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VOL. 19

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Contributor Limelight



Jaleh Afshar • Artist/Designer

Jaleh is the brightest hue on the design staff at SLUG. Usually decorated in florescent bracelets and sporting vintage Ts, the young artist has been reading SLUG since she was a wee lad. Dividing her time between gigs as KUTE's Station Manager and part owner of local advertising agency Fighting Dinosaur, Jaleh also squeezes in time to paint, draw, and design. Look for this prodigy's art on the latest edition of SLUG stickers and T-shirts!

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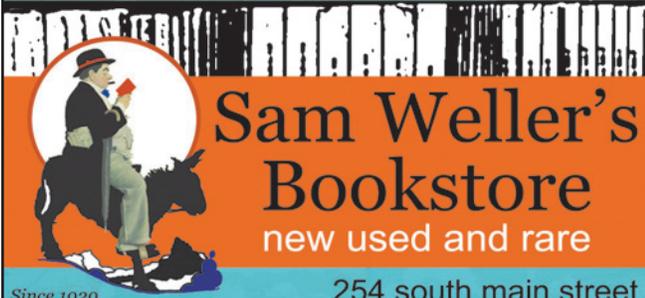
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Dear Dickheads

Dear SLUG,

You are the only (or at least the best known) local rag that supposedly gives voice to the underrepresented, disenfranchised "underground" in this quasi-totalitarian state. So why then do you choose to remain politically neutral in such an important election year? Why don't you endorse a candidate or state your opinion on public issues? Or at the very least, cover them? We are left to assume that coverage of Spindance, how to spell diarrhea, and when exactly the phrase "F-Dude" went out of vogue are now top priority on the public's "need to know" radar. Step it up.

—Jaded in West Valley

WOW! I didn't think people in West Valley knew how to read, let alone vote. We at SLUG are glad to hear that someone is jaded in West Valley, as opposed to the faded in West Valley types we normally hear messages from, left on our voicemail at 3am, proclaiming their metal band is the new Winger. As far as your suggestion for endorsing a candidate and covering the presidential election ... patience, my child. We still have eight SLUG Mag issues ahead of us for that shit.

Send us your letters: dickheads@slugmag.com

Retraction & Apology:

In last month's issue # 230, we ran the following quote and attributed it to Mr. Kevin Reese:

I'm not just the longest running Goth/Industrial DJ in Salt Lake, I'm the longest running DJ period."

However, it should have read:

I'm not just the longest running Goth/Industrial DJ in Salt Lake, I'm ONE of the longest running DJs in Salt Lake, period."

SLUG Sincerely apologies for the misquote.

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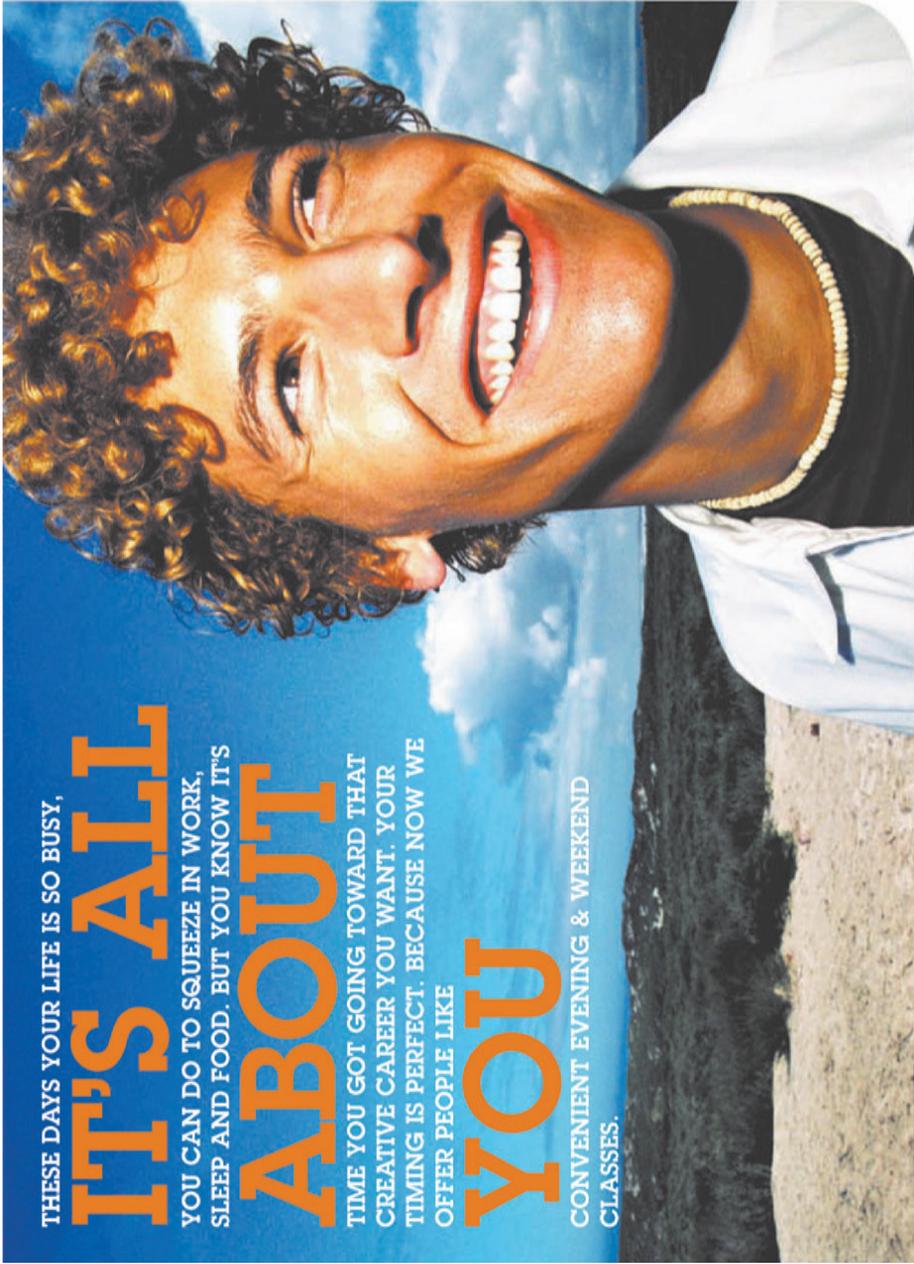
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Localized

By Josh McGillis punchdrunkpublic@hotmail.com

The second Friday of every month, *SLUG Magazine* hosts *Localized*, a showcase of Utah's local music that deserves to be heard. On March 14th, Ogden punks **JÜSE** and **Animus Grin** will headline *Localized* with opening band **Spearit!** at *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members—which will prove to be unforgettable. If five dollars could always buy that kind of chaos, civilization would be nothing more than a myth

Cecil – bass, lead vocals

Jeff – drums

Schuyler – guitar

Gemini -guitar

I rendezvoused with JÜSE at *Grounds For Coffee* in Ogden. When I arrived, lead vocalist and bassist **Cecil** was the only member there, although the others were on their way. We talked to pass the time, and Cecil had told me that their drummer, **Jeff "Blitzen,"** was at work—he delivers pizza at *Pizza Runner*—and was unsure if he would be able to make it. Shortly after, guitarists **Schuyler** and **Gemini** joined us.

JÜSE is one of the few bands left who can actually say they are D.I.Y. When they aren't playing shows, the members are hard at work, whether that means earning a paycheck, or building their own recording studio.

The group is not only building the studio to record their album—they are looking to start their own independent record company, which would allow them to begin to sign other worthwhile local bands.

"It used to be that if you were a decent band, you got noticed and got signed for at least just a little bit," Cecil said. "Nowadays, you've got the Internet, and

you can do it all yourself. You can get a home studio in a box." The group doesn't expect any record executives to be out scouting in Ogden, Utah, and know that "you've got to do it yourself."

The plan for their label, **Jus-Tus Records**, is already well underway. With a number of bands already knocking on the door to be signed, Jus-Tus has the potential to be very successful, but not only as a label. JÜSE is in the process of trying to book their first tour starting mid-May, and with the creation of Jus-Tus, as Gemini pointed out, they can set up gigs as "bookers and promoters [because venues and bars] look at it totally different from just a bass player trying to book a show."

Although JÜSE is known in Ogden for constantly playing big shows and having a huge following of die-hard fans, the group makes almost no money from the gigs they play. The band rarely plays in venues, but not from a lack of notoriety. "[Playing at a venue] is too impersonal," Cecil said. "It's like you don't have any control; you don't run the music ... and there is a barrier between [us and the crowd]."

"Most the shows we play are free shows," commented Gemini. Prior to the destruction of Sugar House, JÜSE played a benefit show for *Free Speech Zone* before they relocated. They had spread the word about the show through fliers and word of mouth. When not playing a show for local businesses, JÜSE is busy playing benefit shows for one cause or another. "We play benefit shows all the damn time," he continued. At most of the benefit shows, JÜSE invites the people from *Free Speech Zone* to set up and hand out information on unions and other activist-related materials.

JÜSE is known for their wild house shows. One of their most memorable took place after a cancelled gig at **Boom Va**. "There were three bands just wanting to play a show," Schuyler explained, "and everyone was looking for a house and I had a house." The band managed to squeeze in 100 or so people into Schuyler's house for the show. "By the end of the night I had people jumping into my ceiling fan, pouring beer on the floor, having sex on the hood of the van in my backyard, our drummer was passed out on the porch, I had to kick a couple people out ... and on top of that, I hadn't been there in a few days because the water had been shut off [so] there was no toilet. It was a really bad time."



Animus Grin



Ryan Jones – vocals, guitar
Sweet – vocals, bass
Dan – drums

Animus Grin's three members are so dynamically different that it's a wonder the band can function. It's like mixing condiments—usually the contrast can ruin the final product, but occasionally it could be just crazy enough to work (i.e. fry sauce).

Ryan Jones, or "Jonesy," is the alpha male of the group. Through the interview, Jonesy proceeded to crack jokes and rip on his fellow band members. "We're trying to get groupies," he said. "But it's hard to get groupies when two of the band members are gay." During the day, Jonesy is the production manager of **Wasatch Container**, and at night he apprentices at **Royal Flush**, a tattoo shop in Layton. Following his intense work schedule, he plays music instead of getting some shut-eye. Lyrically, Jonesy's biggest influence is "**Violent Femmes**, because their shit is just twisted as hell and it affected [him]"; musically he is influenced by **Rancid**, **Operation Ivy**, **Catch 22**, old **Vandals** and **The Clash**.

Dan has only been in the band for about three months, but still holds as much influence over Animus Grin as Jonesy or Sweet. He was invited to join the band after the previous drummer "flaked for a girl." He had met Sweet at a pizza place that they both worked at, but Dan is now a cop; his rookie phase (which means that he gets "the most fucked up shifts" possible) is coming to an end, so the group can start booking more gigs. After he joined, the group started playing faster because of his drumming style. Dan's idol is **Josh Freese** from The Vandals. The **Green Day** album *Dookie* is also a heavy influence.

Although Sweet has only been playing bass for about two years,

that band says that he's amazing, and with **Matt Freeman** and **Flea** as his biggest influences, he should be. "[Sweet's playing] walks all over the place for no reason. It doesn't really go with the song, but it sounds cool, so we let him do it." He is currently totally broke and unemployed.

Animus Grin plays fast-as-hell punk rock. "We have about an 18- to 20-song set that we can play in about 40 minutes," Jonesy commented. With the addition of Dan and his style to the band, they play faster now; they can only play about a 12-song set before being wiped out.

"**JÜSE** and [Animus Grin] don't really sound all that alike," said Jonesy. "The only thing we have in common is we both have shitloads of energy, we're both violent onstage towards our instruments, we like to jump around, yell, scream, have fun and rip on society in general. I mean, that's what punk is; punk is rebellion." Since Animus Grin brings that kind of energy to the stage, they expect the crowd to give it back. "We [played] a show with this screamo band from Ogden, **Burying Ann Hewitt***, and their fans just kick ass. I don't care if they're little emo kids that like cutting themselves or whatever, those little fuckers just want to rock." They were running into each other and they were hitting themselves and the band. Jonesy said that after the show he left the stage with bloody fingers, because they got so into it with the crowd. That's a prime example of the kind of response Animus Grin likes to receive. "It's no fun when [the crowd] stands there and nod [their heads]." With both JÜSE and Animus Grin known for their stage presence, this month's *Localized* will be one hell of a party. Scrape up five dollars and wobble down to the *Urban Lounge*, because this will be one show that should not be missed.

Editor's Note: *Burying Ann Hewitt* is from Brigham City.

Rocket from the Crypt



Back from the Crypt: Speedo's Resurrection

By James Bennett

bennett.james.m@gmail.com

If you can resist the talent of **John Reis** then you are a stronger soul than I, and I don't want to know you. Because really, what's not to love? Reis emerged from the San Diego music scene in the early 1990s, playing with both **Drive Like Jehu** and **Rocket from the Crypt** (where he performed under the name **Speedo**). Where Jehu was only active in the 90s, RFTC's career spanned fifteen years, ending in 2005. Along side RFTC, Reis played in the **Hot Snakes** and the **Sultans**, started the **Swami** label and put out a solo record under the name **Back Off Cupids**. But above all, it was Reis's time with RFTC that made him a staple of underground music, and his notoriety now borders on legend. After a few years of coasting under the radar, Speedo has returned in a big way. A live CD/DVD of Rocket's final show has just been released by **Vagrant Records**, and the **Night Marchers**, a new project featuring members of the Hot Snakes, is slated to hit stores any day now. Speedo spoke with *SLUG* about the final Rocket from the Crypt show, the new band and his role as a "professional rock-n-roller".

So much of RFTC's mythology is wrapped up in their live show. They were always spot on. They were a six-man rock band in shiny outfits, with more balls than would seem possible to fit into their tight slacks. This was standard fare, and exactly why a live DVD makes so much sense. Recorded on Halloween in 2005, *RIP* features songs that span Rocket's entire career. Highlights include "Don't Darlene" and "Ditch Digger" from 1992's *Circa: Now!* and the now mythic 1-2 punch that is "Middle" and "Born in 69" (from 1995's *Scream, Dracula, Scream!*). A personal favorite, *Jumper K. Balls*, was interrupted mid-song when a toy gun thrown from the crowd hit Speedo in the face. He soldiered on, chalking up the incident as what happens when half of your audience is dressed up for Halloween. Two dozen songs and three costume changes later, the final nail was hammered into the rocket-shaped coffin.

Fans have been waiting for this DVD since it was recorded. When asked about the rabid nature of Rocket fans Reis responded with a sigh. "It's just music; it's not anything that's really that important. You play with people, you have fun, you make music and then you move on. All this romanticizing of the band, of how it has to be like this or like that, these are rules that were made up by people who have small brains—who don't really get that life is short and you have to claw and tear to get what you want out of it." And it is true that the band is overly romanticized, but this may be because RFTC has become the gift that keeps on giving. In addition to this live album, a disc of unreleased songs from 1997 to 2000 is also in the works. This disc, the third in the *All Systems Go* series, will get even more material into the hands of Rocket fans. "These are songs we recorded during practices. All of them are good, and most of them great." It seems that even the participants are holding on to the past. It's difficult to know when to move on.

But Speedo has moved on, and he's back behind the microphone. His new band, the **Night Marchers**, seems to pick up where Rocket left off. Without the horn section, and seemingly with less glitz, the new project is a much more straight forward rock band. And while it shares drummer **Jason Kourkounis** and guitarist **Gar Wood** with the Hot Snakes, it is far less primitive musically, and much more listenable. Reis didn't have much to say about how the band formed, but he is happy with the sound of the forthcoming disc. "You've got to hear it on a system. It's a record that's made to be played out of a corvette while driving down the coast." He went on to describe a unique test marketing practice, where random beach-goers were loaded into a sports car and driven around while the disc played. "We played 20 songs for them, and the 13 that got the best response made it onto the record." The next few months will find the **Night Marchers** at SXSW (Reis's first trip to the Austin-based music festival), and a bicoastal tour is also in the works. While there are no current plans to play the beehive state, Reis looks forward to his next visit. "I love my friends in Salt Lake, and I hope to be seeing them soon."

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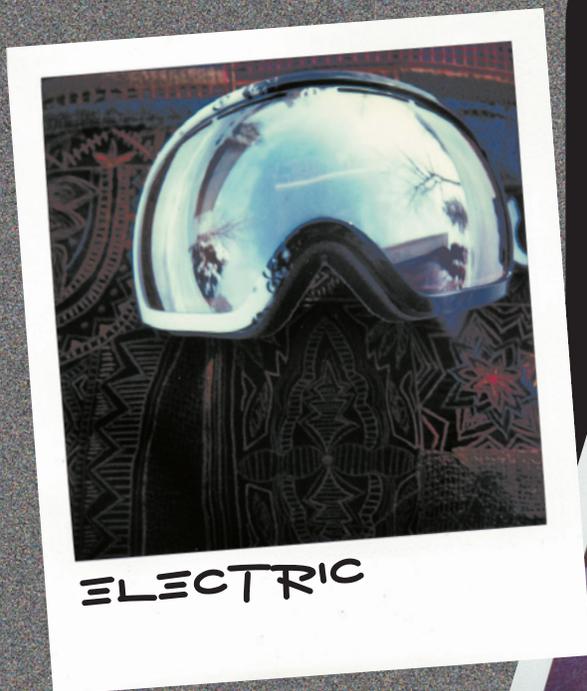
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- 3.30-TRIGGER W/ BORN TO RIDE

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PRODUCT REVIEW

Words & Photos: adam dorobiala



ELECTRIC

EG.. 2 Goggles www.electricvisual.com

These goggles are probably one of the best pairs of spectacles I have ever had the privilege to wear. The super large frames allow you to see the whole picture and the straps and cushions make it feel like you are wearing no goggles at all. Although you can't feel them, they look like they might be a cheaper version of a fighter pilot mask, but it's ok because they actually make you ride mach 1000. Not only are they amazingly functional, but they are also extremely steezy, with a bunch of different colorways (all of the 09 collection for instance) that allow you to find the proper frames and lenses to match your style. You can find them at **Milo** and **Salty Peaks** for sure and if they don't have the ones you want there, you can go online and check the collection available to the public, although word on the street is that the EG.. 2's are sold out.

Leave it to Electric to make goggles that actually work as good as they look.



GRAVIS
FOOTWEAR

Lowdown HC Shoes www.gravisfootwear.com

Gravis is mostly considered a line of chill footwear for time spent not shredding slopes, but, unbelievably, they double as amazing skate shoes. The Lowdown

HC are high tops with a vulcanized sole and style for miles. I noticed that they rub on your ankle in a weird way when you first get them out of the box, but the more you skate/walk in them, the more they become a super solid outer foot for any adventure you might stumble upon. Gravis has a really good selection of different shoes for men and women and a vast selection of high-class color-ways for all of their footwear. You can find their gear at any legit Snowboard shop, and you can see the whole collection of products, ranging from backpacks to apparel, online at the Gravis website. So if you just want to look buttery in the lodge next to the fire or utilize the features of a quality made shoe on your pushing stick, these are the next pair of kicks you need to look into.



FOUR SQUARE
OUTERWEAR

09' Aaron Jacket; Sunburst Plaid

www.foursquareouterwear.com

This jacket is fucking amazing. It comes with a water/windproof shell and has a battery-operated heater inside. That's right. I said it's heated; just charge the battery and you can keep yourself warm no matter what the weather. It has two heating sections (front and back) and then you can go high, medium or low with the handy remote located in the pocket. The only problem is the fact that the battery doesn't last quite as long as they claim. I found that the heater in the jacket is best used on the drive down the canyon as a therapeutic heat massage for your back or a quick "warm me up" on the lift ride up. Talk about high class, **Foursquare** definitely knows how to make their clothing look and feel gang related. This colorway is super bright and snazzy without going overboard on the steez charts, although if you want the sunburst plaid you are gonna have to wait at least until March if not all the way to next season. Look for this jacket and all its colorways to be on everyone at the resort this time next year and if you can't wait until then, you can always check out their current products at any local shop, but I recommend waiting for the new shit to drop; you won't be disappointed with your decision.



First Annual North Face Masters Big Mountain Snowboard Tour

Feb. 10 at Snowbird, UT

Words & Photos: Sully

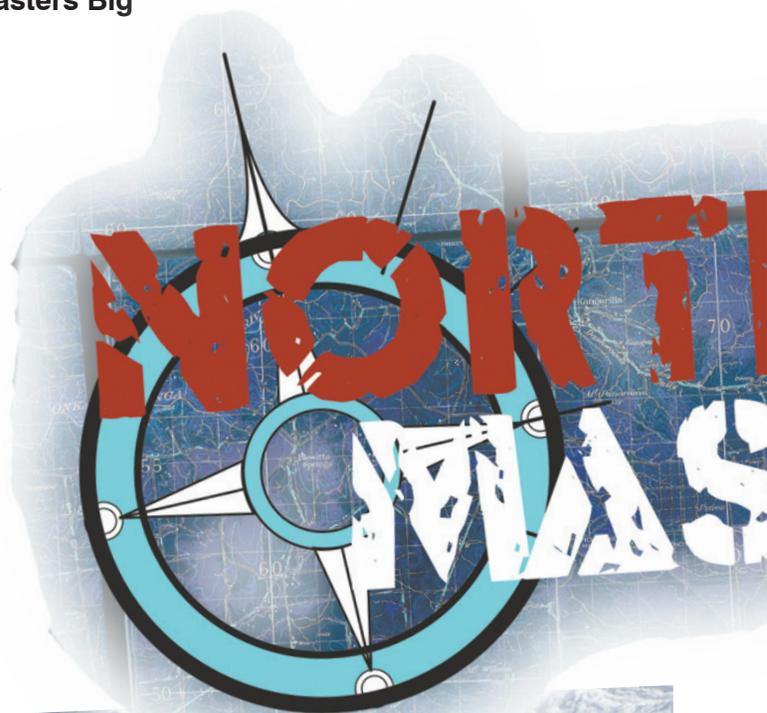
sully@slugmag.com

It has been said that lately the competitive side of the snowboard industry has been wearing blinders, focusing mostly on railjams, halfpipe contests, slopestyle events and the occasional big air contest, with little to no focus on big mountain riding. A decent percentage of every magazine, video and website feature professional riders getting nasty on gnarly terrain, but open entry big mountain contests are few and far between when compared to the barrage of railjams and halfpipe contests.

Enter the "North Face Masters" 2008 Big Mountain Snowboard Tour. The Masters is a two-stop tour devoted to bringing focus back to the roots of snowboarding—steep terrain and big mountains. Unlike the snowboard contests that most are familiar with, the only man made features of the contest are the starting gate and a finish line, with nothing but over a thousand vertical feet of steep natural terrain between the two.

Without a doubt, *The North Face* is an international outdoor/winter sports industry powerhouse, and they enthusiastically threw their weight into the Masters concept. Their commitment was proven by their partnerships with event production company *Mountain Sports International* (M.S.I.), *Primaloft Insulation* and *Future Snowboarding Magazine* as well as their acquisition of world-class big mountain venues, Snowbird, Utah and Aleyaska, Alaska. A \$45,000 cash purse and live webcast coverage of the events via on-site satellite uplinks, further legitimized the event, as well as a collaboration with *Chugach Powder Guides* to provide finalists with a helicopter ride to the top of "Big League", an untracked and extremely gnarly zone at *Aleyaska Ski Resort* that won't be open to the public until 2010.

The first stop was held Feb. 8-10 on the infamous, and avalanche prone, *Mount Baldy* at *Snowbird Ski Resort* in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Event planners wisely scheduled a three-day window for weather contingency, but unlike the *Pipeline Masters* (a prestigious surf contest, which will wait weeks for perfect conditions) event organizers and the higher-ups at Snowbird did not schedule a waiting period, but also left the mountain open to the public the week before the contest. This error virtually ensured that conditions would be less than prime, but the large field of 90 riders proved that competitors were excited and dead serious about their opportunity to push the sport of competitive big mountain snowboarding. Snowbird locals had home-court advantage



with line and terrain knowledge, but the out-of-towners hailing from big mountain meccas like Jackson Hole, Whistler, Alaska, Crested Butte and Lake Tahoe had little trouble keeping up.

High winds and poor visibility put the contest into a holding pattern on Saturday, leaving the female competitors chilling in a North Face tent atop West Baldy while waiting on the elusive sunshine. The sun never did show on Saturday, but free

THE FACE STERS

round started around 11 a.m., and lasted for hours as 70 men waited patiently for their turn to abuse the classic steep, cliff bands, chutes and natural jumps on North Baldy. Riders rode the wind packed snow as if it had a foot of powder on it, throwing dope sprays during high-speed turns, charging 40-degree chutes and dropping hefty cliffs. Not every run was successful, and a few riders tomahawked through rocks down to the finish line, but nobody left with any serious injuries. With a free trip to the second stop of the tour in Alaska, a samurai sword first place trophy and thousands of dollars on the line each rider generally went a little larger and a little faster than the one before, all vying for one of the 15 spots in the finals. Highlights included huge airs from Snowbird locals like **Toby Englert's** HUGE shifty followed up by a front three right at the bottom, **Chris Coulter's** giant backside 540 right in the judge's faces, a sketchy guy who pretty much side slipped the whole boneyard going mach 10, **Martin Gallant's** flowing, high-speed run with one of the days biggest stomps, and again, some of the gnarliest crashes I've seen all winter.

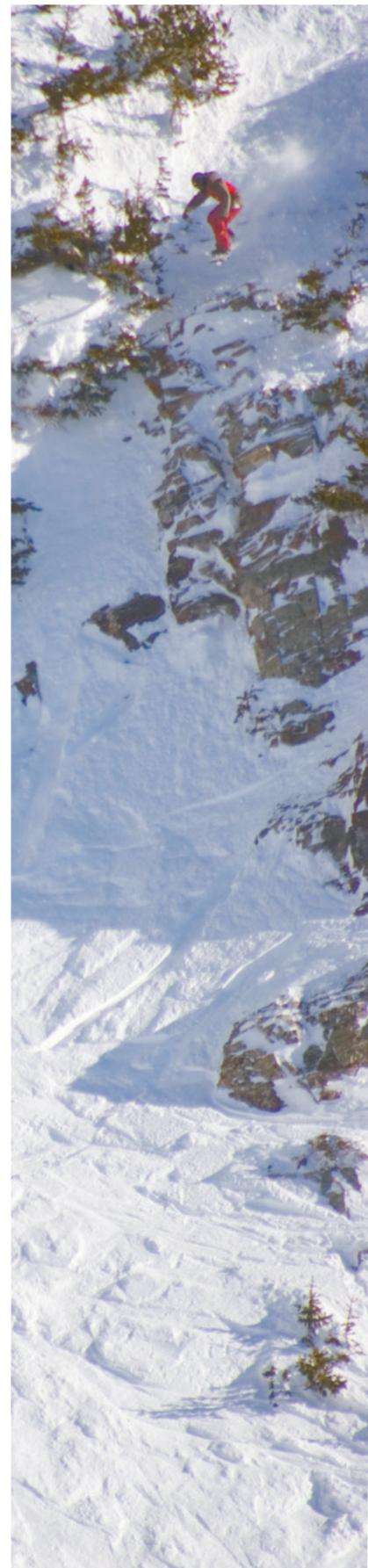
The finals were pretty exciting, but the judging was poor and some riders who shouldn't have made the cut found their way into the finals, while other deserving riders were left to watch from the sidelines. That said, you have to give the judges some credit for accepting such a difficult job, I mean, this isn't a NASCAR race—the difference between first and second, or 15th and 16th is not a matter of seconds or minutes, but rather a matter of personal opinion based on judging criteria. Crested Butte locals, **Clif Dimon** and **Susan Mol**, were both awarded first place, which caused quite the stir among both the crowd and competitors. Susan butt checked and put her hands down on her final run, while second place finisher **Laura Dewy** had a flawless run that showed skill, confidence and power from top to bottom. While Clif Dimon perhaps deserves some credit for basically side slipping down a sheer rock wall and probably destroying his board in the process, he did it in the qualifiers, which made it much less exciting in the finals when he did the exact same thing, skipping gnarly drops to scramble around on the rocks like some sort of billygoat skier (it was not pretty to watch). French-Canadian Martin Gallant should have easily taken first and was a victim of piss poor judging. Both of Gallant's runs were different and his balls to the wall approach and confidence on North Baldy was unmatched by any other rider all day. His final run was by far the most exciting part of the day as he constantly attacked the fall line from top to bottom. Halfway down he 5050'd down the first ten or fifteen feet of a 30-foot cliff face, ollieing the latter half and stomped it like nobodies business. He was also the first, and one of only two riders to step to one of the biggest cliffs at the bottom of the run clearing an I.E.D. (rock) that was lurking ten feet from the base of the cliff, and he stomped the crap out of it not once, but twice. Part of the reason he was stomping everything might be because this hilarious dude (check his interviews in the Masters story on www.futuresnowboarding.com) was landing in the best snow on course because NOBODY else could imagine, find or handle the lines he chose. Hats off to you Monsieur Gallant, everybody knows you won.

Awards were presented at the base of the Snowbird tram under a setting sun, with Clif Diamon, **Ryland Bell** and Martin Gallant claiming first, second and third, respectively. Women winners were Susan Mol, Laura Dewey and **Breanne Stringfellow**. Both first place finishers received four-foot long samurai swords on impressive display stands, a healthy chunk of change and an all expense paid trip to the Aleyska stop of the Masters tour in April. The event went so well that you should expect to see the Masters return to Utah next season, and in all likelihood they'll add an additional stop to the tour to further diversify the terrain presented to big mountain fans and competitors.



PBR's, burgers and hotdogs, courtesy of The North Face, kept spectators and competitors from complaining too much. People had a good time building snow benches, shooting off fireworks and sessioning a gap jump over one of the numerous and large foxholes that were dug by people escaping the persistent wind.

Sunday's weather was perfect; no wind and not a cloud in the sky. The 24 female competitors began their qualifying run at 9:15 a.m. under the morning shade, each battling hard snow and low light for one of 6 seats in the finals. The men's qualifying



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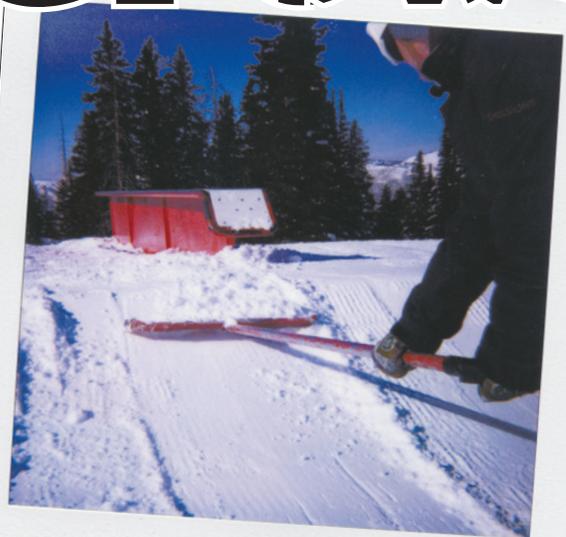


what moves you

Park Crews



A DAY IN THE LIFE



AT BRIGHTON

Photos: Nate Millard

By Helen Wade hwade1981@hotmail.com

Have you ever wondered what it takes to be a member of the park crew at a resort?

Well kids, today I, Helen Wade, *Brighton Ski Resort* park-crew member since 2006, will reveal the secrets of becoming a member of the Terrain Park Crew. You may think that all we do is get paid to snowboard and nothing else. You also may think that being on Park Crew would be the sickest job of all and there is not much to it. Fortunately for you, I am here to reveal the true meaning and physical demands of becoming a "digger."

Using my personal background experience (I am the only girl on my park crew and I have been a digger at *Windell's Snowboard Camp* for the past two summers), I asked several local terrain park managers to break down their average day for me. So here it is, all the magical secrets of a day in the life of a digger.

6:00 A.M.

Alarm clocks around the valley are buzzing, chirping or rocking out the most annoying song to wake up park-crew members.

6:20ish A.M.

After several slams of the snooze button the diggers are beginning to roll out of bed. "It takes me several hits of the snooze and a light to turn on before I even consider getting up," says **Mouse**, a digger at *Brighton*.

Every digger has a different morning routine. Many of the diggers are cursing their messy floor while looking for their ninja suit. I make sure my ninja suit is close by and that a pot of coffee is even closer.

7:15 A.M.

All the diggers are running frantically out of their house while trying to figure out who to car pool with. "We generally meet at the mouth

of the canyon around 7:30 and load up in somebody's car. We care about the environment and want to use the least amount of gas to get up the canyon," says **Keaton**, a digger at *Brighton* resort.

8:00 A.M.

The repetitive beep of the time clock is heard around the resorts. Boots begin to be laced while stories of last night are told.

8:15 A.M.

On a normal non-stormy morning the diggers are given clearance by ski patrol to load the lift and begin their day. If the diggers encounter a stormy day they must wait until ski patrol is done with avalanche patrol. Sometimes this leaves the diggers waiting at the bottom of the lift to load until after nine in the morning.

8:20 A.M.-10:30ish A.M.

The park begins to open. All the diggers spread out to a feature and begin, reshaping, cleaning and perfecting the feature. "During this time we may put some new features in or tweak the existing ones to change the park up a bit," says **Jared Winker**, terrain park manager of *Brighton*. "Most importantly, we want them to have fun. In my eyes the best way for shredders to have fun is to make sure they have a plethora of features to ride and learn tricks on," says **Steve Duke**, terrain park manager at *The Canyons Resort*.

Every morning is a new day and hopefully kids will appreciate the hard work the diggers have put into making the park fun. Please keep in mind that on a powder day the rails are generally buried and we have to find them, dig them out and try and reshape them as best as possible. "If it has snowed over a foot, kids should not be in the park. They should be out slashing the pow.

The rails will be there tomorrow but the powder won't," says **Hayden Price** of the *Brighton Terrain Park*.

11:00 A.M.- 3 P.M.

The whole park is just about open by 11 a.m. At this time some of the diggers go straight out and start taking laps through the park. Others will get a quick bite to eat and rest for a moment before the day goes on. "We like to make sure there is a presence of the park crew in the park at all times. After opening the park a rake rotation schedule is figured out or a specific feature is chosen that needs some extra special TLC," say the diggers.

Most terrain parks are open from 9 A.M.-4 P.M., *Brighton* is the only resort that offers night skiing and access to their park from 9 A.M. -9 P.M., Monday through Saturday. Sunday is the only day the *Brighton Park* has an early closure of 4 P.M.

The park takes a true beating throughout the day. Each feature is hit over 100 times an hour by many different shredders. Throughout the day the diggers pass the rake and try to keep the features as pristine as possible. So if you see a digger raking a feature, please don't stand behind them and ask, "Hey, can I hit that?" The diggers all agreed that this is one of the most annoying questions they are asked throughout the day.

3:15 P.M.-4:30 P.M.

Unfortunately at the majority of resorts this is when you see the diggers band together with rakes in tow to close the park. Each feature has to be raked to perfection and then marked off with bamboo. The bamboo is placed in front of and behind the feature as a marking for the Snow-Cat driver. If you feel the urge to hit a feature that is clearly closed off just remember, the Snow-Cat driver could accidentally hit and ruin the rail that you just had to hit one last time.

***4:30 P.M.* (Brighton excluded!)**

Rakes are placed back in the locker

room, boots are unlaced and sighs are released. The diggers are done for the day! The Park may now be closed to the public and the diggers are going home, but something else is happening. The loud purr of a Snow Cat is heard in the distance. Between the hours of 5 P.M. and 8 A.M. the Snow-Cat crew is working hard to reshape the jumps, fix the landings and push snow around. The Park literally never sleeps. "The thing we can't stand the most is busting our ass for five solid hours to build a new feature and then be told by some random that the park crew is lazy," states Winkler. The diggers agree: "It is frustrating [that] the minute we sit down to take a break people instantly assume we are lazy and don't do anything. What they don't realize is we are human too. Sometimes we get tired and just need a break."

An average digger's day starts at six in the morning and doesn't end until the park is put to bed. For most resorts a parks closure time is 4 P.M., however *Brighton* resort is a little different. Monday through Saturday *Brighton* stays open until 9 P.M. and the diggers follow the same closing procedure as they would on any other day. So the next time you're in the park and you see a digger working, or even just riding,

give them a little appreciation. There is a lot of work put in to the park that is unseen by the public. When you see a new set up or a jump open, remember those features did not sprout from the ground on their own. These guys and gals work hard to build the park and sometimes a nice comment can go a long way.

I hope this article has opened your eyes to what it takes to truly be a digger. Becoming a digger means joining a new family. When asked what the terrain park managers look for in a digger, Steve Duke of *The Canyons* stated, "...I look for the person who loves shredding with all of their heart and loves riding the park everyday. You know a person with the true passion. Also they have to be able to hit every feature and jump ... every jump."

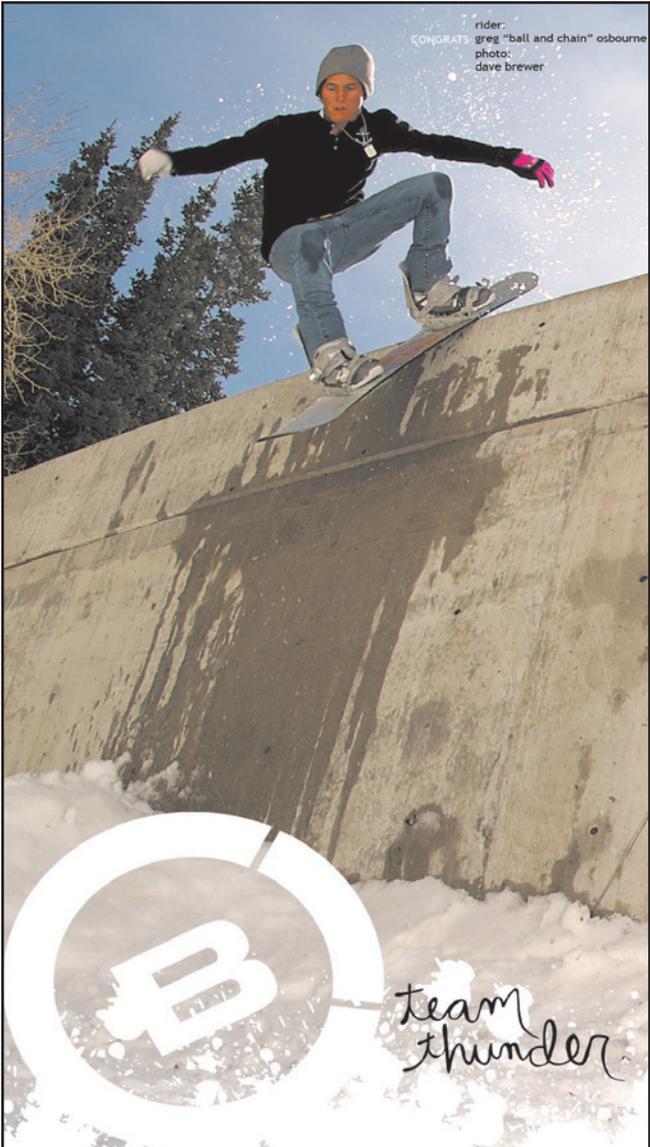


"HEY, CAN I HIT THAT?"



THE PARK CREW ALWAYS GETS THE FIRST JIB AT THE CANYONS

Photos: Sully



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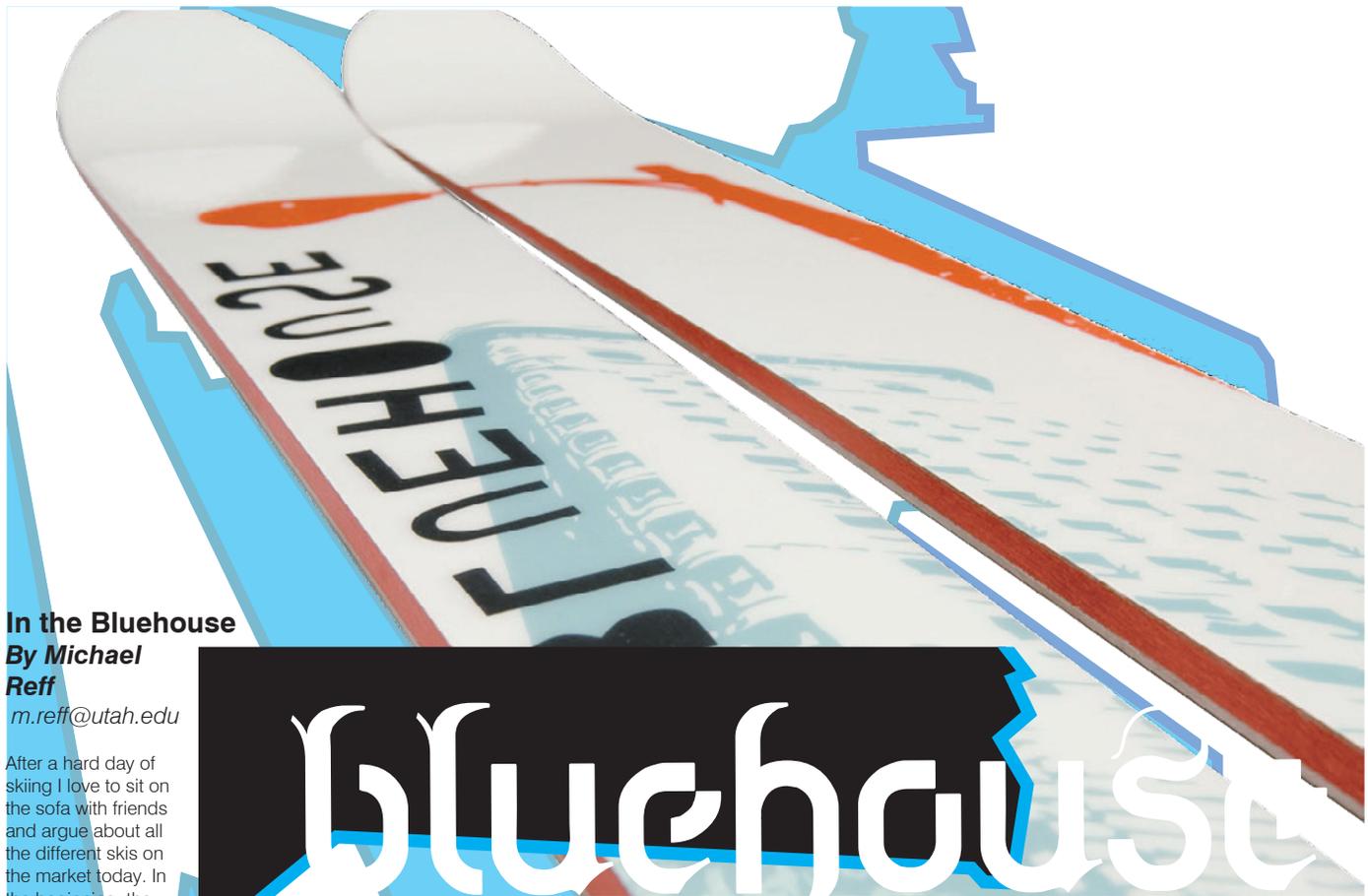
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In the Bluehouse

By Michael
Reff

m.reff@utah.edu

After a hard day of skiing I love to sit on the sofa with friends and argue about all the different skis on the market today. In the beginning, the founders of **Bluehouse**

Skis were no different—except they got off the couch and took the ski babble to the next level. Using their ideas and experience, three college buddies created their own product, Bluehouse Skis. Having lived and skied the Wasatch for their entire lives they wanted to make a ski that they would have fun skiing on. “We just wanted to design skis for the Utah skier,” said **Adam Hepworth** co-founder of the company.

The name Bluehouse came from a home that was shared by the three roommates, **Jared Richards**, Adam Hepworth and **Dan Nebeker**, during their college years. It was in the little blue house in Utah County that Hepworth decided to toy around with shaping long boards in his garage. He realized that with his passion for skiing, combined with his engineering intuitions and a little help from a do it yourself website, he could build his own press and create his very own shred sticks. Before long Hepworth and Richards were shopping for ski manufacturers in China to help make their dream into a reality. Since the company’s founding in spring 2006, the crew has grown to six members of colleagues and college friends; Adam Hepworth is the president, ski designer and manufacturing manager, Jared Richards is the VP general manager, **Shane Larsen** is in charge of communications and marketing, Dan Nebeker is the sales and team manager, **Kendall Card** deals with public relations and **Cait Morgan** is the events coordinator.

The Bluehouse crew isn’t only interested in creating quality skis, but also creating a cooperative movement between the company and the customers. Everything Bluehouse does is extremely driven by its clientele. “Our product development is based on what people want, everything we have made is based on customer feedback,” says Hepworth. They have held contests allowing people to design top sheet graphics for upcoming skis. They will also be holding a contest where customers can showcase their footage on the Bluehouse website. Ultimately, they’re interested in creating a dynamic relationship between the community and the company.

Another Bluehouse goal is maintaining a green business model. All of their skis are built with bamboo, a sustainable resource. “We are all for building skis that have a low impact on the environment, and the bamboo core was a favorite with our testers,” states Hepworth. Since bamboo has such a rapid growth cycle it makes for an environmentally sound alternative to other forms of lumber. Bamboo

bluehouse

is light for backcountry needs, poppy for park steezin tricks and dampening for when it is time to mach down the hill.

Being longtime skiers, Bluehouse understands the pain of purchasing brand new skis at a marked up retail cost. They don’t want their customers to have to pawn off their first-born or sell a kidney just to afford a pair of Bluehouse skis. They’ve been selling their skis exclusively through their website and knocking the price down significantly for their customers. One can buy a brand new pair of District skis from Bluehouse for only \$525 as opposed to spending up to \$1,100 from competitors. “We can still produce a ski that the skiers are stoked about and knock off a couple hundred bucks since we eliminated the retailers,” says Larsen.

Although Bluehouse is only a three-year-old company, they’ve wasted no time establishing a well-rounded team of snow shredding athletes. They have compiled a team that destroys big mountain faces and slays parks and streets across the country. With podium bound athletes like **Dave Wintzer** in the *Freeskiing Tour* and guys like **John Kutcher** hand planting their way across the new school, Bluehouse is bound to be seen in the snow media spotlight. The team riders invest much of their time being a part of the Bluehouse idea and constantly trying to improve their products.

“The hardest part of the whole experience was just getting the ball rolling, but since it started rolling it has been overwhelming how many people want to be a part of Bluehouse,” says Nebeker. Bluehouse stickers are already being rocked proudly from the streets of West Valley to the hills of Park City. The local ski community has already invested massive amounts of interest in this fresh company.

On Feb. 23, Bluehouse hosted the *Black Tie Rail Jam* at Brighton. The event was successful and the Bluehouse crew will be hosting more throughout the season. Next up is the *Bluehouse Ski Slopestyle* at Brighton on March 8. The guys at Bluehouse have also been hitting different resorts every weekend just to get people skiing on their skis and to get the word out. Keep your eyes out for these guys on the snow, having fun and building killer skis. Keep an eye on their website for upcoming events and contests at: www.bluehouseskis.com.

WARNING: UPCOMING CONCERTS **HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS**

- Sat. Mar. 1: Separation Of Self, Clifton, I Am The Ocean, The Kentucky Burning
- Wed. Mar. 5: W.A.S.P., The Crimson Idol Tour with Fatal Smile, Liquid Violence, Radiata
- Fri. Mar. 7: Last Day Of Sun, Blessed Of Sin, Desolate Realm, Dead Vessel
- Sat. Mar. 8: Sarge, Eleventh Hour, Jezus Rides A Riksha, Fire To Reason
- Mon. Mar. 10: Winger, Shadow, Perfect Disorder Overload
- Fri. Mar. 14: Hooga, Ashen Legacy, Vign
- Sat. Mar. 15: Prosthetic Heads, Massacre At The Wake, Kohabit, What Dwells Within, Neckbrace
- Mon. Mar. 17: St. Patricks Day Party with Nine Piece Trio, Sunset Strip: Rage For Order, Funnel Head, Sons Of nothing \$1 Green Draft Beer, Corned Beef And Cabbage, Door Prizes with \$100 Cash Grand Prize
- Fri. Mar. 21: Poetica CD Release Party, Broke City, Kaddis Fly, Locke n Load
- Sat. Mar. 22: Scripted Apology, Scarlet Fall, The Lauderdale, Mutton Hollow, Dimmencha
- Fri. Mar. 28: Waist Deep, Kill Syndicate, Jezus Rides A Riksha, Blonde Assassin, Motif Onyx
- Sat. Mar. 29: Truckulence, tba
- Tue. April 22: Joey Belladonna (Anthrax) Solo Project, Marc Rizzo (Soulfly) Solo Project,
- Fri. Apr. 25: The Sword
- Mondays: Punk Night
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never-never land:



a brief stay in



maui

by adam dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

By adam dorobiala

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The chances that I was getting on the plane were looking good as I waited for my name to appear on the "cleared" list. My name appeared on the screen and I hopped on before they could give my seat away. For a seven-hour flight it went by pretty fast due in part to the delicious screwdrivers and light snacks. When I arrived it didn't seem like it was really happening. The airport had open walls and the sweet warm breeze warmed my cold winter bones. I retrieved my duffel bag from baggage claim and went outside to wait for **Isaiah Beh** and **Chris Cabrera**. Soon enough, a jeep pulled up and we were on our way to paradise.

Into the sweet Hawaiiin breeze the car made its way to the local skatepark. **Ki'hei Skatepark** was fuckin' fun, with skatelite on everything and a sweet little pool in the back. We spent the remainder of the sunlight skating there. Luckily jet lag hadn't set in and all of us skated really well. We left to get some beers and food before heading over to **Lahaina Skate Co.** to meet up with **Donovan McNab** and **Forrest Fleming**. Donovan owns the shop and sleeps in the garage. **LSC** is a solid little shop with super good vibes. We all hung out before we split to get back to home base. Isaiah had to work in the morning so we peaced. My bed for the night was a hammock about 6 feet up and above another bed. Best night of sleep ever.

In the morning I walked around before Isaiah got up and took some **Polaroids**. **Dillon Dorsey** called and said he was going to show me around. We made coffee and watched **Random Lurkerz III** before heading out. Isaiah didn't have to work until later so we went skating at the **Wicky Wash** and also a ditch that had been recently cemented and made ready to skate. After skating for an hour and a half, Isaiah was off to work. Dillon drove me around the rest of the day showing me many sick spots and also his home. At the first spot there were some benches and a ton of flatground in-between. We got kicked out after five minutes and then headed down the stretch-way towards the beach where we encountered a white ledge. Perfect height and tucked into the trees, this ledge was "crip" besides the foot traffic of beach goers. We skated there for a while and decided to hop in the car and see more of the island.

We picked up some hitchhikers from Canada and they smoked us out on the way to pick up Isaiah. I called Donovan and we decided to go skate **Wicky Wash**. We skated there for the remainder of the day, packed up and went to get grub. After eating we went back to the shop and drank some brewskies, while watching the **Listen Skateboards** video, **Viajeros Locos**. When the video was over we headed to the bar where Chris's band, **I Chalice**, was playing. I thoroughly enjoyed the live reggae and vibes. Many shenanigans happened that night. After walking up the huge hill to Jared and Isaiah's we jammed out on the guitar before hitting the hammock.

All I remember about day three is that we skated and ended up back at the house while the rest of the world slept. That's pretty much what we did the whole time. Skate and cruise and then skate some more.

On Superbowl Sunday we built a little manual pad in the back of LSC to skate some more. Everybody learned new tricks and enjoyed the sketchy setup. On Monday we went skating again and then cliff jumped near the beach. After we dried off and got kicked out of the hotel hot tub, Dillon took his roommate Andre home and we met up with another friend. 40 oz. later we were at the beach to skate, but only for a second because the VX2000 got dropped and no filming was possible. We took it to a camera store but it wasn't getting fixed. Instead of worrying about it we stopped off at the bar for a few drinks next to the ocean.

The next few days went fast. We went to the harbor to skate and got hassled by a tourist company. **Eric Salawich** was yelling at this one lady who assaulted Isaiah. We bailed before it got hectic. On our way out we saw a police car with full roar sirens heading towards the incident. We hid out at **Mulligan's** and got a drink while things cooled down before returning to Chris's ride.

The next day everyone had to work so I took pictures. I grabbed a few rolls of film, got some coffee and then went to the shop to start construction of a box. When I got to the shop, Forrest was watching skate videos. Chris called and said that he was heading over to

the other side of the island for the first annual **Reggae on the River** festival. He was taking me with. The music was amazing as was the scenery. It was cloudy and looked like a Japanese rainforest, complete with Buddhist sculptures. We stayed there for most of the day before heading back to the westside to skate. We skated until dark and then partied the night away. I'm pretty sure someone



Talk about an action shot, Forrest Fleming flatground master
Photo: Adam Dorobiala



Dillon Dorsey stays safe in the shade while the blunts keep rolling. Photo: Eric Salawich

slipped something in my drink when I went out to smoke because when I was walking home I felt like I was on acid. It was a great experience.

Then it was morning. We went to Pai'ia to skate and also to go into the mountains to see the river where warriors had fallen to their deaths centuries ago. Everybody was tired from the night before and were lagging. The view was amazing as we headed to the other side of the island; whales, landscapes, sun—all creating a wonderful feeling as we traveled. We warmed up at the local park, but ended up staying

without words they can show you a feeling.

We went camping on the other side of the island in Ha'na which is only 40 miles away but the road is narrow and curved it takes three hours to navigate. Isaiah and I rode in the back of the truck looking backwards. I felt drunk. Isaiah said that everything looked like it was moving. It was, and there was nothing we could do to shake it off except jump off some cliffs and get even drunker, the old fashion way. The coast in Ha'na is dense with bamboo forests, papaya and avocado trees. We stayed there for almost two days, hiking and swimming, and then returned to the westside to get back to our skateboards and daily life.



Isaiah Beh and a golden hour back tail prior to construction. Photo: Eric Salawich

because it had so much random stuff to skate. After Chris landed his bigflip we went into the mountains to see the river and to take a swim to cool off from the incredible heat. The water was just the right temperature, cold but refreshing. Everybody meandered back down the trail and we hopped in the jeep and went to skate some more. The school was a bust so the next choice was obvious: the courthouse. Everybody went to work on the spot. Eric was shooting photos, Isaiah (due to rolling his ankle at the park) filmed and Donovan, Forrest, Chris and I skated. Manuals and wallies were flying all over and we were totally satisfied with the session. We got some beers for the drive home and took off into the sun.

Everyone was tired from camping, but Dillon managed to harass some guy in a BMW and the cops got called. The cops in Lahaina aren't down with skateboarders and will take your boards and ticket you if you aren't careful. Luckily Dillon went to get some food and missed the fuzz by a few seconds. After the smoke cleared we went skating and it was great fun for all.

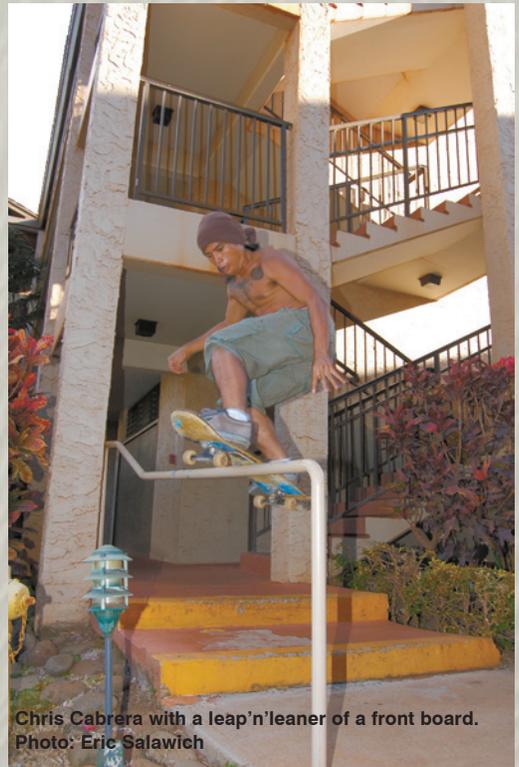
The time blew by fast and before I knew it, it was already time to pack up and head home. The last day was one of the most memorable. We hung out, got stuff done, saw new things, skated (of course) and then topped it all off with a BBQ at **Bradley and Adam's** with beer, food and more good times. I almost missed the flight back to Utah because of unexpected road construction and all the security and customs checkpoints in the airport: maybe it was a sign I should have stayed ...



Blatant self promotion. adam dorobiala with a wallie into the record books. Photo: Eric Salawich

Monday was a lazy day. Everybody was tired or hurt and didn't know quite what to do. I met up with Chris and Forrest to skate before Forrest had work. Once again the training grounds of **Wicky Wash** was the obvious choice. It was great and everyone landed something, but it was really hot and it was time to go before drying up from dehydration.

The next few days were a blurry mess of fun, just riding the wave. I took photos during most of the day, skated and then took some more. Photos are beyond spectral:



Chris Cabrera with a leap'n'leaner of a front board. Photo: Eric Salawich

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The Art of the Game: A Profile of Video Games Live with Tommy Tallarico

By Ross Solomon delpharah@gmail.com

A new era of entertainment was spawned with the invention of *Pong*, the now world-renowned "tennis simulation" game that featured not only an absolutely *breath-taking* monochrome color palette, but also a staggering array of two unique sounds. Sure, *Pong* may not have captured the world by storm like newer games such as *Halo* and *World of Warcraft*, but it began a trend that has been ballooning out of control for over 35 years: a completely new way of immersing oneself in other worlds, beyond what many movies, television shows and even books could ever dream of accomplishing. It wasn't just a way of entertaining oneself—it was a revolution.

Since *Pong*, all aspects of video games have become increasingly more sophisticated. Titles like *Crysis*, *Mass Effect* and hundreds of others create amazingly life-like soundscapes that accompany photo realistic visuals, human-like artificial intelligence and constantly increasing complexities of gameplay. Some games take upwards of six years to create, and almost all high-profile games of today have teams of a hundred or more working day and night to get a finalized product to the eagerly awaiting fans. Professional voice actors and writers complement special effects that rival the best in the movie industry. And when all of the pieces finally come together, the final product is often a legendary game or franchise that is adored by people all over the world.

And yet, with all of the artistic efforts and cutting edge technological advancements being dedicated to these video games, the mainstream media has managed to resist recognizing video games as a true art form for decades. News channels, lawyers and most everyone else have a tendency to seek out possibly controversial content while avoiding altogether the immense artistic values found in games. For years, gamers have quietly accepted this fact, but a new event has surfaced recently that aims to change all that: **Video Games Live**.

Starting in 2005, Video Games Live introduced the mainstream world to the immense artistic talent involved in video game creation. In a nutshell, local orchestras and choirs play game music from *Pong* to *Starcraft 2*. On top of that, light shows and video game footage synchronized with the live music to create a full visual and aural experience. Attendees are also treated to dozens of unique sideshows and activities that happen not only during the concert, but before and after as well. Gamers and non-gamers worldwide have gone into the show not knowing what to expect and have left awe-struck. It's truly an event that needs to be seen to be believed.

Tommy Tallarico, co-founder of Video Games Live and an industry professional for over 18 years, shed some light on this phenomenon. His portfolio includes creating the music and sounds for titles such as *Advent Rising*, *Metroid Prime*, *Earthworm Jim* and *Unreal Tournament 2004*, among over a hundred other titles. He is also the host of G4's "Electric Playground." Tallarico said that their whole goal with VGL was, "To really prove to the world, not just hardcore gamers, how culturally significant and artistic video games have become. That's why we designed the show the way we did." Straying away from just having a symphony play live video game music, Video Games Live features synchronized video on gigantic screens with light shows, special effects, costume contests and interactivity. Modestly, Tallarico summarized the whole event as "...exciting, fun, and in-your-face."

Tallarico and **Jack Wall**, another industry icon with over 12 years of experience under his belt, started working on VGL in 2002 with a simple goal in mind: "...to create a celebration of the whole video game industry. Not just for gamers, but for everyone else." Three years after its inception, their first show was performed in Los Angeles at the **Hollywood Bowl** with the **Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra**. "We wanted to come out with a splash," said Tallarico, and it seemed to have worked wonders. The show sold out and was a huge hit with attendees, marking the start of an incredibly unique dedication to the industry of video games. Many different kinds of people attended the show, ranging anywhere from aging grandmas to hardcore gaming nerds and little munchkins tagging along with their families, yet each and every one left the event with a grin from ear to ear.

AMES LIVE

The Name is :.....
..... Cloud

[AKA, Tommy]
You may know
me from

Final Fantasy 7.



Of course, it's difficult to really understand the vast scope of Video Games Live without experiencing it firsthand. "I like to sometimes compare us to **Cirque Du Soleil** and **The Blue Man Group**," said Tallarico. "Maybe you were like me, the first time you heard of Cirque Du Soleil you had been like, 'What the hell is it? Is it animals? Is it clowns?' It was only after you saw it with your own two eyes...that it started to click in your head what its all about." Tallarico went on to say how, even though live video game concerts have been going on in Japan for over 20 years, nothing has come close to rivaling the scope of Video Games Live. "With [Video Games Live], it was the first time ever that games like *Metal Gear Solid*, *Kingdom Hearts*, *Sonic*, *Warcraft*, *Halo* and *Myst* had ever been performed live anywhere in the world." On top of that, Tallarico added that, "Just within the last couple shows we've added *Bioshock*, *Mass Effect*, and *Halo 3*. We're playing *Starcraft 2* right now and that game isn't out for another year or year and a half!" Take those live performances, mix them "with the cutting edge visuals, interactivity, technology, and fun that video games provide," and nothing short of a true memorable, unique, and entertaining festival-like experience could be attained.

Tallarico also addressed the concerns that some of the video games performed may be too violent for the younger audience members to handle. "Mature"-rated games such as *God of War*, *Metal Gear Solid* and *Halo* are featured throughout the event, but no violence is ever shown. "We don't need to show that 'M'-rated element. We want to keep the show for everybody. These are all beautiful games, and you don't need to show all the blood and guts in order to get the point across." He emphasized that, "[Video Games Live] puts a lot of pride and effort into maintaining high focus and quality for everyone, whether you're an 8-year-old girl or an 80-year-old grandma." Even the pre- and post-show events, such as the costume contest, celebrity meet-and-greet, and game competitions, are accessible to anyone attending the show. "We don't want to shut it out to just hardcore or modern-day gamers, we want everybody. You'll see 45-year-old moms schooling kids in *Space Invaders*. It's hilarious."

On top of the live music, light shows and festival activities, Video Games Live takes it a step further by bringing local aspects to each performance. Every effort is taken to obtain the top orchestra in a particular area for the live performance. "We wanted to bring legitimacy to the video game industry," said Tallarico. "What better way, if we're going to Salt Lake City for example, to show the people and community of Salt Lake and Utah that we're using the top freakin' orchestra in the entire state." Video Games Live performances have featured such orchestras as the **Los Angeles Philharmonic**, **The Houston Symphony**, and even **The National Symphony**. "I think that is very important to build legitimacy," Tallarico added, "not only for our project, but for the whole entire video game industry. The other reason of course is that these are the top musicians in the world. You're not playing with the **Utah Symphony** unless you were the best in your class, all the way from when you were a kid. They are the *best* people to play this music in that region." Additionally, Tallarico said that the electronic percussion part of the performance is often found locally. "The other thing we do is if there is a local video game cover band, we'll actually invite them to be a part of our show as well." All of these aspects make every performance unique and add a great local touch that can't be said for most all internationally touring performances or shows.

"I would just really drive the point home that this is not just for hardcore gamers," summed up Tallarico's intent. "It's a really fun and exciting show and you don't have to know a darn thing about video games to come out and really be blown away. In fact, this is your opportunity to really open your eyes to what [video games] are all about, and to really open your eyes to the 21st century."

Video Games Live will be in Utah for three days and will be performed with the Utah Symphony. Additionally, there will be a slew of high-profile guests from the video game industry (all of which you will be able to meet after the show). The first show will be on March 27 at the **Browning Fine Arts Center** in Ogden, with ticket prices ranging from \$18 to \$34. The other two shows will be on March 28 and 29 at **Abravanel Hall**, with prices ranging from \$40 to \$82. Bring the whole family, get tickets early (as shows often sell out) and make sure to arrive well before the event actually starts so you can kick some ass in *Missile Command* and participate in other pre-show activities. Don't miss out on this unique opportunity to participate in video game history, and be sure to check out www.videogameslive.com for more info.

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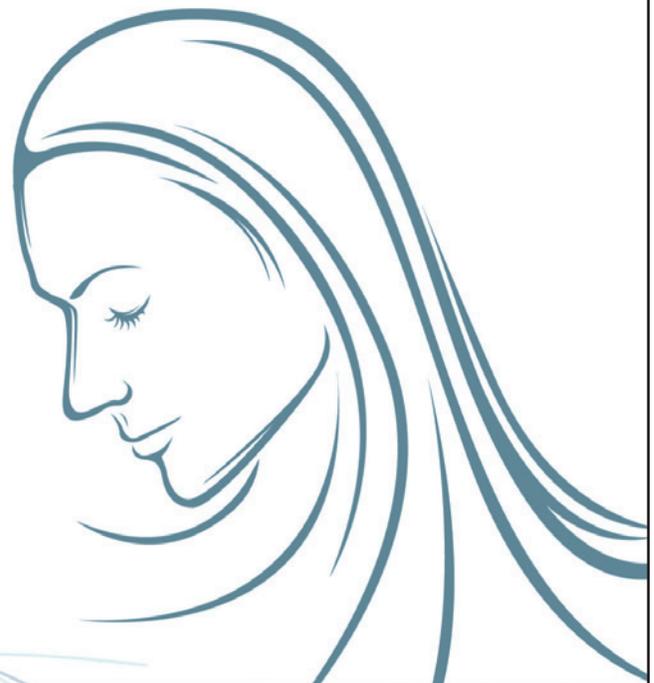
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Everett Ruess

The Boy-Legend: Everett Ruess

By **Vanessa Chang**
vanessachang@gmail.com

From the fading black and white photographs, he doesn't come across as anything extraordinary. Everett Ruess' soft, rounded face looks younger than his 20 years. He was still a boy when he smiled into the lens or looked off into the red rock horizon, his trusty burro in tow. But the boyish looks belied the intensity of an artistic soul. And in 1934 when he walked into the desert wilderness near Escalante, Utah and disappeared, he walked his way into legend.

What happened to the guy? Well, no one knows for sure. Some think he died in the wilderness as he had lived for most of his existence out in the desert, alone, either killed by bandits or by the natural subjects of his art. Others say he concocted the whole thing, making a break for a life free of family bonds.

Plan-B Theatre Company takes a look at the boy-legend with its latest production and world



David Fetzer will play Everett Ruess

Photo: Katherine Winters

premiere of *The End of the Horizon*. Written by Utah playwright, **Debora Thredy** and directed by **Kay Shean**, it's a fictionalized account examining Ruess' relationship with his family and his parents' attempts to search for him right after his disappearance. "Like him, I feel a deep connection to the Canyon country," says first-time playwright Thredy. "So it was inevitable that I'd be hooked by his story."

That story—not to mention Ruess' cryptic last-etching found in a cave that read "Nemo 1934"—has inspired researchers, historians and fans to produce countless books, documentary films and even a nod in **Jon Krakauer's** *Into the Wild*. Not bad for the short artistic life of a 20-year old.

In fact, you could say that Ruess was the O.G. of the American artistic vagabond. In a way he's the **Elvis** and **Billy the Kid** for the artistic souls who have ever been stirred by the sight of red rock monoliths or infinite sky. Ruess was the young rogue who shook things up with his vision of the world and how he wanted to experience it. By the time he disappeared



he had soaked up San Francisco's culture, tracked down his favorite artists of the day like **Maynard Dixon** and **Dorothea Lange** to learn all that he could. Then, there's his intense connection to the environment that strikes a chord with many in Zion.

The local interest is a given. The cast recently took a road trip down to Torrey and Escalante, which holds an annual arts festival that was formerly called "Everett Ruess Days." But Threedy's script caters to more than a Utah audience. Plan-B's Producing Director Jerry Rapiere gives Threedy credit for creating something that doesn't resonate solely with individuals who enjoy trips to Lake Powell and a heaping serving of funeral potatoes. "Regional stories are important and Debora's script as a first-time playwright would stand up against anyone else's tackling this story," he says. "Ultimately, though *Horizon* is about a family and their attempts at communicating with each other."

Threedy's script focuses on Ruess' parents—god-fearing, middle-class Southern Californians who wanted a stable life for their two sons. Though the prodigal one, Waldo, is a poster child for obedience, it's Everett that takes over the psyche of their mother Stella. Threedy does double duty, playing the well-intentioned, but overbearing mother. **David Fetzer**, a local musician and frontman for the band **Mushman**, walks in Everett Ruess' shoes during flashback scenes and haunting dream sequences in the play.

Through an extensive collection of letters and his art work, Threedy knew Ruess' short life was rife with detail and speculation about his sexuality, the true nature of his relationship with his family and his desire to turn his back on civilization. After a remarkably quick first draft and some refinement at the *Utah Shakespearean Festival's New American Playwright workshop*,

Threedy's script is mercifully svelte, stripping the story down to its barest emotional bones, as stark as the landscape of the remote red rock country.

The set design by **Randy Rasmussen** riffs off of Ruess' famous woodcut prints. The black and white figures are at once familiar and haunting, giving the cast a minimal backdrop against which to paint their environment with the obligatory dysfunction and miscommunication rife in every family unit.

Threedy provides no literal ending for the audience, just a certain amount of closure for a restless Stella Ruess. Fact fingers and myth busters won't find any closure here, but the mystery and the unanswered questions of his life and disappearance make up so much of Everett Ruess' appeal.



"A lot of people are drawn to Everett Ruess' career and story because they were so short," Rapiere says. "It's the tragedy of an artist struggling with his family, with himself and finding finally a niche and then having it all end."

The End of the Horizon will be shown from March 14-30 in the Studio Theater at *Rose Wagner*, purchase tickets online at www.artix.org or by calling 355-ARTS. Many other events will be occurring in conjunction with the production. *Ken Sander's Rare Books* will host "Everett Ruess Found! Two Weeks Only" which will feature many original artifacts and artwork from Ruess's short life. The exhibit will hang from March 17-30. A special free screening of *Diane Orr's Lost Forever: Everett Ruess*, will also be held at *Tower Theater* on Tuesday, March 18 at 7 p.m. in conjunction with the play.



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Radio Silence:

KRCL and KCPW are in flux. What's it to you, public?

By Patricia Bateman Patricia@slugmag.com

By now you've seen **Juno**, right? The precious independent film (from the Fox Corporation) that taught America to cheer for a knocked-up teenager (played by a 20-year-old actress) and think more openly about teaching contraception (as in science) in school instead of leaving it up to Jesus (as in fiction)?

If you haven't, don't tell me you're waiting by the mailbox for it. The classics, "the check's in the mail" and "I won't cum in your mouth," are harmless lies compared to "it's in my Netflix cue."

In **Juno**, the titular wisecracking teen claims her favorite music to be the raw, years-before-her-time rock of **Patti Smith**, **The Runaways** and **The Stooges**. Great, but the movie's entire soundtrack is made up of twee (it's a word now, just deal) "indie" shit that sounds like a sick cat dying inside of a poorly-tuned guitar.

It's a subtle bait-and-switch: Drop Patti Smith's name for cred, then deliver the limp tones of **Kimya Dawson**, a "singer" so blindingly talentless that the Hipster Nation should be required to deliver written apologies to all **American Idol** contestants past and present (**Chris Daughtry** excluded).

Local public radio is kind of the same way: Talk the talk, walk a different walk and hope nobody notices. KRCL 90.9 FM, currently in the middle of a PR shitstorm for trying to sneak a major format change past its change-fearing audience, has preached for years that the station belongs to the listeners who pledge money every spring and fall. Unfortunately, those listeners are too few to impress the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, KRCL's federal sugar daddy. Get the numbers—which have remained in the lower five figures for almost 30 years—up or the CPB says they'll pull the cash and give it back to those **Sesame Street** sodomites **Bert** and **Ernie**.

So instead of maybe making more of an effort—hell, **any** effort—to get the word out about a radio station that actually plays good music sans commercials (most common bitches about radio: too much shitty music, too many ads) and has held onto a loyal audience that was smart enough to find it on their own, KRCL management has decided "Hey, fuck it—let's go more mainstream in order to appeal to those idiots who like commercial

radio." The weekday 6 A.M.- 6 P.M. volunteer DJs will be replaced by paid-and-stable daily guys and standardized playlists will be introduced next month. Actually, the playlists have already started seeping in. Had enough of that **Juno** soundtrack yet?

Now, before you call me a Negative Nelly (or worse), I don't think it'll be all that bad. There are only a handful of decent weekday shows on KRCL right now, all of which are newer—and already playing most of the music you'll find on the playlists of the successful public stations KRCL wants to duplicate. The switch will mostly push out dusty folk and bluegrass and the burnout hippies who still cling to it. The sooner that shit is relegated to the weekends, the better. You had your time, flower people.

Instead of worrying about the format change, the KRCL faithful should be asking, "How does management run a radio station with no listener growth for decades and still have a job?" You can only blame so much on the general public being too fucking stupid to recognize a quality product (which they are); I blame more on KRCL for being too lazy and complacent to get out and work it, and yet still collect a check. "Failing upward" is a corporate phenomenon, so it only makes sense that KRCL becomes more corporate.

Speaking of failing upward: KCPW 88.3, the other local public radio station that gets no state tax money, is up for sale after operating at a loss for years. The only reason this is news is because the guy (and his wife) who currently owns this "nonprofit" outfit makes an annual six-figure salary, supposedly because he's so damn good at running a station. So what if the station has reportedly bled over a million bucks in operating costs over the last few years? Don't doubt the radio genius—he makes more money than you do, so he must know what he's doing.

The worst part of all this? KRCL and KCPW are both good stations with deep community ties—we should all hope these changes are for the better, not the end. Think I'd hand over 800 words to a free rag for no pay if Jack FM or My 99.5 were in trouble? Fuck those stations; they contribute nothing to local consciousness or national culture. If you prefer the generic, one-size-fits-all Wal-Mart approach to your music and news, a) How did you end up reading **SLUG**? And b) You're already dead. I may hate Kimya Dawson, but at least I'm active about it—what are you doing?





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3/11 Andy Sherman

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3/25 Roca Tuesday,
underground hip hop

Friday:

3/7 Dane & The Death
Machine

3/14 Stone Fed

3/21 DJ Aspect

3/28 Toy Soup Comedy
Troupe

Saturday:

3/1 Fat Paw

3/8 Lost By Reason

3/15 The Ides of
March Comedy Tour
w/ Christopher Stevens

3/22 Voodoo Darlings

3/29 Desert Roads

drop

Not So Much a Brave New World as Same Song, Different Key: An Interview with Jon Collins of Dropcards

By Rebecca Vernon

sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

Recently, an *MSN.com* article ruminated on the next 25 years of technology: tiny cameras in your glasses and shirt buttons that allow you to record every moment of your life, the Internet as a 3-D virtual world you interact with via nanocomputer holograms, and brain-implanted microchips that pipe the Internet, sound and music, straight into your brain. For Jon Collins, Director of Sales & Marketing of the alt-distribution company **Dropcards**, technological changes aren't seen as revolutionary; they're business.

"The market dictates the trends," he says. As far as thinking his own product is revolutionary, Collins doesn't. "We provide a service to help answer questions that popped up in the wake of the iPod and digital age that followed. We have no lofty goals to 'revolt' against anything," he says.

However, Dropcards, a simple concept that was practically unheard of pre-2004, is unquestionably one more sign of the complete overhaul of music distribution as we know it.

Dropcards distributes music via custom-designed plastic cards the size of a credit card. On the back is a URL and code. You go to the URL, enter the exclusive code, and download specific audio tracks, which might be a few sneak-peek tracks from a band's upcoming album, songs from a music DVD, or even an audio book. Collins is a vinyl collector, and Dropcards often distribute mp3s that comes with vinyl-only releases, like the red-and-yellow Dropcard in *SLUG's* **Death by Salt III** vinyl release. It's simple and terrifyingly popular. Dropcards weren't meant to be a sub for CDs, though—well, not at first.

"Some of our best clients still make quite a living off of selling CDs," says Collins. "Our friends at **Universal Republic** just sold a few hundred thousand **Jack Johnson** CDs. How could I possibly tell them, with a straight face, that we're looking to revolutionize their business? We're here to help solve problems, not create new ones."

However, in January 2008, Soundscan approved Dropcards as a viable album-distribution vehicle, complete with bar codes. This means Dropcards will be sellable, and reportable, to Soundscan, "following the same rules as the album and CD before it."

Up until now, Dropcards were almost always presented as a free promotional item, like the Dropcard in the front of a recent *Decibel Magazine* promoting an up-and-coming band on **Vagrant Records**.

Collins is unapologetic about Dropcards taking the place of old ways of distributing, presenting and selling music.

"We do what we do, anyone else can do what they do," he says. "I never really got into CDs. Most people I personally know didn't. That didn't stop the CD from ruling retail shelves for almost 25 years. Even though I love my MP3 player, albums and 7" s take up most of my house. My sister-in-law, however, who is 18, loves the download cards. She's the one that any sort of person looking to make a living in this business has to cater to. She's never known anything other than digital music." There are whiffs of future-without-album-art in the small, compact surface area of a Dropcard. They weren't meant to replace CDs initially, but it's not hard to imagine Dropcards, or a pre-loaded Shuffle, or music on a microchip, as harbingers of the physical albums of tomorrow. If there are any physical albums at all.

Local musician and youth guitar instructor at **Paul Green's School of Rock**, **Dave Payne**, says, "The music on a CD has no monetary value any longer; it's the CD package that has the monetary value. You can download anything on the Internet for free. The music only has enjoyment value, like the enjoyment people get out of watching TV (which they don't have to pay for)."

If packaging disappears for good, **Travis Pierce**, bassist for **Violet Run**, says merch will become a bigger part of how bands will make their money. "You can't download a hoodie," he says. "Until you can, I'll continue to buy them."

"We're headed towards a time when musicians will not be able to make money off their music," says **Kelly Ashkettle**, a writer for *In Utah This Week* and owner of a local concert promotion company, **Rising Moon Productions**. "It's nice when a band can offer handmade, unique items to sell with their music."

Payne describes the "huge paradigm shift in how music is sold and distributed," yet Collins sees it a big differently. "I don't think there's much difference between the 'new' music industry and the old," he says. "The roles have changed a bit but what hasn't the advent of the Internet changed significantly?"

Collins continues, "The same bands will play **Super Bowl** halftime shows. **Bruce Springsteen** will continue to put out the same record and 19-year-old folk-punk kids will profess to 'get it.'"

cards

Collins does agree a change in retail structure will occur. "Revenue models will likely be different. Advertising models and sponsorships will be more prevalent. Less money made off of music sales, more money made off of touring and merchandise. Who doesn't love music, though? Everyone loves music, it's not going anywhere and if you're good, you'll make a living from it. CDs will, of course, become obsolete July 21st, 2011."

Before Dropcards, Collins was in a retail business catering to the independent music community that tanked. "All the bigger companies that didn't want to give vinyl the time of day five years before began buying up all of the limited stock that was our specialty," he says. "Such is life. I still work in the music industry. I didn't stop because things changed and I have a wonderful job now.

I'm fairly optimistic that there will still be work for people in this business if they want it."

As far as how to find success in a changing music industry, Collins continues, "My only advice is just 'be good.' If you're good at what you do you'll be fine," he says. "People talk about album sales being down, but do you think a band like the **Arcade Fire** is feeling that pinch? People love that band because they're good. People talk about magazine sales being down but the **Vice Magazine** brand has EXPLODED over the past few years because people love what they put out there. The magazine is free and they'd still get away charging for it. Just be good."

Other companies were creating download turnkey cards before Dropcards, but they were previously only available to people who had a "five-figure web development budget."

Customized Dropcards are a mere 50 cents, and you can make as little as 100 a run. There are different varieties, and the most expensive, a metal dog tag, runs at the CD-ish price of \$3.50 each. The brand-new, pre-loaded, customized Dropdrives in 12 different shapes are higher-end and intended for customers with bigger budgets.

Collins protests those who might see Dropcards as a commercial vehicle only used by bigger companies for huge promotional drives. "The same [thing could be said of] **Myspace**, **Facebook**, **Virb**, or any other online music site. Every band in the universe has a **Myspace** page—right alongside **Mitt Romney** and the **Food Network**. Internally, sure, we all have our own opinions on these things, but at the end of the day, Kelly at **Disney** wants to work with us for the same reason Jay at **Def Jux** (**Aesop Rock's** label) wants

to work with us—we have a product and service that they want and we have the experience to expertly carry it out."

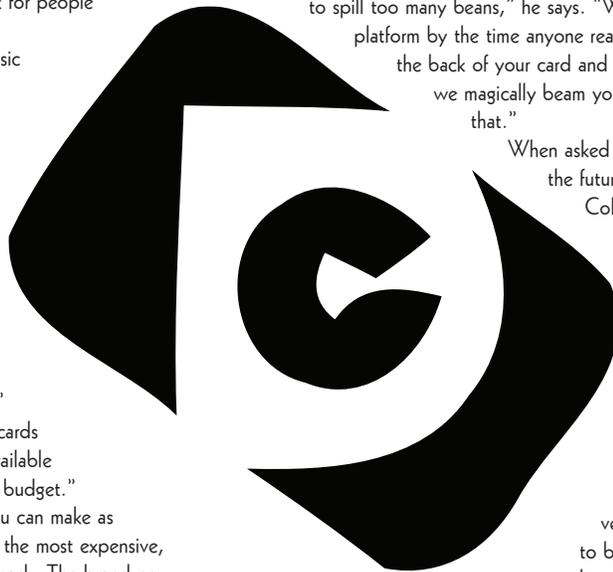
Dropcards are innovative, putting money behind imagination. One of the owner's companies, which has been printing cards since 1995, can make "clear cards, holograms, foil stamping, scratch and sniff, lots of bizarro stuff," says Collins. They recently came out with an environmentally friendly line of cards—paper cards, biodegradable corn cards, and Seeded Cards which includes a handful of seeds that when planted and watered, germinate into a garden.

"We've always got things cooking, but it'd probably be foolish of me to spill too many beans," he says. "We'll be launching a ringtone platform by the time anyone reads this. Enter the PIN on the back of your card and your cell phone number and we magically beam you a ringtone. Silly stuff like that."

When asked what he fears most about the future of the music industry, Collins says, "I fear that I'll be asked to predict the future of the music industry one more time this week. I'm excited about everything.

Anyone who doesn't get why now is a very exciting time to be in the music industry and wants to talk about all the doom and gloom will likely never get it."

www.dropcards.com





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CLUB DV8 MEMORIAL GAME: The Rules: 1-Circle all shows you attended. 2-Don't lie! You may wish you went to that Elliot Smith show before he offed himself, but you didn't so don't circle it. 3-Compare lists with your friends!

1208	Botch	Division of Laura Lee	Greenday
311	Boysetsfire	The Donnas	Groovie Ghoulies
7 Seconds	Brainiac	Dope	Guttermouth
A Life Once Lost	Brand New	Doughnuts	Hag Fish
Acetone	Bratmobile	DRI	Hatebreed
AFI	The Breeders	Earth Crisis	Heather Nova
Agent Orange	BFMC	Echobrain	Helmet
Agnostic Front	Built to Spill	The Eels	Hey Mercedes
Alien Crime Syndicate	Buried Alive	Electrafiction	Homegrown
All	The Business	Elliot Smith	Honest Engine
American Hi-Fi	Butthole Surfers	Elsewhere	Hoobastank
American Steel	Cannibal Corpse	Evanescence	Hot Water Music
Anger Overload	Cat Power	Everlast	Hotrod Circuit
The Anniversary	Catherine Wheel	The Eyeliners	House of Pain
Anti-Flag	Cave In	Face to Face	Icarus Line
Archers of Loaf	Cherem	Far	Iceburn
ASA	Cherry Poppin' Daddys	Fifteen	ICP
The Ataris	Circle Jerks	Filter	Iggy and The Stooges
At The Drive-In	Clear	Finch	In Flames
Babes In Toyland	Clover	Fishbone	Insatiable
Bad Brains	Clutch	The Flaming Lips	International Noise Conspiracy
Badly Drawn Boy	Coheed and Cambria	Flowerhead	Interpol
Bane	Common Rider	Elbo Finn	Into Another
Beatnik Filmstars	Congo Shock	The Feel	Iodina
Beck	The Corleones	Foo Fighters	Isaac Green & The Skalers
The Benjamins	The Cramps	Forgotten	Isis
Ben Kweller	Crazytown	Forty Nine Hudson	Jerry Cantrell
Beta Band	Cursive	Frank Black	Jesse Malin
Better then Ezra	Custom	From Autumn to Ashes	The Jesus Lizard
Bettie Serveert	Dalek	Further Seems Forever	Jets to Brazil
Blohzard	The Damned	Garbage	Jim Rose Circus Sideshow
Black Flag	Dandy Warhols	GBH	Jimmy Eat World
Black Rebel Motorcycle Club	Daniel Ash	The Get Up Kids	Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
Blanks 77	Dark Funeral	Girls Against Boys	Juliana Theory
Blind Melon	Dead Voices On Air	Glass Jaw	K.M.F.D.M.
Blink 182	Decomposers	Godflesh	Kid Dynamite
Blood Brothers	Deftones	Goldfinger	Kidney Thieves
Bloodlet	Descendents	Good Charlotte	Killing Joke
Body Count	Diesel Boy	Good Riddance	Killswitch Engage
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony	Dillinger 4	Gravity Kills	Kittie
Boo Radleys	Dimmu Borgir	Green Apple Quick Step	KORN

R.I.P.

R.I.P. DV8 by Todd Nuke 'Em

Photos: Courtesy of Kincade Bauer

"It's definitely a burner," said the Salt Lake City firefighter. He was referring to Club **DV8** during a 1995 inspection of the X96 studios located in the adjacent **Arrow Press Square**. I don't know why I asked him about DV8; I must have feared its inevitable demise. "Old buildings like that, three floors open all the way to the roof. They'll go up in a hurry," he said with the slightest hint of glee that lurks in the pyromaniac hidden in all firefighters.

Turns out that this firefighter knew what he was talking about. On the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 23, the vacant building that once housed Club DV8 went up in flames that ripped right through the roof, shooting hundreds of feet into the downtown skyline. I was at home at the time, half asleep on the couch watching *American Idol* on TiVo, killing brain cells ever so slowly. A text message from my friend and coworker **Heather Johnson** vibrated me from my Fox-induced stupor. "Arrow Press Square is on fire," is all the text read. I immediately grabbed the remote control and flipped to live television to catch reports of the dramatic structure fire. Immediately after the first text came an update that it was Club DV8 and that the fire was huge, sending black smoke all over downtown.

When I saw that the aging building would essentially burn to the ground, I felt part of my Generation X heart breaking, just a little bit. If Utah's alternative music scene in the 90s had a collective rite of passage, it was the doorway of Club DV8.

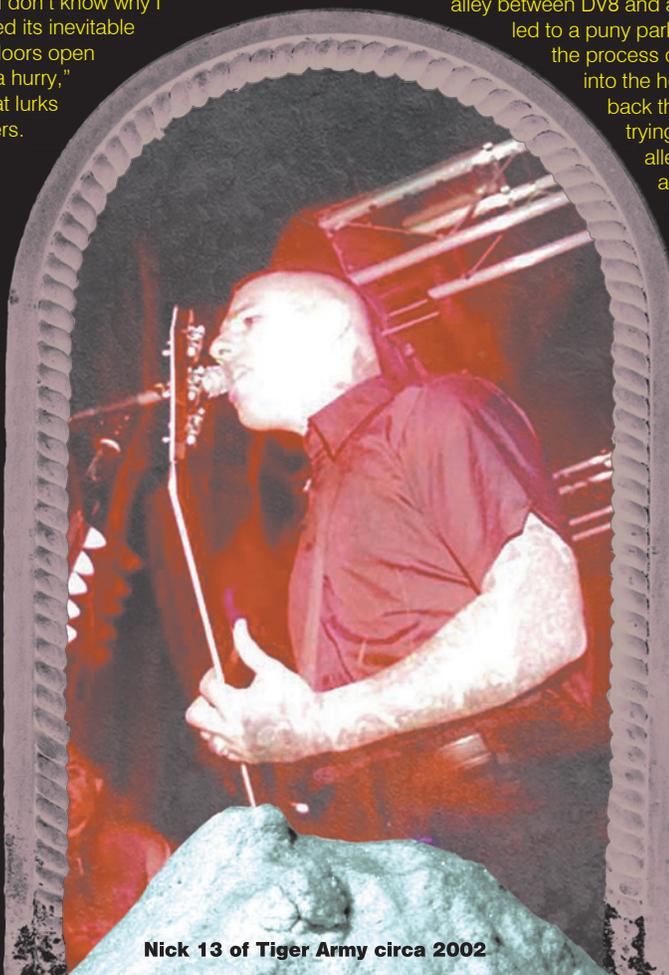
I turned 21 in 1991 and one of the big

thrills for me was being old enough to DJ the KJQ nights at Club DV8. At the time I was working for piss-money on the 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. shift at KJQ, and DV8 paid \$100 cash to spin in the DJ booth on Saturday nights. But trust me, that hundred bucks was well earned. First of all, I lived in the Ogden area at the time and had to cart my personal collection of records and CDs to downtown Salt Lake City. Vinyl is heavy and compact discs aren't as compact as the name suggests; this was long before the days of the iPod where you can have 2,000 songs in your pocket. A tiny alley between DV8 and a one-story building just to the north

led to a puny parking area behind the club, and I hated the process of squeezing my Mitsubishi Mirage into the heap of other cars from DV8 employees back there. Other DJs had scarred their cars trying to maneuver the tight quarters in the alleyway, but I somehow managed to avoid leaving any of my paint on the brick corners.

The DJ booth at DV8 was nothing more than a squalid hellhole. The balcony that housed the two turntables and a microphone felt more like a gallows because of the trapdoor that was the terrace's only entrance. To actually get into the DJ booth, I had to climb a ladder directly beneath, open the trapdoor, haul my heavy crates of records and CDs through the opening and then make damn sure I closed the door. To reach the controls, one had to stand pretty much on top of the trapdoor. Sometimes drunken patrons would climb the ladder and open the trapdoor to make a request, and more often than not leave it open, just waiting for the gaping hole to swallow the poor DJ with one misstep. I had many close calls, but never fell to my death from the booth.

My fellow DJs and I would often joke about what we viewed as an extreme fire danger in the equipment racks that contained the



Nick 13 of Tiger Army circa 2002



amplifiers for the sound system. The power cords got so hot at the end of the night that we had to insulate our hands with an old towel when we unplugged them.

My fondest memories of spinning the vinyl in the DV8 DJ booth are the songs that erupted the club into a frenzy. The club opened at 9p.m., but that first hour and a half was usually slow as the regular crowd arrived and began to consume alcohol. For the first part of the evening, I played popular alternative songs that weren't necessarily dance tracks.

It provided great ambience as the club goers socialized, drank and smoked. Once the crowd had a little bit of liquor in them, I had a few songs up my sleeve that I would slip on just to see when they were ready to get sweaty and start to grind on the tiny black-and-white checkered dance floor. I remember them to this day:

"Blue Monday" by **New Order**, "Give It Away" by **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, "Unbelievable" by **EMF**, and anything by **Nine Inch Nails**.

This was before smoking indoors was shunned, and while I'm not a smoker and not a fan of the way I smelled when I went home from Club DV8, there was something to be said about the image of the alternative crowd all dressed in black dancing with a menthol cigarette in their hands or hanging from their pouting lips. Many of the DV8 regulars were graduates of **The Ritz Club** from their teen years and now they were old enough to drink and smoke legally. This was the alternative place to be seen, and we lived it up in our carefree youth.

Club DV8 was also the baptismal font for legendary alternative bands to establish themselves in Salt Lake City. The list of punk, grunge, and industrial acts that crammed onto DV8's petite stage is impressive: **Pearl Jam**, **Green Day**, **Tool**, **KMFDM**, **Ned's Atomic Dustbin**, **The Offspring**, **Machines of Loving Grace**, **Gravity Kills**, **Eve 6**, **My Life**

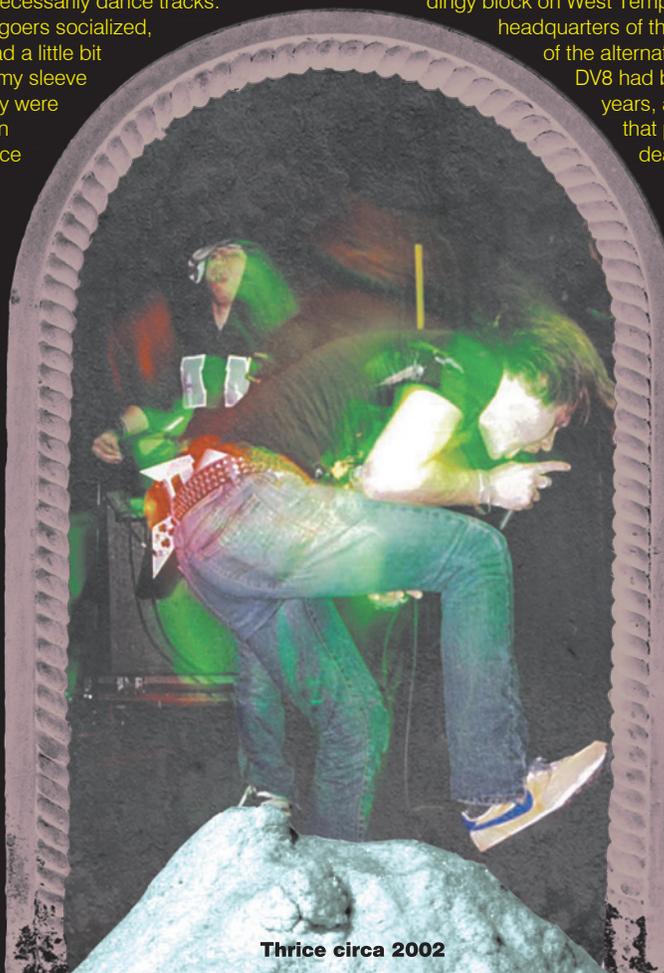
With The Thrill Kill Kult, **Xymox**, **311** ... and many more. If you were there, you were likely so close to the stage that you ended up with **Eddie Vedder's** or **Maynard James Keenan's** sweat on you. Club DV8's main floor had no choice but to be a churning, throbbing mosh pit.

For many years, the X96 studio was directly next-door in Arrow Press Square. The walls would literally vibrate during concerts, and we could feel the energy in our floorboards from the party going on next door. This dingy block on West Temple just down the street from the world

headquarters of the LDS Church was the heart and soul of the alternative music scene in Utah. Even though DV8 had been closed down and vacant for years, and even though X96 had moved from that part of town in 2000, the fire made the death of that era permanent.

After dedicating a day of programming to Club DV8 on X96 the day after the fire where the air staff and listeners shared their fond memories, I had to see it one last time. I parked my car a couple blocks away on State Street and walked back to my old stomping grounds. Standing on the opposite side of West Temple, I watched the backhoe and wrecking ball topple the brittle, charred structure. **Artie Fufkin** had given an update on the air as I drove away, saying, "The son of a bitch is still burning." Every so often, the backhoe would topple part of the rubble and fresh flames would boil out. The firefighter was indeed correct: Club DV8 was a burner.

The next day some listeners brought me a brick from the wreckage. Through the odor of the structure fire, I can still smell the stale beer and cigarette smoke of the corpse of Club DV8.



Thrice circa 2002

Koufax	Ned's Atomic Dustbin	Rocket from the Crypt	Taproot
Lazycairn	Neurosis	Rollins Band	The Teen Tragedies
Le Tigre	New Amsterdams	Ron Jeremy Variety Porn	Ten Foot Pole
The Lawrence Arms	New Transit Direction	RX Bandits	The The
Leatherface	No Doubt	Saves the Day	Therapy?
Lee Scratch Perry and Mad Professor	NOFX	Scared of Chaka	Thrice
Legendary Pink Dots	No Innocent Victim	Scheer	Thursday
The Lemonheads	No Knife	Sebadoh	Tiger Army
Liars	No Use for a Name	Selby Tigers	Tim Reynolds
Lifeless	The Obvious	Sepultura	Toadies
Lit	Oleander	Sick of it All	Tool
Live	Orange 9mm	Signal Path	Total Chaos
The Locust	Orgy	Sister Machine Gun	Toy Dolls
Lost Prophets	Painstake	Six Feet Under	Trans Am
Love and Rockets	Passion Play	Sixer	Tree
Lumberjacks	Pearl Jam	The Skeletones	Trial
Lunachicks	Pennywise	Skeleton Key	Tripphammer
Lush	Peter Murphy	Skunkiancy	Trust Company
Machinehead	The Piffers	Slightly Stoopid	Tsunami Bomb
Mad Caddies	Pinback	Small Brown Bike	Twilight Circus
Makeshift	Pitchshifter	Snapcase	Union 13
Man or Astroroman	Poe	Social Distortion	Unwritten Law
Maroon 5	Poison the Well	Soledad Brothers	The Vandals
Martinis	Pretty Girls Make Graves	Sparta	Vendetta Red
The Melvins	Primus	Spearhead	Verve
Mest	Promise Ring	The Specials	Veterans Grove
Mike Ness	Prong	Spiritualized	VOD
Ministry	Punkadelic	Spoon	Voodoo Glow Skulls
Minus the Bear	Quicksand	Stabbing Westward	Warlocks
Misfits	Radiohead	The Standard	Weakerthans
Modest Mouse	Rage Against the Machine	The Starting Line	Weezer
Mojave 3	Rainer Maria	Stone Sour	Wesley Willis Fiasco
The Mooney Suzuki	Rancid	Stoneface	Wish
The Movie Life	Reality	Strung Out	The Wolfs
Mr. Bungle	Reduced Will	Suicidal Tendancies	Wool
Mr. T Experience	Reel Big Fish	Sum 41	X
The Muffs	The Rentals	Sunny Day Real Estate	Yeah Yeah Yeahs
Murder City Devils	Reverend Horton Heat	Superjoint Ritual	Yellowcard
My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult	Revis	Swingin' Utters	Youth Brigade
My Man Friday	Rise Against	Tad	Zen Guerilla
Nashville Pussy	River City High	Taking Back Sunday	The Zillionaires

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GUITAR CZAR



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfru

Sci-Fi man

Filed by Boo.

Our first knowledge of Sci-Fi man came from Aunt Leona a good while back. She was chattering away to a friend of hers. They were discussing and comparing stories about some "totally creepy wing-nut guy." Between the shrieks, the exclamations, and the can-you-believe-it-? laughter, we started to form an image of a guy who appears around the city asking everybody if they're into science fiction. Aunt Leona was flapping her hands and saying, "Oh, lordy! Every time I see him coming I close my eyes and tell myself 'go to your happy place, Leona, go to your happy place.'" And then there I am in my walk-in closet. But, ya know, that creepy voice will shatter my peace and yank me back into reality. And that annoying accent! He's from London or England or some weird place like that. He compliments me on something, waits a coupla seconds and then asks if I'm a fan of science fiction. EVERY TIME! Like he hasn't asked me a thousand times already! Now I just say 'no' and, ya know, make a getaway. He just moves on to the next person and asks the exact same thing."

Oom and I were intrigued. Some weeks later, we encountered him for ourselves. We were sitting at one of the tables in the big open foyer at the downtown library. At the next table sat a young blonde woman wearing floral print and a big bow. She looked



like a sofa. A man approached her. He had dark, greased-back hair and big ears. He was kinda ancient—probably around 45—and too well-dressed to fit into the real world. He leaned in close to the woman who was reading a romance paperback and in an English accent said, "That bow truly suits you." The woman looked up clearly startled and said, "Thanks." There was an awkward pause as the man just stared at the woman for a few seconds. The sofa woman squirmed a bit in her seat. Then the man asked, "Are you a science fiction enthusiast? Like myself, do you feel a kinship with the infinite possibilities of the universe?" The woman practically fell out of her seat, and I kicked Oom underneath the table. We were witnessing the famous Sci-fi man in action!

The woman bumbled out, "Yeah! Yeah, well not very much myself. My brother Josh loves those hobbit books." Sci-fi man seemed displeased and frowned at the mention of hobbits. He just stared at her for some more seconds – now seemingly eyeing her with suspicion. She squirmed more and giggled nervously. Then he asked, "Do you live locally?" She giggled and said, "Thanks." He stared at her some more and then said, "Well, do you live locally?" Her face clouded over and she giggled nervously again and said, "Oh. I thought you said I looked lovely." He kept staring. She added, "I live down in Provo. I'm a student at BYU." He asked, "Are you Mormon?" She replied, "Yes, I'm LDS. Do you know about our church?" Him: "Yes, I know all about it. I find it hard to believe that you are Mormon and yet you do not like science fiction - The things you people believe!" While this was going on, another scene had been unfolding at a near-by table. Two girls were sitting and talking – well, one girl was doing all the talking and the other was nodding in agreement. The talking girl loved the sound of her voice and apparently thought everybody else did, too. She was one of those loud types who loves drama and guilt-tripping. Not nearly as brilliant as she thinks herself to be and probably watches a lot of soap operas and reality TV. She was going on about her boyfriend who had apparently got on her bad side. Just as Sci-fi man ended his conversation with sofa girl, soap opera girl was practically shouting out, "... and so I gave him a look that let him know I was mad." At that, Sci-fi man, obviously agitated, turned to soap opera girl and said, "Madam, you need only glance in a persons direction for them to know, without doubt, that you are completely mad – absolutely out of your tree." Then he marched off and out the doors. He was instantly our hero.

Bellyography

Bellyography: Meg

By Astara

Meg is Salt Lake's answer to classic Hollywood glamour. Stunningly gorgeous, she is also intelligent, talented and possesses incredible charisma on and off stage. One cannot help watching her when she is dancing, and then can't stop thinking about the beautiful woman you just saw when the dance ends. With great subtlety and personal power, Meg owns the stage when she performs. There is nothing overt. She just possesses that certain something that elevates her dancing above the rest. Meg is so modest in her own self-reflection that she doesn't even know what an amazing talent she has. And she is not a diva. Meg has a warm and caring, heart-centered personality. Getting to know her was pure enjoyment.



SimsPix

Meg explained: "I have always been fascinated with gypsies and dancing. When I was little, I was obsessed with the gypsy caravan in *Pinocchio*."

But it was in an Arizona restaurant, that Meg watched a belly dancer performing a double sword routine, and fell in love with the dance. "I am so in love with belly dancing that I still have the match book from the restaurant."

Dancing for 10 years, Meg began her belly dance training with **Mashara Rabia** in Ogden when she was 18. She then moved to Salt Lake City, met **Stephanie Buranek**, and has been studying with her for the past five years. Recently, Meg became a member of the **Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative** and has been performing with them in Utah and Texas, has attended workshops taught by **Sahra Saeeda, Eva Fleming, Rachel Brice, Jillina, Carolena Nericcio** and **Papillon**.

"I love Egyptian Cabaret," she told me. "The costumes are so classy and the technique is refined, subtle and beautiful. I just like the look and feel of it, and it is glamorous and ladylike. I like that."

Expressing her thoughts on dancing, Meg said, "I would rather dance than any other kind of movement. It's better for your spirit. Women shine when they dance. I believe I love dance practice more than performing. The women with whom I dance move so beautifully when they are comfortable and relaxed. It's a wonderful experience. I feel blessed to have it as a part of my life."

"I am amazed at how large and diverse we are," Meg told me about Utah's dance community. "The level of support is wonderful. I am surprised that more people aren't aware of Middle Eastern dance as an artform, and I wish we had regular performances in places like the *Rose Wagner*. I am so grateful to all of my teachers and to the girls with whom I dance. Our belly dance community is very creative, artistic, open, and generous."

In April, Meg will be performing with The Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative in here in Salt Lake, and for other performances visit www.myspace.com/bluelotusdance Take a moment to watch Meg with Blue Lotus. You won't be sorry!

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3/8 BROTHER ALI

3/9 THE FEY, SPEAKER SPEAKER

3/10 XIU XIU, THAO NGUYEN,
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3/12 FUNK AND GONZO

3/13 LION FISH

3/14 SLUG LOCALIZED: JUSE,
ANIMUS GRIN, SPEARIT!

3/15 LABCOAT

3/17 ST. PATTY'S PARTY W/JIM

BONE AND FRIENDS

3/18 ZION I, MISTAH FAB,

SWAN JUICE, DJ JUGGY

3/19 DANDI WIND, JESSICA SOME-

THING JEWISH, MARCUS BENTLY

3/20 THE FULLY BLOWN

3/21 MOTHER HIPS, HIGH BEAMS

3/22 MOTHER HIPS,

BAND OF ANNUALS

3/24 ALOHA, THE HOTNESS,

AMATHALLO

3/25 DENGUE FEVER, DRODNA,

THE FURS

3/26 LA MOJIGANGA

3/27 RADEMACHER,

VCR QUINTET, INTIMACHINE

3/28 PURRBATS CD RELEASE,

ROPE OR BULLETS, CAVEDOLL,

THESE UNITED STATES

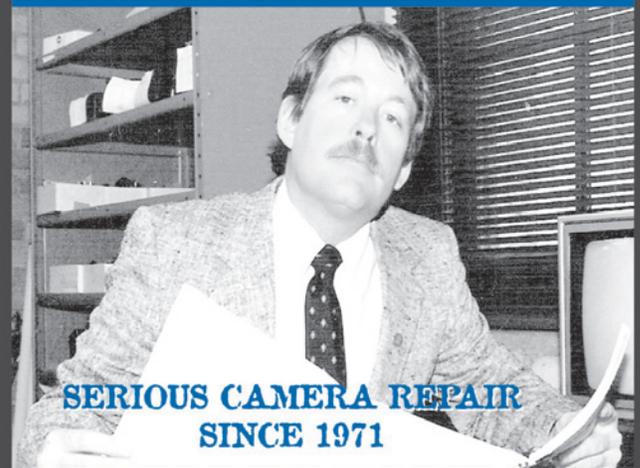
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3/30 ASTRONAUTALIS, I HEAR

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Mike Brown's Tattoo Talk

By Mike Brown

mikebrown048@hotmail.com

So there was this Tattoo Convention thing a couple weeks ago. I was totally going to go, seeing how I have tattoos and all. I thought it would be cool to see other artists from different parts of the world with their different styles and accents and shit like that.

But then a couple of things stopped me from going.

The first thing being that I just got back from a convention. A snowboard convention. BARF! I like to snowboard and all, but fucking seriously, if I see one more Volcom stone or hear the words 'Bro' or 'Tight' one more time, I'm gonna fucking lose it. If I hear someone saying the phrase "That was Hella-Tight, Bro," I think I'll just buy a trench coat from the DI, some used military boots, get myself a Hot Topic gift card and join the last social scene based entirely on awkwardness known as the Trench Coat Mafia and forget that I ever tried to snowboard in the first place.

You see, I like getting tattoos and I like the people that put them on me, so if I went to the convention and had a similar taste in my mouth afterwards, you can see why I'd not want to go to the convention.

There's a lot of reasons why I like tattoos but the older I get there have become a lot of reasons why I hate them too. I don't hate my tattoos, (well maybe the racing stripes on my legs that I got while still in high school) but I have made up an unwritten rule of thumb that goes like this—if you have more than 8 tattoos you are allowed to have at least 2 bad ones, any more than that and you're pushing it buddy.

And I don't hate tattoos the way my mom hates them. Like the first time she saw my arm adorned with different colors, she said with a genuine sadness in her eyes, "Oh, Honey, what did you do to your arm? What if you want to get a job some day?"

See, to my loving conservative mother and most of her generation, tattoos can only mean three things: 1. That you are in or have been in the circus or carnival. 2. That you are in or have been in the Navy (meaning you've screwed a lot of sea-side hookers sans rubber.) Or 3. That you are in or have been in prison (meaning that you've screwed a lot of cell block cock, sans rubber.)

When my 92-year-old grandpa first saw my tattoos, he gently grabbed my arm, looked at it for a couple awkward seconds, and said, "Mike, if I didn't love ya, I'd take you for a queer." My gramps always had a way with words.

What I don't think my mom realizes is that every Tom, Dick and Harry has a tattoo. Going to see the tattoo artist has become like going to see the dentist. So I'm not worried about ever getting turned down for a job because of a tattoo. I don't think I've ever honestly heard of that happening. I can also sadly say that I see my tattoo guy more than I see my dentist.

So just like skateboarding, punk rock and everything else that was cool when I was a kid, tattoos can be put right there on the cultural shelf of things that just don't really mean shit anymore (look out graffiti, you're next!) But that's a tough one to explain to my mom whom I love, even though she never understood punk rock or skateboarding. If she did, I probably wouldn't have liked such things.

The fact that Average-Joe-Six-Pack has fresh ink makes me not like tattoos the way I used to. Mostly because now, I have to talk to that person about tattoos. And I love talking, but I hate talking about stupid shit with stupid people. I really don't want to explain to every stupid stranger that thinks he has the right to interrupt whatever I'm doing why I have a horse and a snowmobile crashing into each other permanently etched on my tummy. I'm not even going to explain it to the *SLUG* readers. If you know, you know. If not... too bad go fuck yourself.

I call this newfound ritual of stupidity, simply, "Tattoo Talk".

And if you have a lot of good tattoos and you feel the same way about humanity as I do, then you've probably had it.

It usually starts like this: you're somewhere in public, in a line somewhere, maybe the library. And the guy behind you notices whatever you have on you and usually says something incredibly dumb like, "Sweet ink, Bro." Sweet ink? Why would someone talk to me like that? Why don't they just throw me on the ground right there and take a shit in my ear? It would feel the same as hearing that phrase.

Then they usually want to know who did it and how much it cost you. THEN they insist that you see their 'sweet ink' even though you never asked. They start lifting up their shirt, usually to show you some tribal shit. I always make it a point to ask tribal tattoo dude, (which is a special breed of douche, I might add) what tribe he actually belongs to and what culture he is indigenous to.

And if he has some stupid answer like, "Oh I spent the summer of my freshman year at Westminster with the Mayan Tribal offshoot of ...Blah Blah Blah...and this is a tribute to them." then tell him to go back and not ruin a wonderful first world country by talking to me about such stupid shit.

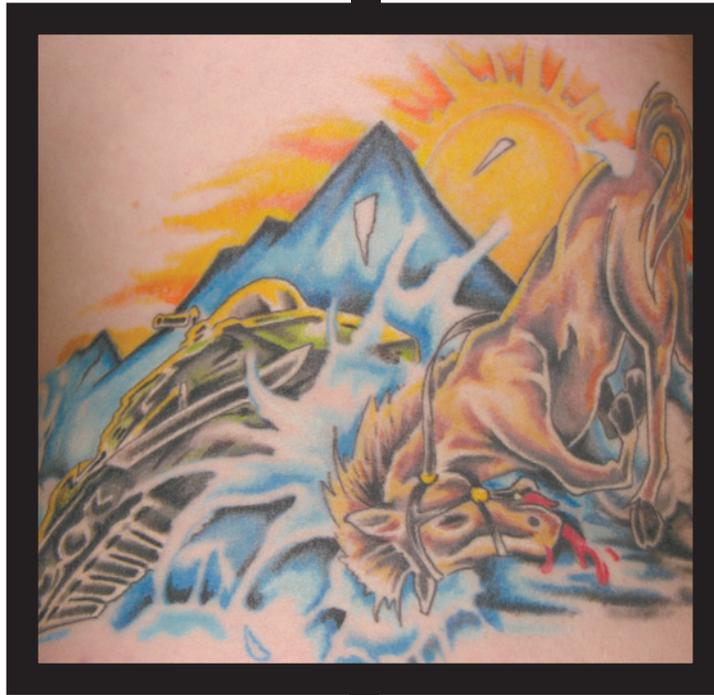
Tattoo talk is my favorite excuse for being late to something. "Sorry I'm late to the *SLUG* writers meeting guys. I was trying to get my Starbucks on and this jack off behind me started having tattoo talk. Then I almost had to punch him out when I asked his white girlfriend what all that Chinese shit on her back could possibly mean to her, seeing how she didn't speak Chinese and all."

Another funny thing about tattoo talk that I just realized is that it never happens with girls who have shit on their lower backs. Or tramp stamps as they are better known. I think this is because most girls don't want to explain to a stranger why they have a jizz bulls-eye on them, it's already pretty obvious why they have it.

Tattoo talk rarely involves the question, "What does your tattoo mean?" Tattoo talk is more about status than it is about really knowing a person. But who really wants to get to know

anyone these days? Not me.

P.S. To all tattoo artists everywhere—please please please never talk anyone out of a bad tattoo, ever! Especially not tribals, lower back cum targets and Oriental shit on white chicks. Why? Bad tattoos might be the best method we have as a culture to instantly weed out the douche bags. Like when I see a guy with a tribal around his Yoga-sculpted triceps, I INSTANTLY know I don't ever want to talk to that fuckface, thus the artist is doing me a public service. To me it's the same red flag as seeing a dude with a swastika engraved on his face.





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Local

Accidente

Exotic Payday

Exigent

Street: 2.23

Accidente = The Melvins + FoR + The Fall (for wry nonchalance)



Exotic Payday sounds like a moon-shined Paul Bunyan careening around the lumberyard with a hatchet recently sharpened on the ol' whetstone—in other words, heavy, ungainly and dangerous. Is it wrong for me to think Mr. Peter Makowski is just cuter than ever as he gargles, spits, retches, spews rabies-laden saliva and shreds his throat into Austin pork barbecue to get across his tongue-in-cheek, sarcastic, red-hot-burning angst? Guitars sound like jagged peaks and valleys on the bar graph of a company in constant, alarming flux. Drums'll crush your skull in, scrape out your brain and eat corn chowder out of the bone bowl that's left. Lyrical approach is about as cleverly cryptic and primal as pornography for the blind. They're mathy, sure, but they're also smoking horse dung in the back of the geometry room in full view of the teacher. (*Burt's: 02.23*) —Rebecca Vernon

Aye Aye

Saint Delay and the Golden

God

A. Star

Street: 01.19

Aye Aye = Early Beck + Navigator + Mushman

Salt Lake has been overrun lately by blues-influenced, mostly acoustic musicians—a visit to any coffee shop on gallery stroll will confirm this. It makes it that much more refreshing to find someone who experiments with the genre and successfully turns it on its ear. Aye Aye does just exactly this. Playing slightly twisted and bluesy guitar-based songs with an almost flamenco twang, the band (mostly **Andrew Alba**) work through

eleven stellar songs in just under 45 minutes. Sometimes the tracks are reminiscent of the more unpolished folk style present on the earliest Beck recordings, but for the most part Aye Aye goes off in their own direction. And while not every listener will revel in the eclectic mix of odd instruments and percussion, the end result is some of the most sincere psych-folk being produced locally. Another solid release on Utah-based A. Star Recordings, the same people who brought you **Hew Mun**, **Stag Hare** and **The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle**. —James Bennett

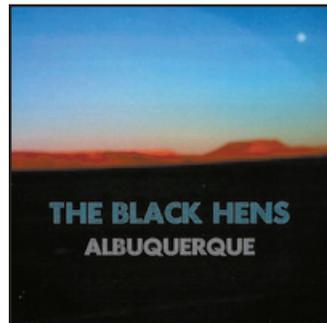
The Black Hens

Albuquerque

BearTalk

Street: 1.08

The Black Hens = Band of Annuals + the byrds + Rilo Kiley on Lunesta



The Black Hens started as a fluke; a thrown-together project birthed from a one-off jam session with SLC folk powerhouses: **Glade**, **David Williams**, **Band of Annuals** members **jeremi Hanson** and **Brent Dreiling** while in ... you guessed it, Albuquerque.

Over the course of three long days, The Black Hens officially formed, played a gig at *Launch Pad* and recorded their debut release with the help of New Mexico friends, **Jeffrey Richards (Hazeldine, Vic Chesnutt, Nels Andrews, Neutral Milk Hotel) & Chris Kitchen (Brightcarvers)**. Together they create a gentle (yet rockin'), feel-good sound just twangy enough to add the "-country" after "alt." The buttery male/female backup harmonies on all six tracks are contagious. Fans of David Williams' solo work will be pleased to hear an alternate version of "Summer" included on this release. (*nobrow: 03.18*) —Sasha Kent

Knifeshow

Here Until It's Gone

Knifeshow

Street: 03.11

Knifeshow = cool indie ambient rock

I was pleasantly surprised when I popped in Knifeshow's blue sounding album *Here Until It's Gone*. The first thing that caught my attention was **Brent Anderson's** falsetto vocals. His voice sounds like a cross between **Jeff Buckley** and **Muse** front man **Matthew Bellamy**. Maybe those two are secretly his parents and he just doesn't know yet. The instrumentation on the album is captivating especially on track five "Not Quite Cancer". Knifeshow is haunting like if the band **Elliott** were to sneak into your room and watch you sleep. This album reminds me a lot of **Radiohead's The Bends** but more depressing. Maybe if these guys stay together they can make a bunch of weird electronic concept albums like Radiohead then totally screw all the record labels and put their music out for free. Check these guys out if you're down with listening to moody, dynamic and atmospheric music. —Jon Robertson

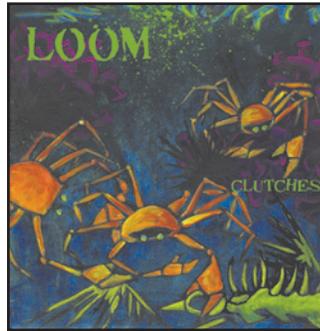
Loom/Prize Country

Clutches 10"

Exigent

Street: 2.08

Clutches = Bear vs. Shark + (Kick the Dog + Anima Nera)



Loom and Prize Country pair up for this split EP from Exigent. Like kissing cousins at a family reunion, Loom is the agonized genius hanging out in the back room gnawing on beakers and discovering the secrets of the universe while Prize Country is the Pabst-guzzling uncle with a two-foot beard and a long and lively prison record. The pairing works—all that is heavy, technical, scintillating and scalpel-y about Loom complements PC's heavy, bold, risk-taking riffs. Both have an edge of cutting, fascinating intensity while retaining their own personality. Loom is becoming one of my favorite local acts, with lyrics that cut like glass shards and impossible, soaring electric violin riffs. PC has always had a special place in my heart. Even if I'm still having Jake abandonment issues. —Rebecca Vernon

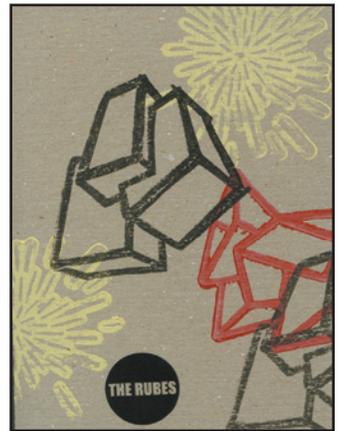
The Rubes

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 2.8.08

The Rubes = The Dukes of Hazzard + Chuck Berry + Folk Music of the United States



Greg Midgley is one of SLC's geniuses (genius + musician), which sounds a lot like "magician." Not a coincidence. Boy can play piano, climb pillars and strut with more heat than a mating tomcat. And now he can croon. The Rubes' new album takes a more mellow turn than previous eras, heating up with the urgent rock of track 3 (sorry, no titles on the copy I got). In track 4, Greg Bowie-ballads it with the sweeping melancholia of a musical, then plays a slow folk burner with arpeggio guitar-picking and singing tone molded into a sort of nasally **Tom Waits** vocalcake. 1950s garage peppers track 6. The unifying thread is gentle, alt-country folksy twang infused with Greg's thoughtful lyrics. —Rebecca Vernon

David Williams

Summer

BearTalk

Street: 1.08

David Williams = Will Oldham + Richmond Fontaine

Initially released as a limited-edition, hand painted cardboard-box CD package, *Summer* is now available for mass consumption, courtesy of local label/booking company, BearTalk. Minimal and intimate, this release captures the essence of Southern Utah—an area where Mr. Williams often resides. "Echo" is a soundscape for the desolate while "Duluth" is the meatiest, musically and content-wise. *Summer* is yet another great effort from the thriving, local singer/songwriter scene. (*Kilby Ct.: 03.26*) —Tom D'Plume

Game Reviews

By Jesse Kennedy



Assassin's Creed

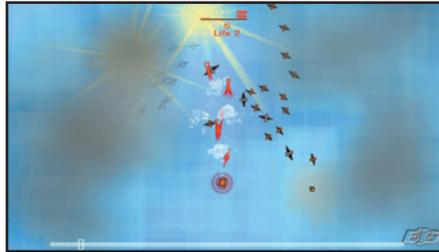
Ubisoft Montreal
Xbox 360/PS3
11.13.2007
Action

The tsunami of hype that preceded the launch of Assassin's Creed was so massive that it was sure to leave many expectations high and dry once the game actually set sail. An early trailer for the game generated so much chatter in the gaming community that Assassin's Creed was able to launch this last holiday season and actually stand amongst the many triple-A sequels arriving at the same time. So the conundrum with a new game with so many hopes pinned to its sleeve is how it can establish itself as both new and enjoyable to players while at the same time satisfying all of those towering expectations, because just being a good game at this point isn't enough. For the most part, Assassin's Creed achieves this nearly impossible goal, but not without a few crucified opportunities that would have made it an unforgettable title.

The game takes place in a few different Middle Eastern cities during the time period of the crusades. The visual quality of the cities and their virtual inhabitants in Assassin's Creed is second to none. Go ahead and explore the amazing details for a few hours; you won't be disappointed. And since your character has Spiderman-like climbing abilities, you're not just limited to exploring the streets. Every rooftop and tower becomes a new challenge to conquer. Unfortunately, this is the best part of Assassin's Creed. The fighting mechanics are bare-bones simple and the plot moves at a snail's pace. Also, the inability to skip over the long animated scenes sent tears of anguish falling onto my controller.

I'm doing my best not to make fun of the horribly tacked on sci-fi understorey; that would be too easy. Planning assassinations is fun the first few times, but eventually the repetitiveness in Assassin's Creed will have you hopping up on the cross just to end the pain. The controls and on-screen display are overly cumbersome, and, at times, feel as if they were designed to make the game at least somewhat challenging. Overall, Assassin's Creed feels like it went for more wow factor than actual game play, but that doesn't mean that you shouldn't at least stop by and check out the amazing scenery.

3 out of 5 ancient people don't like being stabbed



Everyday Shooter

Queasy Games
PC/PS3
03.29.06
Arcade Action

Since last month's *SLUG Magazine* has thrown us all head-first into the fiery volcano that is independent video gaming, I wanted to keep that thread alive with what will hopefully become a monthly glimpse into the erupting chasm of alternative gaming. First up is *Everyday Shooter*, a game written by **Jonathan Mark**, originally released on PC and now available for download on the *PlayStation Network*. *Everyday Shooter* plays on the same classic principles as *Asteroids* or *Galaxian* (static screen, two dimensional) but takes the entire package to new places with unique visuals and a simplistic but very organic solo guitar soundtrack.

What made *Everyday Shooter* feel unique for me is how replaying the game is the cornerstone to completing it! By playing the game, points are earned that can be saved up to buy perks that will do everything from giving more starting lives (to allow you to play further into the game) to re-arranging the order of the levels to avoid too much repetition or even changing the color layouts on the different levels. This system rewards even a casual session and, at the same time, allows access to the depths of the game at a speed on par with the skill of the player. Though consistent themes for scoring run throughout the game, each level looks unique and redefines the rules for generating points while still providing new challenges and perils.

One of the benefits of having games like this loaded onto your console is the opportunity to jump into a quick game (load times are very minimal) and play a very accessible game while still earning points toward a more serious session yet to come. Considering the download cost of *Everyday Shooter* is only \$10, you get a game that will challenge your precision gaming abilities and offer a glimpse not only into gaming past but also into gaming future, where something as simple as a 2 dimensional arcade game looks like a piece of pure imagination in motion.

4 out of 5 thumbs will not survive



Mass Effect

BioWare/Microsoft Game Studios
Xbox 360
11.20.2007
3rd Person Action/RPG

Mass Effect goes a long way toward bridging the gap between video games and the parallel universes of graphic novels and film. The plot takes center stage here as your choices during the game will lead you to new dialogs and peripheral missions. *BioWare*, who also developed the 2003 hit *Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic*, has retooled the combat system here to a live-action, 3rd person variety which keeps the game more suspenseful than the previous (and more detached) combat controls of *Knights of the Old Republic*. Know that this kind of game is not for everyone, it can be slow and tedious at times, but for gamers looking for an experience that will scratch the deepest geek itches, *Mass Effect* is *the* back-scratcher of choice.

In a game so rich with dialog, the voice acting is absolutely critical, and here *Mass Effect* really shines. The voices work convincingly with a well laid out script that manages to not wander too far from the main plot considering how many layers unfold throughout the story. The facial animations are very well done and translate the nuances of the emotional spectrum incredibly well. The environments range from great-looking to sparse and barely finished. The many different levels found in the game are generally designed very nicely, but there are a few glaring exceptions that will leave you wandering around for way too long trying to figure out exactly where you're supposed to be to keep the story moving forward.

There's an unfortunate side to *Mass Effect*, which is the almost painful and constant stuttering of the game. I was completely baffled at first as to how a game with such an obviously huge amount of development could have shipped with such a glaring problem. From what I've read the problem is related to how the game streams off the disk instead of caching information on the (optional) *Xbox360* hard drive, a fact that makes the game playable to 360 owners who didn't buy the hard drive and a requirement for any game coming from the *Microsoft Game Studios*. No matter the reason it's an annoying bug that really detracts from an otherwise stunning gaming achievement.

4.75 out of 5 aliens end up being evil

THE POINT AFTER

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Reviews

Across Five Aprils

Life Underwater

Victory Records

Street: 02.19

AFA = Shutdown + Death By Stereo



After listening to the first track on AFA's latest record and first release for **Victory**, I was sold on their blistering brand of hardcore. **Brandon Mullins'** vocals are very reminiscent of the NYC band **Shutdown** (R.I.P.), one of my youth hardcore faves. Not to mention their breakdowns and energy outbursts are original and when coupled with their group gang vocals, they seemed to be a new fave. Then they sang. In today's world of singing and screaming, there's only a few bands anymore that aren't generic trash. Though it was a let-down, their "singing" wasn't really close to other outfits of this sort and is more like **Death By Stereo's** melodic vocals. In the end, I was able to look past it and relish in the face-pounding guitars and drums and throat-ripping vocals instead, although tracks like "In Photographs" and "My Sins Stacked to Heaven" bring the album down. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Ancestors

Neptune With Fire

North Atlantic Sound

Street: 02.19

Ancestors = Black Sabbath + Pink Floyd

Take a culmination of doom and progressive rock to new heights and you have Ancestors' debut album, *Neptune With Fire*. There is a wonder and mystique to this two-song concept record that I haven't come across in quite some time. When you have long songs instead of just short ones, it can be hard to capture one's attention. Well, such is not the case at all with Ancestors. The playing is varied to the fullest extent of the word. Themes are played out with anticipation and subtle beauty. You never really know all of what to expect when hearing a brand new artist and it's refreshing to hear something genuinely new. The thought that went into recording this epic astounds me; the transitions are not forced, the direction of the songs flows so naturally; as

subtly as floating down a river. There are thick, thunderous guitars here coupled with a jam attitude in portions and some mellow "Planet Caravan"-style grooves. Once you commit to listening to the two very lengthy songs on *Neptune With Fire*, there is no going back; the record has that genius quality that says you're done listening when the album is over. —Bryer Wharton

Antietam

Opus Mixtum

Carrot Top Records

Street: 02.08

Antietam = Joy Division + Burma

This record is neither totally horrible nor really great—kind of like purgatory (which, for some, may actually be worse than hell). I could proceed to describe this music with some really creative and ambiguous statements like, "Key surfs dark waves of rolling rhythm with her guitar," (**Greg Kot**, *Chicago Tribune*) or "Tara Key is the feeling person's guitar hero—capable of tearing fist-sized chunks from your soul with every ecstatic rush of notes," (**David Sprague**, *Village Voice*)—but phrases like these run the risk of romanticizing the unspectacular. My fancy, all-encompassing music-critic statement for Antietam's album reads as follows: "Opus Mixtum is like plain toast." —Makena Walsh

Beach House

Devotion

Car Park Records

Street: 02.26

Beach House = Mazzy Star + Slowdive



This is one of those albums that just makes everything feel alright. Each of the 11 tracks is slow and melodic, yet all of them still manage to have a unique charm unto themselves. Slide guitars, organs and more accompany old-timey female vocals that cover topics of love and its ilk under the proverbial moonlight. The whole CD emanates with character and substance that doesn't seek to overwhelm. A thoroughly laid-back listen is what results from *Devotion*, which just asks to be played on those clicky old speak-

ers your grandparents proudly display in their front room. Dim the lights and think of togetherness and snowy evenings in a fire-lit cabin with your lovey-dovey. —Ross Solomon

The Child Ballads

Cheekbone Hollows EP

Gypsy Eyes Records

Street: 04.15

The Child Ballads = The Shins + Bob Dylan + The Kinks

Cheekbone Hollows is the sort of album that is great to listen to on rainy days, hung-over mornings and almost any time during the month of January when the inversion blows into the Salt Lake valley. It's easy to listen to and its simplicity allows you to slip into it with ease. It is mellow, mild and the six songs flow together perfectly. The instrumentation featured on the album is minimal; the acoustic guitars and viola stand out the most, which allows **Stewart Lupton's** haunting vocals to really emerge. "They Hunt Us We Run" is the standout track of the album. —Jeanette Moses

Cryptacize

Dig That Treasure

Asthmatic Kitty Records

Street: 02.19

Cryptacize = A Disney Movie + Kings of Convenience + Jean - Philip Audin



Dig That Treasure is an album that reminds me of the awkward dreams that I so vividly remember. The unsystematic positioning of harmonica and what sounds like a washboard, as in the last track, "Say You Will," could easily be placed in **The Science of Sleep** soundtrack. It also brings back childhood memories of classic Disney movies, the ones that had incredible, musical scenes that would get stuck in your head for days. Cryptacize captures the angelic voices of **Cinderella** and her **Prince** as well as sets the magical mood with a variety of stringed instruments. To stay away from childish audiences, you have to add a little edge, which they manage to bring in with an instrumental and lyrical talent

similar to bands like Kings of Convenience; melancholy yet bittersweet. This album is one to listen to before bed or on a rainy day, so bring your pillow or an umbrella. (*Kilby Court* 4.03) —Lyuba Basin

Death Angel

Killing Season

Nuclear Blast

Street: 02.26

Death Angel = Anthrax + Nuclear

Assault + Exodus

Old-school thrash all the way here, folks. The extremely young Death Angel burst onto the scene in the early 80s, releasing their first record in '87, *The Ultra Violence* and many more in years to come. The band was broken up for a long period of time and wound up re-uniting in early 2000. That's enough of the history lesson; on to the new record, their first in four years. This new outing puts their first album after they reunited, *The Art of Dying*, to school in so many ways. It seems as if the band found their outlet to play thrash like they used to; ultimately, what we have with *Killing Season* is the band's ability to update their old sound into something modern and very well produced. When you're not being pummeled by ultimate thrashing riffs there is a huge change in each song of tempo, feeling and musicianship, not to mention the oh-so-important wailing guitar solos. The biggest selling factor here is the fact that younger and newer metal listeners will easily enjoy and be able to listen to this new offering as opposed to the under-produced sound of the 80s. It always puts a smile on my face to know that a band from the 80s can still put out amazing albums. —Bryer Wharton

Dismember

Dismember

Regain Records

Street: 02.18

Dismember = Benediction (old) + Grave

There is a lot of discussion as to the relevance and quality of Dismember's older albums as compared to their newest efforts. Well, fans, most likely we'll never hear anything quite like *Like an Ever Flowing Stream* or *Death Metal* again. But from the standpoint of this reviewer, since *Where Iron Crosses Grow* and slightly even before said record, the band has been releasing punishing, top-notch Swedish death metal. The fact alone that their guitar tone is still as raw and shredding as it always was shows that the band is dedicated to their sound. Yes, there isn't a huge difference in sound and songwriting from this new self-titled, ripping blasterpiece from their last *The God That Never Was*. Regardless, when you have a formula that fits and does a good job at getting your head

a'-banging, why change it? The new album is as fast and shredding as you could ever want and most importantly, trademark Dismember raw! The songs themselves are extremely cohesive and flow well together. To put things very simply, the new record embodies the classic old-school death-metal sound and is simply and very technically brutal. —Bryer Wharton

Donita Sparks & The Stellar Moments

Transmiticate
Sparksfly Records

Street: 02.19

Donita Sparks & The Stellar Moments = L7 + Garbage + The Cliks
Donita Sparks' first solo album isn't just a rehash under a new name; it's a new sound. While former L7 contemporary **Dee Plakas** is also featured on drums, **The Stellar Moments** will seem familiar, but there's a definite shift in the sound of this group. It's the same grll/grunge, but with a softness about it. Not that the edge is gone off the music so much as Sparks has grown past rage-induced tampon-tossing and into a newer style. From near-jazzy tracks like *Creampuff* to grungy *Dare Dare*, this album is a blast to listen to for both L7 fans and newcomers. **Transmiticate** is a fantastic way for Sparks to remind people just what Grrl rock really sounds like. —Kat Kellermeier

Drag The River

You Can't Live This Way
Suburban Home

Street: 03.04

Drag The River = Gin Blossoms in a dive bar drunk on Wild Turkey hanging out with Thelma and Louise



Drag the River's 7th album is inspiring and uplifting. If I was all bummed out and stuck in a trailer park, this album would motivate me to get up and get on out of my dead-end life and do something productive. To let me be me. On my way out of this small town, I would crank this album in my beat-up convertible while driving topless and let my hair down so it could blow in the wind. This album is all of **John Cougar Mellencamp's** positivity mixed with all the sappiness of **Neil Young**. So forget about all the hardships that have happened in your life; go buy this album, get inspired and triumphant and go drive around in a convertible with no top on. —Jon Robertson

Earth

The Bees Made Honey in the Lion's Skull

Southern Lord Records

Street: 02.26

Earth = Godfathers of droning doom

With nearly twenty years under their belt, **Earth** continues to be a household name for doom, and that's really saying something. This recent release picks up pretty much from where last year's *Hibernaculum* left off, but with a bit more sense of purpose and almost twice as long. With their slow, blues-driven rock, they effectively satisfy my occasional "unsocial and not giving a fuck" mood. This album is by no means a disappointment, but like all other Earth releases, it is definitely not for those who lack any attention span whatsoever. While the songs aren't terribly long, the tempo they're played at could make a listener either let the bleak moods sink in, or feel frustrated. But that's what both drone and doom are known for, and Earth has stood the test of time long enough to prove that they aren't done yet. —Conor Dow

EkoTren

Light the Fire

Blind Prophecy

Street: 02.19

EkoTren = Ill Nino + Nonpoint +

From Autumn to Ashes



For the love, I can understand an artist's passion for creating a certain sound and not following trends. The trend being nü-metal, is pretty much dead aside from a few loyal followers. EkoTren follows trends previous nü-metal artists have set forth long ahead of them, with a small scream touch. The lyrics are utterly pointless dribble giving off a big sense of false angst and over-dramaticism. I always say when you try and act angry and you really aren't, it shows and brings down whatever music you play. Perhaps the most horrible portions of the album isn't the boring songwriting, it's the rap-type vocal rants the singer goes into—ugh! If you have any respect for the true metal scene, please ignore EkoTren, lame name and all, and discover the genuine stuff that is really out there. —Bryer Wharton

Evangelista

Hello, Voyager

Constellation

Street: 03.11

Evanvelista = (literally) Carla

Bozulich + Godspeed You! Black

Emperor

Hello, Voyager is not some cliché of healing, yet there is a sense of satisfaction in the growl of this disjointed flotilla of mangled orchestration, string quintets, stark intimate songs and

eidolic production. There is a moment a few minutes into the last track, a determined pile of percussion, trumpet, hushed feedback, shouts-turned-to-screams, background yelps and staccato guitar discharges, when you hear Carla Bozulich, say "Ow!" (a drumming injury, I'm told). This is the same word going through your head as you peep from behind your hands during the previous eight tracks. It is not, however, the "ow" as in "ow, what a broken-hearted song" you felt on Bozulich and brilliant company's previous record, *Evangelista* (so much to communicate, still, they named the band after the album, perhaps). Now, the "ow" is the one you scream as you jump from the window of your drunk daddy's burning house. Yes, he is inside. —Dave Madden

Excepter

Debt Dept.

Paw Tracks

Street: 03.21

Excepter = Wesley Willis + Em-

manuel Goldstein

If you ever feel like spending a night listening to **Marilyn Manson** read you 1984 while lying on a bed full of nails and snorting a quarter-pound of shitty blow, your blurred evening might end up resembling the latest excuse for an album from **Excepter**. Musically, this CD falls somewhere between being tasered by a fascist cop and listening to **Wesley Willis** while hanging from hooks threaded throughout your body. Conceptually, these guys want you to think they're more progressive and enlightened than your feeble mind could possibly imagine. Too bad their execution is so god-awful that it'd be easier to endure **Ann Coulter's** Skeletor-like body rub up against **Carlos Mencia** for 24 hours than listen to this shit one more time. —Ross Solomon

Flogging Molly

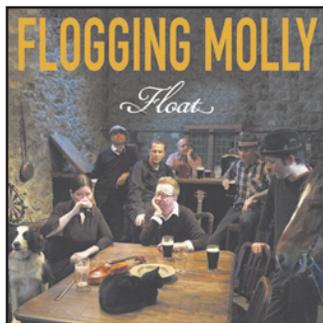
Float

Side One Dummy

Street: 03.04

Flogging Molly = The Pogues +

Sham 69



It is unsurprising that Flogging Molly has obtained the cult-like following they have from their dedicated and diverse fans. Their albums are consistently memorable, haunting and infectious. *Float* is no exception to the high persistence that they have set up with their previous releases. The album opens with the upbeat and punk-infused "Requiem For A Dying Song," "Paddy's Lament" and "Lightning Storm," which are highly reminiscent of many of the songs featured on *Drunken Lullabies*,

while "Float" has more of a traditional Celtic feel to it. This album won't disappoint longtime fans of Flogging Molly —Jeanette Moses

Foot Foot

Trumpet

Aagoo Records

Street: 02.26

Foot Foot = The soundtrack to the

next great indie film

I have decided to make a movie. Scarf-clad scenesters will line up for tickets and text tiresome clichés to spread the word of this new indie classic. This will be the story of two boring, love-struck characters who have read too much philosophy while refusing to put enough energy into being interesting. They will languish in their own trite definitions of modern love while watching reruns of popular television shows from the 1970s. For this soon-to-be indie must-have, I will obtain the exclusive rights to Foot Foot's *Trumpet* for the soundtrack. It has the slow, boring sound so appealing to the current tedious throng of moviegoers. The characters in my film will imbibe coffee and ingest lettuce wraps while Foot Foot's country and western-influenced mildness wafts into the ears of an aimless audience. If independent film companies refuse my project, I will simply begin piping *Trumpet* at Two Creek. —Joey Richards

Four Letter Lie

What a Terrible Thing to Say
Victory Records

Street: 02.19

FLL = From Autumn To Ashes +

Atreyu + Dashboard Confessional

In the late 1990s and early 2000s, when bands like **Poison The Well**, **Boys-Set-Fire**, **Thrice**, **Thursday**, etc., began dabbling in mixing halfway decent singing with pounding hardcore riffs, it was new and not half bad in my book. It was a breath of fresh air because they were treading new ground and for the most part, what they were doing they were doing well. Around 10 years later, this whole scene has been inundated with garbage like FLL and their latest crap-fest, *What a Terrible Thing to Say*. Who knew that a handful of bands trying something new, and each with their own individualistic twist, would create a plethora of worthless copycat music? If FLL cut out the sissy **Dashboard** choir boy singing in their songs, they'd be a mediocre hardcore band. As it stands, though, this album should be used as an example of what needs to end. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Galactic

From the Corner to the

Block

Anti

Street: 03.11

Galactic = Blackalicious + Jurassic

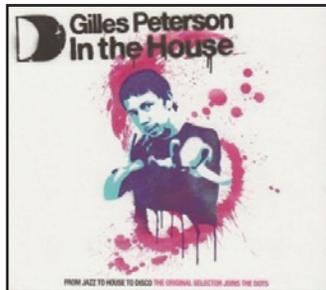
5 + Medeski, Martin & Wood + Ben

Harper

If **James Brown's** ghost rose from the grave and started dancing the merengue, that's what **Galactic** would sound like. Galactic is an instrumental band similar to **Ozomatli** but with a hint of **Ben Harper** thrown into the mix. *From the Corner to the Block* is 14 tracks of funky ass-shacking grooves with all

your favorite MCs dropping the lyrical flow on you until you get so excited that you slip in it or you dance so hard that you pass out or your booty falls off. The coolest track on the album is track three, "The Corner," featuring **Gift of Gab**. The lyrical picture he paints is so capturing that I think I'm going to give him a call and ask him if he'll start telling me stories before I go to bed every night. —Jon Robertson

Gilles Peterson
In The House
Defected Records
Street: 02.11
Gilles Peterson's *In the House* = Earth, Wind, & Fire + Jon Lucien



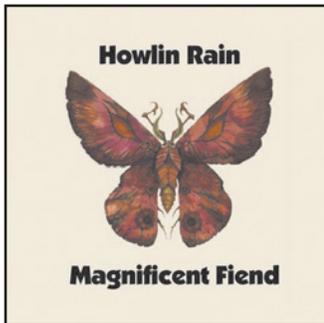
Who knows what possessed geriatric Gilles Peterson to release this less-than-relevant album (I have a hunch it may have something to do with the buying power of nostalgic baby boomers). The record is an extensive (over 50 songs on a triple-CD set) collection of tracks thrown under the wide umbrella of the term "acid-jazz." The album could be called "Mildly Popular Songs of The 1980s". Don't get me wrong, I love **Rufus** as much as the next 21-year-old, but for some reason, groups like this don't exactly resonate with me—due possibly to the last 20-plus years of music history. Think zany and embarrassing uncle ranting about "real music" while doing the Electric Slide. —Makena Walsh

Hate Eternal
Fury and Flames
Metal Blade
Street: 02.19
Hate Eternal = **Morbid Angel + Rip-ping Corpse + Dim Mak**
Well, there's no doubt about it, Hate Eternal's newest offering to the death metal gods, *Fury and Flames*, definitely sounds like it came from the madman behind the band Erik Rutan. The man has been producing a boatload of albums ranging in genre styles as of late, so to hear he has a new record with basically his baby of a band, Hate Eternal, was a surprise—a good one, though. The record, thankfully, is much more intriguing than the last album, *I, Monarch*. It seems as if Rutan has put that one behind him even though fans mostly enjoyed it. There is a certain element to Rutan's guitarwork in previous bands and with his vocals in Hate Eternal that has always been appealing. His guitars are in the mid-paced to fast range. This new record is on par with the astounding debut, *Conquering the Throne*; there is quality, consistency and the utmost brutality. The guitarwork is just plain fun to listen to and amazing

enough to want to dissect and inspect layers and riff structures. Don't count out the great hyper-speed drumming which Hate Eternal is also known for. The technicality here is fantastically done. Thanks, Rutan and Co., for bringing back that fire that was on the debut album—it was missed in previous records which weren't bad, but weren't truly amazing, either. —Byrer Wharton

The Heavenly States
Delayer
Rebel Group
Street: 02.19
The Heavenly States = The Long Winters + Ted Leo + The Shins
Saying goodbye to their aggressive pop-punk roots, The Heavenly States introduce a whole new feel in their third release, *Delayer*. Combining witty lyrics with crunchy, catchy and non-cliché guitar riffs, The Heavenly States reach levels of feel-good summer nostalgia laced with unparalleled originality. *Delayer* kickstarts with several gravelly pop anthems that slowly wind themselves down into sweet but not domineering melodies balancing somewhere between the insightful, poignant lyrics of **David Dondero** and the quirkiness and unpredictability of **Ted Leo and the Pharmacists**. This album is incredibly pleasing from start to finish in that it does not waver somewhere between watery indie-rock and post-punk wash-out. No; instead, *Delayer* sets a new standard for indie-rock criteria in that they innovatively combine fresh guitar riffs over searing pop drumbeats, posing an unrivaled challenge for similar bands surfacing in the indie scene. —Kristyn Lambrecht

Howlin Rain
Magnificent Fiend
American
Street: 03.04
Howlin Rain = What Lynyrd Skynyrd would sound like if Ronnie Van Zant hadn't died in a plane crash



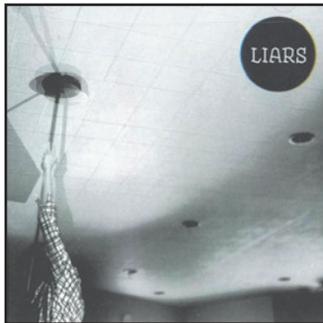
This is a good ol' rock n' roll/country-tinged torcher. I feel like I'm being transported in time to the mid 70s and being forced to listen to the most generic Southern rock band of all time. The one thing that is really cool about these guys is the organ lines. I think the organ player **Joel Robinow** should leave the band and join an **Iron Butterfly** tribute band. These guys could be really cool if they would try and get a little more experimental; they're just too generic-sounding. I want to really like this band and I think I secretly do, but I'm just not emotionally prepared or stable enough to admit it to myself.

Maybe if I can get in touch with my inner **Skynyrd**, I will be able to accept Howlin Rain. —Jon Robertson

Justice of the Unicorns
Angels with Uzis
Little Lamb Recordings
Street: 03.08

Justice of the Unicorns = a desire to be Wayne Coyne + a love for strange song titles
Howdy, friends. Welcome to another episode of "The Synonym Game." Ready? Here we go. Surfeit. Surplus. Excess. Overabundance. Superfluity. *Angels with Uzis*. There now, kids. Do you see a pattern emerge? You obviously all realize that the world of music is bursting at the seams with mellow indie rock that anticipates a person being too taken aback by titles such as "Jesus Had a Girlfriend" to realize that the music to which they are listening is the same music that every band is pumping out with a tirelessness that would make even the most virile rabbit feel impotent. "McCarren Pool" may as well be an anthem for all the privileged "indie" devotees who blandly stand in loud bars dressed in headbands and tight and sway to and fro with stupid fists raised high in some false camaraderie. That said, this album is tolerable. —Joey Richards

Liars
Liars
Mute
Street: 03.18
Liars = Joy Division + Dick Dale + A 10-X cooler version of The Raveonettes



The new Liars album is dark pop at its finest. If you could overdose on reverb and fuzz, this album would for sure do you in. Track eight, "Clear Island," is one of the catchiest songs I have heard in a long time; it makes me want to ask **Kim Gordon** of **Sonic Youth** to dance with me **Beach Blanket Bingo** style. I think that if you surfed in the sewer with **The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles**, this is what they would be rocking out to with their **Ninja Turtle iPod's** while they carved some sewer waves. These dudes are the big kahunas of artsy punk. If you didn't go to their show a couple months ago at **Urban Lounge**, you are totally bogus. —Jon Robertson

The Loved Ones
Build & Burn
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 01.28
The Loved Ones = all the other crap on Fat Wreck Chords that likes to call themselves punk

If I were to be a person who uses tact, I would say that *Build & Burn* is a decent record released by a band that has some pretty apparent talent, though their music is not my cup of tea. However, tact is a social skill that I rarely exercise and with that in mind, The Loved Ones' new album makes me sicker than a dog in heat with a bad diet. To call this music "punk" (or "people's punk," as it says in the press sheet) is a complete disgrace to any punk group that has ever released an EP or a full-length. *Build & Burn* consists of your typical generic rock melodies—although some of the solos are decent—that all sound the same, and multi-pitch vocals that sound more whiney than anything else. These type vocals can also be heard in much better rock groups like The Hives, who don't pretend to be something they aren't. Even if the group did away with the incorrect label of "people's punk," this CD is still not worth much of a listen. —Josh McGillis

Mike Patton
A Perfect Place
Ipecac
Street: 03.11
Mike Patton = what it would be like to live in the psyche ward in hell
Apparently Mike Patton isn't content with going berserker on just music anymore and wants to corrupt movies and videogames with his ADHD brand of vocal stylings. In between contributing vocals for the creatures in "I Am Legend" and supplying voices for video games, he now has moved on to scoring films. This is the soundtrack to the movie *A Perfect Place*, which is being released with the movie as a double-disc and Mike Patton's first crack at writing music for a movie. I couldn't think of anyone more qualified; this soundtrack sounds like evil carnival music. The album is mostly instrumental, but with a few melodies thrown in for emphasis. —Jon Robertson

Ministry and Co-Conspirators
Cover Up
13th Planet/Megaforce
Street: 04.01
Ministry = Ministry, douche
Ha! This is actually pretty much what you'd expect from Ministry doing a record of cover tunes. While I think it's kind of a cop-out for Al Jourgensen to include the 1000 Homo DJs cover of "Supernaut" on this collection, as a whole, this album's still worthwhile. I found myself really enjoying the cover of "Under My Thumb," and kudos to the kids for not covering songs that most Ministry fans would "expect." Hearing Al sing "What a Wonderful World" is absolutely fucking priceless! And when the payoff comes at about the halfway mark, it gets all over your face. —Gavin Hoffman

Miwagemini
This Is How I Found You
Addictive
Street: 03.18
Miwagemini = Lightning Dust + Bjork + Cat Power
Miwagemini, a New York native, can be

easily recognized for her eccentric use of a mandolin and her eerie, haunting vocals reminiscent of **Black Mountain's Amber Webb**. On her second release, *This is How I Found You*, Miwagemini strings together a combination of love songs—or love spells, rather—that echo with the detached aura of **Bjork** and the offbeat diction of **Tom Waits**. This album, consisting of a mere nine songs, is lyrically heavy and straightforward, similar to her only previous release, *Forgetful Ocean and Other Strange Stories*. This album is a continuation of Miwagemini's haunting and uncanny ability to spin shadowy stories out of sinister piano tunes, simple guitar riffs and an array of string instruments. Although this album occasionally borders on overbearing, it never crosses the line, making *This is How I Found You* a delightfully eerie journey of passion, pain and prose. —*Kristyn Lambrecht*

Nadine Mooney
MouseHouseWormHole
Tender Loving Empire
Street 02.22

Nadine Mooney = Cartoon Monster + Starving Daughters + Edith Piaf I don't know what's going on these days in Portland, but I don't think anyone there listens to music anymore. Maybe they spend all their time drinking espresso, smoking weed and staring at the closest wall. Otherwise, a record like this one could never have been made. Rudimentarily recorded, and with sparse instrumentation, 10 mysterious songs appear twice on this disk—once forward and once in reverse. When played normally, the songs take on an "Edith Piaf with a bong" feel, whereas the backward renditions sound like a tripped-out Bollywood film about Edith Piaf smoking a bong. So, honestly, it's kind of a lose-lose situation. —*James Bennett*

Sculptured Embodiment
The End Records
Street: 02.19

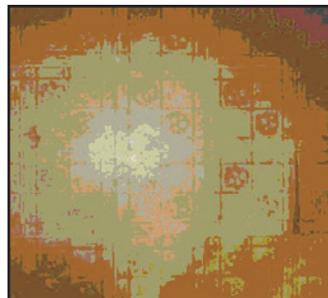
Sculptured = pure progressive metal innovation This album has been long awaited from fans of the rabid metal world. I am very proud to exclaim and say that this is the best metal offering of the year and quite possibly, it will stay that way. Led by **Don Anderson**, also of **Agalloch**, the band hasn't released an album in 10 long years. Like any true progressive metal band, Sculptured has created a record distinctly different than anything they've done before. There is a more avant garde sound to this album among the likes of **Arcturus** masterpiece, *The Sham Mirrors*. Also new to the band sound is some slight death vocals, although easily heard and enunciated. The record is a total creative culmination and journey through five lengthy songs, each one embodying elements and sounds not heard in the previous. There are layers upon layers of instruments and musical arrangements brought forth with utmost passion and creativity. There are guitar tones, structures and arrangements you will hear nowhere else than on *Embodiment*. You don't have to have

a handle on the metal scene to enjoy Sculptured's musical and artistic blend of atmospheres, feelings and technical mastery; anyone can hear the genius and passion lying in these five amazing songs. —*Bryer Wharton*

She & Him
Volume 1

Merge Records
Street: 03.18
She & Him = Pop + country + folk **Zooey Deschanel** and **M. Ward** make up She & Him and are set to be the next **Glen Hansard** and **Markéta Irglová** (*Once*) duo due to the acting/music switch-a-roo. Deschanel, better known for acting, alluded to her vocal talents in the movie *Elf*, teasing those who took notice and leaving us wondering when we'd hear more. Finally, here it is. In a world of over-produced and clichéd music, Deschanel and Ward have created the most natural-sounding and remarkable record so far this year. Ward, who has collaborated with greats like **Neko Case**, **Conor Oberst** and **Jenny Lewis**, to name a few, lends his instrumentality and backing vocals to this album, humbly titled *Volume 1*. It's refreshing to listen to a record that showcases the talent of the performers and not the talent of the producers. If you claim to be a real music lover, you will buy this album. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Singer
Unhistories
Drag City
Street: 03.25
Singer = US Maple + TV on the Radio



I have it on good authority (i.e., Drag City's PR lady) that these guys put on one hell of a live show: engaging, unpredictable, and by the sound of it, interactive as well. Frankly, I'm inclined to believe her; unfortunately, very little of that excitement seems to have transferred onto *Unhistories*, their debut record. Singer's deconstructionist take on rock music is conceptually interesting and does cause the listener to wonder at their methodology. Sadly, this curiosity yields very little in the way of pleasure. Their songs are too fragmented and process-oriented to make for a satisfying listen. While I applaud Singer for trying new approaches to the traditional rock quartet, this first go-round just doesn't translate well to record. Maybe if I check them out live, I'll change my mind. —*Jona Gerlach*

Sons & Daughters
This Gift
Domino

Street: 03.04
Sons & Daughters = Cat Power + Nick Cave + Johnny Cash I first discovered this band when they opened up for **Bright Eyes**. I thought that **Satan's** rockabilly band had taken the stage. Then soon realized that these guys were not Satan's band, they were actually a double Scottish version of **Bonnie and Clyde**. These guys are gritty—the rhythm section of **Ailidh Lennon** and **David Gow** have the toughest, thickest sound of anyone around these days and are a perfect complement to **Adele Bethel's** voice. If you got in a bar fight with these guys, they would dominate your face. Then the angelic voice of singer **Bethel** would totally whisper insults into your pulverized ear about how weak you are. They proly go to the bar and beat people down for fun. —*Jon Robertson*

Stuck Mojo
Southern Born Killers
Napalm Records
Street: 03.04

Stuck Mojo = killer southern rock + Body Count Well, Stuck Mojo fans, it finally happened—the band got back together. Quite honestly, the new record sounds like the band never missed a beat in their over six years of not releasing any music. Guitarist Rich Ward is as amped and tough as ever, producing some truly catchy and meaty riffs. The hip-hop element, however, has come forward in a higher light—longtime singer and frontman Bonz is gone, replaced by Lord Nelson. Bonz basically set Mojo apart from other rap-rock artists out there, although Mojo came long before said trend set in and were always underdogs. Bonz had a power behind him lyrically and in the strength of his vocals. That said, the band could have made worse decisions on who to use as a new lead singer. Yeah, it's not the same, but the vocals and lyrics are infectious, full of politically charged and distinctly American themes instead of what the regular rap or rap-rock artists use. The point here is if you've been a fan of the band since the beginning, there is no doubt you will find a massive amount of enjoyment listening to *Southern Born Killers*. If you don't enjoy rap-rock at all, then don't listen to it and don't bitch about it. —*Bryer Wharton*

To-Mera
Delusions
Candlelight
Street: 02.26
To-Mera = Insaan + Arcturus + pure originality

What was pretty standard gothic metal with their previous record, *Transcendental*, To-Mera has truly upped the intensity, originality and just overall diversity. *Delusions* sees a true progression encompassing realms of black metal, avant styles and gothic metal. The band has truly set their standards high for this record and are sure to reel in more than just the gothic-metal tangent with this new opus. On *Delusions*, there are tempo changes all over within the guitars and keys, even some jazz tempos. Amongst the chaotic portions, there are plentiful melodies driven by pianos and mellow, soothing female vocals.

The band is no stranger to experience, with bassist **Lee Barrett** of **Extreme Noise Terror** and vocalist **Julie Kiss** of **Without Face**. The album is highly progressive in nature and with every listen comes a discovery of sound melody or layer you have not heard before. Here's kudos to To-Mera for ditching a standard sound for something more relevant and diverse. —*Bryer Wharton*

Various Artists
Local Anesthetic
Smooch Records
Street: 02.12

Local Anesthetic = All the gems from the early Colorado punk scene **Local Anesthetic** was an in-store record label formed in Colorado in 1981. This release is the culmination of all of the releases put out by Local Anesthetic, plus a few other early underground acts from Colorado that were released on other labels. It is highly eclectic, but you get the feeling that this compilation captures the highlights of what was going on in the Colorado punk scene from 1977-1983. It opens with "My Dad's a Fucking Alcoholic" by **Frantix**, a noisy, drug-damaged punk-rock band that sounds similar to many early 80s hardcore acts. "The Abyss" by **Your Funeral** is highly reminiscent of **Siouxsie and the Banshees**. "Balad of Ronnie Raygun" by **White Trash** sounds like a combination of **M.D.C.** and **Minor Threat**, while tracks like "Bird Brain" by **Glusons** (featuring **Alan Ginsberg** on vocals) is so weird that the only thing it comes close to is **Jello Biafra's** work with the **Melvins**. This compilation is all over the map as far as genres go, but manages to remain cohesive and interesting throughout. —*Jeanette Moses*

Various Artists
Thrashing Like a Maniac
Earache Records
Street: 02.05
Thrashing Like a Maniac = thrash mayhem!

Compilation records are always a gamble, but like the comps of old, i.e., *Metal Massacre*, this surveillance of bands is a true picture of new thrash bands with an old-school sound. I give massive props to Earache for being brave and putting bands on the comp that aren't signed to their label. There is a total of 16 cuts featured on the album, all unique but without-a-doubt pure, unadulterated thrash metal. And like I mentioned before, they are all new bands, which makes things even more unique and offers a real piece of the current scene and a way for new fans and old to discover a few artist they might not have heard yet. There are your current fan favorites from the likes of **Municipal Waste**, **Fueled by Fire**, and **Evile**. My favorites come from **Bonded by Blood**, **Dekapitator**, **Send More Paramedics** and **Gamma Bomb**. So in short, if you're looking for some great thrash metal from the new breed, this comp is a great way to discover it. Not to mention the arrangement of songs and artists (some of which are extremely similar) on the album is great and keeps things fresh and listener attention at its peak. —*Bryer Wharton*



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- 3.21 I am the Ocean, A Switchblade Affair & TBA
- 3.28 The VCR Qunitet w/ Callow

SATURDAY

All day Breakfast
Dance Evolution
with djs DJ:DC & Tom B.

- 3.8 Scream Club, Nicky Click & Rope or Bullets
- 3.29 Loserface. Final show... farewell Ben

SUNDAY

Vegan and Meat Lovers Brunch
Metal on the Sabbath

Books Aloud

I Got Thunder

LaShonda Katrice Barnett

Da Capo Press

Street: 11.30

There is not a whole lot written about black, female singers/songwriters. While there has been a ton written about **Ray Charles** and **Madonna**, you would be hard-pressed to find much on **Dionne Warwick**. And while there are probably sexist and racial reasons for the dearth of scholarly prose on this segment of entertainment history, LaShonda Barnett has decided to level the playing field. This book features histories, discographies and primary source interviews with virtually every leading black female songwriter of the past several decades. Represented here are conversations with **Tracy Chapman**, **Gladys Knight**, **Chaka Kahn** and many, many others. The interviews, conducted by Barnett herself, give insight into the creative processes and wider histories surrounding some of modern music's biggest names. It is an ambitious project, but a project that comes together beautifully. This is not only a good read, but a fantastic resource for those looking to know more about the societal contributions of female, black entertainers. —*James Bennett*

The Passionate Mistakes and Intricate Corruption of One Girl in America

Michelle Tea

Semiotext(e) [Street: 10.10]

Today I would like to provide you with a recipe for success that will allow you to write this book and become a darling of the shiftless indie generation we all love and emulate. First, be born. Next, become angst-filled, smoke cigarettes, drink booze, date a man, date a woman, date a man and different women simultaneously, drink more, fuck quotation marks, break up with a man, delve into feminism, date a woman, realize that this woman is insane, continue to date her, become a prostitute, move across the country with the emotionally abusive girlfriend, move back, write up all your adventures in a stream-of-consciousness format, and submit them to a publisher. If the publisher refuses to accept your manuscript, please refer said publisher to this book and say that someone somewhere is publishing the exact same thing. Roll in the dough and enjoy being an icon for a vapid generation. —*Joey Richards*

Punk 365

Holley George-Warren

Abrams

Street: 11.07

Ever wanted to read a concise history of punk rock, but you're literate-challenged? Well, congratulations on making it past that first sentence, and welcome to *Punk 365*! Chock full of 365 photos chronicling the movement from the proto-punk days to the present, *Punk 365* is an interesting alternative to some of the often boring and word-heavy traditional punk history books. Physically speaking, *Punk 365* is great: it's a chunky little book with a huge photo printed on the right page and a small explanatory paragraph or quote on the left page. However, some of these explanations feature inaccurate information or offer little insight. There are also a few notable omissions from the book (**Descendents**, **Husker Du**, **The Misfits**) and a couple of questionable inclusions (**Madonna** and those cute, Jamaican "Pass the Dutchie" kids). *Punk 365* would make a fine bathroom book, but there's no reason it should take up valuable real estate on your bookshelf. —*Ricky Vigil*



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

This is the biggest 80's night in the US!

Upstairs: 80s New Wave Flashback with DJ Radar

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

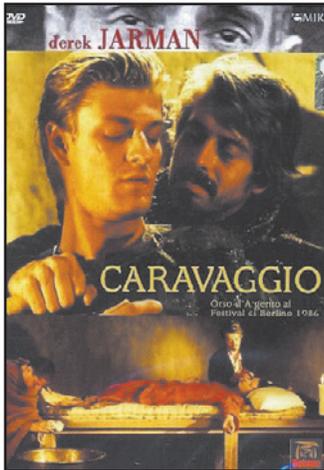
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DVD

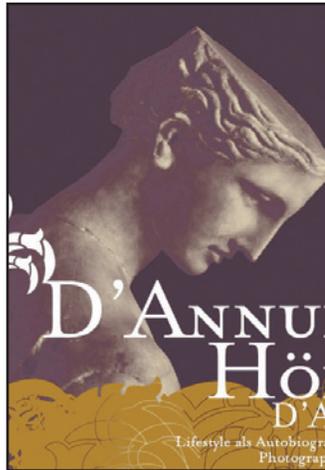
Caravaggio
Rai Trade
 Street: 2008



There's been a serious trend over the last decade of making bio-pics about artists. The last few years have produced biographies about **Frida Kahlo**, **Artemisia Gentileschi**, **Gustave Klimt** and **Jackson Pollock**. Sometimes the films have been wonderful, but often the result has been completely half-assed. Thankfully, the Italians understood the importance of 17th-century painter **Michelangelo Merisi Caravaggio** enough to make the film themselves. The result is a charming Italian-language period piece spanning the life of Caravaggio as he pushed the envelope of art and proper society—using prostitutes as models for the **Virgin Mary**, painting flesh and death realistically and murdering people who looked at him funny. Add in the depth of story created by award-winning cinematographer **Vittorio Storaro** and you end up with a film that is as beautiful as it is gritty. —*James Bennett*

d'Annunzios Höhle
 (d'Annunzio's Cave)
Heinz Emigholz
Filmgalerie 451

Street: 1.29
 Remember the movie **Ghost World**? You know the part where the art teacher shows off her ridiculous video that keeps repeating the line, "Mirror, father, mirror"? Imagine that, but about an hour longer, with your Macintosh computer from 5th-grade narrating and you've got **d'Annunzios Höhle**. The film is a documentary (take that term lightly) about Italian architect and artist **Gabriele d'Annunzio's** mansion. It takes you through 15



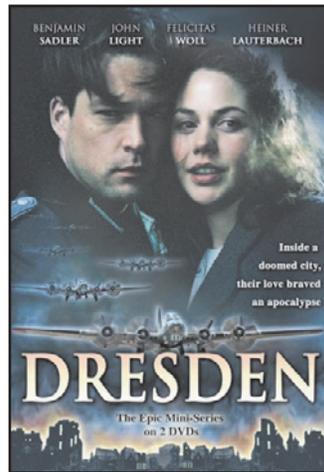
rooms of the mansion and talks a little bit about each room, as well as showing off the decorations in the room. Sounds neat, huh? I thought so, too. It's not. This film suffers technical problems that turn out to be its ultimate downfall. First of all, the narration is done by computer programs (one of which, on room 11, gets really angry with the viewer and starts name calling) that are almost always hard to understand. Often, the voice shifts from the left to right speaker or back behind your TV into the wall or just gets quieter altogether. I don't know what they were trying to achieve here, but if they were trying to frustrate the viewer, they managed nicely. Secondly, in direct contradiction to the info the studio has publicly released, there are no subtitles on this DVD. You're stuck with the difficult-to-understand cyborgs. If you just want to see pretty things in a mansion, sure, check it out. Otherwise, move on. You'll find little else here. —*Aaron Day*

Dr. Bronner's Magic Soapbox
Ghost Robot

Street: 11.20
 Like all religious fanatics, I receive my scriptures from fortune cookies and product labels, and Dr. Emmanuel Brunner's legendary soap bottles satisfy the latter. Wrapped in Bronner's manifesto, the Moral ABC's, the bottles display the doctor's principles of a unified planet and an eco-friendly lifestyle. Wonder Hippie Powers Activate! First-time director **Sara Lamm** attempts to capture not only the life and death tale of Dr. Bronner, but parallels the film with his son, **Ralph**, as he transports his father's legacy to an off-off-Broadway production. Did you know that not

only can you wash your hands with this soap, but you can also use it for cleaning grease stains and performing enemas? Send me an entire case! While both narratives are undeniably amusing, neither is capable of preserving the viewer's attention for the full 90 minutes. Each account would be better off in separate 30-minute shorts. Now, where's that case of soap? —*Jimmy Martin*

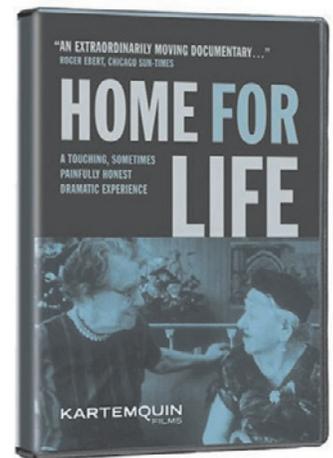
Dresden
Koch Vision
 Street: 02.05



While a romance between a German nurse and a British bomber pilot set in the days surrounding the infamous World War II decimation of the German city by British and U.S. forces might seem problematic and contrived, in this case it works. Not so much for the love story, which is rather simple, but because of the atmosphere that surrounds it. This German-produced Television Mini-Series (think HBO rather than NBC) presents an unflinching look into the psyche of the German people (rich, poor, corrupt and somewhere in between) as the war they were destined to win lunges towards defeat. There is anti-Semitism, paranoia, brutality, betrayal, kindness, love and just enough CGI battle sequences spliced with archived footage to keep the 3 hour running time paced perfectly. For someone like me, who is obsessed not so much with the statistics but the sociological element of World War II, **Dresden** proved quite enlightening. The fact that it is also the most-watched German program of all time also says volumes about a culture trying to come to terms with itself. —*ryan michael painter*

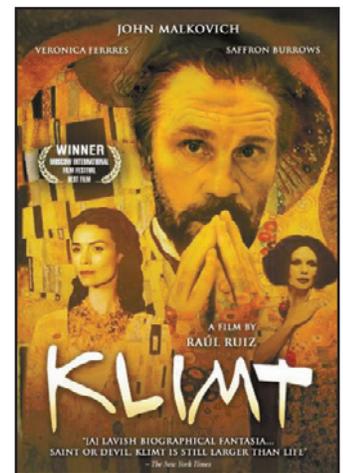
Home For Life
Kartemquin Films
Street: 02.26

Films about everyday life are fascinating. This is especially true when the details are completely foreign to average people, but common in the lives of others. **Home For Life** is the kind of documentary that reveals how much life can change



for the aged members of society. Originally shot in 1966, and completely restored last year, this film follows two new residents of a nursing home. One is an elderly woman who has become a burden to her kids. The second is a man who has come to the difficult conclusion that he can no longer care for himself. Cameras are present as they meet residents and staff in the home, are visited by family, and try to remain optimistic as their options become more and more limited. This is a sometimes coarse look at one's golden years, and it spotlights an industry that continues to work in much the same way—allowing the maximum amount of independence and dignity to those who are slowly losing both. —*James Bennett*

Klimt
Koch Lorber Films
 Street: 01.08



Where biography films about artists can sometimes be fantastic, they can also try too hard—especially when the painter is nothing more than a man who gets off on drawing pictures of naked women. This is a great example of a film whose ambition is a little larger than the person being represented. There's no denying that **Gustav Klimt** is an exceptional artist, but his life story lacks the drama needed to make an

Reviews

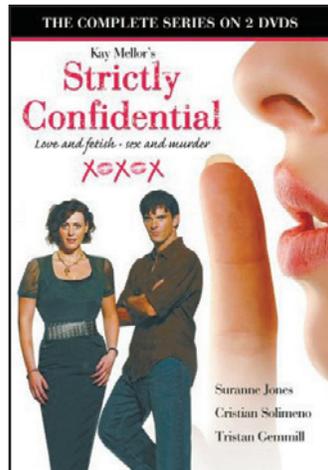
interesting film. The movie starts with Klimt (**John Malkovich**) dying of syphilis and flashing back on his life. And where mental illness, optical brilliance and a mess-load of nude artist's models would seem to be the makings of a great film, it ends up being pretentious, light on substance and heavy on the sounds of screaming women and breaking glass. The wooden acting of Malkovich and co-star **Saffron Burrows** only add to the film's unpleasantness—an uneasy look into the life of an uncommonly good painter. —*James Bennett*

Robson Arms: Season 2

VSC / CTV

Street: 2.19

A television show whose episodes are based around an apartment complex in the West End of Vancouver, BC the second season of the Canadian television show **Robson Arms**, was a delightful surprise! Every episode tosses the viewer into the lives of a different tenant each week. Behind these doors we find every stereotype one can muster: the gay couple, the pot-smokers, the compulsive liar, the unhappy couple, the pregnant couple, the lonely sex-ridden girl, the Italian super. But every character has their own quirks and nothing here screams of standardized Canadian culture. I found this show to be quite charming and touching at times, by investing the viewer in the character's lives. The series is a dramedy, the storytelling was funny and quirky, but not dramatic enough to label it a drama. The unspoken tie-ins and reoccurrences are apparent to the watchful eye, like the statue that urinates before something sexual happens. Though this is only aired on CTV in Canada, you can purchase this DVD anywhere. —*Adam Palcher*



therapist through an affair with her husband's brother, who also happens to be a therapist at her establishment (got that?). What makes this series interesting is that it is a rather intelligent story that explores a pretty broad range of human emotions, where most TV shows aren't made to make you think at all. It switches from light-hearted comedy to a story of forbidden love to gritty crime drama in the span of a few scenes fairly frequently. As a result, the show always manages to remain interesting. The quality of the filming and acting is pretty ace as well. Compound that with the fact that this series is more raunchy and risqué than anything on American TV and it feels more like a series of movies with a continuous story than a TV show. I feel like I can safely recommend this and I suggest that you go buy it if you want to see it because I think it's gonna be a while before you can peep this on KUED. —*Aaron Day*

Strictly Confidential

Koch Vision

Street: 2.05

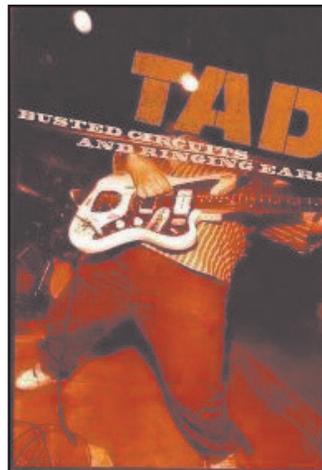
It was February 8th. Reviews were due in two days and I hadn't even opened *Strictly Confidential* because, frankly, it looked retarded. Finally, at 9 p.m. that night, I thought to myself, "I'll skim this thing and just say how bad it sucked and get it over with." This turned into watching the whole thing. All. Five. Hours. ... In one sitting. I was absolutely addicted. It was like crack that you ingest with your eyes and ears. *Strictly Confidential* is a British TV series that tells the story of a cop-turned-sex-therapist who serves as a police consultant on an apparent accidental auto-erotic asphyxiation death. Also, it follows this same

TAD: Busted Circuits and Ringing Ears

MVD Visual

Street: 02.19

Grunge turned music on its head in the early 90s, fusing standard garage music with 70s hard rock in such a way as to put a glorious end to hair metal. And while many bands came along to reap the monetary benefits associated with grunge stardom, a handful peaked too soon—namely, **Mudhoney** and **TAD**. Using archival footage, period interviews and music videos, this DVD recounts the story of TAD, a Seattle-based hard rock band that was releasing records on **Sub Pop** as early as 1988. This was a full five years before the major-label feeding frenzy that followed the successes of **Nirvana**,



Soundgarden and Pearl Jam.

The story is augmented with recent interviews with the band and with fellow Seattle musicians **Krist Novoselic** (Nirvana), **Mark Arm** (Mudhoney), **Kim Thayil** (Soundgarden) and **Chad Channing** (Nirvana). It is an incredible story, and in its telling, we are exposed to a really HEAVY band—one that really should have made it big. —*James Bennett*

Thunderbirds 40th Anniversary DVD Megaset

A&E Home Video

Street: 1.20

Possibly the most famous of the puppet-themed TV shows that were made in the 1960s by **Gerry Anderson**, the Thunderbirds paved the way for puppets in mainstream media. I'm not talking about your run-of-the-mill Sesame Street characters here; I'm talking drama, I'm talking action, I'm talking about sex appeal, damn it! You may have never heard of the Thunderbirds; I used to catch reruns back when it was alright to wear sweat pants in public. You can follow this team of super-elite puppets as they cruise around in spaceships to save the world. This series has inspired several famous movies, such as *Team America World Police* and ... well, that's about it. Anderson creates amazingly detailed miniature sets for the show, and at times I forget that the slow-moving, stiff characters are even puppets. I can't wait for Thunderbirds: the IMAX experience. —*Ben Trentelman*

The Wheels on the Bus: Mango's Big Dog Parade

Porchlight

Street: 01.22

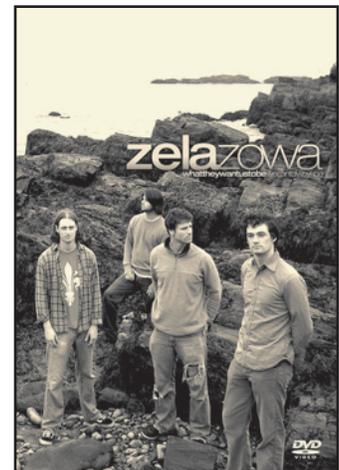
Watching television made for a two-year-old is always a painful experience. This is compounded even further in the straight-to-DVD shit that kid-friendly production companies prolifically churn out. And even when a video is lauded by parenting groups and features voiceover work by rock legend **Roger Daltrey**, it is still impossible for anyone over the age of three to watch. On this half-hour episode (the third in a decidedly evil series) children get to ride a bus, visit a garbage dump and listen to a **Puff the Magic Dragon** rip-off (Daltrey) sing songs about taking turns and sharing. It is horrible, and it relies far too much on the incorrect notion that kids are reasonable, and not a gang of selfish little slobbery bastards. And while the vocal presence of Roger Daltrey may make you think about **The Who**, the real question should be WHY? —*James Bennett*

Zelazowa: What They Want Us to Be, We Can't Always Be

Ship King Media

Street: 10.19

I regret I cannot keep to my



typical wit, but this DVD requires brutal bluntness. This is one of the biggest wastes of time I have experienced in my entire life. That includes all of the years I went to church. This fucking DVD even beats church on the boring scale! Although the blurb assures me that Zelazowa is "the only band that matters," a more accurate statement would be "Zelazowa is to music as licking up vomit is to fun." Fortunately, the DVD barely forces me to listen to the pointless racket that is Zelazowa. Instead, the filmmakers opted to show random clips of scenery for nearly five minutes. The people who made this DVD must have taken an intro to abhorrent documentary class. Jon Robertson recently gave Zelazowa's album *Polymorph* a positive review in this magazine. I am sorry if this caused anyone to give this shit a chance. —*Joey Richards*

Gallery Stroll

Gallery Stroll

By **Mariah Mann Mellus**
mariah@slugmag.com

After trekking through many galleries and searching many websites I bring you my picks for the March Stroll. Held on the 21st or as I like to call it the "third friday". There's no better time to put life on pause and enjoy art than during the monthly Gallery Stroll.

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 East 200 South, has been a driving force behind the gallery stroll since its conception nearly 30 years ago. One might think a gallery of their stature would feel like a museum, but on the contrary it's as fresh and as inviting as any of its younger counter parts. With many floors to peruse and a sculptor garden on the roof you'll never be bored or disappointed. I selected the Phillips Gallery in particular this month for the joint showing of artist **Deborah Hake Brinkerhoff** and **Heather Barron**. The pairing of these women is a perfect match of strong and quite and witty and whimsical. Like the women they portray there are layers of emotion captured in each painting. Both women have a knack for revealing a higher truth. Women are multilayered; we are wives, mothers, friends and humans. We get enjoyment out of our children, friends, pets and yes even our shoes! These elements don't make us weak they make us stronger because we accept them and embrace them. Ladies, this is a perfect show to take your best friend to. The Barron and Brinkerhoff exhibit will be on display in the main floor gallery from March 21st though April 11th.



Heather Barron has shown her work in England, Africa and various places in the U.S.

Plan B Theatre Company and The Utah Arts Council bring you the work of **Everett Ruess**, on display in the **Art Gallery** at the **Rose Wagner**. The show hangs in conjunction with the world premier performance of "The End of the Horizon", running March 14th through 30th in the **Studio Theatre** at **Rose Wagner**. Everett Ruess, a young man whose passion for nature and drive for exploration is insurmountable even by today's standards, became a legend in 1934 when he disappeared at the age of twenty while wandering the desert around Escalante, Utah. Ruess document-

ed his travels along the California coast, the high Sierra Nevada and the canyon's and desert of Arizona and Utah in poems and block prints. The collection on display spans the last five years of Everett's short yet full life. It's been said that these prints were sold to fellow travelers in exchange for a means to supply him self and his burro's passage to the next vista and with each new vista he produced a new print. 75 years later there is a lot of beauty and inspiration to be found in his story and his art. Tickets for the performance of "The End Of The Horizon" are available at www.planbtheatre.org or 355-Arts.

Since I get asked all the time about securing an exhibit I thought I'd mention, I've recently stumbled upon an unconventional art gallery. **(A)Perture** gallery, located at 1617 South 900 East, is available for rent. For a minimal rental fee of \$125 for 24 hours you put on a show and take the commission. Co-founder **Heidi Gress** explained: "We are hoping by creating an opportunity for artist to showcase their work and not pay a large commission they can explore more of their creative potential."

Contact artist@aperturemktg.com with a digital portfolio or call 801-486-0902 for more information. Support local art, it supports you!

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THE FEY

THURSDAY MARCH 20TH
BLACK HORSE

SATURDAY MARCH 22ND
DIEGOS UMBRELLA

FRIDAY MARCH 28TH
BAD APPLES TOUR PARTY

SATURDAY MARCH 29TH
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Daily Calendar

Friday, March 7

Yellowcard, MxPx, Play Radio Play, Treaty of Paris – *Avalon*
Radio Rhythm Makers – *Burt's*
Black Eyed Susan, The Severe Brothers, Of Blue, Estrago – *Broken Record*
The Vandals – *In the Venue*
The George Gregory Band – *The Spur*
Peace & Quiet – *Cruzs*
Midnight Mass – *Gallivan Center*
Gene A. Stark: Part One, Early to Mid Career Works opening reception – *Utah Arts Alliance*
Salt City Derby Girls Fundraiser – *Point After*
Last Day of Sun, Blessed of Sin, Desolate Realm, Dead Vessel – *Vegas*
Motif Onyx, Blues Dart – *Monk's*
PJ Mannion Art Show – *Autumn Garage*
Dane and the Death Machine – *Woodshed*
Cap Gun Coup, 1090 Club, Oh Wild Birds, The Narwhal Crisis – *Kilby*
Sister Wives – *Pat's*
Band of Annuals – *Urban*
Larry Carlton, Robben Ford – *Depot*
Beneath the Blackened Sky, Suburban Bordumb, Super Hero, Organic Soup, In Key Drop Outs, United We Fall – *Outer Rim*
No Clothing Party – *Red Light*
D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy – *Artopia*

Dirty Copper, Medicine Circus, Kevin Burdick, Maladies – *Liquid Joe's*
Tally Hall – *Velour*
Driving East, Joy in Tomorrow, Parade the Day, The Trademark – *Solid Ground*
Rascal Flatts, Kellie Pickler – *Energy Solutions*
Earth Crisis, Terror, Sworn Enemy, Down to Nothing, Recon – *NVO*
Entourage Karaoke – *Saints and Sinners*
Roller Derby Pool Tournament Fundraiser – *The Point After*

Saturday, March 8

Gogol Bordello, Skindred – *Paladium*
Soggy Bone – *VFW Hall*
Happy Birthday Bryer Wharton – *Call Him!*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
Sarge, Eleventh Hour, Jezus Rides a Riksha, Fire to Reason – *Vegas*
Editing Tips – *SLCC Community Writing Center*
Bluehouse Ski Slopestyle – *Brighton*
Lost By Reason – *Woodshed*
VCR Quintet, Cathexes – *Addicted*
Meghan Nuttall Sayers reading – *Sam Weller's*
Young Dubliners, Slaymaker Hill – *Depot*
Broke City, Mur, Allred, The Lives of Famous Men, The Real You – *Velour*
Hasbeens, Charlie Don't Surf, Racist Kramer – *Burt's*
Occult Workshop with E.A. Koetting – *Red Light*
Scream Club, Nicky Click, Rope or Bullets – *Broken Record*
Kidneys – *Red Light*
Brother Ali – *Kilby*
Portugal the Man, Wild Orchid Children, Paxtin, A City of Refuge, Shark that Got Her, Set This Aside – *NVO*
Aldo's Spring Classic – *Tony's*
Brother Ali – *Urban*
Amber Alert, This is My Escape, Stereo Receiver, Until Further Notice – *Avalon*
Corey O'Brien & Darin Craven – *W Lounge*

Sunday, March 9

Living Legends – *Kilby*

DJ Ed Sword, Sni-Fi Monster – *Monk's*
Poster Disposer, Expulsion, Children of War – *Red Light*
The Fey, Speaker Speaker – *Urban*

Monday, March 10

Hellio Sequence, Patterstats, Kid Medusa – *Kilby*
Xiu Xiu, Thao Nguyen, Palace of Buddies – *Urban*
Winger, Shadow, Perfect Disorder Overload – *Vegas*

Tuesday, March 11

The Sketchbook Class – *Women's Art Center*
Bronco, The Furs, WeDK – *Monk's*
Writing History – *SLCC Community Writing Center*
Bank, Cavalier, Shane P.M. – *Solid Ground*
Pretties for You, The Better Life Band, La Mojinganga – *Kilby*
Kate Leduce, Melody Pulsipher, The Precinct, Tyler Forsberg, Parleys Drifters – *Burt's*

Wednesday, March 12

Motif Onyx, The Alligators – *Burt's*
Les Claypool – *Depot*
Sweatshop Union, Blue Collar Theory – *Kilby*
Charley Parr – *Outer Rim*
Head Sessions Folk Jam – *Artopia*
WEDK, Gorgeous Hussies, Jordan Young – *Liquid Joe's*
Life Ruiner, Vanna – *NVO*
Funk and Gonzo – *Urban*

Thursday, March 13

George Crumb: Ancient Voices of Children – *Rose Wagner*
Irony Man, Waist Deep – *Burt's*
Cancer Awareness Fundraiser: Cavedoll – *Trapp Door*
Blogging – *SLCC Community Writing Center*
Twilight Transmissions, Thaw, Ghost Stem – *Bar Deluxe*
Oh Wild Birds – *Monk's*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Dirty Vespucci, All Systems Failm Fight Before Surrender – *Artopia*
Travis Morrison Hell Fighters, Nathan Spenser, The Auto Pirates – *Kilby*
Lion Fish – *Urban*

Friday, March 14

How the Lake Was One, The Knoitalls, \$Young Money\$, Steady Roc, Eneone, DJ William Wonder, Jodi Joe – *Avalon*
Leslie and the LY's, Nolens Volens/NJ Foster, MC Danger Mouth – *Kilby*
Warsaw Poland Bros – *Piper Down*
Bad Apples – *Monk's*
Gear Sale for Krista – *Brighton*
Stone Fed – *Woodshed*
Devilock – *Burt's*
SLUG Localized: Juse, Animus Grin, Spearit! – *Urban*
The American Night – *Depot*
Three Reasons, Killing Carolyn – *Liquid Joe's*
Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy – *Artopia*
Timbre, Heathen Ass Worship, The Eric Openshaw Band – *Broken Record*
Dr Mongo & Harry Harpoon – *Pat's*
Hooga, Ashen Legacy, Vign – *Vegas*
Greg Downes, Joey Taylor – *Addicted*
Brown Bag Concert Series Applications due

Arts Council

Saturday, March 15

Lockstep, Fews and Two, Dubbed – *Burt's*
Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*
Warsaw Poland Bros – *Piper Down*
The Ides of March Comedy Tour: Christopher Stevens – *Woodshed*
The Recovers, Darling You Should be Ashamed, A Forgotten Farewell, Lungus, The Market, Burnt Orange, Dead Lip, Avondale, The Recovery, Darling You Should be Ashamed, A Forgotten Farewell, Lungus – *Avalon*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
Jahne, The Green Peanuts, Illegal Beagle, The Sweater Friends – *Kilby*
Soul Shakers Music – *Teazers*
St. Paddy's Day Parade – *Gateway*
Out/EX – *Nobrow*
Free Fantasy Photo shoot – *PhotoSmart*
Prosthetic Heads, Massacre at the Wake, Kohabit, What Dwells Within, Neckbrace – *Vegas*
Creating Great Short Video – *Women's Art Center*
Free Movie: Zeitgeist – *Red Light*
Lion Dub Station – *Red Light*
Droppin' F Bombs – *Brighton*
Labcoat – *Urban*

Sunday, March 16

Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
Good Bytes – *Monk's*
Kegs and Eggs Big Irish Brunch – *Piper Down*

Monday, March 17

Driver Side Impact, A Heartwell Ending – *NVO*
The Builders and the Butchers, Secret Abilities, Fox Van Cleef – *Kilby*
St. Patrick's Day Celebration – *Piper Down*
Nine Piece Trio, Sunset Strip: Rage For Order, Funnel Head, Sons of Nothing – *Vegas*
St. Patty's Party w/Jim Bone and Friends – *Urban*

Tuesday, March 18

The Sketchbook Class – *Women's Art Center*
Ninjas with Syringes, Blonde Assassin – *Burt's*
Joey Sloop and the Catches, Paperboy Saves the World, Chirp! Chirp! – *Kilby*
Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
Withered – *Kamikazes*
Red Fang – *Broken Record*
Zion I, Mistah Fab, Swan Juice, DJ Juggy – *Urban*
Free Screening of Lost Forever: Everett Devilock – *Burt's*
Spitso of Soulshakers – *Monk's*
Say Anything, Manchester Orchestra, Biffy Clyro – *In the Venue*

Wednesday, March 19

Sherwood, Houston Calls, The Higher, We Shot the Moon, Allred – *Circuit*
Serj Tankain – *In the Venue*
Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
Black Cobra, Cherubin, Jument, Gaza – *Burt's*
Blonde Sobriety, Lorin Cook, Sarah Songer, Blonde Assassin – *Liquid Joe's*
Say Hi to Your Mom, Kevin Devine,

Atherton – Kilby

Dandi Wind, Jessica Something Jewish, Marcus Bently – *Urban*
Head Sessions Folk Jam – *Artopia*

Thursday, March 20

Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
Twiztid – *In the Venue*
Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
Black Horse – *Bar Deluxe*
Jonathan Richman, Libbie Linton – *Kilby*
Michael Kodas High Crimes: The Fate of Everest in an Age of Greed – *Sam Weller's*
Twilight Comedy Series – *Monk's*
Bulimiatron – *Trapp Door*
Love You Long Time, The Brobecks, Joshua James, Panima – *Avalon*
Bradley Hathaway, This is Anfield, Emme Packer, Travis Von Hoff – *Solid Ground*
The Helio Sequence, Seve vs. Evan – *Velour*
Sink to See, Send No Flowers – *Burt's*
MB 89 – *Red Light*
The Fully Blown – *Urban*

Friday, March 21

The Aggrolites, Fews & Two, The Upstarts – *In the Venue*
Eric Rich, Matt Naynor – *Red Light*
Sanctum, Drug Shit, Bullshit Authority, Children of War, Expulsion – *Red Light*
DJ Aspect – *Woodshed*
Everett Ruess Found! Two Weeks Only Reception – *Ken Sanders*
Poetica CD Release Party, Broke City, Kaddis Fly, Locke 'n Load – *Vegas*
Thriftstore Cowbodies, Rodney Parker & 50 Peso Reward, One Wolf – *Monk's*
I am the Ocean, A Switchblade Affair – *Broken Record*
Holding Out – *Pat's*
Royal Bliss – *Liquid Joe's*
Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
SLC Gallery Stoll – *Downtown SLC*
Beach House, The Papercuts, Lord Mandrake – *Kilby*
Soul Shakers Music – *Kamikazes*
Mother Hips, High Beams – *Urban*
Peace & Quiet – *Cruzs*
Rodney Parker & Fifty Peso Reward – *Monk's*
Benefit Dinner for Krista – *Brighton*
Smile Brigade – *Bar Deluxe*
Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
People, Places and Things Along US-89 Opening Reception – *Rio Gallery*
Sanctum, Expulsion – *Red Light*
Neon Trees, A.I., Ex-Machina, Marcus Bentley – *Burt's*
Silverstein, The Devil Wears Prada, A Day to Remember, Protest the Hero – *Avalon*
D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy – *Artopia*

Saturday, March 22

Alesana, The Chariot, Sky Eats Airplane, LoveHateHero Our Last Night – *Avalon*
Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon – *Rose Wagner*
Modern Primitive, The Smash Brothers, Soul Shakers Music, Substratum – *NVO*
Setting up Your Photoshoot Class – *Women's Art Center*
Scripted Apology, Scarlet Fall, The Lauderdale, Mutton Hollow, Dimmencha – *Vegas*
Diegos Umbrella – *Bar Deluxe*
Tokyo Police Club, Eagle Seagull, The

Coast – *Kilby*
 Chris Ayer, Jerry Lawson, Talk of the Town,
 Lucky Peterson, David Jacob Strain
 – *Addicted*
 Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
 Jose Gonzalez, Mia Doi Todd – *U of U*
 'Ol Blue – *Red Light*
 Time for Heroes – *W Lounge*
 Thee Emergency, The Wolfs, Ego vs. ID,
 Cavedoll – *Burt's*
 Voodoo Darlings – *Woodshed*
 Jared Johnson – *Pat's*
 Mother Hips, Band of Annuals – *Urban*
 SLUG Games: Paparazzi Hipster Jam with
 raffle, bake sale and auction for Krista
 Morage – *Brighton Resort*

Sunday, March 23
 Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon –
Rose Wagner
 Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals – *Snowbird*
 DeeJay Aspect – *Monk's*

Monday, March 24
 6pm: Audrey Debauchery, Seve vs. Evan,
 Chaz Prymek – *Kilby*
 9pm: The Felice Bros, Justin Townes, Earle
 McCarthy, Trenching – *Kilby*
 Aloha, Anathallo, The Hotness – *Urban*
 Explosions in the Sky, Lichens, Black Moth
 Super Rainbow – *In the Venue*

Tuesday, March 25
 The Sketchbook Class – *Women's Art*
Center
 The Loved Ones, The Flatliners, Cobra
 Skulls – *Kilby*
 Dengue Fever, Drodna, The Furs – *Urban*
 Free Press – *Burt's*
 Hard Boiled Book Club – *Sam Weller's*

Wednesday, March 26
 Throwdown, Soilwork, Through the Eyes of
 the Dead, War of Ages – *Avalon*

A Pack of Wolves, Chudda, Liquid Koala
 – *Burt's*
 Headlights, Evangelicals, The Alligators,
 David Williams – *Kilby*
 Armor for Sleep, A Cursive Memory,
 Automatic Loveletter – *Music School*
 Meat, The Severe Brothers, Peter Harvey,
 R. Dub – *Liquid Joe's*
 Head Sessions Folk Jam – *Artopia*
 La Mojiganga – *Urban*

Thursday, March 27
 Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon –
Rose Wagner
 All Systems Fail, Azon, Subrosa – *Burt's*
 The Wailers – *Paladium*
 Video Games Live – *Browning Fine Arts*
Center
 Laughter, Reviver, Riots of Eighty – *Monk's*
 World Horror Convention – *Sam Weller's*
 Bo Tie – *Trapp Door*
 Rademacher, VCR Quintet, Intimachine
 – *Urban*

Friday, March 28
 Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon –
Rose Wagner
 18 Wheels to Justice – *Pat's*
 Vinyl Williams, Lake of Falcons Locks,
 Lewis – *Kilby*
 The VCR Quintet, Callow – *Broken Record*
 The Boozehounds, The Utah County
 Swillers – *Burt's*
 Video Games Live – *AbraVanel Hall*
 Waist Deep, Kill Syndicate, Jezus Rides
 a Riksha, Blonde Assassin, Motif Onyx –
Vegas
 WeDK – *Monk's*
 Critical Mass – *Gallivan Center*
 Bad Apples – *Bar Deluxe*
 D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy –
Artopia
 Toy Soup Comedy Troupe – *Woodshed*
 Purrbats CD Release, Rope or Bullets,

Cavedoll, These United States – *Urban*
 Callow – *Broken Record*

Saturday, March 29
 Video Games Live – *AbraVanel Hall*
 Tech N9ne, Paul Wal, Illuminati – *Saltair*
 Peace & Quiet – *5 Monkeys*
 Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon –
Rose Wagner
 Loserface – *Broken Record*
 Desert Roads – *Woodshed*
 Spencer Nielsen – *Tony's*
 Free Range Chickens – *Pat's*
 Callow, Rope or Bullets, Bronco – *Paladium*
 Truckulence – *Vegas*
 Faun Fables, Live it up Swet – *Urban*
 Pond Skimming Contest – *Canyons*
 For: Fairweather, Automatic Loveletter,
 Ivoryline, Paxtin, The Lauderdale – *Solid*
Ground
 The Starting Line, Bayside, Four Year
 Strong – *In the Venue*
 Beneath the Massacre, C.U.N.T., Born of
 Osiris, Tony Danza – *NVO*
 Spleen – *Burt's*
 Tha Old Believers – *Red Light*
 Cabaret of Fools – *Out of the Box*
 Soul Asylum – *Canyons*
 Slippery Kittens, Racist Kramer, Kate
 LeDeuce – *Bar Deluxe*
 Bayside, The Starting Line, Four Years
 Strong, Steel Train – *In the Venue*
 Nick James – *W Lounge*
 Pleasure, Pain and Fetish Night – *Area 51*
 Callow, Bronco, Rope or Bullets – *The*
Paladium

Sunday, March 30
 Plan B Theatre: The End of the Horizon –
Rose Wagner
 Trigger, Born to Ride – *Monk's*
 Astronautalis, I Hear Sirens, Nonnon,
 Lapsed – *Urban*

Monday, March 31
 The Matches, The Rocket Summer, All
 Time Low, Sonny – *Avalon*
 Vampire Weekend, Yacht – *Kilby*

Tuesday, April 1
 The Sketchbook Class – *Women's Art*
Center
 Salty Peaks Skate Video Premier – *Tower*
 Salty Peaks Skate Video Premier –
Brewvies
 Hammer of Hathor – *Red Light*
 Bob Schneider – *Paladium*

Wednesday, April 2
 Secondhand Serenade, Making April, The
 White Tie Affair, For: Fairweather – *Avalon*
 Fire on the Plains – *Burt's*
 Citizen Cope – *Saltair*
 Head Sessions Folk Jam – *Artopia*

Thursday, April 3
 Still Remains, Gwen Stacy, Catherine,
 Secret and Whisper, Vinyl Williams, Versus
 – *Avalon*
 Daniel Johnston – *In the Venue*
 Slightly Stoopid – *Canyons*

Friday, April 4
 Pick up the New SLUG—*Anyplace cool!*
 Fairmont Festival – *Fairmont Park*
 Mae, The Honorary Title, Far-Less – *Avalon*
 Midnight Mass – *Gallivan Center*
 Still Remains, Gwen Stacy, Catherine –
NVO
 Gene A. Stark: Part Two, Mature to Current
 Works opening reception
 – *Utah Arts Alliance*
 D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy –
Artopia
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CALL FOR ARTISTS

IN ALL DISCIPLINES OF THE PERFORMING ARTS



The Salt Lake City Arts Council is seeking applications from artists in all disciplines of the performing arts for the 2008 Brown Bag Concert Series. Interested artists can pick up an application at the City Arts Council (54 Finch Lane) or call 596-5000 to have an application mailed. Applications are also available online at www.slcgov.com/arts (click on Brown Bag Concert Series). All applications are due in the office of the Arts Council, Friday, March 14, by 4:00 p.m.

This season marks the Brown Bag Concert Series' 31st year of free concerts, presented in a variety of Salt Lake City downtown parks and plazas.

The series begins Monday, June 30, continuing weekdays through August 29.



For more information on this and other programs of the Salt Lake City Arts Council, visit our website at www.slcgov.com/arts or call 596-5000.

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05/24 - DEATH DEALERS VS. SISTERS OF NO MERCY
06/07 - SCDG VS. ANGEL CITY DERBY GIRLS
06/28 - LEAVE IT TO CLEAVERS VS. SISTERS OF NO MERCY
07/12 - SCDG VS. FOCO GIRLS GONE DERBY
07/19 - BOMBER BABES VS. DEATH DEALERS
08/16 - DEATH DEALERS VS. LEAVE IT TO CLEAVERS
08/30 - SCDG VS. RENO BATTLE BORN DERBY DEMONS
09/06 - SISTERS OF NO MERCY VS. BOMBER BABES
09/20 - SCDG VS. PIKES PEAK DERBY DAMES (DOUBLE HEADER WITH ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROLLER GIRLS & FOCO GIRLS GONE DERBY IN COLORADO SPRINGS, CO)
10/04 - SCDG VS. T.B.A.
10/18 - SCDG LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP
10/25 - SCDG VS. SACRED CITY DERBY GIRLS (SALT CITY SHAKERS IN SACRAMENTO, CA)

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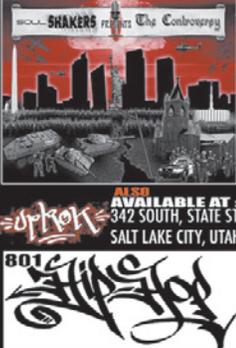
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MARCH 21ST - KAMIKAZES - 2404 ADAMS AVE. OGDEN, UT

ALL AGES
MARCH 22ND - CLUB NVO - 339 NORTH MAIN. LOGAN, UT

ALL AGES
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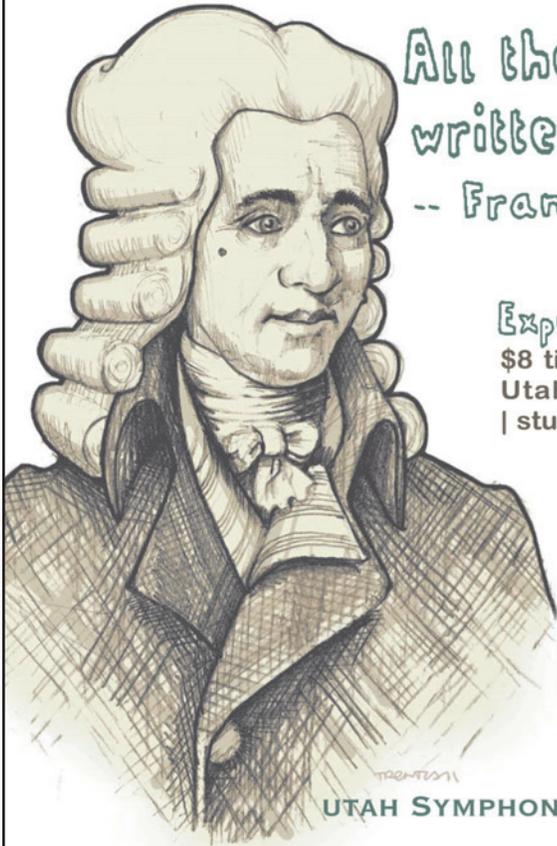


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Int'l phenomenon, Video Games Live, is coming March 28 & 29 | buy tickets now before it sells out: www.e-uso.org/vgl

Kilby Court

March Calendar

- 1- The A-Sides, Division Day, Mr. Oasis \$8
- 2- This Will Destroy You, Our Dark Horse, I hear Sirens, Xaalix \$8
- 3- Audrey Sessions, A Film In The Ballroom Johan The Angel, Kid Theodore
- 5- Nick Jaina, Calico, Chanticleer, Dead Horse Point \$6
- 6- Holy Fuck, A Place To bury Strangers @*Urban
- 6- Travis Van Hoff, Fresh Breath of Arrogance Jake Kearns, Forfeit Freedom \$6
- 7- Cap Gun Coup, 1090 Club, Oh! Wild Birds, The Narwhal Crisis \$6
- 8- Brother Ali @ Kilby 6:30pm \$13 & Urban 9pm \$15
- 9- Living Legends 6:30pm \$15
- 10- Hellio Sequence, Patterstats, Kid Medusa \$8
- 10- Xiu Xiu, Thao Nguyen, Palace of Buddies 9pm @*Urban \$10
- 11- Pretties for You, The Better Life Band, La Mojinganga \$6
- 12- Sweatshop Union, Blue Collar Theory
- 13- Travis Morrison Hell Fighters, Nathan Spenser, The Auto Pirates
- 14- Leslie and the LY's, Nolens Volens, MC Danger Mouth \$8/10
- 15- Jahre, The Green Peanuts, Illegal Beagle, The Sweater Friends 6:30pm \$6
- 17- The Builders & The Butchers, Secret Abilities, Fox Van Cleef \$7
- 18- Joey Sloop and the Catches, Paperboy Saves The World, Chirp! Chirp! \$6

- 18- Zion I, Mistah Fab, Swan Juice, DJ Juggy @*Urban
- 19- Say Hi To Your Mom, Kevin Devine, Atherton \$8
- 19- Dandi Wind, Jessica Something Jewish, Marcus Bently 9pm @*Urban \$8
- 20- Jonathan Richman, Libbie Linton \$10/12
- 21- Beach House, The Papercuts, Lord Mandrake \$8/10
- 22- Tokyo Police Club, Eagle Seagull, The Coast
- 24- Audrey Debauchery, Seve vs. Evan, Chaz Prymek 6pm
- 24- The Felice Bros, Justin Townes, Earle McCarthy Trenching 9pm \$8
- 24- Aloha, Anathallo, The Hotness @*Urban 9pm
- 24- Explosions in the Sky, Lichens, Black Moth Super Rainbow 9pm @*Urban
- 25- The Loved Ones, The Flatliners, Cobra Skulls 6:30pm \$10
- 26- Headlights, Evangelicals, The Alligators, David Williams \$8
- 28- Vinyl Williams, Lake of Falcons Locks, Lewis
- 29- Faun Fables, Live It Up Sweet 9pm @*Urban*
- 31- Vampire Weekend, Yacht \$12

UPCOMING SHOWS:

- 4/3- Daniel Johnston @ In The Venue
- 4/16- Enon, Joggers @*Urban Lounge
- 4/21- Man Man, Yeasayer @In the Venue
- 4/22- Islands @ In The Venue

All shows at 7pm unless otherwise noted
www.kilbycourt.com *All Urban Lounge Shows 21+
 (a private club for members)



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FICE

Now You Know



"Liar's Laughter"

Opening show by:

Corey Smith

Grand Opening 160 E. 200 S.
April 4th 7:00 PM SLC, UT.