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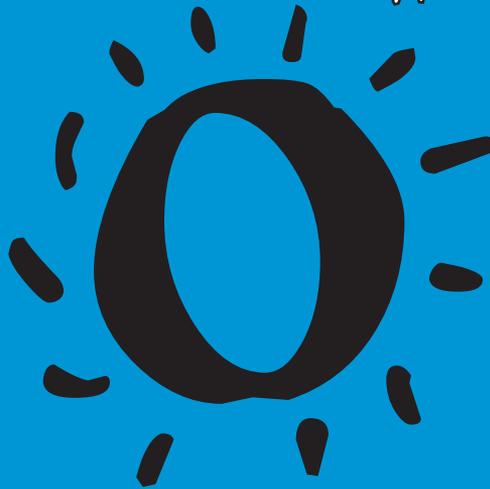
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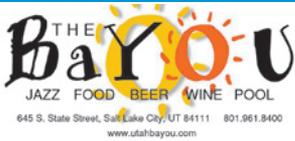
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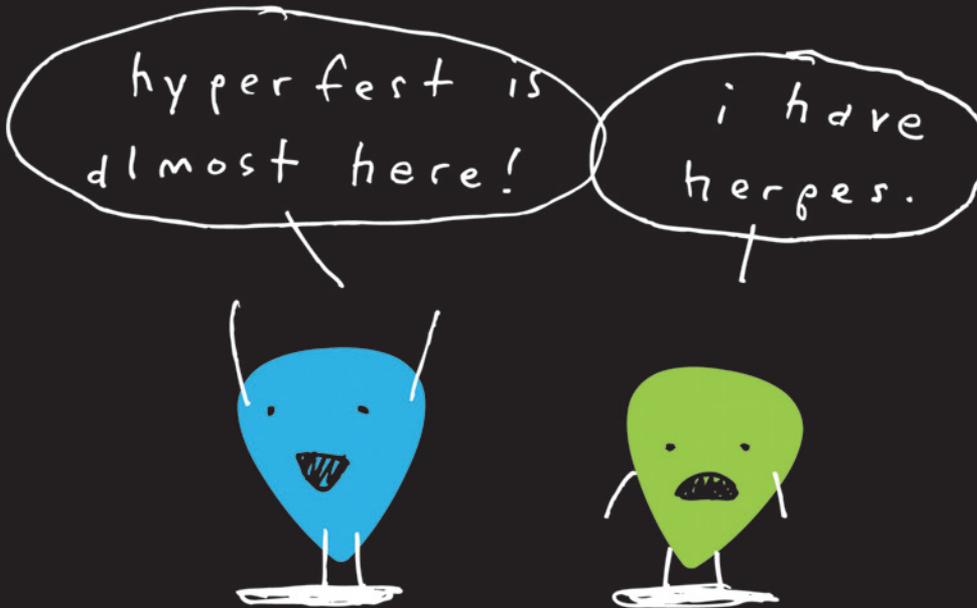
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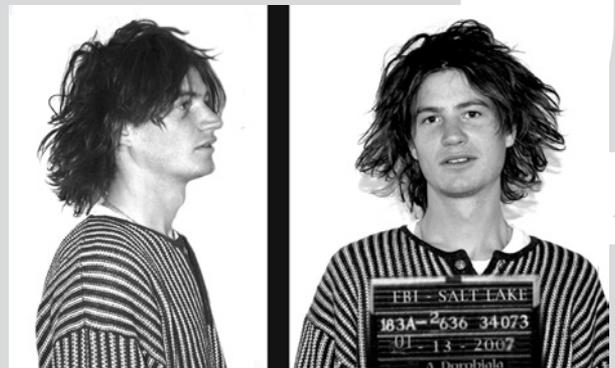
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hunt you down and make you pay for your sins.

Contributor Limelight



Adam Dorobiala

Adam Dorobiala began his rise to fame at SLUG Magazine less than six months ago
as a staff photographer. Since then, Adam has proved himself by putting the ACTION
in action sports photography—capturing photos of his peeps in an ollie and folly or
jib and jab, with his trusty Holga. A month later Adam quickly snatched a position
at the SLUG HQ as one of two office coordinators. When Adam isn't working in the
office, shooting film or profiling skate personalities around town, he can be found
skateboarding, teaching snowboarding at Brighton or doing Tai Chi.

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DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

It is so funny the way people can run their mouths without knowing the true facts of the story, isn't it? A good example of this are many of the posts on therocksalt.com. Therocksalt.com is a breeding ground of rumors, half-truths and storytelling. Case in point – the comments posted about the SLUG Anniversary party. Let me set the record straight for all those assholes who like to speculate but who don't care to find out the facts:

First off, whoever the jackass is who stole the wall sized poster of the Stench and Iceburn (you know who you are fucker!) you are a piece of shit for not giving back those posters after you were asked politely three times and then had the nerve to call Whiskey Meg a cunt. Grow some balls, vag! No one slapped you and if someone would have hit you at all, they would have punched you. Also, great job admitting, once someone offered you the poster, that you wouldn't know where to put it and declined the offer. Go fuck yourself.

Second, for all those player haters who speculated that the bands didn't get paid – well surprise! They did! Go fuck yourself and your band sucks. Once your shitty local band gets good maybe you can get paid for playing music. Until then, shut your fucking mouths and learn how to play music.

Third, for all those that got turned away at the door – tough shit! Don't whine and complain. Tickets for the event were on sale for A MONTH before the event. Hell, you could have bought yours like I did, the night before. If you want to continue to see great shit like this happen you should support it (and the bands) by putting your money where your mouth is not a throat-gag pussy ass. It costs money to put on these events and on top of that, if bands are getting paid, shouldn't you pay too?

Stop hiding behind the rock salt, get a life and find out what the real deal is for yourself. Fuck you, rock salt, and the cunt rags who lurk on your forums.

Sincerely,
Ronald McDonald Lips.

Feel free to send us your fan mail and hate mail at deardickheads@slugmag.com. And here is our number for those drunken messages you all love to leave 801.487.9221



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Cody Eden:

Drums

Rion Buhler:

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Jake Hancey:

Bass



LOITER COGNITION

Loiter Cognition, Red Top Wolverine Show and opening act The Alkaloids will be playing SLUG's *Localized at Urban Lounge* Friday March 9th. This will be the craziest most intense show of all time so be there.

Loiter Cognition have a very aggressive and violent sound but, upon meeting the members of the band for this interview their sound doesn't fit the soft-spoken, relaxed personalities of each member.

Loiter Cognition have been together in one form or another since 2001. The band began when Josh and Rion joined forces in high school. In 2003 Jake left his band *Scabies* to join Loiter Cognition full-time. Cody joined in 2004 to solidify the line-up "I knew these guys in high school, I used to hate their band," Cody said. "We started out as a punk ska band," said Rion, and over the years their sound has morphed into the raw dynamic sound that they play now. Everyone in the

band cites **Sonic Youth** and **Black Sabbath** as a major influence on their music, with the exception of Josh who hates Black Sabbath. I ask what each band member has recently been listening to and I got a wide variety of musical tastes including **Guns n' Roses**, **Motley Crüe**, **Merle Haggard**, **Man or Astro-man?** and a variety of folk artists.

Loiter Cognition has released two E.P.'s and three full-length recordings. The band has recently begun writing and recording again at their practice space in Cody's basement and hope to have their third E.P. finished by the beginning of the summer. "Usually Josh or I will come with the basic idea and structure of the songs."

Rion said. "Then Jake and Cody will add their ideas to the songs later."

Loiter Cognition have done there fair amount of touring. Besides playing around the Salt Lake Valley, the band has also toured throughout the western part of the U.S. They are no strangers to SLUG's *Localized* show. "We opened for **Gaza** and **Michigan** last March," Rion said. Having previously witnessed a Loiter Cognition's show, this band is truly one that needs to be experienced live. It is the best way to understand the intensity of their music.

www.myspace.com/loitercognition

LIVE



RED TOP WOLVERINE SHOW

Bucket: Harmonica Frisco: Broomstick
Jailbait: Drums Brad McCarley: Vocals, Guitar, Den Mother
Stanley: Percussion, Buckets James: Electric Bass

I met with Red Top Wolverine Show on a rainy Sunday afternoon. These guys are the most laid back, easygoing group of people that I have ever met. I wasn't sure what to believe out of all the stories that they were telling, tales of jail time and felony offenses, leaving band members behind at the venue after gig, "Yeah we left Stanley, at the gig once he was busy trying to slay some dragon—we told him we were leaving," said Jailbait. All of the members met through various friendships, family or former bands, except for one, whom they found trying to break into a band member's car to steal his iPod.

RTWS has existed for almost two years. Their music is a collection of blues, funk and rock. RTWS have

gigged as far as Logan and Jackson Hole.

"We have a goal to play every dive bar and club in the whole valley," said Frisco. They also have plans to play a few shows in Moab, Las Vegas and to hopefully tour to the South Eastern part of the country "There's some pretty cool blues bands down in Mississippi," said McCarley.

The group says they have too many musical influences to name. I ask to get a quick overview and McCarley says "Any old Delta blues before 1945 and early punk rock like the **Stooges**" and everyone else brings their own influences from hip-hop to country to rock.

RTWS have one record and released one CD titled

Sloppy Jalopy on the **Rev.313** record label. One listen through *Sloppy Jalopy* and you can immediately hear all the influences the band members mentioned, especially a very strong emphasis on the Delta blues. The recording, which was done by McCarley in his basement studio, named "Mouth of Hell" (or as Bucket likes to call it "The bowels of hell"). *Sloppy Jalopy* is a dark dirty and powerful recording, it sounds nothing like anything you've heard from any local Utah band.

They also have plans to someday release their soon to be hit single "Jesus I'm Rollin With You," a song about Jesus Christ's crime fighting adventures.

www.myspace.com/redtopwolverineshow

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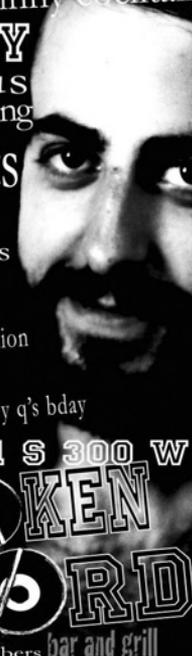
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march 30 blue collar theory and scenic byway
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(11) SLUG



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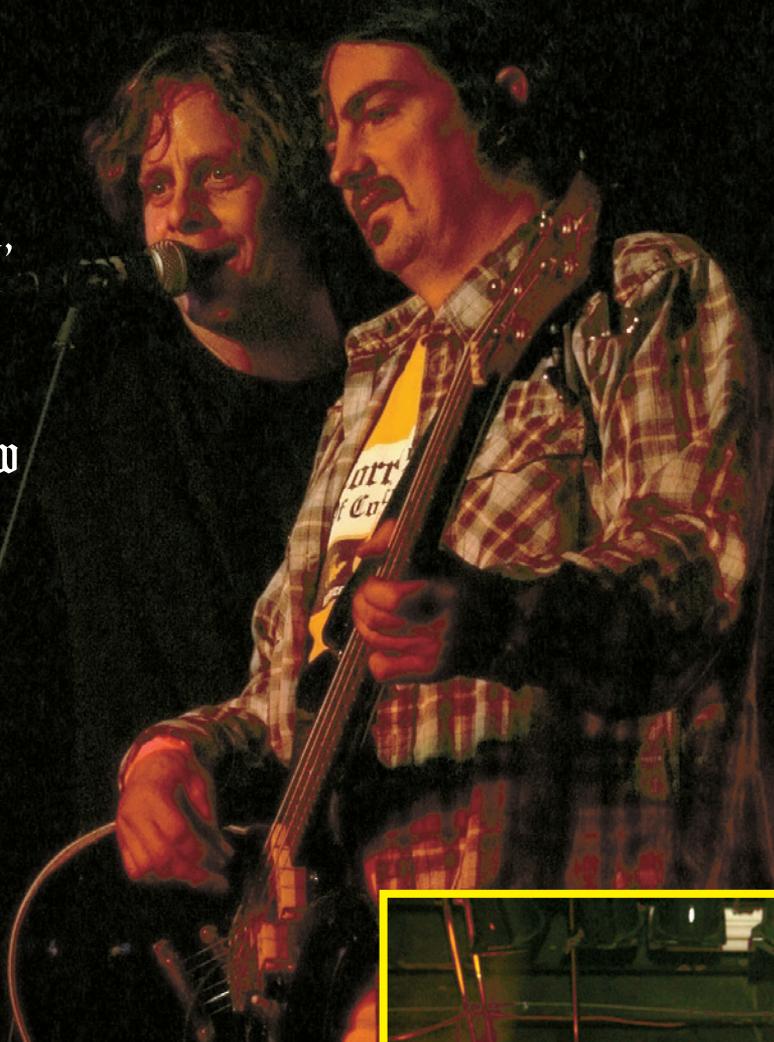


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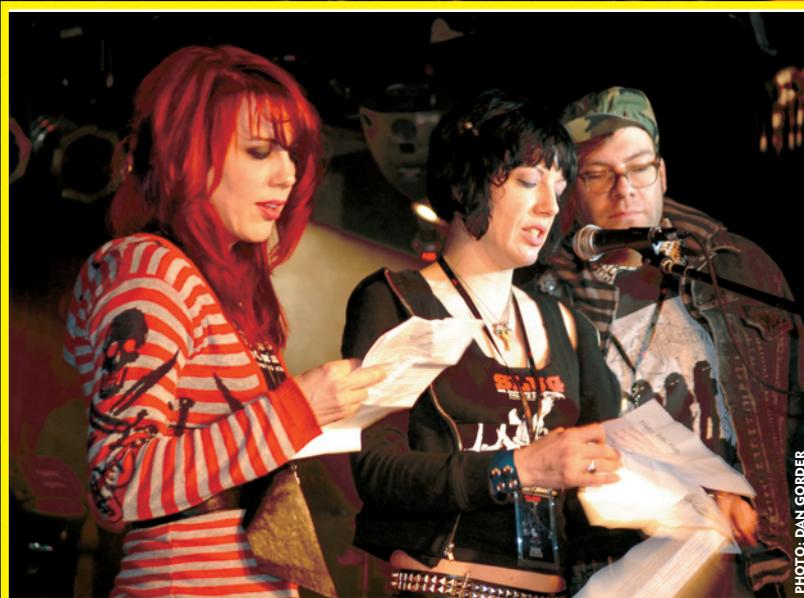


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The Stooges have achieved legendary status in the annals of rock history. A combination of **Iggy Pop's** public persona mixed with the rock'em sock'em energy of **Scott Asheton's** fierce drums, **Dave Alexander's** steady bass and the blues destroyed by the guitar of **Ron Asheton** lead to a new style of music – a proto-punk fusion that was direct and simple – a new brand of dirty, psychedelic guitar noise that was as intellectually challenging as the **Velvet Underground** and as primitive and powerful as the **Troggs**.

Formed in 1967, the group's first gig was a Halloween show at the **University of Michigan** student union. They signed to **Elektra records** the following year and saw the debut of their album, **the Stooges**, recorded by **John Cale**, hailed by the underground press but not much else. Their second (and highly favored album), **Fun House**, appeared in 1970 to dismal reviews and low sales. The band then released their third and last album, **Raw Power**, in 1973, which inspired strong reviews yet was a commercial failure. The Stooges then disbanded.

After 36 years, The Stooges entered the studio and recorded their newest offering, **The Weirdness**. Ron said that if Iggy planned a meticulous and articulate musical reunion that included tours and a recording, then his role was to keep the uncomplicated and direct sound that helps identify a Stooges track. In preparing for the recording of the album, the **White Stripe's Jack White** as well as **Shellac's Steve Albini** vied for the coveted position as engineer of the album. In the end, Rons says, Albini won out as engineer. His style of recording was one that was hands off which lead to a more creatively free and organic sound. Ron appreciated the fact that while Albini's input was solicited, it was never forced upon the band.

Not only has Asheton continued to play music (and is influenced by such diverse sounds as **The Who** to **Sun Ra**) but he has a great memory and gift for storytelling. Consequentially, Asheton has started writing the fantastic tales from the Stooges original tours. Asheton says that he has thousands of unseen photos and stories and that he remembers most things that others forget. While he has shopped around his manuscript, and is also looking for someone to help clean up his writing, he has yet to receive a fair offer for what he believes to be priceless rock and roll history (and rightly so; Asheton said that during the recording of their new album Albini would ask questions about certain myths that the Stooges embody and that he set the record straight between fact and fiction).

Interestingly enough, Ron didn't let the Stooges fame and notoriety influence the album. Instead, he relished the fact that he was able to record an album that sounded distinctively Stooge-esque while not compromising what he has become as a talented musician in his own right.

While the weight of playing in a band whose small yet important oeuvre would be daunting to most, Ron has taken it in stride has played what Iggy wants him to play – not some complicated Chinese jazz shit but an authentic Stooges sound. Ron is happy to be back in the studio creating more Stooges albums. The reunion show, at Coachella in 2003, was for him a black and white thing: it would either open the door for more Stooges shows and possibly an album or suck so bad that it would be a glaring black tarnish in an otherwise glowing memory of what the Stooges were. Luckily, the show was a success and the rest is history.

Asheton is humble and enthusiastic in telling the compelling tales of the recording process, elevated history and opportunities that being a member of the Stooges have afforded him (including roles in horror movies such as **the Mosquito**, **Hellmaster**, and **Frostbiter**), ultimately Asheton is regular guy: he likes museums and art, he watches horror movies and he is easy going and approachable. Whatever built-up idea people have about rock and roll and the icons that shape it, in the end he realizes he wouldn't be where he is today except for the fans that put him there.

Ever since the Stooges disbanded in 1973, Ron Asheton has been a man of many hats: as an artist vis a vis consumer culture through the detourment of TV guides (which **Renee Zellweger** now owns); he is the guitarist in such bands as **Dark Carnival** and **Destroy All Monsters**; he also has been voted 29 out of 100 in Rolling Stone's list of greatest guitarists. The Stooges will be on tour in April promoting their new album, **the Weirdness**, starting with a SXSW show on March 17th. For more Asheton news, check out www.ronasheton.com.

STOOGES

:AN INTERVIEW WITH STOOGES GUITARIST. RON ASHETON

by Erik Lopez - erik@slugmag.com

(17) SLUG



Becoming a Stooge

By James Bennett bennett.james.m@gmail.com

Mike Watt is a legend—the source one can turn to for punk rock inspiration, and a living example of old punk. It is easy to see why. In the early 80s he played bass in the San Pedro band the Minutemen with his childhood friend **D. Boon**. This lasted until December of 1985, when Boon was killed in a car crash. Later, Watt and Minutemen drummer **George Hurley** resurfaced with the band **FIREHOSE**—a collaboration with **Ed Crawford** that would last until '93. In the time since then he's worked on several different solo projects, including **Banyan**, the **Missing Men** and **Dos** and has donated his bass-playing skills to **Sonic Youth**, **Porno for Pyros** and a **J Mascis** project called **The Fog**. Most recently, Watt has reemerged again—this time as the bassist for the newly reignited **Stooges**. He was kind enough to talk to *SLUG* about his life, his work with the Stooges, and the opportunity he's had to play music with people he's always admired.

At first glance, it would appear that Watt is the *Shemp* character in the reformed **Stooges**. Playing alongside original members **Iggy Pop** and the **Asheton** brothers, it would seem that Watt is just one more hired hand in a long line of rock band reunifications. But scratch the surface a little and you'll find that Watt has a long history of playing Stooges songs (sometimes with Stooges members) a history that predates any talks of a reunion.

The details of how Watt ended up working with the Stooges are long and hard to keep straight. The bulk of our conversation was spent trying to sort them all out. It seems that his first professional experience playing Stooges songs started with a project called **The Wylde Rattz**. This was a studio band that contributed a song to the film *Velvet Goldmine*, and that featured Watt on bass and original Stooge **Ron Asheton** on guitar. This was a positive experience for Watt that allowed him to work with a rock and roll legend—someone that he has always seen as an inspiration. "I can't imagine a punk scene without the Stooges," Watt said, "and Ronnie was a big part of that."

Watt's Stooges work continued as he recovered from an abscess in the pelvic region in 2000. "I got real sick and almost died," he said. "I couldn't play bass for months. It was the first time I had to stop playing since D. Boon's mom put me on it. When I could play again, I had a hard time. I started to play Stooges songs that I learned as a teenager. There's not a lot of chord changes—it was more about feel." After several months of what he called wood shedding, Watt was ready to play for real. "I needed to get back on the horse," he quipped. And this he did.

Watt put together a couple of Stooges cover bands, so that he could play in front of crowds again. He played gigs on the West Coast with **Porno** for **Pyros** members **Stephen Perkins** and **Peter DiStefano**. He did the

same back east with **Dinosaur Jr.**'s **J Mascis** and **Murph**. This second collaboration led to Watt being drafted into Mascis's band **The Fog**. During this tour, Mascis pitched the idea of doing some Stooges songs during the set. Watt remembered, "J was getting worn out singing on every song, so he asked me to do a few Stooges songs. . .to give him a break." When the band went through Michigan, Mascis encouraged him to look up original Stooge **Ron Asheton**. "He said 'you know Ronnie, call him up.' So we started doing gigs with Ronnie on board." During the rest of the tour they did shows with Ron playing on the Stooges songs. The **Mascis/Watt/Asheton** collaboration got even more interesting at a show at **UCLA** where they were joined by original Stooges drummer **Scott Asheton**. This was a big deal, since as Watt pointed out, "Scotty was living in his camper at the time. They even had to rent him a drum set." This show led to more gigs with the **Asheton** brothers, and eventually peaked **Iggy Pop**'s interest. **Iggy** enlisted the help of the well-rehearsed **Ashetons** on his album *Skull Ring*—a huge deal considering that, by some reports, he hadn't talked to either of them for over 25 years. Not long after, Watt got the call asking him to do a full-blown Stooges reunion show. Just as anyone else would, Watt gave them the thumbs up.

Though Watt's role in reuniting the Stooges can seem huge, he insists that it was the result of a bunch of happy coincidences. When I asked him if he was pushing for full reunion by getting the **Asheton** brothers to play with him he responded, "not in an intentional way, just that I wanted to play Stooges songs to get me over my sickness hell." Whether or not he influenced their reunion, it is plain to see that his own proactive approach at self-healing led to him being the right man for the job when **Iggy** and company came looking for a bassist. He was "humbled and honored" to take his place on stage—to "learn right from the source of punk rock."

Watt's role in the Stooges is different from what he traditionally does—it is one of the rare times that he's not a songwriter or principle member of the band. Watt seems genuinely happy with this role, as it is a way for him to experience another side of music. He said, "A lot of the Stooges for me is being a learner. I get my way in my other bands. Just because I didn't write the songs doesn't mean it wasn't rewarding for me. I'm there to learn—it's a very lucky opportunity for me. I'm trying to suck it all in." This ties in well with Watt's philosophy on life. He explained to me, "in life, if you're always the boss, you're going to miss out on a lot of shit." He added, "real life is about taking turns. Sometimes you're asking people to do things, and sometimes you're being asked to do things. If you're always getting in your own way, then you're going to miss out on learning a lot of shit."

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jesu

J.K. Broadrick and Jesu exercising the Ghost of Godflesh

Chances are that if you listen to heavy or experimental music you know about Jesu and its creator **Justin K. Broadrick**, someone that bleeds talent from every orifice. The man is constantly busy writing and recording material, whether for his main project, Jesu, or with other bands such as **Final**, **Techno Animal**, **Sidewinder** and **Curse of the Golden Vampire**. Broadrick also recently leant a hand for **Sunn0))**'s live shows in the U.K. You may also know him from his groundbreaking work with the likes of **Napalm Death**, or more famously the mighty **Godflesh**. So what does it mean to have your name attached to so many different projects? Ultimate creativity in diversity.

For most fans, Godflesh was the key point in getting into Broadrick's musical output. With countless albums under their belt, Godflesh finally called it quits in 2001 after bass player **Ben Green** left on the eve of their tour in support of their last album, *Hymns*. Unfortunately after that, the band imploded.

"At the end of Godflesh, I felt like I was repeating myself. Mostly the reason was I just didn't feel like I was being honest with myself; it has to be completely from my heart otherwise I feel like I'm not only selling myself short, but the audience as well," Broadrick said.

Shortly thereafter, Jesu was born from the ashes of Godflesh; but fans had to wait four years until they would hear the final product: the *self-titled* debut album.

In February, Jesu's second full-length, *Conqueror*, was released. Jesu has become its own animal; bridling with new passions and sounds far from the realm of Godflesh. "Initially, Jesu was in a transitional phase. I think I was still attempting to exercise the ghost of Godflesh; so finally with *Conqueror*, we exercised the ghost Godflesh," Broadrick states.

The band is ultimately under control of Broadrick but the members are happy to play under his direction. The ranks of the band include **Ted Parsons** who has been the drummer for **Prong**, **Swans** and **Killing Joke** and former **FINAL** bassist **Dairumid Dalton**.

"It is sort of a pleasant dictatorship," says Broadrick

Instead of full on anger and aggression, Jesu takes a different route in their songwriting and sound. Discussing influences and inspirations, Broadrick happily went into detail as to what drives him musically in the creation of Jesu songs.

"Mostly what is central to the sound of Jesu is the sadness of the world, just the ultimate sadness that we live with day to day. It is me trying to express that range of melancholy emotions. The music is sort of uplifting as well to some extent. I've really focused upon that with Jesu instead of Godflesh, which was really reactionary and centered around nihilism and hatred."

Being an animal of the studio, Broadrick has already written material for upcoming

EPs and splits. The writing process is a constant one; he feels as though his creativity is best utilized in a studio environment where he is constantly creating. Broadrick was also one of the first producers of heavy music to cross over and remix songs from other bands, which has him playing around in the electronic music genre. He first started remixing songs in the early 90s and actually called some remixes for **Pantera**.

Jesu has no doubt undergone many changes since their inception; the first album contains screams and heavier guitars. While the new record, *Conqueror* is slowed down, filled with a rolling of soft and harsh melodies with layer upon layer of distinct sound. Broadrick's voice is almost angelic in a non-spiritual sort of way. The music is concocted in such a way that every time you listen to it you can always find a note, space or sound that you hadn't heard before. Overall, it's really hard to get tired of.

For those in hopes to see Jesu on tour this spring opening for **Isis** particularly for the slated March 30th *In The Venue* show, they may have to hold their breath. The bands work permits for entry into the country have not been approved for the US tour, and as of now it is up in the air whether or not the band will be able to make their first US tour. Bass player, Diarmuid Dalton's work visa has been refused so for the tour, **Dave Cochrane** will fill the slot. Drummer **Ted Parsons** will also be unable to make the tour due to family commitments and will be replaced by **Danny Walker** current drummer for **Intronaut**. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that all of this will be cleared up long before their Salt Lake show.



ALL NATIONS -FREIGHT-HEADS SHOW THEIR FLARE

By Jeanette Moses and Lance Saunders
jeanette@slugmag.com • saunders801@yahoo.com

Post-graf, street art, urban art—call it what you like, but Graffiti, in its raw essence, is about leaving your mark. It's personal evidence of ones existence left to taunt (or humor) the public while sending a big 'Fuck You' to the powers that deem this work vandalism.

"I think artwork ought to challenge people. If you're not challenging somebody with what you're doing then your not doing your job," **Joe Evans** owner of *Nobrow Coffee & Tea* said of the graffiti show that will be displayed at his coffee shop gallery this month.

"There is an artistic side to graffiti," says the publisher of *All Nation*, a Salt Lake City based graffiti magazine with international distribution. The publisher of *All Nation*, for all intensive purposes, wishes to remain anonymous, due to the nature of the magazine's content. "What really draws me to graffiti is the rawness of what it is...a high risk art form," finishes the publisher.

All Nation published its first issue in 2004 shortly after the publisher picked up a graffiti magazine at a Tower Records in England. He'd been documenting freight graffiti for years, and finally realized that he could turn his hobby into a business. He secured a personal loan and everything was running smoothly until his distributor, *Desert Moon Periodicals* went bankrupt. Today he is still owed over \$18,000 dollars in unpaid subscription sales. "That took all of the money that *All Nations* had. All I had left was enough to pay back the loan or make another magazine," he says. He paid back the loan, and took out a new loan to create the third issue. "By the time issue three came around I had no money. I would have had about 10,000 dollars profit from the first two issues, and instead I had to start from ground zero."

Today the magazine has published five issues, the sixth being due out in late April 2007. He distributes 10,000 issues around the globe including places as far away as Europe and South America. The magazine's overhead is covered through subscription and ad sales.

Since the early 80s graf zines like *Clout*, *Life Sucks Die*, *Mass Appeal*, *Day in the Lyfe*, *Bigtime*, *Scribble*, were created to document graffiti art. Many of these zines focus primarily on wall coverage, but Salt Lake City based, *All Nation* takes a slightly different path with its exclusive coverage of American freight train graffiti; hailing itself as the only magazine dedicated to this niche.

"I come from a freight environment," the publisher says when asked why the majority of *All Nation* is dedicated to trains. "In San Francisco the walls get bombed, but in Salt Lake...we are in the Golden Spike empire," he finishes. The publisher is referring to the symbolic golden spikes that joined the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads in 1869. This made Utah a freight train hub, with trains rolling through the Wasatch Front every hour and presenting local graffiti artists with many canvases to fill.

Another trait unique to *All Nations* is their conscious effort to avoid associations with hip-hop culture. "Almost every graffiti writer that I've met has a background in skateboarding, punk rock or hardcore. I'm trying to pay more attention to that than other graf mags have in the past," the publisher continues, "I'm starting to explore deals with skateboard companies. I'm trying to get ads from skate, snow and music rather than just the hip-hop world."

The manner in which *All Nation* deals with music coverage is just as distinct. Instead of CD reviews or band interviews, *All Nation* takes a subtle approach and prints playlists of what artists were listening to while working on a piece. Ninety percent of the content is strictly photographic images of painted freight trains mixed with a few walls and bombing scrawls. And you'll never find a fashion article within the pages of *All Nation*. "My success comes from keeping the core content [actual graffiti] and an unbiased view," the publisher says. "To get into some magazines you have to be a certain somebody from a certain crowd." Magazines like *All Nation* are important to many graffiti writers because as their art appears and disappears (sometimes within a matter of hours) the photos in the mags are the only evidence that it ever existed.

Although the publisher of *All Nation* is more interested in illegal street graffiti than gallery graffiti, he will curate an art show titled, *American Rockstars*, at *Nobrow Coffee & Tea* on Friday March 16 as part of Salt Lake's *Gallery Stroll*. The show will feature a combination of tangible works of art, non-graffiti pieces and more authentic street graffiti pieces. The concept of an on-site production was tossed around, but it is unlikely that it will happen due to the danger of a graffiti artist's face being associated with their work.

"I've been really interested in the idea of legitimizing graffiti as art, which could almost destroy what graffiti is. It's become somewhat mainstream anyway, but a lot of people still don't get any of the exposure," Joe Evans owner of *Nobrow Coffee & Tea* said.

All Nation is published quarterly, accepts submissions from all over the world and can be submitted electronically through allnationmag@yahoo.com. Hard copies can be sent to 141 2nd Ave #605 SLC, UT 84103.

American Rockstars opens Fri. March 16, 6-9p.m. at *Nobrow Coffee & Tea* located on 315 East 300 South and will hang until Wed. April 19. The exhibition spotlights graf writers from all over the world including **Fatso** from Canada, **King 157** from NYC and **Lost** from San Francisco. Local artists like **Erupts**, **Vine**, **Spade** and **Stem** and many others will also be represented. For more info on *American Rockstars* and *All Nation Magazine* visit <http://www.myspace.com/allnationmagazine> or <http://www.myspace.com/nobrowcoffeeandtea>.





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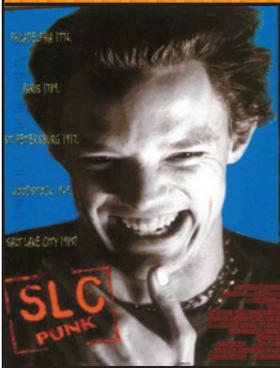
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THE FUTURE OF UTAH M: OGDEN'S REVITALIZATION PROJECT

By **Shawn Mayer** shawn@lbsnow.com

My first trip to Ogden occurred last year; a group of friends and I ventured into the unknown city in search of some handrails to film. The Salt Lake valley just received six inches of snow and after getting blacklisted at the U, we decided to discover first hand what Ogden had to offer. I'd heard stories of many worthy rails (and the promise of relaxed police officers).

Our crew spent over two hours sessioning a handrail in front of what looked like an insane asylum straight out of **Tim Burton's Batman**. As time passed and the cops never showed, I began to become less worried about being ticketed and more paranoid of some hatchet-wielding psycho lopping our heads off. This being my only Ogden experience, I was shocked to hear that a dozen or so companies including **Descente/DNA, Nidecker, Snowsports Interactive, AmerSports (Salomon, Atomic Ski, and Suunto), Scott USA, Kahuna Creations** and **Goode Ski Technologies** had announced the move of their base operations to O-town. After all, Ogden is a city surrounded by beauty, but weighed down by its own neglect.

Ogden began like most towns and cities in early

history; fur trappers set up shop and trading posts sprung up along the Weber River along with a series of forts. But what made Ogden unique was the explosion of the rail system and the meeting of the Union and Pacific Railways with two symbolic golden spikes on May 10, 1869, making O-town a main stay for intercontinental railroads: the city was now a major junction along the railway, the population rose and so did the crime. As the threat of WWII approached Ogden was considered a safe zone to move war materials. When the railroad business began to decline, Ogden's government realized that Ogden suffered economic ups and downs because they were so closely tied to government industries. Leaders worked to bring more private industry to the area. In 2002, the city was named as a major venue city for the winter Olympics. Since then, the city has remained as I first noticed it: a place with a colorful history and potential but not much else.

Descente Inc. was the first big company to announce their move from Denver to Ogden. It was difficult to see why such a large international company that has graced the covers of *Times* and *Sports Illustrated*,

and bears the Olympic jersey of **Michael Jordan** in its hall, would want to move into such—for lack of better terms—a shit hole. I had a chance to discuss with **Curt Geiger**, the VP of operations of Descente, about what Ogden had to offer.

Curt informed me of the vision of *the Hub*, as described to me previously by **Steve McBride** of Kahuna Creations, as

“A VIRTUAL HOME FOR ACTION SPORTS COMPANIES TO BAND TOGETHER TO FURTHER THE INDUSTRY AND COMPETE.”

This core of action sports companies will be based around two major developments. The first, (of which construction has already begun,) is a huge recreational center and shopping plaza. The second is a proposed tramway. This facility will house a year-round ice-climbing wall, rock walls and a flow lab (wave pool) along with other amenities such as bowling lanes, a megaplex and retail shops. This will provide the city of Ogden, its residents and tourists alike, a place to spend their time and money.

The second piece of the puzzle is a proposed but not-yet-confirmed Ogden Tramway; a gondola starting from the aforementioned recreation center, connecting to Weber State University and providing direct access to Snowbasin ski resort. As I interviewed the current companies of the Hub, all the excitement was surrounding the tramway. Curt of Descente let me know that without this plan in place, the move to Ogden would not have happened.

It was also the deciding factor for Amersports, who moved three of its four companies to Ogden. Formerly based in Portland, the company turned down 3.3 million dollars in grants and tax breaks from P-town in order to become an early player in the creation of the Hub. (Ogden only offered an estimated tax break of around a million dollars for contributing fifty job openings to each company interested in the move). Mike Dowse of Amersports said it best when he stated that

“IF THE TRAM IS APPROVED, THE OUTDOOR INDUSTRY WILL TURN ITS COLLECTIVE EYE.”

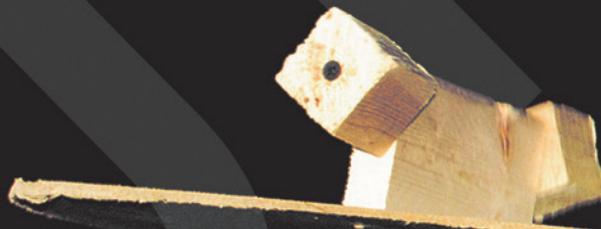
Along with a new Trax line that will connect Ogden to the Salt Lake City Airport, these companies will be able to bring in potential prospects (buyers, employees, customers) effectively. Cutting down on transportation fees and lengthy commutes, they expect an increase in their business potential. This group of businesses hope to push the limits of the action sports industry by working together on exterior plans such as a proposed Ski Industry Board Word has spread that these companies are making donations in the name of Ryan Smedley, a former pro snowboarder who was killed in an avalanche last winter, towards a memorial skate park in the downtown area. With Ogden's location minutes away from the best stuff on earth (not just snow, but kayaking, mountain biking, hiking, etc.) the city has the potential to turns its economy around.

Many companies had overlooked Ogden when searching for a new home. However, Mayor Godfrey attended trade shows and was able to generate interest in the area. The movements of these companies alone have already contributed numerous jobs to current and future residents; historic buildings are being restored with government grants and the basic ground work for a “renaissance” in Ogden has been set forth. With additional interest from other investors, Ogden has the potential to become a thriving economic industrial city once again.

With the chips on the table, but the gondola plan unconfirmed, why would such large companies make the move anyway? “Well it’s like the stock market,” as many of the company’s described to me, “Ogden is ‘within reach’ (as the city’s tagline reads), but its stock is still low.” Courtney Boyer of Nidecker describes the city as “in denial about its economic situation.”

Opposition to the tramway (among other reasons) has arisen for fear of Ogden becoming the new Park City—over populated and too expensive to live in. However, these entrepreneurs fully believe in Mayor Godfrey’s vision of turning Ogden into North America’s premiere action sports hub. And what if the tramway is not approved? Then the company’s that bought into bad stock will sell. The hub’s core business hope that perhaps in a few years from now Ogden will establish a “cool factor” that will enable it to become the center of action sports (and not just known for its lack of life, police presence and dirt cheap weed).





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PHOTO: JESSE ANDERSON

Riding Dirty

By Adam Dorobiala adam@slugmag.com

The day started early for everyone, there were things to unload, stuff to set up and contestants that had to be registered. I was barely alive at 7 a.m. (ask Sugar, his story is better than mine) but I knew that there was a lot that needed to be done, so I got to work. Thank god there was so much Red Bull. After setting up, the tension began to build as boatloads of people started showing up for their time in the limelight.

The course was a solid set of obstacles, sure to make everyone try their best during their runs. A favorite piece of junk that the riders were hitting was "the wall of death," made out of old snowboard decks—not to be overshadowed by the living room set at the beginning of the course. My personal favorite was the metal orb located at the bottom of the run. After making sure everything was going smoothly, *SLUG Magazine's* associate editor, Erik Lopez, and I took a quick run to escape the madness that was brewing while the contestants got their grind-on during the practice session. We got to the top of the course and watched as the shred monkeys started battling it out for the title of top dog.

The comp started promptly at 10 a.m., even though there were so many people entered this year (105 to be exact). We knew that it was going to be long day

for all of us. After getting called off to do a lunch run for the judges (Joe Kvasnicka, Cale Zima, Mikey Saenz, Mike Corrigan and Becca Lesure) I sat and listened to their comments while the shredders stomped their pickle reverts, occasionally laughing at the names the emcees (Trevor Hennings and Adam Lantemle) were making up. Surprisingly the contest was rolling without complication, except for the amount of time contestants had to wait to get their line in. There were a few good falls and a few injuries, but it wasn't until their second run that people started stepping it up a notch and really going for broke. Each contestant tried a little harder than the person before, which made it a really interesting battle of skills.

Somebody threw a back-flip off of the bump at the end of the course and the crowd went berserk, but the next run somebody had to step up and tossed a front-flip, which got the crowd really psyched. Everyone was feeding off of each-others energy and it was turning *SLUG Mag's Junk Show* into a force to be reckoned with. Finally the final contestant got down the mountain and then it was time to wait. While the judges went over the scores, the buzz was generating throughout the crowd as everyone waited in anticipation to see how they made out.



PHOTO: BOB PLUMB



PHOTO: BOB PLUMB

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 1. Chris Beresford
 2. Ted Borland
 3. Alex Andrews

Women
 1. Marley Colt
 2. LeJawn Allen
 3. Helen Wade

Boarders 18+ Men
 1. Pat Anderson
 2. Spencer Olsen
 3. Alex Coy

Boarders 17- Men
 1. Brandon Hobush
 2. Christian Hobush
 3. Taylor Barret

Skiers Open Men
 1. Brody Levin
 2. Mike White
 3. Hayden Price

Women
 1. Kristie Giles
 2. Shelby Jensen
 3. Megan Smith

Skiers 18+ Men
 1. Geoff Balkman
 2. Brad Rossiter
 3. Browson Christensen

Skier 17- Men
 1. Alec Rhodes
 2. Nate Stanley
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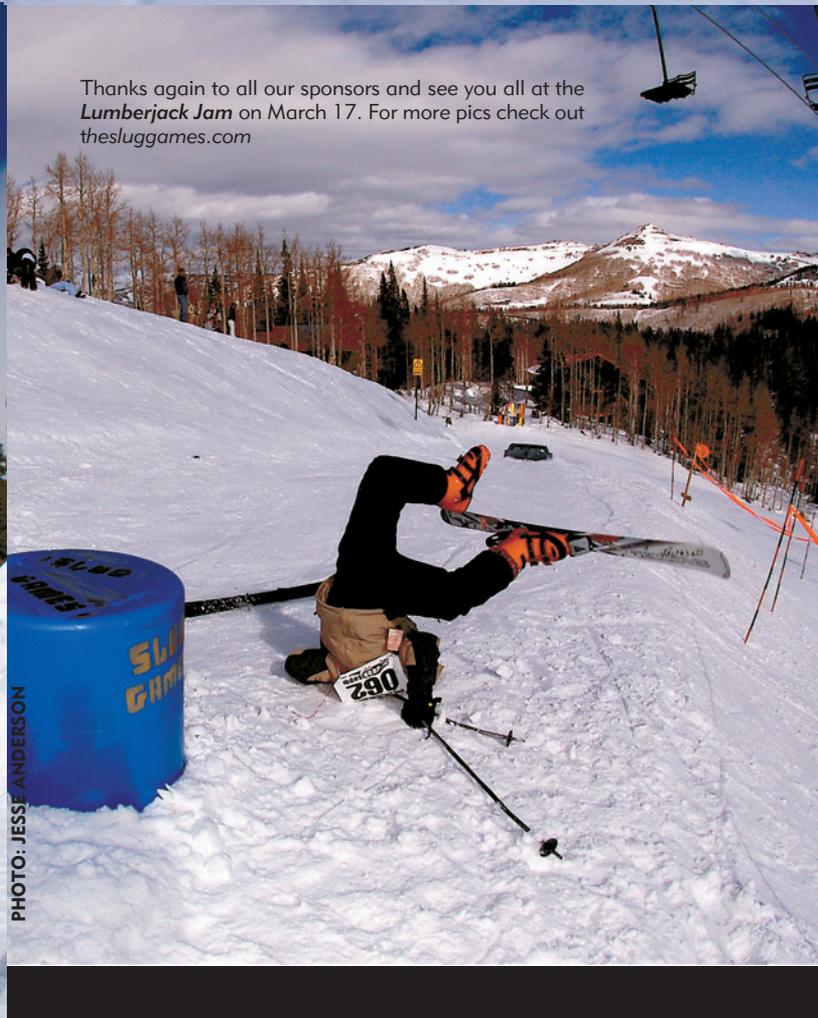


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Thanks again to all our sponsors and see you all at the **Lumberjack Jam** on March 17. For more pics check out theslugames.com

S.L.C. TATTOO CONVENTION:

Tattoos, Brews & No Clues

By Peter Panhandler
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

TATTOOS. That part should be completely self-explanatory, unless of course you are completely brain dead. **BREWS.** I must have drunk a hundred dollars worth of these bad boys all three days of the convention. I know I sound like an alcoholic, but at least I am an alcoholic who can support all of his moocher-ass friends. **NO CLUES.** These are what you have after drinking a hundred dollars worth of beer, three days straight.

Time to get serious now. This was the fourth year of the *SLC Tattoo Convention*, and it seems to be running as smooth as possible. **C.J. Starkley**, the event coordinator put a lot of time and effort into this year's convention. I know that when most people think about a tattoo convention they envision **Hell's Angels**, strippers, dirt bags and only Satan knows what else. I'm not going to say that these genres of people weren't present, because I happened to be hanging out with some of them but the overall scene of the convention was a clean, open-minded environment. People from all walks of life (and West Valley) could be seen having a good time. You don't have to be covered in tattoos to appreciate great artwork.

There is something for everybody to enjoy at the convention regardless of whether you're getting inked up or not. Most people stroll through the isles checking out some of the best tattoo artwork from all over the world. There was a children's play area for the little tikes to wear themselves out on. God, I wish I were a little kid again instead of an old drunk. Seems like skating and tattoos hold some kind of common ground due to all of the skate deck art that could be seen at many of the booths. I also smelled a certain **Lizard King** getting a fresh tattoo from some guy from North Carolina. Apparently this guy doesn't seem to mind hooking up a brother with minimal cash flow. I tried to get Lizard to get his genitals pierced at one of the piercing booths but he declined, saying he would do it later when there weren't a thousand onlookers.



A man with a beard and tattoos, wearing a black t-shirt, looking at the camera. The t-shirt has a skull and crossbones logo with the text 'WWW.NEWWAVETATT' above it and '020 8444-' below it. He has a large, colorful tattoo on his left arm.

The highlight of the weekend for me had to be the mechanical bull. I've seen *Urban Cowboy* a million times and I've always wanted to take my chances on one of these things. After drinking a pint of whiskey and a few bottles of beer, I was convinced by the lads at *Lost Art* to get on the thing. I knew that they just wanted me to eat shit so that they could get some cheap laughs. And that's exactly what they got. I could only ride that bucking bronco for about ten seconds on the lowest difficulty level before being thrown to the ground. Now I know why cowboys wear tight-ass Wranglers instead of loose jeans. I walked away with instant pant chaffing and bruises on the insides of my legs.

At the end of everyday of the convention there were contests held where cash prizes and trophies were awarded. Every category was covered—from best sleeve, best back and even best booth. There was also a daily best tattoo award given out. Throughout the weekend bands and dancers performed on a stage set up near the mechanical bull. I didn't get to check out Saturday's performers, but I was however blessed to see the beautiful ladies of the *Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative*. Belly Dancing is so hypnotic and erotic..

Thanks once again to **Nate Drew, C.J.**, all of the volunteers, sponsors and workers of the event. The booths were astonishing, and it was nice to see so much talent in one place. I don't know how many other tattoo conventions are held across the nation, but I sure am glad to see one here in my own backyard. Thanks to the *Salt Palace* for holding the event. I should be getting out of rehab right around the same time that the *Fifth Annual* will be starting.

For more info visit slctattoo.com. For more pics from this year's tattoo convention visit, slugmag.com.

The Lizard King shows off his fresh ink from Rodney Raines of Ace Tattoo, Charlotte, N.C. Photo: Bob Plumb

Chasing Cuban Ballerinas
with Chicken from



Dead to Me

By Ricky With
robobox@hotmail.com



Everyone has that album that brings them up when they're feeling down. Dead to Me's *Cuban Ballerina* is that kind of album. It has the perfect kind of energy to put a smile on your face and get you jumping around like an idiot. Even though the lyrical content deals with depression, drug abuse and the loss of a friend, the bounciness and catchiness present in Dead to Me's music emphasize the hope that underlies those dark themes. I spoke with the man known only as **Chicken**, bassist and part-time vocalist of Dead to Me, about both the dark side of the band's music and the surprisingly uplifting way that they present it.

Chicken formed Dead to Me with vocalist/guitarist **Jack Dalrymple** and guitarist **Brandon Pollack** shortly after he got out of rehab. Jack and Brandon's former band, **One Man Army**, had recently split up after playing a major part in the San Francisco area's punk scene for years. Even though Chicken was starting a band with a couple of guys who had an established reputation and were well-respected, he didn't feel any pressure to make Dead to Me a One Man Army clone. "I really felt a lot more privileged than intimidated. Those guys made some of the best music in the Bay Area and I've always loved Jack's voice, so when he joined the band and he turned out to be a really cool guy and he became a really good friend, it didn't even matter that he was in One Man Army." Dead to Me continues in the grand tradition of bouncy Bay Area punk bands like **Crimpsnare** and **Green Day** while managing to maintain a modern edge. Brandon has since left the band and Chicken's cousin and best friend **Ian** (no last name required) rounds out the lineup on drums.

After spending over five years as the mail-order guy at **Fat Wreck Chords**, Chicken has finally made music his full-time gig with Dead to Me. "We never expected any of this to happen, to be able to go out on tour and bring our music to all these people, but it's always been what I've wanted to do." Though Chicken now enjoys all the luxuries that come with the touring punk rock lifestyle (bad food, shady promoters, etc.) his life was not always so ideal. "Before Dead to Me, I had a stay in rehab, so when I got out I decided that I was going to start living my life the way I wanted." Songs like "By the Throat" and "Cause of My Anger" portray people in the deepest depths of addiction and depression, but on album-closer "Visiting Day" it's clear that Chicken has come to terms with his past and he's leaving it behind.

The theme of living one's life to the fullest is present in every facet of *Cuban Ballerina*. From the hopeful lyrics to the inspirational quote from **Eldridge Cleaver** contained in the liner notes, Dead to Me makes it clear that they're a band that follows their dreams and thinks that others should do the same.

Even the title of *Cuban Ballerina* reflects this sentiment. "I saw this show on the *Independent Film Channel* about love lost, and there was this one dude, an elderly Cuban gentleman, who was sitting on an airplane telling this story." Chicken went on to explain the man's story. He fell in love with a wealthy Cuban ballerina, but eventually ended the relationship because he thought that she would never accept him because he was poor. He married another woman, but always wondered what might have happened to the one that got away.

Chicken saw this as a metaphor for all those dreams that people have that they never pursue. "I've got all these friends who say 'Oh, I wanna be a writer' or 'I wanna be an actor' but they never do anything about it. They just daydream about it and get a weird high off of it. When I started Dead to Me, I decided that this was my 'Cuban ballerina.' I would always talk about starting a band and touring around the world with my own music, but after I got out of rehab I decided that I was really gonna do it."

You might get the idea that Dead to Me is some kind of sappy inspirational band more apt to play self-help seminars than sweaty punk clubs, but their music makes it clear that punk rock can be about more than hating everything and everyone around you. Sure, they've got the requisite anti-war songs and combine their poppier sensibilities with some of the more aggressive elements of punk, but it doesn't make their message any less important. So if you hate your job, quit it. If you're in a relationship that's holding you down, end it. Go listen to *Cuban Ballerina* and start living your life the way that you know you should.

Dead to Me will be playing with **The Loved Ones** and local openers **Calm Before the Crash** and **Loiter Cognition** at **Kilby Court** on March 7th.

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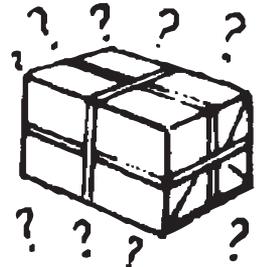
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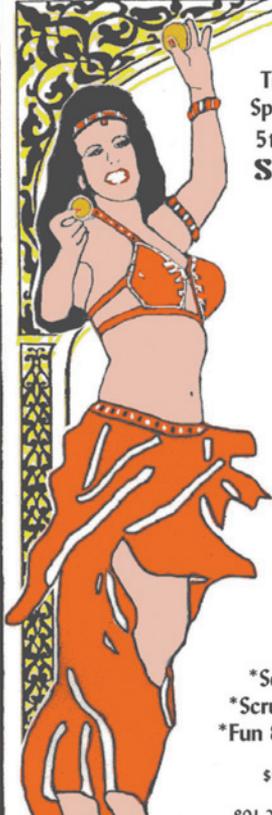
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A collage of several faces, some appearing to be in costume or with special effects. The word 'REAL' is written vertically on the right side, and 'FAKE' is written horizontally on the left side. There is also a small cross symbol in the upper left.

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GALLERY STROLL: BUILDING A COMMUNITY

by Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

It's common knowledge that if you want to revitalize an area you get the arts involved. Artists need cheap wide-open spaces with low rents and once they move in, paint and beautify, more artists move in and eventually you have a vibrant, bustling community. I wouldn't have thought that 300 South was in need of revitalization but what was once a nice quiet street with antique and vintage shops has blossomed into a destination for local art and indie music.

The latest additions to the Broadway row include eclectic indie music store, *Slowtrain Music*, where you can find or order new, used and limited edition releases. The *James Anthony Gallery* with its white-hot NYC stylings, limited-run clothing and handcrafted, eclectic jewelry.

The whole movement started a few years ago with the opening of the *Kayo Gallery*, the first hip hangout on the street since people starting thinking dueling pianos and sing-a-longs were cool (as long as you blamed it on excess drinking). *Kayo* brought new life to the area but it was ahead of its time and needed a different space, a little more room to grow. After a short hiatus owner and curator, **Kenny Riches**, just couldn't deny the art community anymore and *Kayo* reopened its doors at a new location, 177 East 300 South. *The New Kayo Gallery* promises to be a destination every gallery stroll, while its new business partner, *Frosty Darling*, is a great place to stop by anytime of the month. *Frosty Darling* is a boutique full of handcrafted wares from local artist **Gentry Blackburn**. This lovely shop is a must for bubble gum, lollipops, birthday presents and all things "darling."

Moving up the street and around the corner, we find the *240 Gallery*; more mature than the new kids on the block, but still full of exciting upgrades to the area. The *240 Gallery* has taken over the old *Pictureline* building at 240 South 200 East and offers a platform to showcase photography. The main gallery space showcases established photographers, while the upstairs hosts a discussion and slideshow area with a smaller gallery for up-and-coming photographers. Lots of wide-open space, clean lines, great lighting and innovative shows make this a hot gallery to watch. Photography has long been nudged out of shows and with the digital revolution has received less respect than painting and mixed media. The *240 Gallery* promises to give photography a main stage, and to provide its patrons with a rare look at some of photography's great accomplishments. "A Slice of Americana Baseball" is a collection of black and white professional and amateur photos of baseball from the 1900s to 1940s. Featuring never before shown photographs of legends such as **Ty Cobb**, **Babe Ruth**, **Tony Lazzeri**, **Paul Waner** and **Joe Dimaggio** to name a few. Come experience a piece of American history while enjoying traditional refreshments such as hotdogs, pretzels, peanuts and sodas.

Spring is a great time to get out and celebrate "the new" and we have lots of new things to explore and enjoy in the Utah art community. *The Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* is always held on the third Friday of every month and always free to the public. See you March 16th on "The Stroll."

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An Interview with
BADLY DRAWN BOY

by: Ryan Michael Painter

In 2001, when **Damon Gough** and his alter ego Badly Drawn Boy rolled into Salt Lake City's *Zephyr Club* in support of his debut album *The Hour of the Bewilderbeast* he had already taken the *Mercury Music Prize* (the UK's *Album of the Year*) beating out **Coldplay's** *Parachutes* and **The Doves'** *Lost Souls*. When he left he had set up residency as one of the top ten bands I'd ever seen live.

Three albums, a soundtrack score, five years and a new record label later, Gough finds himself standing on different ground with *Born in the UK*.

"I had been away for awhile. There was a new kind of pressure. I had a nearly complete record that I scrapped. I had to prove myself again. I felt like I had let a lot of people down. A lot of money by the record label had been wasted. I was pissed off and demoralized. I'd lost feeling."

While quitting might seem the easiest route, Gough felt like he still had something to say and dove into his work.

"I had to show that I could still do it. I wrote more songs than I ever had for a record: somewhere around 100 songs before I even started recording. I was very productive and that started making me feel good. Many of the songs came quickly, I was writing two or three a day. There was freshness to the music that I was proud of," remarks Gough.

Somewhere towards the later end of the two hour performance at the *Zephyr* that included all of *The Hour of the Bewilderbeast*, b-sides, tracks from early EPs and a **Bruce Springsteen** cover, a man at the foot of the stage motioned for Gough to give him his harmonica during an instrumental bridge. Nervously, Gough handed him the harmonica and microphone and continued to strum his guitar as the backing band kept pace. What occurred next will never be adequately explained: the man with the harmonica was absolutely brilliant.

Over the years I've met people who were at that show and for us all it remains special; one of those brilliant evenings that became the sort of story that makes you smile every time you tell it.

"I believe his name was Kevin," Gough recalls. "I nearly had a heart attack."

I've since had the pleasure of meeting Kevin a few times at various shows. We tend to laugh as we reflect on the night Gough handed him the harmonica.

"I think I had a bit of a run at the crowd that night. It was a strange gig; a lot of people were there

because it was a private club and not to see the show," Gough said.

Sadly, this recollection sums up many of the shows I saw at the *Zephyr*; brilliant performances forced to overcome the constant buzz of disinterested people.

It's no secret that Gough is a Bruce Springsteen fan and calling his record *Born in the UK* only further emphasizes this point. While referencing an album considered among the best ever recorded might seem a bit dangerous, maybe even a touch blasphemous Gough insists that it's a heartfelt tribute to the music that changed his life.

"It just happened. There were a few words at the end of a demo version of a song and it sounded like I was saying 'I was born in the UK.' I saw a parallel because on a broad level where you are born gives you your identity; how you're perceived. I hoped I could get away with it. I've always worn my influences on my sleeve, so why not?"

While it might sound a bit over the top, Gough does care about his fans. So much so, that on his current UK tour he'll often be found strumming his guitar in the local fish and chip shop during the afternoon before heading off for that night's larger venue. I doubt he'll turn his amp all the way up like **Frank Black** did in small diners across America while finding his way early on in his solo career. But you never know, Gough does love **The Pixies**.

Badly Drawn Boy shows tend to be an unscripted affair, allowing Gough to feel out the room and place in a story here and there. He's not suave or menacing and yet he's still found himself on dozens of "must see" lists over the past ten years. Through performance was how I really understood the simple power in his music. Because of this, I'm somewhat surprised to learn that the performance isn't his favorite part of the professional musician equation.

"Creation is the most exciting. It's a magical feeling that keeps you driving. I know I have something left. I'm excited to make my next record, but the rest of it is hard work. It's never easy, even if you have a natural gift. People view it as a pleasurable job, but it's difficult."

Which isn't to say that Gough isn't as concerned with his live performances. He will play Austin's *SXSW* music fest later this month.

"I want people to leave feeling positive. I want it to be unique and special every night. That's why I care so much about the live show."

Join me March 19th as Badly Drawn Boy plays the *Urban Lounge*. Gough will give it his all and you never know what might happen; maybe Kevin will bring his harmonica.



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Street: 03.04

!!! = Massive Attack + Jamiroquai + The Rapture + James White and The Blacks + LCD Soundsystem



!!! possess a sound that is clearly defined and immediately identifiable, from the subtle vocals to the trademark bass-and-drums groove that permeates sexily through the floor and into the all-too-willing dancing shoes of misguided indie-rockers or anybody who stumbled upon this funk-wave dance party. However, *Myth Takes* is a departure from the restrained sound palette found on the first two albums, and !!! takes every opportunity to introduce new instruments and elements to the table. In actuality, the album sounds like it could be a DFA remix of a traditional !!! performance. This sort of transgression is often a bad idea, yet the execution on *Myth Takes* is flawless; the spontaneity of these adjustments is pulled off with a no-wave minimal flair, with a rhythm section set on fucking the soul back into the lifeless shell of dance music. —Ryan Powers

Aborted

Slaughtered & Apparatus: A Methodical Overture

Century Media

Street: 02.20

Aborted = Carcass + Mnemic + Kataklysm



There is much satisfaction in listening to some finely produced gore/grind metal brimming with technicality, brutality and sheer intensity. The Belgian band Aborted started out as a pretty run-of-the-mill gore band and has slowly worked their way up adding melody and groove with each record, sort of like Carcass did when they made *Heartwork*. Speaking of Carcass,

Jeff Walker makes an appearance on the new album. This is by far the best Aborted offering since their inception. The guitar and drum sound is pristine due to help from seasoned producer **Tue Madsen**. The major selling point of *Slaughtered & Apparatus* is its grooves that chisel themselves deep inside every metal-loving vein, blood vessel and artery in your body. If you haven't already found comfort with Aborted, now is the time, because for gore/grind, it doesn't get much better than this. —Bryer Wharton

The Assemble Head in Sunburst Sound

Ekranoplan

Tee Pee Records

Street 03.27

AHISS = Early Pink Floyd + MC5 + Crazy Horse + the best S.F.-based jam band you can think of



I'm a big fan of psychedelic music—from older bands like **Question Mark and the Mysterians** or **The 13th Floor Elevators** to more current acts like **Comets on Fire** or even SLC's own **Vile Blue Shades**. This is some of my favorite music, so I don't take psyche-revival lightly. Thankfully, neither does **The Assemble Head in Sunburst Sound**. Their debut album is a 40-minute onslaught of pure, dreamy, outsider jam. At times it is as subtle as raindrops falling on wet grass, but coupled with moments of sheer crusty noise. Imagine the MC5 with more of a blues influence, or a *Saucerful of Secrets*-era Pink Floyd with bigger teeth (or with a slightly more mentally unstable Syd Barrett). I especially liked the tracks when the three-piece AHISS is joined by someone playing either a theremin or an organ. On very special songs, like the album's namesake, "Ekranoplan," we are treated to appearances by both instruments. All in all, this is a very good psyche album, true to the psychedelic roots of both San Francisco and Austin. The Assemble Head in Sunburst Sound gleefully walks up to the floodgate that holds back modern psychedelia and triumphantly kicks it in. —James Bennett

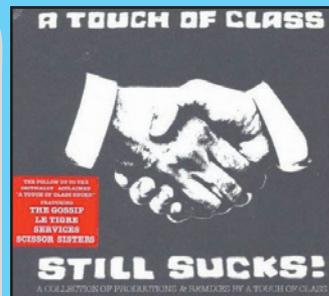
A Touch of Class

A Touch of Class Still Sucks

HBD Label Group

Street: 02.27

ATOC = DFA Records + fruity loops



There is something particularly unassuming about these remixes by ATOC. It possibly could be related to the title of the album, but it probably has more to do with the very simplistic production style of these trance veterans. There is a little bit of **Chemical Brothers** flare mixed in, but ATOC is cautious to not be too outrageous or strange. The result is a very unsurprising record, but enjoyable nonetheless. Some bands they have chosen to remix are a bit overdone, like the **Scissor Sisters'** song "Filthy Gorgeous" or "After Dark" by **Le Tigre**, but both remixes have good energy without being overly annoying. The black sheep of this disc would have to be "Don't Say You Love Me" by **Erasure**. Rather than just being a remix, the song is completely redone, with a couple samples of Andy Bell's voice added at the end. That particular track is far from being danceable, but is the only track with any kind of depth. This album plays well for an afternoon walk, but other than that, has no redeeming value. —Andrew Glassett

Battlelore

Evernight

Napalm Records

Street: 03.13

Battlelore = Tristania + Sins of Thy Beloved + Trail of Tears



Battlelore is back at it, axes and swords in hand for their fourth album filled with *Lord of the Rings*-inspired lyrics. I'm actually disappointed that my promo copy of the album didn't come with any liner notes, which is one of the best parts of Battlelore, simply so I can get a look at what costumes the band has put together. Known for dressing up in chain mail or as elves, ents and orcs, Battlelore

may seem like a novelty act, but they take themselves quite seriously. Aside from the goofy antics, the band is actually well established in the metal scene and a pretty solid musical endeavor. That said, *Evernight* is not really any different from any of the bands' other records—full of angelic female vocals, gruff growled male vocals and keyboards accompanied by gothic metal guitar anthems. Actually, it seems slightly less polished than their last record, *The Third Age of the Sun*, but it is a return to their heavier territory, as the last album treaded in a slightly more balladic sound. Yeah, it may be geeky to claim to like this fantasy metal, but set aside the aesthetic and let the music stand alone for what it is—good fantastic fun with decent songwriting. After all, if it wasn't cheesy, it wouldn't quite be metal, would it? —Bryer Wharton

Big D and the Kids Table

Strictly Rude

SideOneDummy Records

Street: 03.20

Big D and the Kids Table = Mighty Mighty Bosstones + The Toasters + The Specials



Just the sound of the word "ska" is enough to make most people cringe. It brings forth dark visions of goofy kids skankin' to the beat of the latest **Reel Big Fish** clones and the hyperactive horns and juvenile lyrics of said Reel Big Fish clones. Thankfully, there are bands like Big D doing all they can to preserve the little dignity that ska still has in the 21st century. On *Strictly Rude*, the boys from Boston pay respect to ska's Jamaican roots by injecting their bouncy and energetic brand of ska-punk with elements of dub and reggae. The result is a mostly mellow album that is as close to "mature" as ska-punk has ever been. The kids in the checkerboard pants and pork-pie hats will eat up energetic and horn-heavy tracks like "Noise Complaint," while the straight-up dub and reggae of "Strictly Rude" and "She Knows Her Way" may even appease hardcore fans of Jamaican music. Granted, not all of the songs are winners and the album is probably a few songs too long, but *Strictly Rude* is still a strong album that all kinds of ska fans should be proud to claim as their own. (*In The Venue*: 03.29) —Ricky Vigil

Blinded Black

Under the Sunrise
Side Cho Records
Street: 02.27

Blinded Black = Hawthorne Heights + The Ataris + Fall Out Boy + Thursday + My Chemical Romance + every other screamo band out right now

When is screamo ever going to get creative? Every band that is coming out in this genre is identical to the last band. Blinded Black is no exception to the copycat trend. The first track, aptly titled "Intro," begins with an epic symphonic piece that gives you the impression that something original and creative is about to be heard. All those expectations soon come crashing down by the beginning of the second track, "Death is Never Permanent"—this song, like the majority of the songs on the album, is your basic cookie-cutter brand of screamo, with melodramatic lead vocals and anguished screams fading in and out. The instrumentation is solid but very unoriginal, with the usual grinding hardcore guitar-shredding accompanied with the traditional power-ballad chorus. Finally, towards the end of the album, Blinded Black lets up on the monotony with the mellow swinging seventh track, "Time is All We Got." Yet the lyrics openly admit the state of screamo music today: "Just another fashion trend/The critics scream for what has been dying and previewed/The cast has been reviewed." —Jon Robertson

The Bluetones

The Bluetones
Cooking Vinyl
Street: 02.13

The Bluetones = The Polite Children of James + The Smiths + Stephen Duffy



The Bluetones might ring a bell or two; they've been around since the mid-90s and you've never heard them. They've been the critics' darlings, the personification of "indie rock" as they've bounce labels while dodging comparisons to The Smiths (passionate guitar rock; you're pigeonholed, mate) and whatever indie-pop sensation is in vogue. Like many UK acts, their commercial viability came early and subsequently diminished as Brit-pop faded in the late 90s. They weren't as cocky or tabloid-attractive as Suede vs. Blur and lacked the brashness of Oasis, the sex of Placebo and the underdogs emerging from a tragic mystery that were the Manic Street Preachers. Simply put, they were lost in a crowd and never really reemerged. While the band's previous album, *Luxembourg*, raised a few eyebrows with its more aggressive approach, this

self-titled release is more in-line with the jangle guitar sound that garnered their attention in the first place. Imagine a less dramatic version of *Gene* and a more restrained James without diminishing an ounce of quality. Nice, even if it is a bit safe. —ryan michael painter

Bonnie "Prince" Billy

Strange Form of Life EP

Drag City

Street: 03.20

Bonnie "Prince" Billy = David Pajo + Will Oldham + Smog + Edith Frost

Bonnie "Prince" Billy's newest offering is an EP that focuses on the song "Strange Form of Life" and includes a music video for the song as well. In this release, Will Oldham plays solo guitar and winds through four songs in less than 20 minutes. Apparently, Oldham can do no wrong; this release gurgles with a multifaceted energy that exemplifies the many-faceted nature of Oldham's prolific musical hat. "Strange Form of Life" was taken from *The Letting Go* album and it gently drifts down a stream of nostalgia and longing. "New Partner" is a sparse and lilting song that feels like you are sleeping in a lazy meadow on a bright, sunny day. The rest of the album moves from one song of lost desire to another and is the perfect length for a quiet Sunday drive. —Erik Lopez

Chimaira

Resurrection

Ferret Records

Street: 03.06

Chimaira = Fear Factory + Lamb of God



"Never back down, never back down, destroy everything:" damn, my grandma could come up with better metal lyrics than that. The bland suck-fest that is Chimaira is back again, unfortunately. The band seems to love to emulate bands they have toured with, in this case, Fear Factory and Lamb of God, although the band does add their own little flair with horrific and forced angry vocals only mothers could love. Did I mention the lyrics are really bad? I mean, come on: "We have become so goddamned powerful." Tough talk, man. How this band has become so popular I'll never figure out. Everything they have done just screams mediocrity or just plain uninspired. Ultimately and most regrettably, Chimaira will remain popular, if not get even bigger. Their fans won't stray from what they already strangely enjoy and I can't imagine how many youths who don't know better will go out and buy this crap. —Bryer Wharton

Clutch

From Beale Street to Oblivion

DRT Entertainment

Street: 03.20

Clutch = pure rock fury + added funk



Well, one of the hardest-working bands in rock history is at it again. Clutch has become one of those rock staples required in a balanced diet for all rockers. Since their first EP, the band has undergone many metamorphoses. From the sheer heaviness of the *Pitchfork* and *Impetus* EPs to the groove of *Transnational Speedway League* and the all-out funk attitude of *The Elephant Riders*, the band has defied every term of categorization. For a band that has been around so long and changed up styles so often, it makes one wonder how they have never alienated any of their fans. *From Beale Street to Oblivion* is no exception—the record holds sort of a live aesthetic, embodying that spirit of improvisation only found when bands enter the a concert hall. As with every Clutch record, the songs quickly find home in your head, making themselves right at home and prepared to never leave one's musical vocabulary. Add this record to the long laundry list of great albums this band has concocted since their inception. —Bryer Wharton

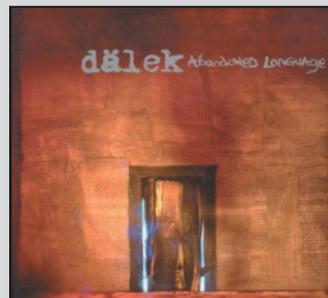
Dälek

Abandoned Language

Ipecac

Street: 02.27

Dälek = Public Enemy + Riley and Huey Freeman + The Jesus and Mary Chain



If you want to give me a chill, bump Dälek while you cruise down my block (The Game and all the other so-called gangstas and watered-down Master P s pose less of a fear than the inevitable, unwarranted chunk of hard stuff in my cereal box). As hard as Tyson and methodical as Hannibal Lecter, MC Dälek and producer Oktopus (minus turntablist Still, these days) is the duo Tipper Gore should have worried about, because if they had their way, they would bring down the whole GD system. On

this fourth full-length, they work their perpetual motion machine to perfection, Dälek snarling his bitter list of reparations and intellectual hopelessness while marching alongside gravelly textures and weathered beats. You've heard these sorts of statements about every Dälek joint, so what's good? This time, the production is stepped up, the vocals are clear and often manipulated, live strings (check out the *Black Angels*-esque intro on "Lynch") and brass abound and the orchestration is carefully restrained, all contributing to the group's most dynamic album to date. At once gorgeous and terrifying. —Dave Madden

Dash Rip Rock

Hee Haw Hell

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 02.20

Rip Dash Rock = Lynrd Skynrd + Hank III + Southern Culture on the Skids

This band would be so much better if they'd just drop the southern rock bullshit. These cow punk veterans have been around for awhile, but they always have had this Skynrd thing going on that just seems so lame. Their punkified version of "Man of Constant Sorrow" and the introduction track "Hee Haw Hell" are both hellbilly blazing songs. These boys are so good at the rootsy stuff, and their true cow punk selves come out. This record literally puts you on a trip through hell where you run into a certain southern band who went down in a plane crash, and Reverend Beelzebubba that preaches the evils of incest and homosexuality. With appearances by Mojo Nixon and Jello Biafra I had high hopes for this release but, Rip Dash Rock just refuse to be the hellbilly stomping cowpunk band that I want them to be. —James Orme

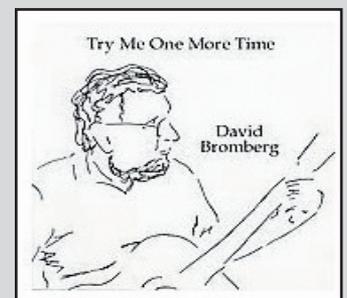
David Bromberg

Try Me One More Time

Applesseed Recordings

Street: 02.27

David Bromberg = Bob Dylan + the guy onstage playing guitar behind Bob Dylan

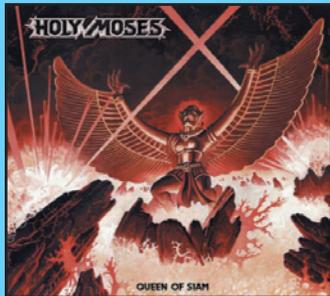


Try Me One More Time is the kind of album title that begs for hack-critics like me to make fun of. "Try you one more time, Bromberg? I don't know if I will!" Do you see how easy that was? David Bromberg is widely regarded as a guitar virtuoso; he's played with Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, Kris Kristofferson, and led the David Bromberg Big Band in the 70s. His first solo-release since 1990, *One More Time* isn't a showcase of his genius as a guitarist, it's a stripped-down acoustic album of folk and blues covers,

both traditional and contemporary. Although Bromberg plays effortlessly and sings earnestly, he doesn't give much gravity—nor does he bring anything new—to songs such as Dylan's "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry," which we've heard so many times before. —Jeff Guay

Holy Moses

Queen of Siam
Locomotive Records
Street: 01.16
Holy Moses = Kreator + Saxon + Death



The year is 1986, **Metallica** has released their landmark album *And Justice for All* across the Atlantic. However, a very little known band even to this day, released *Queen of Siam*. If you like your thrash metal raw and untamed then Holy Moses will strike your fancy. Getting the re-issue treatment with a few added demos (all still in their unpolished glory) *Queen of Siam* may not be trendy or approved by the general metal crowd but fans of the underground and old school thrash would do well to note that the singer for Holy Moses is a female and one of the very few at the time doing snarling growls so raw your ears will start to burn. This was my first encounter with the band and it surprised the hell out of me especially coming from the typically power and progressive metal record label Locomotive. Every once in a while you come across one of those unknown sleeper records and even though it may be many years dated it still reaffirms how you feel about music, knowing that the heart out wins the polished and high-tech crap that we are constantly bombarded with daily. —Bryer Wharton

The Ghouls

Stand Alone
SOS Records
Street: 03.06
The Ghouls = The Unseen + The Casualties + The Virus

Street punk can be incredible for two reasons; the kids in the bands are incredibly young and the live shows are a kick in the face of raw aggression—both literally and figuratively. Part of that amazing live performance is lost when a street punk band records their album. Street punk also loses its aggressive and pissed-as-fuck attitude as band members grow old, loose their hair and gain beer guts. When you're young, everything sucks. Being pissed at the world is the best solution to all of your problems, but as you reach things like the voting or the drinking age, being that pissed off all of the time is exhausting. Luckily,

the Ghouls don't fit into the decrepit street punk band category. And as far as street punk bands go, the Ghouls fit the mold. The songs are fast, the band is pissed—although its not exactly clear why and the lyrics to the songs are simple enough that anyone could chant along to them. If your pissed off at the world you'll love the Ghouls, but for me its way to exhausting to be that angry all of the time. —Jeanette Moses

Graboids

Infinite Delay
StickFigure Recordings
Street 02.27

Graboids = Sigur Ros + Mogwai + Godspeed You Black Emperor – orchestration, and light on originality



I've never liked using the term "ambient" to describe music. One reason why I like music is that it blocks out the bothersome ambient sounds that I constantly hear: traffic, the hum of the furnace, the guy upstairs still trying to play the intro to "Black Dog" after three years. Still, creating multi-layered music that starts with a simple drone and slowly builds to an arc of serene noise is a hell of a lot harder than it would seem. This release by Graboids is fairly good at doing it; layers of echo, reverb and distortion flesh out a melodic and sometimes sparse skeleton, and lead it face first into a veritable wall of spaced-out sound. The disk lacks much of the orchestral and vocal qualities of bands like **Sigur Ros** or **Godspeed You Black Emperor**, but what it lacks in violins and voice, it makes up for with more distortion and attitude than you would think possible for a band that can still maintain an ambient rock feel. That being said, much of the territory covered by Graboids seems already well-charted. Still, *Infinite Delay* is a surprisingly good and heavy record, full of both expected and completely unusual elements. It is maybe best summed up with one word: otherworldly. —James Bennet

Kieran Hebden and Steve Reid

Tongues
Domino
Street: 03.17
Kieran Hebden and Steve Reid = Fourtet + Art Ensemble of Chicago

Just to bring you up to speed, Kieran Hebden works under the prolific electronica moniker, **Four Tet**; Steve Reid is *the* Steve Reid, a drummer who has done everything from playing with **Sun Ra** to offering his chops for **Martha Reeves'** "Dancing in the Streets" – his first professional gig! Hebden and Reid's

vision for their collaboration is to replicate the aesthetic of '60s sax/drums duos (see **Coltrane/Rashied Ali's** *Interstellar Space*), but take the work to a previously unexplored point. While their former albums (*The Exchange Sessions*, Vols. 1 and 2) follow thorough progressions (read: developing the hell out of a piece) and utilize a more spacious playing field, *Tongues*, while still a "live, no overdubs" recording, is laden with more immediate music. Though Hebden still employs his clamorous electronic panoply, Reid focuses less on growth, more on pulse, both artists cutting tracks from sprawling epics to concise four-minute-average jams. The results resemble a jazzed up cerebral mix you might hear in a club, one you nod your head with but can't necessarily dance to (picture your girlfriend saying, "This is weird, can we go now?!") Fans who actually "get" Hebden and Reid's mission will appreciate this inevitable evolution. —Dave Madden

Larry Levan Story

Journey into Paradise
Rhino Records
Street: 03.13
Larry Levan = Legendary N.Y. DJ + Dance Revolution + Studio 54



"One of the truly legendary figures of contemporary dance music, the late, great Larry Levan revolutionized the DJ's art with his soulful and eclectic sets at New York's fabled **Paradise Garage Club**." This is the best example you will ever get when it comes to a private discothèque. When I say private, I mean a hype generating door scene full of gay clientele. *Journey into Paradise* makes the grown up 70s flower wild-child orgasm in nostalgia and the average R&B/**Motown** lover pick up the pace (in their dance shoes). The bread and butter of this album is kind of like up-tempo R&B that later came to be called Disco. From the sweetest pop to the darkest, druggiest dance rock; from good-time party funk to trancey electronic soundscapes; Larry makes the statement: "free your mind and your ass will follow the name of the night. This is the gayest album I have ever reviewed." —Lance Saunders

Mess Up the Mess

You Remind Me Of Summer Vacation
Paroxysm
Street: 03.27
Mess Up the Mess = NoMeansNo + The Epoxies

Mess Up the Mess play some amazing dance infused punk rock. The lyrics are catchy, hilarious and reek of girl power

that is balanced between the cheesy over-sexed **Spice Girl's** kind and the scary overbearing fem-nazi. *You Remind Me Of Summer Vacation* starts out with a bang that never ceases. "Crystal Pools" makes a social comment on racial segregation with out sounding stuffy, while "F-bomb" celebrates all the rights women have gained with the lyrics, "Do you want to have a baby/ No I know in fact you don't/ Well girl you don't have to and who's to thank for this?/ While your chillin' baby free you can thank the feminists." Simple drum beats, witty lyrics that poke fun at the ridiculous things that occur, smooth female vocals and earth shattering keyboards make this a release that won't leave your car's CD player or your head. —Jeanette Moses

The Missing Ensemble

Zeropolis
Low Impedance Recordings
Street: 02.28
The Missing Ensemble = Brian Eno + A Silver Mt. Zion + The desolate zoo in Osaka

The sounds in *Zeropolis* are organic enough to make one believe they are field recordings of the subtle mechanical machinations of a hyper-bleak, postmodern metropolis—a Gotham City of sorts; a place where dark and deranged echoes vibrate through alleyways and the subliminal, rejected residue and decay of capitalism is heard. If the object is the underpinnings of the subject, then *Zeropolis* speaks the same of the conurbation. While the concept is interesting, the resonant buzzing and blanketed, electronic ricochets are frankly too eerie and depressing, not unlike the dreadful winter maze scene in *The Shining*. —Senator Spencer

Nothington

All In
BYO Records
Street: 02.13
Nothington = Reducers SF + Social Distortion + Mighty Mighty Bostones – the horns



After **Tsunami Bomb** called it quits, two of its members, **Jay Northington** and **Gabe Lindmen** decided they had more left in them and began practicing and writing their own songs. The result of their collaboration came to be known as Nothington and the first full length, "All In," soon became reality. Northington and Lindmen combine basic elements of punk rock with hints of Southern rock and alt-country reminiscent of Northington's own Southern background. Each of the 11 tracks on the album have their own powerful sound that is forcefully bulldozed into your head by Northington's

throaty, gruff vocals and complimented by Chris Motalich's softer, more nasal and traditional punk rock voice. *All In* is a pretty average first album, but with some time and fine-tuning, I think the best is yet to come. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Panda Bear

Person Pitch

Paw Tracks

Street: 03.20

Panda Bear = Beach Boys + Adrian Sherwood + Polmo Polpo

These days, indie rock shelves swell and collapse under the weight of bedroom projects, a large portion of those being something from an attention starved bassist or drummer from xx band. Many of these sound like afterthoughts, something a songwriter has kicking around after the band wraps up an album. That is not the case here. **Noah Lennox's** Panda Bear work seems more of an extension of his activities with **Animal Collective**, not just absent noodlings to occupy his time. Track after track, Lennox melds terrifically catchy vocals with heavenly bizarre, ethereal abstract dub, at once delivering the greatest pop and post-post-rock (sic) record in ages. Affecting an accent and same range as **Brian Wilson**, Lennox douses his lush croon/harmonies in cathedral style reverb while working a kitchen-sink of marching rhythms and kamikaze dive-bombs ("Comfy in Nautica"), found percussion and island guitar strums ("Take Pills"), tabla loops and bit-shifted trumpets ("Good Girl") and pulse-driven piano lullabies ("Ponytail"). Stunning, bizarre, hooky, hokie and intoxicating, after a few listens you might consider taking up a petition to keep Lennox away from his day job. —Dave Madden

Paula Frazer and Tarnation

Now It's Time

Birdman

Street: 03.07

Paula Frazer and Tarnation = Nick Drake + The Mamas and the Papas



One of the 90s best—although often overlooked—alt-country acts, **Tarnation** has recorded their first record since 1997's *Mirador*. Led by **Paula Frazer**, who's angelic, southern-tinged voice could inspire in even the stiffest Yankees the desire for an afternoon of stick-whittling or a rocking chair-induced nap, the new album achieves the same ethereal quality of their previous releases. While not for the club scene—or any scene looking to stay awake—fans of introspective, tranquil folk might find in this album a new classic. —Jeff Guay

Pestilence

The Best Of: *Mind Reflections*

Roadrunner/Metal Mind

Street: 11.09

Pestilence = Death + Obituary + Dismember



Plagued by line-up changes throughout their now defunct career (including several vocalists and guitarists). Pestilence has no doubt had a career filled with turmoil. Roadrunner opted instead of re-issuing all of the bands records to just re-release a "best of" CD. Good for people new to the band, bad for collectors, with said albums remaining out-of-print. Pestilence utilizes a heavy Americanized old school death metal sound with a slight hint of Swedish death metal. (Although when it came to recruiting new vocalists had no issue at all most notably joining up with the jazz inspired death metal act **Cynic's** vocalist who later went on to sing for several records for the renowned yet similar **Atheist**). There is no question in noticing the evolution of the band throughout the best of CD's tracks with brutally heavy death metal utilizing a more growled vocal to a more intricate technical style, accompanied with awe inspiring lead work. Production values of the songs vary but with the re-mastering they still all sound top notch. Also added as a bonus to the record are the bands only recorded live works. Regardless of the turmoil, Pestilence lead a strong career and remains an influential force in the death metal realm. Listening to the material only makes one lust for some sort of return from the enormously heavy Pestilence. —Bryer Wharton

Smoke or Fire

This Sinking Ship

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 02.20

Smoke or Fire = Hot Water Music + Avail

Smoke or Fire has never been the kind of band that jumps out at you with ridiculously high energy, huge hooks and catchy choruses, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. Before I knew anything about Smoke or Fire, I saw them open for **Anti-Flag** last year, and even though I couldn't tell you a single song they played or anything about their stage behavior, I knew that this band had something: honesty. There's no tough-guy posturing, no propagation of cliché ideals and no generic sloganeering in Smoke or Fire's music. They don't need any of those things when they deliver some of the best southern-fried post-hardcore around. Fueled by pure emotion and influenced by the likes of Hot Water Music and **Leatherface**, *This Sinking Ship* presents a band that has

finally become comfortable with their own sound. Instead of writing generic rallying cries, Smoke or Fire have crafted real songs, whether they be of the Americana-tinged, **Replacements**-esque variety ("Little Bohemia") or the all-out rockers ("Shine"). If you prefer your music drowned in eyeliner and squeezed into girl-pants, look elsewhere. I'll be listening to some real music courtesy of Smoke or Fire. —Ricky Vigil

This Moment

Star Parallel

Uprising Records

Street: 03.06

This Moment = Curl Up & Die +

Skycamefalling + Poison the Well + yawn

News is defined as "something out of the ordinary." That's why the day to day is not reported on a daily basis. "Shoes: Latest Trend in Footwear" will never be headline news. Same goes for Southern California's This Moment—they are simply another metalcore band from an already overcrowded scene. It's middle of the road metalcore, with harder parts, melodic parts, and some guitar lines that seem to be ripped right from Skycamefalling's songbook. Certainly not news. The new album is competently played, but doesn't offer anything beside it's concept that is unique or terribly interesting. The concept of the album is about the loss of a lover and eternal life. That's right, St. Peter at the gates and being led through the streets by the Son of Man himself, eternal life. The obvious Christian redemption/salvation/eternal life bent of this album will probably be welcome for the Sunday crowd, but for the rest it's the last nail in an already boring wooden coffin. —Peter Fryer

Tim Fite

Over the Counter Culture

ANTI-

Online: 02.20

Tim Fite = Sole + The Streets



Are you a conspicuous consumer? Yes? Sorry, Tim Fite isn't for you. Tim Fite is for your sick, your poor, and your huddled masses. Tim Fite is for all, "my peoples with addictions." Tim Fite has been shot-nine-times (he wanted to be famous like *Fifty Cent*). Tim Fite might shoot himself a couple more times if it gets him real paid. Tim Fite is offering the entirety of *Over the Counter Culture*, his latest, on his web site www.timfite.com for fucking free. Maybe in an attempt to disseminate the idea that art isn't something our society should place an economic value upon. Or maybe it's just an attempt to put me out of a

job." You don't need me to tell you how good or bad *Over The Counter Culture* is, download it and find out. It won't take but two minutes of your precious time. And with Tim Fite's interesting flow and clever little dinner party quips at consumer culture *Over The Counter Culture* is forty minutes of some pretty original beats worth the two minutes of effort. Trust me? —Miles Ridling

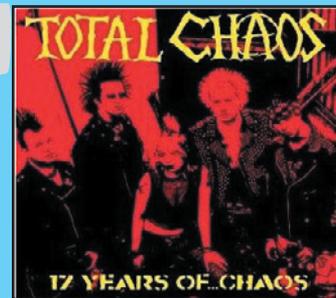
Total Chaos

17 Years of Chaos

SOS Records

Street: 03.06

Total Chaos = Cheap Sex + Resilience + The Virus + The Unseen



17 Years of Chaos is 27 tracks of flat out street punk that's made the way it's supposed to. The tracks on *Total Chaos'* best-of are some of my favorites and some of the new tunes thrown into the mix are pretty damn good too. Despite that the CD shows that Total Chaos uses the generic street punk formula (heavy song + a guitar solo + sing-song track) they still manage to keep every song different enough to keep my attention, which is more than I can say for similar bands like The Unseen. *17 Years of Chaos* also serves as a reminder that the group's older work is their best, as the tracks from their newest album, *Freedom Kills*, are some of the worst on the disc. For those just getting into street punk or Total Chaos, *17 Years of Chaos* is a nice place to start. —Josh McGillis

The Willowz

Chautauqua

Dim Mak Records

Street: 03.20

The Willowz = White Stripes + The Kinks + Black Keys

It's always weird to hear a band that would've been huge if they had only been around a few years ago. The Willowz are one such band. Delivering a bluesy brand of garage-rock highly reminiscent of The White Stripes, The Willowz combine the perfect amount of reckless apathy with impassioned sincerity that was all the rage a few years back. Vocalist **Richie James Follin** sounds like he was raised on equal parts **Stooges** and **Lynyrd Skynyrd**, and the rest of the band is equally capable of switching between the thick, sludgy riffs of garage-rock and the country-fried twanginess of southern rock and blues. The backing vocals of bassist **Jessica Reynoza** enhance the indifferent yet cool lead vocals, and the use of acoustic instruments and piano on songs like "Jubilee" and "Evil Song" help The Willowz break free of the sometimes-

suffocating trappings that plague other bands of their genre. *Chautauqua* provides the perfect soundtrack for driving down long and empty stretches of road in the middle of the night. The competent yet unpredictable musicianship combined with awesome vocals make this album a keeper, even if it was released a few years too late. *-Ricky Vigil*

:wumpscut:

Goth Census
Metropolis Records
Street: 03.06
Wumpscut = Razed in Black + Yendri

Rudy Ratzinger doesn't take himself too serious and his fans already know that from his branded energy drink and now with his lyrics on *Goth Census*. Like many :wumpscut: fans, I've learned to roll my eyes whenever I catch wind of his latest jokes. Unlike other fans, I've actually enjoyed recent works like *Evoke* and *Cannibal Anthem*. Preceding the full-length album, *Body Census*, we get a taste of what is to come including remix contest winner *Yendri's* two mixes of "You are a Goth." This is where the problem lies. Even though the song is remixed it goes into a darker area than Ratzinger has ever been before. I would guess that 90% of :wumpscut: fans consider themselves goth and aren't going to enjoy this I may be wrong. It could have the opposite effect in the same way they got a kick out of *Razed in Black's* floor-filler "Oh My Goth!" Unfortunately, this song is glaring among the five tracks. "We Believe, We Believe," is palatable but gets weighed down by the horrific "You are a Goth," and "My Dear Ghoul." *-oneamseyven*

LO CA LS

The Hotness

Fashion Over Comfort
Sound Vs. Silence
Street: __:07
The Hotness = La Severance + The Get Up Kids - guitar + high school band with 700 Myspace friends

I'm a sucker for a good dance song. I could care less what the artist is singing about, as long as they can keep my ass shakin' for about four minutes. That doesn't seem like it would be too hard, right? Well, some kids think if they marry a drum machine and a keyboard, they will instantly give birth to dance hits. These kids tried to do just that. They picked up the said instruments, learned a few basic beats, and ran with it.

Unfortunately, they ran too far ... all the way to the studio, in fact. **The Hotness** don't expand their beats or layer them (or really do anything other than speed up or slow down the tempo) but they do add some drawn-out major notes on the keyboard for an attempt at a glam or new wave feel. Since I can't dance to it, I'm stuck listening to their lyrics. With titles like "Gay Is The New Straight" and "We Don't Give an F About Revolution," I can barely hold myself back from slamming my head into the wall. *-Emily Allen*

The Numbs

Nfinity
Earthburn Records



Recorded by Andy Patterson, Numbs & Rick One
Street: 12.26.06
Numbs = Rotton Musicians+ Kerbloki + GunnarDagoRoosterAfakasiShanty

The Numbs have come a long way since their first release many years ago. With their trademark robotic sound style, this futuristic and hip hop album glorified with the street boom bap lyrics of the four locals known as The Numbs - unveils their continued growth and strikes a nerve in your music library. They have pure and utter control over their style on every song. Sometimes cold, ever so often mean, occasionally fuzzed, repeatedly rhythmic and smooth proving that this record stands out as one of the most progressive local hip hop albums in a while. There's a practiced, almost alert ease throughout the whole record. Depth without being deep, simplicity without being Simple and it's hard not to walk away from *Nfinity* without a sense of what they are trying to portray - years of dedication and a mutual love for the music they make. *Myspace.com/numbs* *-Lance Saunders*

Red Top Wolverine Show

Sloppy Jalopy
Rev 313
Street: 12.05
Red Top Wolverine Show = Rolling Stones + Dead Boys + Model T. Ford

These hell stomping garage blues boys and a girl attack with their music, but they keep it bluesy enough to make it refreshing. Most "Garage Blues Bands" have more garage than blues, but Red Top has really made it a fun blistering mixture. The level of craftsmanship on this record is nearly non-existent, and it takes a lot to sound this good and play that terribly. *Sloppy Jalopy* really stands out. There's a sincere quality to this blues based rock n'roll that lets you know that Red Top Wolverine does exactly what

they want with there music. This band and others like **The Legendary Porch Pounders** have really developed the blues scene in Salt Lake and I am excited to see where they go next. This record showcases RTWS enjoying the hell outta making great music. *-James Orme*

Zu with Xabier Iriondo/Iceburn 10"

9 Songs
Wallace Records
Street: 09.2006
Zu/Iceburn = Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music + John Zorn Painkiller + Belly Button

Iceburn's split 10" with Italian outfit Zu is reminiscent of Iceburn's early sound. Ironically enough, this is Iceburn's last will and testament (five years after the fact) as they hand off their hardcore/free-jazz musical ideas and compositions to the like-minded Zu. Zu's side consists of a wildly electric noise spasm of grinding exposed wire, electric guitar and a steady drum beat. Some screaming can be heard in the background. Their side progresses into a *Torture Garden*-esque dirge of sax, squeaks and again more noise that peters out into a *Hella*-like breakdown. Iceburn's side, with its amazing title track "Odin's Beard," starts off with a liturgical heavy doom-laden intro and gradients back and forth between sludge metal and freak out brassy jazz drum and sax. Overall, this limited edition, hand numbered 10" (featuring artwork from SLC's *Sri Whipple*), is an amazing finale to one of Salt Lake's most technically fantastic, original sounding bands. *-Erik Lopez*

DV DS

1966 World Tour

Joel Gilbert
Highway 61 Entertainment
Street: 06.06.2006

From the look of the cover you might think this movie is about **Bob Dylan's** 1966 world tour. You might think that you're going to see and hear some of the tour or even some of Bob Dylan. You might expect an interesting glimpse into the mind of young Bob on his first electric tour. You would be wrong in every case. This movie is the last card **Mickey Jones**, the drummer for Dylan on the 1966 tour, being flopped onto the table in a last ditch effort to make himself famous. This movie is really Jones' home films from the tour, but since he was playing during the actual shows him home movies consist primarily of him and the bass player wandering around whatever city they were in at the time. Since there's no sound on his movies who better to narrate than Jones himself who manages

to throw in as many stories about himself and actually relevant musicians as possible. This movie is Mickey sitting next to a TV narrating his own movies, basically the equivalent of watching a strangers' vacation slide show. There are a few previously unseen shots of musicians who at the time were also very young, like the **Beatles**, on stage and off. But without the sound and all taken from a handheld the shots are hardly worth the time it takes to get to them. I will say that a few Mickey's stories are entertaining and his story telling is well executed, however these few bright spots hardly make up for the general lack of content inside this movie which plays more like a "Look what I did!" than a serious analysis of a historical artifact. *-Jesse Kennedy*

All the King's Men

Steve Zaillian
Columbia Pictures
Street: 12.06.2006



Based on **Robert Warren's** book which is based upon the life of Louisiana politician **Huey Long** *All the King's Men* is a well executed but sometimes overdone vehicle for **Sean Penn** to flex his southern diction as **Willie Stark**. The film follows Stark from a disgruntled mayor of a small Louisiana town until his death about five years later. *All the King's Men* is told from the perspective **Jack Burden** (played by **Jude Law**), a newspaper reporter who is fired after being assigned to cover Penn's campaign leading to his Governorship. Law is then hired on as a consultant/writer for the politician a few months later after Stark has rumbled into the Governor's office. Law's ties to his childhood friend **Adam Stanton** (**Mark Ruffalo**) and his could-have-been love played by **Kate Winslet** as well as **Judge Irwin** (**Anthony Hopkins**) who raised Burden are all dredged out into the hot Louisiana sun as Burden digs for Hopkins' (who opposes Stark) dark secrets at Stark's request. Penn is hypnotizing, but sometimes over the top, as Stark, a man who can lull with his soft southern charm but whose outrageous body gestures and sharp tongue win over the huge poor population of 1920's Louisiana. The screen play is fantastic and the interactions between (Law) and Winslet in particular are superb. There really is no weak link in the cast although at times the dialect can overpower

the words. Some more heavy handed symbolism gets thrown in as Stark seems to be changing into what he once spoke so vehemently against. Women, booze and excess begin to erode Stark but when he takes an interest in Winslet at the same time he is asking Law to betray Judge Irwin Law is left with a difficult decision. I'm not going to give away the ending but when I found out how closely it mirrors the real life of Huey Long I was very disturbed by the final turn of events. —Jesse Kennedy

Attack Force

Michael Keusch
Sony Home Entertainment
Street: 12.06.06



I'm not sure where to begin describing a movie this crappy. I suppose we should begin with the title; Attack Force. I'm struggling to recall a more generic collision of two words used in countless action film titles. They might as well have called it 'Explosion Gun' or 'Punch Kill'. But the title is unfortunately only the beginning of this movie's problems. After 94 painful minutes (all for your, SLUG readers) I'm still not sure what this movie is really about. First there's an elite unit of commandos who, while getting a little R & R with their captain, **Steven Segal**, get slaughtered by a stripper who happens to be on some new super-drug that turns addicts into vampire-ish killing machines. But then ties to the drug's manufacturer and some kind of ultra classified government agency are uncovered so Segal goes AWOL with his short skirted biochemist/soldier girlfriend and roots out and exterminates the evil member of the secret government agency and then rejoins forces with the agency to wipe out the dark army of vampire crack heads. I guess I do know what it was about; I'm just trying to forget it. I think Segal (producer/writer/star) got a deal on latex throat wounds because almost everyone who dies in the movie dies from an identical throat wound. I seem to recall that Segal used to take pride in being some kind of Kung-Fu guy but all he really does in this movie is play some patty-cakes with Goth chicks, shoot a few people in the head and kick a few sad looking extras around the set. Mostly he's just looking really fat and greasy. The end of the movie morphs into more of a horror film than an action movie as Segal and company track

down the last of the bad-guys in a dark castle basement made of mostly brick walls that seem to fall down every time someone gets drop kicked through them. I wish I could say the cleavage shots or the comical ridiculousness of this movie make it worth while, but that would be a lie. —Jesse Kennedy

Bullet for My Valentine

Live at the Brixton Academy
Trustkill
Street: 12.19.06



With only an EP and a full length CD out I was surprised to see a DVD release from Bullet for My Valentine. Never the less, the guys on the hinge of major success have followed in the footsteps of many and choose to showcase their goods early on. The show is obviously shorter than most bands with a few albums under their belt. The DVD contains all the extras a fan would need. These guys have not only created a following in their home country Britain but all over. Admittedly BFMV is a guilty pleasure for me a style I usually don't enjoy but the band throws in enough lead work and melody to dismiss the emo sounds and lyrical content. I should smack myself just for liking something that teenage girls probably drool all over. Personally I think the DVD release is a little early on for the guys though it is a way for them to appease their fans until the next record which if your listening should be sooner than later because the band definitely has a huge amount of momentum building. And having your entire US tour get canceled doesn't help. —Bryer Wharton

Catamenia

Bringing the Cold to Poland
Metal Mind
Street: 01.16

Why this band has a live concert DVD is beyond me everything they do is pretty substandard and boring. Obviously filmed in Poland the band tries hard to even muster up a response from the crowd. The production is off the keyboards come off way to high in the mix overbearing everything most importantly the guitars. Add a couple of lack luster cover songs from **Satyricon** and **W.A.S.P.** and things get even worse. Though not for a lack of trying the DVD also contains some studio documentaries, a promo video, footage

shot entirely in the studio a bunch of bonus audio clips and a plethora of bonus stuff for your PC. They get an A for effort but a D for everything else I want my few hours back for watching this boring effort there is absolutely nothing worthwhile on this DVD. —Bryer Wharton

Guns N' Roses

DVD Collector's Box
Chrome Dreams
Street 01.30

This box set consists of two separate British-made documentaries—*Axl Rose-The Prettiest Star*, and *Guns N Roses-Sex N' Drugs N' Rock N' Roll*. Both films are completely unauthorized, and neither of them feature any GNR music or recent band interviews. The box set is essentially two hours of still photographs mixed with clips from one early interview, and set to a generic LA metal music score. The extensive interviews promised on the slipcase are not with the band members themselves, but are chats with people close to the band (like a former photographer, the guy that did Axl's tattoos and several scenesters and music industry workers from the mid-Eighties). Missing is any real Guns N Roses content. No behind the scenes revelations, no concert footage, and none of the classic music videos that hearken back to a time when MTV actually played music. Other than a short synopsis of the Los Angeles rock scene circa 1984, there is nothing on either of these DVDs worth seeing. Guns N Roses fans, put your wallets away, and stop waiting for the long-fabled new album *Chinese Democracy* to come out. Just like a real Chinese democracy, it's never going to happen. —James Bennett

The Harry Smith Project Live

Shout Factory
Street: 11.07.06

This is one of the most incredible intersections of classic American folk music, passionate, flavorful musicianship and a who's-who lineup of underground cult heroes ever. The songs featured are selections from the Grammy-award-winning *Anthology of American Folk Music* (1952), assembled by Harry Smith, groundbreaking filmmaker and collector. The anthology was culled from his vast collection of 78-rpm discs issued between 1927-1935, and played a major part in the folk revival of the 60s. Bob Dylan and Joan Baez were among those influenced, and went on to influence an entire generation. (The Smithsonian recently reissued the anthology in a six-CD set.) I tended towards the more melancholy ballads on the DVD: Elvis Costello's "The Butcher's Boy" is my favorite track; his passionate guitar strumming and intimate singing style were spellbinding. Robin Holcomb & Todd Rundgren's minimal, practically acappella take on the "The House Carpenter" was pretty much utterly supernatural, and Richard Thompson and Eliza Carthy's "The Coo Coo Bird" was playfully intense. Other artists appearing in this series of concerts in London, New York and L.A. are: Beck, Nick Cave, David Johansen, Lou Reed,

Beth Orton, Sonic Youth, Bob Neuwirth and Percy Heath. The studio musicians providing back-up *everything*, from violin to timpanis to banjos to bari-saxes, were seasoned, sophisticated and sincere. The visuals of the DVD are stunning, with plenty of angles and engaging montage. The entire march of performances was conducted with a tender warmth, a respectful hush, almost a reverence, as if the artists were re-enacting their creed's original bible. In a sense, they were. —Rebecca Vernon

Meat Beat Manifesto: Travelogue Live '05

Producer Jack Dangers/Editor Ben Stokes
MVD Visual
Street: 11.21.06

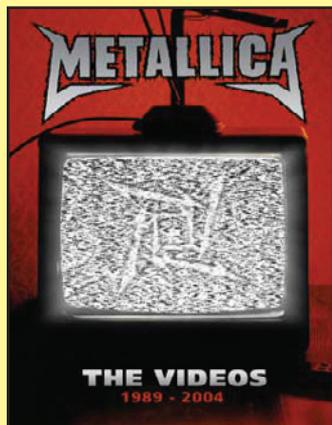


Big-beat pioneers Meat Beat Manifesto and their eminent racks of electronics were in town last year. Did you sleep on it? Unfortunately, there is no way to properly replicate the once-in-a-blue-moon multimedia experience of the current MBM quartet (featuring spectacular live digital drummer **Lynn Farmer**) performing a heap of greatest hits alongside interactive video. But that didn't stop MBM/Tino Corp. member and videographer extraordinaire **Ben Stokes** from doing his damndest to put you in the middle of this hybrid of tour footage, sound-checks and anecdotal documentaries, all fused together with opulent 5.1 sound mixed by MBM overlord **Jack Dangers**. Stokes does an amazing job at making even equipment assembly seem interesting, "scratching" both video and audio, visually narrating the band's energy and otherwise editing together montages via neat optical tricks and multiple angles. For example, we see shaky cameras and water bottles under the influence of MBM's intense low-end frequencies; Dangers, just before taking the stage, introduces the film with a "Hello Cleveland!" which Stokes promptly rewinds to show how the hell they put the live show together; "The Light Incident" is a slow motion, zoomed-in-for-maximum-oh-no! account of a house light crashing onto Dangers' laptop in Tuscon. However, the virtuosity of the edit doesn't overshadow the point of *Travelogue Live '05*: a fantastically talented and innovative group that puts on a stunning show. For the actual performances, Stokes is careful to

show the right things at the right time, avoiding amateur, inexperienced errors of "guitarist is soloing, let's show the singer instead" that you see in so many concert videos (cough cough Glastonbury 2003). Big league sound, professional footage, behind the scenes with your favorite band – this is the next best thing to being there.
– Dave Madden

Metallica

The Videos: 1989-2004
Warner Brothers
Street: 12.05.06



Metallica fans of old know that this DVD will not fit their liking. Considering Metallica didn't come out with a music video until the *And Justice For All* album, their fourth record. That said video for the song, "One," though has stood the test of time as one of the best metal videos period. Move on you have a plethora of okay music videos from the black album half of which are just live montages. Then you move in the direction of a crapload of videos from the *Load* and *Reload* albums, which can be somewhat entertaining, but the songs sure do suck. Then you have some videos from the re-vamped *Garage Inc.*, which were obviously cover tunes. As well as the video from the album the band did with the symphony for one of the songs exclusive to that double live record, "No Leaf Clover." Then there is the one that started the whole alienation of the fans the song the band did for the soundtrack to *Mission Impossible II*, "I Disappear," it was said song that unleashed the Napster lawsuit and disenchanting millions of fans. If you'd like to witness the journey of a band changed through their music videos then check out the DVD. There is no question that this will be another must own for the die-hard Metallica fans. Just know that for the first time this is where you can legally own every current Metallica video.
– Bryer Wharton

The Queers

The Queers are Here
MVD
Street: 02.20

For hardcore Queers fan, *The Queers are Here* is the coolest thing since *Love Songs for the Retarded*. Frontman Joe Queer and an endlessly revolving

lineup of others have been making simple *Ramones*-esque pop-punk for over twenty years now, and *The Queers are Here* serves as a celebration of the band's music and a chronicle of their existence. Consisting of a bunch of concert footage, interviews with Joe and even a music video (remember those?) for "Don't Back Down" *The Queers are Here* delivers a ridiculous amount of pop-punk goodness in only a little more than an hour. Some of the video and audio quality isn't that great, and footage of the band clearly playing different songs than what's coming out of the speakers is annoying, but seeing Joe talk about punk rock and perform classics like "Ursula Finally Has Tits" serves as fair compensation. Former frontman *Wimpy* even takes the stage for a few songs, showcasing the days when *The Queers* had a harder sound. High-art it ain't, but *The Queers* were never about more than having fun, and *The Queers are Here* certainly attests to that. –Ricky Vigil

Sinister

Prophecies Denied
Metal Mind
Street: 01.16

Like most Metal Mind productions this live concert was filmed in Poland which by reputation tends to have the least excited crowds. For *Prophecies Denied* that exception holds mostly true aside from a small mosh pit and some headbanging in the first few rows of the crowd. That said the production of the concert footage is above par, the sound is crystal, thick and chunky. The camera angles are few and far between and the band basically just goes through the death metal posturing poses nothing out of the ordinary. Everything Sinister has really done throughout their career has been pretty much mediocre. Their music is filled with standard blast beats guttural vocals. The strange thing is the leadwork is minimal and when it does manifest it is pretty simple an uninspired. Only hardcore Sinister fans will enjoy this live concert DVD, with a few extras including a bunch of computer goodies and some bootleg footage. The thing is though, I don't know that many hardcore Sinister fans, go figure. – Bryer Wharton

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BOOKS TALK

Code Version 2.0

Lawrence Lessig

Basic Books [Street: 12.12.06]

The Internet is huge now; millions of people go online everyday, interact and download myriads of files from games, to word files to music. But what governs this "virtual world" and should it be governed at all? Lawrence Lessig tackles what regulates the Internet, how it is regulated now and where regulation of the 'net should go from here. With erudition, wit, in- and foresight, Lessig goes over such problems as copyright, privacy and free speech on the Internet to name a few. Lessig feels that the Internet is run by two things, code and commerce, and that the intersection of these two things creates an architecture which can either hinder or help the inherent freedoms that need to be established in these virtual spaces. Using four principal modalities – the market, law, social norms and code – Lessig feels that we can build an architecture of the Internet that is both free and regulated. This book is highly recommend for those interested in the struggle between free culture, constitutional rights and, of course, the Internet. In other words, an "A+++ ASSET TO EBAY" rating for Lessig and his wonderful work. –Erik Lopez

Cult Rock Posters

Roger Crimlis and Alwyn W. Turner
Billboard Books [Street: 10.06.06]

Self-appointed Knight of Glam, Bryan Ferry, once said, "Something not only has to sound good, but also has to feel good and look good." This is indeed true of most musical fads, but particularly anyone involved in the glam, punk and new-wave movements. This book is a collection of posters, album art and hand-printed fliers that celebrates the decade between 1972 to 1982, a time when the clothes often overshadowed musical talent and defined sonic preferences. Not simply eye candy, the authors spend considerable effort on the philosophy of music-making during this time, relating economical and cultural influence to the evolution of "the look" of bands in the genres as well as to the artists who designed the posters. Pioneers, trendsetters and lesser known acts (i.e. **The Adverts**, **The Only Ones**) as well as their successive benefactors are interestingly compared and contrasted. American versus UK punk and the media's

thoughts on the players in the game are discussed at great length. Chapter four focuses on "Identity," quoting several artists who perpetrate the idea that early punk was really about being a rock star, not a political herald (paraphrasing **Adam Ant**: "The wardrobe may have changed, but the desire to dress-up was every bit as pronounced/the first wave of British punks was just as dedicated to the notion of stardom as (**Marc Bolan** had ever been"). However, the book is also serious eye-candy, offering all the famous **Iggy Pop** and **Bowie** ch-changes, classic DIY handbills from early **PIL**, **The Damned** and **Siouxsie and the Banshees** (et cetera!!) gigs and staged walls of what appears to be the bedroom of a teenage fan who, in each successive chapter, tears down and tacks up new artist memorabilia as his tastes evolve. As learned as it is beautiful, this tome is a solid document of the era –*Dave Madden*

DADA

Rudolf Kuenzli
Phaidon Press [Street: 10.16.2006]

Rudolf Kuenzli, a leading scholar of dada, joins forces with Phaidon Press, printer of fantastic art books, to make a survey on dada. While dada is one of the best known art movements of the 20th century, Kuenzli provides a great overview of the movement through his introductory essay which places dada in a social and political context, big photo reproductions of works and accompanying descriptions, as well as textual excerpts, placed at the end of the books, providing more context for the movement as a whole. *Dada* is a great introductory book for those who know about dada but don't know what it is. Phaidon and Kuenzli offer a rich foundation with which to dive deeper into a study of not only dada practices and art but also to European art movements of the 20th century. Big illustrations, rich explanatory notes and references make this another must-have from Phaidon press. –Erik Lopez

Don't Quit Your Day Job! Adventures for the Working Stiff

Jay Toberman
IUniverse [Street: 01.01]

Ever since Toberman went on a floozy trip through the stretches of Canada,

he has been seeking "adventure" and, unfortunately, writing about it. Recollections of his sparse international trips are bleak journal-styled accounts that go into as much detail and insight as, "The seventh day was another travel day. Nothing terribly exciting. Just desert scenery." Toberman is an automaton that simply seeks adventure for adventure's sake. He's the type of tourist who screams "Machu Picchu!" because travel brochures have it written so—with bold, exotic font that speaks of dreams to come true. While Toberman's anecdotes are vapid and tiring to read, he does write honestly. This allows for a translucent study into the mind of the American tourist; providing a whole new reading experience as outlined by confessions such as this: "...the only difference I notice on my travels is the different language on the Coca-Cola bottles." Insightful indeed. –*Spencer Young*

Empire of Dirt: The Aesthetics and Rituals of British Indie Music

Wendy Fonarow
Wesleyan University Press [Street: 07.22]

Dr. Fonarow exemplifies everything it means to be an academic in the modern world: overthought-out arguments, a compulsive desire to explain everything and the technicality of book learning to back it up. But instead of giving a dry and overly wrought book of scholarly learning, she delves deeply and personally into what she loves most: music, to get inside what it means to be "indie rock." Instead of explicating process and predicament in the current trend of indie rock, Fonarow moves to talk about the religious ethic in indie rock and how indie rock can be viewed as a "cult" (for lack of any better terms). While it might seem like a stuffy, uninteresting and "too much," instead Fonarow's book does a great job of breaking down the indie paradigm through precise interviews, passion and great attention detail. A must for those interested in a deconstruction of the music they listen to. –Erik Lopez

Josef Albers: To Open Eyes – The Bauhaus, Black Mountain and Yale

Frederick A. Horowitz and Brenda Danilowitz
Phaidon Press [Street: 11.02]

Wow ... to say the least. Phaidon Press has done it again in producing a book that not only is stunningly graphic and visual but has the academic content to back up such a pretty face. In "To Open Eyes," Horowitz and Danilowitz have done an incredibly meticulous job of tracing Albers life and habits to his teaching and ideas. They first set up a history of Albers life, pepper it with interviews of former students and then finally set it all out on a platter of teaching methods within a scrumptious nod towards presentation and style. "To Open Eyes" is the first book to cover Albers pedagogy; for those who know Albers as an artist par excellence, this book covers his fastidious look at materials and talks about how his pedagogy influences his artistic practice. –*Erik Lopez*

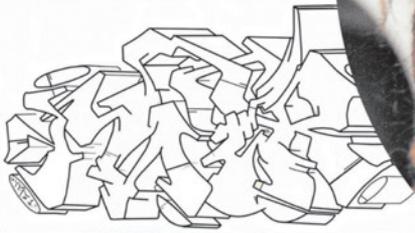
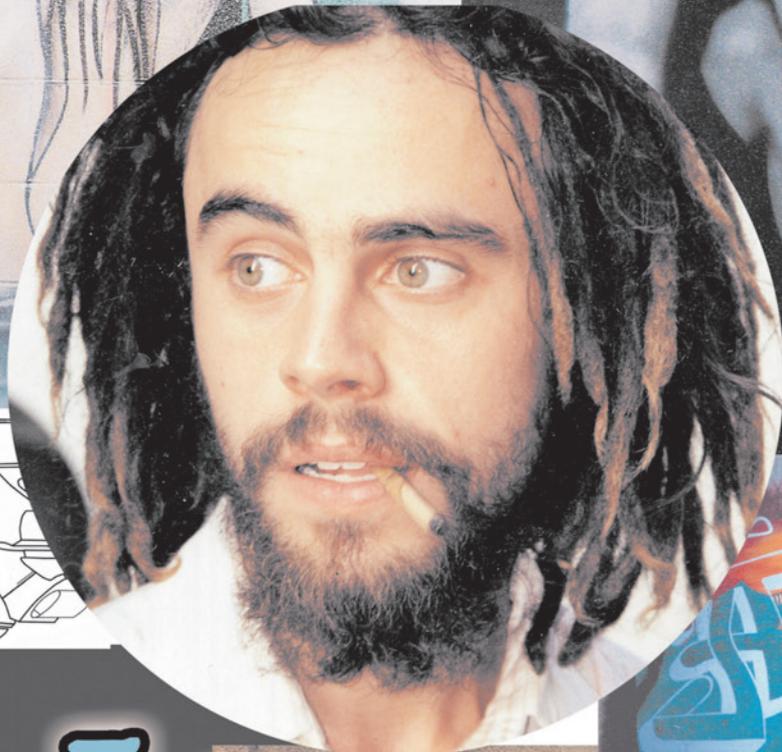
Love All the People: Letters, Lyrics, Routines

Bill Hicks
Soft Skull Press [Street: 2004]

For the uninitiated, the book will likely read as a strange, awakening and perversely offensive post-humous chronology of a warped, angry little man, though god-damn funny. To those already primed in the legacy left by Hicks, this book might very well be regarded, along with the classic transcendentalists, as *The Portable Hicks*. The book is a collection of live stand-up transcripts, letters to friends and family, and observations made of Hick's final months of life both on and off stage. Because much of the book wasn't authored, but transcribed from stand-up comedy performances during his panacea-driven career as a stand-up comic, any reader who hasn't seen any of Hick's phenomenal on-point stand-up commentary is going to be vaporized by Hick's candor (but will certainly miss out on the humor value of the theatric effects which accompany Hick's fantastic and vastly under-circulated stand-up performance). I recommend seeing the DVD *Relentless* before a book purchase for the full effect. However, Hicks is so genius and hilarious, whether in print or on stage, you will shit yourself; it's just a fact of certainty. Citing Tom Waits; "Bill Hicks: blowtorch, excavator, truth-sayer, and brain specialist, like a reverend waiving a gun around. He will correct your vision. Others will drive on the road he built." –*J. Richmond*

JASON WAYNE MARVIN

8/20/1976 - 1/16/2007



**FLAWLESS
UNDER
EVERY
RESPONSE**

VIDEO GAMES!

by Jesse Kennedy

Killzone: Liberation

Guerrilla/SCEA

PSP

11-06

Action/3rd person



It's hard to say what exactly it is that makes Killzone so much fun to play. The graphics are just above average, the game play can be frustrating and the camera angles actually make some parts of the game much harder than they should be. But nevertheless Killzone is an addiction that has cost me many hours of much needed sleep over the last few weeks.

The game is entirely in the 3rd person with the camera quite high above your character, similar to what you see in many RPG games. The point of view never rotates with your character and in fact the only time it shifts is to show points of interest or enemies that are nearby. What makes the game play so challenging comes down primarily to aiming. There is an auto-aim feature and you can lock onto someone you're already looking at, but as for trying to pick enemies off from a distance—you'll have better luck trying to keep your feet dry in the Burt's Tiki urinal. In fact the damage dealt by you is exactly what the enemies inflict upon you, making parts of Killzone very challenging.

There is a strange perfection in this game as you fight through the engaging maps and fearless enemies. The graphics aren't anything spectacular, but they fit this game perfectly. Bullets fly and ricochet, explosions send bodies and debris flying and those damn little grenade robots really know how to piss a person off. I'm not going to lie, at times I have cursed aloud and had to put the game away for a 'time out' to avoid throwing my PSP like one of those stupid rockets the enemies can peg you with from about a mile away. A friend whom played this game summed it up with "It took me five damn hours to beat the third boss, I love this game."

4.5 out of 5 rabid robot dogs

Lost Planet

Capcom

Xbox 360

01-07

3rd Person Action



The console wars are raging which means good news for us gamers. Lost Planet is the latest from Capcom, one of the premier game developers on the planet. Not only does Capcom deliver with Lost Planet but they have also elevated the action shooter to another level. Enemies are bigger, smarter and better looking than ever. Game play is almost perfect with easy camera angles and great weapons from beginning to end. The story is not too bad but to be honest I don't pay that much attention to the stories in most games, it's as if they were written for teenagers or something.

The enemies have hit a little growth spurt—about 50 stories high, move quickly and take no prisoners. The first time I saw one of these giants I almost dropped my controller and ran away, they are that scary. Luckily Lost Planet gives us the option of jumping into what they call a V.S., picture the forklift that Sigourney piloted in *Aliens* but with interchangeable weapons and rockets to help it move much more quickly. When you're not fighting the native monsters on the Lost Planet you're pitted against an entire legion of vigilante snow pirates (yarrg, its cold) or the better equipped army of some evil government agency that is hell bent on blowing you to pieces. Good times ensue.

If you enjoy the kind of action where it's easier to count the moments when things aren't exploding and not paying attention for more than a few moments will land you in a shallow ice grave then pick up Lost Planet as soon as possible. Although not the most difficult game this one really pegs the fun meter. I have yet to get online with Lost Planet but everything I've heard seems to indicate that it's at least as fun as the single player campaign which is completely fantastic.

4.5 out of 5 flying electric jellyfish

Marvel Comic Book Creator

Planetwide Games

PC

11-2006

Layout Editor



I can't tell you how many times I have cursed my un-artistic hands and their complete lack of cool comic-book creating abilities. Let's face it, my life is in need of some spicing up and what better way to embellish it than to cast myself at the heart of an action packed comic book. Previous attempts have resulted in what would appear to the average reader as either the unsteady handiwork of a drunken five year old or possibly something used to scare animals away from crops. Luckily for me someone has created a tool for the chronically ungifted artists to allow us to pretend that we can draw more than just stick figures.

Marvel's Comic Book Creator let's you chose from hundreds of page layouts upon which you drag and drop from an array of backgrounds, characters, dialog boxes, text and animations. Every image can be scaled and customized once on the page. There doesn't seem to be an abundance of backgrounds or text fonts so don't plan on spending days and days with this thing because you'll run out of content very quickly. Upon installing the Comic Book Creator I entered my Activation code not once or twice but three different times. There also seems to be a problem with the updates in that it thinks it needs one every time I start it and then the program just disappears. Maybe that is Comic Book Creator's super-power.

If you love comic books you may want to pick this up, it might be worth while to create just a few custom images for your personal library. However, with the problems I'm having with the updates and the seemingly too few provided illustrations my Spidey-sense is a little shy of tingly. If you have the ability to create your own art-work on the computer and are looking for a lay-out editor in the comic book style then this is probably your best choice —Jesse Kennedy

2.5 out of 5 funny names for sounds

The Dark Side of Martial Arts



By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

So let me start off by saying that I know nothing about martial arts, nor the people who can beat me up using them. By dark side, I'm talking about the time that I was forced to learn Tae Kwon Do against my will in junior high. I've heard and seen in movies how serious ninjas can be, so I mean no disrespect to such warriors.

However, I do have a friend who currently lives in San Francisco now that went to high school with a kid who started a ninja web site, www.realultimatepower.net. The web site was intended to be a big joke, portraying how cool it would be to be a ninja through the eyes of an eight-year-old, even though the webmaster was 18 at the time; It's kind of like when an adult writes a children's book.

So this web site would have funny blogs on it about how radical it is to kick a bunch of peoples asses with different ninja weapons, and how much fun it is to be a ninja.

And through the web sites success, my friend's friend wrote a ninja book that sold pretty well. All was seemingly good, but apparently this website intended, for entertainment purposes, offended real life ninjas. The webmaster would get loads of e-mails a day, some from kids whom aspired to be ninjas themselves, but mostly from disgruntled real life ninjas, saying shit like, "You clearly have no idea what it's like to be a ninja! How dare you mock us!" and vowing to destroy the webmaster and so on (as far as I know the webmaster was never attacked, which is probably a good thing because I don't think he knows one lick of Karate).

Everything I know about Karate I learned from **Mr. Miagi** and **Ralph Machio**, *Karate Kids I and II* (*Karate Kid III* can suck a dick) and what some Tae Kwon Do dickhead tried to teach us in my ninth grade PE class.

I hate PE. I still hate running laps; to me the best part about being a grown up is buying my own beer and not running laps.

Anyway, I hate it when people are really good at something and they think that gives them the right to think they are better than other people. I have a profound respect for humility. Somehow, my junior high school thought it would be a good idea to have some martial arts dickhead, who fits the above mentioned description, teach my ninth grade class the basics of Tae Kwon Do.

This guy would show up twice a week and make us stand in stupid poses and stuff like that. During one class I decided to talk back to him. I can't remember what I said (because there is no possible way I can remember every insult that I've ever given to a junior high teacher) but he made me hold this rectangular punching bag thing.

And then the fucker jump kicked the pad I was holding and sent me flying in front of the whole class. I felt no shame; he had a black belt for one thing (besides I'm sure I'm way cooler than he is).

His arrogance proved to be his down fall. During a pep rally, Mr. Tae Kwon Do was to perform a stunt to show off his skills and get the student body psyched. The intended stunt was to have him do a jump-kick over four students on their hands and knees, breaking a piece of wood held by another student at the end of the row of kids.

He got a running start and I'll never forget what happened next: running full speed, he tripped over **Emily Bradley**, who was the first person kneeling down, and tumbled over all the other kids. Needless to say, he didn't break the piece of wood, and Emily started crying; rightfully so—I might add—he socked her good! I don't know if she ever sued the school or not, but I would have.

I was bummed to see Emily hurt because she was always a cool chick, but I was definitely laughing on the inside. Watching Mr. Tae Kwon Do fuck up so bad after what he had done to me earlier that week was one of the best things to happen to me in junior high. I didn't learn shit about self-defense or bettering myself through Martial Arts from Mr. Tae Kwon Do. All I learned from him is that sometimes revenge is uncalculated, cold and sweeter than all the virgin pussy on this great earth.

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MARCH Da

Friday, March 2

Trentalange, Highbeams – *Urban*
Prize Country, Spur, Glacial – *Broken Record*
Dave Compton – *Tony's*
Eric Steffensen & The Precinct – *Alchemy*
Vuetone – *Rumours Coffee*
Clifton, One, Your Embrace, Piniata of Body Parts, Hatchet Face – *Country Club Theater*
Telephone Pole, Surrender the Pope, Side Saddle – *Circuit*
Frosty Darling's Grand Opening – *Next to Kayo*
Legendary Parch Pounders – *Pat's BBQ*
The Street, Anything That Moves, AK Charlie – *Liquid Joe's*
Nick James, Dave Tada – *Depot*
Boys Like Girls, Cartel, Cobra Starship, Quietdrive – *Avalon*
Blackhole, The Grimmyway, SKINT, Dreadful Children, Nothington – *Burt's*
N.I.C.E – *Starry Night*
Say Hi To Your Mom, The Andies, Larusso, The Hotness – *Kilby*
BadGrass, Opal Hill Drive, Random Dance, Schwagrotto – *Club Vegas*

Saturday, March 3

Defiance Ohio, Bombs and Beating Hearts, Trebuchet, Rion Buhler, Acro – *Boing!*
John Draper – *Alchemy*
Crystal Chris – *Bada Bean*
The Rubes – *90.9 FM*
The Destructionators, Deadnought, Bioteck NoIdeum, Brodets – *Circuit*
Silent Envy, To the Death, Slow Children at Play, Dear Stranger – *Starry Night*
Against All Authority, Rory, The Summer Obsession, Whole Wheat Bread – *Avalon*
House of Cards – *Pat's BBQ*
5th Annual Belly Dance Spring Fest – *Fairgrounds*
Darrin Thornley and the Burgs, Ulysses – *Urban*
Keith Varon, Antiques, Lisa Goe, Mesa Drive – *Kilby*
Stop Revolt, The Wolfs, Books About UFO's, Venus Euphoric – *Burt's*

Sunday, March 4

Badgrass, DJ Snience – *Monk's*
Silent Envy – *Alchemy*
Orangeburg Massacre – *Circuit*
The New Trust, So Many Dynamos, Abby Normal, The Eden Express – *Kilby*

Monday, March 5

Bitter Homes and Gardens – *Starry Night*
Coretta Scott, Glimpse, LYLT – *Kilby*
Todd Snider, Ghostowne – *Suede*
Goodbye Tomorrow, Peirce the Veil – *Country Club Theater*
Too Slim and the Taildraggers – *Pat's BBQ*
Chris Black, Black Market Babies Burlesque, Zentherstick – *Burt's*

Tuesday, March 6

Red Jumpsuit Apparatus, Emery, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Kaddisfly – *In the Venue*
Vainly Expressed, Abby Normal – *Starry Night*
My Chemical Romance, Rise Against – *E Center*
Hookerz, Venus Euphoric – *Liquid Joe's*
Briertone, Great Glass Elevator, Sparrow's Gate, Paxton, Peachcake – *Kilby*
Too Slim and the Taildraggers – *Wine Cellar*
Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Secret Chiefs 3 – *Urban*

Wednesday, March 7

EOTO – *Star Bar*
Audio C – *Alchemy*
The Loved Ones, Dead to Me, Calm Before the Crash – *Kilby*
Bon Savants, The Rinse – *Urban*
Scissors for Lefty, Erotic Erotica – *Circuit*
Buddha Pie, Badgrass, Send No Flowers – *Liquid Joe's*
Gito Gito Hustler, Subrosa, Thunderfist – *Burt's*

Thursday, March 8

Copywrite – *Monk's*
Gamma Rays – *Piper Down*
Snowden, Malajube, The Heaters – *Urban*
Hella, Dirty Projectors, Who's Your Favorite Son God – *Kilby*
Morgan Heritage, Mana Poly All Stars – *Suede*
Copywrite – *Monk's*
Within the Ruin, Still Borne – *Circuit*
Nothing But the Yaks, Ring of Scribes, Digital Lov – *Starry Night*
Too Slim and the Taildraggers – *Merle B's*

Friday, March 9

Mike D & Thee Loyal Bastards, Kleveland, The Utah County Swillers, Lesser Basin – *Burt's*
Localized: Loiter Cognition, Red Top Wolverine Show, The Alkaloids – *Urban*
Signal to Noise – *Brewskies*
Sean Jones – *Alchemy*
Spoonfull Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Sick Sence & Skinwalker, The Knottalls, Mindstate, Blue Collar Theory – *Bada Bean*
Steele Crosswhite, Medicine Circus, Monarch – *Liquid Joe's*
Mauricio Aviles – *Depot*
DJ Anthony Motto – *Rumours Coffee*
Jake Hage Band, The Electric Church, Blues 66 – *Circuit*
Eek a Mouse, The B Foundation – *Suede*
Taking Back Sunday, Underoath, Armor For Sleep – *Saltair*
Midlake, Minipop – *In the Venue*
Haunt the Seas, My Valkyrie, Dear Stranger, Account of Hours – *Kilby*
The Fifth Normal – *Starry Night*
Leslie and the Ly's – *Pickle Company*
The Adonis, Melon Robotics – *Monk's*
I Am Ghost, Escape the Fate, The Higher, Johnny Most – *Avalon*
Wolfs, Three Emergency, Big Timber – *Broken Record*
Rascal Flats, Jason Aldean – *Energy Solutions Arena*

Saturday, March 10

Dead City Lights, The Willkiss, Cross-Eyed Slut, Anything that Moves – *Burt's*
Vile Blue Shades – *90.9 FM*
Julian Moon – *Alchemy*
Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative Fundraiser – *Urban*
Young Dubliners – *Depot*
Saint City, Underestimated – *Bada Bean*
The Rest, Dreadnought, Circle Haven – *Circuit*
Motherless Cowboys – *Pat's BBQ*
Mean Mally's Trio – *Starry Night*
Che Arthur, Cub Country – *Kilby*
World Superpipe Championships – *PCMR*

Sunday, March 11

Benefit for Emma Watson: SLC Punk Screening – *Brewies*
World Superpipe Championships – *PCMR*
Laserfang, Pleasure Thieves – *Monk's*
Johanna Kunin, As Alix – *Kilby*

Monday, March 12

Camden, Vol Suetra – *Starry Night*
Submissions for Fear No Film Due – *Utah Arts Festival*
Kittie, 36 Crazyfists, Walls of Jericho, Dead to Fall, In This Moment, Clifton – *Country Club Theater*
Twilight Circus Dub Soundsystem – *Monk's*
The Kohl Heart, JSJ, Buck Dexter, Stephen Chai – *Kilby*

Tuesday, March 13

Tokenspiel, Almost Undone – *Liquid Joe's*
Mike Got Spiked – *Starry Night*
Plain White T's, Boys Night Out, Lovedrug, Mayday Parade – *In the Venue*
On the Last Day, Bella Kiss – *Country Club Theater*
Joe Chisholm Unit – *Monk's*
These Arms Are Snakes, In Camera School Yard Heros – *Kilby*

Wednesday, March 14

Despondent Bosco – *Starry Night*
Sam Bush – *Suede*
Dave Tate, Sara Baldwin – *Alchemy*
Camden, Everdae, Vol Suetra, Return to Sender – *Kilby*
Smoke of Fire – *Urban*
Scottish Riot, Schwaa Grotto, Stereotype – *Liquid Joe's*
Vermillion Lies, Slippery Kittens Burlesque – *Burt's*



Thursday, March 15

Petey Pablo – *Suede*
Warsaw Poland Bros. – *Piper Down*
Lexicon – *Monk's*
Tucker Rountree – *Alchemy*
Eagle Twin, Blackhole – *Urban*
The Blood Brothers, Celebration, Moonrats – *Avalon*

Friday, March 16

Twin Swords, Eden Express – *Starry Night*
CART! – *Bada Bean*
Vuetone – *Rumours Coffee*
Ard Ri na hEireann – *Piper Down*
Nick James, Jesse Walker – *Depot*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Twisted Irony, Chump Change, Vaddict, Against the Seasons – *Circuit*
Gallery Stroll – Pierpont
Kap Bros, Roby & Ritchie Duo – *Pat's BBQ*
Souls of Mischief, Bukue One – *Suede*

Family Calendar

Royal Bliss *Liquid Joe's*
The Body *Monk's*
Cross-Eyed Slut, Pagan Dead, Sons of Guns – *Urban*
Morlocks, Top Dead Celebrity – *Burt's*

Saturday, March 17
Ring of Scribes – *Starry Night*
Set Fire to the Gallows, Lost in the Fire, Under the Rising Tide, Splatter the CA – *Country Club Theater*
Cindy Akana – *Alchemy*
Fat Paw – *Pat's BBQ*

Lumberjack Jam – Brighton
Rusted Reel, The Heathan Highlanders, Kings Irish, Macabillys – *Piper Down*
From Autumn to Ashes, Maylene and the Sons of Disaster, The Sleeping, Alesana – *Avalon*
A Cassandra Utterance, Tate, The Lionell, Chaz Prymek – *Bada Bean*
Scott and the Beast, Sons of Troy, Adjacent to Nthing, I am the Ocean – *Circuit*
Jason Anderson, Golden Boots, Fiance, Totally Michael, Kid Theodore – *Kilby*
Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
Mapa/Corpo: Oppositional Rites for a Borderless Society – *Pickle Company*
The Wooden Match Band, Swillwood County Jail, Katie Dawybchak – *Burt's*

Sunday, March 18
An Afternoon of Video Graffiti and Spoken Word Roulette – *SLC Film Center*
Sleeping At the Aviary – *Starry Night*
Lair of Minotaur, Accident – *Urban*
Locked and Loaded, Sleeping in the Aviary – *Monk's*
Priestbird, The Sword, Year Long Disaster – *Burt's*

Monday, March 19
Badly Drawn Boy – *Urban*
Jeffrey Lewis – *Kilby*
Since the Flood, Ramallah – *Vortex*
Conceptual Lab of Hybrid Art and Critical Culture – *Pickle Company*
Film Screening: Their Eyes Were Watching God – *SLC Library*

Tuesday, March 20
801 Family, Spitsofrantic, Mac Dezzo, DJ Apose, Mak Demon, The Opposites – *Liquid Joe's*
Anberlin, Bayside, Meg & Dia – *Avalon*
Sneaky Thieves – *Starry Night*
The City Streets, DJ Snience – *Monk's*
Dead Meadow, Spin Drift, The Furs – *Kilby*
Viva Voce, The Village Green, Kid Theodore – *Urban*
Conceptual Lab of Hybrid Art and Critical Culture – *Pickle Company*
Nodes of Ranvier, Means – *Country Club Theater*

Wednesday, March 21
TV On the Radio – *Urban*
The One Am Radio – *Slowtrain*
Micky Avalon, RX Bandits, P.O.S, K-OS – *Avalon*
Funk, Gonzo – *Liquid Joe's*
Neon Tree, Tragedy Andy, The New Nervous, District of Evolution – *Circuit*
An Angle, Another Statistic, The Ben Johnson Accumulation – *Kilby*
Conceptual Lab of Hybrid Art and Critical Culture – *Pickle Company*
The White Barons, I Walk The Line, Thunderboys, Anything that Moves, Radiata – *Burt's*

Thursday, March 22
Iceage, Cobra – *Starry Night*
Jerry Joseph & Friends – *Suede*
Kev Brown – *Monk's*
SLAJO – *Urban*
Music from the Cave – *Alchemy*
Rademacher, A Film In the Ballroom, Paul and the Strings, Polly Panic – *Kilby*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Brightlight Fever, The Actual, Broke – *Burt's*

Friday, March 23
Joe DiPadova – *Depot*
Leraine Horstmanhoff – *Alchemy*
Music from the Cave – *Bada Bean*
Monsoon Season – *Pat's BBQ*
DJ Anthony Motto – *Rumours Coffee*
Film Screening: Cannery Row – *SLC Library*
Film Screening: Tortilla Flats – *SLC Library*
Die Hunns – *Vegas*
The Gorgeous Hussies, Tycho Monolith, Standstill, I Hear Sirens – *Starry Night*
The Rubes, Stormy, The Cobras – *Urban*
Glinting Gems, Noctourne Baily – *Monk's*
I Am The Ocean, Gaza, Loiter Cognition – *Broken Record*
CD Release Party: Ayin, Broke, Super So Far, Manic – *Liquid Joe's*
The Swamp Donkeys, God's Revolver – *Burt's*

Saturday, March 24
Mastodon, Priestess, Mouth of the Architect – *Avalon*
JJ Grey, Mofro – *Suede*
Monique – *Alchemy*
Tragic Black, Die Monster Die, Spooky Deville, Calabrese – *Circuit*
Wolfs, MVP, Ginger Bread Patriots, Dusty Rhodes Band – *Urban*
Stacey Board – *Pat's BBQ*
Benefit for Emma Watson: The Willkills, Trebuchet, Truk, Salt City Bandits – *Burt's*
Die Monster Die, Calabrese, Spooky Deville – *Circuit*
Kevin Manning, Kall Expo, Benton Paul, Issac Russell – *Starry Night*
Film Screening: Of Mice and Men – *SLC Library*
The Heaters – *90.9 FM*
A Heartwell Ending, A Skylit Drive, O.N.E, Delirium Calibur – *Country Club Theater*
Maxfield Cd Release, Tom Butter Band – *Kilby*
Film Screening: East of Eden – *SLC Library*

Sunday, March 25
Tucker Rountree – *Alchemy*
The Human Echo, I Hear Sirens – *Monk's*
Dirty on Purpose, The Besnard Lakes, Everybody Else – *Kilby*

Monday, March 26
A Change of Pace, Quiet Drive, The Classic Crime, The Bleeding Alarm – *Avalon*
The Melodians – *Monk's*
Julie Mack, Sarah Songer, Sabrina Blackburn, Gentry Watson, Crystal Chris – *Burt's*

Tuesday, March 27
Nice, Meat *Liquid Joe's*
Bandcamp, ECS – *Kilby*
Birds of Avalon, Black Hole, Skullfuzz – *Monk's*
Pato Banton & the Mystic Roots Band – *Suede*
Brand New, Kevin Devine, Manchester Orchestra – *In the Venue*
Agent Orange, Charlie Don't Surf, Numskull, Aldao – *Burt's*

Wednesday, March 28
Jeremy & Vito – *Liquid Joe's*
Lights Below – *Starry Night*
Man Man, Skybox – *Kilby*
The Hero Factor – *Burt's*

Thursday, March 29
Enee1 – *Monk's*
Collin Robison's Honest Soul – *Piper Down*
Small Sails – *Starry Night*
Imagine That, Rune, Opal Hill Drive, The Seamus – *Circuit*
Estrada Sphere, Tragic Black – *Urban*
Page France, Headlights, Chaz Prymek Band, Drew Danburry – *Kilby*
The Hero Factor – *Country Club Theater*
Anti-Flag, Alexis on Fire, The Explosion, Set Your Goals – *In the Venue*
Stinking Lizavita, Iota, Shackleton, The Grimmway – *Burt's*

Friday, March 30
Jesse Walker – *Depot*
Egans Theory, Quasi Stellar Radio, Jordan's Memory – *Starry Night*
CD Release: Drop Dead Julio – *Liquid Joe's*
Isis, Jesu, Zozobra – *In the Venue*
Outside Society, Sudden Face – *Circuit*
Badgrass – *Burt's*
Kettie Black – *Alchemy*
Cross Cutsaw Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Secondhand Serenade, Monty Are I, Phil Bensen – *Avalon*
The Start, The Randies – *Country Club Theater*
Woven Hand, Palomino, Patsy Ohio – *Urban*
Red Bennies – *Monk's*
Static Age, Hanging Station, Our Time in Space – *Kilby*
Blue Collar Theory, Scenic Byway – *Broken Record*
The Early November, The Rocket Summer, Melee – *Sound*

Saturday, March 31
Oni Tattoo Party – *Stop By Shop For Details*
The Apples In Stero – *Depot*
Iota – *90.9 FM*
Daniel Wilson – *Alchemy*
Jesse Barrus, Parker Donat – *Bada Bean*
Andy Monaco – *Pat's BBQ*
Dis Sho' Am Good, The Paper Cranes – *Starry Night*
Drop Dead Julio, ECS – *Darkside*
Hard Lessons, Tartufi – *Kilby*
The Flobots, The Smob, The Body, The Numbs – *Urban*
Cute Is What We Aim For, Circa Survive, As Tall As Long, Envy on the Coast – *In the Venue*

Sunday, April 1
The Dead Unknown, Thirty3, Cherem, Lahar, No Secrets Between Sailors – *Satyricon*

Monday, April 2
Overview, On Hold – *Starry Night*

Tuesday, April 3
Roger Clyne & the Peacemakers, Ghostowne – *Suede*
Kylesa, Ghengis Tron – *Burt's*
The Locust, Daughters, Cattle Decapitation – *In the Venue*

Wednesday, April 4
Galactic, Papa Mali – *Depot*

Thursday, April 5
LoveHateHero, Vanna, Morello, Blinded Black – *Country Club Theater*
Cowboy Mouth, Pat McGee – *Depot*
Maria Taylor, The Precinct – *Kilby*
Benefit for Emma Watson: The Utah County Swillers, Dead City Lights – *Piper Down*

Friday, April 6
The Highwire Act – *Starry Night*
The Voodoo Organist, The Black Market Babies Burlesque, Little Fyodor, Babushka, Erratic Erotic
Burt's
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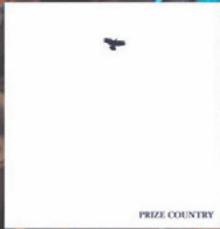
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"the colors of sound...breathing V.1"

"whisper like its gossip talk"



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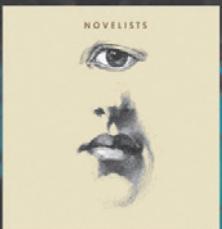
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Kilby Court Calendar March 2007

- 01- Spinto Band, Dios Melos, Changes, Canadians Among Us \$10
- 02- Say Hi to Your Mom, The Andies, Larusso, The Hotness \$7adv/\$8 doors
- 03- Keith Varon, Antiques, Lisa Goe, Mesa Drive \$6/\$7
- 04- The New Trust, So many Dynamos, Abby Normal, the Eden Express \$6/\$7
- 05- Coretta Scott, Glimpse, LYLT \$6/\$7
- 06- Briertone, Great Glass Elevator, Sparrow's Gate, Paxton, Peachcake \$7/\$8
- 07- The Loved Ones, Dead to Me, Calm Before the Crash \$7
- 08- Hella, Dirty Projectors, Who's Your Favorite Son God \$8
- 09- Havnt the Seas, My Valkyrie, Dear Stranger, Account of Hours \$7
- 10- Che Arthur, Cub Country

- 11- Waking Ashland, Johanna Kunin, As Alix
- 12- The Kohl Heart, JSJ, Buck Dexter, Stephen Chai
- 13- These Arms Are Snakes, In Camera, School Yard Heroes \$8
- 14- Camden, Everdae, Vol Suetray, Return to Sender
- 17- Jason Anderson (of Wolf Colonel), Golden Boots, Fiance, Totally Michael, Kid Theodore
- 19- Jeffrey Lewis \$6/\$7
- 20- Dead Meadow, Spin Drift (mbrs Brian Johnston, Massacre), The Furs \$8/\$10
- 21- An Angle, Another Statistic, The Ben Johnson Accumulation
- 22- Rademacher, A Film in the Ballroom, Paul and the Strings, Polly Panic
- 24- Maxfield cd release, Tom Butler Band, tba
- 25- Dirty on Purpose, The Besrad Lakes, Everybody Else
- 27- BandCamp, ECS \$6/\$7

- 28- Man Man, Skybox, tba
- 29- Page France, Headlights, Chaz Prymek Band, Drew Danburry \$7
- 30- Static Age, Hanging Station, Our Time in Space
- 31- Hard Lessons, Tartu fi
- APRIL
- 05- Maria Taylor, The Precinct
- 07- Ambulette (Mara fr Denali)
- 08- Antelope
- 09- John Vanderslice, St. Vincent

Tickets available at 24tix.com or at the Kilby Counter.
More info: www.kilbycourt.com



Kilby Court is all ages Located at 741 South 330 West in SLC. Music begins @ 7:30pm

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