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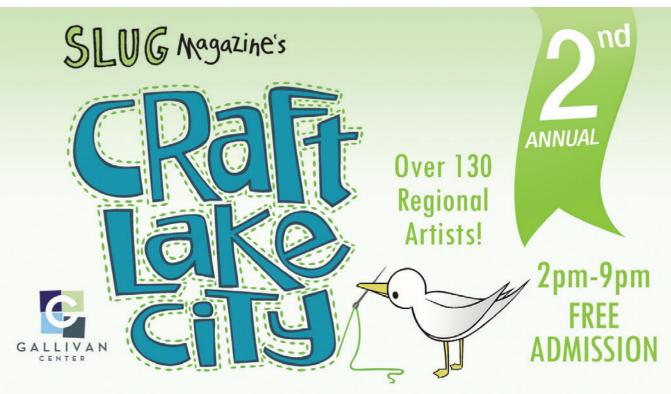
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RUTOR LIMELIC



Ryan Perkins - SLUG Illustrator It didn't take Ryan Perkins long to

dazzle the SLUG editorial staff with his unique style of poster design. In fact, we liked his work so much that we gave him the coveted position of adding illustrative elements to our August cover. Although SLUG fell in love with Perkins based on poster design alone he dabbles in a variety of other mediums. Perkins will be

selling screen printed cigar boxes and sketchbooks, which he binds himself, at Craft Lake City on Aug 14. Perkins graduated from the University of Utah in 2009 with a BFA in sculpture and intermedia emphasis, but long before he earned his degree he had already made a name for himself in the local art scene. Perkins has had work exhibited in many shows at Signed and Numbered and most recently at "Liminal" at Kayo Gallery. Visit his website ryanperkins.net to see his full resume and check out

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DEAR DICHHEAD?

Dear Dickheads,

I would like to applaud the Logan police force's heroic and courageous efforts to put an end to the dangerous, dirty noise pollution which occurred at a house party near 9th North and 7th East on Wednesday night. To those wondering if a plane had crashed nearby, due to all the flashing blue and red lights, it was actually much worse: Live local bands.

I was absolutely outraged, disgusted, sickened and shamed that so many of Logan's young college students would dare have the audacity to put perfectly good couches outside on the lawn, listen to live music, and drink kool-aid at the height of the summer - all the while on private property. Can you believe this? How dare they! The nerve! What I really couldn't believe was that they committed this wickedness just a block away from the college campus! Don't they know that senior citizens live nearby?

I can't stand it when dozens of clean-cut youngsters take one night of the summer to get to know each other and enjoy the talents of local musicians. This is Logan, not Vegas! How am I supposed watch Matlock and take my laxatives when there's such a ruckus? How rude of all those dozens of people to interrupt my nightly napping schedule with their once-a-year gathering! It's bad enough that the ice cream truck drives by playing Christmas music during my day naps! This city is falling apart!

Thankfully, the police response was excellent. Hours before the party had even been planned, five police vehicles were camped around the block, loading their shotguns and tazers just to be safe. Five or six more were making rounds, sharpening the dogs' teeth, preparing gas masks and parachutes. When the curfew time came at about 10:30, more than a dozen police cars and SUV's surrounded the house and put an end to these unwholesome criminal activities (like being outside when it's dark and eating bratwursts). If any of these students would have had over .08 blood sugar content, a military helicopter might have dropped off a highly-trained antikoolaid SWAT team.

However, a dozen police vehicles and two dozen armed officers were not enough! You never know what these college kids will do when they're all hyped up on kool-aid! That's why responsible citizens like myself peer out our blinds and watch everyone carefully, every night of the week!

Thanks to the brave efforts of law enforcement, I actually finished watching Matlock without having to turn the volume up, and my laxatives are kicking in as we speak.

Alex Tarbet

Logan, Utah

Dear Alex,

How dare those cops do their fucking job! I mean, what elderly denizen of Cache County wouldn't want to hear some stupid college kids repeatedly fuck Elliott Smith's corpse with an acoustic guitar while they're trying to sleep? That's a privi-lege, not a right! I must admit that the Elliott Smith comment was pure speculation (Logan kids could be more into Conor Oberst handjobs for all I know), but seriously, you were being stupid about it. Everyone loves DIY venues and house shows, but Jesus Christ, what did you think would happen if you let people play music on your front lawn? As someone with a neighbor who loudly listens to shitty music and watches the same deafening, dumb DVD on a near-nightly basis, I sympathize with the geriatric victims of the Logan aural genocide. If you don't want to get hassled by the cops (who had a legitimate reason, given how crappy I imagine the music was), why not book a venue, or better yet, start a venue? I know Logan is shitty and everything, but I also know that rad venues can and do exist in horrible places. Not only will you have a cool community space and a life relatively free of po-po interlopers, but you'll be able to drink all the Kool-Aid you want without anyone giving you a hard time.

Xoxo,

SLUG Mag

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters! Fax: 801.487.1359 Mailing Address: Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag 351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B SLC, UT 84101 or dickheads@slugmag.com



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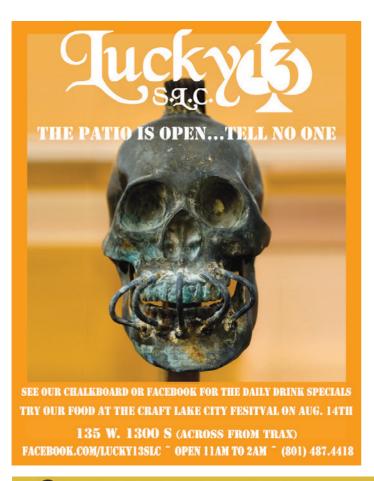
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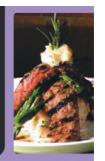
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Localized By Jessica Davis ms.lovelyq@gmail.com

From professional charm to boyish adventures, this month's Localized features Fictionist and Bramble. Boots to the Moon opens the show on August 20 at Urban Lounge. Only \$5.

FICTIONIST



Aaron Anderson – Drums
Brandon Kitterman – Guitar
Jacob Jones – Keyboard
Robbie Connolly – Guitar
Stuart Maxfield – Vocals and Bass

After releasing Lasting Echo last March, Fictionist has spent most weekends on the road promoting the album. When they aren't touring, they are typically recording and releasing singles through their Facebook page. The band brings together a comfortable sound similar to that of **Wilco**, and as hardworking musicians they seem bound to follow that same successful road.

Although the band is mostly drawn by the ideas of Maxfield, Fictionist is ultimately a collaboration of professional musicians. "Sometimes [Stuart] will say 'I want something to sound like this, maybe a sound like a dinosaur having a baby,' or 'this is the melody line' and then we all write parts to bring those ideas together," says Kitterman. As the ideas build, sometimes spontaneously during a practice, they are mastered and eventually recorded.

"For Lasting Echo, we went into the studio with Scott



Wiley, who did a great job. With recent recordings, we've just been recording ourselves and releasing them as free downloads through Facebook," says Maxfield. "And with the exception of a few dubs, we try to set up and play everything live." It sounds easy, but with many artists spending so much time in the studio and in the production process, Fictionist pride themselves in being their best as natural as possible. "The recording process shouldn't be an issue," says Jones. "There is so much technology out there that the power is in the artists. The music should be the main focus of the musician, not the effects." Though they don't recommend recording yourself, they do believe in staying true to the natural state of playing music. "In a lot of ways, I don't believe in production, I believe in good music," says Maxfield. "I find reasons to fall in love with the inadequacies."

Though their album was released a few months ago, Fictionist continues to record new songs as they tour. Finding a fan base in Provo through free apartment shows three or four times a week, and then with the help of **Cory Fox**, owner of the all-ages venue *Velour*, it slowly started to come together. "Cory Fox is a great promoter. We worked hard to promote ourselves and after Cory saw that, he put us on the shows with bands

with decent followings and it went from there," says Jones. Through what can be considered 'the dues of being a musician,' the group was able to discover and develop their sound, and for the past year and a half have been known as Fictionist. Now, as the band tours mainly on the weekends, they say it's like starting over in each new city. "Jacob does the booking and maybe he's the best sweet talker in the world, but we're able to play in venues in cities we've never been to," says Kitterman. Fictionist credits the success for some of their larger shows to the help of PR agents in Austin and southern Utah, and a radio campaign. Although they enjoy the larger shows, they still find comfort in playing to smaller audiences in the living rooms of friends. "House shows give people a chance to see us without having to pay money. Set with the hopes that we play a really awesome show, they'll come back to see us the next time we're in town," says Kitterman.

As for the side life, each band member currently teaches private lessons in their area of expertise, as well as session work and performing random gigs to support the band and their families. "We do what we love while supporting who we love," says Connolly.

Chaz Prymek – Guitar, Banjo, Vocals Ian Accord – Accordion, Vocals James Miska – Vocals, Banjo, Charango Steve Schmit – Percussion

Bramble started in 2009 during the seven-week bike/music tour of two solo musicians—James Miska and Chaz Prymek (a.k.a Lake Mary). On the final day of that tour in San Diego, Ian Accord joined them, at first with the intention to pick them up and drive them home. With accordion in tow, Accord ended up learning the newly created songs only a few hours before their show, then played with Miska and Prymek. As they returned to Salt Lake for a welcome home show at Kilby Court, Steve Schmit was "amiably forced" to join as the percussionist. "Originally we were supposed to bring upon the end of the world, but then we decided to rock out for a while," says

The most important part of Bramble is how comfortable they are together. "I've never felt like I was in a band with so many talented songwriters, and that's pretty amazing," says Miska. With differing perspectives, the music is able to build with each member's own musical tastes. "We're also not afraid to tell each other that we don't like something and everyone is willing to take that criticism," says Accord. Everyone in the band also plays in other projects, so the ideas are continuously flowing, as one idea that may not work well for Bramble can probably be used elsewhere.

At first, set shows were sparse. "We'd played at *Boing*, *Urban*, *Kilby*, a breakfast house show, but mostly busking," says Miska. Bramble has since become infamous as a busking band. Those unaware of the term, busking means: "to make money by singing, dancing, acting etc. in public places such as in front of theatre queues." "After the first show at Kilby, we went on to busk at the *Farmer's Market* and up to *Sundance*, which was a whole other world," says Prymek.

Sundance Film Festival opened opportunities simply for being "the four dudes on the street playing music." "People started doing news reports on us, coming up saying, 'my friend bought your CD yesterday,' or 'hey come play this show, I want to use your music in this movie, be my best friend, come to my crazy lawyer party, here's some free tickets, have some coconut



juice.' It just kept going," says Prymek, "At the end, nobody cared and we went home with hella money."

Aside from the money, which they all said helped fund touring and the release of the H.A.G.S. EP, busking also acts as a trial zone for the songs as Bramble creates them. "When busking, we play through our set six or seven times a day and what we thought were really good ideas may turn out to be too cheesy," says Prymek. This also works for the positive. "We find new, even better ideas, with harmonies and tidbits, especially during Sundance. We busked ten days and probably played our entire set all the way through six to ten times a day," says Accord. Though they are known for busking, set shows are a great way to see another side of Bramble, as they can play softer songs and electric songs that wouldn't work out on the streets.

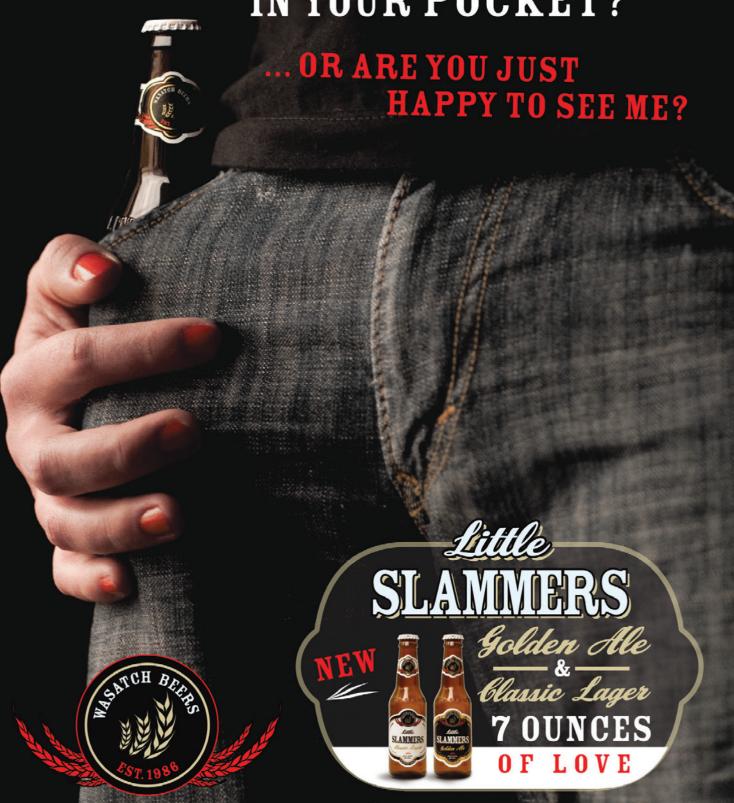
Seeing as the band started from an adventure, you might think that's all they do. Though Bramble going on tour is a little different from other bands, it's still hard work. "We see it as a big adventure instead of a tour. The last tour, James and Ian booked the shows, and a lot of the shows were set up through networking with people we've hosted here," says Prymek. The band found themselves playing at family reunions and ice cream shops on that tour. 'That tour was by far one of the best times of my life," says Prymek. Although touring is fun, it's also a learning experience. Tolerating life on the road was one of the main lessons. "I hadn't been on tour before I was with Bramble, but the tour made me realize how good it is to be home. Some people are built to be on the road. For me. being on the road made me appreciate being home. I just wanted to sleep in my bed, see my girlfriend, play with my dogs and go back to work," says Schmit.

As for the future, Bramble is planning a tour for November in the Southwest. "We're also going to start recording soon, do some sweet music videos, and make pop jams of the century," says Prymek. "It's all one big weird adventure."

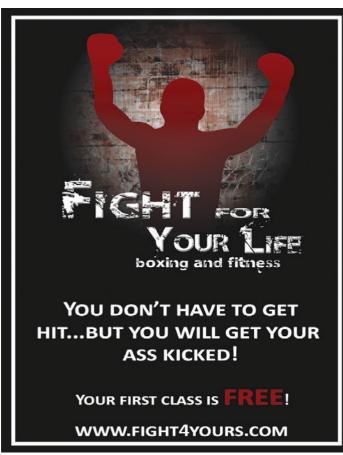
Check out the smooth sounds of Fictionist and the adventurous souls of Bramble on August 20 at the *Urban Lounge* with opener **Boots to the Moon**.

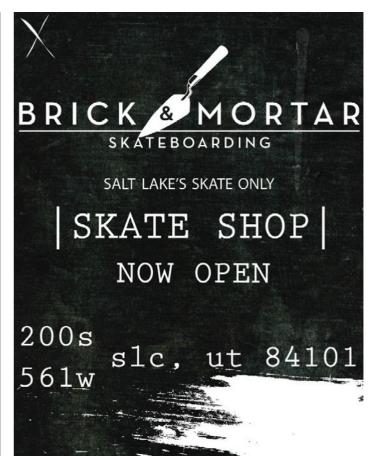






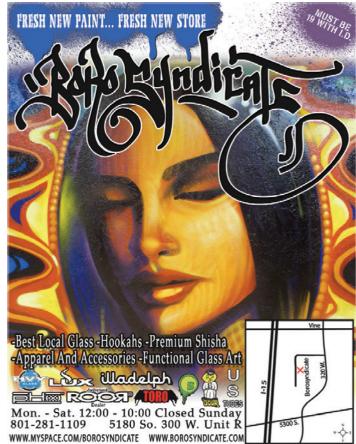
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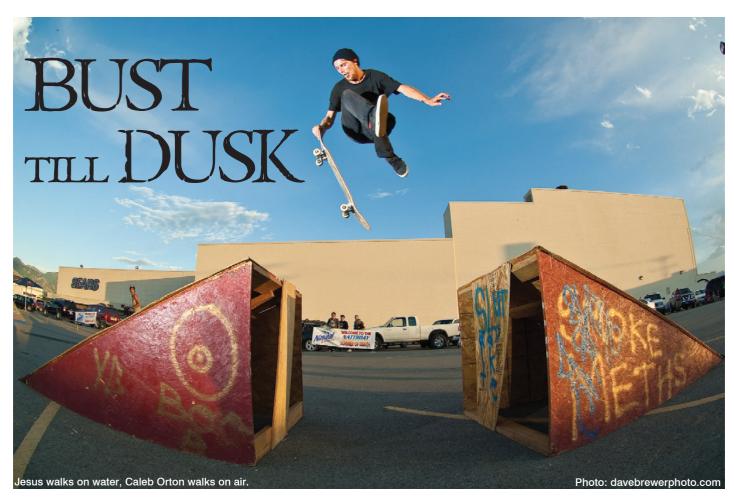












Pivot-butter & Skate-jam Slamwich: S.O.D. Bust Till Dusk By Eric Poole

punkpoole@yahoo.com

Finding the words "summer" and "death" in the same sentence typically occurs only at two occasions—a eulogy or a coffee shop poetry reading.

Luckily, *SLUG* happens to be the exception by hosting annual skate competitions every summer, calling it the *Summer Of Death (SOD)*. "Bust Till Dusk" was one of the skate competitions associated with *SOD*, and was hosted on a hot-asfuck July evening. Skaters from all around Utah gathered in the parking lot behind *Burt's Tiki Lounge* to

skate on ramps, quarterpipes, boxes and rails, some hand built by the *Summer of Death* crew and others donated by **Ezra Moss** of *Annex Skate*.

The course was set up to keep all styles of skaters in mind. Obstacles like back-to-back quarter pipes located near the center, two drop-in ramps at opposite ends, and the un-godly huge launch ramp-gap-landing ramp favored the big and bold. The course balanced the raw with some technical skating obstacles: an up-down box plopped in the middle of the course either for grinding or manuals, a knee-high ledge on the outskirts of the lot and plenty of slime-green colored rails dispersed along all sides, ranging

from short n' stubby to long and gnarly. To mix up the flow and aid skater creativity was a high rounded box that imaginatively had "wall ride up onto me" plastered on it, and the last obstacle was a small ramp with a ledge on top, crossing over to a landing ramp. The course layout seemed to please everyone. The box and launch ramp were without a doubt the way for skaters to show off heavy hitting tricks. For the box, showing board control was a must, either by doing gnarly manuals up and down or just flipping in or out of a grind, making people sound like lung cancer patients by their ensuing gasps. As for the launch ramp, basically catching any sort of air and not bailing made you a shoe-in for being eye candy to the judges.

After the course setup was made permanent, DJ Lil' G got the music jamming right on time, hinting to the MC Eric The Dirty Hessian and judges Jason Gianchetta, Kendall Johnson, Panda and Jared "Snuggles" Smith to start hassling the skaters to pay their cash and register. As the clock ticked six sharp, the intermediate division of skaters started their heat.







"Faust ended up proving that he had balls bigger than a pregnant dog's tits."

The intermediate division had a lower number than the open division, so they would be judged on one fifteen-minute jam session, instead of multiple heats. The winners would be chosen from that one

vounalinas. Due to the number of contestants, the open division would hold a final round for the top ten best skaters of all heats, before choosing the three winners. As Hessian

heat—there would be no finals for the velled that the contest had begun. the intermediate skaters rolled slowly out onto the course, making sure it was truly only their time to shine in the blazing glory of the 90-degree sun. All the participants in the intermedi-

Brodie Penrod lands everything perfect. So if you want to learn a trick, just watch him do it. 5-0 up, switch crooks down.



ate division showed that their skills were not dedicated to just one or two obstacles. Noah Sutton was catching gansta air off the launch ramp and showed off his steezy style with an additional variety of rail grinds, the sickest being a buttery back board 180 out. Brandon Tucker decided to mainly stick to technical ledge and manny tricks, like a 5-0 up and down the whole A frame box, and an additional manual up the ledge and nollie nose manny down. The smallin-stature **Dagon Molton** showed his big appetite for the course, with tricks like a pivot to fakie on the east guarter pipe, a flatground 360 shuv, and riding up the bump and kickflipping off. Though there were a lot of ill tricks being thrown down from minors, Jordan Frankie seemed to stand out, earning himself the title of first place after landing a bag of gnarly tricks like

front boardsliding the downrail and riding up and tailsliding down the A frame box, while showing progression throughout the competition by landing a kickflip front board on a round rail.

Immediately following the end of the intermediate division were the next three heats of the open division, where the unknown skate guppies swam in the same asphalt sea as the name-dropped street sharks. Each spot in the park got killed with a variety of epic tricks from skaters in all three open heats. The A frame box was a particular favorite for many-Brodie Penrod threw down a nose manual up, nollie kickflip to manual down. Kevin Fedderson kept it crazy with a fakie nose manual up, pop shuv and manual down. Sean Hadley repeatedly stuck a frontside 50 up then 180 to backside 50 down. Matt Fisher brought down the house of tech with 5-0 up 360 shuv out and backside lip up to fakie nose manny down.

The launch ramp gap was the other main point of interest for the crowd, skaters, judges and even the micro-organisms that occupied the ramp surface were probably cheering after each skater stuck huge air. Speaking of ridiculously huge fucking air, Levi Faust was constantly hitting up the ramps, even during heats other than his own, by kickflipping, nose grabbing,



"People sounded like lung cancer patients by their ensuing gasps."





melon grabbing, and clearing the gap completely. Mike Zanelli backside flipped the gap while Taylor Mineer a.k.a. Corey Duffel Jr., stomped a boneless 360 to flat from the launch ramp. Caleb Orton owned the launch, with multiple tuck knees and airwalk grabs over. Sean Hadley took the crowd's attention with a 360 kickflip off the launch to flat, and Isaiah "The Fish" switch ollie over the gap killed it. As the sun casted its last warm golden rays across the lot full of debauchery and delinquency, the high ollie was set in place before the winners were announced. Lizard King ended up with the biggest cahones and title of first place in the high ollie contest, with a 96-inch blast over the limbo pole. When the dusk stopped the skate bust, skaters got their just desserts with prize packages that included epic shit like shoes, skate decks, trucks, backpacks and hats from sponsors:

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Intermediate

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2nd - Dagon Moulton

3rd - Noah Sutton

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1st - Matt Fisher - \$100

2nd - Caleb Orton - \$60

3rd -Sean "Dirty" Hadley - \$40

Honorary 4th -"Fish"



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It was a casual, sunny Sunday afternoon when my phone rang. The call was about a super shredding session in Heber Park. "So sick," I thought to myself, to escape the toxic carbon dioxide soup in the city and fill my lungs with the fresh mountain air. I was thinking it would be a mellow afternoon of snake lines and 5-0 grinds. Little did I know there would be a pack of heavyweight rippers, all literally old enough to be my father, going off in the deep end. It was madness I'd never seen in person before. The pool at Heber is no glass of milk and cookies—it's a stein of concrete, poured for a man. Nine feet down in the deep end and a steep five feet in the shallows with full pool coping, there's no pussy footin' in this pool-you just dive in and go for it. Consequently, that's exactly what these old dogs were doing. I would later learn some of their names (Mike Martin, Cory

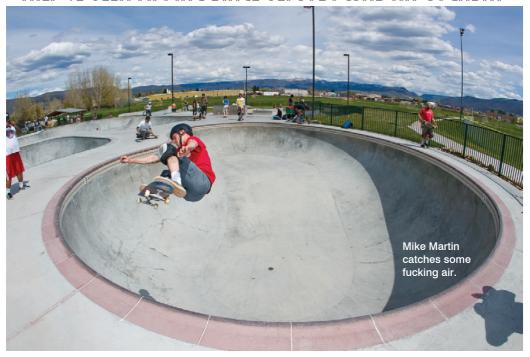
"Cowboy" Bateson, Dan Jones, Mean Jean and "Frontside" Jed Fuller), but at the time I barely said a word. I actually completely stopped skating to gawk in awe. Seeing dudes blaze grinds through eight or nine tiles and boosting huge airs is something I just can't really comprehend.

Like most, I've grown up so saturated in street skating that high-velocity vert skating wasn't ever a thought in my mind, which is weird, considering vert pros in the 80s, like Tony Hawk and Christian Hosoi, were making upwards of \$40,000 a month on board royalties alone. Sure. Real Ride had a vert ramp, but I was obsessed with 50mm wheels and Rodney Mullen's part in Second Hand Smoke. Vert was "lame" because you wore pads and none of the cool kids skated it. I was about 12 back then, and 12-year-olds





"THEY'VE BEEN CIPPING SINCE BEFORE I WAS AN ORGASM"



are pussies that don't know shit about shit. So there I was, practicing standstill kickflips in a crack, while these dudes were two stories up catching fucking air. Fast-forward over a decade and here I am, standing still again, watching full grown men with families, real jobs and houses skate harder than I will ever come close to. Sure, I could beat them in a game of flat ground skate, but fuck, I would trade my three-flip in a second to sit on a frontside 5-0 for nine tiles in the deep end of a kidney bowl.

I went to the car to wipe the drool from my chin and grab my camera. This session had to be captured, and I figured it's better to photograph the session than stare hard like a retard. From wall to wall, these dudes were tearing that pool apart. I couldn't even follow their lines to set up for a good shot. Every man that dropped in was a tornado of chaos—just imagine putting a quarter in a blender and pushing liquify. When the session came to an end, my brain had officially been liquified and I still hadn't said more than a handful of words to anybody. I got wind that this was a "Sunday Funday" tradition for these old dogs. Naturally, I had to witness this again.

As I drove east that following Sunday, I thought about how fucking epic these dudes are. They've been ripping since before I was an orgasm, and they still make it a point to get out and skate every weekend. Needless to say, they are all lifers when it comes to their skating and the proof is in the pudding. Skateboarding is not a sport but an addiction. Once infected, you will eat, breathe and sleep skating until the end of your days. Even when hefty responsibilities (like raising kids) might push skating into the backseat, your obsession will live on forever. I just hope that in 20 years I can still push it as hard as these guys, whether it be a backside tail or frontside crail.

More photos at slugmag.com







Concert Announcements

Wed Aug 4: 36 CRAZYFISTS, STRAIGHT LINE STITCH, DIRGE WITHIN, Separation Of Self, Reaction Effect

Thu Aug 5: NIGEL & THE METAL DOGS

Fri Aug 6: BATTLE OF THE AXES:

MICHAEL SHENKER (MSG) -**GEORGE LYNCH (LYNCH MOB)** with SISTER SIN, Aerial, Truce, Werewolf Afro

<u>Sat Aug 7:</u> Blood Of Saints, DARKSUN, WITCHBURN, The Dark Past, Scarred For Six

Mon Aug 9: MONDO GENERATOR, TWEAK BIRD

Wed Aug 11: Local Band Recognition Featuring: Onesfate, Jim Fear

Thu Aug 12: NIGEL & THE METAL DOGS

Fri Aug 13: Irony Man, DAMAGE INC., Rage For Order, Hot Flash

Sat Aug 14: SLC METAL Volume 1 with Truce, Dead Vessel, Seventking, Brute Force

Wed Aug 18: Local Band Recognition Featuring: Street Light Suzie, The 13th Key

Thu Aug 19: NIGEL & THE METAL DOGS

Fri Aug 20: **EXODUS**, MALEVOLENT CREATION, HOLY GRAIL, BONDED BY BLOOD

Sat Aug 21: Heidi's Night of Rock n Roll featuring The Better Life Band CD Release Party, Heartbreak Hangover, Means Nothing, The Last Look

Wed Aug 25: Local Band Recognition Featuring R.u.m.

Thu Aug 26: NIGEL & THE METAL DOGS

Fri Aug 27: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Sat Aug 28: Bandwagon Live

Wed Sep 1: This Dying Need, Freedom Before Dying, Onesfate

Fri Sep 3: 88 mph, Split Lid, Deny Your Faith, PoonHammer

Fri Sep 17: RIKK AGNEW, THE VERMIN, SAMSONS ARMY, Corvid, Radio Courtesy

Texas Hold Em

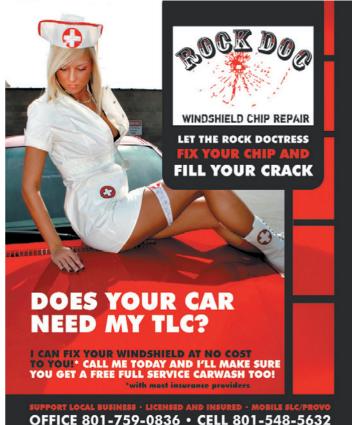
Local Band Recognition Nigel & The Metal Dogs

Night Club & Concert Hall

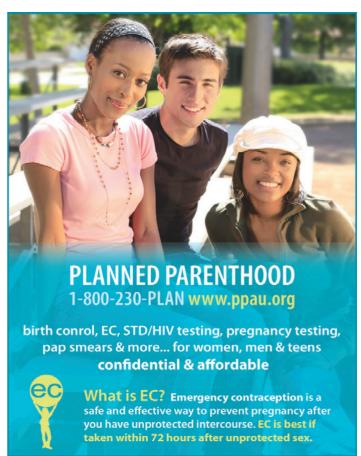
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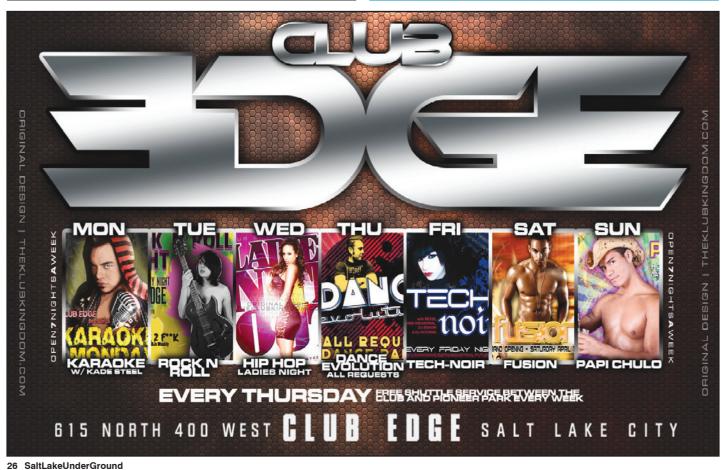
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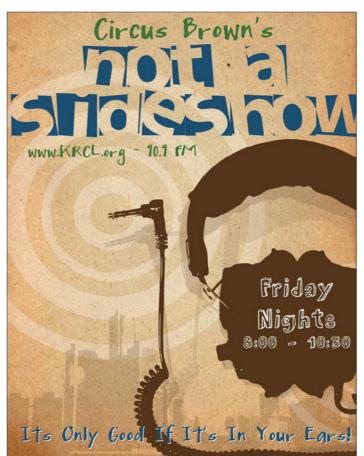




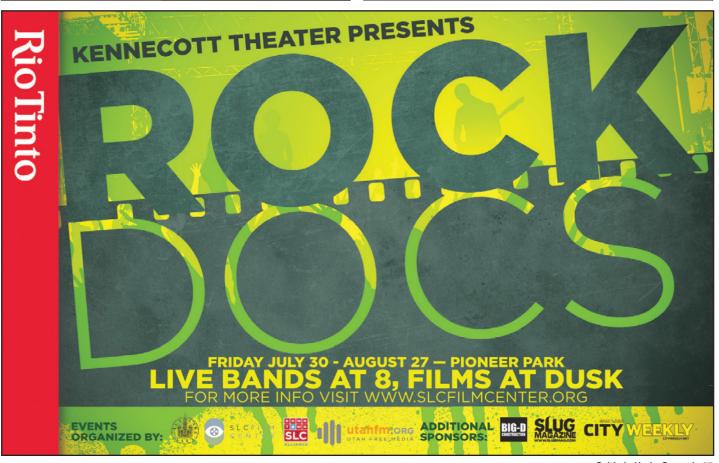














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S MEDITRINA.

By Heck Fork Grief info@slugmag.com

Meditrina is the ambitious love child of local foodie entrepreneurs and married couple **Jennifer Gilroy** and **Amy Britt**. Britt

and Gilroy opened the "small plates and wine bar" in November 2008 in the same space where Southern Plantation fried up catfish in the '90s.

The menu at Meditrina is tapas (small plates) with a thoughtful wine selection and a beer menu that includes some of the new Uinta beers. It would be nice if one could also order a brandy or scotch, but that is the deal the devil makes with Utah diners.

Reminiscent of the do-it-yourself stylings that informed my favorite restaurants in the eighties, Meditrina is a bit of small town earnestness in this most metropolitan setting. With its "porch-swing in the evening" friendliness, it's a refreshing change from the polished generic aesthetic of many typical tapas joints. The dining room is artsy and urban, and with its handmade modernist flourishes and grape-flavored color scheme, it feels vaguely Eritrean. The food itself is spare, handmade and contemporary. The cuisine is created and the wines are selected by Gilroy (who our server described proudly as a self-taught chef). Gilroy uses her own instinctive reactions and conclusions on flavor and the menu choices. Although Gilroy serves as head chef, each item featured on the menu is a total collaboration with Britt, who handles the marketing aspect of Meditrina and also acts as a sous chef. In short, there are some unexpected pleasures and unanticipated oddities on hand at Meditrina.

I had never before considered Meditrina, in fact I didn't even realize it was there, but at my editor's suggestion, I ducked out of the afternoon heat and decided to give it a try. On my first visit, with an old friend in tow, I had a small, very pleasant lunch that included a flight of cold and attention-getting wines—"Jen's Flight" (\$10), a set of lighter, but distinctly good whites, with the usual flavors of hay, melon and peach. This was paired with a salad of Penne with Goat Cheese (\$7), featuring asparagus and scallions, which went down just fine. I then perused the slightly sweet strains of the Crab and Mascarpone Stuffed Piquillo Peppers (\$8), savoring the delicious glow of marzipan on my tongue.

Several weeks later on an evening out with my main squeeze, we started with the Patatas Bravas (\$5). I thought they were OK, but she called them for herself when we divvied up the plates after tasting. For me the sauce was great and the potatoes were fine, but they just clidn't make it together. We then sampled the Risotto Cake of Forest Mushrooms and Herbs (\$7), which was obviously a labor of love, but had a cripsness that seemed to lose the inherent joy of its Risotto-ness. This was followed with a mutual "wow" in the Mushrooms and Brie (\$7), a dish wonderfully created with the flavors of a balsamic and red wine reduction. The effect is first-rate with the sauce over the enigmatically splashy brie.

Our next small plate, Grilled Barbequed Spiced Prawns (\$9), was served over an excellent cheesy polenta made with Utah-sourced Irish Cheddar. These were a pleasure and the polenta almost stole the scene from the prawns. Regardless, there was a harmony in the combination. This, I thought to myself, is good American food.

We finished with the Scallops Picatta (\$9) which was lemony and very savory, with dramatic colors (the squid ink used is a natural food dye) and a sea-edged scent. This year the scallop is my favorite seafood, and these scallops are as fine as any.

There is something earnest and nostalgic about Meditrina. It has the fresh labor of love feel and is great, but sometimes odd food that marks the restaurants I look back on most fondly from my early foodie days.

Whether you sit inside, or outside on the small patio, Meditrina offers good music, a nice atmosphere, and great, enthusiastic service.

1394 South West Temple Salt Lake City, UT 84115 801-485-2055 info@meditrinaslc.com Photo: Barrett Doran Delicious Crab and Mascarpone Stuffed Piquillo Peppers from Meditrina



August 20-29!

*MUST BE 21 TO ENTER LUCKY 13

Derek Hunter By James Orme james.orme@slugmag.com

Despite the Internet's impact on most forms of print media, comics have survived the last 80 years by pushing boundaries and staying on the fringe of acceptable entertainment. It's one of the few mediums left where anyone who can conjure images to a page can independently publish and promote their own book.

For over seven years, **Derek Hunter** has been one of the few independent comic writers in Salt Lake. Hunter has worked on movies with studios such as *Disney* and *MTV Films*, has lent his talents to video games like *The Hobbit* (2003) and is currently the lead illustrator for *Send Out Cards*, a unique brand of illustrated greeting cards, but Hunter's primary passion has always been creating comics. His flagship title, *Pirate Club*, features twisted tales of youngsters roaming the streets of their small town looking for adventure. *Pirate Club* is published twice a week at *pirateclub.com*.

Hunter, with a dozen or so friends, also informally hosts a weekly Tuesday draw night at *Nobrow Coffee*. The group recently decided to parlay the fruits of draw night into an art show that'll be held at *Nobrow* on August 20. The night will double as Hunter's debut of his new autobiographic comic—*Derek Hunter is A Fuck*.

Hunter says the idea for Pirate Club came from his last summer with his friends before entering the world of adulthood. "Me and two buddies spent a lot of time camping, drawing everyday and hanging out with girls. It was kind of like our last big hurrah before we went off to our careers." says Hunter. "I began doodling the words 'Pirate Club' one day, and I thought that described us in a way. I started thinking about these stories that three friends would have that were reminiscent of childhood, but still kind of adult-like. I started drawing some of it and showed it to my friends, and they really got behind it and wanted me to finish it, and things just snowballed

Publishing *Pirate Club*, both with *Slave Labor Graphics* and later by himself, has been a labor of love for Hunter. One only has to peruse the two dozen or so issues on his website to see his motivations.

"I want to have a widely published comic book that reaches people. I want to inspire imagination," says Hunter. "I want kids to go out and build dirt mounds with their action figures and have battles. I want to give the next generation something to enjoy as much as I enjoyed the things that I had."

Hunter's love of comics and art is what prompted him and his friends to start a Tuesday draw night. It began as an inclusive event, just a group of friends showing each other what they were working on, and eventually grew into an open forum for any artist to participate in.

"The owner of *Nobrow*, **Joe** [Evans], thought it was really cool that a local art community centered on comics came together and did this."

says Hunter, "Hopefully as word spreads more people will come out."

While probing the range of independent comics, Hunter was struck by the notion of the autobiographic comic. He wondered, how he could create a book about himself? "Autobiographical comics always seem self-serving, they always have an agenda." says Hunter, "It's always about how sad my life is or how

great my life is. I wanted to do something like that, but a lot of the things I've done in my life that seemed

interesting, I've been an asshole. I've done horrible things to people in honest circumstances, and I thought, 'shit, well I've got to have enough stories like that." The title of his autobiographical comic, Derek Hunter is a Fuck, comes from an old **Cronies** song (a band that Hunter played with) of the same name.

Approaching his new project as an anti-biography, Hunter delved deep into the dark recesses of his past. His college days in Provo, Utah led to some good material, such as breaking up with a prim and proper Mormon girlfriend during sex, which might be the tamest story of the bunch.

"I've been showing it to people with a lot of trepidation thinking, 'Do I come across as an asshole? Is it too horrible to relate to?' But I was an asshole. I had to be honest without trying to justify it, and it has been met with a lot of positive feedback."

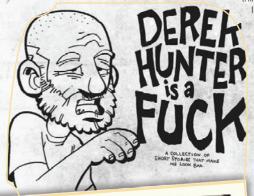
According to Hunter, seeing the output and enthusiasm from draw night is what led to Evans offering the group an opportunity to display their work.

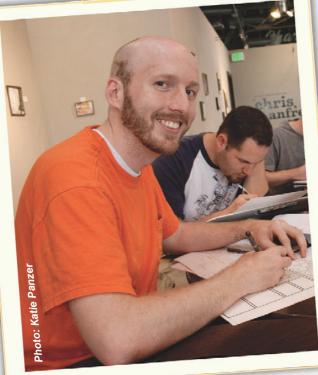
"Nobrow wanted do a gallery show. I had this new comic coming out and these art pieces I was doing, and we decided to make it a little mini indie comic book convention with art." Hunter says. "We're also going to have 24-hour comic book

day, where we all sit down and write and draw a 24-page comic book in a 24-hour period."

Hunter's zeal for comics and creativity is infec-

tious. Anyone who spends five minutes with the guy will end up yearning to put pen to paper for something of their own. Comics have been around for eons, but we've barely scratched the surface of the range this medium has. Hunter is ready to push the envelope in any direction that occurs to him. Check his stuff out at any local comic shop, online at *pirateclub.com* and come out to Nobrow on August 20 to see what local comic creators are up to.





Derek Hunter and his "Draw Night Friends" take over Nobrow Coffee's walls on August 20.



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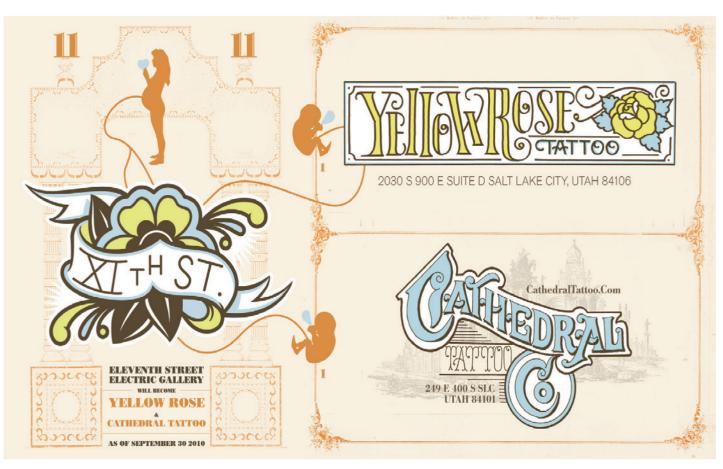
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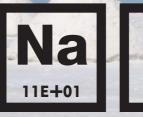
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CRAFT EGALITARIANISM

By John-Ross Boyce jrboyce@gmail.com

The first Salty Streets Flea Market, on May 2 of this year, was almost a complete bust due to a petulant winter refusing to die. "We looked online and it was supposed to snow and rain." says **Karamea Puriri**, "We thought about cancelling, but there was no other day. So, we took a chance. The vendors were more than willing to still set up their booths. It helped having their support."

Vendors huddled together, hoping that someone, anyone, might be willing to brave the meteorological nastiness and at least browse the wares. Surprisingly, people were there right when the market opened at noon. By three o'clock that afternoon, the sun had come out and people were at the Salty Streets Flea Market in droves. "It gave us some good momentum." says Puriri, "As soon as that first flea market ended, we started planning for June."

The Salty Streets Flea Market is the brainchild of Puriri and her partner, **Audrey Gallegos**. Gallegos was moving back to Salt Lake City from San Francisco and wanted to have some kind of project to involve herself in upon her return. Puriri had a degree in Entertainment Business that, like most degrees, was going largely unused. "We thought about it for a while and then we realized that we know tons of people who make amazing arts and crafts but have no place to sell them. Vendor's fees can be really expensive. So we thought, why don't we host a super cheap, first-come first-served at Kilby?"

Many craft fairs require vendor's fees, which can make merely breaking even at the end of the day impossible. It's not uncommon for a vendor to pay forty, seventy-five or even one hundred dollars for a space at a craft fair—and that's if they even get in. Many craft fairs get pretty picky in choosing who gets to vend their wares and who doesn't—a process which can sometimes be based solely on personal taste rather than the quality of the items being "auditioned." The Salty Streets Flea Market is, by comparison, an exercise in craft egalitarianism. Vendors are selected by when they apply, rather than what they apply with. And while vendor's fees have had to be raised from the initial ten dollars to twenty-five, it is still more than affordable when compared to other craft fairs.

After speaking with Lance Saunders at Kilby Court, Puriri and Gallegos had a venue and a date, although they would have to move a little more quickly than they had previously anticipated. "When we set the date for the first flea market, we had no more than a month to prepare," says Puriri. However, within a weekend, the pair had made posters and handbills and effectively spread the word. "When I explained the idea to people, I told them 'I know it's a new idea and it's scary, but let's just jump in head first'," says Puriri. Within a week and a half, they had fifteen vendors lined up—more than they expected. By the day of the first flea market, more than twenty people had signed on, selling everything from handmade jewelry to zines. Gallegos and Puriri were even able to get local bands Holy Water Buffalo and Birthquake! to come and provide entertainment.

In addition to providing a space for local artists and crafters where there might previously have been none, the Salty Streets Flea Market is also committed to the promotion of local non-profit organizations. "Our

generation tends to forget the problems of others." says Puriri, "It's easy to get wrapped up in our own lives, and so we thought this would be a good way to raise awareness and contribute. Every vendor donates one or two items and we put it into a basket and raffle it off." May's flea market raised almost four hundred and fifty dollars for *The Empowerment Project*, which creates micro-enterprises for widowed women in Kaberamaido, a village in Uganda. In June, they raised three-hundred and fifty dollars for the *Ching Farm Animal Rescue and Sanctuary*.

In the great crafting revival that has happened in the past few years, one may question the need for yet another bazaar or boutique. However, where *The Salty Streets Flea Market* stands out from other fairs is a sense of community not always found in its crafting contemporaries. Like other markets, there is certainly an emphasis on the exchange of money for handmade goods or even just recycled junk resurrected from someone's basement. However, for Puriri and Gallegos, there is an equal if not greater emphasis on their love for Salt Lake City and for the local talent that resides therein. "It's always good to bring creative people together." says Puriri, "It's always good to showcase talented people, and it's good to just have another event for people to come together and have a good time."

As of press time, the next Salty Streets Flea Market will be held on September 5. As always, it is first-come, first-served, and the vendor's fee is twenty-five dollars. Email saltystreetproductions@gmail.com for inquiries or to sign up.





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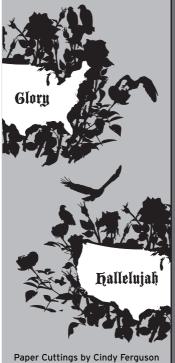
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Opening Night: August 20th 6-9pm August 20-September 13

On August 14, you can find **Tommy**Nolph sitting in a haunted lemonade stand made from the doors of an abandoned house. "I don't think I'll have any lemonade for sale ... which confuses people," Dolph says. Although he won't be selling any delicious lemonade, Dolph will be selling his delightful handmade characters, which include an army of cardboard wizards, creepy monster hands attached to coffin-shaped boards and Dolph's personal favorites—a collection of hubcap portraits of classic Americana artists like **Patsy Cline**, **Waylon Jennings**, **Elvis Presley** and **Buddy Holly**.

Dolph, a self-proclaimed visual folk artist, got his start nearly four years ago after becoming fascinated with hubcaps that he noticed on the side of the highway. "Usually between Ogden and Salt Lake there are like 15 to 20. I got obsessed with this object. They're shiny and pretty. It's like you can't help but stop and pick [them] up. I just tried to figure out what I could do with them," Dolph says. "I used to go out and get them on the freeway, which was not very good—the police made me get off the road [once]." Eventually Dolph decided that he would paint portraits of old-school country art-

These days Dolph stays off the highways when collecting materials for his art. "I've finally located a junkyard. I just go out

ists on the hubcaps, claiming that the subject matter just

seemed to fit with the semi-

ing painted on.

truck hubcap that it was be-

there with a little bit of cash and a screwdriver and walk around and pop off as many as I need," he says.

Although Dolph primarily sticks to painting artists that would be considered classic American musicians, he isn't opposed to the idea of painting more contemporary artists, local musicians and even accepts commissioned work. "I like the idea that as a group they kind of hang together, but I'm open to anything. Except for **Clapton**." says Dolph. "I just won't do Clapton. You gotta have a rule."

Dolph's cardboard wizards, hubcap portraits and monster hand coat racks might not be as practical as some of the dishtowels and messenger bags that other *Craft Lake City* artists will be slinging, but Dolph's items are quirky and charming enough that you can't help but come up with a reason why you must have them.

When asked what will be new to the haunted lemonade stand for 2010, Dolph says, "I will have some surprises, I'm sure ... I don't know what they are yet ... so we will all be surprised." If you don't have

a chance to stop by Dolph's haunted lemonade stand during Craft Lake City, you can check out wizards, hubcap portraits and monster hand coat racks at Frosty Darling and even more of his hubcap portraits at Pat's BBQ.

Emerson

Photo: Michelle



Town Dolph By Jeanette D. Moses jeanette@slugmag.com



Muminati
Natasha Sebring and Callie Capps

By Gavin Hoffman reigniforever666@gmail.com

** ILLUMINATI, a chandelier refurbishing and redecorating collaboration between Natasha Sebring and Callie Capps, has only been functioning since February, 2010, but the work these two ladies are spinning out is nothing short of, well, awesome. Thus far, none of their handiwork has

been publicly displayed or sold, but all of that

will change at this year's Craft Lake City.

When asked about how their collaboration began, Capps earnestly places the blame on Sebring. "SHE started it! It was HER idea!" Capps says. "Well, it was the wintertime, and I will say that I probably watch way too much HGTV," says Sebring. "I'm no Martha Stewart by any means, but that really got me thinking about doing this. Callie and I worked together when I came up with this idea." "When I told her about it, she was immediately stoked because she's already a jewelry maker. I really like Natasha's style, and her ideas were really inspiring to me," says Capps. The partnership is a true collaboration-each piece they've completed thus far may switch hands back and forth between the two, but they each have what amounts to a final say on each piece.

The bottom line is that the work Sebring and Capps have been doing is simply stunning. Currently, they have seven finished chandeliers (they hope to have ten completed and available for *Craft Lake City*) and, simply put, all of the pieces are definitely eye-catching. Ranging from simple to downright garish, the two seem to be able to seamlessly flow from one design to the

next without compromising quality or "craftiness." To summarize: while one piece may look perfect in a house, another piece would look excellent in an upper-class dining area or even illuminating a summer patio.

Both Sebring and Capps have done their fair share of thrift store shopping for chandeliers that they believe can be useful to them and attractive to the end-buyer, but they've had a decent amount of help as well. Friends, family and acquaintances that are known to frequent thrift shops, flea markets and yard sales have all been put on alert as to what the pair is looking for. "The more that don't end up in a landfill, the better," says Capps. "We can make something out of anything, so we've tried to spread the word as much as possible." While the duo's initial plan was to be as green as possible by recycling old lighting, using energy-efficient light bulbs in their finished fixture, they found out quickly that, while admirable, this plan wasn't necessarily viable. "Energyefficient light bulbs are kind of ugly," quips Sebring. "But we've begun thinking about doing chandeliers that hold candles instead of electric lights."

While prices for their wares have not yet been set, Sebring and Capps will most assuredly be keeping them reasonable and are even including instructions for placement and wiring their chandeliers for whomever purchases them. To reuse an already tired pun, the future looks quite bright for ILLUMINATI. Yes...I really just said that.

Whitney Shaw working over her 900 lb. 1901 Golding Park lb. 1901 Golding Pearl press, but the unique artwork produced under her brand name Easy Keeper with that iron workhorse is quite tangible. From coasters and cards to notebooks and decorative pillows, this new Craft Lake City artist gives your everyday accessories classy details with a subtle sense of

Graduating from the University of Utah in 2008 with a Bachelor of Arts in Graphic Design, Shaw became interested in letterpress through the Book Arts Program offered at the U. "I was really lucky that I went to a school that supported [letterpress] and made sure it was part of the design background. I love working with my hands and so much of what we do is on the computer now-you kind of lack participating in the printing. When I send stuff to press, I feel like it's out of my control. With letterpress it's something that you can do yourself and be a part of the process," she says.

Along with the use of a vintage press, Shaw's designs also set her apart as she finds pleasure and inspiration in the unusually ordi-

nary. Her letterpress prints contain dogs, cats and donkeys, and her handmade pillows depict possums, baby tapirs and even pigeons—all with surprising grace and elegance. "I had this idea for a while to do these decorative pillows. When I started to look around and do research, there are so many owls and peacocks and pretty birds ... I'd been wanting to do a pigeon for a while, too, because I think they're really pretty and most people think they're rats with wings. So I went with that and other animals that don't get their due," she says. "It's what makes it so fun, they're so specific.

Shaw also makes her own printing plates, the process is described as much like exposing a negative, but she also likes to look for copper plates at antique shops for some of her prints, making those products thoroughly vintage in a production sense. Shaw's work has been featured at the Farmer's Market, Sundance Harvest Market, Jewish Arts Festival and gallery shows at Kayo, the Women's Art Center and the U of U Gittens Gallery.

Working alongside her partner and significant other, Ryan Perkins, a local screenprint, woodwork artist and the designer of this month's cover. Shaw's Craft Lake City booth will be a memorable one to visit. "Our booth is really fun, we spent a lot of time setting it up and we have hand-painted walls. Productwise, I think both of us have a really good sense of humor and that really shows a lot. Letterpress tends to be kind of formal and serious, and I like to break away from that," she says.

> Check out Shaw's work at threewholebuffalo.net easykeeperpress.com, don't miss the Easy Keeper & Big Fun booth at Craft Lake City on Saturday, August 14 from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m. at the Gallivan Center. Oh, and in case you don't figure it out when you come by, her favorite animal is the wolf.



Whitney Shaw

By Esther Meroño esther@slugmag.com



Nic Annette Miller

By Cody Hudson Codyhhh@gmail.com

Ogden-born Nic Annette Miller has been practicing her humane alternative to taxidermy for just two years now. After adopting her collie companion Sheila during her senior year of school at Utah State University (where she double majored in Design and Printmaking), Miller felt compelled to go vegetarian and inspired to take her jigsaw to some birch. "'Save a Deer, Buy a Print,' is kind of the concept." Miller says.

Miller's work consists mostly of relief prints (woodcuts to be specific) of mounted game animals such as deer, moose and buffalo. She starts by carving a piece of birch, inks it up, rolls it through a press with paper, pastes the paper onto the wood and then uses a scroll saw to carve the exact image with more detail. The end product is striking and somewhat imposing, as the woodcuts are life-size.

Earlier this year, Miller was one of the graphic artists chosen to participate in the AIGA's 100 Show, where she sold her first woodcut in a silent auction. She also participates ' in the University of Utah's continuing education program Life Long Learning where she teaches photography with Holga cameras (she was initially majoring

in photography at Utah State) and takes the occasional harmonica or didgeridoo class. Miller has also been working with Leia Bell, a great person to know when you are a young girl pedaling prints, and recently helped her open the new Kilby Court branch of Signed and Numbered.

As of late, Miller has had a "redheaded business partner" by the name of Emily **Bunnell** with whom she has created a line of paper goods. Bunnell and Miller met in the graphic design program at USU, but have only recently begun collaborating. "Art made us friends," Miller says. Their partnership is called Friends Make Prints. Bunnell will be selling woodcuts of her own at Craft Lake City. Friends Make Prints will consist of large individual pieces by both girls and their line of smaller paper goods and prints. Their goods will range in price from five dollars to three hundred dollars, with the paper goods being the low price point and moving up based on size.

> Stop by the Friends Make Prints booth at Craft Lake City, check out their stuff, and maybe get an animal head for your den or game room. If you don't get a chance to check them out at CLC, take a look around their website atfriendsmakeprints.com.

What do Bob Ross-esque landscapes, abominable snowmen, Bigfoot, the Loch Ness monster and zombies have in common? They are all combined in the art that Kat Martin will be slingin' at this year's Craft Lake City. The concept for the work that Martin will be showing just kind of fell into her lap (with a little nudge from her husband and SLUG film critic. Jimmy Martin).

While shopping at one of the Black Chandelier stores one day in 2009, Jimmy saw a re-used landscape painting not unlike a Bob Ross piece that someone had painted over with their own characters. Jimmy asked Kat if she could make something similar. Kat agreed, thinking nothing of it. The resulting piece was a forest scene with a river as the focal point featuring zombies running towards the viewer. "I hung the zombie one in Jimmy's office. Everybody who saw it loved it, so I threw one together with the abominable snowman covered in blood for the SLUG Christmas

party." The blood-splattered yeti painted on a serene, snowy mountain landscape ended up being one of the most sought-after white elephant gifts.

Martin's previous work mainly consisted of murals and portraits of children, her

mediums of choice being oil and

acrylic paints. "I had never planned on doing stuff like this-I wanted to paint babies," says Martin. "But I do what my public wants." Depending on size, each character she does takes anywhere from one to two hours. Martin doesn't see her craft as destroying someone else's art, but as actually making it better. "I'm sure someone loved them at one time," she says referring to the landscape paintings. After seeing how much people liked the paintings, Jimmy bought as many landscapes as he could find at local thrift stores and gave them to Kat for Christmas.

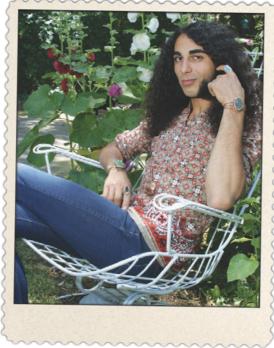
As of right now, all of the art is on pre-existing landscapes, but Martin says, "Painting my own may be less exhausting than driving around searching thrift stores for them." Martin has purposely left out vampires due to the Twilight/True Blood phenomenon. According to her, "Vampires are too hot right now, although I have a painting of Elvis that would make a

good vampire." Of the fictional beasts and creatures she paints, Martin's favorite is "Nessie." "She is just so peaceful." she says, "She just swims around and relaxes. That is my kind of monster."



Kat Martin

By Elliot Secrist Elliotsecrist@yahoo.com



Crask Kafi By Jeanette D. Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

"When you see a stone that calls your x name, you just want a piece made out of it," Arash Mafi tells me. We're sitting in his parents' garage, surrounded by a variety of acids, grinders, a small torch to melt metal and a tray that is covered in a beautiful array of stones. Mafi has transformed the Holladay garage into the workshop where he crafts handmade jewelry for his company, Paisley Dreams. Approximately 20 minutes later, there I was watching Mafi create a custom bracelet for yours truly from copper wire and a massive piece of turquoise sea sediment jasper-a stone which Mafi says is currently one of his favorites to work with.

Mafi is relatively new to the handmade scene compared to other artists featured in the second annual Craft Lake City. Mafi began making jewelry about a year ago. His early designs were simple and mostly consisted of soldering copper together. Last summer he sold some pieces in the Gallivan Market Place during the Twilight Concert Series and eventually started selling pieces at Salt Lake Citizen in Library Square. "I started really simple and just progressed as the days went by. It's something that [I] built over time" he says.

Four months ago, Mafi ditched the simple copper wire pieces for intricate pendants, bracelets and rings where stones like turquoise, tiger's eye, onyx, amber and amethyst take center stage in welded pieces of silver, copper and brass. "I haven't been doing

Photo: Ruby Johnson

this style of jewelry for that long," Mafi says, "It's just been going really fast and that's why it has been exciting for me."

It's clear that Mafi is a fast learner, but his quick progression is also a result of dedication to his craft. Mafi says that he makes jewelry every day and tries to spend anywhere between two to four hours in his shop making around two pieces a day. Typically, by the end of the week he has created at least 10 pieces and by the end of the month he can fill an entire tray. "I think I'm peaking as far as my quality of work goes, but I don't think you could put a level on any quality of design because you keep coming up with more designs," he says.

Mafi will be selling pre-made pieces at Craft Lake City, but his real passion lies in the custom work that he does. He says that he enjoys working with people on their pieces since it is something that they will have for the rest of their lives. "I like collaborating with people because I want them to add some of the art into it, too." he says, "[And] I just can't get

enough of the smile I get from people when they look at [their jewelry] and they're like, 'Damn! This is great!" To date, Mafi says he has created about 60 custom pieces.

> Check out Mafi's jewelry at Craft Lake City, or if you just can't stand the wait, hit him up through his Facebook page to craft a unique piece alongside

Pursuing a career as an artist x is a significant and exciting decision. Sometimes artist is unaware of the impact they have on the viewer(s) and the work comes out naturally and timely, rather than focused and forced. This is the case for local Salt Lake City artist Mia Hanson, whose handkerchiefs, earrings, koozies, wallets and dresses can be seen all over the city. "I started sewing in high school because I wanted to be a costume designer." Hanson says, "Ever since my mother taught me the ins-and-outs, I have always had a love for embroidery

Many SLUG staffers became familiar with Hanson in 2009 after she designed a few different embroidered beer koozies for SLUG's first annual Craft Lake City event. Since then she has been very busy

making dresses for friends and rummaging through all of the buckets of embroidery floss at fine SLC establishments such as Decades, Retro Rose and the Deseret Industries. She also frequents estate sales where she finds "adorable little old lady things" and vintage fabric, which she uses to recycle into creations of her own, all by hand.

Hanson is quite savvy with her sewing machine. In fact, she designed a pedal steel case and tool wallet for Brent Dreiling (of Band of Annuals) and a kick bag for Jamie Timm (of Devil Whale) last year. Hanson's creations are not exclusive to just friends, but you (yes, you) can get a piece of your own. Hanson will be selling handcrafted handkerchiefs with your initial(s) embroidered on them this year at Craft Lake City. She will have multiple types of lettering and a vast array of vintage fabrics to choose from. She will also be selling solid and noticeable dresses for the ladies and classy wallets for the fellas. Don't forget to visit her table early due to a high demand for her functional and

> stylish assortment of koozies for your beverages.

% So take a seat in the proverbial crochet circle and check out some contemporary treatments

of embroidery this year with Mia Hanson at Craft Lake City.

Mitch Allen

Photo:



Nia Hal

By Lance Saunders lance@sartainandsaunders.com



Suzanne Elements

By Mary Enge marycenge@gmail.com

Suzanne Clements is addicted to knit fabrics. She admits openly, "It's kind of a joke that I can't go anywhere without looking for fabric." Sorry Clementine is Clements' clothing line of cute, quirky and ohso-wearable women's tops and dresses made predominantly of knit fabrics. The fabric makes her clothing comfy and practical, but Clements' eye for design and hawk-like pursuit of unique knit fabrics makes her line distinctive and contemporary. The line features tops, tank tops and dresses that vary in design. Many feature blocks of colorful fabrics, some have draping cowl necks or hoods, and others reveal Clements' attention to detail with accents such as buttons, fabric flowers or contrasting trim. Each piece is a one-of-a-kind creation sewn in Clements' home studio here in Salt Lake.

Although she was always a "crafty" kid, Clements didn't start sewing until she took an interest in fashion: "I kind of started sewing when I was probably 15 or 16 and I thought I was super punk rock. I wanted those clothes and those weren't really accessible ... so I just made clothes for myself. A lot of it was just reconstructing-cutting stuff up and embellishing." Eventually, Clements moved out of her reconstruction phase and began to focus on constructing garments

from scratch. Sorry Clementine was conceived about six years ago and with it, Clements' talents have evolved gradually through trial and error.

Clements doesn't work from patterns. She relies instead on her instincts and years of experience making women's clothing. For some pieces, she'll begin with a concept and then match fabric to her idea but with others, the idea might be sparked by a particular piece of fabric. She enjoys trawling thrift stores for "really old or vintage knit fabrics like from the 70s and 80s [with] crazy prints. I love when I find stuff like that ... I really like finding that old fabric that you literally can't find anymore, I mean it was made 30 years ago."

Photo: Michelle Emerson

An ardent supporter of the SLC craft scene, a vendor at Craft Sabbath and her second year Craft Lake City artist, Clements is constantly wowed by her fellow crafters. "I just get inspired from my peers ... seeing what they create, that's the most inspiring to me." She's thrilled to see that Salt Lake City is coming to recognize and appreciate its own craft culture. "Handmade stuff and creating stuff has always been encouraged in Utah," says Clements, and she's proud to stand with her peers to display their creativity and handmade creations at Craft Lake City.

About her obsession, Clements says, "If you find the weird creepy table in the corner in the fabric store, there's probably something there that I'll like." Yet Clements has the eye and the skill to turn her thrift store and castoff fabric finds into cute, modern and comfortable cloth-

ing. While the patterns, colors and variety of knit fabrics will continue to entice Clements to sew quirky tops and darling dresses, their "soft and stretchiness" makes Clements' creations equally irresistible to her customers.

> Stop by the Sorry Clementine booth on August 14 to view Clements' wares, or check out her Etsy store at etsy.com/shop/sorryclementine.

Hailing from the greater Ogden x area, Andy Chase is a Craft Lake City veteran. Chase's paintings, silkscreened and lino-cut prints and pillows will be available at this year's CLC from \$15 up. Like many prolific crafters, Chase's "hobby" is fed by a serious love for the process. "It's a need I have-an outlet." she says. "If I don't create for a while. I feel like I need to release the creative tension." And it's just that kind of attitude that makes a festival like Craft Lake City so specialthese people do it for the love of creating. The positive, grassroots quality of Utah artists is one of Chase's favorite parts of the crafting scene. "Seeing other people's work is really exciting for me—how creative everybody is, I just can't believe it. We've got a lot of talent in Salt Lake City, it's really amazing."

As you might expect from a passionate person, Chase's affinity for the act of making has been life-long. "I've always picked coloring and crafts over whatever most kids played with . . . and I always kinda kept with it. I took classes through junior high and high school and then got my bachelor's from Weber." During school Chase began an internship with the inimitable Leia Bell, through which she landed her current job at Signed

and Numbered Gallery. It's a

setup that suits her: "I have an

artsy job, and I also get to make my stuff, too," she says.

Chase can trace much of the origin of her art's subject matter to nostalgic memories of a family-owned cabin in Ogden. "It's called Scare Canyon Ranch. It's got all these weird antiques . . . this old jukebox and slot machines and jugs and old beer cans." Chase says, "A lot of my imagery comes from my cabin." A throw pillow silkscreened with these bucolic childhood images ain't always just a throw pillow. "I had a girl tell me the other day that my work is nostalgic for her— she said, 'I feel like I should have been there, like I can relate to that even though I wasn't there." But at the end of the day, a screenprint of bluebirds in cowboy boots playing banjos is fine being just what it is. "I don't usually like people to read too much into my art—I like to have people get what they want out of it," she says. As well as nostalgia, Chase's splotchy, rustic wild-west style is all about motion—both conveyed and

wielded in the painting or cutting process. "I draw with a twig," she says, "it gets kinda messy, too.'

> Mark August 14 on your calendar and come on down to the second annual Craft Lake City. Chase will make sure all the ink's dry by then.



by Jesse Hawlish jhawlish@gmail.com



Amy Redden is exactly who you would expect to be the artist behind the charming collection that is Vintage Fern. She welcomed me into her home for this interview in a perfectly coordinated Stepford-Housewives ensemble and immediately asked, "May I get you a nice cold drink?'

Her collection, Vintage Fern, includes everything one might need to add a little Stepford into your life, from handy kitchen towels to slinky slip-dresses adorned with lace doilies and other intricacies. There's plenty to entice you to stop and check it out. You can pick up something charming for your home, a darling outfit for the little girl in your life or something fabulous to wear out later. Every item is adorned with special details that make Redden's products unique and irresistible.

Redden says she was bitten by the crafting bug as a child. "I just always had a very specific sense of style. That's where it all started." She began her foray into the crafting world as a young girl, fixing things up around the house with her mother. When she got a little older, she spent some time working as a cakedecorator, hobbying only when she could make time 🔀 for it, but was thrilled to be able to stay home full-time

and craft when she started

her family. "My girls like to

do the same kind of stuff I like

to, so we spend a lot of time to-

gether making things more beautiful."

Inspired by everything from her daughters to the blogs that she reads, Redden likes finding ways of bringing together whimsical retro features with modern ideas. "I just love taking something old and making it new again," she says. Her online blog, vintagefern.blogspot.com, echoes this effort with a simple script across the top and bright photos of colorful cupcakes. A recent post details some vintage finds and what she is thinking of doing to spruce them up. It's definitely everything that is Vintage Fern. On her Etsy website, vintagefern.etsy.com, some of her delightful products are available for sale. Light-hearted and fresh, the accessories are the perfect way to spice up jeans and tees, and the dresses for both children and adults are a statement all on their own. You can only get a limited selection online, however, so you'll want to catch her when she's at a local market or fair if you want to get your hands on all the goods.

"I love the local arts and crafts scene," she says. "I go to a lot of trade shows and fairs. But I'm really excited about Craft Lake City because it was so fun last year as a new event, so I'm sure it will be even better this year." Even in its infancy, the event helped Redden share her crafts with a much broader audience, and she looks forward to doing it again this year.

By Ischa Buchanan Ischa3@gmail.com

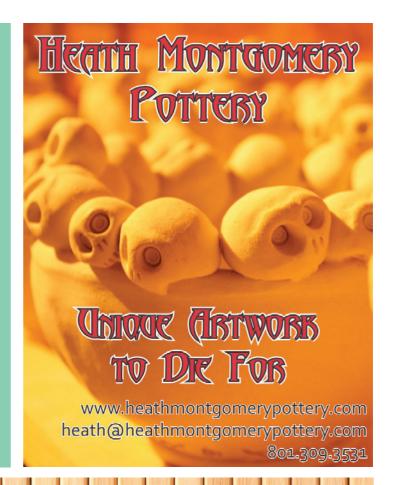
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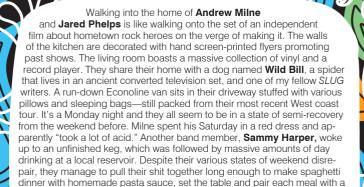
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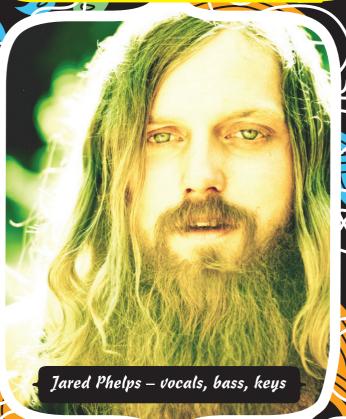
Longtime friends, Milne, Harper and Phelps formed **Spell Talk** in 2007 while living in an Ogden neighborhood where drive-by shootings and molotov-cocktailed cars were commonplace. "I remember playing in that basement a lot and it had a really eerie feeling. I think that helped our rock n' roll," Harper says. Shortly after the band's first West Coast tour, they moved to Salt Lake City to join what they saw as a more active music and art community. "When I was in Ogden I just felt like I got on this page and I never got off that page. That's why I wanted to move. Here everyone is doing things ... it's a creative place," says Phelps.

cold can of Olympia beer.

GHOST RIDING AN ECONOLINE

By Jeanette D. Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

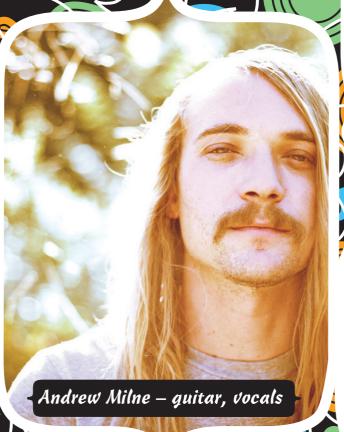
Photos: David Newkirk



In September 2009, the three piece became four when **Dylan Roe** joined the band playing second guitar, harmonica and helping out with vocals. Roe says that he feels hailing from Ogden has had an affect on the band's sound that makes them stick out in the Salt Lake music scene. "Everyone knows Ogden has a big blue collar thing. These guys definitely have ... something really charming. It's hard to explain," Roe says.

Spell Talk plays blues and psychedelia-infused rock n' roll in the vein of groups like **Dead Meadow**, **The Black Lips** and **The Entrance Band**—who the band cites as a major influence. "[**Guy Blakeslee** of Entrance] got the delta and the piedmont, playing more than one style of guitar all at once," Roe says. "And then he's psychedelic, which is another thing that we're really into." Milne adds, "It's a real honor to be compared to those guys ... because they're good, dude ... that bass player is good ..."

Since the spring of 2010, Spell Talk has become one of the bigger fish in the small pond that is Salt Lake's music scene—and for good reason. In February they won first place at the 2010 CWMAs. In March, they recorded Ghost Rider live on Circus Brown's Not a Side Show radio program on KRCL 90.9 FM. After opening for Imaad Wasif at







<u> Dylan Roe – guitar, harmonica,</u>





Urban Lounge on April 5, they were asked to accompany him on tour throughout the southeastern United States during the first part of May. Before hitting the road with Imaad they released Ghost Rider. June put them back at KRCL 90.0 FM playing a station benefit, before hitting the road again solo during the first weeks of July for a West Coast tour.

"We do everything that we can to promote and get people to our shows and share our music with everybody," Phelps says. This work includes the man-hours that the band puts in to create hand screen-printed album covers, bags, posters and t-shirts—something that has been made possible due to Milne's job at local screen printing company Spilt Ink. "I get to use [the print shop] on my own time. It really helps, that stuff can get expensive—being able to get it at cost has helped us a lot." Spilt Ink isn't the only thing that they credit for their success. "We have a lot of friends in high places," Roe says—Bad Brad Wheeler, SLUG Magazine, KRCL in general and Jeremi Hanson of Band of Annuals are a few that they rattle off.

A striking feature of Spell Talk is that they don't quite seem to realize how talented they are. When talking about their live show, the band

uses the now-defunct Vile Blue Shades as

the local barometer. "I think every band in Salt Lake probably aspires to have as much energy on stage as Vile Blue Shades. They are the standard that every band in Salt Lake holds themselves up to as far as a live show goes." Roe says, "I'm happy with the direction we're going, but there is always somewhere we could go. We're always trying to press on to that."

Although Spell Talk enjoys playing Salt Lake and doesn't have any tours planned in the near future, it's clear that they are eager to get back on the road. "[Touring] two or three times a year sounds awesome. Seriously, whenever it's possible," Milne says. "The opportunity to be able to go out, it's pretty much a unanimous decision between all four of us that we want to go." Harper adds, "It's pretty awesome going to some other city and just doing what you want to do with your best friends." If Spell Talk was simply a band in a film, this is where the director would introduce their tour montage.

Even though the band is grounded in Salt Lake for the time being, they are far from stagnant. August finds them playing the local mountain music festival *Uncle Uncanny*'s on August 13, *SLUG*'s own *Craft Lake City* at the *Gallivan* on August 14 and opening for **The Growlers** on August 29 at *Urban Lounge*.

Looking into their future, the band has even bigger plans. First they plan to use the free studio time with *Back Bone Studios* in Colorado that they earned from playing *Desert Rocks Music Festival* in May 2010. Recording is only the tip of the iceberg for Spell Talk, though. "[We're] all really sick of all this rent we're paying. We want to get a bus, a tour bus with veggie oil and just travel and play music." says Phelps, "This tour we're going to try to do the whole United States." The tour in question won't start until next spring, a decision that Harper says is so the band has plenty of time to save money, book the tour out and, of course, buy a veggie-oil powered bus.



Sammy Harper – drums





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Duke Maxwell – Vocals, Guitar Cole Maxwell – Drums Wyatt Maxwell – Lead Guitar Mad Max – Upright Bass

Duke, the nine-year-old lead singer of the band Mad Max and the Wild Ones, greeted me at the front door of the Maxwell family home in Springville, Utah. He announced he couldn't shake my hand because he had just finished making lemonade and his paws were too sticky. I followed him further back into the house and found myself in a room filled with local art, cuffed jeans, vintage and custom instruments, and the smell of a home-cooked meal. Mad Max and the Wild Ones is a rockabilly, family band composed of the Maxwell sons: Duke, who sings and plays rhythm guitar; 14-year-old Cole who plays drums;18-year-old Wyatt who plays lead guitar and writes their songs, and their father Max, who plays the upright bass.

Wyatt started playing guitar when he was eight, which led to his younger brothers developing an interest in playing music too. Mad Max wanted to be able to spend time with them, so he learned the upright bass seven years ago.

Practicing for fun in their basement lead to their first show in 2006. When asked how often they practice, Max said, "If anybody's made to do it, I don't think it would be fun anymore. That's one thing we agreed upon at the beginning, too. If it ever quit being fun, then we weren't going to do it anymore. I think if you put a bunch of rules on everything, it sucks the life out of it."

All of the Maxwell sons play multiple instruments. **Angela**, their mother, attributes their diverse musicality to their guitar teacher, **Thomas Richey**. "He's inspired them." she says, "They can join in any kind of music, really, because they understand how it works. He didn't just teach them to play chords." The family also attributes their success to the help of **Bo Huff of Bo Huff Customs** and **Voodoo Swing** from Phoenix, **Brad Wheeler** from *KRCL*, **Dick Dale** and **Joe Carducci** with **Gretsch**. Wyatt was recently given the honor of being one of **Gretsch**'s featured guitarists. He happens to be the youngest person to be given this award, and when asked about receiving it he says it was his proudest moment.

This family may have received support from artists and fans around the country, but their success definitely comes from their support of each other. They compliment and give credit to one another for making the band work. "Dad's getting pretty good at



"James Brown has got nothin' on Duke,"
18-year-old Wyatt says of his 9-year-old
brother who doubles as lead singer of
Mad Max and the Wild Ones.

By Paige Snow snow1187@gmail.com

the bass," Cole says. "I'll say, and he can stand on it now," Angela adds. Wyatt tells a story about how his amp stopped working at a show and how Cole was able to keep the crowd going. "I mean it just completely shut down-I had nothing. [Cole] held the same tempo for ten, fifteen minutes ... I've never seen anything like it. The other drummers were like 'how'd he do that?" Max says that people are always trying to steal Cole to be their drummer. Angela speaks of Duke's stage performance and Max says they have the best front man in the business. Wyatt jokes, "James Brown has got nothin' on Duke."

Although never directly stated, it is easy to see that Mad Max and Angela are the core of the band. "Nobody's told them to play this kind of music. They play what they want to play and Angela and I let them go in the direction they wanna go with it," says Max. They encourage their children to support local musicians and artists and businesses, they require them to do well in school, and they make sure that the band is more fun

than work. Wyatt was recently accepted to *Berklee School of Music* in Boston. Max brags that Wyatt has a plethora of musical knowledge. Their view seems to be to hold onto simple, unwavering values and it is exemplified in their business practices.

Mad Max and the Wild Ones has yet to sign to a record label because none of them have felt right. They want to release their record as a vinyl and digital copy only, but are still working out all the details. Disney was

interested in their talents, but Mad Max and the Wild Ones didn't want to change their style to appeal to the mainstream. Angela says, "Here's a guy who is in a position to show people something that he can see is good. But all he can think is formulas. 'We need the next blonde-haired, blue-eyed little girl or the next boy band. We're only gonna stick to the formula that we know is safe and we know works' and it was so disappointing."

Their band has been growing support from around the globe and they have had good experiences in most cities. They recently had some trouble in Kemmerer, Wyoming but didn't want to focus their interview on the incident. Please visit their MySpace page to read their story. They were more interested in talking about positive aspects of the band, like how to build a music scene in Utah that is both welcoming and favorable for young people. That is why they performed at the first Craft Lake City and will also be performing again this year. Go check out their MySpace blog, buy their merchandise and support their local cause.





Congratulations Emily & Joe!

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Dan Thomas - Drums Dave Payne - Vocals, Guitar Tommy Nguyen - Bass

"We have been around for sixteen years, and there's a reason: it's because we're the best band-ever. And we challenge anyone as proof of this. Book the show and we'll be there." These are the words of Dave Payne, vocalist/guitarist of venerable local rock veterans The Red Bennies. With over ten releases to their name and a list of alumni that includes some of the most notable musicians in Salt Lake, The Red Bennies' self-described style of "rock soul punk" has certainly become legendary, and now they're presenting themselves and their music in an entirely new way. "I consider our approach to the group as an absolute evolution of the rock n' roll culture." Payne says, "If everybody had our outlook, then every band would be together forever and every band would sound amazing and every musician would be incredible." This new approach that Payne so boldly speaks of is as simply clear as it is frighteningly unfamiliar: cut all of the bullshit out of music.

As is the case with most major revelations, it took years of hardship for Payne to arrive at the revolutionary philosophy he currently employs in The Red Bennies. After releasing Shake It Off in 2005, The Red Bennies went through a period of turmoil. Longtime members left the fold while others pursued new projects. Payne kept busy as a member of **The Glinting Gems** and Marvin Payne & The Gifted Seed as well as teaching at The Rock and Roll Academy and raising twin girls with his wife Leena. When the band found time to regroup and work on new material, things didn't go

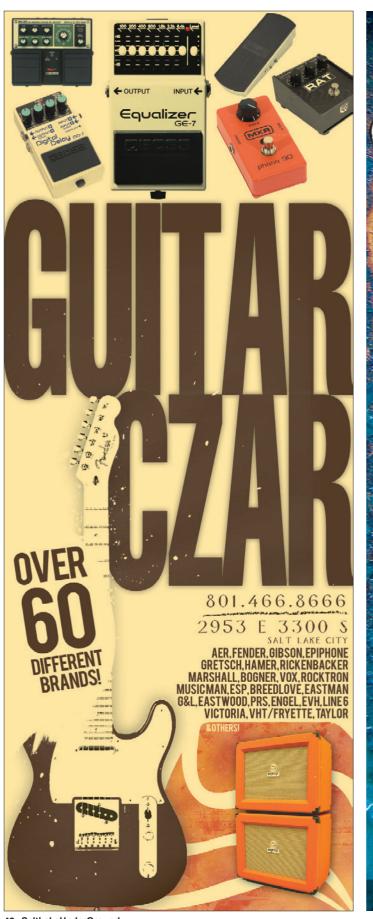
well. "We weren't that good of a group." Payne says, "We were not very productive and didn't have a very good attitude for about three years." In early 2010, bassist Scott Selfridge and keyboardist Terrence Warburton decided to leave. Payne convinced them to stay long enough to record the band's newest album, Glass Hands, which Payne considers his masterwork. "The new album is just us doing the final takes of these songs after our grumpiest years and I feel like I really captured that." Payne says, "By toning the sound we make down enough, I shone a light on the individuals in the group and I think it sounds like the most personable and realistic album that I've ever made.'

Fresh off the recording of Glass Hands, Payne and drummer Dan Thomas recruited bassist Tommv Nguyen (Tolchock Trio) and the entire dynamic of the group changed almost immediately. "We were the worst band ever-now we have the best band ever." Payne credits his rediscovered love for playing music to teaching kids every day at his Rock and Roll Academy. "The school is tailored to my experience, not because I think it's the best way, but because it's what I know. Through the process of having other people do that, I've realized that the whole thing stinks," Payne says. By teaching the kids how to play music via endless repetition, he realized he was making them hate it. To combat this, he makes his students treat every song as a cover song after they've learned the basic structure—a practice he has also incorporated into The Red Bennies. He has also enforced several new rules within the band (for example, each member has to try three new things in each song and the band must learn how to play a different song for each performance) designed to keep the experience of playing music fun

and exciting. "The rules keep you in the mindset that you're not there to make good songs, but you're there to express yourself and your musicianship." Payne says, "The goal is to enjoy playing music in the long term."

Recently, Payne has also introduced a new tenet into the revamped Red Bennies philosophy: battles. The band has faced off against Blackhole and Subrosa, trading off songs with one band on the stage and one set up on the ground, each group trying to outdo the other's previous song. "After a million shows, you're just in front of an audience that you don't respect at all. You have nothing to prove to them and nothing to prove to yourself, but you do have something to prove to this other band." Payne also finds this format to be more engaging for the audience, and more attuned to the short attention span possessed by most people. "After the Subrosa show, everyone was talking to me about the different bands and the different songs. Everyone had an opinion where they wouldn't have otherwise," he says. Payne plans to keep on battling, and the challenge issued at the beginning of this article is not an idle threat. "I only want to play battle shows from now on." Payne says, "I have this fantasy that we'll be able to battle someone we don't know and get the reputation to have someone challenge us.

Though he played Craft Lake City with Coyote Hoods last year, expect a much different performance from Payne and The Red Bennies this year. "[Playing Craft Lake City] is actually the ultimate battle. To play somewhere we'd never play in a million years in the middle of the day gives me the same feeling I get from the battles. It's a unique experience and you'll never get that feeling any other way.





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JOSHUA PAYNE ORCHESTRA By Andrew Roy roydrechsel@gmail.com

The Joshua Payne Orchestra has been a part of Salt Lake City's musical landscape for 10 years now in one form or another. Over the last two years, they have really come into their own, garnering several consistent weekly gigs. They play Thursdays at Eva, Friday and Saturday nights as well as Sunday afternoons at the Grand America Hotel and starting in fall. Friday nights at Club Manhattan. Did you notice how Friday is listed twice there? That's no typo—on Friday nights they will play from 7 -10 at the Grand America, then rush to Club Manhattan to play a set from 11-1. I asked him if that will be a bit overwhelming, but he just laughed as if I had asked him something stupid like if he thinks guitar is cool, and he replies, we're lucky to have so much work." But he certainly has paid his dues to get to this point.

"I had a great passion for jazz, and I just took off for New York City one day." he tells me, "I decided I was going to try to survive just by doing my thing. So I sat out in a subway station with my banjo, playing my original compositions." He soon learned that he wasn't going to survive, and ended up selling his guitars just to get by. In time, he met an experienced street musician who taught him how to work and make money playing in the subways, jumping on the trains and playing Latino pop songs from Yankee Stadium all the way to Coney Island. "That was the best lesson in music and life that I ever had." he says, "That's where I fell in love with playing in the street. Playing in the street is really where my heart is at." He even went on to meet the Les Paul: "One night. I got to sit in with him, and in front of the whole audience he said 'Joshua, you're one of the great ones. You can play with me anytime. Make this your home.' From jamming in the streets to jamming with Les Paul-this is the perfect description of what Payne is capable of.

He eventually made his way back to Salt Lake, ready to utilize the musical wisdom he earned in New York. One of his favorite corners to play was 100 South and Main. where we met at midnight on a Tuesday for this interview. "One summer, I played 80 nights in a row, from midnight to two," he

Patrick Buie - Trombone Joshua Payne- Guitar Ioe Rudd - Tenor Sax Dan Thomas - Drums Al Michaels - Alto Sax Ron Harrell- Upright Bass Scott Moore -Clarinet Clint Roberts-Baritone Sax Bret Jackson - Trumpet

Joshua Payne having a one-man late-night jazz session in front of the Zions Bank building. "Playing in the street is really where my heart is at."

tells me. Payne and his orchestra eventually started a Friday night tradition of playing somewhere, announced earlier that day on Twitter. downtown at midnight. The members of the Orchestra are a diverse group of musicians. Dan Thomas once played drums with the Vile Blue Shades and currently with Tolchock Trio, Ron Harrell is a "voungster, he's awesome...music just flows out of him," Payne said about the bassist. Al Michaels on alto saxophone is "an old-school New York guy" with a huge background. Joe Rudd on tenor saxophone is from the **Orbit Group** and Bret Jackson plays trumpet with the Utah Symphony—and there are many others. Listening to Payne describe the members of the orchestra is like listening to someone describe their list of idols. He just can't say enough good about every one of them. I felt like I was talking to someone who was living his dream.

The Orchestra isn't just busy playing shows all week, every weekthey also have a brand new 45 on vinyl available now, with another 45 to follow this year, as well as a full-length vinyl LP to be recorded and released at the end of the year. "Everything vinyl." he states, Dan, our drummer, is spearheading some sort of CD release, but I don't want anything to do with it. I just love vinyl."

I started to notice that Payne sort of shied away from using the word "jazz" to describe the orchestra. It's "such a controversial word. You know, honestly, a good part of my life was spent just being a total jazz-snob-nerd. Now I listen to more current top 40 than I do jazz," he explains. Over time, the Orchestra's music has gotten simpler in a lot of ways. "We're just trying to communicate instantly," he says. I pressed for more clarification on the jazz thing, and he tells me: "If we were to describe our sound, you might hear a bit of **Ellington**, a little bit of Mingus, Bird, some contemporary dance beats, all wrapped up in an intensely—hopefully—passionate delivery." An apt description. Go to joshuapayneorchestra.com for updates on shows and releases, and be sure to check out the Joshua Payne Orchestra at Craft Lake City this month—you won't be disappointed.













When I say "tore up girl," I'm assuming that you speak homosexual. In case you don't, being tore up is when one tells someone else how they looked, or more appropriately how they acted the night before. "Girl, you were TORE UP," (i.e. you were drunk last night). "Girl, I got tore up last night," (i.e. fuckedeither literally, by a drug deal gone bad or beaten up). "Girl, stop shopping at the DI, you look tore up," (i.e. cheap and/or disheveled). Essentially, if you're a mess in any way, you can replace the adjective with "tore up.

I'm going to assume that many SLUG readers have been in a band. For those who haven't, or the ones that have never been on tour. I'm going to let you have a little insight of what it's like. I have caught shit for needlessly promoting drug use before. I assume it's mostly from people that can't do them, but choose to let people D.A.R.E. to make their own choice. I promote nothing so take your judgments, shove them up your twat and enjoy the story.

The following tale has been pieced together through good friends, extra foggy memories and one lowquality cell phone photo. I believe it accurately represents the last night of my tour.

I had just spent the past three weeks on a whirlwind nation-wide tour with my band **PEPPERSPRAY**. I had been really good throughout most of the tour, sticking to my new healthy lifestyle. On the last night, I decided I was going to let my weaves down and have a little old tour fun.

Our last show was at a super fun, super sexy restaurant/bar in San Francisco called Supper Club. where I had once been a hostess. I started my evening how I had for the past six months, with a two-mile run and a salad. This was my first mistake. When you're on tour and planning on drinking excessively, you're supposed to never work out and eat meals at places like Mickey Dee's or JB's. I should have known that my new skinny body and minimal diet were an equation for disaster.

Photo: Michelle Emerson princess kennedy the ambassador of persia

Upon arriving at the Supper Club, I was immediately greeted by my old chums behind the bar with an ear piercing "PRINCESS KENNEDY!" This was followed by two shots of Jäger and a bottle of champagne right before going on stage. I drank all three by myself. The show was fine—I saw a video on my Facebook page. As it ended, I hopped on the party train and rode it until the next morning.

As I sat nursing my hung head the next day, I mentioned to my friend that I was a little horrified, due to a vague memory of giving my drummer a hummer in the bathroom. My friend tipped his glasses and asked, "Are you serious girl? Do you not remember getting gang-banged on the bathroom sink by three Persian guys?' OH SHIT! Had someone slipped me something? I couldn't remember a thing. "Girl, you slipped yourself something," my friend yelled.

Apparently, immediately after I got off stage, I went on the hunt for some coke. I then proceeded to tell **Lady Keir** from **Deelite**, with whom we played the show, that I loved her about 10 times. At some point, thank God I don't remember, I turned into a giant whore and gave the pre-indicated Anna Mei Wong sex show on the bathroom sink.

twitter com princesskennedy

As the story goes, my poor friend Justin Barker walked into the bathroom as one of the three lifted me up onto the sink, pulled my bikini to the side and... WHAT THE FUCK! After being sufficiently plowed by my three admirers, my friend found it necessary to get me out of the club. That's when I started screaming at Lady Keir for the lights being turned on because I wasn't finished dancing.

Next, I walked out into traffic, stopped a dump truck and forced him to take us to the next venue, which he did. When you have a blacked out, bikini-clad tranny demanding a ride, it's a good idea to just take her where she wants to go, otherwise it can turn into a car jacking of any sort.

I brought us to an all-night party at some bar where they locked the doors and kept serving all night long. I kept drinking like a fish, holding court on the pool table where some guy offered me a hit of molly. "To pay him back, you gave him a blowy on the pool table right there in front of God and all your friends," Justin told me.

Around eight in the morning, I'd gotten some of my wits back and thought it was a good idea to take some GHB and leave with some other guy to an early morning orgy.

This would explain why I felt the way I did when I somehow woke up the next morning. If I was to do this nightly in my own city, I would just be a big tore up whore-bag. Since I chose to do it in another city on tour with my band, well darling that's just sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

The moral of my story: DO NOT take breaks from your drinking and partying lifestyle. Before you know it, you could be in Kaysville in some field with your panties down around your cankles and no cell phone. Ánd darlings, that's not a hot look for any season.

MIKE ASKS A BROWN COP

Question by Mike Brown, mikebrown@slugmag.com Response by Some Cop Dude askacop@slugmag.com







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Dear Cop,

Let me start off by saying I wish this article was called, "Ask a Lawyer," seeing as how you are giving legal advice to our stupid readers and it seems to me that cops just make up the law as they go along. For example, me flipping off a pig should be within my first amendment rights but no, they can deem it obstruction of justice if somebody pees in their box of doughnuts they had for breakfast that day.

Anyway, please allow me to pick your brain. The other night while leaving the tittie bar, a cop in an undercover car lights me up and pulls me over. Along with crumpling up dollar bills and heaving them at half-naked cokeheads, I had a drink at the nudey club, as most gentlemen do.

The cop shines his light in my eyes and says he pulled me over because I didn't signal and that I was swerving, which I think is total bullshit. I know I signaled and I don't know how he could say I was swerving if I only drove 100 yards going 20 miles per hour.

I was very polite and did not argue. I know how often cops get tiny cop boners off of their authority, and it's best just to let them have it as opposed to getting tazed. I learned that from years of skateboarding and watching the most blatantly racist show to ever air, called *COPS*! Then, he said my eyes were red and he could smell alcohol on my breath. After asking me if I had warrants or a crime record (which I do not), he did the standard running of my ID, registration and proof of insurance. Then he asked me how much I had to drink. I told him that I was

leaving the strip club and had one cocktail.

He said that everyone says that to him, which I'm sure is true. He asks me to get out of the car and explains to me that he is going to give me a field sobriety test. The cop made me stand on one foot and count to 20, two times. He made me walk a straight line, and did that thing with his pen where I had to follow it with my eyes. Then, he pulled out the Breathalyzer. After I took the Breathalyzer, he told me to wait in my truck. The cop then asked me if I was on drugs or if I had any drugs in the car. I told him that if he wanted to search my car he could, it's messy as shit in there. He handed me back my license and said that if he wanted to, he could give me a DUI and that there was enough evidence to build a case against me due to the fact that there was alcohol in my system.

Then, he told me that I was not impaired and to be careful. Wait, it gets better. As I turned the corner, a highway patrol car flips a U, lights me up and pulls me over. I literally hadn't been driving longer than a minute. He started off the same way the other cop did—shining a light in my eyes, saying they were red (no shit, it's one in the fucking morning) and that he smells alcohol on my breath.

Then, the highway trooper tells me that the reason he pulled me over is because I only signaled for 1.5 seconds instead of two seconds before I made my lane change (which I think is total bullshit on his part, does he have a stopwatch in his car timing my lane changes?). Again, I was polite and honest and told him that I had been drinking that night but that I just

took and passed a field sobriety test around the corner from another cop in an all-black squad car.

The trooper made me get out of my truck and gives me the eye test with his pen. Then, he asks for my license and I ask him if he needs my registration and proof of insurance as well, he says no. The trooper came back to my truck a couple minutes later and says I can drive off

First question, why didn't the first cop give me a DUI? Is it because he pulled me over illegally, thus not actually having a legitimate case against me? That's my guess, but it could have been my girlfriend's puppy-dog eyes. Had I actually been mega-wasted, I'm sure he would have taken me in, but he said he could have and didn't. By the way, the first cop was totally nice about the whole situation and I'm not mad at him for doing his job.

But the highway patrolman? He was a total dick, and I have the same question: why did he let me off? Is it because of double jeopardy laws where you can't be charged with the same crime twice? Or did the highway patrolman not want to make the cop look bad? And what the fuck is up with the "lane change for two seconds" thing? I'm sure it might be an actual traffic violation, but if that's the case, people should be getting pulled over every fucking second. To be honest, I feel like the trooper was just profiling me and my shitty truck. Sincerely,

Mike Brown

Dear Gentleman.

Our readers are stupid? Don't think so. In fact, they email me with some of the biggerest vocabulary words this dumb cop has ever heard! Now, about advice. Well, I don't give advice. Any idiot who actually applies what I write or thinks I know what I'm talking about, well they're an idiot. It would be the same as some doofus get'n pulled over by an unmarked, "undercover" police car, and thinking the real cops just stopped them. In all actuality, it was a dude from the Sunbar, sorry, I mean tittie bar, looking for a date. (Gentleman Mike, there is free gaydar training at the Gallivan center every Sunday, but go early 'cuz all the spots are reserved for bishops and cops—well, troopers and cops.) Now, all of a sudden the real cop comes along, and he's the asshole? What about the dude who, five minutes ago, fell in love with your fine ass in the bar? And he got you to pull over for his fake DUI stop! Sure, your

The big kicker is the legit trooper (sorry I referred to him as a cop earlier), who, after your sob story, thought he was going to get his pecker played with by a new friend around the corner, and he let you go. He probably spent the rest of his night looking for that "undercover" car. Troopers

girlfriend was with you, we believe you, don't get defensive.

Honestly, many cops do make up the law as they go. Yes, they have that discretion, kind of. And, you hit the nail on the head since it has everything to do with their mood that day. You can flip them off, and yes, if you pursued it all the way through court, the cop would lose based on the first amendment. But in the end, you got them overtime pay and a lot of pain in your ass (kind of like what the "undercover" guy wanted to cause you).

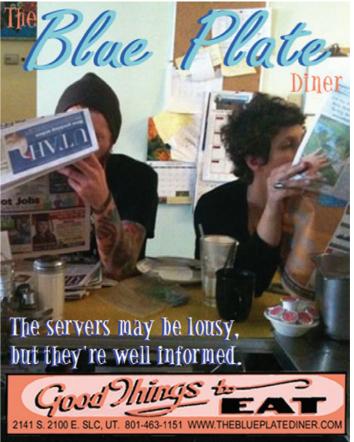
Gentleman Mike, the only mistake you made that night was mentioning "cock" and "tail" to the "undercover" who stopped you. Here's some advice you might want to apply in the future, it's up to you. If you ever decide again to pull over for some unknown fellow in an unmarked car with red and blue lights you can buy on the Internet, tell him you had an alcohol-infused beverage. Don't mention cock or tail to him. In fact, if a legit cop or especially a trooper stops you, don't indicate cock or tail to him either.

Here's the skinny: don't ever pull over for a car with no markings. Don't evade him and call 911, they'll let you know pretty quick if the cop is legit. You can also drive straight to the closest police station. The first dude who stopped you was looking for warrants or gangsters or drugs or guns. As soon as he realized you were legit? Well, see you later. The trooper was looking for a DUI. Obviously, not you since the other guy just let you go. He'll find some other more for-sure drunk in 90 seconds.

Illustration: Jared Smith & Eric Sapp







of partings forced to have my phone and keys to a good the large When I append the lates to local

Ugly Duck Skateboards The Repeater 8.25" Uglyduckskateboards@hotmail.com



When I walked into the SLUG office the other day and they handed me a new board by Ugly Duck Skateboards called The Repeater, I was stoked. The shape looked great and the graphic was pretty cool, too. It was an 8.25 and the shape felt as great as it looked-perfect pop and the concave was fairly mellow, perfect for floaty flip tricks. I even had a bunch of the other homies give it a shred at Fairmont and the general consensus is that this board is rad. The graphic is hand-painted and stenciled/screen-printed by the guys at Ugly Duck and then they put a clear coat over the top of it all for a quality look. The only constructive criticism I can offer is if you sanded the clear coat off of blank decks before you painted them, I believe it would stop the paint from chipping off in chunks. I'm not sure who presses the decks for Ugly Duck, but I'd recommend sticking with whoever you have doing it because they've got it right. Thanks for the good ride guys, and one love. -Billy Ditzig

mOde Clutch and Bike Pad Modeclutch.com



As a gal who rides her bike everywhere and prefers the comfort of pocketless leggings, I am

oftentimes forced to haul my phone and keys to work in my awesome, but large Velo City backpack (or inside my bra). This is the first reason why I absolutely love the mOde Clutch. The large metal ring allowed me to pack my essentials and rush out the door, the clutch hanging from my wrist or handlebars. Made from tasteful repurposed fabric, each clutch is handmade and limited edition, making it perfect for both a casual bike ride and a hot date. As for the bike pad, the material was chic and it was handy when using my top tube as a seat, but the design was a bit raw and could definitely use some work, seeing as there are better out there. Custom clutches, wallets and bike pads can also be ordered on the website or in-person at her booth this month at Craft Lake City. -Esther Meroño

Miss Amanda's Arm Candy Gypsy Girl Purse/Love and Hate Mail Coin Pouch Myspace.com/miss_amanda63



The instant Miss Amanda's hand-painted handbag was given to me, I was stoked because it reminded me of something female graffiti legend **Toofly** would create. The small, thrifted vintage handbag had a gorgeous traditional gypsy lady carefully painted on the side of it with delicate details that pop out due to her stunning choice of colors. I was instantly in love! Squealing with joy, I began inspecting every inch of the artwork and the bag. When I opened the latch to look inside, I found a tiny coin purse wallet with more hand-painted greatness. On one end was a tiny unopened envelope and the word "love" and on the other side, an envelope being sliced with a razor blade saying "hate." Could this pair of accessories get any cuter? I think not. I will be at Miss Amanda's Arm Candy booth buying up all her stock at *Craft Lake City*, so you better get there before me! –*Bethany Fischer*

Radseams Mini Ninja Radseams.com



It's hard to get good craft these days. Handcraft has become a sort of religion as of late, and the inevitable next step was for national websites and boutiques to start passing off the massproduced as homemade. We're lucky in SLC to have such a deep tradition of hand-crafted products. The folks behind Radpots and the offshoot Radseams are doing it right. This miniature plush ninja was made by Amy at Radseams, who sells them for ten dollars apiece, and they're available dressed in standard ninja black, pinstripe and even plaid ('cause ninias can't wear black all of the time). To test out our ninja, I gave it to my two-year-old son. He doesn't snuggle stuffed animals much these days, but he does rough them up and throw them around like he owns 'em. He took this one to the park and put it down the slide several times. Sometimes he would chase the ninja down the slide, and other times he would throw it down from the top. The tiny plush guy held up surprisingly well, as it is made from durable material. It even wiped clean with very little effort. My little boy had so much fun with it that he wanted to carry it home and even wanted to take it out with us the next time we went for a walk. In my book, that is a victory for the ninja. *–James Bennett*

Shogo Clothing Shogoclothing.com



First off, it's all handmade—what more could you really ask for? Secondly, the fabric is oh-so-soft but oh-so-strong at the same time. From the day I got this tank top from Shogo Fujiwara, I have skated hard and fallen harder, but it has yet to rip anywhere, and I still get comments on how soft the fabric is after all that abuse. How, you might ask? I imagine it's an ancient Japanese secret. And lastly, I don't think you can get much more stylish than Shogo Clothing—period. Being made by hand, each article of clothing created is truly a work of art—a living, breathing masterpiece that you can take with you anywhere. To sum it up, if you enjoy the finer things in life and enjoy supporting friends and family, find Fujiwara-san's gear at Fresh and 50/50 in Layton (so go support these friends too). -Adam Dorobiala

Its the Little Things

Electric Chartreuse feather headband Urban Trends crackled leather flower headband Itsthelittlethingsut.etsy.com TheUrbanTrends.etsv.com



From Its the Little Things and The Urban Trends come two fabulous headbands—one for a super dressed-up style and one that that has a bit

more of an organic bohemian feel. The feather headband from Jana Crump's Its the Little Things is crafted on a simple wire headband and features three different feathers—a vibrant green feather, a peacock feather and deep blue, polka dot guinea feathers. The three feathers are decorated with a tiny silver bee and a pearl button. It would be the perfect accessory to tie together a simple black dress. Kira Fleming's crackled leather headband takes things down a notch and, quite frankly, is a little more versatile and casual. It features two large leather flowers on a simple wire headband. Simply put, both these ladies make very unique hair accessories for between \$20 to \$25. Stop by their booth at Craft Lake City to fall in love with your fave new piece of hair candy. -Jeanette D. Moses

Spell It Out Cupcake Wall Chalkboard Sticker SpellItOutDesigns.etsy.com



Though we may not be renowned for our cleanliness here at *SLUG*, we do prefer to avoid working in squalor whenever possible. As such, we have been trying to implement a weekly chore list in our office for as long as any of us can remember—and failing pretty miserably at it. We hoped Spell It Out Designs and their awesome line of chalkboard wall stickers would be able to remedy our forgetfulness and general unwillingness to clean up after ourselves. Spell It Out produces various shapes and sizes of these vinyl decal stickers from ducks to mustaches to sunglasses, but the particular model that adorns our office wall is a giant erasable and re-writable cupcake. Even though it's in a primo location

(between the hand-crafted cover of last year's Craft Lake City-centric issue and a calendar featuring amateur models of questionable repute), we've only written on it once. Many a chore has gone undone over the last few weeks. But Spell It Out could hardly be blamed for our occasionally messy office—that's why we have interns. -Ricky Vigil

Velo City Pedal Straps Velocitybaas.com



tapes his feet to the pedals in the Little 500 race, these straps make you want to smash. I love to ride a bike, I love even more being able to do so in style. Velo City hooked it up. Proper vinyl straps handmade in the SLC. My question is what is taking you and your fixie friends so long to scoop these up? You can get them to match all your brightly-colored bar tape and skinny jeans. These things are tuff as hell too. They may not stay looking fresh after a couple spills, but they stay feeling fresh properly holding your feet to your pedals. If you're anything like me, you wonder if cages or pedal straps will scuff up your kicks, these will not, kept my 91' Structures as OG as possible. They look good, they feel good. Get some and get out there and smash. -Jemie Sprankle



Come and enjoy the sun, good company and great music at the 2010 Brown Bag Concert Series presented by the Salt Lake City Arts Council. Concerts are Monday through Friday from 12:15 pm to 1:00 pm

Daily Drawings! Following each concert will be a drawing for a free lunch and a Visit Salt Lake Connect Pass.

August

Exchange Place Plaza

- Theta Naught, Improvisational, Experimental
- The Boomsticks, Surf Rock
- The KlezBros, Klezmer
- Blue Sunshine Soul. Bluesv Rock
- Joe Muscolino Band, Big Band I RB I Latin

City | County Building

- Amber & Rye, Celtic
- 10 Llajtayku, Music of the Andes
- 11 Ridin' the Fault Line, Bluegrass
- Red Desert Ramblers, Bluegrass, Country
- B.D. Howes Band, Rock n' Roll

City Creek Park

- 16 Kairo by Night, Middle Eastern
- 17 The Lab Dogs, Bluegrass
- 18 Otter Creek. Folk
- Kate MacLeod, Singer/Songwriter
- 20 Andrew Goldring, Roots Folk

Exchange Place Plaza

- 23 S.L.F.M., Uke Thrash
- 24 Miles Beyond, Improvisational Jazz
- 25 Nolens Volens, Electronic Dance
- 26 The Doug Wintch Band, Americana
- Red Bennies. Rock/Soul



















Lunch sponsors include: Boston Deli; Cannella's; Fiddler's Elbow; Meditrina; Red Rock; Sage's Cafe; Salt Lake Pizza & Pasta; Stoneground Restaurant; Toasters; Vertical Diner.



Shades by Kim Whitesides, 17 X 35, oil.

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

 \mathbf{T}

There's just something about strolling down the street as the sun has set and the temperature is beginning to cool, hanging with friends, enjoying a reprieve from the hot summer day, and checking out local art.

The Salt Lake Gallery Stroll is a free public event held on the third Friday of every month from 6 to 9 p.m. It provides us working folk the rare opportunity to explore the city on a self-guided tour via Salt Lake's art galleries. You don't have to wait for Gallery Stroll to check out art, but if you need to know where to go, peep the details below.

In the spirit of dedicating some of those lazy summer days to improving one's "mad skills," the Art Access Teen Workshops are designed to give aspiring young artists the opportunity to flourish under the mentoring of some of Utah's lustrous seasoned artists. Workshops include "Wings and Things" -Assemblage, taught by Marcee Blackerby, Outdoor Mural Painting, taught by Ben Wiemeyer, Pop Surrealist Painting, taught by Jason Jones, Collage & Photographic Transfers, taught by Justin Whitely, Collage & Assemblage, taught by Travis Tanner and Altered Printmaking, taught by Joey Behrens. Final projects are on display August 20 through September 10, 2010 at Art Access. The Artists' Reception will be held on August 20, from 6 to 9 p.m. If you or someone you know is interested in participating in the 2011 Teen Workshops, you can find out more details at accessart.org.

A long-standing summer favorite is the Phillips Gallery Summer Group Show. Located at 444 E. 200 S., the Phillips Gallery is the oldest commercial gallery in the Intermountain West, established

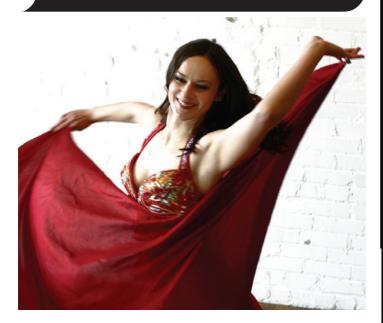
in 1965 and featuring over 80 artists-of which 95 percent are local or have ties to Utah. This Utah landmark offers three floors of paintings, sculpture, jewelry and mixed media along with a rooftop sculpture garden. Kim Riley, Fine Art Consultant at the gallery, is confident you'll enjoy the show: "The wonderful variety of styles and mediums on exhibit reflect the vast talent that we are so fortunate to be exposed to in Utah. In addition, as is the case with each of our group exhibits, we will introduce a few new artists to our regular lineup. They are young hopefuls whom we are sure will attract your attention." The show began July 16 and remains on display until September 10. Admission is always free. For more information visit phillips-gallery.com.

Before the summer's over, join the thousands of people who've already played the Contemporary Masters Exhibit at the Salt Lake Art Center presented by the 337 Project. Enjoy 18 holes of artist-designed, fully playable miniature golf. I'm happy to report it's not your typical amusement park highjinx—even though Donkey Kong does make an appearance, the course is challenging and very enjoyable! The exhibit seeks to change your perspective on how you relate to art, making a very good case that art isn't only behind glass and hanging on walls. Art can be messy and complicated, playful and amusing.

August is the last real summer Gallery Stroll. Even though summer isn't over until the Fall Equinox on September 22, we know as Utahns that the weather can change in an instant and we're back into fall or even winter without warning. So, soak up those cobalt summer nights and enjoy the cultural night life that summer, I mean Salt Lake, has to offer



2010 Brown Bag Concert Series



Rebecca By Astara

"I see dance being used as communication between body and soul, to express what is too deep to find for words." - Ruth St. Denis

One of the most difficult aspects of any artistic endeavor is having the ability to open yourself to your audience. Shy by nature, Rebecca has learned to use dance to communicate the rich beauty of her spirit. A gifted artist, her dance technique reflects her natural talent and extensive training. Her level of trust expands with every solo performance, and the audience is allowed more and more into Rebecca's lush and vivid inner landscape. Add sensitive and imaginative choreography, watercolor costumes and mesmerizing music and you have ... Rebecca!

"Rebecca is one of the most selfless people I have ever danced with or known." says Stephanie Buranek, "She is a dedicated and giving person, and it extends into all aspects

Growing up in Logan, Utah, Rebecca was, in her own words, a "terrible dancer." She studied ballet but hated the regimental training and stopped dancing completely at age ten. When some friends took her to a belly dance class in Logan, she immediately fell in love with the natural flow of the movement and felt "it was something I just had to do!"

Involved in Middle Eastern dance for over 14 years, Rebecca was a co-founder of the USUMED dance club in Logan and the performing troupe Shazadi, which is flourishing today under the direction of Sumra. Rebecca also danced with Cartouche, a folkloric troupe in Salt Lake City directed by Tamar. Today, she and Buranek have formed the Hathor Dance Collective, a combination dance school and performing troupe. Rebecca maintains Hathor's web page, does their marketing and advertising, designs their flyers and keeps dancers up to date on Facebook. Her attention to detail and research into the world of dance, diet and health keep many of us on our toes and aware of what is out in the world for dancers. Along with belly dancing, Rebecca takes ongoing classes in ballet and yoga and does strength training.

"I like all of belly dancing." Rebecca explained, "I like teaching dancers the potential of their bodies, the creative aspects of choreography and teaching a dance. I like watching what people do with my choreography. I just love teaching people to dance.

"Rebecca is a true inspiration." explains Buranek, "She is always nurturing the dancers around her and they, in turn, inspire her to be a better

Regarding the Utah belly dance community, Rebecca says, "I like the positive changes in the community. People are personalizing their dancing, like adding hip-hop or bringing more of their personality into their performances. It inspires me to push harder. I am still learning. I feel I am always a beginner—a student."

You can see Rebecca and the Hathor Dance Collective at Summer Oasis featuring Sabrina Fox, Friday, August 13. For more information, go to hathordancecollective.com/events.php.

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8/3: Steelwell

8/5: Sara B, DJ Rock Solid

8/6: Expirament in Being Awake(EBIA), Galanis, Better Chemistry

8/7: Screaming Condors, Heart Shaped Box 8/8: Shadowseer, Massacre At The Wake,

Radiata, Stillborn, Riverhead

8/9: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

8/10: Codi Jordan Band, Natural Incense

8/11: The Toros, Victor Ship 8/12: Natural Roots, Dubwise Selecta

8/13: Sabrina fox belly dancing super star,

DJ Tony trinel

8/14: Bees Table, Steady Machete, Black List Royals, Wings of Normandy

8/16: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

8/17: My New TV Set

8/18: The Workday Release 8/19: Roots Rawka & Danksquad Present: Nappy Roots

8/20: Erin Barra, Gravitron, Sam Smith Band,

Locke N Load

8/21: Radio Not Included UtahFM.org Benefit: Cavedoll, OH! Wild Birds, Fictionist, King Niko, 2 1/2 White Guys, Muscle Hawk, The Orbit Group

> 8/22: Destroyer 666, Enthroned, Iconoclast Contra, Pathology

8/23: Catch a Vibe w/Babylon Down Sound System

8/25: B Side Players, Carlos Cornia

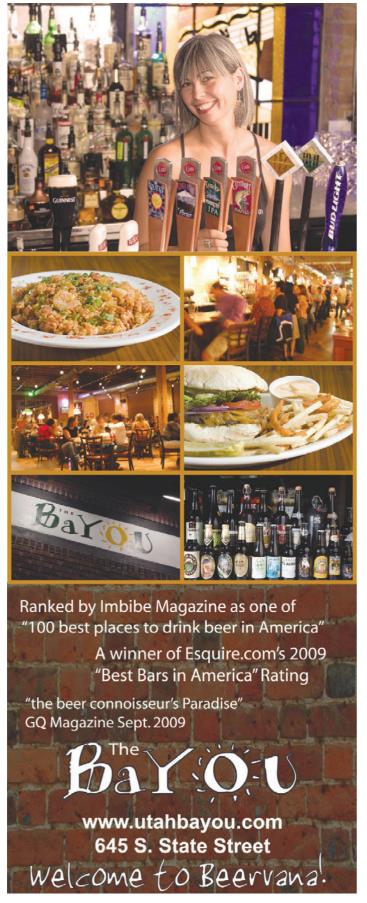
8/26: Roots Rawka & Danksquad Present: New Kingston Band

8/27: Junior Giant, Duct Tape Repairmen

8/28: The Velevetones, Long Distance Operator, Candy's River House

8/30: Catch a Vibe w/ Babylon Down Sound System

Find us on Facebook and MySpace for show updates and information



DR. EVIL'S **NAUGHTY BITS**



Water Sports In Time for Summer ©BY Dr. Evil. Ph. D

All the fluids that come out of your body--spit, piss, blood and cum are special and unique to you. Many religions throughout history have professed that these fluids are sacred ("And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you"...Genesis 9:9). You determine the value of your own fluids in this life and when you enter into sexual relationships, you must decide who gets to share in your essences.

The term "relationship" these days may simply mean that you are fluid-bonded with another human and that you don't share these fluids with anyone else. In this case you would be monogamous. But if you share your fluids with more than one person then you have a responsibility to have protected play and sex.

You remember when "the kissing disease" went through your school and everyone came down with mononucleosis? Swapping spit spreads mono. You also know not to share hypodermic needles and to avoid piercing yourself while play piercing someone else. And you are smart enough to use a condom during sex not only to prevent STIs but also to prevent pregnancy. But what about the safety of sharing piss?

The Village Voice reported, "Golden showers is a term once exclusively employed by leatherfolk to describe taking pleasure in pee. Golden showerers fetishize the feel, the smell, the taste of piss—they enjoy the erotics of pissing on themselves, pissing on others, or being pissed upon. Once confined to the world of s/m, water sports have made a splash in wider circles. Even actress Kate Winslet let her yellow nectar flow for the camera in Holy Smoke."

According to San Francisco Sex Information (www.sfsi.org), urine isn't necessarily sterile, but it is very clean as far as body fluids are concerned—even cleaner than spit. In a nutshell, peeing on someone or in someone's mouth is relatively safe. But remember, if the pisser has any STI and the pissee has an open cut or wound that gets wet, transmission of the disease(s) can occur to the uninfected

Can you drink pee? Sure. The U.S. Army Field Manual advises troops not to drink urine to survive because urine tends to worsen, rather than relieve dehydration. Why? Urine is the waste produced by the kidneys and full of high salts and minerals. Utahn Aron Ralston became famous in 2003 when he was forced to amputate his lower right arm with a dull knife in order to free himself after being trapped by a boulder. He also admitted to drinking his own piss during his 127 hours of hell.

One interesting trivial bit about piss is that if a person's pee tastes sweet then they may have just drunk something with artificial sweeteners in it...or have diabetes.

Dr. Evil. is a Ph.D. and not a medical doctor. If you have medical questions please see your medical professional or make an appointment at Planned Parenthood.

BEER REVIEWS

Summer Beer

By Tyler Makmell tyler@slugmag.com With all the heat and subsequent profuse drinking, I almost forgot to give my annual review

of summer booze to keep you inebriated enough to forget you've already worked through the season and you haven't even peeked out from behind the Zion curtain. More importantly, I hope this will serve as a recommendation guide for this summer's beer selection. If your current beer of choice seems to be accompanied by a Jimmy Buffet song, you ought to set that piss water down and pick up some of these quality beers.

Tilted Smile Imperial Pilsner Brewery/Brand: Uinta /

Crooked Line **ABV**: 9.0 %

Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle



Description: With a pop of the cork, this imperial pilsner's aroma comes right off the bat with some tart honey, sweet grain, and a blended finish of hops and lemon zest. The taste is light and crisp, and does a damn fine job of hiding the alcohol content. Upon further drinking, you'll find more flavors of a grassy hop bitterness and some dry grain.

Overview: While this may not be the brew to bring to the barbeque or the big party, this is an easy summer drink that packs a punch and tastes great in the heat. Although this is not the first imperial pilsner that has hit the craft brew market, I have already gotten word from beer geeks afar that it is hitting the mark. Cheers Uinta—keep up the radical styles.

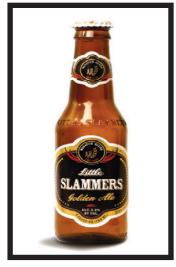
This is the Pilsner **Brewery/Brand**: Hoppers **ABV:** 5.2 %

Serving Style: 12 oz Beer Bottle **Description:** This higher-point version of the pub's regular on-draft beer pours out of the bottle a light straw-colored brew with a quicklyreceding head. The nose is wonderfully balanced with hints of sweet malt, spicy/grassy hops and a fruity yeast hidden in the background. The flavor is equally balanced with the nose, with a crisp malt character, well-rounded grassy hops and a dry finish.

Overview: Fresh off a medal win at the North American Brewing Awards alongside Hoppers' other high point Double Black Lager, I hope people are seeing that Donovan Steele (Hoppers Head Brewer) is a force to be reckoned with when he is given the ability to brew highpoint. This one is only available in six packs out the brewery door, so race down if you want to get your hands on one.

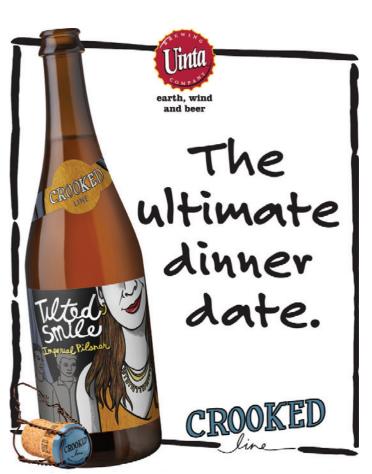
Little Slammers Golden Ale Brewery/Brand: Utah Brewers Cooperative / Wasatch Beers **ABV**: 5.2 %

Serving Style: 7 oz Beer Bottle



Description: This cute little guy twists open to pour golden in color with a tight solid white head. The aroma is pretty basic with sweeter notes of sugar, toasted grain and a masked floral character. The flavor is sweet, with a mild hop character and all-around drying body.

Overview: The flavor is on the sweeter side for sure, but still has enough hop character to keep your palate wanting more. Originally, I was not too sold on the whole size thing. That is, until the ads proved true. I can smuggle this thing anywhere. Seriously, anywhere.





MOVIE REVIEWS

Billy Was a Deaf Kid A Rhett and Burke Picture In Theaters: 08.13

Billy (Zachary Christian), a deaf kid, finds himself on a wacky adventure after his brother. Archie (Rhett Lewis), and Archie's girlfriend, Sophie (Candyce Foster), rig him up with a toy microphone to cure his lack of hearing and throw him on a sofa with wheels to cure his boredom. Filled with amusing instances and interesting ideas, Billy Was a Deaf Kid struggles to get to the point. It is a buddy movie with no destination. Archie is a goofball with issues while his girlfriend is more grounded and, for some reason, puts up with his crap. The two are the emotionally driving force for the film, but they fluctuate between either being overjoyed with each other while acting goofily spontaneous, or being angry and having weird fights. This occurs to the point of being near predictable. All the while, Billy's role in the film doesn't grow much beyond the amusing image of a dude with a plastic microphone attached to his head. This is the first big project for writer/director brothers Rhett and Burke Lewis, and being that, I was impressed with the overall style of the movie. Filmed in Logan, they utilize the small town scenery to produce shots that are very wellcomposed and appealing. The film is edited well and flows nicely with the music, composed by **PALEO**, to create an atmosphere that makes you want to feel more emotion than the plot is feeding you. If Rhett and Burke team up with a decent writer or take the time to subject their own script to a few rewrites, they might have something. -Ren Trentelman

Get Low Sony Pictures Classics In Theaters: 08.30

The mesmerizing opening shot of Oscar-winning director **Aaron Schneider**'s first feature reveals a house bursting with flames in the middle of the night as a silhouetted individual flees, covered in fire. It's a disturbingly engaging image with no immediate explanation, but sets



the film's enigmatic nature beautifully. Felix Bush (Robert Duvall) is an old hermit with enough local legends brewing around the town about him to fill a library. Naturally. he's a constant topic of discussion and ridicule. When Felix is notified of an old acquaintance's death, he decides it's time to "get low" (a.k.a. put his affairs in order) and host a funeral party where the entire town is invited to retell the myths regarding the mysterious recluse. With the help of Frank Quinn (Bill Murray), a cynical funeral home owner in dire need of a client, and his assistant Buddy (Lucas Black), the group works together to put on an event worthy of the aforementioned fables. Duvall is sensational as the irritable loner seeking redemption for a former crime of passion, while Murray plays the sarcastically insatiable entrepreneur flawlessly. The overall narrative itself is endearing, but the supposedly shocking finale comes up rather dry and unfulfilling. However, Schneider's elegant 1930s backdrop and tone come across wonderfully in David Boyd's rich cinematography. - Jimmy Martin

Holy Rollers First Independent Pictures In Theaters: 05.21

It's 1998 in Brooklyn, New York. A 20-year-old Hasidic Jew named

Sam Gold (Jesse Eisenberg) is frustrated with working for his father and has recently found out that his arranged fiancé's family is looking for a different husband for their daughter. Then Sam is presented with an opportunity to make a lot of money doing relatively easy work—smuggling Ecstasy from Amsterdam into New York City. He is apprehensive at first, but slowly becomes more involved with the operation, even giving his boss business advice when suppliers try ripping them off. As Sam dives deeper into the underground club culture, he falls further away from his faith. Based on a true story of a small group who managed to smuggle over a million pills into the country in a one-year time period, the story is fine-tuned with strong actors, complex characters and a script that is spattered with Jewish humor. Eisenberg's performance is the standout of Holy Rollers, and his blend of awkwardness, naivety and smarts make him perfect for the role. -Jeanette D. Moses

Inception Warner Bros. In Theaters 07.16

It's not often a multi-million dollar summer blockbuster arrives with such intelligence and dazzling production values, both in front of and behind the camera, and is strong enough to carry itself to the forthcoming award season. That's exactly what Christopher Nolan has achieved. The multi-layered phenomenal escapades embedded within Nolan's dream-heist flick forces viewers to question the validity of their own reality, which hasn't been executed proficiently since The Matrix and The Truman Show. Dom Cobb (Leonardo **DiCaprio**) is an expert thief of the mind. Through a process known as "extraction," the brain bandit has mastered the craft of entering victims' dreams and stealing

their most valuable secrets—for a

price. Accused of a crime that has

forced him to flee the country, Dom

continuously searches for amnesty

and a way back home to his children. It appears an offer from a powerful businessman (**Ken Watanabe**) may be the



answer, but the job isn't the typical assignment. Rather than stealing an idea from the mind of a rival entrepreneur (Cillian Murphy), Dom and his team of mental misfits (Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Ellen Page) must plant an idea inside the mind in a potentially fatal process known as "inception." From start to finish, Nolan playfully tinkers with audiences' levels of awareness with mind-altering action sequences and various visual deceptions while his talented young ensemble cast delivers an absolutely brilliant exploration of the subconscious that is sure to propel their careers into the next stage of maturity. -Jimmy Martin

The Last Airbender Paramount

In Theaters: 07.01

It appears the last engine on **M. Night Shyamalan**'s career flight has finally burst into flames and his craft is hurtling toward Earth's unforgiving surface. There's so much wrong with this adaptation of Nickelodeon's animated series, it's hard to decide where to begin. Set in an archaic world where four nations inhabit the globe and are associated with one of the four elements, a war initiated by the Fire

Nation has erupted and threatens the lives of the other three tribes. While some individuals possess the capability to control and manipulate a single element, the legend of the avatar foretells one individual being able to command all four and rescue the planet. After 100 years of absence, two siblings accidently discover the location of the mythological being, but the news of their finding soon reaches the shores of the Fire Nation and the race is on to regain control of the fight. It's abundantly clear Shyamalan spent the majority of his time on the special effects aspect of the film and completely disregarded other elements including story structure, content and acting. Noah Ringer, who stars as the foretold prophecy, barely delivers coherent dialogue while mispronouncing key words and coming across confused and misguided. To make matters even worse, Shyamalan attempts to cram much of the animated series into the 103-minute running time, but only succeeds in baffling the audience with rushed plot points and shortchanged side stories. With this disaster directly following the catastrophes of Shyamalan's Lady in the Water and The Happening, I believe the three-strikes-you're-out policy should be applied as soon as possible. -Jimmy Martin

Predators 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 07.09

It's been 23 years since everyone's favorite dreadlocked killers tossed Arnold Schwarzenegger around the jungles of Colombia like a rag doll and since then they've appeared in three lackluster followups, but writers Alex Litvak and Michael Finch, producer Robert Rodriguez and director Nimród Antal hope to reenergize the franchise by taking the intergalactic fight to a whole new world ... and not the one with Princess Jasmine and that cokeout genie. The film literally opens with a group of bewildered mercenaries, gangsters and average Joes, led by a muscley **Adrien Brody**, free-falling from the sky and crash landing on an alien planet. If that wasn't enough to ruin their day, as they explore the dense foreign terrain, they realize their surroundings are actually a game preserve and they are the prey for a race of extraterrestrials whose entire existence revolves around the hunting of other species. As the weaker members of the pack are gruesomely ripped apart, the remainder must work together in order to survive the hostile world. Rodriguez's team offers Antal



some terrific material by hinting at the aftermath of the 1987 original, sneaking in infamous lines of dialogue and keeping the tension levels heightened for the first half of the film. He even presents several exciting concepts regarding the aliens' elaborate hunting methods. Disappointedly, inexcusable problems arise with the introduction of Laurence Fishburne's hackneved performance and the embarrassing methods chosen for the actors' demise. At this very moment, Kurosawa is gracefully spinning in his grave at the thought of a samurai sword fight between a Yakuza member and a sevenfoot tall Martian. Brody surprisingly handles the role of action hero quite naturally and **John Debney**'s pounding score pays an amusing tribute to Alan Silvestri's original, but Rodriguez's script delivers one twist too many, making the general project end on an unpleasant note. -Jimmy Martin

A Quiet Little Marriage IFC Independent Film Street: 08.31

One of the amusing aspects of filmmaking is having the pleasure to work with your friends and family and collectively create something beautiful. Director Mo Perkins, along with longtime friends Mary Elizabeth Ellis and Cy Carter have certainly achieved this task with their dramatic comedy, A Quiet Little Marriage, an emotional account of moving forward in life with those you love and being held back by fear. When Olive (Ellis) is ready to take the next step to parenthood with her husband Dax (Carter), a catastrophic rift of deception and betrayal separates the once happy couple. The up-and-coming Ellis is absolutely stunning and proves she can lead an entire feature controlled by raw passion. Her emotional range offers smiles and

tears at every corner, and Carter no doubt follows suit. Perkins has assembled a brilliant production team with various components, rising to the same level of excellence and delivering a brutally honest film of heartbreak, tragedy and hope. Eric **Zimmerman**'s cinematography and wonderful use of light and Dave Lux's simple yet brilliant score add another element of elegance to the artistic palette. One of the most powerful films to come through the Slamdance Film Festival, it's no surprise it walked away with the Grand Jury Prize in 2009. – Jimmy Martin

The Sorcerer's Apprentice Disney In Theaters: 07.14

In an intelligent move to capture the wandering Harry Potter crowd during the summer months, Disney has revamped an animated segment from 1940s Fantasia, and given the short story a live-action, CGI-filled life of its own. For centuries, wizards Balthazar (Nicolas Cage) and Horvath (Alfred Molina) have been relentlessly dueling with no end in sight, but, in the present day, the arrival of whiny-voiced NYU physics student Dave (Jay Baruchel) could be the ultimate deciding factor in good conquering evil. With the conjurers' conflict used more as a backdrop, the story generally sets its focus on the clumsy, soft-spoken twenty-something as he absorbs and debates the responsibility of being the "Chosen One" and tracks his ongoing boyish attraction toward his fourth-grade crush. Director Jon Turteltaub playfully pays homage to the cartoon classic with dancing mops and the casting of Baruchel, the mousiest actor in Hollywood. Cage, who's known for continuously being hit or miss, comes across delightfully deviant as he lectures on the rules behind sorcery. The played-out storyline of geek-turned-hero is as original as the concept of warring warlocks, but Turteltaub permits his actors to mischievously toy with each other physically as well as verbally. making for an attention-grabbing dynamic between opposing sides. -Jimmy Martin

The Twilight Saga: Eclipse Summit Entertainment In Theaters: 06.30

The piercing squeals of confused. prepubescent girls and their bloated, desperate mothers can only mean one thing ... the next chapter of the Twilight series has soiled movie theater screens yet again. The story continues with the pale vampire Edward (Robert Pattinson) pathetically begging his human girlfriend Bella (Kristen Stewart) to marry him, but she'll only accept his proposal if he'll transform her into a glittery bloodsucker. On the other side of town, the shirtless shape-shifter Jacob (Taylor Lautner) relentlessly



expresses his own feelings for Bella and his disgust for Edward, but all of this boyish bickering is overshadowed by a wave of murders in Seattle where someone is building an army of "newborn" vampires in order to bring chaos and destruction to Forks, Washington. The residents' only chance at survival relies on an alliance between vampires and shape-shifters, but centuries of hatred between the two clans may prevent the union from reaching fruition. This latest installment is the best of the series as far as action goes, but it's an accolade that should be taken as lightly as possible since it still refuses to offer any outstanding filmmaking qualities. It's aggravating to witness Stewart and Pattinson, two actors who possess semi-acting capabilities, lackadaisically approach the production without a hint of emotion and sound as though they're reading directly from the script. On the other hand, it's even more infuriating to observe Lautner give it his all as an actor. only to appear amateurish at best. Despite the fact that the climactic battle scene comes with brutal decapitations and the extraction of limbs, Stewart's monotone narration and the laughable flashbacks complete with chintzy costumes and horrendous accents makes for yet another dreadful evening of "author" Stephenie Meyer's creations. Be on the lookout for Meyer's position on premarital sex ... here's a hint, it could kill you! Jimmy Martin

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Activision/Bizarre Creations Reviewed on: Xbox 360 Also on: PS3, PC Street: 05.25

This game's title is appropriate for its content: throughout the single-player career mode and multiplayer carnage. the game's racing tracks will fly by you in a blurry haze—mostly because you're going to be paying more attention to snatching up much-needed power-ups and focusing on taking down other cars to move yourself to the first position. That same fact gives the game's entertainment and replay value a high score, because even though you may have raced the same track dozens of times, the strong AI in offline play is never predictable and the high degree of difficulty during online play (which can get quite brutal and nasty) is a welcome challenge and a hefty dosage of fun. I consider myself a racing game junkie and when I find a title that sticks out in an over-saturated genre of mostly boring generic racers, it's quite pleasing. While Blur does have an original feel, it seems like a super-hybrid of the Burnout franchise, Mario Kart, Twisted Metal and Need for Speed. There are no achievements or trophies in Blur for racing clean—it's a mass carnage of shunting, shocking, nitro-induced mayhem with plenty of different styles of gaming that will keep you on your toes for hours on end. -Bryer Wharton

Monster Hunter Tri Capcom Reviewed on: Wii (Exclusive) Street: 04.20

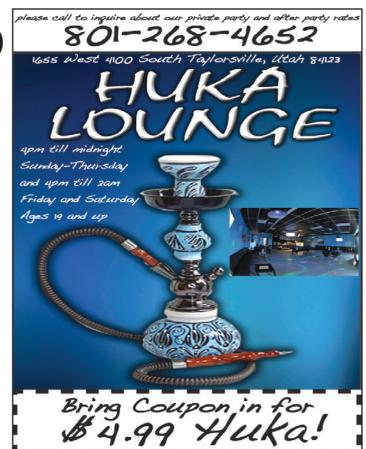
Largely, games are garbage these days-at least by my estimation they are. Companies cater to middle-aged FPS fans and angsty teenage boys. As I narrowly escape categorization into either of these demographics, what's the point of keeping up on new releases for me? This has been my attitude recently and thus, games simply didn't exist to me anymore. Then Monster Hunter Tri came along and ruined my apathetic perspective. I'm going to be honest with you, though: Monster Hunter is hard to get into. Actually, it's just hard, period. This stands out when you consider that you can beat most games these days by mashing the controller with your foot. Monster Hunter hearkens back to a time when success in a game took real skill and persistence, and it's probably worth mentioning that Monster Hunter Tri is a step down in difficulty from previous games in the series. Monster Hunter Tri is a fairly typical RPG/action adventure game: you go on quests and complete them by fulfilling certain requirements, whether that means killing a monster that dwarfs you hundreds of times over, or gathering a couple plants or whatever. Unlike other games in the RPG/ action adventure genre, there is no level

system. Sure, you gradually get better equipment, and there are items that temporarily raise certain stats, but as far as your character itself is concerned, it's as strong at the beginning as it will ever be. Even with decent armor, some monsters will be able to finish you off in a few hits. Since there are no levels, this means you can't go out and grind when you can't beat something. Success in Monster Hunter Tri comes with heavy strategizing and calculation before each battle. Sure, it's really hard, but it's also extremely satisfying. -Aaron Day

Transformers: War For Cybertron Activision/High Moon Studios Reviewed on: Xbox 360 Also on: PC, DS, Wii, PS3 Street: 06.22

If all you know of the Transformers

are those films where Michael Bay fixates on the vacant smoothness of Megan Fox's visage while stroking a big, explosive, robotic phallus for two-and-a-half hours, then you are not geeky enough to read the rest of this paragraph-sorry. If, even in spite of Hollywood's big-budget meddling, Optimus' transformation sound still gives you a guilty little spike of nostalgia, then you should know War For Cybertron is the best thing that's happened to the Transformers IP since Beast Wars. Set on the Transformers' homeworld, WFC tells the story of the civil war and the events leading up to the Autobots and Decepticons being stranded on Earth at the beginning of the 1980s TV show. The game plays a lot like Unreal, with no cover mechanics and plenty of bounding and strafe-firing, but the ability to transform your character at any time takes the gameplay from solid to glorious. With different weapons mapped to humanoid- and vehicle-mode, switching back and forth frequently is a necessity. Once you get the hang of it, the action sequences you'll be playing out are the stuff nerd wet dreams are made of. I felt like a little kid again, running my Transformer toys through the house in my pis making all manner of explode-y robotic noises. Another way to put it: WFC is the Arkham Asylum of the Transformers IP. Although not quite as amazing as Batman's recent redux, the game boasts two long (co-op optional) campaigns with proper voice acting and a decent story, a Horde/endless waves mode. and a deep, challenging multiplayer component. Provided you enjoy thirdperson combat, you don't actually have to care one way or the other about the Transformers themselves. The game's a well-built, smoothly controlled shooter about big ol' robots that turn into cars with cannons on them. What more do you need to know? -Jesse Hawlish





Fox Van Cleef Pleasure Junkies Self-Released Street: 08.06 Fox Van Cleef = Dan Auerbach + Dr. John + The Doors



These Ogden boys sound like the kind of blues you might have found in a smokey tavern 30 years ago where the drinks were cheap and the wait-resses underdressed. The first vocal line by **Dustin Bessire** on "Somethin' 'bout the Way and Groovy Tuesdays' is a dead ringer for Dr. John, with a low, throaty growl behind the wail. The music is guitar-heavy with greasy languid riffs spreading out over a tight rhythm section. The jams are packed with enough hooks to catch a fish who isn't even into blues, and the vocals will keep you coming back for more. As my first exposure to Fox Van Cleef, Pleasure Junkies is perfect—not too psyched-out to keep my attention, but enough to tease me about what kind of circus their live show will be. If you like this release, I'd use it as a jumping off point to check out their other material including Cigarettes, Terrorism, Etc. which came out last September. Who knew Ogden had enough soul to produce this? -Rio

La Farsa At the Circus **HayHay Records** Street: 06.05

La Farsa = Laura Veirs + Dark, Dark, Dark + Saturday Looks Good to Me La Farsa's visual packaging, replete with feather boas, top hats, elbow-length gloves and evening gowns, when paired with their survey sample of twentieth-century musical styles that includes soul, blues, doo-wop and a strange type of Balkan-gypsy minstrel-show thing going on, speaks for a band born in the wrong century. La Farsa seems like it would be much more comfortable playing in some bawdry cabaret under the thick pall of cigar smoke than headlining the Urban Lounge. With this said, La Farsa are at their best when they keep the twenty-first-century influences out of their music. There are moments

when a strange combination of **Indigo Girls** and **The Decemberists** intrude on the distinct Victorian vibe they have established, but the rest of the album is wholly pleasant. Violins swoon, handclaps abound. flamenco flourishes are plentiful, plus Flora Bernard's soulful croon will put hair on your chest. Ye be warned. -Ryan Hall

Location Location Self-Titled Self-Released Street: 07.06 Location Location = Foo Fighters + Switchfoot + Lifehouse

This is some contrived, pop-ass, middle-aged rock. Yet despite its lame genre and lame intentions, it is actually pretty good for what it is. The songwriting is well-crafted and incorporates interesting background percussion and effects. As good as the music may be, the lyrics and subject matter are still embarrassing as hell. I bet if VH1 heard this, they would practically be sipping it. Next time you are hard up for some action, ask your best friend's older sister that has been divorced a couple times out on a date and bring her to one of Location Location's shows, and if she doesn't bang the band, you are almost guaranteed a nightcap. If she still resists, just play track five, "Reno Part II" and sing her the chorus: "I get broken, I break down." She will almost certainly relate and melt in your arms. -Jon Robertson

Parlor Hawk Hoarse & Roaring Northplatte/Intelligent Noise Street: 06.15 Parlor Hawk = Joshua James + Monsters of Folk

Hoarse & Roaring is an impeccable record, but whether that's a good thing depends on the listener. On one hand, Joshua James did a great job producing (and apparently inspiring the band's sound). The downside is that this album sounds like the equivalent of that guy at a party who looks like he spent a little too much time on his outfit—it makes me suspicious. For all the tremulous vocal delivery and weepy lap steel, there is nothing affecting or particularly personal on the album, save perhaps the abrupt crescendo in "Julian." In fact, the album is so thoroughly joyless, it wasn't until a springy guitar lick opened the fifth track ("Short Road") that I could even tell these guys were awake. Granted, *Hoarse & Roaring* is meant to be a languid, intimate record, but there's a difference between sharing something intimate and merely yanking on the emotion lever. This album does too much of the latter, unless lines like "your tears are the only things that kiss your face" do it for you. Then again, if that's the case, there are probably 15 other bands

in Provo that could make you just as happy. -Nate Housley

Reviver Potential Wasteland State of Mind Recordings Street: 05.28 Reviver = American Nightmare + Suicide File

Reviver is indisputably one of the hardest-working bands in Utah, and their dedication shows in this latest EP. Potential Wasteland is a hardcore tribute to doing exactly what it is that you want to do without letting the totalitarian structure and guilt of the surrounding system hold you down. The EP is fast as hell and surprisingly melodic without being too embarrassing, and the whole thing is full of mov-ing lyrics that range in emotion from furious and frustrated to triumphant and hopeful. Turn your volume to at least seven and lock your door so your roommates don't walk in on you room-moshing. -Nate Perkins

Various Artists The Rock Salt 2010 Compilation

Self-Released Street: 04.17 The Rock Salt = a hip cross-section of Utah bands



Rock, pop, indie, ambient, hip hop, singer-songwriter, jazz, metalall here, and it's all as local as the lake-effect, but way better. For 2010, The Rock Salt has given us a damn canorous cornucopia (thanks dictionary.com). Songs were contributed by 17 local acts, including crooner Tyler Evans, the experimental 6335, the intense Top Dead Celebrity. talented jazz-man Dave Chisholm, and one of my favorite local bands Pilot This Plane Down even threw some metal into this potpourri of palatable performances. All the proceeds of this album go to KRCL 90.9 along with other fine supporters of SLC's independent music. This is a solid mix, and it's backed by a good cause, so head down to Slowtrain (221 East Broadway) and pick up a copy. It won't even be considered a good deed since you'll be getting so

much out of the transaction.

-Andrew Roy

Wren Kennedv Majestic ' Buildings Self-Released Street: 04.17 Wren Kennedy= Bluebird Radio + The Devil Whale + The Tallest Man On

Earth

Kennedy (often seen slinging joe with Joe at nobrow coffee, or in his band Bluebird Radio) lays down some of the tightes Cycal harmonies I've heard from a Salt Lake project. The lyrics are also of note and the recording itself, done by Kennedy, turned out great in a lo-fi way. "Captain Captain," one of the best tracks on the release, is a haunting ode to a failing captain that Kennedy exhorts to let him/her "take the wheel," in the first verse. It's a song about taking control of a situation in ballad form that not many local artists can sustain for fourplus minutes—a good sentiment for someone who records his own work, and a mission accomplished for local singer-songwriters that I will try to give more of a chance to in the future. —JP

Yaotl Mictlan Dentro del Manto Gris de Chaac

Candlelight Street: 08.10

Yaotl Mictlan = Xotol + Ibex Throne + Beherit + Enslaved (old) + Mayan culture

After you listen to some albums, they leave you in awe, overwhelmed by the nature of greatness that has just laid claim to your auditory passages. Yaotl Mictlan's second full-length Dentro del Manto Gris de Chaac is one of those albums. Dentro ups the extremity and pure enveloping blackness that was harshly and beautifully displayed on their debut album, but with more direct and potent songwriting that demands attentiveness to its listen-ing experience. The talent here was obviously noted because for the new record, Yaotl joined the roster of the long and strong-standing international label, Candlelight Records. Yaotl Mictlan uses its country of origin (Mexico) with themes and cultural aspects of the Mayan culture played out largely with a śmaller, poiġnant use of Mexican instruments, particularly flutes, as well as vocals sung in Spanish. The production for Dentro is flawless, tremolo and straight riffing are grievously and densely sharp, the vocals are piercing and chilling, and the drumming, well it's the best-produced and played I've heard in years. This might be the best black metal album you hear all year. -Bryer Wharton









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CD REVIEUS



Blood of Kingu Sun in the House of the Scorpion Candlelight Street: 08.10 Blood of Kingu = Melechesh + Negura Bunget + Hate Forest + Beherit

From the artists who brought us the extreme metal world **Drudkh** and Hate Forest comes this mind-blasting and soulcrushing/devouring sophomore record from Blood of Kingu. I haven't heard anything in the realm of black or death metal deliver the vibe and verbose aural punishment that this album offers. It has rich thematic and atmospheric elements stemming from Sumerian, Egyptian, Tibetan and other mythologies, all laced in massively punctuated and carnivorously produced raw guitar riffing in line with pristine jackhammer black metal drumblasting and gruff, blackened vocal scowls that demand immediate audible attention with full-on fear as a response. Sun in the House of the Scorpion derides so many black-metal albums in the current scene, I only wish the record were just a bit longer All the instrumentation, including the audible bass-picking, cede a diverse range of rhythmic distortions, culminating in the result of giving yourself an uppercut just to shut your stuck-open jaw. —Bryer Wharton

Bonded By Blood
Exiled to Earth
Earache
Street: 08.10
Bonded By Blood = Slayer +
Megadeth + Warbringer
The fact that this album was given to me

as a "beeped promo" with shrill Maury Povich censor-esque clangs pervading the entire album was sort of a bugga-boo. That being said, Exiled to Earth is super thrashy and an intense listen. Vocalist Jose Barrales has a unique timbre with a sort of **Dave Mustaine** type of strain, and the rhythm and guitar harmonization in "Sector 87" definitely gets your blood pumping. Other than that, though, the tracks don't really stand out too starkly from one another. I mean, don't get me wrong, these guys tear it up from start to finish, but I don't think I could really pick out a track other than "Sector 87" that caught my attention. Songwriting notwithstanding, Bonded By Blood sends it fast and vicious. -Alexander Ortega

Chali 2na
Fish Market: Part 2
Decon Inc.
Street: 06.08
Chali 2na = old school funk + Barry
White + Jurrasic 5

White + Jurrasic 5
On this mixtape, the sequel to Fish Market:
The Official Mixtape, Chali 2na can't really seem to decide which direction to go. One smart turn was having DJ Dez Andres of Slum Village produce the damn thing.
Another one of the best turns he takes is on "No Bad Mon," using the prominent reggae vocals of Tanya Stephens. It's a dope contrast of his deep baritone vocals to her strong, bouncing tone. The last song of note is "Across The Map," featuring J-Live, who shines and adds some needed balance on the track. Aside from these few decent tracks though, the majority of the album is all over the place. Fish Market: Part 2 finds 2na stepping away from his normal clever jumping lyrical content and adding more aggression to his delivery. It doesn't match the funk and soul undertones of the album. Unfortunately, a lot of turns he takes lead to dead

ends. -Bethany Fischer

Coliseum
House With a Curse
Temporary Residence
Street: 06.22
Coliseum = Fucked Up + Torche +
Baroness

I dare to say that the new Coliseum album sounds a lot like **Hot Water Music** covering Torche; i.e., it's not as heavy on the hardcore leanings. Whereas their past album focused on fast beats and a hard edge, *House With a Curse* shows Coliseum has more in their songwriting arsenal than just fast speed and a thick sound. Melody and catchy (well, as catchy as they can be) choruses are strewn throughout, and the songs are crafted well. Although the track "Everything to Everyone" is a cautionary tale to a person who is trying too hard, it would also be appropriate to view it through the lens that Coliseum can't follow that reasoning either. They've struck out beyond the box on *House with a Curse*, creating not only a more accessible album, but a richer one as well. *—Peter Fryer*

Danzig
Deth Red Sabaoth
Evilive/The End
Street 06.22
Danzig = 90s Danzig - 00s Danzig +
Black Sabbath

You can say whatever you want about Glenn Danzig, but the guy does exactly what he wants to. He started playing metal in the late 1980s, at a time when most of his fans thought he should still be playing punk rock. He added an electronica edge after Nine Inch Nails made that sound popular and eventually swapped out every member of his band and started over. This record finds Danzig in a good place. He sings and plays bass on most of the tracks, and fills out his band with former tour drummer Johnny Kelly (Type O Negative) and guitarist Tommy Victor (Prong, Ministry). Samhain cohort Steve **Zing** also makes an appearance on bass. Danzig himself produced and recorded the record in Los Angeles over the course of 2009. It sounds very much like an early Danzig record. The guitars are heavy and squealy, and the drums haven't hit this hard since the Chuck Biscuits days. Highlights include the song "Black Candy, a hard-hitting track that features Danzig on drums, and a wickedly evil two-part song called "Pyre of Souls." There is even the requisite power ballad, "On a Wicked Night," that follows the formula of starting slow, exploding and then mellowing out again. If you like Danzig at all, then you'll love Deth Red Sabaoth. There isn't a single surprise on the entire disc, but predictability isn't a bad thing as long as you know what you're getting into. -James Bennett

Decrepit Birth
Polarity
Nuclear Blast
Street: 07.27
Decrepit Birth = Death + Decapitated
+ Morbid Angel

Creating tech/death metal isn't a hard accomplishment—a band just needs the talent to actually play their instruments proficiently. Many bands possess said talent and play with great technicality, but that doesn't necessarily mean I want to listen to what all of them have to offer. However, Decrepit Birth's third full-length album, *Polarity*, is by far the band's most technical offering to date, but they dish

it out with doses of awesome brutality. The songwriting is done in a manner that keeps listeners attentive and ready to devour song after song with feelings of improvisational techniques, soloing and lead guitar masterfully worked so they'll drain every thought process from your mind. Polarity offers a textured and dynamic album reminiscent of the musical greatness of later-era Death and the demandingly brutal punctuation of Morbid Angel. Polarity goes above and beyond the criteria for genre fans to enjoy—it's gut-smashingly heavy, seizure-inducingly technical and will absolutely devastate live. (Club Sound: 08.14)—Bryer Wharton

Delta Spirit
History From Below
Rounder
Street: 06.08
Delta Spirit = Deer Tick + Tallest Man
on Earth

I have been a fan of Delta Spirit since I saw them at the 2008 Twilight Concert Series. This year, we see them releasing the follow-up to their debut, *Ode to Sunshine*, and they certainly don't disappoint. On *History From Below*, we find them progressing their bluesy folk sound. The album is more produced than its predecessor, but that isn't a bad thing at all. Opening with the fairly upbeat political ballad "911" and closing with the 8-minute epic "Ballad of Vitaly," the album is solid all the way through. My personal favorite is "St. Francis"—with its noodly guitar reminiscent of **Kickball** and minimalist intro, it builds into something incredibly fun. —*Cody Hudson*

Drivan Disko Smalltown Supersound Street: 08.17 Drivan = Lali Puna + Psapp + Phantogram

Out of all the albums titled "Disco" (or some derivation of it) the Swedish experi-mental group Drivan is tied with **Health** for producing the most un-disco-sounding record ever. *Disko*'s thesis is interesting enough: skeletal folk arrangements played on acoustic guitars and piano augmented by Stockholm producer/visual artist Kim Hiorthøy's hip-hop inspired electronic beats. Drivan succeeds in spades when it sticks close to that formula on tracks such as "Campingvagn" and the downright awesome, motorik-inspired "Det gör ingenting." Disko often strays into quieter folk numbers that are pretty, improvised, and loose, but lack the immediacy and driving persistence of the tracks mentioned above. To what extent do you need an album sung entirely in Swedish in your life? Drivan makes a good case for at least one. -Ryan Hall

Fashawn
Ode to Illmatic
DJ Green Lantern, Orisue & XXL
Street: 06.11
Fashawn = Young Nas + West Coast
Flavor

When I received the assignment to review Fashawn's mixtape, Ode to Illmatic, I could've peed my pants. Nas's 1994 album Illmatic is one of my favorite hip-hop albums and Fashawn is one of my favorite new rappers. I had extremely high expectations for the album. Did it disappoint? Hell no, it didn't. Not only does Fashawn pay homage to one of the greatest artists and albums ever made, he does it amaz-

ingly well. Tracks like "CA State of Mind,"
"The World Is Yours" and "Memory Lane
(Sittin in Da Park)" provide the same
lyrical undertones with new content.
Fashawn blends classics with new freshness for a unique twist. While nothing will
ever top the original, Fashawn provides
an amazing journey and effort in giving
thanks to the music that inspired him
through his life. All the original beats
from the album with beautiful new lyrical
content makes this an instant constant
repeat listen for me. —Bethany Fischer

Flowers of Hell Come Hell or High Water Unfamiliar Street: 06.15 Flowers of Hell = Kayo Dot + Anathallo + Brahms

Put on your fancy tux and dress up your partners in lavish cocktail attire. It's time to get sophisticated and appreciate some psychedelic drone chamber pop orchestral action. Flowers of Hell are like a million-piece orchestra from Canada and London. Okay, they don't actually have a million members, but they do have a lot and by listening to their music, you would think a million instruments are being played. While I appreciate the fact that Flowers of Hell are trying to do something different within the instrumental genre, their music is just a little delicate for me—I feel like I am listening to the soundtrack from Disney's Fantasia Part 2. If you want to get all astute and you like a dash of **Tchaikovsky** mixed with your Godspeed You! Black Emperor, then this is the band for you, sir or madam. -Jon Robertson

Kathryn Williams
The Quickening
One Little Indian US
Street: 07.06
Kathryn Williams = Joni Mitchell +
Beth Orton

With a sound described as "chilled-out folk," English singer-songwriter Kathryn Williams has just signed to prestigious One Little Indian records (**Björk, Lloyd Cole**) and her pretty voice reminded me instantly of Beth Orton. Like Orton, she doesn't seem to be afraid of experimentation and sampling. Already critically acclaimed when it was released in the UK earlier this year, *The Quickening* is actually Williams' eighth studio album and it shows both her confidence and delivery. Recorded completely live instudio over the course of only four days and co-produced by **David Wrench** in Wales, these short acoustic-based tracks highlight her gentle voice, but like labelmate Olöf Arnalds, she is completely alluring, as on the arresting first track, '50 White Lines." There is smooth listening throughout the album's 12 cuts and the samples and experimental noises are complementary to the songs they inhabit: They never override that voice. On the gorgeous "There Are Keys," Williams even vocalizes experimentally with herself for a bit. By the time the dreamy "Up North" ended, I found myself listening from the start all over again, which is always an indication of a great album.

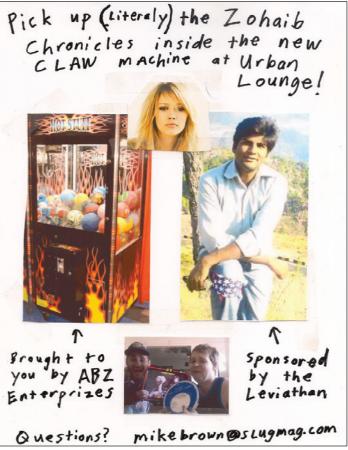
–Dean O Hillis

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SEND US YOUR DATES BY THE 25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, August 6

Joe Muscolino Band - Exchange Place Plaza

Free Film: Countdown To Zero - City

Library

Free Film: Mary and Max - Park City, City Park

Idiobots, Fractal Rock, Lazy Billy and the Pillows, Tupelo Moan - Woodshed The Reprints, Doctor Drug and the Possilbe Side Effects, Treehouse, Run Forever, Storming Stages and Streos - Kilby Imagine Dragons - Velour Damage Inc., Paradise City – *Brewski's* Libbie Linton, Faded Paper Figures, Buf-

falo – Why Sound Dubwise - Urban

Michael Shenker, George Lynch, Sister Sin, Aerial, Truce, Werewolf Afro – Vegas Free Film: Soul Power - Pioneer Park Park City Acoustic All-Stars - Star Bar Stanley Kubrick's A Clockwork Orange Murray Theater

Darude, AK1200, Alex Kidd - In The Venue Slappin' Echoes, The Blue Moon Bombers

The Kings 3 - Fifth Fox Can Cleef - Burt's Vinyl Williams, This Crimson Winter, Savage Sword - Pickle Company Chelsea Handler - Sam Weller's Breaux, Kalima, Flux, We Drop Like Bombs, Like a Monster – Basement Micky & The Motorcars - State Room Stray Nimbus by Paul Flinders - The Hive Gallerv

Experimental in Being Awake, Galanis, Better Chemistry - Bar Deluxe

Saturday, August 7

5K/10K Walk for the Ching Farm Sanctuary - Memory Grove

Summer Patio Show: S.L.F.M, Boots to the Moon - Charlie Hafen Jewelers-Gallery Dead Horse Minstrel - Woodshed Adam H Stevens, The Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, Matt Ben Jackson - Kilby Warped Tour – Utah State Fairpark Libby Linton, Faded Paper Figures - Muse Parlor Hawk - Velour Beta Chicks, Wake Side - Why Sound SLC Film Festival Benefit – Urban Park City Acoustic All-Stars – Star Bar Kings 3, Lord De Tracy, Soren Andrews

Cracker - Canyons Resort Dizzy Desoto - Double Diamond Way Out West Festival - Snowbasin Legendary River Drifters, Velvetones, Candy's Riverhouse - Burt's Blood of Saints, Darksun, Witchburn, The Dark Past, Scarred for Six - Vegas Blame Sally - State Room Screaming Condors, Heart Shaped Box -Bar Deluxe

SLUG Booth at Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Sunday, August 8

Idols - Outer Rim People's Market – International Peace Gardens Park City Acoustic All-Stars - Star Bar Tim Daniels - Double Diamond Way Out West Festival - Snowbasin Shadowseer, Massacre at the Wake, Radiata, Sillborn, Riverhead - Bar Deluxe

Monday, August 9

Amber & Rye – City County Building Theta Naught, I Hear Sirens, Gifts From Enola – Kilby Punch Brothers - State Room Film: Everyone Stares - Muse SLAJO – Úrban Mondo Generator, Tweak Bird - Vegas Free Film: Four Minutes - Tower

We Landed On The Moon!, Glinting Gems

B-Squad - Woodshed Tuesday, August 10

Llajtayku – City County Building
English Beat, Bad Manners, Chris Murray Depot We Are Scientists, Rewards, Sunset - Kilby Watson Twins - State Room A Step Ahead, The Author, The Fair and Debonair - Why Sound Fox Van Cleef, Bluebird Radio - City Library Chuck Ragan, Blackhounds, Samuel Smith Band, Swans of Never - Urban Farmers Market - Pioneer Park Codi Jordan Band, Natural Incense - Bar

Wednesday, August 11

Rachel Nelson – Sugar Fix Ridin' the Fault Line – City County Building Woven Bones, Sonic Massacre - Kilby The Temper Trap - Depot The Shivas – Why Sound David Dondero, Tony Lake - Urban Full of Hell, All Systems Fail, Oldtimer - Rurt's

Onesfate, Jim Fear - Vegas The Toros, Victor Ship - Bar Deluxe

Thursday, August 12

Red Desert Ramblers - City County Building Dan Sartain, Bad Weather California - Kilby Chatham County Line - State Room Ted Dancin' - Urban Free Film: Twilight: New Moon - Utah State Capital

SLC Film Festival - (www.slcff.com) DJ Curtis Strange - Lucky 13 Matisyahu, Karl Denson's Tiny Universe – Pioneer Park

Carlos Cornia - Woodshed Three Blue Teardrops, Slappin' Echoes – Burt's

Nigel & The Metal Dogs - Vegas Natural Roots, Dubwise Selecta - Bar Deluxe

Friday, August 13 B.D. Howes Band – City County Building The Past Tens - Woodshed Waking Ashland, Apple Horse, The Trademark, Larusso – *Kilby* Eyes Lips Eyes, Kid Theodore – *Velour* The Gorgeous Hussies - Brewski's Primus, Gogol Bordello - Rail White Ivory – Why Sound Lip Lash – Urban Free Film: Strange Powers: Stephin Merritt and the Magnetic Fields - Pioneer Park SLC Film Festival – (www.slcff.com) J-Roddy Walston & The Business - Avalon Manhattan Murder Mystery, Martin & Chamberlain - ABG's Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival - River's Edge at Deer Park Brian Posehn - Wiseguy's Trolley

Terry Lynn Tschaekofske - Gallivan Irony Man, Damage Inc, Rage For Order, Hot Flash - Vegas Haymarket Squares, The Fucktards, Hay-

wire Outfit - Burt's Sabrina Fox, DJ Tony Trinel - Bar Deluxe

Saturday, August 14 2nd Annual Craft Lake City - Gallivan Ave.

The Cliks, Killola, Hunter Valentine - Complex Decapitated, All Shall Perish, Decrepit Birth - Sound Barking Ball – Westgate Resort Nathaniel Rateliff – Kilby Deftones, Baroness - Rail Benton Paul – Velour

The Wailing O'Sheas – Brewski's Palace of Buddies, Night Sweats, Rebecca McIntosh - Urban SLC Film Festival - (www.slcff.com)

Sand Tunez 6, Aaron Simpson & Desert Stars - Ritz

Spectacular! Spectacular!, Noel Sanger, DJ Lea Luna - In The Venue Steven Swift - Fifth Brian Posehn - Wiseguys Trolley

Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival - River's Edge at Deer Park Bees Table, Steady Machete, Blacklist

Royals, Wings of Normandy – Bar Deluxe Railroad Earth – Canyons Resort A Phoenix Forever, Darling Thieves - Basement

Billy Baxter and Solid Juice, The Shivas, Hekyll n' Jive - Woodshed Brett Turner - Double Diamond Utah County Swillers, Insomniaxe - Burt's Truce, Dead Vessel, Seventking, Brute Force - Vegas

Reviver, Make Do and Mend, All Teeth Shred Shed Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Happy Birthday Jeanette Moses!

Sunday, August 15

Electric Leaves, Grandparents For Your Plants - Kilby Yonder Mountain String Band - Depot John Hiatt – State Room People's Market - International Peace Gardens SLC Film Festival – (www.slcff.com) Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival – River's Edge at Deer Park Handmade Nation - Tower Theater

Monday, August 16

Thomas S. Tholen - SLC Ink Kairo by Night - City Creek Park The Harmed Brothers - Woodshed Ah Holly Fam'ly, The Ocean Floor, The Continentals, Boots To The Moon - Kilby Film: The Song Remains The Same -Muse The World We Knew - Salt Shaker

Free Film: No Impact Man - City Library Andre Williams & The Goldstars, The Rubes - Urban

John Hiatt & Combo - State Room

Tuesday, August 17

The Lab Dogs - City Creek Park The Molten Snowman Project, Red Bennies, The Rambling Trio, The Direction Kilby Kid Theodore, ER - Why Sound

Boris, Red Sparowes - Urban Free Film: Fresh - City Library Bob Dylan – Deer Valley Cub Country, Hello Amsterdam - City Library Farmers Market - Pioneer Park My New TV Set - Bar Deluxe

Wednesday, August 18

Otter Creek - City Creek Park Fox Van Cleef – Kilby Max Payne & The Groovies, Dirty Blonde – Urban Ignite Salt Lake - State Room Street Light Suzie, The 13th Key – Vegas The Workday Releas – Bar Deluxe Skate with a Salt City Derby Girl - Sandy Classic Skating

Thursday, August 19

Holly Fowers - Sugar Fix Katé MacLeod - Čity Creek Park My First Time - Rose Wagner Studio Cotton Jones, Parson Red Heads, The Archer's Apple – Kilby Ted Dancin' – *Urban* Free Film: Monsters vs. Aliens - Utah State Capital Fireworks, The Swellers, Man Overboard, Transit – *Ávalon* Sleeping Giant - Salt Shaker Chromeo DJ Set – W Lounge Powder Mountain Motocross – Powder Mountain Ski Resort DJ Curtis Strange – Lucky 13 Antagonist – Basement Big Boi, Chromeo – Pioneer Park Yo Mama's Big Fat Booty Band - State Room Nigel & The Metal Dogs - Vegas Nappy Roots - Bar Deluxe Happy Birthday Jesse Hawlish!

Friday, August 20 Gallery Stroll - Downtown SLC

Broadway Summer Stroll - East Broadway SLUG Localized: Fictionist, Bramble, Boots to the Moon - Urban Andrew Goldring – City Creek Park SubRosa, World Club – Woodshed Lydia – Kilby
The Process Show – Signed & Numbered David Normal: Illuminations – *SLC Ink*To The Death, Chance Lewis, Adding Machines - Muse Voodoo Orchestra - Velour Afro Omega – Brewski's Hillstomp, Tupelo Moan, Unlucky Boys Burt's The Sidekick, The Golden Living, Out The Captain – Why Sound Free Film: Heavy Metal in Baghdad -

Pioneer Park Exodus, Malevolent Creature, Holy Grail, Bonded By Blood - Vegas Street Light Suzie, The Rubes – ABG's American Hitmen, Opal Hill Drive, Reveeler

The Bloodclots, Endless Struggle, Never Say Never, All Systems Fail, Drunk As Shit, Dionyx - One Mind Studio Powder Mountain Motocross - Powder Mountain Ski Resort Last Days of Summer Rally - SL Scooter Co.

Erin Barra, Gravitron, Sam Smith Band, Locke N Load - Bar Deluxe Happy Birthday Adam Dorobiala!

Saturday, August 21

Utahfm Benefit: Cavedoll, Muscle Hawk, 2 1/2 White Guys, Fictionist, The Black Arrows, King Niko, The Orbit Group - Bar Deluxe

Ty Segall, The Royal Baths, Talk Show Host, Broken Spells - Woodshed Michael Gross & the Statuettes, Vinyl Club, The Apache, Holy Water Buffalo - Kilby

Something Corporate - In The Venue J. Wride, Empirates - Velour Kingtree – Brewski's

Rasputina, Larkin Grimm - Urban

Red Shot Pony – Fifth Fox Van Cleef – Basement Powder Mountain Motocross - Powder Mountain Ski Resort

Dangermuffin - Canyons Resort Last Days of Summer Rally-SL Scooter

Triple Trouble - Double Diamond Groovin for the Gulf – Brighton The Better Life Band, Heartbreak Hangover, Means Nothing, The Last Look Vegas

Farmers Market - Pioneer Park Salt City Derby Girl Black and Yellow Ball - South Shore

Sunday, August 22

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Powder Mountain Motocross - Powder Mountain Ski Resort Orgone - Urban

Koi 13th Anniversary Party - Lucky 13 Last Days of Summer Rally - SL Scooter

Triple Trouble - Double Diamond Enthroned, Destroyer 666, Pathology, Iconoclast Contra - Bar Deluxe

Monday, August 23

S.L.F.M - Exchange Place Plaza The Molten Snowman Project – Kilby We Are The Union - Avalon Volbeat, Dommin, A New Revolution Complex Orgone – Urban

Tuesday, August 24

Miles Beyond - Exchange Place Plaza Lower Dens - Kilby Alejandro Escovedo - State Room Red Bennies, Future of the Ghost, Birthquake, Sea Monster, Lil' G - Urban Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Wednesday, August 25 Nolens Volens - Exchange Place Plaza

Free Film: The Motorcycle Diaries - Red Butte Garden Amphitheatre Rum Rebellion - Kilby Rum Rebellion, Resistor Radio, Rebellious Cause – Why Sound Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Hip White People - Urban Jackie Greene – State Room R.u.m. - Vegas B-Side Players, Carlos Cornia - Bar Deluxe

Thursday, August 26

The Doug Wintch Band - Exchange Place

Ha Ha Tonka, Guides & Braves - Kilby Constellation of Cars - Why Sound Ted Dancin' - Urban Free Film: The Blindside - Utah State Capital

DJ Curtis Strange - Lucky 13 She & Him, Dum Dum Girls - Pioneer Park Nigel & The Metal Dogs – Vegas New Kingston Band - Bar Deluxe

Friday, August 27

Red Bennies - Exchange Place Plaza Sadistik, Kristoff Krane, Uprok - Woodshed Sarah Jaffe, Isaac Russell, Brian Bingham – Kilby

Just For The Record - Muse Vinyl Club - Velour Otto's Daughter - Brewski's

Waving at Daisies, Battle School, DJ Vitamins – Why Sound

The Utah County Swillers, Stiffy Green & Mt. Timpanogos Pipe Band - ABG's 1adam12 - Fifth

Ultimate Combat Experience - Vegas Junior Giant, Duct Tape, Repairmen - Bar Deluxe

Saturday, August 28

Ernest Patrick Paiz - Buddha Pie, Pat Hull, The Flow - Woodshed Delta Mirror, Discourse, Glass Gentleman

– Kilbv Accidente, Eagle Twin, Gaza - Urban Framing Hanley, It's Alive, Transmit Now Avalon

Caryn's Rock n' Roll Rampage Bands

Salt City Derby Girls - Davis Conference Center

Chuck Prophet - Canyons Resort Hoback - Double Diamond Bandwagon Live - Vegas Farmers Market – Pioneer Park Velvetones, Long Distance Opeartor, Candy's River House - Bar Deluxe Desert Orchid Dance Company - Cedars of Lebanon

Salt City Derby Girls vs Junction City -Davis Conference Center

Sunday, August 29

The Smile Brigade, Small Town Sinners, Max Payne & the Groovies - Kilby The Growlers, Spell Talk, Tiny Lights Urban

People's Market - International Peace Gardens

Dropspot BBQ and Rail Jam - Salty Peaks

Monday, August 30

Kia McGinnies Primary Children's Benefit Kilby

Free Film: Dominick Dunne: After the Party City Library Awkward Hour 2nd Anniversary Party – Salt Lake Art Center

Tuesday, August 31

The Black Crowes - Depot Budos Band - State Room Israel Vibration - Urban Awkward Hour Party - (stakerized.com) The Direction, Fictionist, Cody Rigby Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Wednesday, September 1

Agent Ribbons, Secret Abilities, Wings of Normandy – *Kilby* This Dying Need, Freedom Before Dying, Onesfate - Vegas

Thursday, September 2

A Different Element - Kilby Teen Hearts, We Should Whisper - Avalon Vampire Weekend, Beach House - In The

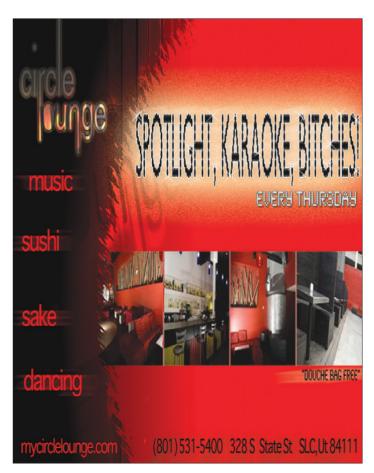
Dead Confederate - Urban Happy Birthday Billy Ditzig!

Friday, September 3

Junius, Orbs - Kilby Legendary Porch Pounders - Brewski's Eve 6, The Love Astronauts - Antelope Island

88mph, Split Lid, Deny Your Faith, Poon Hammer - Vegas

Happy Birthday Stephanie Burchardt! Pick up the new SLUG - Anyplace cool





870 E. 900 So. | (801) 532-3458 | OPEN SUNDAYS





ZIZEK. ALLEGED DJ'S

FREE MORAL AGENTS, NOCANDO, THE LIONELLE

THE DEVIL WHALE, TOLCHOCK TRIO, SPELL TALK & RYAN FEDOR'S B-DAY!

AUG 1:

AUG 2:

AUG 4:

KILK

RED RENNIES

- 1- Salty Streets Flea Market (12pm-6pm)
- 2 Some Say Leland, The Sense Divide, Secret Abilities
- 3 Mimicking Birds, The Awful Truth, Boots To The Moon.
- 4 Holy Water Buffalo, Finding Grace,
- The Descriptive, Marny Proudfit 5 - KRCL PRESENTS Leslie & The Badgers, Charlie
- Wadhams.Casey James Prestwood 6 - The Reprints, Doctor Drug and the Possible Side Effects, Treehouse, Run Forever, Storming Stages and
- Stereos (doors: 6pm) 7 - Adam Haworth Stephens (of TWO GALLANTS).
- The Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths. Matt Ben Jackson
- 9 Theta Naught, I Hear Sirens, Gifts From Enola 10 - We Are Scientists, Rewards (Aaron Pfenning ex-Chairlift), Sunset

ALSO! S&S Presents @ IN THE VENUE: 11 - Woven Bones, Sonic Massacre August 4th @ In The Venue 12 - Dan Sartain, Bad Weather California TOKYO POLICE CLUB, Freelance Whales, The 13 - Waking Ashland, Apple Horse, Arkells Doors: 6 pm Sept 2nd @ In The Venue The Trademark, Larusso 14 - KRCL PRESENTS Nathaniel Rateliff VAMPIRE WEEKEND, Beach Hous 15 - Electric Leaves, Grandparents For Your Plants, TBA Doors: 7:30 pm 16 - ah holly fam'ly, the ocean floor. The Continentals, Boots To The Moon 17 - The Molten Snowman Project, Red Bennies, The Rambling Trio. The Direction 18 - Fox Van Cleef EP Release, TBA 19 - KRCL PRESENTS Cotton Jones. Parson Red Heads. The Archers Apple 20 - LYDIA 21 - Michael Gross & The Statuettes CD Release. Vinyl Club, The Apache, Holy Water Buffalo 23 - The Molten Snowman Project, TBA 24 - Lower Dens, TBA 25 - Rum Rebellion, TBA 26 - Ha Ha Tonka, Guides & Braves, TBA 27 - Sarah Jaffe, Isaac Russell, Brian Bingham 28 - The Delta Mirror, Discourse, Glass Gentleman 29 - The Smile Brigade, Small Town Sinners, Max Payne & The Groovies, TBA 30 - Kia McGinnis Primary Children's Benefit 31 - The Direction, Fictionist, Cody Rigby 741 S. 330 W.

UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

ALL AGES







































































