is high-quality music from a group who practiced in a heatless garage in Indiana, and whose philosophy in music is "Let your soul drive what you do." Pretty good philosophy, if I say so myself. —*adam dorobiala*

Leopold and his Fiction

Leopold and his Fiction
Native Fiction Records
Street: 11.06

Leopold and his Fiction = The White Stripes + The Hives + The Kinks

Dear friend, do you find yourself shiftless between **White Stripes** albums? Are you lookin' for a little bit of ass-shaking lovin'? Well, goddamn! Look no further. The first two tracks on this debut album, "She Ain't Got Time" and "Shakey Mama Blues," will hit your dancing legs like too many shots of espresso, except with absolutely NO bitter aftertaste. While many bands will leave you longing for the raw infatuation of the first tracks, Leopold and his Fiction will sex your ears up until the morning light. They come full-force with crunchy blues riffs, ballistic backbeats, and raw vocals. They even manage to successfully slow things down and caress you softly on "Miss Manipulation." Close the blinds, turn that picture of **Jack White** around so he won't see, and get dirty with Leopold and his Fiction for a while. They won't be discreet, but I swear you won't mind. —*Joey Richards*

L'ocelle Mare *Self-Titled*

Sickroom
Street: 02.12

L'ocelle Mare = Joan of Arc + John Cage + John Fahey

L'ocelle Mare is the solo project of **Thomas Bonvalet**. This 16-track album was "recorded in different deserted French places in one week," and sounds like the culmination of loneliness, several cups of coffee and high levels of anxiety/ambition in the

system. Frantic fingers monkey bar on the acoustic guitar while the sporadic but illuminating squeals of harmonica and nighttime buzz ground the sound, which jumps irregularly between chaos and order, making for a blend of low tones and dark roast. —*Spanther*

Mahjongg *Kontpab*

K Records
Street: 02.12

Mahjongg = Need New Body + Konono no. 1 + Clinic

With more jungle charisma than **Mowgli** from the *Jungle Book*, Mahjongg start off their intrepid album with "Pontiac," a repetitive, dancy calypso track that slowly builds among trebly polyrhythms. Kontpab is a wide maneuver away from other tribal or organic-oriented dance bands (and you know who you are) because they let the beat slow down, sink and steadily climb like intercalary chapters in novels like *The Grapes of Wrath*. Smooth! Tracks like "Problems" break through and drive the album forward again as understated sing-talk stings the simple guitar melody and popping drum beats. It would be easy to lump these guys with experimental avatars like **Animal Collective** and the like, but it's not nearly as unfocused, and this well executed, emotional and direct dance record has more in common with **Gang Gang Dance**. This is the new sound of spring. —*Erik Lopez*

Motion Turns It On *Rima*

Self-Released
Street: 02.01

Motion Turns It On = Explosions in the Sky + Kid Kilowatt

A four-piece hailing from Houston, Texas, Motion Turns It On follows the Texas trend of instrumental rock bands, but also takes significant tangents along the way into psychedelia, feel-good jazz, and NASA-sponsored space exploration. MTIO turns post-rock into a glowing asteroid that's fun for the whole family. No more dense mathematic textbook guitars and drumming; this asteroid has soul and jive. It's something you can dance to without worrying about getting your ankles in a knot. —*Spanther*

Norbert Moslang <<header_change>>

Cut

Street: 09.07

Norbert Moslang = Oval + David Tudor + James Tenney

Norbert Moslang's extramusical processes, the concepts behind what and why he makes what he makes, generally contend with the actual results for the role of importance; this would be a crutch of sorts if his aural payoff wasn't just as captivating as his ideas. Translating light into sound, Moslang "changed the headers of video stills from Swiss video artist **Silvie Defraoui** to create sound files." The outcome is seven varying drones, all but two punctuated with an initializing pop (similar to an igniting light-bulb). From here, each of these pieces becomes immediately stifling, demanding attention in the same hypnotic way La Monte Young

used to entice listeners into enduring an hour of a single perfect fifth; sparks turn to psychoacoustic, torrid swells, and time stands still in anticipation of hairline progressions. Ranging from stark and monophonic to lugubrious and contrapuntal, Moslang has once again created the sublime from irregular means. —*Dave Madden*

The Out Circuit *Pierce The Empire With A Sound*

Lujo

Street: 02. 12

The Out Circuit = Thrice + Coalesce + Stabbing Westward +

The main dude behind all the chaos on this album is **Nathan Burke**, formerly of **Frodus**. I think that he secretly has a pissed-off trip-hop band hiding in his soul. Imagine telling **Portishead** that they were lame and them getting all bummed out and angry, then deciding to burn your house down while screaming at the blaze, like **Lisa Left-Eye Lopes** from **TLC**, and you would have The Out Circuit. This album is creepy. Its like if you had a nice, relaxing conversation with a serial killer and then he just gave you a big old hug and a kiss on the cheek and you never saw him again. If you don't own The Out Circuit's first album, *Burn Your Scripts*, **Boys**, punch yourself in the face and go out and buy it right now. Then after that, go get this album. —*Jon Robertson*

Prizzy Prizzy Please *Self-Titled*

Let's Pretend Records

Street: 09.24

Prizzy Prizzy Please = Kings of Leon + Captured! By Robots

Apparently, when listening to music from "The Nutcracker," sugar plum fairies will dance in your head. Well, when listening to Prizzy Prizzy Please the image in my head was Fozzie the Bear licking the wallpaper in Willy Wonka's chocolate factory. Why? It just seems like a sport-on soundtrack for such an event. For the most part, the initial sampling just made me hyper and hungry for pixie sticks. Beyond the in-your-face aspect of this release, you'll discover a fusion of pop, metal, punk, techno, rockabilly, and a sense of humor in the lyrics that offer shelter from the storm of singer/songwriter sensitivity flooding today's music selection. Fuck Charlie Bucket, Prizzy Prizzy Please wins the factory. —*Jessie Price*

Plants and Animals *Parc Avenue*

Secret City

Street: 03.25

Plants and Animals = The Anniversary + Andrew Bird

I'm sitting in the boarding area at SFO airport and my flight to SLC is delayed by two hours, so I have plenty of time to listen to P + A. But for some inexplicable reason, I can't bring myself to do it. Instead, I'm listening to *Punk In Dubric* on repeat and drawing pictures of businessmen on their cell phones/laptops and plump women relaxed, reading heavily creased paperbacks. I listened to *Parc Avenue* a few times last week, and it's pretty solid as far as gloomily charming indie-rock goes, but

I don't care to ever listen to its whiny orchestration and wimpy rainbows ever again. The blanket of blandness that has become of this genre is depressing at best. It's time for linoleum, again. —*Spanther*

Rafter *Sex, Death Cassette*

Asthmatic Kitty

Street: 01.22

Rafter = Beck + Elliott Smith + Isaac Brock

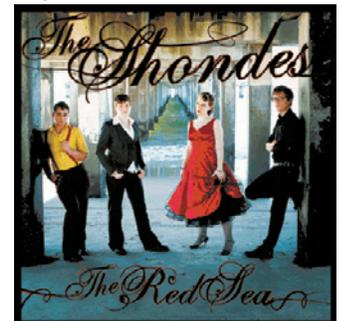
Artist Jonathan Dueck deserves a gold star for his artwork on this album, as he properly captures what will take 150 words to describe: tie-dyed skulls, swollen hearts, cassettes photoshopped with oversaturated colors, a horizon overtaken by blue trees and what appear to be Legos and two photos of Rafter Roberts, one from the headphones up and one at a four-track recorder—that sums up this collage-work album. Following a poppier, less liberally disjunct direction than his previous record, Roberts now *first* seduces with cooing vocals, lulling you with gorgeous timbre in front of a backdrop of, say, Mariachi rhythms and drums constructed from thumping a microphone ("Casualty of BOC"). Alright, maybe you could use the tag "unconventional" here, but Roberts's confidence on the microphone, both lyrically and vocally, is a terrific addition to his lawless instrumentation, and he furthers his mythology as the guy taking Beck's early experiments where they could have gone. —*Dave Madden*

The Shondes *The Red Sea*

Self-Released

Street 01.08

The Shondes = Alanis Morissette + Serj Tankian



Here comes another fake punk band with a cranky female vocalist, like we haven't had enough already. The Shondes come out with their album, *The Red Sea*, to remind unfortunate men of the feminist ex-girlfriends they once had or are dying to get rid of: the ones that just yell louder to make a point. If you tune out the undesirable vocals, the album isn't all that bad. With clever guitar and violin collaboration on their song, "Let's Go," it's bound to make it on to the next Rock Band. In any case, all those songs sound the same anyway, so for the Shondes to get anywhere with their music, other than swanky, feminist pubs, drop the vocals and look for something with a little more flavor—Baskin Robbins, perhaps? As for taking the Yiddish word

for disgrace as their band name, great choice. —*Lyuba Basin*

Sil Veth

The Elemental EP

8th Sphere Records
Street: 12.18

Sil Veth = Martriden + Cormorant + old Dissection

This is a band from Pennsylvania whom I've heard nothing about, but fully expect to see and hear more about in the future. This EP they've released is a completely interesting and diverse 25 minutes of metal that crosses over several genres but manages to retain its freshness after several listens. While the band predominantly plays a melodic black-metal style, they certainly have no problem tip-toeing into the tides of death metal or even progressive metal a la **Opheth** or **Martriden**. What works for me most about this album is the guitar work and how both players intertwine melodies. A good example of this would be in "Storm," where there are several moments of head-spinning melodic awesome which build into some very crushing, crunchy hooks and crescendos. It's really exciting to come across a new band this good at songwriting, and I'm excited for their future. —*Conor Dow*

Slingshot Dakota

Their Dreams are Dead, But Ours Is The Golden Ghost

Independent
Street: 01.22

Slingshot Dakota = Veruca Salt trying to talk Hella into getting in touch with their feminine side

I want to start this review by saying **Tom Patterson** is the drummer that I dream of at night when I go to sleep. I think I have a man-drumming crush on him. He adds the brawn on top of the fancypants but cool-sounding keyboards and vocals that **Carly Comando** provides. This duo is the cat's pajamas. When I say cat's pajama's, I mean a nightie that has hardcore army camo all over it. If **Ben Folds** had a little sister that was 10 times cooler, that would be Carly Camando, and if **Dave Grohl** and **Keith Moon** raised a child, they would name it Tom Patterson and if those two children became friends and their main goal was to convince fairies to get addicted to PCP, that would be Slingshot Dakota. These guys are truly one of the cooler bands I have heard in a long time. —*Jon Robertson*

Sworn Enemy

Maniacal

Century Media
Street: 02.12

Sworn Enemy = Slayer + As I Lay Dying + Exodus

I've heard everything that Sworn Enemy has dished out since their bland 2003 debut, *As Real as It Gets*. Well, a new year is upon us and so is a renewed interest in Sworn Enemy, for fans of all realms of metal. *Maniacal*, their third album, is by far the best. Yeah, it's still pretty much metalcore, but the added thrash tendencies make the record worth listening to multiple times. Let's face it, the dual guitars displayed here are a great throwback to thrash's

heyday. Blazing along and keeping the tempo fast is the goal; couple that with some wailing solos and you have an entirely different band than what was presented before. The only drawback is the vocals, which still seem as forced as ever. The band enlisted drummer **Jordan Mancino** of As I Lay Dying to play on the album; no surprise here as he is a mediocre drummer for As I Lay Dying. *Maniacal* is nothing to get too excited about, but it's nice to see a relatively new band try new things. —*Bryer Wharton*

Teenage Bottlerocket

Warning Device

Red Scar
Street: 01.08

Teenage Bottlerocket = The Lillingtons + Early Queers

Teenage Bottlerocket comes from, of all places, Laramie, Wyoming. Not really one of the locales that come to mind when thinking about places that have spawned amazing punk rock bands. Even so, I must say, *Warning Device* kills it. From the pogo-inducing "Bottle Rocket" all the way until the bitter sweet "Wasting Time," this thing doesn't let up. **The Ramones** influence is apparent on many tracks, but is especially strong on "In the Basement." Unlike many of their bubble-gum cohorts, these boys channel their inner Ramone in a way that pays tribute to our fallen punk-rock forefathers and still manages to sound fresh and original. A lot of bands that display a heavy Ramones influence aren't worth listening to. However, such is not the case here. Don't make the mistake of sleeping on Teenage Bottlerocket. —*Aaron Day*

Time Again

Darker Days

Hellcat Records
Street: 02.19

Time Again = Rancid + Minor Threat + Black Flag



Raspy vocals over soaring guitars and lightning fast drums can only result in an excellent punk album and that is precisely the result here. *Time Again's* sophomore release, *Darker Days*, is just as solid as their first album, *The Stories Are True*. Lead singer **Daniel Dart** has created 14 well-crafted, infectious punk-rock anthems all clocking in at under three minutes. They're short and sweet and by the time the album is over, you won't be able to get the choruses out of your head. My favorite tracks are "One Way or Another," "Gonna Get Mine" and "Outcast." —*Jeanette Moses*

Various Artists

BIPPP: French Synthwave 1979/1985

Everloving Records
Street: 02.18

BIPPP = Depeche Mode + Soft Cell + Human League

The French have a long, if obscure, history with synthesizers; they were the first to use a drum machine on a rock album (which in turn inspired **Big Black**). I was surprised to see how extensive this legacy of synthwave music extended. In Everloving's stateside release of this seminal compilation from **Bad Boy Records**, the casual yet discerning new-waver will find a bevy of gems that will whet their palate. Bands such as **Comix** and **TGV** find their more aggro punk-rock bravado met with equal zeal from acts such as **CKC** and **Ruth**, who take a more organic and Kíratwerk-ian approach. One hopes that when this streets, it will come with copious linear notes and photos as its overseas equivalent, because most of the bands on here only sold a handful of albums and it would be nice to see the context in which these bands came to fruition. —*Erik Lopez*

Various Artists

What's Happening in Pernambuco?

Luaka Bop
Street: 02.08

What's Happening in Pernambuco? = Tom Zé + M.I.A. + Recife

This mix of "electronic roots music from northeast Brazil" is hotter than an armpit squeezing peaches in Atlanta. What has been dubbed the "Mangue Beat"—a hybrid effort to espouse local traditional sounds with "satellite transmissions" via globalization—informs the dirty yet reposed, multifarious yet direct genius of each artist on this disc. I've been listening to it incessantly for weeks now and have yet to tire. I may have to visit Pernambuco soon to satiate the desire it has lit in me. —*Spanther*

Witch Hunt

Blood Red States

Fistolo Records
Street: 08.14

Witch Hunt = Crucifix + We All Fall Down + Dropdead

Awesome. A crust release that *isn't* trying to be His Hero Is Gone's little brother, or sister, in this case. The alternating of male and female vocals on this sucker are, at first, a bit off-putting, but after several listens, they help create one of the angriest punk-rock releases I've heard in years. While the rest of the crust-punk world seems to be jumping on the HHIG/Tragedy bandwagon, Witch Hunt manages to channel those sentiments into an almost entirely different realm, and I applaud them for it. If you've ever considered yourself "punk," this is a definite requirement in your collection. Steal it, or something. —*Gavin Hoffman*

Witch Hunt

This is Only the Beginning

Fistolo Records
Street:

Witch Hunt = Vitamin X + What Happens Next? + Black Flag

Although this is a collection, the fact that I had never listened to Witch Hunt prior to this release makes it as good as new. It's very nice to see a dyed-in-the-wool hardcore punk act fronted by two females in this climate of tough-guy moshcore and screaming emo-hipsters. The lyrical content of Witch Hunt is intelligent, although typical of the genre. Songs concerning women's rights, distrust of government, post 9/11 despair, and depression are naturally present. The real meaty lyrics and songwriting can actually be found on the two included 7"s; the most interesting being a song concerning animal rights, where man becomes prey of a superior species, and a track that takes on Christianity through a feminist lens. Although not musically groundbreaking, well-done, fast punk rock never goes out of style, and a party crasher at the sausage fest of punk rock is always welcome. —*Peter Fryer*

Wu-Tang Clan

8 Diagrams

Loud Records
Street: 12.11

Wu-Tang = Wu-Tang

Wu-Tang Clan is something to fuck with and this release proves it. While most of the members of this seminal hip-hop album have made outstanding solo records, this time around I was getting ear fatigue trying to wade through the album more than once. Interestingly, Wu-Tang brings in some high-profile guest artists from **John Frusciante** (more excellent solo stuff!) and **George Clinton**, but that doesn't seem to save the Clan from the banal effects of being uninteresting and over-produced. No one track stands out, the moods and textures are more orchestral and drawn out and the singing ... there is too much and it's boring! They should have stuck with their original intentions of having the Wu-Tang Clan be a vehicle for individual success rather than a recording group in a conventional sense. —*Erik Lopez*

Zelazowa

Polymorph

Independent
Street: 02.13

Zelazowa = Collective Soul + Royal Bliss

This music blows my mind all over the floor. I can't comprehend the coolness that is oozing out of these dudes. They must have to scrape the ladies off them in the morning. When singer Bryan Weber drops his Cher-like vocals on stage and the rest of the band displays their mid-90s post-grunge machismo, everyone in the crowd's clothes probably disintegrate like they have been hit with a Martian sex-ray gun named Zelazowa. It's sensual and hard-rocking all at the same time; what more could anyone ever want? The fourth and final track, "Generation Mantra," is the cherry on top—a four-person, one-night stand. It's kind of awkward and gnarly, but at the same time, comforting and familiar. —*Jon Robertson*

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Books

Aloud

Acta Est
Lise Sarfati
Phaidon

Street: April 2008

In the broken -down land once known as Russia, maybe still known as Russia, Lise Sarfati visited many decrepit places and documented them with her keen photographic eye. The images that line this 104-page paperback show haunting visions of Russia and its people. Many of the photographs look like they are paintings that have been uncared for and have this incredible feel about them. All beautiful in their own way, these places of abandonment allow you to see that there is beauty in everything, no matter what the outward appearance may seem to be. It's fairly reasonable to say that you could not have any photographic interest yet still pick up this book and be stunned that a photograph can tell you something beyond words with one glance. Once again, seeing these types of books being published makes me here and now look bright for anyone who really wants to show their work to the public. —adam dorobiala

Contrary Notions: The Michael Parenti Reader

Michael Parenti
City Lights Books

Street: 07.07

Contrary Notions is fascinating, plain and simple. Although I almost never read political books—mostly because I find them lacking substance, rehashing the same tired ideas as one would find on the news—Michael Parenti's book was absolutely amazing. Though some may find it too radical, *Contrary Notions* presents the reader with a number of ideas and views that are applicable not only to debates, but everyday life. Parenti also presents his ideas with observations of his own and partners them with others. The section on liberal media and its nonexistence was one of my favorites. After reading it, I noticed a number of the inconsistencies in news reports of which Parenti makes light. Although I wasn't completely enthralled with the book—because politics *do* get boring pretty quickly—the ideology kept me coming back. I recommend it to anyone who isn't afraid of far-left thought. —Josh McGillis

In The Desert of Desire: Las Vegas and the Culture of Spectacle

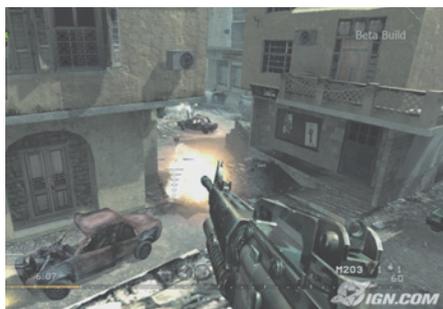
William L. Fox
University of Nevada Press

Street: 09.07

Las Vegas, being a city centered on the industry of providing neverending dream fulfillment and spurring hyper consumerism, is an ideal environment in which to study culture, commerce and government because the laws are lax and easily manipulated, and because Vegas is grounds for experimentation on every level, therefore making it a transparent, reliable 8-ball. Fox takes this opportunity to expose the blurring of for-profit/non-profit and private/public undertakings in Vegas' art museums/galleries, zoos/menageries and casinos/businesses. The claims are intelligent and grounded in historical and personal accounts, making this book readable for both entertainment and enlightenment. —Spanther



Game Reviews



Call of Duty 4
Infinity Ward/Activision
PS3/PC/Xbox360
11.05.07
First Person Shooter

The last few months have represented the greatest era in video-gaming history. To name some of the best we have received since October, there is *BioShock*, *Guitar Hero III*, *Halo 3*, *The Orange Box*, *Assassin's Creed*, *Mass Effect*, *Rock Band* and now *Call of Duty 4 (COD4)*. Now I know that there was a ton of hype about this game before *COD4* ever hit the shelves, but I want you to know that I've done my best to be unbiased in this review. Just as *BioShock* challenged what is possible in a shooter game, *COD4* challenges just how realistic an action game can be.

The intensity in the single player mode is akin to a frantic ballet of destruction. There are times during the game I found myself ducking behind my couch to avoid the hail of bullets that seem to fly from the screen. Indeed, *Infinity Ward* has gone to great lengths making this game feel almost too real at times. Every trigger squeeze, every bullet impact and indeed, every moment of this game, rings true with a satisfying wow factor that is completely unparalleled in gaming to date. *COD4* relies on this perfection almost entirely, since it offers nothing new to the genre but instead raises the bar in almost every category for shoot-'em-up gaming.

The graphics here are more than adequate and the levels are very challenging, but what really impresses is the amount of action going on at any one time. Enemies flank, allies cover and you have a first-hand view of it all as your scramble to outgun and out-advance your position. The icing on the cake for *COD4* is an online miracle that is even more entertaining than the single-player campaign! Far from a tacked-on multi-player mini-game, *COD4* offers tons of different games and un-lockable content for literally dozens of hours of exploding goodness. The incredibly gritty realism of the campaign is captured online perfectly, making this a must-have for any action gaming fan.
—Jesse Kennedy

5 out of 5 noobs use the uzi



Rock Band
MTV/Harmonix Music
PS2/PS3/Xbox360
11.20.07
Rhythm

Someone must have told Harmonix, creators of the *Guitar Hero* series, to go big or go home. Well, they chose big and have unleashed upon us mere mortals the ultimate "I'm not a dork after all" simulator, *Rock Band*. If you're not down for the learning curve of a real band, hop aboard and prepare to rule the stage as a drummer, guitarist/bassist or a singer. Either way, you're in for one long, strange trip as you pilot your group to the pinnacle of rock debauchery and domination. *Rock Band* stands tall and proud and delivers a new twist on rhythm gaming.

First things first, setup is a breeze, from assembling the drum kit to making your new band look bad-ass enough to represent your inner rock-n'-roll demons. My game was lucky enough to be inaugurated at a party of people who had yet to see *Rock Band* in action, although we did have a few *Guitar Hero* addicts in attendance. After a few quick turns, almost everyone had a grasp on how each instrument worked and lines began to form behind the drums and guitar. Although the microphone worked flawlessly and was very forgiving to even the most musically challenged, there's not much (except booze) to be done for the singing-shy.

The "rock video" look of the game, as opposed to the more straightforward look of the *Guitar Hero* games, was a big hit for me. The only complaint I heard about the game was the repetitiveness of parts of the game. As you move your band from each "gig" to another, songs will reappear for you to play again. This actually worked well, I thought, in my situation, where the band was changing personnel almost every song, but over time, as the crowd thinned out and people stayed in each position longer, the problem became more pronounced. This is, however, a small gripe against *Rock Band*, a game that has just broken ground on what will no doubt be a new era in video-gaming culture. —Jesse Kennedy

5 out of 5 drummers think they have the hardest job



Warhawk
Incognito/SCEA
PS3
08.28.07
Online Shooter/Action

Warhawk is a success because of two very important factors: First of all, there's the game situation with the Playstation 3 (PS3). I guess, to be more accurate, I should say "lack of" a game situation. There's a huge void for PS3 players when it comes to exclusive titles, and *Warhawk* has been growing in stride with the PS3 sales over the last few months and now delivers gigantic-scaled battles like nothing else on the system. The second and more important factor is that while *Warhawk* does do a lot, it sticks to what it's good at and continues to improve over time.

There is no single player campaign here; this game is purely online. However, once logged in, you can participate in everything from your typical "kill everything" multiplayer ground-based game to massive team vs. team matches that will have you strategizing and using machinery almost like a real-time strategy game. Tanks, jets, drop ships, jeeps (to name a few) are available to quench your thirst for destruction and an assortment of weapons to counter each are peppered throughout the maps to keep each side in the battle for as long as possible. A huge variety of medals and ribbons are available for you to earn to help you work your way up through the ranks.

Warhawk doesn't try to waste its time with ultra-fancy graphics or uber-realistic game play; in fact, much of the movements are almost cartoonish-looking when compared to some other very realistic-looking games (cough, *COD4* ...) but this does allow an easier game for those of us looking for something with more emphasis on fun rather than function. The game does offer a very in-depth statistical resource so you can track your progress literally bullet by bullet, if you feel the need. So run, shoot, jump and slay your way to victory all you want because the Playstation Network is free if you've got a PS3 and you can download the game for a measly \$40 (or buy it for \$60 and get a wireless earpiece!) and spend days on end conquering the wonderful world of *Warhawk*. —Jesse Kennedy

4.5 out of 5 drop-ship pilots are drunk

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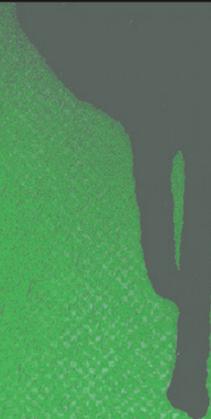
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DVD

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Facets Video

Street: 01.29

The *Mystery Science Theater 3000* fan in me appreciates the concept of this movie. Basically, **James Felix McKenney** wanted to make a science fiction B-movie just like he wished had existed when he was a kid. This includes men in robot suits, bad voice dubbing, dark and grainy film and that eerie 50's soundtrack that you don't just hear, you feel. Not only is the story analogous of current events, but it makes for effective social commentary without being self-gratifying. Since this is such an incredibly well-done homage to 1950s sci-fi movies, my only gripe is that they could have omitted some of the remaining modernities belonging to the main character. My gripe is merely cosmetic, however, and while I found it distracting, it didn't detract from my enjoyment of the overall presentation or production of the film. Not everyone will "get it," but those who do will love this. —*Conor Dow*

Blood, Boobs & Beast: a Documentary about B-Horror Filmmaker Don Dohler

Videokitchen.TV

Street: Tromadance 08

Blood, Boobs & Beast tells the story of filmmaker Don Dohler, whose forays into sci-fi and horror films are thought by many to be the worst of all time. Still, there are those who think that his filmmaking is pure genius, and this film makes a compelling argument to this end. We are led through a career that started innocently enough, with stabs at film production and underground comic and magazine publishing. Over time, as television stations relied less on midnight movies to drum up viewership, Dohler's projects were relegated more toward the straight-to-video side of film distribution. No longer making films for TV, the director found himself competing with gorier and more sexually charged films for distribution. As such, the mild-mannered filmmaker was made to lean more heavily on the Three B formula of horror film creation: blood, boobs and beasts. We are shown the inner-workings of his latest film shoot, and are introduced to his family and actors as well as a director he routinely uses to bring his visions to life. The film provides a fresh and comical look at just how much work goes into low-budget filmmaking, and how hard Don Dohler is willing to go to make a descent movie. —*James Bennett*

Calligraphy: The Pigeon Theory

Ruben Eudave

Corleone Connection Productions/
Studio 411

Street: Out Now

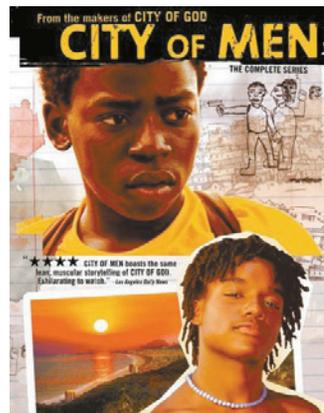
This is another rare find among the skateboard community. *Calligraphy: The Pigeon Theory* shows some amazing skating from southern California and Mexico inhabitants who skate some pretty cool spots with some pretty innovative tricks. The filming in some parts is a little shaky, but what's a good skate video without some non-filmer filming? That's what I thought, not a good skate video. Amazing parts from **Brandon Case**, **Felix "Polo" May**, **Shadi Charbel**, and **Brett Nichols** give us a glimpse of what is possible on the seven ply wooden device we call a skateboard. If I had to give this a thumbs up rating, I would give it an elephantitis-infested thumbs up, but luckily I don't. So let's just say it is worth watching while you wait for the winter weather to go away. —*adam dorobiala*

Cidade Dos Homens

(City of Men)

Globo Filmes

Street: 09.26



If you're familiar with the movie this television series is adapted from, *City of God*, you're probably all too eager to get your hands on anything else affiliated with the film directed by **Kátia Lund** and **Fernando Meirelles**. Unfortunately, many of the things that made *City of God* such a great film (i.e. gratuitous sex, drugs, and violence—all framed in a ghetto-wide gang war), are conspicuously absent in the spin-off television series—replaced, at times, by hokey *Telemundo*-type episode concepts. The film's protagonist, **Rocket (Alex Rodriguez)**, is replaced in the TV series by **Douglas Silva** (Li'l Dice in *City of God*), and **Darlan Cunha** (Steak

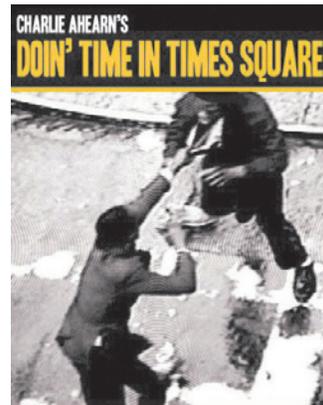
and Fries). The series follows their travails as they grow up in the *favela* (the Brazilian ghetto), but altogether misses the poignancy and unique storytelling structure of *City of God*. This series isn't anywhere near the movie, but it's still better than regular television. —*Makena Walsh*

Doin' Time in Times Square

Charlie Ahearn

BrinkDVD

Street: 11.20

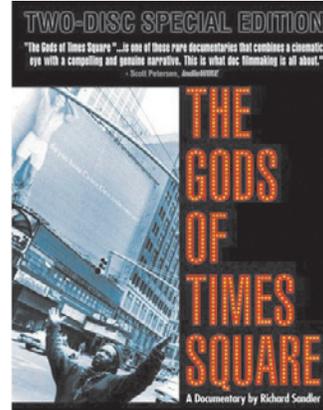


Charlie Ahearn is best known for making what most consider to be the first film on hip-hop culture, *Wild Style*, in 1982. Almost 10 years after making that film, Ahearn decided to create a video journal by pointing his camera outside his apartment in Times Square to capture the surreal sideshow in his backyard. The question this sort of projects begs to be asked is: who cares? Unlike **Tony Conrad's** Bryant Park Moratorium Rally of 1969, which captures a slice of the tension over Vietnam, Ahearn's movie feels and watches more like a bemused home movie. The novelty wears off pretty quickly as we see fights, arrests, some New Year's Eve action, etc. interspersed with some shots of his family. Why release this shit? Who is going to pay money for this? Better left, if you are interested, for youtube. —*Erik Lopez*

The Gods of Times Square

MVD Visual

Street 12.04



The Gods of Times Square is a great film. Recorded over six years in the mid '90s, the film documents the street preachers, doomsday prophets and as-

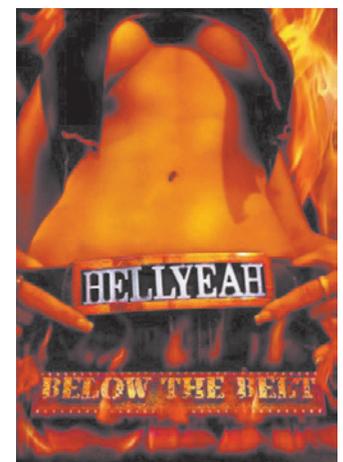
sorted other religious zealots who once populated the Times Square area of New York City. They of course shared the legendary free-speech neighborhood with small shops, prostitutes and strip clubs—a combination which led to one of the grittiest, most culturally unique areas in the city. As mayor, **Rudolph Giuliani** allowed big business to come in and clean it up, leading to the almost complete homogenization of the once diverse quarter. Now, as companies like Disney and Time Warner have cleansed the neighborhood, open religious zealotry has taken a back seat to the artificially sanitized family zone that Times Square has become. This documentary shows how much the process of disneyfication impacted those who called the Square home. We are shown how the street folks functioned before, during and after the neighborhood's sanitation. The DVD also features more in-depth featurettes about several of the more colorful characters that show up in the main film. Overall, this is a fantastic documentary that places the viewer right in the middle of a coarse urban phenomenon. —*James Bennett*

HellYeah

Below the Belt

Epic Records

Street: 11.03



I think band documentary DVDs are generally a waste of time, especially in the case of HellYeah. With only one album out and a few tours under your belt, how far can you go into the experiences of a band? The DVD goes through the motions with footage of the band recording their debut record, then the release party for the record and the band's first live appearance, which may be somewhat interesting if you're a fan. Then there is pointless drab, featuring the band's crew, making the music video, more tour crap with live footage intermingled with overdub audio. If you're not familiar, HellYeah is a supergroup, kind of, featuring former **Pantera/Damageplan** drummer, **Vinnie Paul**, along with **Tom Maxwell**, guitarist from the now defunct band **Nothingface**, and **Chad Gray**, the vocalist for **Mudvayne**. Basically, you'd have to be a huge fan of the band to get any enjoyment out of the release. But weeding through two hours of dribble is still a bore for anyone. They should have just released a live DVD with extras instead of just the documentary-style crap. —*Bryer Wharton*

Linescore: A Freeskiing Documentary
Coreshot Films
Street: Fall 07

This is the first full-feature production from Coreshot Films. It is also the first real production that exposes one of the most underrated scenes of the snow industry today. The film follows several skiers through a year in the *US Freeskiing Tour*, making stops all over the west. It is shot from the perspective of the athletes. This helps the rest of us see what it takes to have to huck your meat in the worst possible conditions. I personally have watched the events at several locations, but the guys at Coreshot do an excellent job of capturing the essence that the events offer. It is always entertaining to watch people send the biggest cliffs into moguls and chop. You will also witness some of the gnarliest crashes you have ever seen, with the worst being right here at *Snowbird*. The soundtrack has a good variety of tunes and there doesn't seem to be much pointless filler within the film. This DVD is definitely a good one to add to anyone's ski collection. —Mike Reff

Nardwuar the Human Serviette: Welcome to My Castle
Mint Records
Street 12.06

On the heels of 2006's *Doot Doola Doot Doo ... Doot Doo!* DVD, Mint Records has decided to rid their archives of all things Nardwuar the Human Serviette. This prequel of sorts is over five hours of footage from Nardwuar's public

access TV show, assorted celebrity-ambush interviews and music videos from his band **the Evaporators**. There is a lot of incredible interviews on this two-DVD collection, from people as mainstream as **President Gerald Ford** to people as unknown as the chick that made plaster casts of rock-star cocks in the '70s. And where **Borat** has made the ambush interview into a conventional, and bankable Hollywood trend, Borat is only a character—Nardwuar is real. He is the same on camera as he is at home, and the authenticity of his real-life persona makes for celebrity interviews that are stimulating and fearless. At five and a half hours, it can be a bit much to watch all at once, but when you want to see four separate interviews of **Courtney Love** becoming frustrated while talking to a grown man who talks like **Aaron Neville** sings, there really is no other source. Nardwuar is king. —James Bennett

Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead
Lloyd Kaufman
Troma Entertainment
Street: 03.14

Troma founder Lloyd Kaufman's latest film, *Poultrygeist: Night of the Chicken Dead*, is all about the number three. The number on the DVD says it marks the 33rd anniversary of Troma. Three represents the number of \$10 bills allocated for the budget to make this movie and, coincidentally, the first time I watched it was with all three of my triplet friends (for real). Three is also the number of minutes that one of the aforementioned triplets lasted before he decided *Poultrygeist* was the worst movie he'd ever seen and went to bed. Unfortunately

for him, three just happens to be the number of laughter induced seizures this movie causes, which is about three more than your average decent comedy. *Poultrygeist* is the story of a small town being invaded, first by a fast food franchise and then by chicken zombies possessed by the spirits of angry Native Americans. It's not so much a horror movie (something Kaufman himself admits to) as it is a pertinent social commentary of the corporate takeover of America. Don't fool yourself into thinking it's any less entertaining because of this fact, though. It gets that idea across pretty quickly and gets straight to reminding you what it means to be Troma. So, beneath the biting satire, the extreme level of political incorrectness, the terrible acting, the naked lesbian musical numbers, the gallons upon gallons of fake blood/vomit and the ridiculous storyline, you'll find... Well, I don't suppose you'll find anything; these things are the movie. —Aaron Day

TED: The Future We Will Create
Docudrama films
Street: 12.18

Every year a group of people much smarter and more ambitious than you and I meet to share ideas at a conference know as TED; Technology, Entertainment and Design. Directed and narrated by socially aware actor **Daphne Zuniga**, (I remember her as **Jo** from *Melrose Place*) this DVD documents the enthusiasm and intent of the 2006 conference, highlighting many of the speakers. Each of 50 speakers is allowed 18 minutes to speak on the quintessence of his or her field and

topic. Effectively, this short amount of time really forces a speaker to get the message across, really intriguing the viewer and hopefully encouraging them to become involved. Speakers include some familiar faces and some not, **Al Gore** presented his research on global warming, motivational giant **Tony Robbins** spoke, the inventor of Google showed, and **Bono** was highlighted from the 2005 event. The documentary is an inspiring watch and the DVD contains a bonus disc of many speakers' complete presentations, I enjoyed all four hours of it, but this is for the geekiest of us PBS watchers. —Davy Bartlett

Terry Jones' Barbarians
Koch Vision
Street: 01.08

It's likely that whatever you know about the Romans is thanks to movies such as *Gladiator* or *Spartacus*, and maybe a blurred smattering of things you were taught in high school. Well, Terry Jones is about to rock your world with some awesome archeological discoveries, and one of the most interesting four-hour history lessons I've had in a long time. What is explored here is the idea that the Barbarians weren't actually uncultured swine like the Romans would have everyone believe, but in fact they were a race of intelligent craftsmen and businessmen. It proceeds further into the eventual fall of Rome, Attila the Hun, and how these events affected things even to this day. This series was first shown on BBC in 2006, but is now being released on DVD, and if you enjoy your historical education spread with a light coat of British sarcasm, look no further. —Conor Dow

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Daily Calendar

Friday, February 1

Poison the Well, The Chariot, Dance Gavin Dance, 3, Dying Rest Theory – *Avalon*
Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Will Sartain CD Release, Band of Annuals, Frank Johnson's Personal Orchestra – *Kilby*
Jack Jones, Super So Far, Monarch, Silver-switch – *Liquid Joe's*
Paper Mache, Mury, Eyes Like Aster, Sam O'Hickey – *Solid Ground*
Loom, The Grimmway, Blackhole, God's Revolver – *Burt's*
City Weekly's Slammy's: Mellow Yellow Rock Jazz, Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Calico – *Woodshed*
Soulshakers – *Kamikazes*
D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
Electric Space Jihad – *Under the Bridge*
3 Reasons, Killing Carolyn, Dirty Copper, Funk & Gonzo – *Vegas*
Ulysses, The Naked Eyes, Spring Invention – *Urban*
D Sharp – *Artopia*

The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
Junta Deville, Charlie Don't Surf, The Fey – *Broken Record*

City Weekly's Slammy's: Knotalls, Adverse, Deadbeats – *Monks*

Saturday, February 2

James Shook – *Bar Deluxe*
Will Sartain CD Release, Tolchock Trio, Blood on the Wall, Live it up Sweat – *Kilby*
Loom, The Shark that Got Her, A City of Refuge – *Addicted Café*

Jared Johnson & the Jackpines – *Pat's*
DJ Matrix – *Tony's*
Leia Bell Art Show – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
DJ Che & Roots Rokca – *Woodshed*
Captain Morgan and the Morganettes – *Saints and Sinners*

Balance of Power, What Dwells Within, Adapt, GodAwful – *Vegas*
City Weekly's Slammys: Glinting Gems, Purrbats, Red Bennies – *Urban*
The Has-Beens, Azon, Danger Hailstorm!, Bloodworm – *Burt's*
Editors, Hot Hot Heat, Louis XIV, The Brobecks – *Avalon*

Sunday, February 3

MGMT, Yearsayer, Bring the Guns – *Kilby*
Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Glinting Gems – *Urban*

Monday, February 4

Pac Sun Presents: The Audition, Envy on the Coast, Danger Radio, Another Day Late, Fourteen Days From Forever – *Avalon*
Dynamite Walls, E for Explosion – *Kilby*
Egypt Central, Skarekro – *Vegas*
Ryan Workman's Birthday – *Call Him!*

Tuesday, February 5

The Toasters, Fear Nuttin, Fews&Twos, Dubbed – *Burt's*
The Chad Stanley Trio – *Woodshed*
Soulshakers, Spitsofrenic – *Urban*

Presidential Primaries: Go Vote! – Your Polling Place

Witness the Forecast, Jesse Rogers, The Precinct, Amber Alert, Digital Lov – *Kilby*

Wednesday, February 6

The Black Dahlia Murder, 3 Inches of Blood, Hate Eternal, Deceit Birth – *Avalon*
The Pinebox Boys, The Utah County Swillers, Badgrass – *Burt's*

Hooligan Blue, Scavenger Poet, Jape – *Liquid Joe's*
Navigator, Aye Aye, Stag Hare, Grizzly Prospector – *Kilby*
Cobra Starship, Metro Station – *In the Venue*
Spork, Severe Bros – *Urban*
Down by Fire, Soultree – *Kamikazes*

Thursday, February 7

Lorene Drive, Just Surrender, Farewell, National Product, Last Serenade, The Recovery – *Avalon*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Julia Mecham, Luke Williams, The Narwal Crisis, The Goodbites – *Kilby*
Ask the Dust, H-13 – *Burt's*
Blacklist Union, Dirty Loveguns, Tommy Had a Vision, Radiata – *Vegas*
Acoustic Open Mic Night w/ Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*

Open Mic Night – *Saints and Sinners*
Black Hens, Katherine Cowles, Dead Horse Pointe – *Urban*

Friday, February 8

Progressive Agenda for 2008 – *U of U*
Mika – *In the Venue*

Sex Dragon – *Woodshed*
Adapt, It Never Ends w/ Special Guest – *Under the Bridge*

Adjacent to Nothing, Insanity Plea, 6:1, Uncomfortable Silence, Meat Wagon – *Vegas*
Old Blue – *Addicted*
Pink Lightning, Red Top Wolverine Show, Cobras, Plastic Fantastic Lover – *Broken Record*

D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
Love Runner, Declaration, Leslie & the Badgers, Garden Sleeper – *Kilby*
SLUG Localized: The Obliterate Plague, Rico Black, Cave of Roses – Urban
Daredevil Gene Bender, Doublewide, Charlie Don't Surf, Thunderfist, DJ Velvet – *Liquid Joe's*

Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Devillock, Night of the Living Rednecks, Irony Man – *Burt's*
Separation of Self, This Failure, Never Before, Flux Capacitor, Embers Rise – *Avalon*
The North Face Masters – *Snowbird*
Blues Sixty Six – *Pat's*

Saturday, February 9

Progressive Agenda for 2008 – *U of U*
The Dreaming, The Street, Eleventh Hour – *Vegas*

NOVA: Jr. Drag Show – *Addicted*
Salt Lake Poker Tour – *Woodshed*
Dublife Soundsystem, Lion Dub Station – *Red Light*

The North Face Masters – *Snowbird*
The Rubes CD Release, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*

Bi-Polar Bear, The Future of the Ghost, Cub Country, Libbie Linton – *Kilby*
Allred, Josh Rosenthal, Spiral Diary, James Belliston – *Solid Ground*

Cavedoll CD release – *Broken Record*
The Woolfe Bell Band – *Pat's*

Ruby Release – *Bar Deluxe*
Doublewide, Salt Town Greasers, Kate Leduce, Mean Molly's Trio – *Burt's*
Emery, As Cities Burn, Mayday Parade, Pierce the Veil, Cry of the Afflicted – *Avalon*
The Dreaming – *Vegas*

Sunday, February 10

The North Face Masters – *Snowbird*
Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Glinting Gems – *Urban*

Monday, February 11

The North Face Masters – *Snowbird*
Impending Doom, With Blood Comes Cleansing, Camifex, They Came in Swarms, Hermoine – *Avalon*

Tuesday, February 12

Meteors, The Killer Kats – *Burt's*
Ovo – *Red Light*
Andy Sherman – *Woodshed*
Battles Axes Art Show – *Broken Record*
Prezident Brown – *Urban*
Timbre, Lungus, Seamus, The Fey – *Kilby*
Saosin – *In the Venue*
Planned Parenthood Annual Dinner – *Downtown Marriot*

Wednesday, February 13

Galactica, Chali 2NA, Ohmega Watts – *Depot*
Monorchist, Racist Kramer, Liquid Koala – *Burt's*
Valentines Single Awareness – *Broken Record*

The Body, Elephante – *Liquid Joe's*
Limbeck, John Raiston, Band of Annuals, The New Frontiers – *Kilby*
Weatherbox, Jet Lag Gemini, Larusso, The Trademark, Snuffaluffagus – *Solid Ground*

Thursday, February 14

Marilyn Manson, Ours – *Saltair*
Elephante, John E Dangerously, Ulysses – *Burt's*
Single Awareness Day Party – *Saints and Sinners*
Pretty in Pink 80s Prom – *Area 51*
The New Frontiers – *Solid Ground*
Quadrasonic – *Piper Down*
Tony Furtado, Mother Truckers – *Urban*
Acoustic Open Mic Night w/ Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*
Limbeck, John Raiston, Seve vs Evan, Jacket Weather – *Kilby*
Pink is the New Gold: Boarding for Breast Cancer – *Sidecar*

Friday, February 15

Three Reasons, Funk and Gonzo, ECS – *Liquid Joe's*
Lily's 7th Birthday – Love Mommy and SLUG

Toy Soup Comedy Troupe – *Woodshed*
Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Cavedoll CD release, Highbeams, Lets Become Actors – *Bar Deluxe*
Bedouin Soundclash, Westbound Train, Beat Union, Chango Malo – *Urban*
Tough Tittie, Bring Your Guns, Erratic Erotica – *Burt's*

Soul Shakers w/ Special Guest – *Under the Bridge*
Poetica, Collin Creek, Blonde Assassin, Motif Onix, R. Dub – *Vegas*
Tattoo Convention party w/ Oni Tattoo, IOTA, XJR, Nine Worlds – *Broken Record*
Rick Welter – *Pat's*

Salt Lake City International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
United Underground/Big Works by 17 Local Graff Artists – *Artopia*

Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC

Colbie Caillat – *Sound*

US Bombs, Far From Finished, The Willkills, The Riff Robbers, The Front – *In the Venue*
Soulshakers – *Under the Bridge*
King Spade, {hed} PE, Subnoize Souljaz, Big B, The Dirtball – *Avalon*
Bykali Last Show on Pierpont – *Aphelion Art Studio*

City Weekly's Slammys – *Depot*
D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
Swans of Never – *Solid Ground*

Saturday, February 16

Sara Bareilles – *Velour*
Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Woodshed*
Shackleton, Charlie Don't Surf, The Willkills, Repeat Offender – *Burt's*
Chimaira, Five Finger Death Punch, Divine Heresy – *Avalon*

Anything That Moves – *Bar Deluxe*
Salt Lake City International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*

Sam Weller Store wide sale ends – *Sam Weller's*

Soggy Bone, Bad Apples – *Tony's*
Massacre at the Wake, Vinia, Prosthetic Heads, Necrophacus, Shred Bettie – *Vegas*
People Noise, Laserfang – *Urban*
The Kap Bros Acoustic Duo – *Pat's*
Black Hearts Ball: DJ/DC, DJ EvilK, DJ Nekro – *Ritz*

Cavedoll CD release, The Lionelle, Loom, Lord Mandrake – *Kilby*
Fews & Twos – *Red Light*

Sunday, February 17

The Redwalls, Catfish Haven – *Kilby*
Salt Lake City International Tattoo Convention – *Salt Palace*
Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Glinting Gems – *Urban*
Wisebird, Ulylessus – *Woodshed*

Monday, February 18

Cavedoll – *Kilby*
Planned Parenthood Action Council lobby day – *Capitol*

Tuesday, February 19

Emmure, Whitechapel – *Avalon*
Foxy Shazam, Karate High School, Peachcake – *NVO*
Ben Raskin – *Woodshed*
Creature Feature, TVBS, The AKA's – *Kamikazes*

Henchmen, Spooky Deville, Mean Molly's Trio – *Burt's*
Kristen & the Kittens, A Cassandra Utterance, For Fair Weather, The Yearbook – *Kilby*
Queensyche, Don Dokken – *Depot*
Devision, Necessary Response, Riverhead – *Vegas*
Dub Trio, Foreign Islands, Lion Dub Station – *Urban*

Wednesday, February 20

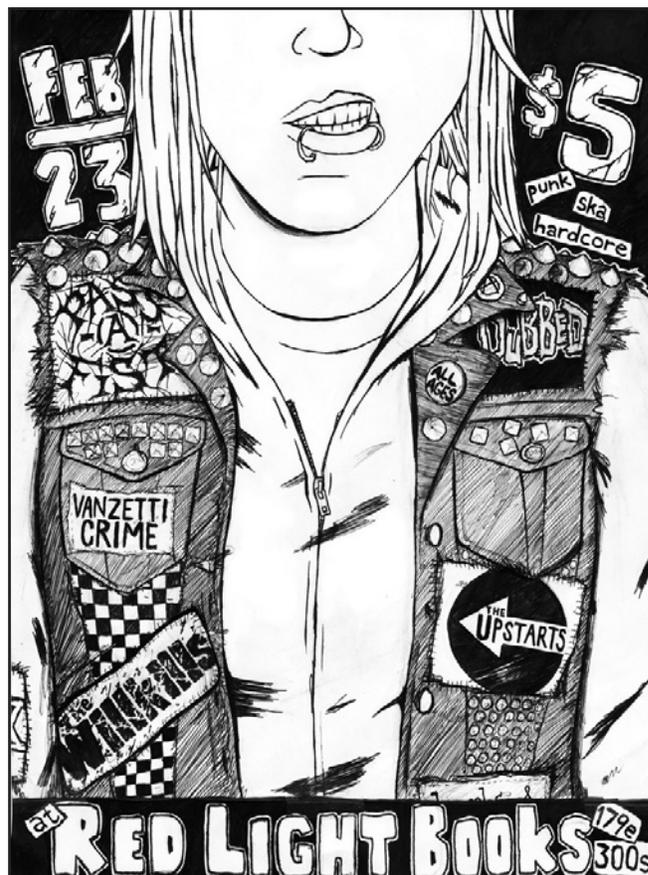
Royal Abbey, Altered Realm, Jilted, Hooligan Blue – *Burt's*
Soultree, The Street, Joe Cool – *Kamikazes*
Eric Openshaw Band, Something Else, R. Dub – *Urban*
Vinyl Williams CD Release, Larusso, Loom, Emme Packer, The Market – *Kilby*

Thursday, February 21

WE DK, Lost by Reason, The Gorgeous Hussies – *Bar Deluxe*
Science and Literature Symposium – *U of U*
Acoustic Open Mic Night w/ Jeremiah Maxey

– Pat’s
 Every Time I Die, From First to Last, The Bled,
 August Burns Red,
 The Human Abstract – *Saltair*
 Arms at Akimbo, Chelsea Lyn, Minister Row,
 Austin Heller – *Kilby*
 Saviours, Intronaut, Via Vengeance – *Burt’s*
 Blue Scholars, Swollen Members, Hieroglyphics – *U of U*
 Skeleton Witch – *Vegas*
 Open Mic Night – *Saints and Sinners*
 Swagger – *Piper Down*
 Horrorpops, The Pink Spiders – *Avalon*
Friday, February 22
 Science and Literature Symposium – *U of U*
SLUG Mag Anniversary Party: Making a Scene Screening 8pm and 9pm – *Brewvies*
SLUG Mag Anniversary Party After Party – *The Trapp Door*
 The Furs w/ Guest – *Under the Bridge*
 Michael Dean Damron and Thee Loyal Bastards – *Heavy Metal Shop*
 D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
 Michael Dean Damron and Thee Loyal Bastards, The Whipsaws,
 Thunderfist – *Bar Deluxe*
 George Washington’s Bday – *Woodshed*
 Separation of Self, Kohabit, Balance of Power, Guttshot – *Vegas*
 Vinyl Williams CD Release, Bring Your Guns, O’ Blue – *Broken Record*
 Ghastly Hatching, Cloud Klva, Night Terror, Expulsion, Levi Rounds – *Red Light*
 SHATI, Heathen Ass Worship, Levi Rounds – *Burt’s*
 Johan the Angel, The Canoe, Paul Jacobsen, Chaz Prymek – *Kilby*
 Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Illuminati, GFC – *Avalon*
 Tolchock Trio CD Release, Future of the Ghost – *Urban*
 Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Saturday, February 23
 Sia, Har Mar Superstar, The Auto-Pirates – *Avalon*
 Redneck Mafia, Scripted Appology, One50eight, Til She Bleeds – *Vegas*
 Science and Literature Symposium – *U of U*
 Bluehouse Ski Rail Jam – *Brighton*
 Fetish Night – *Area 51*
 Diesto CD Release – *Broken Record*
 Accidente, Diesto, Eagle Twin – *Burt’s*
SLUG Mag: Making a Scene Matinee Screening 4pm – *Red Light*
 Stark Raven – *Pat’s*
 Tragic Black – *Kilby*
 Men, Hey Willpower, Rope or Bullets – *Urban*
 Slippery Kittens Burlesque – *Bar Deluxe*
 Pass A Fist, Vanzetti Crime, The Willkills, Dubbed, The Upstarts – *Red Light*
Sunday, February 24
 Ether Orchestra, Coyote Hoods, Glinting Gems – *Urban*
Monday, February 25
 311 – *Depot*
 Aaron Roche, Psaltier, Joel Taylor – *Addicted*
Tuesday, February 26
 Peter Harvey, Kristian HEald, Parleys Drifters, Lorin Cook, Cambriah,
 Kate Ledeuze – *Burt’s*
 Roca Tuesday – *Woodshed*
 Goatwhore, XUR, Gaza – *Vegas*
 M: Quiqte, Covette, Mutton Hollow, Riots of Eighty – *Solid Ground*
 James Belliston, The Precinct, Egg & Dark, Mommy’s Got a Brand Liver – *Kilby*
Wednesday, February 27
 Built to Spill, The Meat Puppets, Helvetica – *Depot*
 Sole, Telephone Jim Jesus, Synthesis – *Urban*
 Mahjongg, Calvin Johnston, These are Powers, Vile Blue Shades – *Kilby*
 Bless the Fall, AGATG, My Children My Bride, Stray from the Path, FTFD – *NVO*
 Psychostick, Better Left Unsaid, Cave of Roses

– Burt’s
 Emma Hill – *Red Light*
Thursday, February 28
 Bone Thugs N Harmony – *Saltair*
 The Butlers of Chateau, Grayskull, The Utah County Swillers,
 The Irish Brothers – *Burt’s*
 Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
 Josh Radin – *Urban*
 LA Guns, Aerial, Dirty Loveguns – *Vegas*
 The Future of the Ghost, Tolchock Trio CD Release, Bad Weather California – *Kilby*
 Psychostick, Better Left Unsaid, Trench, 12 Ton Jezus – *NVO*
 Zigs Big Electric Polish Blues Jam – *Pat’s*
 Open Mic Night – *Saints and Sinners*
Friday, February 29
 Lewis, Summer Lights, Going Second, Grey-scale Funeral, Exit, Nuclear Hearse,
 The Rest, We Sail at Dawn – *Avalon*
 Top Dead Celebrity CD Release, Spork, Them Changes – *Broken Record*
 The Good Karma Blues Band – *Pat’s*
 Rune, Final Exit, The Street – *Vegas*
 Leap Year Party – *Saints and Sinners*
 D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
 Soulshakers – *Eagles Lodge*
 Whitewater Ramble Boulder, Elephante – *Woodshed*
 Lion Dubs – *Under the Bridge*
 Songs from the Rodeo, Laughter, Behold, Gaza – *Red Light*
 Pseudo Recordings Winter Showcase: Cub Country, Andale, Cavedoll – *Urban*
 From the Grave to the Cradle Fashion Show – *South Towne Mall*
 The Prick and the Burn, Tough Tittie, Swamp Donkeys, Bloodworm – *Burt’s*
 Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Saturday, March 1
 IOTA – *Burt’s*
 The A Sides, Division Day, Patterstats, Mr. Oasis – *Kilby*
 Arcade Slopestyle – *Brighton*
 Fat Paw, The Jeff Phillip Band – *Woodshed*
 Out of the Box – *Rose Wagner*
 Spring Fest – *Fairgrounds*
 Separation of Self, I am the Ocean, Clifton, Vinia, Fetus Frenzy – *Vegas*
Sunday, March 2
 This Will Destroy You, Our Dark Horse, I Hear Sirens, Xaalis – *Kilby*
Monday, March 3
 Audrey Sessions, A Film in the Ballroom, The Lionelle – *Kilby*
 Lifehouse – *Depot*
Tuesday, March 4
 Angels & Airwaves – *In the Venue*
Clutch, Murder By Death, Maylene & the Sons of Disaster, Hex Machine Promoters – *Depot*
Wednesday, March 5
 WASP, Liquid Violence, Fatal Smile – *Vegas*
 Slim Cessna’s Auto Club – *Urban*
Thursday, March 6
 Voodoo Glow Skulls, Knockout – *Burt’s*
 Holy Fuck – *Urban*
 The Marriage Counselors – *Piper Down*
 Acoustic Open Mic Night w/ Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat’s*
 Open Mic Night – *Saints and Sinners*
Friday, March 7
 Yellowcard, MxPx, Play Radio Play, Treaty of Paris – *Avalon*
 Radio Rhythm Makers – *Burt’s*
 Black Eyed Susan, The Sever Brothers, O’ Blue – *Broken Record*
 Vandals – *In the Venue*
 D Sharp + OM – *Artopia*
 Rascal Flatts, Kellie Pickler – *Energy Solutions*
 Earth Crisis, Terror, Sworn Enemy, Down to Nothing, Recon – *NVO*
 Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*



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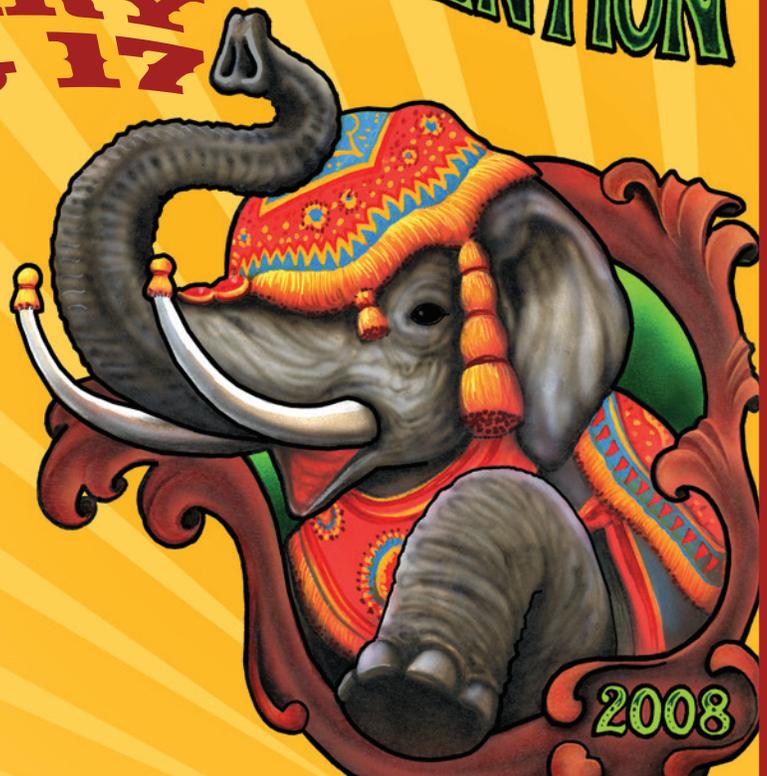
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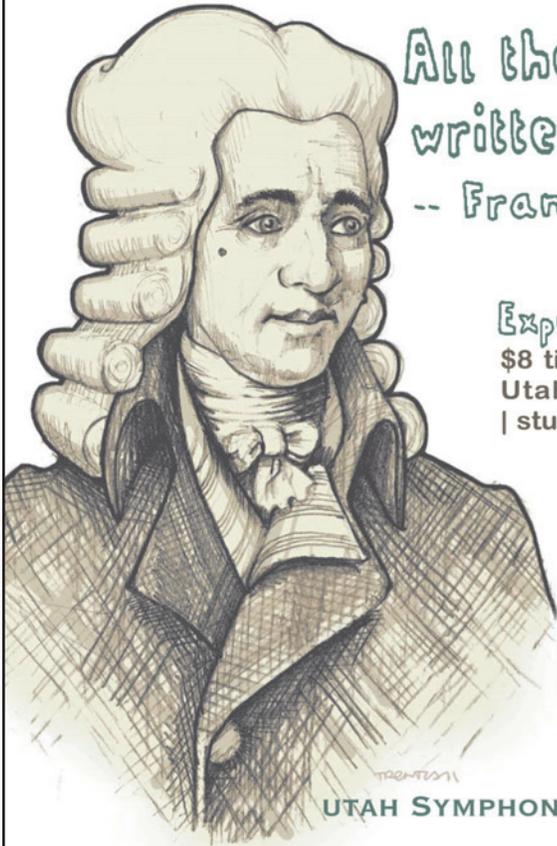


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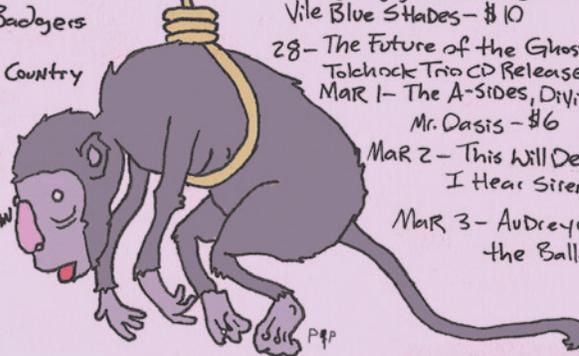
Kilby Court

Doors at 7pm Unless Otherwise Noted

- 1-Will Sartain CD release Night 1, BAND of ANNUALS, Frank Johnson's Personal Orchestra - \$6
- 2-Will Sartain CD Release Night 2, Tolchock Trio, Blood on the Wall, Live it up SWEAT \$6
- 3-MGMT, Yeasayer, Bring the Guns \$8/\$10
- 4-Dynamite Walls, E for Explosion \$8
- 5-Witness the Forecast, Jesse Rogers, The Precinct, Amber Alert, Digital LUV - 6:30 PM - \$6
- 6-Navigator, Aye Aye, Stag Hare, Grizzly Prospector - \$6
- 7-Julia Mechem, Luke Williams, The Narwal Crisis, The Goodbites - \$6
- 8-Love Runner, Declaration, Leslie & the Badgers Garden sleeper - \$6
- 9-Bi-Polar Bear, The Future of the Ghost, Cub Country Libbie Linton - \$6
- 12-Timbre, Lungus, Seamus, The Fey - \$6
- 13-Limbeck & John Ralston Night 1, BAND of ANNUALS, The New Frontiers
- 14-Limbeck & John Ralston Night 2, Seve vs Evan Jacket Weather
- 16-CAVEDOLL CD release, The Lionelle, Loom Lord Man Drake - \$6

February calendar

- 17-The Redwalls, Catfish HAVEN, TBA - \$10
- 19-Kristen & the Kittens, A Cassandra Utterance, For Fair Weather, The Yearbook - \$6
- 20-VINYL Williams CD Release, Larusso, Loom, Emme Packer, The Market - \$6
- 21-Arms At Akimbo, Chelsea Lyn, Minister Row, Austin Heller \$6
- 22-Johan The Angel, The Canoe, Paul Jacobsen, Chaz Rymek \$6
- 23-TRAGIC BLACK - \$6
- 23-URBAN LOUNGE: MEN (featuring JD & Johanna of LETIGRE) Hey Willpower, Rope or Bullets - \$10/\$12
- 26-James Belliston, The Precinct, Egg & Dart, Mommy's Got A Brand Liver
- 27-Mahjongg, Calvin Johnston, These Are Powers, Vile Blue Shades - \$10
- 28-The Future of the Ghost Tour send off, Tolchock Trio CD Release, Bad weather California - \$6
- MAR 1- The A-SIDES, Division Day, Patterstats, Mr. Dasis - \$6
- MAR 2- This Will Destroy You, Our Dark Horse, I Hear Sirens, Xaalis - \$8
- MAR 3- Audreye Sessions, A Film in the Ballroom, The Lionelle - \$6



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TUESDAY

gutter butter

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Feb. 12 Battle Axes Art Show: Sarah de Azevedo, Shauntay Ramsey and Michelle/Emerson

WASTED WEDNESDAY

Feb 13. Valentines Single Awareness.

Kissing Booth. Speed Dating. DJ: Rico Black. \$5 Long Islands

FRIDAY NIGHTS

2.8 Pink Lightnin, Red Top Wolverine Show, Cobras & Plastic Fantastic Lover

2.15 TATTOO CONVENTION party w/ ONI Tattoo. IOTA, Xur & Nine Worlds

2.22 Vinyl Williams CD Release w/ Bring Your Guns and Ol Blue

2.29 Top Dead Celebrity CD Release show w/ Spork & Them Changes

3.7 Black Eyed Susan, The Sever Brothers and Ol' Blue

SATURDAY SUNDAY

All day Breakfast

Dance Evolution

Dance Party. DJ:DC

Vegan and Meat Lovers Brunch

Metal on the Sabbath