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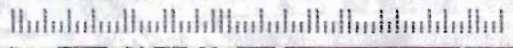


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Bryer Wharton: Metal-man extraordinaire. When he is not writing metal reviews for the hallowed pages of SLUG Magazine's CD review section, Bryer can be found burning churches, murdering animals and being Norwegian. Oops;

it is easy to confuse Bryer with amazing black-metal band, Witch Taint. Sorry Bryer. For all you Bryer Wharton fans out there, this month's Metallier will be start his own regular column highlighting his favorite heavy hits. His writing will reel you in hook, line and sinker!



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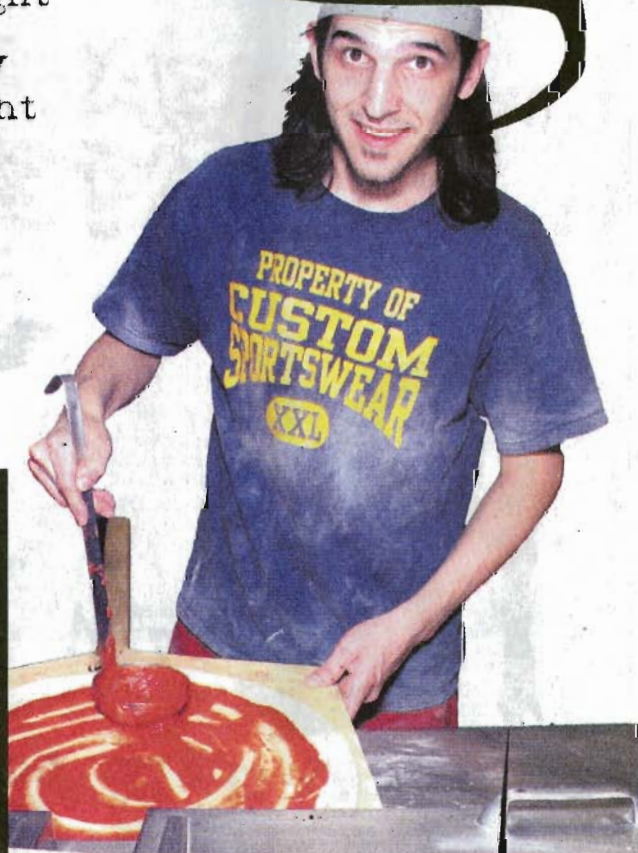
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Dear Dickheads,
 Recently, the Gallivan Center has been putting on some spectacular shows such as Earl Scruggs and the upcoming Cracker show. I love that there is a free show on Thursday and Wednesday nights that is always jammed packed (not to mention it is great to get drunk off of smuggled in whiskey to cause a ruckus) But unfortunately there has been one thing that has put a damper on my fun loving whiskey drinking and dancing — mainly hippies.

Yep we all thought that they died out with pet rocks and tie dye t-shirts. Obviously not in Utah (the same goes for Ska which Utah has kept alive — looks like we aren't firm believers in "survival of the fittest" here in the reddest of red states). Every time I come down to the Gallivan things start off fine and then the smell of Pachouli wafts through the air followed by hordes of dirty, Birkenstock wearing hippies. What I wouldn't give to douse them with Axe Body Spray and watch their filth wilt away with the hiss of peace signs and glazed over eyes.

It is one thing for homeless people to come out and enjoy the great sounds of Salt Lake and another thing entirely for a hippy to start a hacky sack circle and start "phishing" around ruining an otherwise great time. If I were running the Gallivan I would set up same new rules:

- 1) Bra's and real-fibers welcome
- 2) If you are dirty you must go through the mister near the stage and wash off
- 3) If you smell like Pachouli, no admittance
- 4) Hacky Sack? Take your crocheted ball of beans elsewhere
- 5) Thanks for not pot smoking

I swear to God if I see another hippie distracting me while I try to rock out I will strangle them with their own dreads and make them eat their own filth.

—Captain Monterey Jack

Dear Captain Monterey Jack,

What do you expect, these concerts are free... and believe me I love free stuff as much as the next person. However an inevitable result of attending something free is that hippies from all walks of life (especially ones who probably graduated from schools like Rowland Hall and Judge Memorial and are still living off of their parents in some ridiculously huge house on the East side) are bound to show up.

Sooner than later the Gallivan Center is bound to turn into the drum circle, a bunch of dirty mother fuckers hanging out, feeling the good vibes and some fat ass bitches dancing around lifting their skirts to reveal their nasty camel toes barely covered in florescent colored underwear thinking they're hot shit. Gross! Fucking Hippies.

If you don't want this to happen do something about it! Bring your Axe and spray those fuckers, steal their weed and either smother the shit in front of their faces or smoke it, and get your dog to rip their hack to shreds. What are they going to do? They won't punch you. They're hippies! They're into peace and love and all that garbage. Don't be a bitch, stand up for your self and show those filthy hippies who's boss.

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Photo: Emily Allen

dashed in one fell swoop by the gods of intolerance, disinterest and, for the most part, economics. Maybe it is not quite that dramatic, but either way the all ages venue world is a tough way to make a living in Salt Lake. It was my quest to find out exactly why they struggle in an ever-increasing scene of musicians and music lovers. In my efforts to solve this quandary, I interviewed club owners both old and new to find out what it is really like to brave the storm of venues that are open to all walks of life.

First I decided to go to the patriarch of all-ages venues **Phil Sherburne**, the well-known owner and operator of *Kilby Court*. On July 22, *Kilby* celebrated its seventh anniversary of providing entertainment for the younger scenesters. *Kilby* started on accident by an ever increasing number of musicians who were looking for a place to play. *Kilby* was doing three shows a week for the first few months of operation. By the time it was shut down in the latter part of 1998, national and local bands were playing there regularly. The reason for the closure was because the tenets of the American Disability Act (ADA) were not being followed, such as making things wheelchair accessible as well as having both men's and women's bathrooms. They were also required to switch buildings because the rear building of *Kilby* is not seismically sound. Since then, the "gallery" has been left relatively untouched by the police because Phil has made sure to keep the crowds under control. Sherburne feels that the community has been supportive but after the bills have been paid for the club, he makes under \$18,000 a year. He commented that "we have come a long way in the past seven years; the *Moroccan* did shows during the 90s punk scene; there weren't very many shows then, but when there were shows they were huge. I think there is way more of a scene now than there ever has been and it is growing exponentially."

WESTWARD, HO!: THE UNSTABLE POSITION OF ALL-AGED VENUES IN UTAH

Andrew Glassett
andrew@slugmag.com

The history of all-ages venues in Salt Lake City is similar to some torrid love affair out of a cheap romance novel. Passionate club owners desire to provide music and entertainment to people of all ages. They obsess and pour over their clubs only to have their dreams

Sherburne seems pretty positive about how things are going but recognizes the obvious problems, such as the "hole in the 'above Kilby' level; there isn't really anything that stays open that is smaller than *In the Venue*, which has a capacity of 1500; and I see that because of our small space we can be selective. We have a capacity of 200 and we don't have to take the riskier shows, like the bigger venues have to take in order to turn a profit. It's all economics. The town is supportive. I am surprised that we haven't had more legitimate competition." He works very well with local officials and keeps an attitude of humbleness

towards them. "I did get fines and almost went to jail when I did things wrong. When I have done things right, they have been helpful; they want to see this happen but there are rules to protect people."

He mentioned how, as a father of three children, he sees his role in the community as not so much a revolutionary, but as more of an advocate for safe entertainment. "When a hundred or so people died at the **Great White** concert in Rhode Island, that shit scared me to death, nauseated me. That instance made me rethink the whole business end of doing shows. The first thing is doing it safely."

Tom Turner is also a seasoned veteran in the ways of operating an all ages venue. He has booked shows for 10 years and is the current owner of *In The Venue*. He explained that it is possible for smaller venues to make it, but they have to change their business model in order to do it. He explained that *In The Venue* is making it in this market because they are not "afraid to charge the 'going price' for a concert experience." This price is set to maximize profits while enticing bands to come back every time they tour by offering a good sound system and other perks. Having a larger venue means taking bigger risks, but these risks can be minimized through a little research about how popular a certain band is in the area. Turner explained that "the youth market is dwindling and if any venue is going to make it, they have to learn how to adapt to change" in the social behavior of the community. He started in the club business when techno music was at a peak and now that clubbing is on a decline, he books more live music to meet the needs of the community. Currently, *In The Venue* books about three live acts a week and has two nights of dance music. They are also unique because of their close proximity to *Club Sound*, which is run under a separate business license and is a private club for members. A more diverse audience is drawn to the venue because of these adaptations. Another key to success for *In The Venue* is its ability to work with other venues. Turner commented that "venues need to work together instead of against each other" to make it in Salt Lake.

Kenny Riches, owner of *Kayo Art Gallery*, is the most recent recipient of the city's pressure on all-ages venues. People were very excited to have a place to play downtown that was more centrally located plus the backdrop of an art gallery also made shows at *Kayo* more visible when compared to the underground feel of *Kilby*. Riches got the idea of opening a venue because of the live music that he booked during *Gallery Stroll*. "I went to the city hall and told them I wanted to do shows. They said that all I needed was a live music permit which was \$70. As far as we knew, we were legitimate." It all ended the night of the final **Tremula** show on May 26. **Paper Cranes** and **Vile Blue Shades** opened while Riches started to notice police cars creeping around the corners of 3rd East and 3rd South. "Eight or nine officers came in and stopped the show and were threatening to arrest me because of a noise complaint. They also stated that they would bust me for all these different violations which would be \$1000 each; such as people dancing. I needed a dance hall permit and they threatened to confiscate our sound equipment."

Riches looked into making his gallery a legitimate music venue but all the permits and updates his gallery would need were just not worth all the money he would have to spend out of pocket. "This is an art gallery and we don't have much money to throw around. Each of the bathrooms would have been \$10,000 or so because of all the ADA

regulations we would have had to met, such as hand holds, the sink and toilet height, space requirements and so on." Riches finds himself frustrated with the city for not working with him, especially when he travels to venues in other cities and sees how they run. "I love Salt Lake, it is a clean and safe place to live, but it is strange that the city isn't willing to work more with people. Even in the layout of the city, we have so much space here and we don't have any little streets with shops on it. We have the Gateway but it's pretty much a corporate hell."

Riches plans to move his operation westward into the old pickle factory building on 400 South and 800 West in the coming months. The move affords him the opportunity of jumping on with a non-profit organization called the **Trasa Urban Arts Collective** where he will have an opportunity to work on an artist-in-residency program and have artists come and live in studio while they build a body of work. He hopes to be able to stick with Salt Lake and make a difference in the cultural fabric of the community. "I do get tired of people complaining about how there are no indie shops here; I want to tell them, 'fucking start one.' Or at least look into the shops that are around and actually go out and see them." Riches has no definite plans to open another music venue but would love to do it if the circumstances permitted.

Though one music venue is down, there are several that are popping up in its place. *The Circuit* in Midvale and *The Avalon* in South Salt Lake are doing their part to keep the hardcore, punk and emo followers happy. There is also a brand new venue called *The New Song Underground* run by **Danny Miland** located at 859 South and 800 East in the downstairs of the New Song Presbyterian Church. The venue is part recital hall and part recording studio with a proper stage and a trained sound technician. The

venue reaches capacity at 125 people, but they are more interested in having shows that are a little more intimate in nature. So far they have had a handful of shows from all genres and are planning to expand their reach into the community by their straightforward approach to doing shows. They split the profits with the artists 50/50 which is rare in the all ages arena. They really want to have good local shows and they want the bands that play to be good promoters for their own music. Other venues are sure to open soon and will hopefully learn from other's mistakes in order to bring more of a variety of venues to Salt Lake.

It's obvious that a small business like an all ages music venue is a difficult venture when considering the current economic and social climate of our city. We live in a quiet little town that might be destined to stay quiet for its entire lifetime. Something like a music venue that is seemingly dangerous or associated with a less socially acceptable forms of entertainment will never make it in downtown Salt Lake City due to its conservative nature. It is because of this conservatism that businesses and venues of an "underground" nature have found their way out of the central downtown area. *Kayo Gallery* is an example of this push; many artists and clubs that have moved to the more barren west side of the city. It is almost as if Salt Lake is going through a process of natural selection in which certain business and venues are being forced together into a less visible part of the city. This is just part of the process of a city containing a growing and diverse culture which is trying to transform into a thriving metropolis.

"I get tired of people complaining about how there are no indie shops here; I want to tell them, 'fucking start one.'"

**-Kenny Riches
KAYO GALLERY**

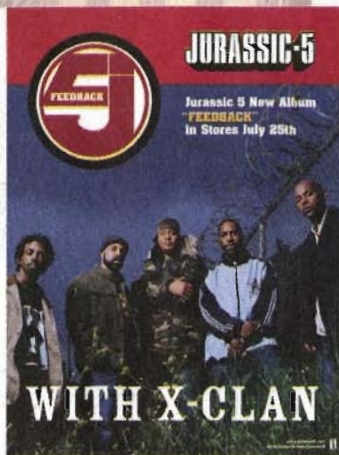
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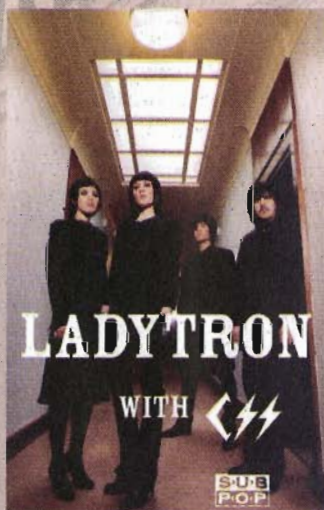
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NOW OR NEVER

By Mariah Mann Mellus

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In the last 20 to 30 years, galleries have taken a more proactive approach to viewing art. *The Gallery Stroll* is an open invitation to see the latest that galleries have to offer. Park City hosts an *Art Walk* on the first Friday of the month, Ogden on the second, and the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* is held on the third Friday.

For the last few years, two art galleries in the Salt Lake area focused specifically on bringing art to a younger and edgier crowd. *The Koyo Gallery*, located at 315 East and 300 South and the *Unknown Gallery* at 353 West and 200 South, they are owned and operated by our peers and local entrepreneurs who appreciate art and love the Salt Lake scene. These art galleries provide a much-needed outlet for the underground art scene, which is why it's even harder to announce that *Unknown Gallery* has closed its doors! In a final conversation with the owners, they expressed their appreciation for the local artists and friends who frequented the space, but alas, people needed to buy art in order to keep the lights on. To Amity, Justin and Jeremy- I'd like to say thank you for bringing the skateboarding shows, thank you for bringing art from New York and L.A. and thank you for educating galleries around the nation about our talented artists here in Utah. I won't forget your efforts and I hope the Salt Lake art scene can recover from this loss.

And then there was one... Do I fear for the future of Koyo? Yes, the space is beautiful and Kenny Riches is ambitious, but if people don't go out and appreciate the art and donate towards the existence of places like this we could be in jeopardy of losing another gallery. Support the Koyo this month by checking out the uncannily titled *Now or Never* show featuring local artists Tessa Lindsey, Derek Mellus, Tessa Mecham and special guest Letha Sandison from Seattle.

I can't think of a better combination of artists to represent both Salt Lake's underground art scene to date and why we need to invest in this scene to keep it around. Tessa Mecham is a beautiful large-scale painter who studied in Salt Lake City and had many shows here. I was in New York where her art blossomed and received full appreciation. Tessa Lindsay studied fresco paintings in Italy but called the warehouse known as *Poor Yarrick* home. Her work combines the softness of landscapes so natural looking imagery with edgy collage work and random text. Derek Mellus started on underground studio/gallery known as the *Walk of Shame* located on *Pierpont*, which hosted shows for three years before disbanding in 2003. Now he focuses on finding a new home and purpose for objects that society has discarded which he uses in his mixed media box creations.

Is it now or never, will we lose another gallery to a *Prints Plus* or the ripped-off retro art of *Urban Outfitters*? You don't have to buy a *Picasso*, but if you don't invest in your communities, who else will? Support local art. Buy local!



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Storsveit Nix Noltes

Orkideur Hawai

Bubblecore

Street: 04.21

Storsveit Nix Noltes = The Waterboys had Mike Scott been a mute gypsy

Some of my favorite bands infuse an exotic ethnic sound into their music (i.e. The Waterboys, Wonderstuff, Peter Gabriel, Kate Bush etc.) and while I may not know much about Eastern European gypsies, beer drinking music or spontaneous folk dancing I can comfortably say that I find Storsveit Nix Noltes' brand of frantic pop, free-form jazz influenced accordion, cello, violin, trumpet, guitar, banjo and bass renditions of Bulgarian folk songs exhilarating.

Midlake

The Trials of Van Occupanther

Bello Union

Street: 07.25

Midlake = British Sea Power - Bunnymen references + less hype more substance

I'm always getting Midlake and Clearlake confused. They're both decent bands who make melancholy music that is light, airy and romantic with a wistful sense of nostalgia; a feat that tends to originate across the ocean but in Midlake's case it comes from a handful of Texans. *The Trials of Van Occupanther* isn't a retread of their debut *Bamnan and Slivercork*, in fact it sounds slightly more American in the Americana sort of way, which could be the result of label head and Cocteau Twins' bossist Simon Raymonde's obsence from the production chair. The results are mixed; lyrically it's gorgeous in its simplistic plaintive bareness but the music never really swells its passion above a blush (the exception being "In This Camp"). Come September I think the moodiness, stillness and calm will suit me better.



Philip E. Karnats

Pleasuresuite

Street: 05.06

Philip E. Karnats = lo-fi experiments in rock n' roll

Despite the fact that I've now listened to this album three consecutive times in the last two hours, not to mention the few times I've put it in over the past month, I've yet to establish a feeling for it. Maybe that in itself speaks volumes. Karnats is mostly known for his work as guitarist in Tripping Daisy and his collaborations with Polyphonic Spree and The Secret Machine, none of which resonates on his debut solo release. *Pleasuresuite* is decent enough with its shifting styles of soundscapes and electroclash moments mixed among somewhat straightforward rock tunes. The vocals are half sung, part gargled in a slightly menacing way but never really step into the forefront.

Amy Millan

Honey from the Tombs

Arts & Crafts

Street: 07.11

Amy Millan = A little bit rock and a whole lot of country.

Amy Millan, female vocalist from dream pop elites Stars, strikes out on her own with a solo debut that was recorded over a three-year period in multiple studios with overdubs added here, there and everywhere along the way. The artwork suggests something dark, glamorous and artsy but the sound of the album is a complete surprise and perhaps a disappointment. *Honey from the Tombs* is essentially a lazy country album with a rock song stuck in the middle. Not country in the sense of Faith Hill's pop-country crossover or the absolute twang annoyance of a dozen 80s artists that I don't care to remember, but a romantic sort of summer day spent on a porch drinking lemonade and shaking off life's minor disasters. Sullen and beautiful, *Honey from the Tombs* is more akin to Hope Sandoval's solo material (albeit taken a few steps further into the doodling riffs from the acoustic guitars) with a nod towards Mojave 3. Not exactly what I thought I wanted but somehow pleasing nonetheless.

The Bleachers

Suspicion

Village Industries

Street: 06.27

The Bleachers = The Stone Roses' debut - John Squire

While I'm not entirely convinced that comparisons to R.E.M.'s early material with the "sinister" of Interpol is an entirely accurate description, I can't fault the observation. Compare them to anything early-90s from the UK and you're likely to get a few raised eyebrows and head shakes. Dropping names like Chapterhouse or any other peripheral British band from that era isn't going to garner raving reviews, whereas comparing them to old standards and newer upstarts is cliché but nonetheless safe; which actually describes the band perfectly. Imagine The Charlatans without the organ, Stone Roses without the epic guitar, Ride without the backlash of distortion and insert serviceable tunes with occasional brightly crafted hooks that suddenly fade into more mediocrity. *Suspicion's* crime isn't a lack of talent, it's simply a lack of importance. With that said, 15 years ago "Invitation" would have probably been a substantial hit in the UK.

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MODUS OPERANDI

A post-apocalyptic wreckage of electronic debris and industrial remains for a reconstructed world.

By onamys.even

onamys.even@kommandzero.net

Sorry peeps, but I regret to inform you that there isn't anything noteworthy for the industrial fans other than the ordinary club nights during August. However, this month's PSA is coming at you for the reason that you need to be dropping your pennies into the "September Concert Funds" bell jar. The month is loaded with big name industrial acts and the shows don't come cheap. On Saturday, September 16, Shog emerges from down under to charm us with his witty words, views on America and stellar musical mayhem at Club Vegas with local celebrities Carphax Files opening. Nitzer Ebb, who broke up, but got back together for the kids (that's us) is stopping the tour at In The Venue and leads us all to join in the chant on September 19. Next up is KMFDM and, who everyone really wants to see, Combichrist on September 27 at The Avalon.

Das Ich

Cabaret

Metropolis

Street: 04.25

Das Ich = German electro + cabaret

It's a shame that Das Ich is known as a one-hit-wonder among club patrons. The German act that co-founded the early 90s movement "Neue Deutsche Todeskunst" (New German Death Art), loads up on sinister theatrical melodies with *Cabaret*, marking the album as a clear highlight in their repertoire. Dark carnival melodies composed of keyboards and violins form a soundtrack to a twisted marionette stage where evil puppets jerk around to the beats of "Moritat" and "Opferzeit." Although the vocals are in German, the music lends itself to tell a story through sound; the imagination doesn't have to work hard to visualize the scene. Ten tracks plus a multimedia section with the original motion picture "Kaleidoskop - in 10 Minuten Licht" on *Cabaret* makes an exciting release for anyone who enjoys the dark modern movements of cabaret.

Little Sap Dungeon

Empty Rooms Breathe Heavily

Dungeon-Recordings/Backscatter

Street: 03.24

Little Sap Dungeon = Smashing dark electro + Mick Harris

Instead of saying you like track four or seven on *Empty Rooms Breathe Heavily*, it will be more like, "track three and four is one of my favorites." The reason? Each of the nine tracks span over two tracks, making the disc actually 18 tracks long. The tricky thing is that it doesn't say this anywhere. Then you put in your disc and there are double the tracks you expected, which doesn't lend itself well to DJs. Gimmicks aside, *Empty Rooms*...from Little Sap Dungeon explodes with two originals, "Behind the Mask," and "Empty Rooms Breathe Heavily," and seven remixes. The album comes as a posthumous effort following the breakup of LSD, who performed their final show in October 2005 at the Murray Theater. Local favorites mix and mash their talents laced with LSD in twitchy beats on "Doorway Dweller" from *Circuit Surgeon*, and trippy lines on "The Children Sleep" from *Twilight Transmissions*. Ultraviolence plunges into pounding rhythm noise on "Goblin Corridor" while a mix of "Phantasm" by LSD side-project, PCP, grinds synths and scrapes with scathing vocals. Mick Harris of Scorn fame makes an appearance on "A Dinner Guest" with brown-note bass-lines. The remix release is summed up with a final blowout from the polished, yet gritty synths of *Boundless*. Little Sap Dungeon is an act that will be missed, but be assured that this beast isn't completely dead.

Ginormous

The Endless Procession

Hymen

Street: 02.06

Ginormous = Gridlock + dark hop + IDM + texture

When I picked up *The Endless Procession* in Las Vegas at the Synapscape and Asche show, I was told that this disc was a limited edition of 500 because it came with a bonus disc of original material on another disc titled *Our Ancestors' Intense Love*

Affair. The truth is, I haven't listened to *Our Ancestors'* because I can't stop listening to *The Endless Procession*. Ginormous hits every note from delicate soft drones and hard-hitting rhythms to emotional waves and huge crashing beats. Each song takes a different journey without losing cohesion between the songs. "Begin With The End in Mind" opens the road with static lines traveling through heavy-dropping beats and organic melodies. Two stand out tracks are paired with a beautifully rich taste of "Seek First to Understand," and followed with a dense serving of "Then To Be Understood." Building momentum through 10 tracks, Ginormous explodes through "The Endless Procession" and drops when the album comes to a close on "A Mountain People Can Always Climb." As the name might imply, Ginormous is filled with huge bombastic beats and seductively sweet sounds that cannot be denied.

Annodalleb

dAATH

Negative 3

Street: 04.21

Annodalleb = Skinny Puppy in an alternate universe

It's hard to decide whether you love, like, hate or loathe a band after hearing their first release where seven of the ten tracks are remixed by other artists. Luckily, I am smitten with Annodalleb's first born, *dAATH*. *Prophei* and *Cyrusrex* together may sound like a Skinny Puppy side-project on the original "dAATH," but the sound is still fresh and innovative. The CD opens strong with powerful jabbing club beats with a remix of "dAATH," called the "8fm Liar Mix." "EevilF1," and "malk00th," soften into experimental quirkiness, and even add clean harmonized vocals and pick up the ol' acoustic guitar on the latter. The hard techno remixes of "War (Hallucinogen Remix)" and "dAATH (ManMadeMan New Creation)" are standing ovation worthy pieces. What truly completes this disc is the Otto Von Shirach's "Spit Flavored Urine Mix" of "EevilF1" with his noteworthy oddities. The *Funky Maloon* - Vicious Massacre remix of "EevilF1" adds humor with children TV show music and Saturday morning cartoon sound effects for a one minute and twelve second comedy bit that is funny, but fortunately short. I'm dying to know what these two have in store for us next.



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By Bryer Wharton Xinvisiblewounds@aol.com

Anata

The Conductors Departure

Eorache

Street: 08.22

Anata = Grave + Decapitated + Necrophagist

Hailing from Sweden, Anata have been around for roughly 13 years. The group's brand of death metal contains a unique angle of technicality. Doom laden, the music is driven more by its leads than the meaty guitar-work many death-metal acts rely on. The end result is a sort of melodic disharmony. Fans who thirst for something more than the standard blast-beats, gore or anti-religious passages that fuel many of this group's peers, drink up. The technicality of the leadwork alone sets this record apart. Guitar shredders will eat this up piece by piece.

Cattle Decapitation

Karma, Blood, Karma

Metal Blade

Street: 07.11

Cattle Decapitation = just the potatoes please

Everyone's favorite veggie-loving death/grind metal crew has returned with the ultra-polished *Karma, Bloody Karma*. Originally beginning as a trio featuring two members of The Locust, the group has steadily worked its way up the production ladder amongst a flurry of line-up changes. The band emphasizes the horrible essences of humanity. Go figure, a band that loves animals names themselves Cattle Decapitation. On *Karma*, the band shows us how lousy the human race can be and also completely delivers one brass-knuckled beating after another. There is a longing for the raw, short grind tunes the band has become known for, but in its absence comes a much more technically proficient band. They bring more than just hyper-blasting to the table, with some highly interesting song structures as well.

Grave

As Rapture Comes

Century Media

Street: 07.25

Grave = another fine metallic product of Sweden



Like the band's peers Dismember, Entombed and Unleashed, Grave have led the way for the Swedish death-metal movement. The band made an unruly comeback with the clean and heavy *Back From the Grave*, then came *Fiendish Regression*, a return to the band's raw and gritty roots of death metal. *Rapture Comes* sees a combination of the last two records. With enormous pummeling riffs and the gritty, raw guitar tone the band has become known for, this record will surely not disappoint long-time fans. Picture a soundtrack for the dead returning to life, easily tearing through their earthly confines to wreak havoc upon the living. It's not often a band can recreate the sound of a chainsaw tearing through somebody's jugular, but Grave's guitar tone conjures just that. As always, the group relies less upon speed and more upon slow infectious rhythms. It is killing time, and Grave is handing you the axe so chop to it.

Lacrimas Profundere

Filthy Notes for Frozen Hearts

Napalm

Street: 08.29

Lacrimas Profundere = 69 Eyes + HIM + Type O Negative

What a load of something that has been done before (a whole lot better). In the end the band sounds like a carbon copy of newer 69 Eyes, especially in the vocal department. I can just picture these dorks dressed all in black with long black hair trying to be more-goth-than-thou. Fans of the genre will easily see the lack of originality that Lacrimas produces; although the band is not without merit or experience, they've been around since '93. They do come up with some catchy songs and nice melodies, but there is no way to keep shit from stinking. Light a match and flush this sucker down.

Mercenary

The Hours That Remain

Century Media

Street: 08.22

Mercenary = Evergrey + Nevermore

First encountering Mercenary on their 2005 album *11 Dreams*, this reviewer was utterly blown away. Returning with *The Hours That Remain*, the band has once again dropped my jaw. Everything – and then some – that should be contained on a metal record is present. Ferocious meaty guitar work accompanied by blazing melodic solo work rips through the mediocrity of music like a kid on Christmas morning. It is as if this band decided to make a bridge for people that like the musicianship of power metal but hate the vocals, stupid keyboards and guitar wankery. Vocalist Mikkel Sandager possesses the classic elements of metal icons like Rob Halford and Bruce Dickinson but adds his own touch and visceral growls. The keyboard work, instead of being a pestering bother like in many acts, is just another extension of the music and fits everything perfectly. Take note: these Danish fellows have the potential to become huge and *The Hours That Remain* is sure to make some top-ten lists for metal fans in 2006.

Terrorizer

Darker Days Ahead

Century Media

Street: 08.22

Terrorizer = Napalm Death + Morbid Angel

For those who have seen Morbid Angel drummer Pete Sandoval, there is no question his talent. In 1989 Terrorizer blew the metal world away with the ever-so-cult album *World Downfall*, complete with Morbid Angel vocalist and bassist David Vincent at the helm. 17 years later, the beast has returned with original members Sandoval and Jesse Pintado of Napalm Death and Nausea. Talent for the extreme is something this band does not lack. There is no topping the stellar and groundbreaking work that was *World Downfall*. *Darker Days Ahead* embodies the monster of the short-lived band but engages in an entirely new vicious power. The production value has been fine-tuned for a new form of blasting grind. There is no doubt that the original band influenced and helped create grind metal. The new incarnation heralds the days of old, embracing everything holy on that album and updating the sound for new audiences to indulge. Undoubtedly the band is prepared to annihilate fans in the live setting with doses of old and new. Embrace the fact that an old favorite has returned to the scene with something that surely will not disappoint any seasoned extreme-music fan.

Urkraft

The Inhuman Aberration

Eorache

Street: 08.22

Urkraft = Darkane + At the Gates + Mors Principium Est + In Flames

From Germany, Urkraft's take on melodic death-metal doesn't differ much from what is coming out of Sweden these days. The band follows the latest trend of strangely taking out much of the melodic guitar work and replacing it with keys. Times like these make me miss the great guitar shredding of At the Gates and of In Flames. There are a few bands that do a good job at putting the melody in melodic death-metal. Urkraft is not one; it is as if the band is making an attempt to cash in on the audience of In Flames, Soilwork etc. It would work if they could write a catchy song, which said bands can still do. Urkraft just barrels through with the same-sounding riff as the foundation for every song; it is rahash after rahash with really annoying vocals. Primordial force, which is what Urkraft means in German, is something they are not.

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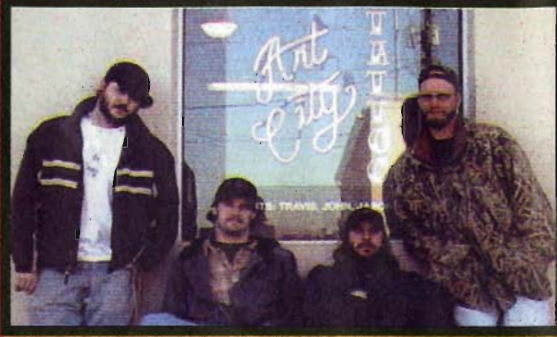


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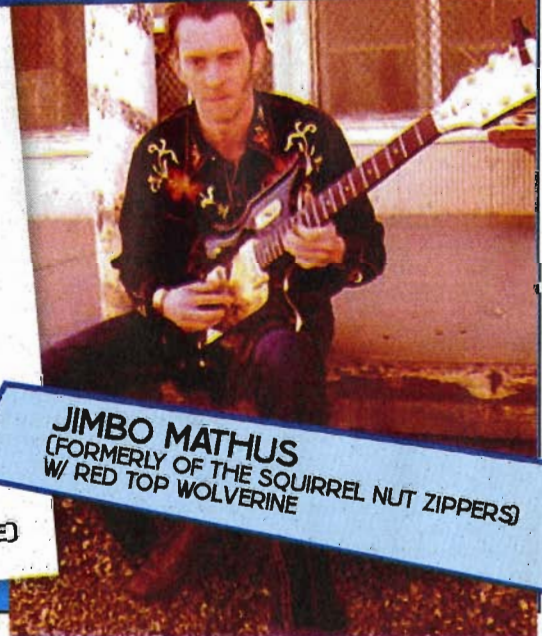
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Books Aloud

Book Reviews for the Illiterate

Drugs Are Nice: A Post Punk Memoir

Lisa Crystal Carver

Soft Skull Press

Street: 11.2005

Lisa "Suckdog" Carver seemed to rule the underground world in the 90s. She was the scene queen of one of the first personal zines ever published, *Rollerderby*. She could've been considered the female counterpart of GG Allin; she and her first husband performed a shock-rock art show that was violent, sexual and, most of all, demented and repulsive. She was the girl who became a prostitute and never did drugs while on the job so she could experience it clearly. Yet this strong and seemingly independent woman still managed to find herself in an abusive relationship where she was told she couldn't drive and was forced to get an abortion. Maybe it had something to do with her coustic childhood; at six years she watched her father throw her sick kittens in a burlap sack and hack them into pieces, only to be told that it was part of life and if she was going to cry about it and be like all other women, she should just go back into the house. *Drugs Are Nice* is a story about alienation and co-dependency. It isn't exactly a happy story; the light at the end of the tunnel is pretty dim, but Lisa emerged from her turbulent youth with a sassy sense of humor about what occurred, which is a good enough ending for me. -Jeonette Moses

Language of the Blues

Debra Desalvo

Billboard Books

Street: 01.2006

The blues are the basis for every kind of popular music there is and if you're under any other impression, you're wrong. With that established, it makes sense that the words and phrases - the language - would also have a huge impact on popular culture. *Longuoge of the Blues* is an A-to-Z guide to the significant pieces of language found in blues music. For instance, you would never have called someone a "motherfucker" if it hadn't been used in a blues song. Debra Desalvo has done extensive research to find the origins of famous phrases like the "killing floor" - it comes from a Howlin' Wolf song that was inspired by a night when Wolf's girlfriend thought he'd been unfaithful and shot him out of a second floor window (great stories and odd superstitions are the inspiration for so many blues songs). Other interesting entries are "Voodoo," "Suck Cock," and "Devil." You are also given step-by-step instruction on how to properly sell your soul to the devil to become a better guitar player. Although the focus of the book is supposed to be on the language, I got more out of the history of American underground music. This music tells the stories of Southern black history and culture. The greatest thing Desalvo did was guide us back to the music that inspired this book by attaching a list of relevant songs to each entry. No matter how you look at it, Blues is the most influential music movement; it's like the great blues poet and bass player Willie Dixon said, "Blues is the root and the other music is the fruit." -James Orme

Masters of the Comic Book Universe Revealed!

Arie Kaplan

Chicago Review Press

Street: 09.2006

Normally I wouldn't say that cover art makes for fair criticism but goddamn, *Masters of the Comic Book Universe Revealed!* is one ugly-oss book. Luckily, for Arie Kaplan's sake, this collection of short biographies is relatively appropriate for younger audiences, making it passable to have disheveled fairground caricaturist-esque illustrations of Stan Lee, Will Eisner and Neil Gaiman bursting (fire included) out of an adolescent boy's comic book ... for Stan Lee at least. Although there's nothing really "revealing" about Gilbert Hernandez's mother encouraging him to pursue comics or Art Spiegelman inserting autobiographical elements of growing up Jewish in his older work, *MOFTCBUR!* is still somewhat informative. If you're looking for some real fulfilling comic history and criticism, I would recommend R.C. Harvey's *The Art of the Comic Book: An Aesthetic History*. If you're aiming for essays on life in comics, on the other hand, stick to Warren Ellis' *Come In Alone*. They may not be as directly biographical but you'll definitely feel better about reading them. -Mike Steffen



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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

By Spencer Jenkins spencedog2000@yahoo.com

Bombs and Beating Hearts

Wish You Were Here
Salty Hobo Records
Street: 05.22

Bombs and Beating Hearts = This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb + Daniel Johnson + Against Me



Acoustic anarcho folk punk may sound like an oxymoron, but I still dig it. Bombs and Beating Hearts play songs with simple lyrics over soothing acoustic guitar, made complete with harmonicas and tambourines. The eclectic feel of this band is topped off with the screen printed image on the sleeve of their seven inch and the lyrics typed (with a typewriter) on priority mail labels. My favorite song was "From Another" on the Hearts side. —Jeanette Moses

Facts

Classic Agenda
Rep Life Records
Street: 06.01

Facts = Know it Alls + Payson Prodigy + Numbs

Facts has had an exceptionally full life, which means he has a mountain of experience to grab-bag from while writing his rhymes, which are... (No better way to put it) Facts. This local lyricist keeps his *Classic Agenda* alive while proudly reppin' Salt Lake City, and he does a damn good job. With cameos by Johnny Utah, Blosswick, Enee1, Task, Dusk of Mindstate and other equally talented emcees, this album takes you through the looking glass of the abundant hip hop scene right here in SLC. The beats are bombastic on every track, complimented by Fact's stone carved song structure. So, what will he do after reaching perfection? *Only Time Will Tell*. —Lance Saunders

Erin Haley

Silly Metaphor EP
HeyHay Records
Street: 03.06

Erin Haley = Fiona Apple + Joni Mitchell + smoky lounging

I have a straight away aversion to female singer/songwriters because they tend to be nostalgic, the music behind the forlorn lyrics tends to exacerbate a feeling of getting beaten over the head with emotional hollowness and in general the whole thing seems to reek of excising psychological demons that are better left unsaid (take a look at any freshman creative writing class to get a feel for what I mean). But Erin Haley's new three song EP seems to skirt right past these issues to not only be lyrically well-crafted but musically superb as well. The three songs musically cohere into a wistfully happy melancholy of exactly what the title conjures up: silly metaphors. Years of listening to and playing music have honed this EP into a rainy day puddle splashed good time. Look forward to the full length that this EP is only an inkling of. —Erik Lopez

Our Time In Space

This Is...Ep
Self-Released
Street: 02.01

O.T.I.S. = Sparta + Mandarin + mucho delay

Salt Lake is not known for its cerebral music, many bands work hard to create a carefree party atmosphere or to make an environment to release the various tensions of life. O.T.I.S. does not fit into either of these categories because of their toke on sound creation. They spend their time creating delicate and near mathematical soundscapes that are more about introspection and less about exhibitionism. The songs slowly build in a near post-rock fashion while being accompanied by the siren-esque vocals of Ryan Nielsen. By the end of the EP I found myself almost in a dream-like state pondering the universe. —Andrew Glassett

The Paper Cranes Remixes

Quality Goes While Quantity Lasts
A Star Recordings
Street: 05.26

The Paper Cranes Remixes = Fennesz + Odd Nosdam + Vitalic

This companion disc to The Paper Cranes' new LP *Escape to Wicked Mountain* has six remixes by SLC artists that either reinforce the Cranes' danceability or their far-out experimenting. The dancier tracks ore from mystery man 1H86335, Nolens Volens and Joan of Archaeopteryx whose techno take on "Skele Tarpedo" has a similar sound to the French programmer Vitalic. The Paper Cranes' songs generally lend themselves to be remixed since they already have catchy rhythms and a free card to go out on a limb. Two projects from fellow band members, Hew Mun and We Are! Seagulls (who also has an exciting two disc album out on the same label) provide the more experimental remixes. Their tracks are a little longer, more repetitive and hardly resemble anything on the LP but their originality makes them engaging nonetheless. —Spencer Jenkins

Poster Project

Flyers From the Salt Lake City Underground 1990-2005
8ctopus Records
Street: 03.31

Poster Project = xerox machine + rock n' roll + Salt Lake City

This is a time capsule of flyers for shows you remember, shows you missed and shows you thought you saw of some of your favorite bands. Although this is an awesome collection of over 300 flyers, I believe a more fitting title would be *8ctopus Records' Collection of Flyers from the SLC Underground* for the simple fact that this is just some, not all of what is left over from those days. There are artist's portfolios by Ryley Fagg, Kirbir, Eli Morrison, Mattson McFaland and Paul Butterfield to name a few. Rich Visick and Sri Whipple also have a couple. The master himself, Pushead even makes the list. But one of the many artists that is missing and which makes this an incomplete collection is Leia Bell, who is in my opinion one of Utah's most important and strongest poster artists. Unless I missed something, the navigation and viewing process of the artist's portfolios out of the basic computer folder file is bland and just sort of normal. I feel there should be more structure to showcase, frame and categorize this grand collection of art. A lot of these flyers ore from a unique time in SLC's music culture. Listening to the music and looking at the flyers will help refresh the memory for those of us who weren't around.

—Paul Cassidy

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PHOTOS: RUBY CLAIRE

OURTIME IN SPACE



RYAN NIELSEN- BASS, GUITAR, VOX • CHRIS PETERSEN- GUITAR, BASS, VOX • ROD MCNEELY- DRUMS

Here's the story about my time in space with Our Time In Space or as I like to call them, OTIS (sorry Rod, its just fun to say). OTIS welcomed me into a nice air-conditioned place so that we could get down to business (smoke). Afterwards we did the interview, which was a nice chance to get to know these rockers.

Back in November, OTIS sent a demo of their songs to famed producer Alex Newport. You might know him from playing in bands like Fudge Tunnel and Theory Of Ruin. He's also recorded At The Drive-In, Mars Volta and Me First And The Gimme Gimmes. Alex invited OTIS to Los Angeles to cut some tracks. You know that there aren't many bands coming out of SLC who are willing to throw down that kind of cash for a recording, but OTIS saw the price tag as an investment for the band. "At first we wanted to do eight songs, and [Alex] said 'You know, that's going to take a while,' because he thought the songs were so good that it would be pointless to bash through them." Alex took them into the studio and stripped the music down a little to make all four of the tracks solid as fuck from start to finish. Now they have a really awesome beginning to what could end up as a major label release.

The trio has been playing with each other since their youth when they lived in Moab and formed Compound Fraxure. After moving to Salt Lake in 2003 they made the switch to OTIS. They aren't the kind of guys that are pretentious because they cut some tracks in LA. Instead, they're three super nice dudes that are stoked on their music and excited about the future.

LOCALIZED

BY TIPSY MCSTAGGER

WILL SARTAIN



WILL SARTAIN - GUITAR, VOX MASTERMIND • CHARLIE LEWIS - DRUMS • DOUG KEYS • SWEATY - BASS

Many of you may already know Will Sartain. If you haven't seen any of his projects (Stormy, Redd Tape, Tremula, Buttery Muffins) then you've probably seen one of the solid acts he books in Salt Lake. It seems as though Will has been around the SLC music scene for a long time, especially for someone so young. I met up with Will at his place and he was a little banged up from a bike accident. Injury report: concussion, chlamydia, swollen knees and swollen eyebrows. He wasn't even wearing a helmet. Though his arm is in a sling he's not worried about being able to play. "If I can't play guitar, I'll just sing." That's pretty cool for a dude who has to open for Frank Black even before the Localized show.

I saw Will play music in bars when he was 16 and thought, damn that kid is pretty good. Then, how the hell did he get in here? Inspired by his older brother Mike Sartain, it's no wonder Will has developed a solid grasp on all the instruments found in rock music. Mike got Will started on the drums when he was just a little guy. "We would jam when I was 13 and he was 20. Even when I was a little kid I always remember Mike playing in bands that I wanted to see." Mike also turned Will on to authors such as Alan Ginsburg and Jack Kerouac. "That was huge. When I first read *On the Road* I decided I wanted to travel. I didn't think about touring at that time. I just wanted to be on a Greyhound for three months."

At 16 Will graduated from high school and was all about getting his Greyhound ticket, but stayed here to play in Stormy with Mike instead. His thirst for the road was never quenched so when Redd Tape was formed he decided to tour. Will worked up at the University and had one of those jobs where he could do whatever he wanted, so he spent 25 hours a week booking Redd Tape on a tour. "That's when I fell in love with touring," he says. Some of his band mates weren't so excited about it so Will decided to book a five week tour for his solo project instead.

Will recorded two albums where he played all of the instruments and has traveled a lot. He's been all over the US as well as Europe. Between Tremula and his solo stuff Will is a road warrior. Will also has plans for a new album. This time he'll have his band on the recordings. "I hope to take off some layers of myself and get to the more important things." Will leaves for Europe on August 28th and he may never come back. "I'll either move to New York," he says, "or marry a woman in Europe."

LOCALIZED

BY TRISTAN MASTAGGER

CHILDREN OF GOD
PLAYING WITH FIRES



an interview with

ENTRANCE

by Chuck Bennett

When I first received my copy of Entrance's newest record *Prayer Of Death*, I was expecting the dingy blues & reverb antics of his previous release *Wondering Stronger* (2004 Fat Possum Records). *Wondering Stronger* was an intense study on the sound of yester-year's solo-blues and folk traditional songwriting where the recording was so intimate and full of echoes that you felt nearly uncomfortable while it played.

After picking-up *Prayer Of Death* I took it home, got stoned and then had an unexpected sexual encounter with my girlfriend as it played. Naturally, I thought it sounded great, but anything would sound pretty damn good in those circumstances. I found myself listening to the record non-stop over the next week. It was an entirely different kind of animal than *Wondering Stronger*. The record starts off like a hurricane and never lets up: a full band of heavy distorted bass, a menacing section of strings, destructive percussion that sounds as though it were played by Keith Moon's ghost and an electric fuzz/wah guitar sound that would put Blue Cheer into seizures in their heyday. Lyrically, the album is haunted with themes of re-incarnation, death, magic and the metaphysical altered states of consciousness that take psychedelics out of their playful context and lean it into terror.

I called Guy Blakeslee aka Entrance one July evening after work, without any idea of what to expect and jumped right into my curiosity of his sudden metamorphosis.

"I put [*Prayer of Death*] out about a month and a half ago and I'm selling them myself. I'm currently trying to figure out whether a 'real' record label's going to put them out, but I definitely just made a thousand of them on my own. It's already available but you can only get it by contacting me," Blakeslee said.

Prayer of Death can be purchased at www.entranceband.com. The site looks real, but in reality just links you to the Myspace page for Entrance. At the Myspace page you will notice video clips and purchasing information. If you look closely you will also find Guy's own personal Myspace page.

"It's the 3rd full length I've put out. It's the first thing I've put out that's really representative of what I wanted to be doing the whole time. It wasn't intended to be a 'concept' album or a 'rock opera,' but at the last second I kind of made it more like that. I definitely tried to make it a completed thing rather than a collection of different things," he remarked in a wavering, giggly voice.

For a young musician who is only 25 years old, Guy Blakeslee is entirely self-taught and has only been playing serious music for 10 years. He has a precise and untrained ear for the unconventional sounds he just "happens" to create. He plays everything on *Prayer Of Death* except the drum kit, one song's bass parts and all of the songs with violin are played by the infamous Paz Lanchantin (A Perfect Circle, Zwan). He plans to tour the record with a full band, which he is in the process of putting together.

There has been a big folk resurgence in the underground/independent music scene over the past five or six years. Acts like Devendra Banhart, Six Organs Of Admittance, Espers, and Band Of Horses have given young breath to the wilted lungs of American 'grass roots' music, but Entrance seems to exist outside of those circles.

"It's a complicated topic. I feel like I play music that would fit into that kind of realm, but the stuff I'm going to make now definitely has its roots in old time American music. It's going to be a heavier, more electrified version of that and not as folksy. [While recording] we used really old equipment like a 16 track tape machine. I recorded it in Chicago and the studio had tons of different stuff so I just experimented with it. I don't even own an amp or a guitar, so it was like a playground of gear that I was able to mess with."

I'm not going to begin going on about the impossibilities of categorizing *Prayer Of Death's* sound, but one must wonder - who does Blakeslee listen to or draw inspiration from? What bands/artists create a taste for music in a man who plays electric sitars on the spot and spits out self-released albums of terrifying metaphysical rock music?

"Have you ever heard of *Sandy Bull*?" He asked, "Well track three 'Requiem For Sandy Bull' with the sitar, it's not really a cover of his song, but it sounds like something he would have done. Bull was a

white dude from Boston who just played Middle Eastern and exotic instruments. His daughter is a friend of mine. He was a big influence on George Harrison in terms of getting into psychedelics. He supposedly gave Bob Dylan his first electric guitar. He died in 2001 - and he was just this really influential guy who's pretty unknown."

"Requiem for Sandy Bull (R.I.P)," sounds like an intercalary link between the orchestrated rock attack of "Silence on a Crowded Train" and the almost Troubadour-esque flourish of "Valium Blues," is exactly as Guy describes it - a potent mixture of Middle Eastern exotica whose mystique is clothed in psychedelic noodlings. The other tracks on the album pull in the conceptualized "prayer of death" by paying homage to the memory of such greats as Charley Patton, Ali Farka and Jimi Hendrix to name a few (who are also coincidentally mentioned in the dedication to the album along with Sandy Bull). Each deceased artist becomes reincarnated through the unique pastiche of styles and sound found throughout the album.

Where there was once intimacy and closeness in his music, the new sound of Entrance puts you into a kaleidoscope of distant fuzz and unidentifiable noises. From the squealing walls of electrified guitars played the way a siren is in a time of emergency, to the great echoing halls of reverb and chaotic noise, to the distorted drive of bass lines loud enough to cause bowel dysfunction - this record is a new world of electric sound. "I didn't have a lot of time in the studio. We had a really big room with high ceilings and recorded everything really loud, cranked up to like - 10 or something. We would turn up to 10 and move the mics a hundred feet away," remarks Blakeslee.

Once a songwriter caught out of his time, Guy wrenched his lonesome heart into a single mic and bled the tunes of great American craftsmanship, that few have captured since the days of early Delta Blues and ragtime folklore. Now we enter a new era of his work where the technology of the modern day collides with that same bare-boned honesty where Blakeslee's great taste in minimal aesthetic is thrown into a spiral of sonic disaster.

"It's weird because all of the music I played up to the point of my solo stuff was hardcore and psychedelic metal. When I started out, I was playing folk and blues; I was just trying to figure out the possibilities of playing by myself. But now that I have a full band I'm playing the music I started out playing. I definitely want to move into a multi-media, multi-sensory experience. I grew up with the Animal Collective in Baltimore and they were the only people in my immediate environment who could relate to me and my weird music because they were really into The Grateful Dead," Blakeslee says.

This release is an all-encompassing break from his old tactics. With no offers from labels on the horizon, it took a great intestinal fortitude to record and press a limited 1,000 copies of the most definitive and ambitious album of Blakeslee's career. Now that he lives in the spread-out circus of L.A. mixed with the constantly agreeable weather of the Southern West Coast, it's a wonder he found the drive and grim intensity it took to pull his resources together and create this work of music. With a tour this fall and the limitless potential of a self-produced and marketed album as amazing as this one, Entrance is enjoying the calm before the storm.

"I've been really trying to chill out lately. I'm realizing that getting mad about political issues doesn't help you at all. I live in L.A. and people here don't know what's going on outside of the entertainment industry," Blakeslee says.

Prayer Of Death is the death rattle of old ways and the birth of something progressive and very dangerous. If you can get your hands on it, then you are truly blessed. If you don't, just know it should definitely be in your top five of 2006 and it should be used as a mile marker of what's to come in the ever-evolving phenomenon of American song writing. This is American music to its very core and no one will be able to deny the entire history of our counter cultures coming full circle in this album. Blues, rock, jazz, hip-hop and American folk came from the unfortunate decisions of European settlers bringing an artistic culture of African slaves to this land to build its economy; it's up to young people like Guy Blakeslee and his band Entrance to keep it alive and moving so our nation's tragic story can be told with dignity and beauty.

OVER

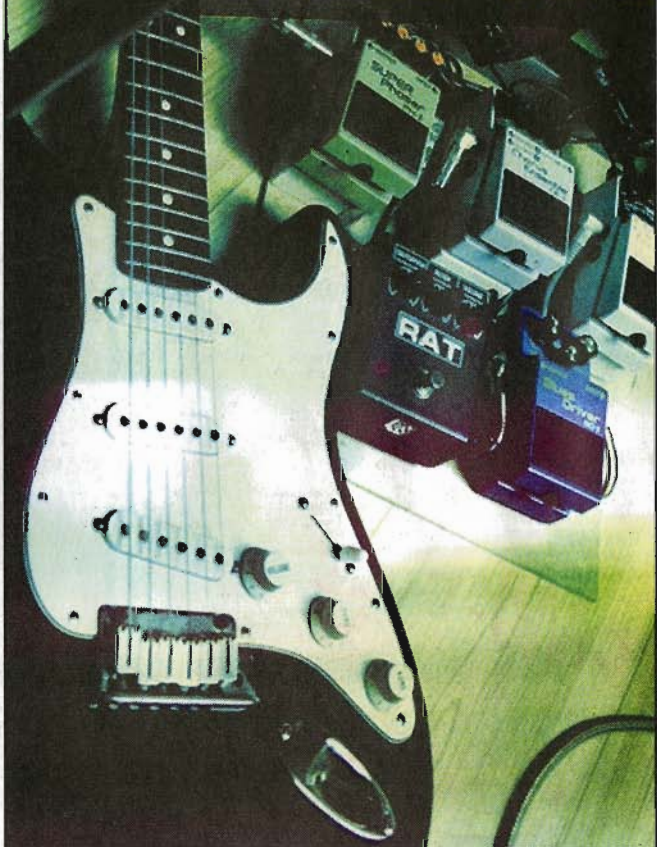
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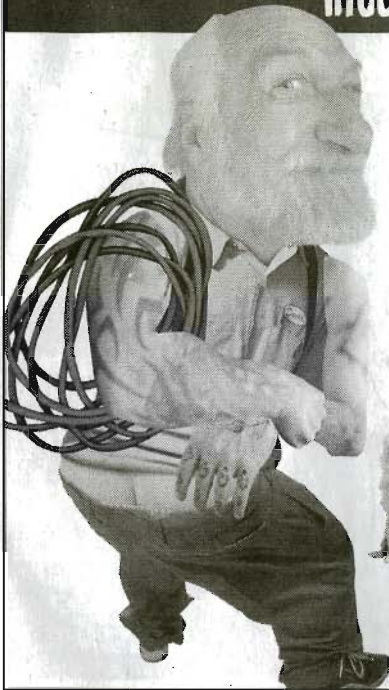
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(27) SLUG

MY MISADVENTURES ON THE CELLULAR FRONTIER

By MIKE BROWN mikebrown048@hotmail.com



When I was a kid you had to be one of three things to qualify yourself as a cell phone owner. You had to be a doctor, a drug dealer, or an asshole. You could be a little of one or the other and still qualify, or all three for that matter. But you had to have one of those features or I'm pretty sure you couldn't get one.

Nowadays, cell phones are exactly like assholes, everybody's got one and they all are capable of spewing forth large amounts of shit. And just because everybody owns a cell phone now doesn't mean that the asshole cell phone guy doesn't exist. He just blends in with society a little better. But trust me, asshole cell phone guy still comes into my work at least three times per week. You know the guy; he has his conversations extra loud to make himself extra important. And a lot of times he's rocking a jerk collar. And don't you love the way he stops you mid-sentence with a one fingered hand gesture that's not the bird but five times worse (to signify that whatever you are possibly talking about with him is not as important as the conversation he's about to have via text message)?

Speaking of text messages, is it just me or is this shit fucking bizarre? I didn't realize how prevalent and strange this form of communication has become until I recently witnessed a good friend break up with a girl over a text message. This was weird to me but not to the people I work with. The people I work with are mostly in their late teens or early twenties and texting is their preferred form of communication. I swear they would rather lose their ball sacks than their thumbs (like if a terrorist was holding them hostage and said, "I'm going to cut off something and it's going to either be your ears, your nuts, or your thumbs, but it's your choice.") The terrorists would be ball deep in ears and nut-sacks.

Given my managerial position at my work, I'm often put in the awkward position of disciplinarian. I sometimes hate this role but, honestly, sometimes firing a motherfucker is fun. One of my little rules (and I don't have many of them) is to stay off your fucking cell phone while at work. No one can seem to do this. The employees just go in the bathroom and pretend to take the Cosby's swimming and talk and text on their little phones. So I just steal their phones when they leave them out and send as many fucked up texts as I can to mess with their lives.

It's crazy how dependent people have become on their little wireless communication devices. I've heard stories of people going to jail and not knowing who to call to bail them out because they didn't have any phone numbers memorized and the pigs took their phone. Instead of waking up in the morning and asking yourself, "Where's my cigarettes?" Now it's "Where's my cell phone?"

I was at a party on Halloween and I happened to find a cell phone on the ground. I called some of the dude's friend's and let him know that I had his phone. One of the

dude's friends let me know that he had left the party but if he saw him he would tell him that some random stranger, me, had his phone. I told him to look for the giant used tampon because that was the costume I was wearing. As the night went on and I got more and more unsober, some girl started talking to me in a flirtatious manner. Since I have a girlfriend and since she was ugly I didn't want to communicate with her any more. I pulled out the cell phone that wasn't mine and made her think that I was going to ask her for her number but instead I chucked the phone in a raging fire. She looked confused so I explained to her that I was kidding around. I told her that I found the phone, that it wasn't even really mine and this made her madder. She called me an asshole and walked away. I was more like a stuck up cunt that night seeing how I was dressed up like a tampon and all

I must also admit that to some degree cell phones scare me. I've always been a little paranoid of the government and worried about stuff like them putting microchips inside our brains and stuff like that. The CIA must be so happy right now that they don't have to do this anymore because we will willingly buy portable microchips and keep them with us at all times. Some people, mostly the asshole cell phone guy I mentioned earlier, will get one of those fucked up looking blue tooth ear attachments and constantly have it on their heads.

As for all we know, blue tooth causes brain tumors and AIDS. Cell phones could be killing us and we don't even know it. Remember when they didn't know that cigarettes were bad and then people kind of found out and got a little pissed? T Mobile is the new Phillip Morris. The CIA is using cell phones via disease, just like AIDS and crack, to control the poor population, but unlike AIDS, no one had to fuck a monkey to start this disease.

Yes, my paranoia runs deep. I don't let it distract my life like it used to. I used to be so afraid of government conspiracies and Armageddon and shit like that that I developed a real bad attitude. My motto for life at the time should have been, "Live it up before they blow it up." And it was at this period in my life that I purchased a cell phone. I should have known not to buy a product endorsed by the world's most annoying hermaphrodite, Jaime Lee Curtis. If I were a hermaphrodite she would make me ashamed of my people, much like Bam Mageria makes me ashamed to ride a skateboard.

I mostly bought the phone because the girl I was dating at the time was selling cell phones for the evil company called Voice Stream. Soon after taking a job with Voice Stream she became addicted to crystal meth. That put a damper on our relationship. And due to my 'fuck it' mentality at the time, paying bills and shit like that seemed pointless because I thought the world was going to end anyway. Boy was I wrong, and I still owe Voice Stream around 400 bucks.

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(25) SLUG

COUCH MATERIAL

SKATE DVDS REVIEWED BY PETER PANHANDLER • PICS BY BOB PLUMB



KROOKED FRONICHLES

Finally a skate DVD that is worth the money you pay for it. *Krooked* put their DVD out as a double disc that is full of krooked madness. There is colorful cover and sleeve art, work courtesy of **Mark Gonzales** himself. This DVD is a must have for any collector. I have worn this one out with constant viewing pleasure.

Van Wastell kicks it off with style and grace. There is a lack of lines in his part but check them out in the credits. However, his part is full of smooth ass bangers. I mean who else does half cab 5-0's down rails? Nobody that's who. There are two amazing friends or shall I say guest parts in the DVD with pros and ams from the past and present.

Zared Bassett almost has a full part, what?

Drehobl and **Gonzales** hold down the veteran parts. With names like these you know the skating is epic as it gets. Drehobl's lip wizardry and pool destruction to **Neil Diamond's** "Forever in Blue Jeans" is the shit. Believe it or not this guy doesn't smoke weed but he may well be the Marlboro Man. Tranny ain't dead it just smells funny. This may well be one of last times we get to see Gonz on film so cherish it. This guy is and always will be skateboarding. My personal favorite is the 5-0 double corner carve to disaster on seven feet of vert.

Not the last part in the DVD but holy shit I love **Bobby Worrest**. This kid is so fucking amazing. Switch regular who cares, he has it all, in line too as a matter of fact.

East Coast kids always seem to have style and loose lines (not to mention no tight pants). Watch out for Bobby and D.C. cohort, **Zach Lyons**. Both of these youngsters are on a serious come up. Ask **Chris Hall** all about it.

Last but not least the bonus disc. The second disc is full of goodies. There is an Artists Feature section with Mark's friends including **Neckface**. There is also an international and flow teams section. Check out the man from down under **Andrew Currie**.

Gonz also has some classic gems hidden in there but, you have to find these yourself. Hint think "Future Primitive" friend. The bottom line is go buy this DVD bitches.



CIRCA: It's Time

First and foremost, thanks and apologies to **Josh Roberts** at *Milo Sport* for loaning me this DVD to review, which I still have not returned. At press time, this DVD was only available if you bought a certain pair of shoes, that's beat. That was the only downside to this DVD though. Oh except there are no **Curtis Colamonico** and **Grant Patterson** parts. Maybe they'll be in the super platinum edition for \$100. Alright enough bitching.

After a cool black and white introduction, first up to bat is **Jan Allie**. Skating to **Black Sabbath** seems like a burnt concept, especially from **ZERO** team riders. Allie skating is tight though. He has kickflip front tails on lock and a mean switch 50-50 on a kinked rail. Jon does a line at the home of the Utah Jazz. Get your shit done now kids Utah is getting seriously blown out.

Next up is the kid from Montana **Mr. Sierra Fellars**. Straight-kicked-off **MYSTERY** for not partying and board sponsor less for a while, Sierra has a stock pile of great footage. Sierra does everything at high speeds and butter bolts landings on every trick. The Australian four block gets destroyed by this kid with a sweet nollie heel shifty and every other trick in the book. Sierra has a good mix of tech and gnar expect him to be around for a while. Good first full part, son.

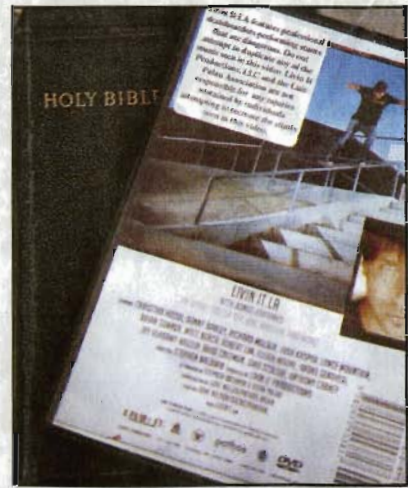
A pretty standard part from **Adrian Lopez**. What can I say I like this kids steez. He always looks like one pissed off Mexican. I know how it is though, plus if ain't broke don't fix it. **Adrian** like most pros is working on multiple DVD parts. **Dennis Durrant** has an excellent first showing. If you don't know who Dennis is you will after this vid. I have a boner just thinking about good his **POPWAR** part will be.

From what I have read about **Windsor James** he seems like your typical adolescent dip shit. From putting creases in all your clothes to wearing ghetto gowns. You know why they call 'em ghetto gowns don't you? Think it has something to do with obese chicks from the projects that are pregnant. **Windsor** is none of the above are you? He does however remind me of **Samuel Jackson** as **Mace Windu** the Jedi Master. This kid is on some serious balance shit, respect due to the black Jedi from the four corners.

Colt Cannon rips plain and simple. He skates to **The Doobie Brothers** and that says something all by itself. This guy has some serious class and a serious bag of tricks. Now residing in San Diego, **Colt** has footage from the bay to Mexico. How about those signature chino pants? Go cop some of those because they are comfortable as hell.

Tony Tave, **Tony Tave** had to say it twice since he just had two magazine covers. This kid is one of those pro-arms like our very own **Adam Dyet**. Tony has the best nollie backside flip in the business not to mention he has a three foot high switch tre flip. I totally love his intro as well except for the **Nate Sherwood** factor. This kid should be pro by the time you read this with some signature kicks sometime next spring.

Peter Romondetta does not fit in on this team. He is raw as fuck. You have seen the ads now peep his video part. **Oklahomies** don't screw around. Oh yeah did I mention this DVD is free, unless it's not. Buy Vans, they rule.



LIVIN IT LA

So this DVD just happened to randomly find its way to my box here at the *SLUG* Magazine office. Usually I request the DVDs I want that way I can get the free product of my choice. Upon first glance at the cover I'm thinking "Great this looks like some shit you get at **BEST BUY** not at a skateshop". But hey free is free and I'll give anything a shot if it's free. This way of thinking has gotten me into trouble before.

The cover of the DVD has some goofy ass looking kid in his seventies nostalgia get-up reminiscent of the **Dogtown Z-Boys** era. He is also doing an early grab frontside air in pool. Cool huh? I think not. However on the back cover there is a starring list with names like **Hosoi**, **Barley**, **Mulder**, **Mountain**, **Sumner**, **Genovesi**, **Beach**, **Carney**, **Lim** and even **Josh Casper**. Wow that's a diverse group of skaters ranging from legend status to the obscure to the down right despised. Mental note there is also a glamour photo of **Sumner** on the back cover or at least that is what I thought.

In all reality the picture is not of **Brian Sumner**. It's a photo of the films director and co-producer **Stephen Baldwin** of the **Baldwin Brothers** Hollywood notoriety. What a schmuck. Ok so now something is seriously wrong here. Why does this kook have anything to do with skateboarding? Does he skate? Is he trying to bite **Owen Wilson** in the *Girl* video? Sorry about the mix up **Sumner** but it takes a kook to know one.

The beginning of the DVD is easy on the eyes with smooth skating from **Donny Barley**, **Brian Sumner** and **Brazil's** own **Andre Genovesi**. After this everything starts to go way downhill. This is when I started to realize what the common ground is that these guys all share. They are all Christians and born agains. Now this is just my opinion but keep the preaching out of skating period. I don't buy into the Rasta crap that comes out of **Jake Rupp's** mouth and I'm sure as hell not trying to hear your shit either. The only reason one becomes born again is because they fucked things up to bad the first time around.

Everyone's part (excluding the three I first mentioned) starts out with a self confessional about how they found God. Most of their stories have to do with heavy drug usage or doing a bid in some prison in God knows where, no pun intended. With the exception of **Lance Mountain** and **Hosoi** I could care less about any of these guys especially **Josh Casper** who by the way wears knee pads under his pants in his part. Jesus loves you but every one else thinks you're an asshole.

On a more positive note **Matt Beach** has a sick part all filmed in one day. He is wearing **Jason Jesse** t-shirt through out the whole thing so you know it's legit. Oh yeah, God personally hates Jason for all the bad shit he has done. There is also a bonus section with **Eric Dressen** in it that is worth checking out. All in all this DVD is not worth finding or buying but if you happen to come across it check it out. After all this is Utah so this might just be your cup of tea. Maybe you can find it at the family rental shop where all the movies are edited. Oops I meant censored. Satan lives.

WHAT'S UP?



PHOTO: BO BO

NO BABIES ON BOARD HERE: CONGRATULATIONS ADAM DYET- FIRST PLACE BEST TRICK AMSTERDAM!

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WHAT'S UP?

By Peter Panhandler
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

When I took up rank here at *SLUG Magazine* doing the skateboard stuff, I thought "What a piece of cake." Boy oh boy, was I ever wrong. I pictured myself doing my daily routine: Wake up late, smoke something and eat something then off to *Fairmont Park* to meet up with the homeboys. I see the most amazing shit on a skateboard go down all the time. I figured I would just call up **Mr. Plumb**, take some photos and write some random crap about it. No problem right? Wrong answer. Little did I know, how much coordinating was necessary and how damn hard it is to get certain people together.

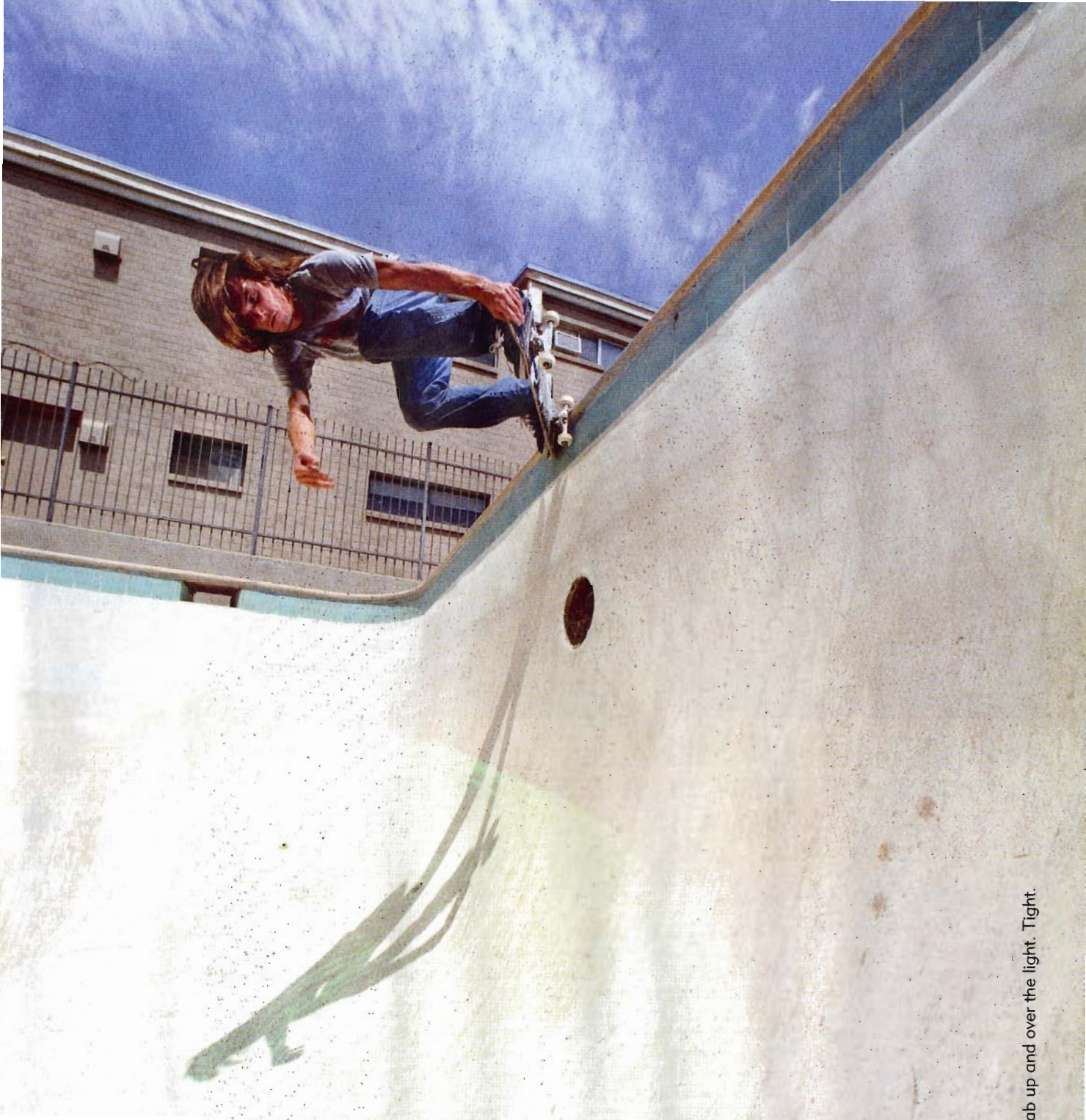
On top of all of this there are two other new local publications devoted strictly to action sports (I hate these words)- wake, snow and skate. Why did you forget blading bro? That's all cool though. There is nothing wrong with a little healthy competition, especially when we always end up top dog; although it would be nice if everyone had their own original concepts and ideas.

The weather has been a serious hindrance this summer as well. With almost a month of 100-degree weather, skating is

near impossible during the day hours. I'm not 16 anymore, infact, I haven't been for well over a decade. I pretty much refuse to skate unless it's below 89 degrees, call me a puss if you like. I don't care about your opinion anyway. I can skate when it's this hot but only for about 20 minutes before I am covered in sweat from all the toxins in my body. I guess that's because I actually know how to push fast.

Last but not least, my friends travel quite a bit. This sucks when you are broke and can't make it anywhere. I was planning on getting a bunch of out-of-state stuff in the magazine and still am. I'm off to the Golden State in August to get some exclusive shit. Be on the lookout 'cause it's going to be good.

We all know skaters get everything done last minute. I am no exception to this fact. Neither is Mr. Plumb and he skates less than I do. We tried to get some stuff done but were constantly put-off by injuries, family vacations and the weather. Seriously there was a micro burst and chemical spill one day a block from where we were going to shoot photos. We were going to do an all tranny article; it never developed but it is still coming. This reminds me of an original Plan-B slogan from the 90s: "What you see is what you get." What you do get though, is a little piece of my mind.



24 HOURS PAST DEADLINE

WORDS + PHOTOS BY BOB PLUMB

Some unfortunate events landed us past deadline for this month's skate section. The first, a wind storm that could have knocked down a chemical plant's acid storage ... Oh, wait, it did. The next day, work interrupted the photo ops. Friday came with both Hubble and Caleb getting shit done, only to find out that no one will process film on Saturdays anymore ... damn you, digital. We thought about drawing stick figures or having Panhandler write way too much. Instead, we got an extension and got these four photos in less than 24 hours.



Caleb Orlon. 100 degree dredlock inspired nose slide.



Mikey Z. no warm up ollie for me.

RANDOM NEWS FROM THE SKATEBOARD WORLD

By: Peter Panhandler
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Mark White and **Adam Dyet** were seen getting fully flared with the **LAKAI TEAM** around town last month.

A barrage of teams have been touring throughout Salt Lake City including the **Sessions Team** with every ones favorite photo guy **Rhino**, **Duff's** team members including St. Georges **Lames Atkin** and the **ELEMENT TEAM** with more heavyhitters on the way soon so lookout and for hell's sake stay out of the way.

Salt Lakes own **Sean "Dirty" Hadley** will be returning home to us from the dirty south of New Orleans. There is only so much MaCucumber one man can handle. Expect Hads to become some kind of politically charged terrorist. Seeing the destruction first hand and how people are treated by our government has had an impact on the young man or maybe not.

Fellow F and 6th roommate to be unnamed has just finished up a stay at the county jail. Pay your fine or do the time. Drinking is a bad habit and sooner or later, you end up in the slammer. Nothing like free room and board.

Technique's shop DVD will premeire this month, call them for info about when it is. This should be a banger. They have been working on it for quite a while. **Kyle Wilcox** is a great filmer so it should be great on the eyes. Plus every one is waiting for **Sam Hubble's** full part.

Late news- Adam Dyet wins the best trick at this years Damn Amsterdam Contest. He did his usual amazing bag of tricks. SWITCH BACKSIDE HEEL AND A KICKY BACK TAIL. You will see the photos and footage in the near future.

Apologies to **Christian Sereika** whose name was horribly misspelled in last months **OGIO** contest article.

Last but not least local video premieres last month by Mark White (*Random Lurkers 3*) and **Eric Jensen**(WEAST) went down. I attended both but was completely smashed so I don't remember much. I am assured they were both excellent. Both of which should be available by the time you read this. Eric's video is being produced by **SLUG**



Sam Hubble. Front side 50-50 four photos are better than three.

Magazine and will come complimentary with August's **SOD** contest entrance fee along with cool free **SLUG Magazine t-shirt**. **MiloSport** also kicked in a few of LJ's new DVD, so the first 20 peeps to enter **SOD** get this too. Register at your favorite shop or go to summerofdeath.com for a list of participating shops. Registration packet includes this free swag and the DL on the secret contest locations.

Oh yeah, the next Summer of Death contest should be off-the-hook with a completely new format and secret locations. We are using new concepts here since everything else is pretty played-out and people keeping biting our shit. You know who you are and so do we.

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SATURDAYS: Karaoke

AUGUST

8.4 Utah Slim, ¡Andale!, High Beams

8.6 Joe Chisholm unit

8.7 Afro Omega

8.8 Mean Mollies Trio

8.13 Our Time in Space

8.18 One Foundation

8.20 Joe Chisholm Unit

8.25 Afro Omega

8.27 Last Response & Timbre

8.29 Boomstick

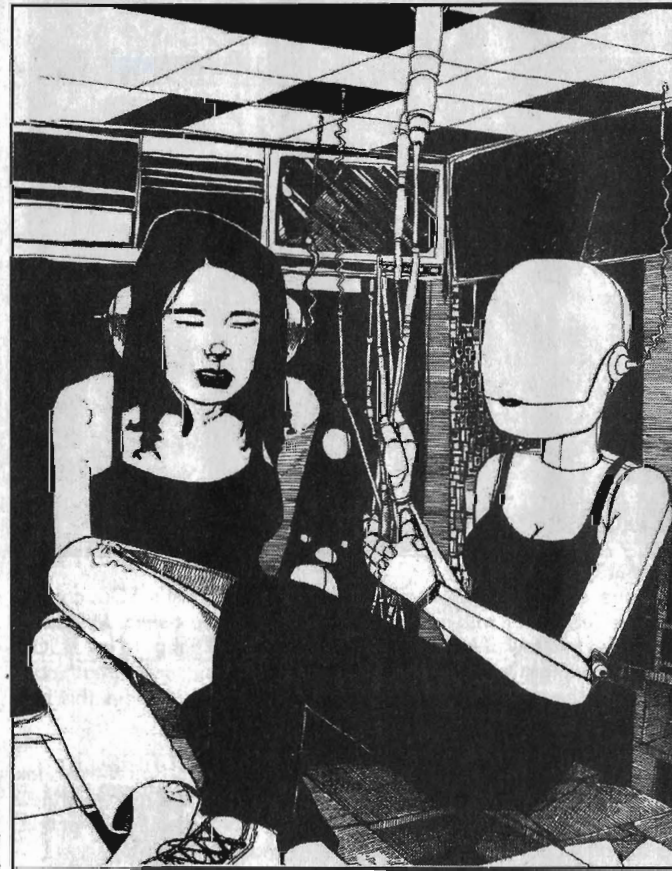
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08-10-06 - Beneath Red Rock, Miranda Project & TBA

08-17-06 - The Hotness & Abby Normal

08-29-06 - Off The Veil & Johnny Tight Lips

08-31-06 - Mother City & TBA

09-07-06 - PHONO, Corner Pocket & TBA

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TRUE STORY

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Problem:

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Solution:

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Meet Matt

Mini Profile

Name: Matthew Roberts
Hobbies: '55 Chev Hot Rod, Roller Skating, Xbox, Tats
Favorite Drink: Vodka Collins
Favorite Bar: Club 90
Favorite Colors: Black & Pink
Favorite Food: Slim Jim

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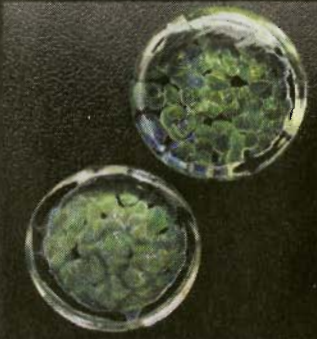
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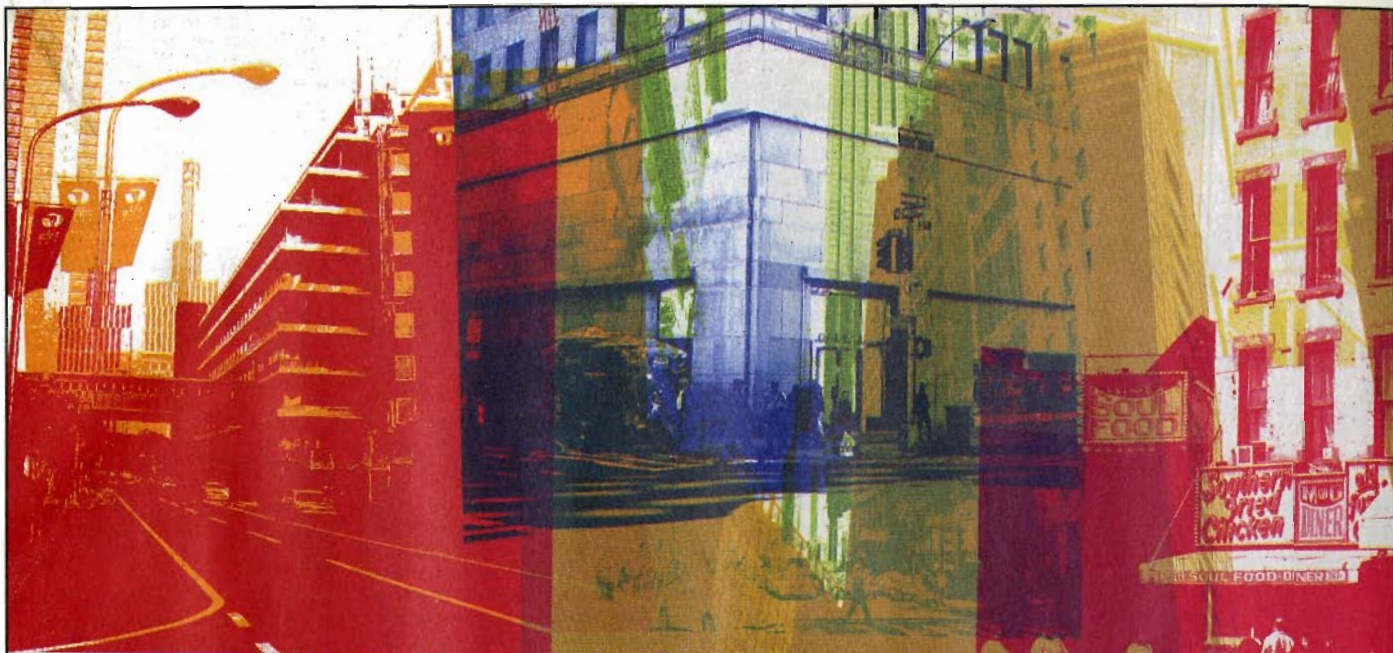
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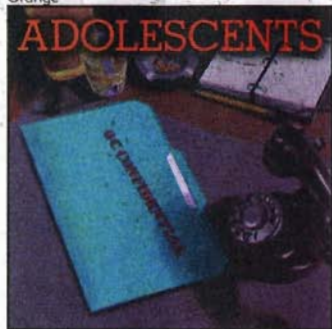
ZUP

Teenage Mondo Trash
Ache Records
Street: 07.06
ZUP = Guitar Wolf + Dillinger Escape Plan
+ DMBQ

Often operating under the principle that Japan is far ahead (or sideways) in certain genres of music, ZUP is moderately disappointing. With members of **Total Fury** and **Dmonstrations**, my expectations for this record were set unattainably high. A tight math punk band with some phenomenal drumming and song structure is splattered with sub-par atonal vocals that are simultaneously too loud in the mix and too laid back for the tone and feel of the record overall. Perhaps the live shows or future releases will raise the bar, or perhaps this just sucks. — Ryan Powers

The Adolescents

OC Confidential
Finger Records
Street: 07.12
The Adolescents = The Descendents + Agent Orange



The newest Adolescents release isn't anywhere near the same level as their debut, and now legendary *The Blue Album*. The songs on *OC Confidential* aren't bad, but they lack the infectious energy that made them famous. I'm not sure if it's a good thing that the Adolescents keep releasing new material, as opposed to the other 80s punk bands who opted to crash and burn instead, but I don't think it's a bad thing either. About half the songs on *OC Confidential* manage to capture their fun surf-punk style. Some of my favorite tracks were "Howks and Doves" and "Lockdown America." For being two decades old, these guys aren't doing half bad. (08/09 Club Sound) — Jeanette Moses

Awol One

The War of Art
Cornerstone Recordings
Street: 08.11
Awol One = Shape Shifters + the Boogeymen
+ Buck

Those fortunate enough to attend the July 10th performance at **The Urban Lounge** have already received a taste of this album's distinctive sound. Awol has always refused to "stay inside the lines" when it comes to his vocal styling's and cadences...this record is not a recalibration. *The Art of War* includes such featured artists as **2MEX**, **KRS-ONE**, **Eyedeia** of **Rhymesayers** and **Riddlore?**

of **Project Blowed**. They all ad to the 31, err 13 flavors of this 2006 release. Songs like "Get You" make you want to boogie, while most of the others prove to be a bothersome listen when put on repeat more than twice in a row. However, there are compensational songs like "Everything's Perfect", featuring **Eyedeia**, which delves deep into Awol's dark abyss of experimentation; and I mean dark (check the **666 DVD**). He remains the hardest working emcees in the scene and you have to respect that...or drink Lysol. —Lance Sounders

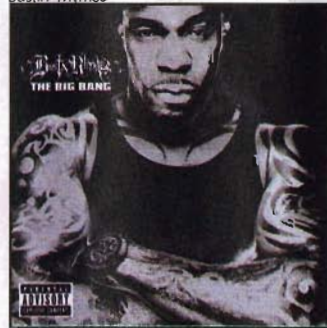
Black Fiction

Ghost Ride
Howells Transmitter
Street: 07.25
Black Fiction = Animal Collective + Shins
+ Beck

Psychoacoustics of music has always interested me, especially when it comes to the perception qualities of a particular piece of music. Upon first listen of Black Fiction's album *Ghost Ride* I could not help but be excited. There are many different layers happening; drums in the front switching to sampled drums, tape loops that sound like middle-eastern instruments and a lot of very strange percussion that make the music very danceable and engaging. The album flows in a very strange way, similar to traveling across the United States with plenty of different textures and colors as you move from song to song. Then I listened to the album with some friends and it became apparent that the album was a little lacking in the lyrical department; many of the songs' lyrics are banal and somewhat clownish. Some songs are reminiscent of the dramatics of **The Fiery Furnaces** and it is definitely the music which holds the nerdiness together. — Andrew Glassett

Busta Rhymes

The Big Bang
Aftermath / Interscope
Street: 06.13
Busta Rhymes = a storm man no longer
bustin' rhymes



Though I hate to posit such, dreadlocks may just serve as talent receptacles. With his dismembered hair in hand, the new Sampson of hip-hop yawns out a record that rarely transcends the hilariously disastrous. In fact, the best Mr. Rhymes has to offer is silence, as **Raekwon** autopilots over a thrice-fried **Wu-Tang** beat, just three chords on a Kurzweil and pile of snares ("Goldmine"). At worst, the somehow single "I Love My

Bitch" sounds like the cheapest, most ill-produced song from the cheapest, most ill-produced mixtape (seriously, the effects on those vocals are about the worst thing since the Cuban Missile Crisis). Most troubling, Busta was pretty cool for a time, when his dreads romanced off his skull and he dressed in primary colors. Now he rocks tank tops and slathers his lips like Cool J, Jr. A complete fall from relevancy if ever I've seen one. — Justin Thomas Burch

Cataract Camp

Sing Roin
Self Released
Street: 08.01
Cataract Camp = noise/indie rock

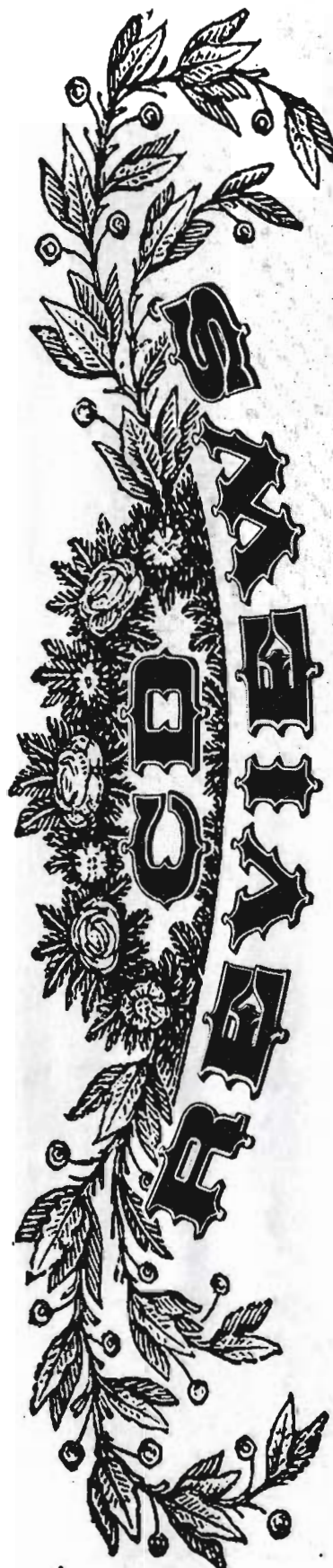
From the second I pulled **Cataract Camp's** *Sing Roin* out of my box at **SLUG** headquarters up to the moment I pushed play on my stereo, I was dreading the first listen. However, from the first time on, my hesitations were replaced with the pleasant surprise of a remarkably amazing album. The cover is what threw me, you see. On the front of the cheap plastic case of the album is a plant that looks like none other than **Pac-Man** with a tiny green stem attached to his head and two green leaves leading down to a flower pot. Directly to the right of this terrible drawing is the band's name, and album title written in the handwriting of an elementary child. So it came as quite a shock when the music that followed was intensely progressive and original. *Sing Roin's* blend of noise, ever-changing vocals of its three singers and heavy to soft guitars and keyboards make for a unique musical experience. It's doubtful that you will find this album in a record store, so visit their website at: www.cataractcamp.com! —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Clouds Forming Crowns

Race to the Blockout
Morphius Records
Street: 05.29
Clouds Forming Crowns = The Who + Guided
By Voices + David Bowie — glam



Combining elements of indie and classic rock, along with an obvious **Guided By Voices** influence, brothers **Todd** and **Tim Tobias** have created **Clouds Forming Crowns**. **Todd** and **Tim**, former producer and member respectively of **GBV**, create music that will trip the mind of even the most veteran 60's rocker. They do so with arcane lyrics such as "snow hand bat laughs/seeds begin to quiver.../electric fools — start to deliver," combined with tough, distorted bass lines. "Phantom Dog Black Water," starts the album



off with heavy distortion and cryptic vocals that become more apparent in the tracks to come. Working with indie rock advocate, and Guided By Voices front man, Robert Pollard in the past has definitely helped the siblings evolve their brainchild into a more mature and focused release than their self-titled debut. Clouds Forming Crowns is more than just a Guided By Voices side project. Its provocative musical style and puzzling lyrical content deserve to have their own spot in the musical world. —Tom Carbone Jr.

Dead To Me

Cuban Ballerina
 Fat Wreck Chords
 Street: 07.11
 Dead To Me = Mid 90s Fat Wreck Chords punk



Rising from the remains of One Man Army and adding Western Addiction's bassist Chicken, Dead To Me present themselves to the punk arena with *Cuban Ballerina*, their debut album. Many have been quick to say that DTM have only picked up where OMA left off. But as for me, I never listened to OMA anyway so I had no preconceived notions while listening to *Cuban Ballerina*. As the music hit my virgin ears, it pleased them. The album's content, which covers topics like addiction, recovery and important issues in society, instantly drew me in. The dueling vocals between Chicken and guitarist Jack Dalrymple are what propel DTM and make each song a little bit different from the last. While this is a very promising and strong debut album, it's nothing that will change the way you listen to your punk rock, but it should be listened to and it makes DTM a band to watch for the next few releases. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Disaster Strikes

Liberty Toast
 Alternative Tentacles
 Street: 07.25
 Disaster Strikes = Municipal Waste + Dead Kennedys + I Object

Liberty Toast is pissed-off, politically-charged and, overall, fucking awesome! Disaster Strikes present hard-hitting songs over music that is reminiscent of Municipal Waste, Dead Kennedys and Minor Threat. On "The High Cost of Happy Faces" they cover the evils of Walmart and on "Mission Accomplished," which features Jello Biafra, they point out the extreme ridiculousness of our current "national security crisis," made complete with hilarious impersonations of George W. I suppose one good effect of his presidency is that a lot of great

music is being created (much like during the Reagan era) as a reaction to his stupidity. If you like your punk punched full of politics without sounding preachy, this is a band for you. —Jeanette Moses

Divider

At Twilight
 Shock Value Records
 Street: 06.06
 Divider = Noise + Heart + melody? + more noise + a kick in the pants

Kurt Ballou's fingers are in quite a few pies these days. While being guitarist for Converge, he's also busy behind the boards recording a slew of bands. The recording sessions with Divider had to be a challenge for Mr. Ballou. I can only imagine the pie charts, graphs, equations, and bottles of Advil required. This EP is quite noisy, the guitar lines are graspable, but they just have a blatant disregard for song structure. Just when you think a chuggy breakdown is coming, the drums speed up even more, the guitars start wailing as if fingers couldn't keep up with the noises they are creating, and then out of nowhere BAM! some small melody line floats in for approximately four seconds, providing a sense of WTF? and then chaos once again ensues. And I'll be damned if it didn't all grab me. The "melody" is not that crappy eyeliner "I dress all in black" melody so prevalent these days, but melody like you would find in old Converge and Red Scare records. Divider is raw, emotional and just as important, Divider is actually saying something. Subjects like global warming, anti-consumerism, and social status are all present—strewn amongst the debris of drum blasts, raucous guitars, screams, yelps, wails, and yells. It's glorious. —Peter Fryer

Elan

Together as one
 Interscope Records
 Street: 06.23
 Elan = Bob Marley + Toots & the Maytals + Damian M.



I swear, if Bob Marley ever contracted a health catastrophe and could not perform a live show, he could have Elan do the vocals backstage and no one would notice. Between 1997 and 1999, Elan was the lead singer for **The Wailers**, often accused of lip-syncing the Marley's vocals; some people assumed he was one of Marley's children (even though he's Caucasian). Elan's first major label debut, *Together as One*, is full of island sounds and cadency. He merges roots and soul with dancehall

vibes and philosophical themes. Some songs keep the somber mood through acoustic instrumentation and give the listener a sense of profoundness in his music, jumping to brilliantly driven island measures that demonstrate Elan's sapient duality. This is a great party album, with flowing vocals, thumping bass lines and carefully calculated beats to make you sway in your stance. Respect. —Lance Saunders

Eric Adams/Chester Moore

Wild Life and Wild Times (DVD)
 Mobic Circle Music
 Street: 07.18
 Manawar vocalist + Hunting expert = Ted Nugent territory but not as entertaining

I'm the first to admit that I'm not madly passionate for hunting and don't understand the appeal of hunting videos at all, but I did think that anyone who runs around in a loincloth onstage would be uniquely suited to this sort of project. Sadly, I was mistaken. There isn't really a sense of humor in this project, which is a shame, since things like this do require a bit of laughter, unless I'm just missing something entertaining about watching others killing for sport. Even the "rattlesnake round-up," which sounded promising, was bland at best. The music is bombastic, and actually more listenable than most Manowar songs, but by the end of the bloodfest, I found myself queasy and almost longing for the reactionary rhetoric of Ted Nugent, who at least manages to make projects like these amusing, if by no means thought-provoking. —Marie Braden

Flattbush

Seize the Time!
 Koolarrow Records
 Street: 06.30
 Flattbush = Rattling bush + George W. Bush + a bumper in my summer

What do you get when a bunch of teenagers from the Philippines form a politically charged, black-metal punk band? Well in this case, you get Herpes Simplex Virus - or at least something equally obnoxious. At least you can turn the music off. It sounds like a couple of random kids put together a non-congealing mixture of black metal and some extraneous samples over some hilarious 80's-punk lyrics about communism and activism in their parent's basement over the course of a Saturday afternoon. Even it were 1984 and the idea had potential to be 'good', the amateur musicianship and their 'vocalist' takes a big shit in everybody's nachos in an attempt to ruin summer vacation. Thanks, jerks. —Ryan Powers

Filthy White Trash

Free Ride
 Jackpot Studios
 Street: 08.12
 Filthy White Trash = A punk band for ICP fans.

When did it become cool to be trashy? I guess you can't really expect much from a band who has labeled themselves as "Filthy White Trash," and further more, why in the hell would anyone want to listen to an album that has trash

in the band's name? *Free Ride* gives you 13 stagnant songs ranging from doing dope, shitting your pants and suicide ... how appealing and original. Their combination of metal-core and unoriginal punk-rock is pretty much the equivalent to well ... trash. The real icing on the cake of this one is the recording of someone taking a huge dump. This band is trying way to hard to be crass (not the band, dumbass) and it just comes off as pitiful. Buy this album if you don't have taste — Jeanette Moses

Fish Karma

The Theory of Intelligent Design
 Alternative Tentacles
 Street: 07.11
 Fish Karma = Screeching Weasel + The Queens



If you're a devout Christian of any kind (especially one who lacks a sense of humor about "the lord and savior"), Fish Karma isn't the band for you. *The Theory of Intelligent Design* manages to poke fun at everyone: politicians, Christians, the crippled, The Clash and even Ronnie James Dio. No one is safe from the tongue of fire that belongs to Terry Owen. The songs range from Metallica-style metal found on "Fifty Caliber Christ" to Queens style punk on "Raucous!" and the acoustic and soulful anti-war song "Blessed Times." My favorite track was "White and Delightful," which pokes fun at the Mormons with lyrics like "The garments we wear are like magic vests/ Rocks and bullets bounce off our chests." Fish Karma is sacrilegious, but most of all they're funny ... I just don't think that everyone will understand their twisted sense of humor. —Jeanette Moses

Forward, Russia!

Give Me A Wall
 Dance To The Radio/Mute Records
 Street: 09.19
 Forward Russia! = Talking Heads with a synth-indie twist + The Wilderness

Give Me A Wall resonates with sonically-charged chaos. Tom Woodhead's vocals bleed reminiscent of Talking Heads' David Byrne, as synth, guitars and drums crash together amidst shouts, screams, squeals and singing. Forward, Russia! bring an energy to their music that numbs the mind, making it impossible to focus on anything else and demands the listeners' full, undivided attention. Multi-tasking while listening to beautiful discord of *Give Me A Wall* becomes a ridiculous notion and I soon realize that it is better to give up the fight and succumb to the music than waste time trying not to. The tracks, whose names are numbers, i.e. track one is "Thirteen," offer different levels of complexity and never lack of energy. Although it feels like the album as a whole runs a bit too long, it doesn't hurt the intensity too much. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Golden Bear

Self-titled
C-Side Records

Street: 08.01
Golden Bear = The Flaming Lips + The Band
+ My Morning Jacket

A slew of various novelty instruments really Golden Bear's self-titled debut an enjoyable first spin. Upon further listening and a look at the liner notes, where each instrument used is listed track by track with its respective musician, it's safe to say that this album will please listeners on multiple musical fronts. The first track, "A Reason to be Proud," is rightfully titled due to its simple-yet-catchy opening guitar riff and fuzzy layered vocals, making it a highlight of the album. "Golden Bear Revival Stomp" features some creative instruments such as the xylophone, a trash can lid, and believe it or not, a can of nuts which makes for a delightfully clever anthem. This debut effort, recorded and co-produced by Erik Waffard, is full of honest indie-pop that is sure to keep your head bobbing and toe tapping for hours. But lets face it, what else can you expect from a band that uses a wurliizer? - Tom Carbone Jr.

Headlights

Kill Them With Kindness

Polyvinyl Records

Street: 08.22
Headlights = Stars + Ms. John Soda



This album has possibly the worst album title of the year; I think we are past the whole "I'm a timid little indie musician who thinks it is funny to use a cliché phrase on the cover of my over-stylized indie album cover which is full of flowers and pink and silhouetted girls shooting lasers out of her eyes" thing. I was a little let down with the art design only because it doesn't match the music. Headlights are veterans of the indie circuit, touring with bands such as The Applesseed Cast, Headphones and Earlimart. The music is very engaging and interesting, providing really honest vocals and sing-song melodies. The production of the music is fantastic and really gives *Kill Them With Kindness* the extra push that the album needed to become a great album. - Andrew Glassett

Ho-Ag

The Word from Pluto

Hello Sir Records

Street: 09.06
Ho-Ag = Denim and Diamonds - The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower + The Maeshi - Thunderbirds are the Now

This record is almost really good, except

that the vocals are annoying, and the lyrics are straight up dumb. The music is almost okay, but doesn't do anything that wasn't done two or three years ago by Thunderbirds are the Now or the Maeshi. Those bands are really good, and don't have a stupid name like Ho-Ag, so you won't be embarrassed to tell your friends what you are listening to, so you should probably just listen to the other bands instead. Maybe they could get a new singer that can... I don't know... sing? Scream even? Do something besides talk monotone energetically. What the fuck is that? Who does that? Well, I'll tell you. This crappy band does. I think I'm going to go listen to Maeshi's *Terrorbird* album... - Ryan Powers

Inca Ore with Lemon Bear's Orchestra

The Birds in the Bushes

5 Rue Christine

Street: 08.22
Inca Ore = Mount Eerie + a very young Animal Collective



Having toured as a member of Jackie O Matherfucker with a record on Yellow Swans' Collective Jyrk imprint, Inca Ore is a sleeper pick for your ever-expanding roster of vagabond experimentalists. Eva Saelens, as Inca Ore, guides the intrepid clanking, lending her subtly ferocious voice as the need arises, furthering the theory that finite periods of homelessness breed a desire to clack and yelp. Meanwhile, the otherwise nameless Lemon Bear conducts his orchestra of lapping waves and dancing winds from a craggy precipice outside a lighthouse. Along with the multifaceted use of wind instruments, there is an organic wax and wane here that immediately conjures the uniquely scarred landscape of the Pacific Northwest. To have seen the pair performing and recording in a rented cabin in Cape Meares, Oregon, must have resembled something Michel Gandry-esque, sincere yet hopelessly disorganized, exuding the charmingly abrasive. - Justin Thomas Burch

Iron Hero

Safe As Houses

Self-released

Street: 07.25
Iron Hero = Michael Stipe-esque vocals + Now It's Querthead + [insert Athens band here]

Iron Hero refuse categorization. Each song on this self-released debut album from yet another Athens band is disparate, yet enchanting. "Spy Versus Spy" is a dark, synth-driven tune that lets listeners know that they aren't just another rock band

with the occasional tacky keyboard part. Not surprisingly, the liner notes show that they have three separate members with keyboard duties. "Sleepy Eyes" takes a whole new approach to the art-rock theme that is blatant throughout the album, reminiscent of a beautiful instrumental Sigur Ras song, it uses various vocal and instrumental effects to capture the overall gloomy mood that undoubtedly seeps out the sides of this album. Recorded by Andy Baker of The Glands, and mastered by Glenn Schick, who has worked with Of Montreal, *Safe As Houses* is an impressive debut lyrically and musically. With lines like "looking for an excuse/ not to lose my head/like a radio wave in the black ether," all over this album, it's apparent that these guys possess more than just the ability to play their instruments well; they've got a firm grip on the throat of lyrical beauty. - Tom Carbone Jr.

Jab Mica Och El

ABC Hej I'm Calo

Ache Records

Street: 07.01
Jab Mica Och El = The Soundtrack to Katamar Damacy + Knif-HandChap - Percussion + Sesame Street

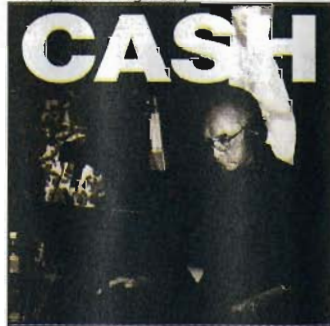
This record is inexplicably amazing. I kept waiting for the music to kick in after the Tigerbeat6-style easy listening intro - and then I realized the intro was no intro at all... *ABC Hej I'm Calo* is a complex yet lightweight layering of very subtle splintered electronics and beats with traditional horns, banjas and percussion. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was playing Japanese videogames or taking a relaxing stroll in cloud heaven. If grindcore were yellow, this would be blue. - Ryan Powers

Johnny Cash

American V: A Hundred Highways

American

Street: 07.04
Johnny Cash = Legendary



With his last recording effort, Johnny Cash brings us *A Hundred Highways*. These 12 songs are Johnny's goodbye to the world he left such an indelible impression on. Just like any other Cosh collaboration with Rick Ruben, the mood is dark, but there are no outrageous covers like "Hurt" or "Rusty Cage" for Johnny to put his mark on. Besides the pounding "God's Gonna Cut You Down," the rest of the record is very slow in pace and thoughtful of the words coming across. Cash's health was up and down during the period he recorded this work, and he also lost his wife June

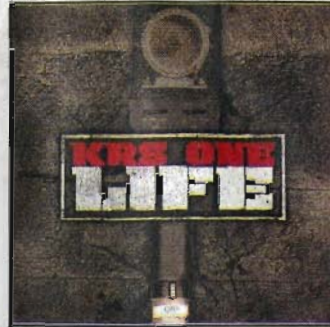
Carter Cash. Through hardships, as he has always done, Cash kept going to give us one last record. Though his voice isn't always as strong as it was, he delivers with a passion that will assure his music lasts well beyond his years. - James Orme

KRS-ONE

Life

Antagonist Records

Street: 7.13
KRS = Master Blaster + the Teacher + BDP



You have to take into consideration that KRS-ONE (born Kris Parker) has been going strong for 19 years and counting. With raps ranging from political and socially conscious to preachy and/or collaborative, KRS releases amazing records every year. KRS does an admirable job of keeping the true essence of hip-hop alive in a world that has forgotten about his partial glories. Over complex drum patterns, hard core bass lines and pulsing guitar riffs, KRS brandishes his ferocious poetic wordplay and new styles on *Life*. With *The Resistance* an production and Dubb in the mixing room, this album does NOT even sound like an indie release (that's right, not produced by a major record label). After releasing over 13 albums and countless collaborations, Kris proves his talent, determination, and the ability to make other emcee's cringe at the thought of challenging him. - Lance Saunders

Left Alone

Dead American Radio

Hellcat Records

Street: 08.08
Left Alone = Time Again + Rancid + Operation Ivy

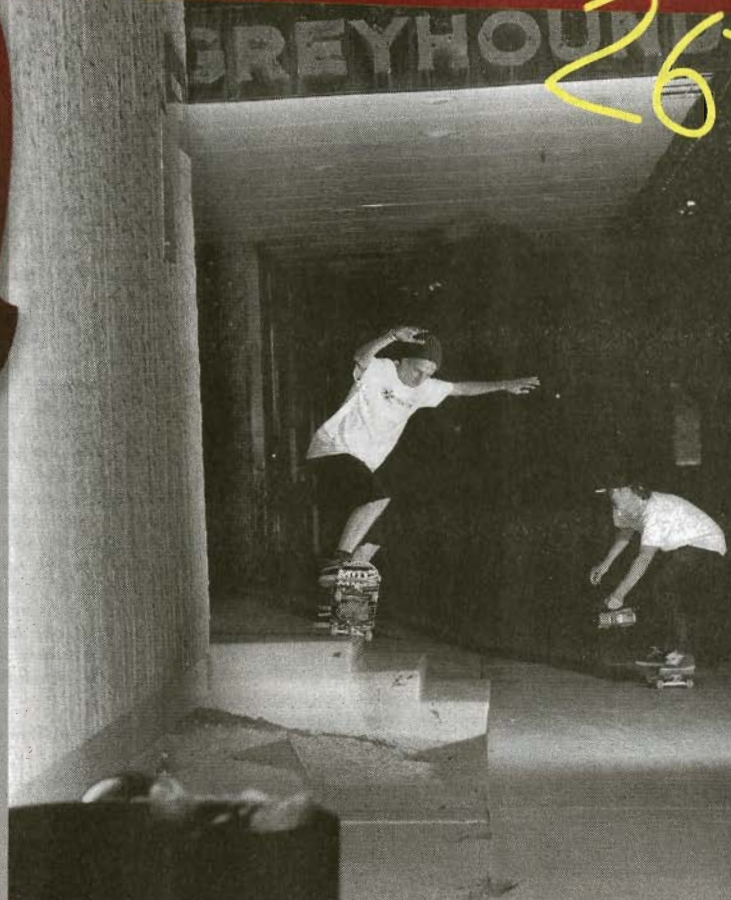
Only a year has passed since *Left Alone* released their first album, and the short amount of time between the two release dates didn't dull down their sophomore album one bit. *Dead American Radio* includes 16 power house tracks including the ska influenced "Justino," the incredibly immature "I Hate Emo" and "City to City" featuring who else but Tim Armstrong. Whether lead singer Elvis Cortez is singing about being drunk, lost loves or how emo boys look like girls and sound like caca, it is never disappointing. *Left Alone* has mastered the use of only three chords. This album is melodic and seamless; they've pulled influences from all over the map and created something that'll keep you dancing until you wear holes in the soles of your shoes. (09.11 Boom Va) - Jeanette Moses

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Laris & Lizard Backside 50-50 Photo: Bob Plumb

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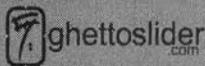
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From Monument To Masses
Schools of Thought Contend
Dim Mak
Street: 09.05

From Monument To Masses = Dizzily spinning + cornfields of gold+ oil refineries distantly speaking To the uninformed listener, *Schools of Thought Contend* could easily be mistaken as a compilation of post-rock, drum & bass, electronic and the intermixing thereof. With 15 tracks to boast, of which 13 are remixes that carry over from their previous album *The Impossible Leap in One Hundred Simple Steps*, there is a lot of action going on. Rest assured, though, these guys from the Bay Area aren't stuffing wool in your ears by lazily 'remixing' songs through minor tweaking to create a new album with a different name. No, this is a new album; it's so new that while most the songs are remixed twice (three times in the case of "The Quiet Before"), it becomes difficult to decipher between them without the song titles, even then, the remixes have their own names, like: "Thunderbirds are now! Remix," "Last defender of the one true waveform Remix" and "65 Days of Static Remix." While most of these tracks demand a lot of attention because of the intricacies involved (as with the brain altering "Old Robes (Nano Remix)), tracks like "The Spice Must Flow (Automato Remix)" elicit a quixotic ride though the country side. The sampling is ubiquitous, providing all the lyrical work, which is often political (Chomsky makes a few appearances), but whether *Schools of Thought Contend* is revolutionary or not is up to history to decide. In the very least you can count on dancing to it. -Spencer Young

Frontside Five
Fall Out of Line
Fivecore Records
Street: 06.16

Frontside Five = Nuts n' Bolts + DOA
Fueled on cheap beer and skateboards, Frontside Five is a punk band to keep your eye on. Taking hints from 80s hardcore legends DOA and reviving the old school style 20 years later while pumping it with skate-punk reminiscent of *Against All Authority* is genius. *Fall Out of Line* pounds through 13 fast songs and the five-piece still manage to sound tight as hell. "Visions of Glory" sound like it could be found on an old Bruisers 'album while "Drinkin' Till Dawn" sounds straight from the 80s. Thanks Frontside Five for reminding me that new good punk rock bands do exist and don't have to rock Mohawks and butt-flaps. My favorite track on the album was "Nobody Answers," which is made perfect with the dual male and female vocals. Bad Ass. - Jeanette Moses

One Far The Team
Good Boys Don't Make Noise
Afternoon Records
Street: 06.06

One Far The Team = The Comos + Weezer-lite

One for the Team's Ian Anderson has one of the whiniest voices I have ever heard - I literally cringed. *Good Boys Don't Make Noise* - it's cute, it's cuddly, it's about high-school crushes and it's super-

duper jangly! Tee hee! The other thing I noticed is how most of their song titles sound like gay porn: "Robert's Rules of Order," "Prep School Cowboys," "Tame the Beast," "Stickler For Punctuality," and "As Far As It Can Go." I suppose most would call this "power-pop," but there is nothing powerful about it; it's tome and boring and sounds like the sort of band that would play at the prom on *Smallville*. I'm sick of seeing all these slack-jawed goofballs with oversized glasses and shy smiles pretending that they're all sensitive with an "aww shucks" attitude. Like, R U kidding? - Jamila Roehrig

Otto Von Schirach
Maxipad Detention
Ipecac
Street: 07.25

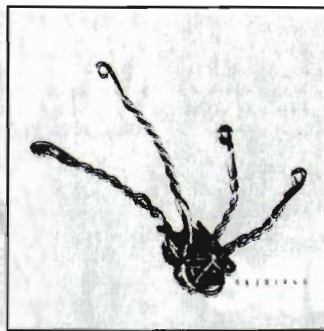
Otto Von Schirach = Gobber + the ghetto + your uncle's moldy porn stash + puree setting



You saw the lost (ahem, first ...whatever) three *Star Wars* chapters, right? You sat through three wretched scripts and horrible dialogue just to see the pod race and former puppet Yoda come to life and ninja all over Christopher Lee. Historically, Otto Von Schirach's oeuvre resembles the musical version of this type of brilliantly shot and technologically forward-thinking film at the price of plot and substance. His orgasmic, eye-poppingly deft abilities to pull remarkable noises out of his arse (often literally) make him an impressive sound designer (he worked on the majority of Skinny Puppy's last album). However, putting all this together is a science that Otto would rather disregard in favor of having fun - not always a noble goal. There are terrific moments of ass-humbling bass, spine tingling grooves and intriguing, outlandish synergistic mixtures of hip-hop, IDM and death metal. But his need to be weird, gross and "shocking" (i.e. the crying baby, triple-x porn and farm animal mélange that stinks and pinks up "Submarine Mammal Milk") outweighs his talent like a millstone around his neck. Aurally impeccable, quintessentially anemic. - Dave Madden

Pajo
1968
Drag City
Street: 08.22

Pajo = Elliot Smith + mid 90s Drag City records that ore out of print for a reason



I had no reason to expect such boredom. With Slint, Tortoise, guest spots with various machinations of Will Oldham and several respectable solo projects on his resume, David Pajo knows his way around a brooding indie record. All seems well with the album's opener, a lovely walk-with-the-devil dirge ("Who's That Knocking"). Yet what follows is an endless string of American heartland-derived rock clichés that would certainly rattle any Papa M fan (yet illicit the mildest interest from those wondering what happened to Chris Isaak). Layered over the tepid instrumentation are maxims plucked from my 9th grade brain (i.e. "what we call maturity is when you start giving less of a shit about things you used to get hung up on"). You mustn't grow old any longer, Pajo; you'll make such an incredulous sage. - Justin Thomas Burch

The Plot to Blow up The Eiffel Tower
INRE EP
Art Fag Records
Street: 07.11

The Plot to Blow up The Eiffel Tower = Some Girls + Tones on Tail + The Vanishing

With this EP, TPTBUTET take a darker, more sinister turn from their usual **Three One G** hardcore meets jazz-improv style. The title track, with its dark groove and blasphemy sounds more like early **Ministry** than **The Blood Brothers**. This is a change I'm sure Satan finds refreshing. And I do too. Continuing this new evil, debauchorous theme is a so-so cover of Bowie's "Boys Keep Swinging" and a so-so remix of "INRI" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs guitarist Nick Zinner. Caveat emptor: Although this record bodes well for TPTBUTET's future releases, this EP is really more of a single. Since there's not a lot of bang for your buck, I could only recommend this to die-hard fans. - Bob Leavitt

This Heat
Out of Cold Storage
ReR MEGACORP
Street: 06.01

This Heat = Essential Logic + Art Bears + a smidgen of Henry Cow + Family Fodder + a multi-vitamin

Next to such essential box sets such as the Joy Division and Velvet Underground box sets should be the This Heat box set. This Heat considered themselves non-musicians for all intensive purposes, making music that used on energetic and creative front man Gareth Williams tied together with multi-instrumentalists Charles Bullen and Charles Hayward. They relied on equal parts making music and then reprocessing it through tape manipulators, making music that is both fresh and timeless in its attack as when it was made back in the mid-70s. *Deceit*, their best album, is an essential post-punk album included in the box set that is texturally layered and shows the group's singular mix of radical musical experimentation and politics. Included in the box is every major album (of which there are four), a disc of unreleased material and a disc containing live material. That said, This Heat stands as the English equivalent of Krautrock thrown in with the conceptualizing tour-de-force of 1960s American painting. - Erik Lopez

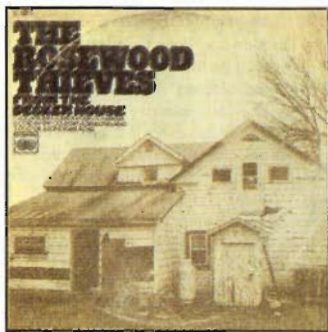
Professor Murder
Professor Murder Rides the Subway
Kanine Records
Street: 07.25
Professor Murder = Chromatics + Murray Head + LCD Soundsystem

Yet another iteration of neo-disco, this record is saved from my garbage can by its creative use of reverb, laser beams, and hypoallergenic vocals. At its worst, reminiscent of Murray Head's "One Night in Bangkok" or Rockapella's "Where in the World is Carmen San Diego?", at its best, a dark hallway full of analog sound effects and o VHI Special on New Wave. Overall the record has some solid dance floor 'hits,' but delivers a lot of filler that smells like somebody forgot to take out a trashcan full of clichés. - Ryan Powers

Relay
Type/Void Ep
Bubble Core Records
Street: 08.08

Relay = Swords + Interpol + Applesseed Cast

Relay is a good example of a band that has taken its influences and rather wearing them on their sleeve, have woven them into the fabric of their talent. This is undoubtedly shoegaze, and like many shoegaze bands the focus is on the mixture of the atmospheric guitars and almost whispered vocals. Relay has found the perfect mixture of guitar tones and reverb paired with the angelic voices of Mikele Edwards and Jeff Zeigler. Samples are used discreetly and add an extra layer of complexity without making things overly complicated. Another bonus of this band is the purity and confidence that their music exudes. Possibly the only downfall of this EP is that it is not long enough and is actually a tease for a proper full length that his stores mid October. Rarely is there a band that is really faultless both musically and philosophically; Relay gets about as close as you can come. - Andrew Glassett



The Rosewood Thieves
From the Decker House EP
V2

Street: 07.25
The Rosewood Thieves = John Lennon + Elliott Smith

Oh boy, yet another simple, elegant piano/acoustic guitar combo with nothing new for you, me or even Dupree. Yes, I like singer/songwriter **Erick Jordan's** vocals, which are sleepy and nasally and evoke dreams/sadness/ blah blah blah, and the music harbors characteristics of a certain artist featured on the *Good Will Hunting* soundtrack. The problem is that I can't find anything original or arresting about this album; I just sit and listen, the music happens and I wonder why it isn't going anywhere. This is the kind of stuff that will be popular with the Keane crowd. If I think of anything else to say about *From the Decker House*, I'll let you know. — *Jamila Raehrig*

The Sadies
In Concert Vol. 1

Yep Rock
Street: 08.08
Sadies = Alt. Country + the Freedom to add what ever they damn well please.

This two disc 41-track journey is all over the place. The Sadies are the premiere alternative country band out there today. These Canadian pickers know how to throw a party. They play punk, bluegrass, surf, county western and a touch of country rock to make this no ordinary live album. Of course they called on all their friends and collaborators to help out on this two-day jamboree. **Steve Albini** oversaw the recording; **Neko Case**, who has had the Sadies accompany her on tours and records, drops by to add some vocals; **John Spencer** shows up as do alt country legends **Gary Louis** of the Jayhawks and **Jon Langford** of the Mekons and the **Waco Brothers**. Even though all of these great performers are on this record, it is the Sadies that steal the show. Lead by the brothers **Dallas**, and **Travis Good**, the Sadies ramp seamlessly through everything they attempt. This live record pulls you in and puts you right there on the front row. — *James Orme*

Uzeda
Stella
Street: 08.26
Uzeda = Dinosaur + Legos + Army-men



There is something to dig here with the discordant no-wave guitar, locomotive drumming, and playful female vocals. However, digging gets tiring the more it goes on (spade, dirt, spade, dirt), as does *Stella*. Every song seems to follow a consistent template: bo'jangly guitar, noxious drumming, and vocals that start lively only to end anxious. It's as though the Italian three-piece are given toys by their parents, but are limited to the 'play-pen,' so to spite them they make a ruckus through the repetitious play until the toys are confiscated 30 minutes later. **Deerhoof** and early **Blonde Redhead** come to mind; but Uzeda is more toned down and seem hesitant to make use of melody except in the rare instance of "What I Meant When I Called Your Name," which offers the best attempt at flirting with something fresh. *Stella* is steady and strong, and Uzeda have an interesting history having started in '87 with several lineup changes along the

way (including **Don Caballero** drummer, **Damon Che**), but not much stands out. Maybe it's time for new toys. — *Spencer Young*

Various Artists

Jamaica to Toronto: Soul, Funk & Reggae 1967-1974
Light in the Attic Records
Street: 07.11
Jamaica to Toronto = Marvin Gaye + Jimmy Cliff + back bacon on a bun

This album is a soulful compilation of *Light in the Attic Records' Jamaica to Toronto* series. I had two misconceptions about this record that were quickly rebuffed: The first one was that this record featured lame canucks like **Bryan Adams** father, and the second that this would be some lame, repetitive dancehall. To my surprise, however, Toronto has a large, musically-talented West Indian population and are fans of **Jimmy Cliff** and **Motown**. Accordingly, this record is a compilation of good, overlooked Great White Northern Soul. So, this is not music to play for that dude with blond dreadlocks in your dorm. Instead, when in ten years your Canadian college friend kills himself and you and your old buddies decide to get together for a weekend of life evaluation, you should sing and dance to this music while doing the dishes. — *Bob Leavitt*

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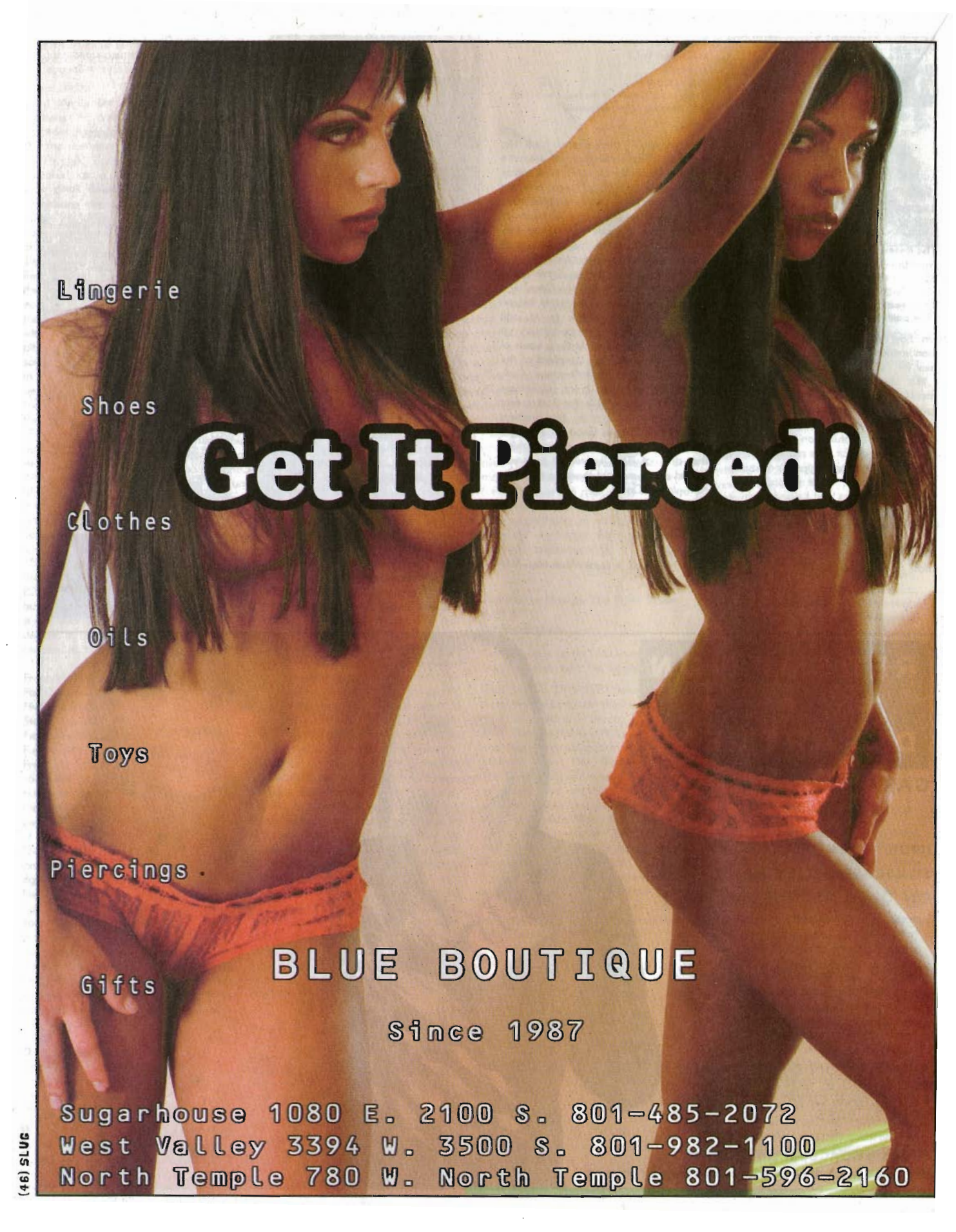
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A photograph of two women with long dark hair, wearing orange lace lingerie, posing for a photo. The woman on the left is looking towards the camera, while the woman on the right has her arm raised and is looking away. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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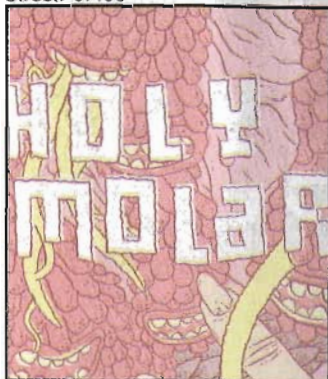
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DVD REVIEWS

Holy Molar

Dentist the Menace DVD
Strictly Amateur Films
Street: 07 06

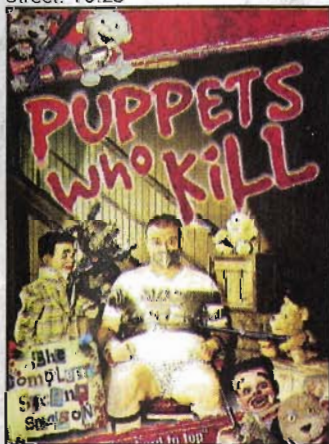


For those unfamiliar with Holy Molar, this 'art-core' super group consists of members of The Locust, Charles Bronson, Get Hustle, Antioch Arrow, Some Girls, etc. Having played only a handful of shows during their hiatus-ridden existence, this much anticipated and delayed DVD is a slew of live shows and tour snippets. A highlight of the DVD (although a lowlight of Holy Molar's musical existence) is a hilarious show entitled *Mitchapalooza* - in which Holy Molar plays a show in Mitch's (whoever the hell that is) parent's house for his birthday party. The DVD is dominated by raw concert footage, mostly of lead singer Mark McCoy harassing the audience and picking fights (including a special feature of heckling clips). Very self-aware, there are also a series of interviews and sound clips of 'fans' demanding their money back, talking shit on the band, pointing out their numerous politically incorrect and 'rude' statements, the pretentious nature of the band and their fans, and of course, absolutely nothing serious. The concert footage is very entertaining to watch, especially the parts where you can see me (insert inevitable dash of pretension here) in the front at the Che Café show in San Diego.

However, having been at the show (dash #2), I would have to say that the DVD captures the spectacular train wreck of a show quite well. Amazing. - Ryan Powers

Puppets Who Kill: Season II

Rob Mills, Shawn Thompson
Comedy Network
Street: 10.25

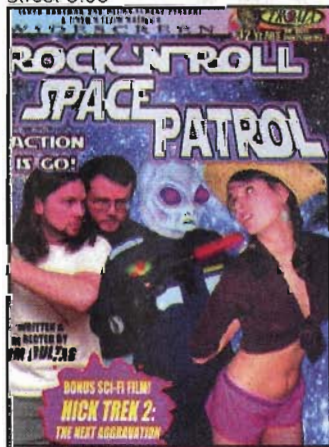


In the grand tradition of Jim Henson and *Sesame Street* comes the Canadian comedy series *Puppets Who Kill*. Before you get too excited, do not let the title deceive you. While these puppets are convicted murderers, all of whom are living together in a halfway house run by the hapless social worker Dan Barlow (Dan Redican), this show could have just as easily been entitled *Puppets Who Unsuccessfully Scam Humans in Greedy Attempts to Make Millions* or *Puppets Who Have Lots and Lots of Sex with Homo Sapien Women*. Despite a seemingly rock-solid format for cheap laughs, the attempts of *Puppets* to be crude and offensive are so 1998, as this series pales in distasteful comparison to popular American shows like *Wonder Showzen*. Evidently, outdated comic sketches such as necrophilia and satanically influenced homosexual activity are

still all the rage with Canadians. A puppet going down on his aerobics instructor? Dude, that's just awkward. Sexing up a dying rich old lady in an attempt to get a fat part of her inheritance? That's not a gag here in the states; that's a legitimate entrepreneurial opportunity. We're past all that sexual nonsense. It's about as outdated as potty humor. Nowadays we get our laughs when shows mock the Make a Wish Foundation or pick on third world hunger. We don't want to watch a puppet get jacked-off by a sperm bank nurse, we want to watch God commit suicide after losing a game of paper-rock-scissors on *Wonder Showzen*. We don't want to just be offended by our television programs, we want to feel down right violated by them. We don't want to roll around in laughter because it's funny; we want to roll around pretending to laugh to hide our guilt. But who knows, maybe there's still room for *Puppets Who Kill* on Nickelodeon or Disney Kids. - Cody Smith

Rock And Roll Space Patrol Action Is Go!

Jim Bultas
Troma Team Video
Street 6.06

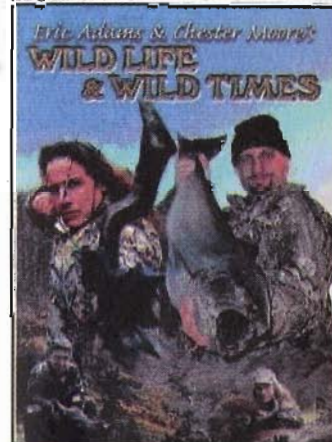


New Director Jim Bultas may have actually spent more time writing the "rockin" score to this film than he did writing and shooting it combined. While it is impressive that Bultas did everything but star in this film, it is about as pleasing to watch as an hour of a slinky going down a staircase. This lo-fi sci-fi comedy tags along on a mission with Buck Fiesta; and the mission for the viewer is to not get bored and turn it off four times before you've actually seen all 58 crawling and confusing minutes. Facts aside, Fiesta is sent

to Outpost 11, which is surprisingly identical to about 2 square miles of west Texas, in order to stop the evil Dr. Spider Jones, from doing what, I was not sure. However, the score does in fact rock, and this is the first 16:9 anamorphic widescreen release to utilize that vainglorious 5.1 surround sound to present the gritty soundtrack. If this doesn't properly assist you in killing time that you could be using to stab a pencil into your hand, there are loads of extras, commentaries, and outtakes, plus a 35-minute short comedy *Hick-Trek: The Next Aggravation*. Sadly though, I would have totally lost interest in the short had there been a slinky going down a staircase. -Tyler Ford

Wild Life and Wild Times

Eric Adams/Chester Moore
Magic Circle Music
Street: 07 18



I'm the first to admit that I'm not madly passionate about hunting, and don't understand the appeal of hunting videos at all, but I did think that anyone who runs around in a loincloth onstage would be uniquely suited to this sort of project. Sadly, I was mistaken. There isn't really a sense of humor in this project, which is a shame, since things like this do require a bit of laughter, unless I'm just missing something entertaining about watching others killing for sport. Even the "rattlesnake round-up", which sounded promising, was bland at best. The music is bombastic, and actually more listenable than most *Manowar* songs, but by the end of the bloodfest. I found myself queasy and almost longing for the reactionary rhetoric of Ted Nugent; who at least manages to make projects like these amusing, if by no means thought-provoking. - Marie Braden



A NIGHT AT THE BARDO HOTEL: A ROADTRIP THROUGH THE MIND OF PETER PRINCIPLE OF **TUXEDOMOON**

By Bob Leavitt teevee_baby@hotmail.com

Although rooted in San Francisco, **Tuxedomoon** is often lumped into the downtown no-wave scene of early 80s New York. **Tuxedomoon** separated themselves from the screeches and skronks by lending their music a certain eerie, hypnotic and jazzy feel. After releasing numerous amazing albums, the band, ever ahead of the game, picked up shop in the 80s and moved to Europe, a scene they found more conducive. There they released more great records and took a decade off.

But, hark! Recently, **Tuxedomoon** reformed and released the wonderful *Cabin In the Sky*, an album proving that these guys really never lost it. This year continues their triumphant return, as it brings not only a new album of "spontaneous compositions," *Bardo Hotel Soundtrack*, but also a film and reissues of their back-catalogue. I placed a call to bassist **Peter Principle** to discuss their U.S. return to San Francisco, recording *Bardo Hotel* and their recent history with the silver screen.

SLUG: You guys started out in San Francisco; when you went to record the album, how long had it been since you had all been back there?

Peter Principle: Every one of us has a different history. For me, I was last there in '96. I think Steven [Brown] might have been there more recently. I think **Blaine [L. Reininger]** probably wasn't there since '83.

SLUG: Do you guys have family there?

PP: No. Just friends. **Winston [Tong]** was the only one [born there] ... the rest of us were all émigrés from the start.

SLUG: What was it like to go back with the whole group after so long?

PP: Well it was pretty interesting. Some of those people are confirmed ex-patriots, so for me to even drag them across the border was an event. I think San Francisco has gone through a lot of changes, as have we all, over these 20 years. I think we were touched by the spirit of the music somehow. We just ran tapes for hours. I edited this thing down from about 40 hours of tape.

SLUG: Was there something about San Francisco that made you abandon an album that you were already recording and try something different?

PP: We don't really stick to any rules. When we were doing recordings and would rehearse how to play back what was already on the tape, we bypassed that completely in this process by taking the raw tapes and editing them. It was something that technology enabled us to do; it's pretty cheap and easy to get high fidelity recordings now. We went back to San Francisco with the idea of recording the follow-up to *Cabin In the Sky*. We got there and we never stopped jamming. We didn't organize any of our ideas and I made some CDs of material to share on the road the next time we got together in Amsterdam. We played them for people and everybody was going, "Wow, this is really great, there must be a record in here

somewhere." And so that's what we made appear.

SLUG: How did the idea for the film come about?

PP: The film, like the music, was an improvisation on a theme. We traveled with **George Kakanakis** at the time and he's got a video camera. He takes that camera onstage and he shoots little images of things that were on the stage. While we were in San Francisco we were staying in a hotel and we were inspired by the clientele and atmosphere, and we got in this head space where we were talking about the *Bardo Hotel*, and the whole thing of returning back to San Francisco and the position of *Tuxedomoon* – we were together, then not together, then together – it's a multi-level experience for us now. We're not just a bunch of young guys out to prove to people we can play the guitar real fast.

SLUG: Did the clientele of this hotel make up a lot of the found sounds that are on this album?

PP: The found sounds are from all over the place. Actually, the answering machine is from the hotel. The guy who talks about hotels is the hotel manager in Amsterdam. There's a scene in San Francisco where someone tries to pick us up but they think we're a false phone call to the taxi, because of the name *Tuxedomoon* ... it was our ride to the airport to go to Mexico. **Blaine** singing the blues is recorded in the airport. They're all from us on the road. **Steve [Brown]** has been gathering those things for years ... We thought it would add something atmospheric to this project.

SLUG: Did you have the idea for the film before or after the album?

PP: *Tuxedomoon* has been working on various films; they're in all kinds of states. This one came out of that hotel and then we continued on to Amsterdam and shot more footage. We shot a lot of footage on the road – it's a road movie of sorts...it's still a work in progress.

SLUG: I first found out about you guys from watching *Downtown 81*. I was wandering what your experience was like working on that movie.

PP: Unfortunately, it was short and sweet. We were in the middle of moving to Europe from San Francisco and back again. We knew **Glenn O'Brien** from many previous occasions and so he had invited us to be there, but I think we only spent a couple of days in New York for that. And I don't have any really good **Basquiat** stories; he came and passed out on the couch. He was supposed to have some lines in our scene but they couldn't wake him up.

Tuxedomoon's newest record *Bardo Hotel Soundtrack* is out now on **Cram Boy Records**. Many re-issues of their old albums can also be purchased through the label. Visit www.tuxedomoon.com for more details.

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**SHOWDOWN FOR SENATE:
PETE ASHDOWN
CHALLENGES ORRIN HATCH**

WILL HE BECOME UTAH'S NEXT SENATOR ELECT?

BY WALTER BLACKBOX

The state of the nation is very grave as our "President" continue behaving like a buffoon. Senator Orrin Hatch (R Utah) pretends to oppose the child president on issues such as stem cell research while behaving like a buffoon himself and sponsoring or supporting senseless constitutional amendments banning same-sex marriage and flag burning. Who really cares about same-sex marriage? I don't and I believe the vast majority who do are expecting "The Rapture" to intervene anyway. Who cares about flag burning? Doesn't flag etiquette require burning a warn-out flag?

The nation faces issues more important than same-sex marriage or flag burning. The federal minimum wage hasn't seen an increase since 1977 while the actual purchasing power of the minimum wage is at it's lowest point in 51 years. Worker productivity increases year after year, corporations report record profits and the executives receive record compensation but the workers responsible are falling farther behind or disappearing to first Mexico and now China. The gap between rich and poor is greater each year and the middle class is nearly nonexistent. There are more and more Americans working without health insurance. There are more and more hungry children and more and more homeless people on the streets. The child president cuts spending on domestic programs while spending billions on defense programs that don't protect America at the same time he promotes tax cuts for the rich. The state of the nation is very grave. Senator Hatch supports virtually every Bush decision and it's time for him to go.

Pete Ashdown is hoping to end the reign of Senator Orrin Hatch. Although this election arrives during the Presidential mid-term; we have no hope for regime change at this time, replacing Orrin with Pete is a good start.

I don't trust Republicans or Democrats. Like so many Americans I believe both parties are corrupt. My beliefs are strengthened when I read books such as *The Long Emergency* by James Howard Kunstler, *What's the Matter With Kansas* by Thomas Frank, *The Great Unraveling* by Paul Krugman and *Hostile Takeover* by David Sirota. When I sat down to talk with Ashdown in his campaign headquarters, I was an undecided voter. I asked him to convince me to give him my vote.

SLUG: Huntsman likes to think he's a rocker and he rocks with Styx and Kansas while Orrin Hatch is in with Janice Kapp Perry. So, do you have any musical ambitions?

ASHDOWN: Sadly I've left those behind. I used to DJ in the early 90s and that's the extent of my musical experience. Around the mid-90s I looked at all the equipment on the floor of my basement and threw it on ebay. I moved on. I still hold an interest in that kind of music but I haven't DJed since 1995.

According to the biography posted on his Senate campaign website, http://vote.peteashdown.org/wiki/index.php/Pete_Ashdown, Ashdown was an early Salt Lake City rave promoter. He grew disenchanted with the "scene" when the "drug culture" moved in.

Pete Ashdown is the founder and CEO of XMission, the first independent and oldest Internet service provider in Utah. XMission is responsible for the wireless Internet hot spots all over town. The most recent additions are at the **Salt Lake City Bike Collective** shop and Liberty Park. All of the Salt Lake City Public Libraries have free XMission wireless as well as countless coffee shops and local businesses around the city.

Technology is his baby and so I targeted the strength for a question.

SLUG: Yesterday, a Senator (whose name I can't remember right now) said that the Internet runs on a series of tubes. Did you see that quote?"

ASHDOWN: "Ted Stevens? I think what you are talking about is 'net neutrality.' The primary concern I have with Congress getting involved with net neutrality is that people like Stevens are making the decisions. It's a little like going in for surgery and expecting someone who has gone to pharmacy school to do the operation on you. I have very little respect for anyone in the Senate or the House of Representatives as far as technology and Internet and computer issues are concerned. I get really suspicious when they start to draft laws. People approach the net neutrality issue and say it's the First Amendment of the Internet, that everything should be free and open. Put your hand on your heart and that feels really good. Of course we should keep everything free and open so everyone can have their say, but there are areas in managing an Internet Service Provider (ISP) where I do need to block traffic. I do need to block traffic if someone is attacking my network. I do try to block traffic as far as spammers go. If people are continually spamming my network then it makes sense for me to stop them from having access to my network because all they're doing is damaging my network and annoying my customers. We do have situations where we have customers who want to receive the spam and we give them that option, but for the congress to come in and say, 'this is what's good traffic and this is what's bad traffic and this is what you have to do,' I think is a real dangerous proposal because they don't know the intricacies of what's going on. That's the fundamental reason I'm running, because we look at technology...Technology is legislated more and more in our Congress and there's nobody back there that has a fundamental understanding. They're relying on Hollywood and telephone companies and very moneyed interests to give them their side of the story whereas small Internet service providers, independent groups that have no money to voice their opinion to Congress are left out in the cold. We've seen this with copyright legislation over the past five years and we're seeing it now with broader issues like net neutrality. I prefer that Congress keep their hand out of the specifics on the technical side. One thing I am advocating on that issue is; if you're selling Internet, the term "Internet" should be defined by the FCC to be 'an

open network to other networks.' If you decide to block another network for political reasons, like AOL blocking Move On [.arg] letters about their selling email addresses to spammers, then you're not selling Internet anymore. You're selling private network services. If people realize what they're buying is truly Internet and the people selling it are only able to use that term if they are keeping things open politically, then I think the market decides."

SLUG: Minimum wage. You're a business owner. The minimum wage hasn't been raised in, I think, 12 years.

ASHDOWN: When I started XMission I came from a job where I was making just a little over minimum wage. I think I was making about \$6.15 an hour. It wasn't until about a year and a half into running my business that I was able to leave that job and start paying myself a salary to offset my first position. About the same time, this was early in 1995, I needed to start hiring employees. The first year and a half of XMission was pretty much me; doing the accounting, the programming, customer support, everything involved with the business. I was doing it all. In early 1995 I decided to start hiring employees and I set my entry-level wage at \$7 per hour with benefits, dental, health and 401K, if you wanted to be involved with that. I set it at \$7 per hour because I had come from a single student situation where I was making less than that and I was paying into my health benefits. I wasn't able to make it. I had to get my dad to subsidize me. Over the years it's gone up and today it's \$11 an hour for someone to start working at XMission. Again with benefits and all the other things that come with it. I look at efforts to raise the minimum wage to \$7 an hour, \$7.25 an hour, as something that will not penalize responsible businesses.

The majority of small businesses out there are acting responsibly and paying their employees what they are worth because they realize that comes back to them as for as satisfied customers. If your employees are worried about their healthcare or unable to make ends meet they're not going to be very happy doing that job. I view this problem as more of an issue for the large, profitable companies that are paying multi-million dollar salaries to their executives and still paying minimum wage and still trying to avoid paying benefits because when you are paying someone minimum wage and you are not giving them health care, they're getting health care from the state and they are making ends meet by getting services from the state and that's taxes from my pocket. The responsible businesses are not only paying for their own employees they're paying for the irresponsible businesses' employees. I view increasing the minimum wage as something that should be done on a yearly basis, indexed to inflation. I think the irony here is that Congressional salaries already do that. They got so tired of being berated for raising their own salaries that they made it automatic. It's not indexed to inflation, it's three percent a year automatically. I made the pledge that unless there's no deficit, unless the budget is balanced and we are out of debt, I would turn down the raise year after year after year because if any group of people deserve to make minimum wage it's the people in Washington right now. They're doing such a lousy job of managing the budget."

At this point I asked Ashdown to speak in-detail about healthcare.

ASHDOWN: I think what's changing about health care in America is it's becoming an economic issue. I have tried to absorb my employees' healthcare costs over the past decade. I see premiums rise and benefits go down and it continues to get worse rather than better. For somebody like Delta or GM healthcare costs are a much bigger problem for them. GM has stated that health care costs are the number one reason they're moving plants across the river from Detroit to Ontario, Canada. In Detroit it costs something like \$6,500 per year per employee. In Ontario it's \$800 a year. We're seeing an economic problem with health care insurance in the United States. My economic philosophy is that if the free market is not meeting it's demands and it's not doing it economically then there's a role for government to come in and make adjustments or eliminate the situation all together. We have two choices for healthcare insurance in Utah. That's not a robust competition. I hear stories of overheads upwards of 40 percent. I hear stories about executive parachutes in the hundreds of millions and that, in my opinion, should not be going. This is something that is essential to everyone's needs and to be benefiting off of it with golden parachutes and extreme profits in shareholder stock and all that business, I think, is immoral. I would go one step short of a national system in saying we do need a highly regulated, transparent, non-profit, non-government entity providing health care insurance to all of the United States. It should cover not only people that pay into the system, like small businesses and individuals, but it should use the money saved from reducing the overhead to covering the uninsured. One of the things I heard on the campaign trail is that people want to start businesses, they want to leave their companies and go start something independent but health care is what's holding them back. This is a problem that can be resolved, I believe, it just requires some political courage to do it.

Democratization of government is the other angle I'd like to talk to you about, the next question or whatever you want to do.

SLUG: Ga ahead with democratization of government.

ASHDOWN: I guess this is the broad focus of my campaign. In running my business I took the business philosophy that I was running it from the customer's perspective. If I were a customer would I buy my own service? That has guided my decision making process, not only in crafting new services and serving the customer, but deciding on the big decisions as to whether I would sell or not. At the end of the 90s, and a little bit



into 2000, I received a lot of offers to sell my company. They would have been really good offers, for me. They would have been really bad offers for everybody else. The customers would suffer, the employees would have gone on to other jobs and the community would have lost a base of support for what we give back. I turned down all of those offers because I felt it was important to hold the people who brought me to that position above myself. The other idea in XMission is that I am open and transparent about everything that happens at XMission. You can go to the website and see not only our successes, but also our failures. You can see if we have an outage or somebody trips on a power chord or a server breaks down. It's documented. We send it out to our subscribers and tell them about it. I think these two ideas of holding the constituents needs above your own and not only understanding what their needs are but also their ideas by soliciting that information, along with transparency, being open and honest are really great ideas to take to Washington. In regards to transparency we have seen over the last year with Jack Abramoff and other situations where the Democrats stomp back and forth and say, 'this is a Republican problem, this is a culture of corruption inside the Republican party and our hands are clean. This is why you should vote Democrat.' They go off and sign ethics declarations and they say we need tougher laws on lobbyists, but in reality they do nothing to change the situation. They don't go back and lead by example. We don't hear much about the culture of corruption these days because William J. Jefferson [D Louisiana] was caught with his hand in the cookie jar, taking bribes and it has yet to work out, but it appears to me that he did take bribes. The thing that is apparent to me is that this is a problem throughout our elected officials in Washington where, they need to keep us out of the process. We don't need to know what's going on in Washington. The irony there is; they want to know about what's going on in our lives. They want to know everything we're doing. They want to know what books we're checking out, what phone calls we're making, they want the ability to tap those calls without a warrant. If they do have to get a warrant they go to this kangaroo court in Washington that nobody knows who sits on, the information isn't made public. I think that's an atrocious abuse of the Constitution. I think the situation needs to be reversed. We need to have openness in the public lives of our public officials. We need to know exactly what's going on and who they're meeting with. Our lives need to be protected from invasions of the government. On a more important issue, I think the foundation of democracy is communication. The Internet presents a great way to expand that communication. I'm not just talking about sending emails or having online votes or things like that. What I'm talking about is true collaboration where the public's opinion is solicited in an open forum and people are able to come together and build on that forum. I think the greatest example of how well this can work is the Wikipedia in that this is an encyclopedia that has been built by everybody, anyone that wants to participate. I have gone in and added information or edited grammar or just done minor things when I see them. Anyone has the ability to do that. Seeing the success that had I took the software that the Wikipedia runs on and I put it on my website. I said; this is how I'm going to craft my policy and platform. I've got ideas about how things should work but I want your criticism, I want your ideas about how things should work. I want you to bring me information. It has been resoundingly successful because nobody else has done anything like this before. Traditional campaigns, it's kind of fought like a war. You've got to build up the walls and be secret and set up the armory and for somebody to come out and say, 'Okay, I'm going to knock down the walls and allow anyone to participate with my campaign regardless of how much money they want to give me,' that is completely new and unique in American politics today. I've been discouraged rising in prominence in business in Salt Lake and candidates have come to me in the past and all they've wanted is a check. They didn't want any opinion on what was going on or how I could help their campaign or what they should do differently or how things should change in government. They just wanted some money from me. I didn't want to be that kind of candidate. How I got to that philosophy is; I wanted to be the candidate that I could vote for, that I would feel good voting for and not just the lesser of two evils. That's what I've tried to do.

Did Pete Ashdown convince me? Am I voting for him? To read the full interview log on to www.slugmag.com. To voice your own personal political concerns with Pete, visit peteashdown.org

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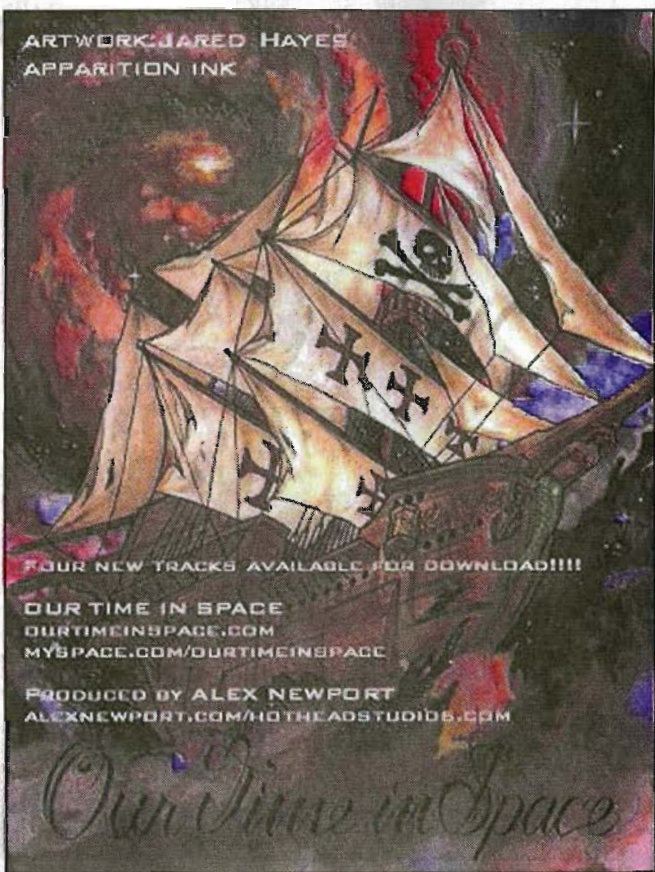
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Incendiant, Beyond This Flesh

Fri. Aug. 11: SEPARATION OF SELF, Debakel,
Drown Out The Stars, HatePiece

Mon. Aug. 14: TURN BACK OR DIE TOUR with
A Moments Loss, GreenHaven,
Smoky Mountain Skull Busters

Fri. Aug. 18: NECROPHACUS, Eleventh Hour,
Cavity Burn, Gods Amongst Mortals

Sat. Aug. 19: GENRE, Stich, Abysmal Abattior, Deadless

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Three Inches of Blood is playing Club Boom Va on August 7th.

Retching Red (Cinder from Tilt) Just Another Consumer, Loiter Cognition and All Systems Fail are playing at Wild Mushroom Pizza on August 17th. Good Pizza and music check this shit out!

There's a new record store in town! Check out Slow Train Music it's located on 221 E Broadway.

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The Summer of Death Skate Comp has been moved to August 26th. Check www.summerofdeath.com to find out where the super secret location is. This time it isn't on the same day as some other comp so you have no excuse not to show up. Word.

SLUG Mag shirts now on sale at Black Chandelier!

Agape will be playing a Super Secret House Party Show on 8/10 with Anavan, Totally Radd!!! And Form of Rocket. More Info To Come.

Koi Piercing Studio is currently hiring for part-time counter help. Must be 18 (or over), have strong customer service skills with knowledge about body piercing. Apply in-person at 1301 South 900 East. No phone calls please.

SLUG Mag is looking for responsible interns. No need to apply if you're a lazy shlub. If you're responsible and want to earn college



GRAVITY HILL.

Telephone is the most ridiculous game ever played. Say a phrase, pass it on from person to person and see how the phrase gets distorted at each exchange, oh and I always got kicked out for saying inappropriate things. The same as telephone is urbane legends festering from fear and anxiety of teenage abored life. You hear of a friend's brother seeing something ghostly in a house, to make it legit a story is told of a tenant killing his family then himself or whatnot. No matter where you are the stories hardly differ, the creep factor, the same, the out come, sleepless nights or skepticism. No one really knows and no one has ever really has seen the ghost or been to the grave site or checked out the supernatural place where the thing with the stuff happens. I say don't believe the hype till you dive in.

Nearly everywhere in the U.S. has a natural vortex, anti-gravity/gravity hill. Some of these "natural wonders" are big enough that they charge to experience such a fantastic thing. Most of these unexplained areas are proven by SCIENCE (the skeptic's best friend) that it is an optical illusion. The area is in fact not what appears to the naked eye, oh really, well it still cool in my book. Salt Lake does indeed have a Gravity Hill, it ends near the capital building on a one way street starting on B Ave near Memory Grove.

On Bonneville Blvd gravity hill begins after the first bend, going opposite of the one way. The story is that there was a young lady who died there (murdered, killed in an accident); she is dubbed the "Hoppity Lady" due to her hobbling in the area when seen. When you drive down towards memory grove and put your car in neutral, your car will slowdown, stop and roll up hill. This does in fact work but it is said that the hoppity lady is pushing your car away from the site where she died.

Gravity hill is boss my friends, it works, it is an optical illusion but it works. When driving it does look like you are going down hill so when your car

does start going backwards it indeed feels as if you are going uphill. I did it on a skateboard and it wasn't that cool, but I did make some girls really freaked out. Not to bum anyone out, but the Hoppity lady is a scam to the core. I tried my hardest to get that skag to show. I did everything I heard; called her by name when the car started getting pushed & I took pictures while I was driving and all I got was a blurry looking human figure in the road that resembled a bathroom sign. She is not real and never was!

The telephone effect started in the summer of 1977. Three 17 year old girls would go haunt the area at night, dressed as ghosts in white dresses and sheets, faces painted white. They sang French songs that they learned and walked around the area on the other side of the creek so that they were never seen up close.

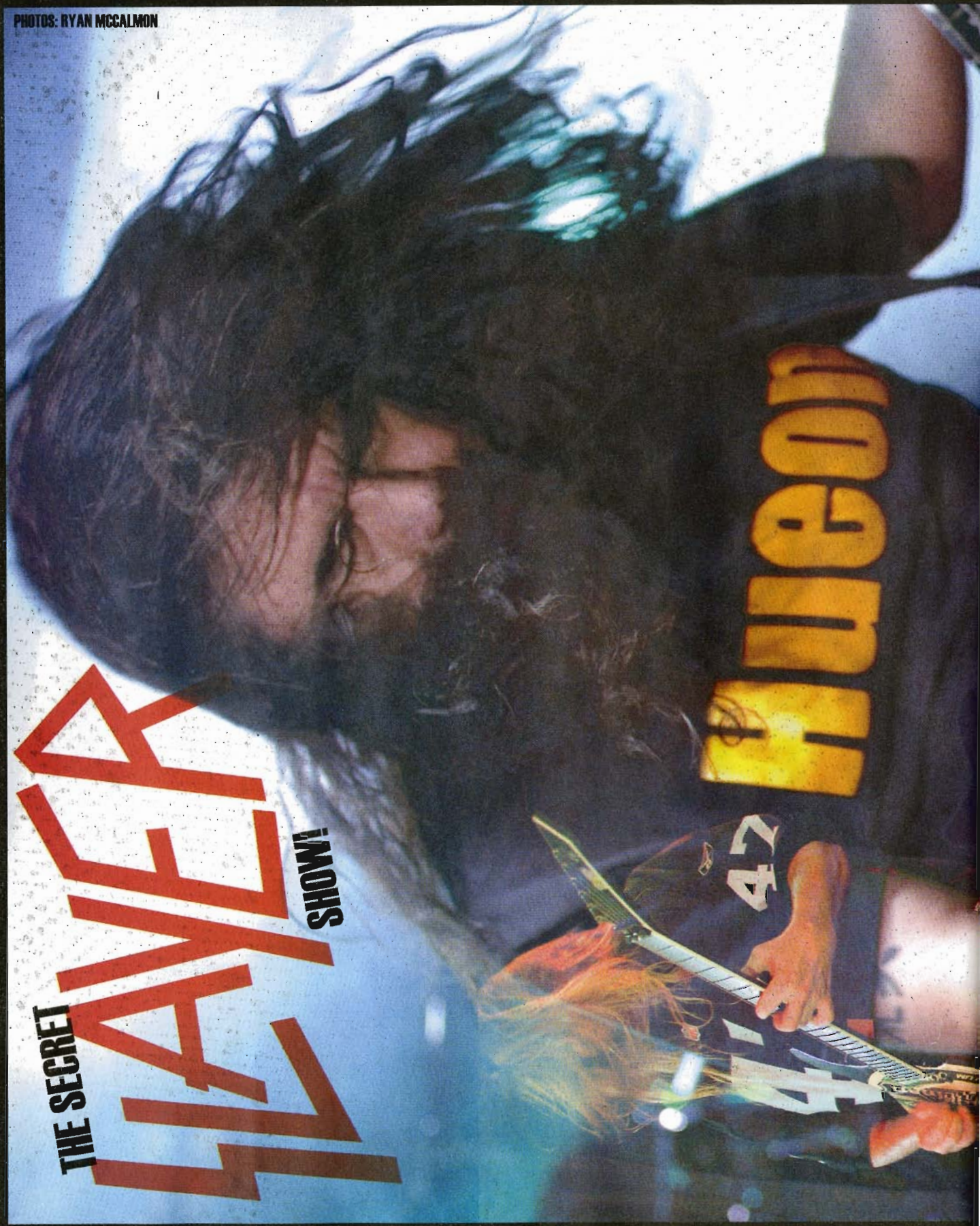
"It was me & my friends Marita and Karen. We were trying to do something different," Tells Dianna. "I heard about the Hoppity Lady years ago when I was about 25 and I figured we had something to do with it." "At the time Karen had a cast from her ankle to her upper thigh and if we had to run and hide or whatever, she was the last one seen hobbling behind us."

Dianna and her friends would go up to the area almost every night either dressed up as the ghosts or to ask anyone in the area if they saw something strange. More traffic started to brew each night; people would drive and park just to catch a glimpse of the ghosts. "One time there was a girl peeing and we walked by her, she was so scared that she ran away with her pants down and jumped into the window of her car to get away." Dianna and her friends wanted to and as far as I can tell raised a little ruckus and struck a little fear into some teenage hearts. What they did was start one of the best urbane legend and ghost stories in Salt Lake. Gravity hill is sweet, and the hoppity lady, well if you can get a time machine and go back to 77' then don't bother trying to see that fake ass bia.

PHOTOS: RYAN MCCALMON

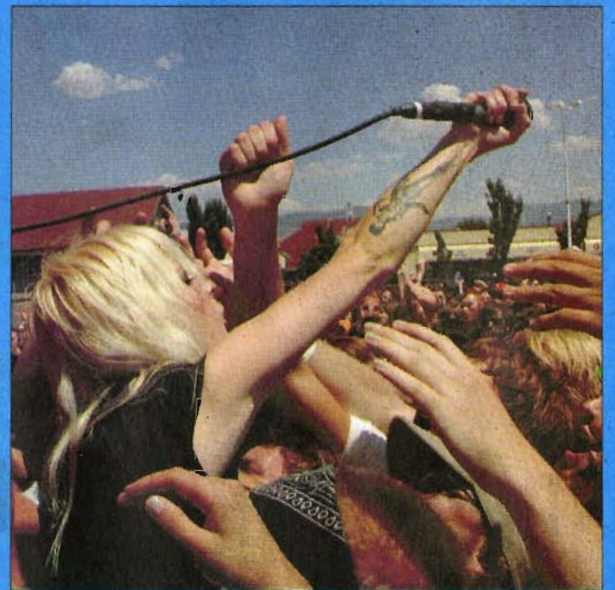
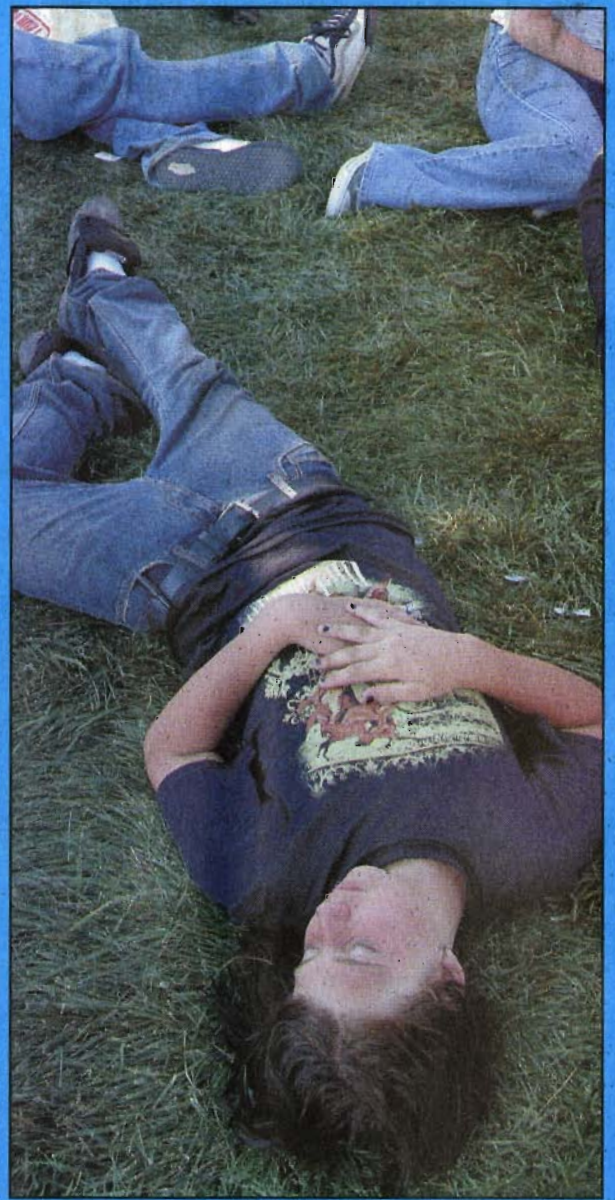
THE SECRET LAYER

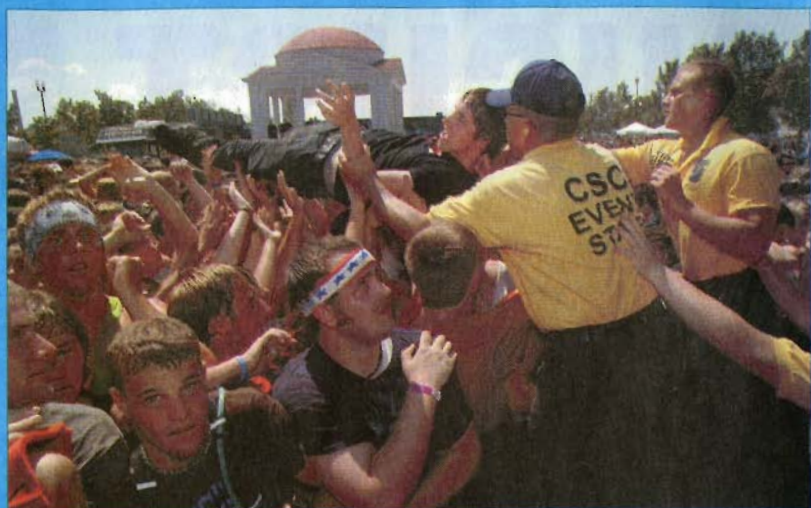
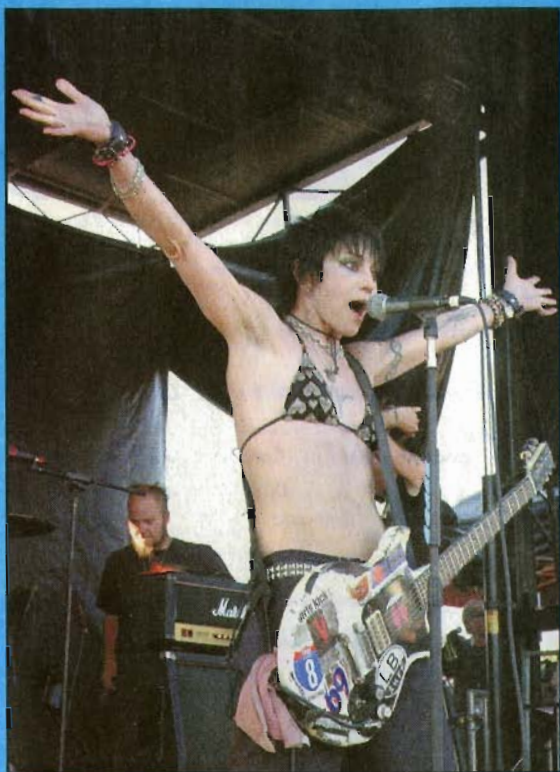
SHOW!





**TUESDAY, JULY 25, 2006
IN THE VENUE**





WRAPED TOUR 06

Photos: Jeremy Wilkins

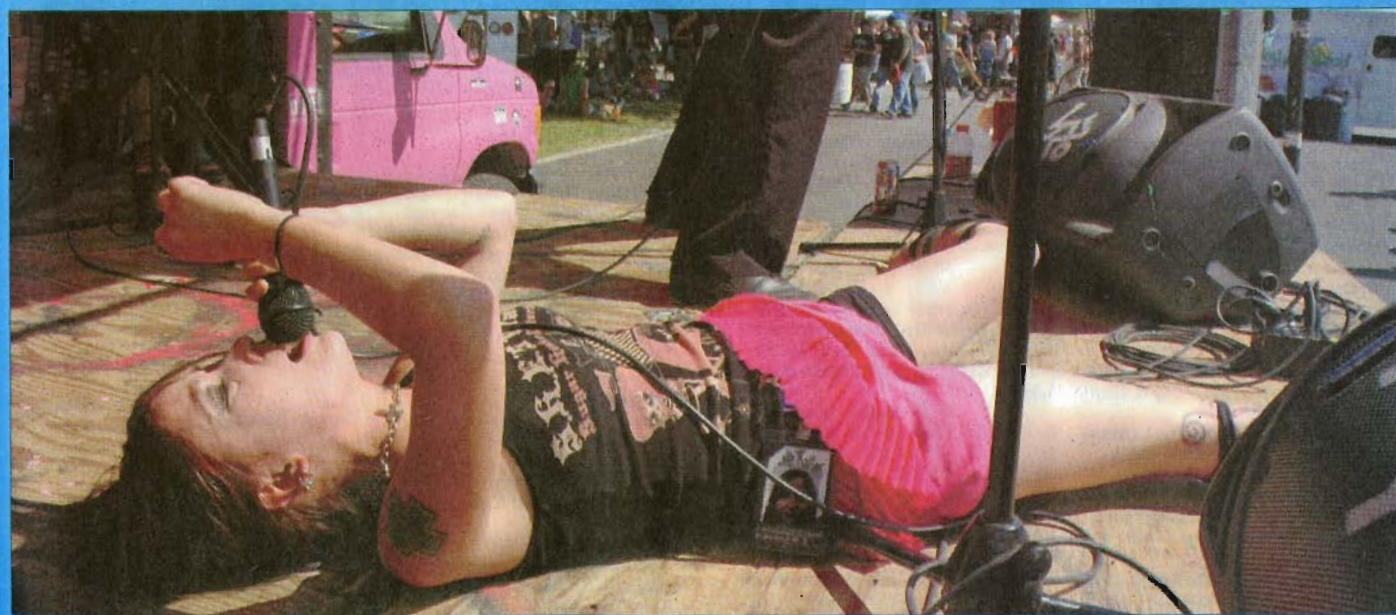
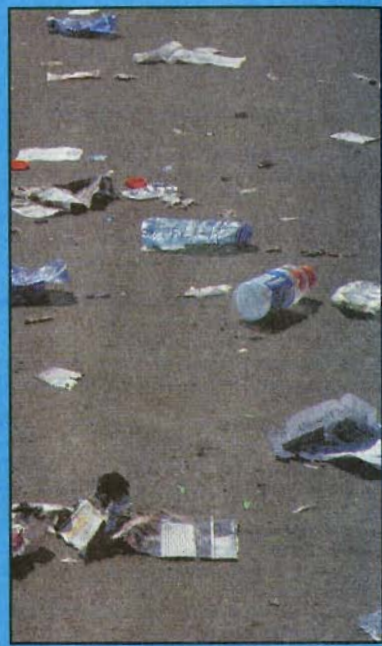
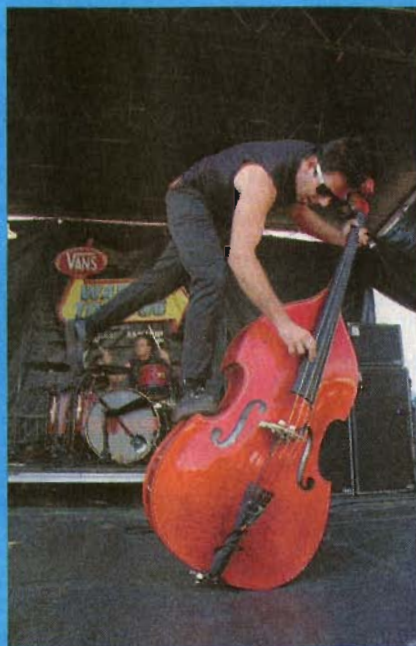
Opposite page, from left to right:

A) The Bouncing Souls B) Passed out Kid C)
The Casualties D) Against Me! E) The Sounds

This page, from left to right:

F) Joan Jett G) Crowd H) The Living End I)
Trash J) The Vincent Black Shadow

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AUGUST DAILY CA

Friday, August 4

X, Rollins Band, Riverboat Gamblers – *Depot*
Star Trek 2: The Wrath of Khan – *Tower*
Utah Slim, Andale, High Beams – *Monk's*
Roby Kap (Lunch) – *Pat's BBQ*
Legendary Uptown Gary Lee – *Pat's BBQ*
CD Release: Middle Distance, Art of Karly, Skull Fuzz – *Brewskies*
Boundless Imagination In A World Of Illusions: Opening Reception – *Contemporary Design & Art Gallery*
Redemption, The S1ndicate, Riverhead – *Vegas*
Hit The Switch, Letters From The Front, Five Days Dirty, Fail To Follow, In Vein – *Driftwood*
On The Last Day – *Boom Va*
Die Monster Die, Left for Dead – *Burt's*
Phunk Junkeez – *Liquid Joes*
CD Release: Reaper, Jebu – *Urban*
Ready Steady Go, The Pleasure Thieves – *Broken Record*
Kan'Nal, Our Time in Space – *Avalon*
Red Top Wolverine – *Ego's*
De La Soul – *Harry O's*
Drew Danburry, Harry and the Potters, Draco and the Malfoy's – *Kilby*

Saturday, August 5

The Subdudes – *Canyons*
Star Trek 2: The Wrath of Khan – *Tower*
Middle Distance, Art Of Knarly, Her Blacklist – *Urban*
Skeleton Witch, Loiter Cognition – *Broken Record*
Blueprint For a Torture Device, Beyond This Flesh, Incenciant, Abysmal Abattoir – *Vegas*
The Living Blue, Unwed Sailor, Johnny Woodbriar, Canadians Among Us – *Kilby*
Jason Webley, Jeff Harms – *Burt's*
Canon, Lion of Judah – *Ego's*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Park City Art's Festival*
Circa Survive, Keating, Portugal the Man, The Receiving End of Sirens – *Avalon*

Sunday, August 6

Herbie Hancock – *Red Butte*
Joe Chisholm Unit – *Monk's*
Dan The Mans Blues Jam – *Wine Cellar*

Monday, August 7

Sierra Swan, Mozella – *Ego's*
School of Rock Allstars – *City & County Building*
Augustana – *Kilby*
Folly, Drop Dead Gorgeous – *Ritz*
Afro Omega – *Monk's*
Three Inches of Blood, Bad Wizard, Early Man – *Boom Va*
School of Rock Allstars – *Avalon*
Knives In the Attic, Left for Dead, Dubbed – *Burt's*

Tuesday, August 8

Wu Tang Clan – *Depot*
Joe Firstman and Family – *Urban*
Bountiful Summerfest International – *City & County Building*
Charlemagne, The Kissing Party, Vs Goliath – *Kilby*
Death Cab For Cutie – *Mckay Events Center*
Mean Mollies Trio – *Monk's*
Dark White – *Broken Record*
Houston Calls, Quiet Drive, Summer Obsession – *Avalon*

Wednesday, August 9

The Adolescents, Street Dogs, The Vacancies – *Sound*
Get Him Eat Him, Evangelicals, Johnny Tight Lips – *Kilby*
Clay Walker – *Weber County Fair*
Grand Champeen, Richmond Fontaine – *Piper Down*
Melissa Warner Band – *City & County Building*
Molotov – *Depot*
Ballyhoo, The Willkills, The Upstarts – *Burt's*
Frank Black, Will Sartain – *Urban*

Thursday, August 10

From Monument to Masses, The Lionelle, Taught Me, Hello Amsterdam – *Kilby*
Soulive, Heath Brothers – *Gallivan*
Quadraphonic – *Urban*
Agape, Anavan, Totally Radd!!!, Form Of Rocket – *Super Secret House Party*
CD Release: Colin Robinson – *Piper Down*

Motherless Cowboys – *City & County Building*
Open Mic Night – *Pat's BBQ*
Blackpool Lights, The Working Title, Days Away – *Velour*
Chris Duarte – *Ego's*
Tim O'Brien – *Westminster*
Beneath Red Rock, Miranda Project – *Exchange*

Friday, August 11

Localized: Our Time In Space, The Will Sartain Players – *Urban*
SLC Punk – *Tower*
The Rodeo Boys – *Burt's*
The Upsidedown, A Cassandra Utterance, Canadians Among Us – *Broken Record*
Drive By Truckers – *Suede*
The Monikers, Bleary, Austin Heller – *Driftwood*
The Rubes, Bronco – *Cabana Club*
Chevelle, Hinder, Nickleback – *Delta Center*
Youth in Radio Training – *Spy Hop*



PLAYING 8/17 AT WILD MUSHROOM PIZZA **RETTCHING RED** WITH JUST ANOTHER CONSUMER, LOITER COGNITION AND ALL SYSTEMS FAIL

Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
Ambassador Jr. – *Monk's*
Afro Omega – *Ego's*
Temporary Measures – *City & County Building*
Separation Of Self, Debakel, HatePiece, Drown Out the Stars – *Vegas*
David Wilcox – *Hollady United Church*

Saturday, August 12

Rehab – *Urban*
SLC Punk – *Tower*
Becoming The Archetype, Arsis, Demircouse – *Boom Va*
What Made Milwaukee Famous – *Kilby*
Youth in Radio Training – *Spy Hop*
Sons of Nothing, Floydshow – *Depot*
Echoes and Soundscapes – *Broken Record*
Alice Cooper, Fireball Ministry – *Saltair*
Form of Rocket – *Burt's*
Twelve To Midnight Mirage – *Ego's*
The Young Dubliners – *Canyons*

Sunday, August 13

Kane Hodder, Stallins War, Fall From Grace – *Boom Va*
Hour of the Wolf, God's Revolver – *Broken Record*
Our Time In Space – *Monk's*
Hellfire Trigger, Aftermath of a Trainwreck – *Overdrive*
Nickel Creek – *Red Butte*

Monday, August 14

A Moments Loss, GreenHaven, Smoky Mountain Skull Busters – *Vegas*
DJ Curtis Strange – *Burt's*
Anke Summerhill – *City Creek*

CALENDAR

Jeanette's Birthday - Call Her
The Midnight Society - Boom Va
Hurt, Almost Undone, Hooga - Avalon

Tuesday, August 15

Taarka - Hagwallow
Peaches, Vile Blue Shades - Urban
Reckless Kelly - Suede
Randy Newman - Deer Valley
Polkatronics - City Creek
Susan Tedeschi, Jackie Greene - Depot

Wednesday, August 16

Def Leppard, Journey - Usana
The Samples - Suede
Haale Boys - City Creek
Jessica Something Jewish - Kilby
Don Caballero, Zombi, Skull Fuzz - Broken Record
Wednesday 13, Spooky Deville, Die Monster Die - Burt's
Gather, Kingdom, Cherem, T.M.A.D - Wild Mushroom
Red Hot Chili Peppers, The Mars Volta - Delta Center

Thursday, August 17

Moonlight Towers, Swans of Never - Kilby
Shanahy - City Creek
Retching Red, Just Another Consumer, Loiter Cognition, All Systems Fail - Wild Mushroom
Open Mic Night - Pat's BBQ
Pagan Love Gods - Piper Down
Rebirth Brass Band, John Hammond - Gallivan
Live Bird, Stonefed - Ego's
Dr. John, Terrance Simien & The Zydeco Experience - Red Butte
The Hotness, Abby Normal - Exchange

Friday, August 18

Gallery Stroll - Pierpont
Galactic - Harry O's
The Goonies - Tower
Sweater Club - Mojo's
One Foundation - Monk's
Under Radar, Anything That Moves, Every Move A Picture, Persephone's Bees - Burt's
Record Release: Meg and Dia - Boom Va
Jet Lag Gemini, Four Year Strong, Beneath These Words - Driftwood
Roby Kap - Pat's BBQ
Hoot Owls - City Creek
Jimbo Mathus, Red Top Wolverine - Ego's
Red Bennies, Purrbats, Pleasure Thieves - Urban
Central Nerve, Take the Fall, The Monarch - Broken Record
Necrophacus, Eleventh Hour, Cavity Burn, Gods Amongst Mortals - Vegas
Amber Pacific, Just Surrender, October Fall, The Audition - Kilby

Saturday, August 19

The Iguanas - Canyons
The Goonies - Tower
No Quarter - Depot
Auditions for Slippey Kittens Purrlesque (2pm) - Vegas
Genre, Stich, Abysmal Abattior, Deadless - Vegas
Clint and Eddy - Tony's
DJ Dance Commander - Broken Record
Mugshots, The Know It Alls - Urban
Sweater Club - Velour
Adonis - Ego's
Brothers and Sisters, The Band Of Annuals, Palomina, Chaz Prymek - Kilby
Drag the River, Utah County Swillers, Sniff Test - Burt's

Sunday, August 20

Joe Chisholm Unit - Monk's
Random Lurkers III: True Passionate Thugzzz - Brewvies
Brothers and Sisters, The Band of Annuals - Kilby

Monday, August 21

Culver City Dub Collective, Afro Omega - Urban
Envy, Sleeping People - Kilby
Slam Dunk, Maricopa, I Am The Ocean, Her Candane - Boom Va
The Right Amount - The Exchange

Signs of Hope, Cool Your Jets - Wild Mushroom
The Deadbeat Dads - Burt's

Tuesday, August 22

August Burns Red, Haste The Day, Scary Kids Scaring Kids - Avalon
Ben Harper - Usana
The Klezbros - The Exchange

Wednesday, August 23

One Class Act Blues Band - Burt's
New Monsoon - Suede
Soul Shakers - The Exchange
Ready Steady Go - Broken Record
The Thermals, Fox Van Kleef, Neon Sound - Kilby
Asleep At the Wheel - Teazer's
Anathallo, Rainer Maria, Street To Nowhere, The Format - In the Venue

Thursday, August 24

Open Mic Night - Pat's BBQ
7 Billion - The Exchange
Albino, Peace Pipe Productions - Urban
Salty Frogs - Piper Down
I Am The Ocean, Gaza - Broken Record
Cracker, Camper Van Beethoven - Gallivan

Friday, August 25

The Plus Ones, Seve Vs. Evan, The Yearbook - Kilby
Hot Rod Hillbillies - Burt's
Run Lola Run - Tower
Afro Omega - Monk's
Allred, Private, Heed The Omen, Control Theory - Driftwood
Groundation - Suede
Jezus Rides A Riksha, Kill Syndicate, Cavity Burn, One50eight - Vegas
Lump Sum, Demise 1, TML Records, At-Wan, DJ Handsome Hands - Urban
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band - The Exchange
Unwritten Law, Broke - In the Venue
Roby Kap - Pat's BBQ

Saturday, August 26

The Creepshow, Die Monster Die, Spooky Deville - Burt's
Bowling For Soup - In the Venue
4000 Old - Tony's
Gerald Albright - Deer Valley
Run Lola Run - Tower
The High Beams - Ego's
Wolfs, Starmy, Obliojoes - Urban
Glacial - Broken Record
The Minders, Drew Danburry - Kilby

Sunday, August 27

Wolf Parade - In the Venue
Le Force, Gays In The Military, Blackhole - Urban
Last Response, Timbre - Monk's
Withdrawals - Ego's
Jerry Douglas, Rosanne Cash - Red Butte

Monday, August 28

Sam Bush - Depot
Drums & Tuba - Urban
The Esoteric, Mota - Boom Va

Tuesday, August 29

Tool - E Center
Tom Freund, Loren Cook, Corymon - Urban
Boomstick - Monk's
Keith Varon, Ryan Auffenberg - Kilby
In This Defence, Cool Your Jets - Wild Mushroom
Off the Veil, Johnny Tight Lips - Exchange

Wednesday, August 30

The Perfect Red - Kilby
Cabaret Voltage - Urban
Night Of The Living Rednecks, Beneath Red Rock, Dubbed - Burt's
Protest Bush and Rice's Visit To Utah - Pioneer Park
Dave Matthews Band - Usana

Thursday, August 31

Open Mic Night - Pat's BBQ
Pagan Love Gods - Piper Down
MeWithoutYou, Psalters - Avalon
The Championship - Kilby
Mother City - Exchange

Friday, September 1

I Can Lick Any Son of a Bitch In the House, Drag the River - Ego's
Bottomline, The Summer Obsession - Velour



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AMBER PACIFIC

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THE FORMAT

AUGUST 25 AT IN THE VENUE
UNWRITTEN LAW

AUGUST 27 AT IN THE VENUE
WOLF PARADE

SEPTEMBER 15 AT THE URBAN LOUNGE
BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE

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Kilby Court Calendar August 2006

- 03 - Bad Eye Blue & others \$6
- 04 - Harry & the Potters, Draco & the Malfoys, Drew Danbury \$6 adv/\$7 doors
- 05 - The Living Blue, Unwed Sailor, Johnny Woodbriar, Canadians Among US \$6
- 07 - Augustana & others \$10
- 08 - Charlemagne, The Kissing Party, vs. Goliath \$6/\$7
- 09 - Get Him Eat Him, Evangelicals, Johnny Tightlips \$6/\$7
- 10 - From Monument to Masses, The Lionelle, Taught Me, Hello Amsterdam \$7
- 12 - What Made Milwaukee Famous \$7
- 16 - Jessica Something Jewish, t.b.a.
- 17 - Moonlight Towers, Swans of Never \$6/\$7

- 18 - Amber Pacific, The Audition, October Fall, Just Surrender, All Time Low \$12
- 19 - Brothers + Sisters, Band of Annuals, Palomino, Chaz Prymek \$6
- 21 - Envy (from Japan), Sleeping People
- 23 - The Thermals, Fox Van Kleeft, Neon Sound \$6/\$8
- 25 - The Plus Ones, Seve vs. Evan, The Yearbook \$6/\$7
- 26 - The Minders, Drew Danbury, Wuhu! Seai Sin \$7/\$8
- 29 - Keith Varon, Ryan Auffenberg
- 30 - The Perfect Red, t.b.a.
- 31 - The Championship

Coming up in September...

- 02 - The Curtains, 05 - The Like Young, 15 - Lawrence Arms, 16 - Maritime 18 - White Whale, 20 & 21 - Waking Ashland 22 - Xiu Xiu



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 favorite class: health

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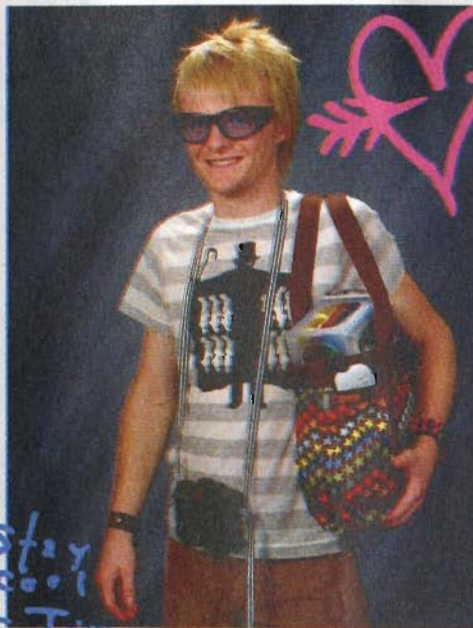
"takes long trips to canada, likes jello"
 activities: astronomy society, geography olympiad
 favorite class: reading comprehension



*have a nice ☺ summer
 Rachael*

rachael ivakhnenko

exchange student
 "quick tempered, usually seen knitting"
 activities: cheer leading squad, entomology club
 favorite class: music appreciation



*stay cool
 - Tim*

tim stencil

"wants to be an astronaut"
 activities: photography club, mathletes
 favorite class: p.e.

Danny: polo by Jared Gold (coming soon), Jeans by Wrangler Premium Patch, skateboard by Black Chandelier, backpack by Le Sportsac, watch by Tokidoki Italy, 'Robots' by Taschen books, 'Jaisalmer' Eau de Toilette by Comme des Garçons. Morgen: tee by Black Chandelier, shorts by Jared Gold, fanny pack by Le Sportsac, necklace by Tokidoki Italy, 'Realism' by Taschen books, bracelet by Black Chandelier, 'Orange Eau de Parfum' by Comme des Garçons. Rachael: dress by Jared Gold, jacket by Black Chandelier (coming soon), watch and necklaces by Tokidoki Italy, purse by Le Sportsac, earrings by Tarina Tarantino, live Madagascar Hissing Cockroach brooch with Swarovski crystals by Jared Gold. Tim: tee by Black Chandelier, brown corduroy pants by Wrangler Premium Patch, leather wristband by Wanderlust (coming soon), watch by Tokidoki Italy, bag by Le Sportsac, Holga and Color-plash cameras by Lomography, 'White' Eau de Toilette by Comme des Garçons.

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