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MAY 2007 VOL. 18 ISSUE 221



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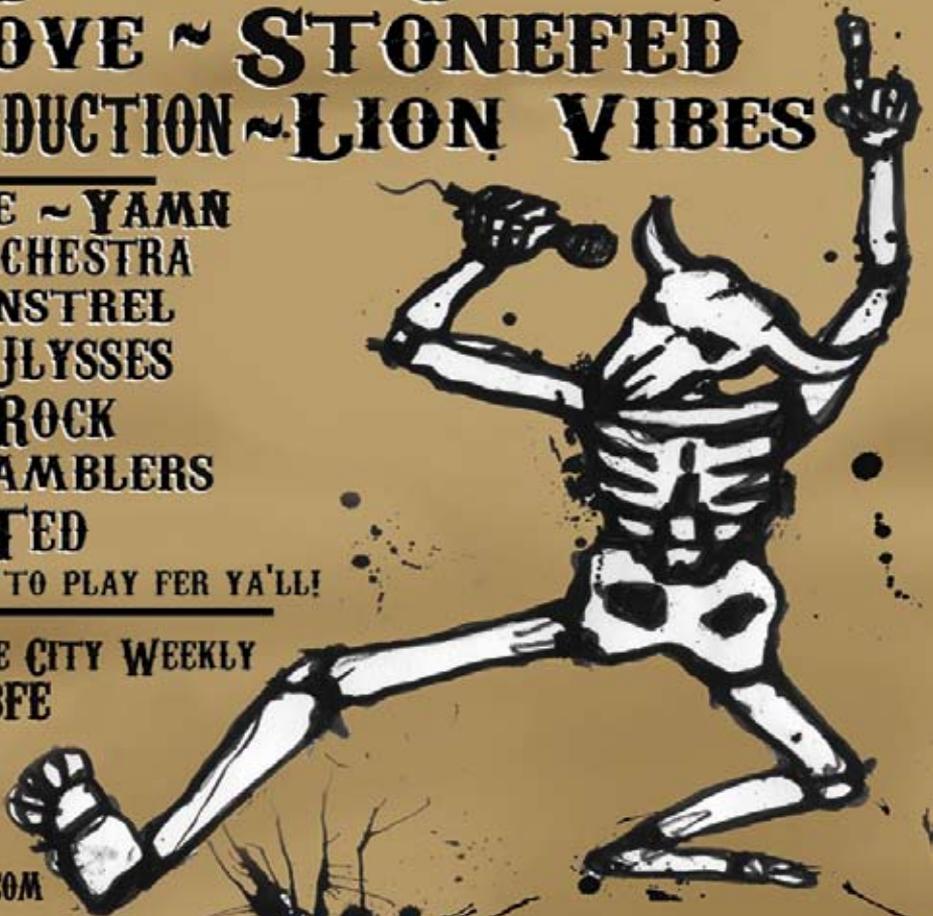
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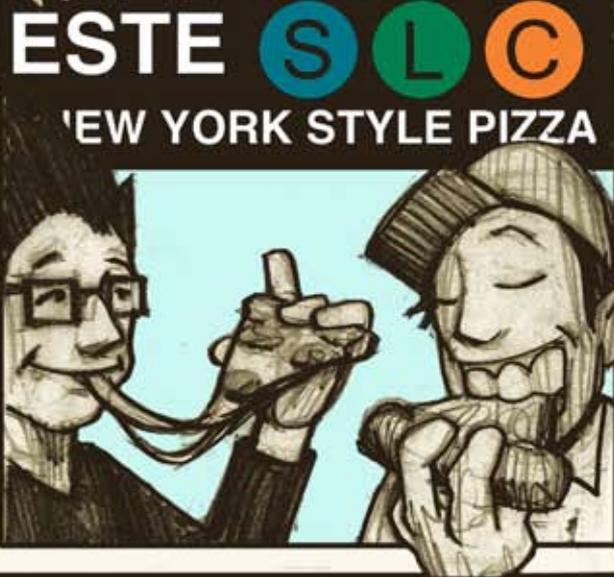
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Contributor Limelight



Chris Swainston • Photographer

Ladies beware! Chris Swainston, local lover and lady killer, photographs action sports such as snowboarding and skateboarding for *SLUG Magazine*. But when Chirs isn't riding tail edge or being or going to the Big Apple, he is shaking his tight pants at clubs such as *Area 51*, *Club Vegas* and *The Trapp Door*. Chris has recently graduated from SLCC and he makes great dinner conversation. Bon Appetit!

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

It's not yet summer, and already it's happening—people dressing themselves with reckless abandon. Two days of warm weather have inspired large women to go out in public dressed in only Daisy Dukes and bikini tops (and their white trash men to walk around completely shirtless. A great way to show off those white pride tattoos they got in prison.) Now I know some folks can pull this look off quite majestically, but what usually ends up happening is that the whole clothing-to-skin ratio gets skewed for everybody else. This time next week I'll be in a nice restaurant, and the fucktard seated beside me will be draped in little more than a pink tank-top and flip-flops—an ensemble that will reveal half of his flabby Sammy Hagar chest and his hairy sun-baked shoulders, not to mention his dirty fucking sweaty feet. With the exception of gutter punk who freshly shit in his camouflaged pants, nothing smells worse than muck-covered sandal toes. Why can't people consider others when they leave the goddamned house? I'm trying to eat, for fuck's sake. AAaaahhHHhh!

—Jacques Sauteurs

Dear Jackée,

Are you so ashamed of your body that you can't bear to see others flaunt their shit without embarrassment? Is your cock only 2 inches long? Is that the real issue? Calm the fuck down, Jack. Shoulders and flabby chests won't hurt you. If anything, it will increase the inconsiderate fuck's chances of getting skin cancer and leaving the restaurant, and this world, for good. Good point about the flip flops, though. Next time, step on the dude's foot when you walk by. Do this several times. A couple of cracked toes will teach 'em. And gutter punks that shit their pants don't smell nearly as bad as hobos that set themselves on fire, and extinguish the blaze with piss and gooey dog shit. Now that's a smell to chase away an appetite.

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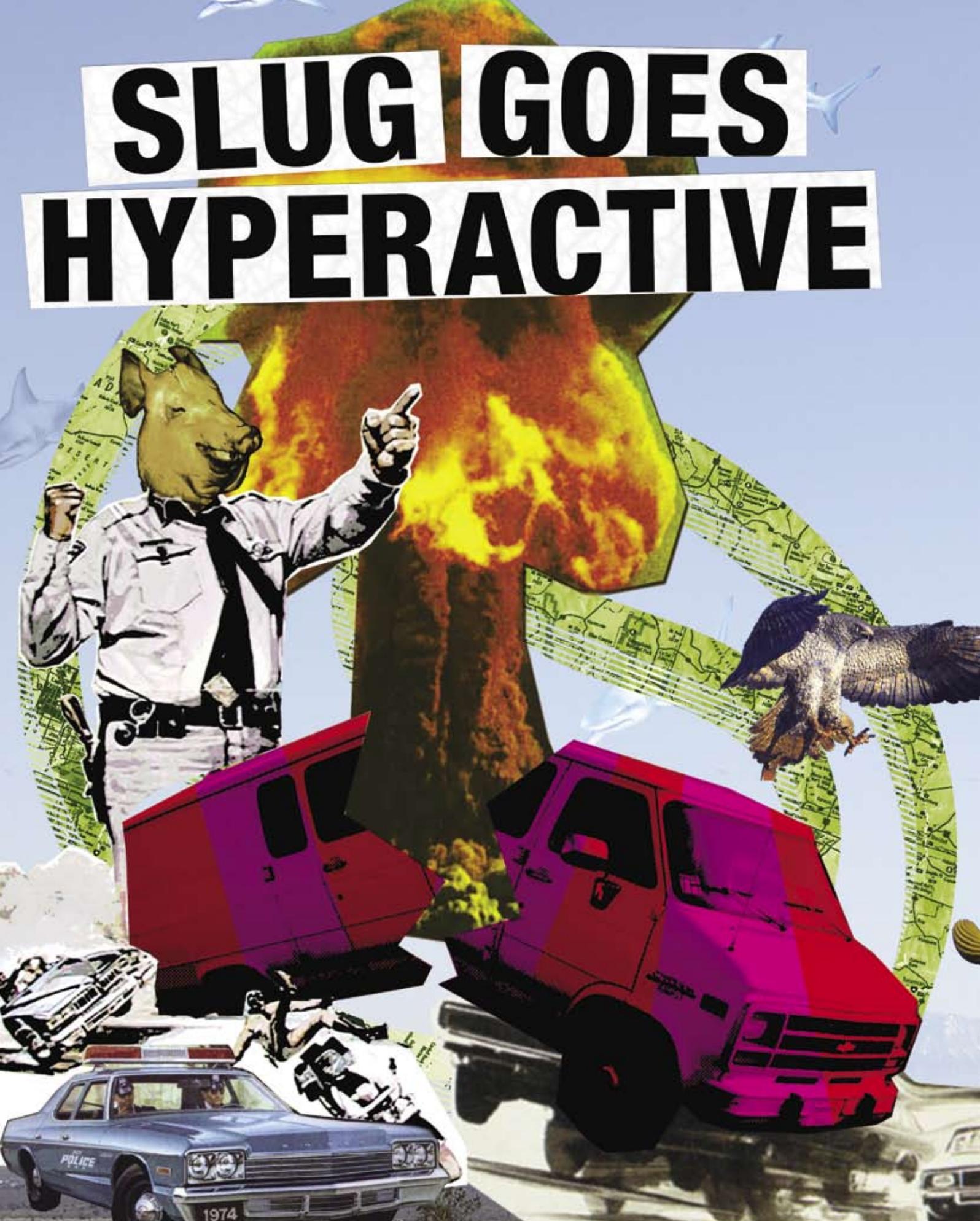
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SLUG GOES HYPERACTIVE





I first joined *SLUG Magazine* in 1998. A prolific female figure in the then-SLC music scene approached me about booking a regional tour for her band. While I had no previous experience arranging shows in outside markets, I was excited by her challenge and felt it could be the precursor to a larger and bigger project: a *SLUG Mag Tour*. We connected three or four times about the venture— assembling band lists and brainstorming tour routes until she called one afternoon explaining her band had broken up. The idea was shelved with the intention of following up on it eventually and before I knew it, eight years had passed.

Last fall, **Allison Shaw**, publisher of *Hyperactive Music Magazine* contacted me about a music festival she produces in her hometown of Albuquerque, NM. When she offered *SLUG* our own showcase at *The Hyperactive Music Festival*, I realized it was finally an opportune moment to resurrect the idea of a *SLUG Tour*.

I asked five of my favorite, hard-working SLC bands to join the project and paired the bands into touring legs, both gigging in opposite directions. The five groups will conjoin to play the *SLUG Magazine Showcase* at *The Hyperactive Music Festival* in Albuquerque on Sat., May 19 from 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

Five local artists were chosen to visually interpret each band for this issue. *SLUG* asked each of them to produce a separate cover—each artist illustrating a different band.

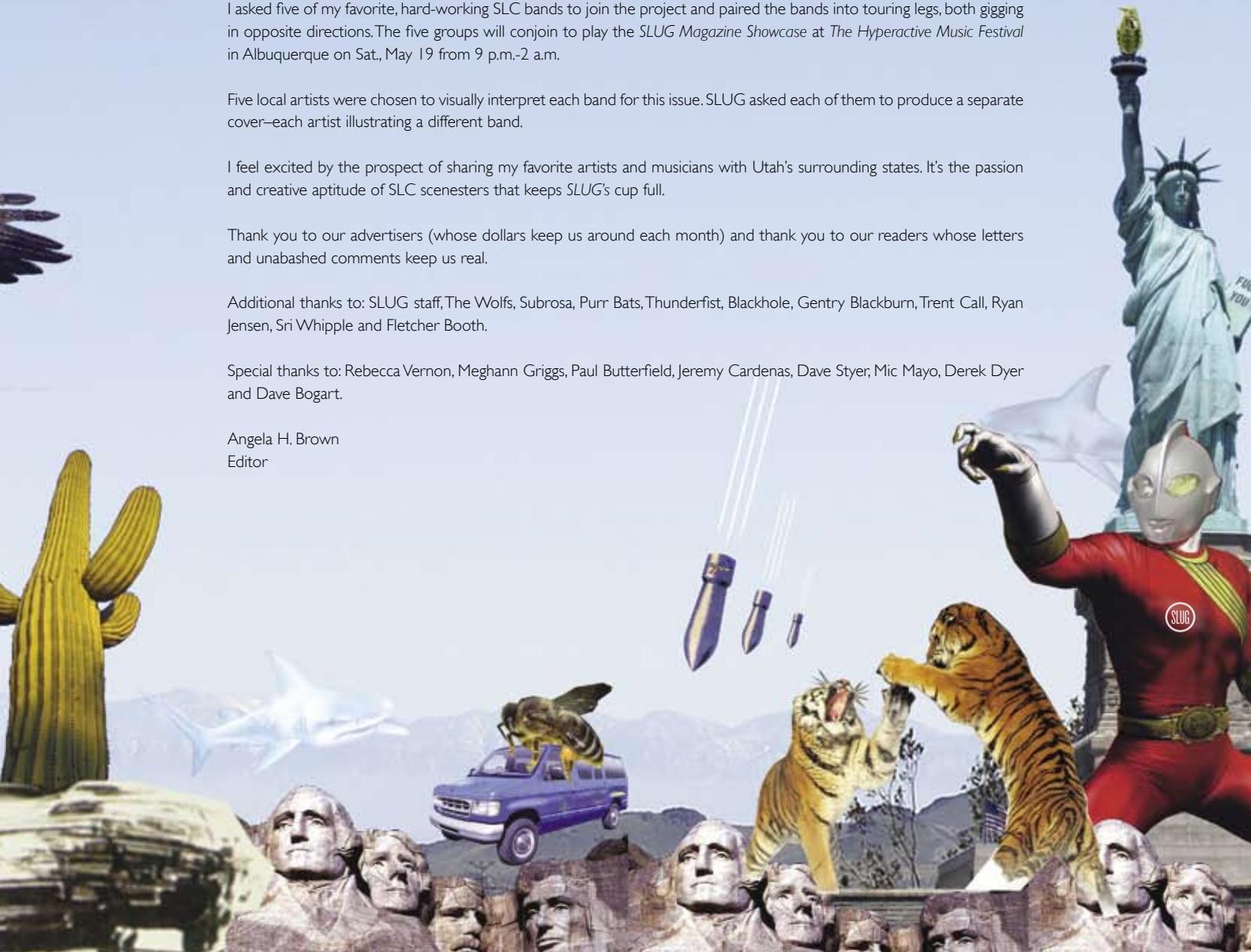
I feel excited by the prospect of sharing my favorite artists and musicians with Utah's surrounding states. It's the passion and creative aptitude of SLC scenesters that keeps *SLUG*'s cup full.

Thank you to our advertisers (whose dollars keep us around each month) and thank you to our readers whose letters and unabashed comments keep us real.

Additional thanks to: *SLUG* staff, The Wolfs, Subrosa, Purr Bats, Thunderfist, Blackhole, Gentry Blackburn, Trent Call, Ryan Jensen, Sri Whipple and Fletcher Booth.

Special thanks to: Rebecca Vernon, Meghann Griggs, Paul Butterfield, Jeremy Cardenas, Dave Styer, Mic Mayo, Derek Dyer and Dave Bogart.

Angela H. Brown
Editor



WOLFS

By Jeremy C Wilkins, Esq.
punkrock_138@hotmail.com
Line drawing: Ryan Jensen

Eli Morrison and his band, The Wolfs, have been yelping, snarling and howling their brand of experimental rock n' roll for almost 10 years. Morrison, vocalist for The Wolfs, and guitarist **Jeremy Smith** started the band sometime around 1999, according to Morrison. This raucous pack also includes **Charlie Lewis** on drums (who also drums for **The Rubes**), **Shane Asbridge** on bass (who plays guitar for SLC's **Vile Blue Shades** and **Laser Thing**) and **Jesse Winters**, who pounds the electric piano and/or synth keys (and who has also lent his hands to the **Purr Bats**).

The Wolfs infuse the sound of 60s and 70s rock music with an experimental element thrown in the mix. "When [**Jimi Hendrix's**] *Are You Experienced?* came out," said Morrison, "It was a new sound and nobody had ever heard anything like it since, so we thought, 'What if we tried not to emulate or copy this, but take inspiration from its timelessness, its incredible depth, character, emotion and soul?' We pick some of the timelessness of a garage/punk/rock n' roll sound and re-inject it with an experimental aesthetic." Morrison's vocals are on a mantle of their own and have been described by others as screams and hisses from a man possessed. Watching him perform is like observing someone having an out-of-body experience.

"I really try and let it come as naturally as I can; a lot of it is live stuff that comes up in rehearsal. If there's somebody out there who I've aspired to have a little piece of what they've got, it's definitely **Tina Turner**. I have a massive, massive stack of her records in my house and I listen to them all the time."

Sex, drugs and rock n' roll encompass the bands' entourage of lyrics—specifically sex and death. "It seems like those visceral parts of the human experience are

something that continue to draw our obsessive interest," Morrison said. In the past, lyrics and music were always left to Morrison, but have now become a collaborative effort of the band. "That is my preference because I love to get all different flavors; if it was all about me, I could make my little **Peter Dinklage** solo record, but it's not."

On April 28, The Wolfs released their 9th and 10th titles, *Awful, Offal* and *The Death Theme*. The first contains live recordings, radio sessions and outtakes. The second is packed with two new studio versions of the song, an epic 30-minute version from a show at the *Urban Lounge* and a "secret surprise." A vinyl LP full-length is also in the works, to be released sometime in the fall.

Playing shows outside of Utah isn't something Morrison and The Wolfs have had much experience with. "We've done a little bit, but it was a disaster. Our last tour was about three or four years ago. We spent a weekend in Portland and Seattle and basically just indulged ourselves with alcohol to the point where it was outrageous. Everybody was really sick and I fell down some cement stairs and got all fucked up and it was a nightmare," said Morrison. When asked about playing Albuquerque Morrison replied, "We're really looking forward to it; we know a lot of people there and it will be fun."

SLUG Magazine is helping give The Wolfs a go at some out-of-state touring to support their recent releases (and the SLC local scene) at the *Hyperactive Festival* in Albuquerque, NM, on May 20.



WOLFS tour dates:
FRI., MAY 11TH: *SLUG Magazine's Localized, Urban Lounge*, SLC, UT
WED., MAY 16TH: *Surfside 7 Café*, Ft. Collins, CO
THURS., MAY 17TH: *Lion's Lair*, Denver, CO
FRI., MAY 18TH: *TBA*
SAT., MAY 19TH: *SLUG Magazine's Hyperactive Showcase at Ralli's*, Albuquerque, NM
SUN., MAY 20TH: *J-Heads*, Phoenix, AZ

myspace.com/thewolfs



SUBROSA



by Kelly Ashkettle
Painting: Gentry Blackburn

According to myth, Aphrodite's son bribed the god of silence with a rose to protect the secrecy of Aphrodite's love affairs. Thus the rose became a symbol of silence, suspended from the ceiling in medieval councils as a pledge of confidentiality from those "under the rose," or in Latin, *sub rosa*. It's fitting that a phrase that stands for silence should be used as the name for a band whose driving force is about finding the courage to use one's own voice.

Vocalist/guitarist **Rebecca Vernon** founded Subrosa in 2005 after years at the back of the stage as a drummer for other bands. "I just always liked the power of drumming," she says. But it was power without a voice; she wanted to scream and to achieve her vision of making heavy, sludgy, stoner rock, like **Isis** or **Neurosis**, only with more punk attitude. "Punk is more simple and direct," she says. "I like the idea of telling the truth in the simplest most direct way because that's what people least expect."

Her need for directness comes partly from her years at *Brigham Young University*, where she experienced surface politeness and a lack of acceptance for a Mormon woman who loved to rock. Now she combats artifice with a sound both deep and raw.

Erik LeCroix, Subrosa's new bassist, says Subrosa has a "primal rock and roll appeal." He says that **Bonie Shupe** "pounds the shit out of the drums," Rebecca "writes some of the coolest simple stoner riffs in the world," and violinist **Sarah Pendleton** "does all kinds of crazy **Brian Eno** shit behind it."

Rebecca thinks Erik brings "textured and rhythmic basslines that add interest, while holding down the rock steady." He also appreciates the fat Southern riffs and blues structures that make up stoner rock, and is producing Subrosa's new album, *Strega* (that's Italian for "witch").

The supernatural is a running theme through Subrosa's work. Rebecca wrote the band's first riffs in her "haunted" basement, where an unknown entity enjoyed playing her kettle drum at 6 a.m. "I definitely think the old album feels more occultish," she comments.

Sarah ups the spookiness factor with effects-laden violin. "The music is so bottom-heavy and driving that it needs that top note, that ethereal flavor," Sarah says. It also makes Subrosa unique among stoner rock bands—plus it accomplishes Sarah's goal of being in a band with her best friend, Rebecca.

Bonie is following her heart through Subrosa, too: she first longed to play drums in junior high, but her parents discouraged her because they wanted a family of bluegrass stars. She began to fulfill her dream about three years ago. "To have Rebecca be such a good drummer; it's been really awesome to have her influence on a regular basis," Bonie says. Bonie also builds arm strength through yoga and rock climbing, which gives additional power to her drumming.

"I want people to listen to the music and feel whatever power they feel from it," Rebecca says. "If I could say there's one universal thing I want people to take away, it's strength."

Rebecca still struggles to maintain the strength to follow her dream, but is taking an important first step this month as Subrosa plays their first shows outside of Utah: a mini tour through Colorado with *Purr Bats* and *The Wolves* on their way to play the *Hyperactive* festival in Albuquerque. "We want to tour so bad," Rebecca says. "I think it will be really cool to see people's reaction outside of Utah to three strong Salt Lake bands."

PURR BATS tour dates:

FRI., MAY 11TH: *SLUG Magazine's Localized*, **Urban Lounge**, SLC, UT

WED., MAY 16TH: *Surfside 7 Café*, Ft. Collins, CO

THURS., MAY 17TH: *Lion's Lair*, Denver, CO

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www.myspace.com/subrosatheatre



Blackhole

By Erik Lopez
Painting: Fletcher Booth

erik@slugmag.com

Blackhole started in the summer of 2005 when **Dave Styer** (ex-**the Switch**, **Tarn**) and **Paul Butterfield** (ex-**Red Bennies**, **Ether Orchestra**) breached the subject of starting a band together: "It was literally a conversation I had with Paul that went like this: 'Wouldn't it be great to see **Chopper** sing for an awesome band? Let's make one,'" recalls Styer. "I remember seeing Chopper in **the Decomposers** when I was 16 and being struck about how charismatic he was," says Paul.

Chopper has been a mainstay of the Salt Lake music scene since he was 15 and his band resume reads like an I-Saw-You ad of great bands; the **Decomposers**, **Hot Rocks**, **the Switch**, and so on. But underneath the rock n' roll bravado that Chopper exudes on stage is a man who loves wizards, owns a pet tarantula and considers a **Condoleezza Rice** piñata a great idea for a fundraiser. Both Styer brothers have been in previous bands together before. The main reason Dave, Chopper's older brother, started playing music was out of jealousy of his younger sibling.

After two years of dedicated practicing and perfecting, Blackhole released their debut self-titled album earlier this year: "We believe in the 21st century but give a nod to the mid-90s with musical influences like early **Touch & Go** and **Amphetamine Reptile Records** style of music," comments Styer. But the real staying power behind Blackhole resides in the fun the tight-knit group of friends have on stage. "Everyone in the band gets along really well and it shows on stage," says Butterfield. "There is no pretension to making our music ... we have an honest approach in which everyone

has a hand in the creative process," Bogart says.

Their onstage chemistry and Chopper's dreams-do-come-true command of the stage leave a lasting impression on those who go to see a Blackhole show. I saw Blackhole last Halloween and both bassists were dressed as sailor shipmates while Chopper was in a caterpillar costume. As he wailed into the mic, Chopper slowly wormed his way out of his suit and metamorphosed into an **Ed Asner** look-a-like (but with bigger chops) in a tiger-striped speedo. All bets were off as Paul and Dave synched basses to clean up the wonton destruction of Chopper screaming and Bogart loudly yet steadily beating the drums to jaws dropping on the floor.

This month Blackhole will embark on a one-week tour with **the Purrbats**, **Thunderfist**, **Subrosa** and **the Wolfs** winding down the lower Midwest, culminating in the *SLUG Magazine* showcase at the *Hyperactive Music Festival*. "We are totally excited to play and tour [with these bands] out of state," says bass-heavy Butterfield. "It will be totally bitchin' to the max," remarks Styer. This will be Blackhole's first official tour outside of the occasional one-off to Provo or Pocatello. "We are pretty fucking loud. We've been accused of blowing up a house PA. Another time we were asked to stop mid-set and not come back," says Bogart. If blowing fuses and getting kicked out of a venue for being excessively loud is any indication of Blackhole's intense live performance, New Mexico is about to receive a hostile takeover.

BLACKHOLE tour dates:

FRI., MAY 5TH: *SLUG Magazine's Cinco D'Mayo Hyperactive Tour Fundraiser*, 600 South 600 West, SLC, UT

THURS., MAY 17TH: *Doubledown*, Las Vegas, NV

FRI., MAY 18TH: *Rouge Theater*, Scottsdale, AZ

SAT., MAY 19TH: *SLUG Magazine's Hyperactive Showcase at Ralli's*, Albuquerque, NM

SUN., MAY 20TH: *Lion's Lair*, Denver, CO

www.myspace.com/myblackhole





THUNDERFIST

By Ricky Vigil robobox@hotmail.com
Illustration: Sri Whipple

Thunderfist was put on this planet for one reason and one reason alone: *to rock!* Singer/guitarist **Jeremy Cardenas** describes the band's sound as "straight-ahead rock n' roll," and he ain't lying. Gig posters of **Turbonegro** and **Supersuckers** are plastered around Cardenas' living room and their influence is apparent in Thunderfist's music. No-frills, high-energy, beer-soaked rock is Thunderfist's game and they play it better than most.

Thunderfist has been painting the streets of Salt Lake City red with their brand of balls-out rock for about eight years now and though only Cardenas and drummer **Erik Stevens** survived as original members, the lineup changes have only helped Thunderfist to better evolve into the rock n' roll monster that they are today. Current members of Thunderfist have served time with such notable Salt Lake acts as **Silent Sevens**, **High Beams** and **The Decomposers**. Though the members of Thunderfist come from unique backgrounds and bring their own influences to the table, their collective passion for their music holds them all together. Cardenas said, "I can get behind anyone as long as they've got soul. I don't care what kind of music they play' I'll play with 'em as long as they play their guts out."

For their 2007 release, *Too Fat For Love*, Thunderfist once again enlisted **Jack Endino** as producer. Endino's credits include albums produced for Supersuckers, **The Melvins**, and even pre-mainstream **Nirvana**. Clearly, the guy knows how to make bands sound loud, hard and heavy. Endino's expertise in creating raw rock-n-roll makes *Too Fat For Love* a perfect re-creation of the experience that is a Thunderfist live show. "There aren't a lot of studio tricks or Pro Tools editing or things like that," Cardenas said, "It's just how we sound." The result is a raw and energetic album that'll cause your speakers to drip sweat and spit at your body as it's rocked from one side of the room to the other.

Thunderfist isn't one of those high-concept, hoity-toity art-for-art's-sake bands. They're a genuinely honest rock-n-roll band out to have a good time and provide you with the perfect soundtrack to a drunken night of rockin' out. "We don't really have a message," said Cardenas, but he says if you go to a Thunderfist show, "You'll get everything we have to give." Salt Lake City couldn't ask for a better band to represent it at the *Hyperactive Music Festival*. Sure, when it's all said and done their memories might be a little too fuzzy to give a clear account of what happened in New Mexico on that fateful night, but it's a safe bet that some faces will be melted off completely by the rock n' roll behemoth that is Thunderfist.

THUNDERFIST tour dates:

FRI., MAY 5TH: *SLUG Magazine's Cinco D'Mayo Hyperactive Tour Fundraiser*, 600 South 600 West, SLC, UT

THURS., MAY 17TH: *Doubledown*, Las Vegas, NV

FRI., MAY 18TH: *Rouge Theater*, Scottsdale, AZ

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<http://www.myspace.com/thunderfist>

PURR

BATS

By Spanther endrtransmission@gmail.com
Illustration: Trent Call

Prior to sitting down with Purr Bats frontman, **Kyrbir**, I knew the name Purr Bats and I knew I had seen them play live at least once, but I was drawing blanks when we shook hands and he took a seat across from me at *Big Ed's*. It wasn't until Kyrbir removed his hat—brandishing a crown of four-leaf clovers tattooed on top his head—that I was able to connect the dots. All of a sudden I remembered Kyrbir, in all his glory, bald and big and captivating on stage at the *Urban Lounge*, wearing a dress no less, alongside his other silk-skirted bandmates.

This connection was vital because Purr Bats are very much a visual musical act: employing costumes and revelry where they can; they endeavor at theater as deliberately and tastefully as they do music. The result ends up being a beautifully ugly cross-dressed mélange of pop and disturbance.

The aim of Purr Bats, as Kyrbir informed me, is pop. Pop in the sense of "fun sing-along songs" where there's "no big political or social agenda; no emphasis on trauma. We just want to keep it fun."

And what fun Purr Bats are! Every live show promises faithful followers, happy demeanors and dance parties—I danced in my underwear last time I saw them because their grooves were so thick with joy I couldn't resist getting gritty and sweaty.

Purr Bats aren't all fluff, though; as their hybrid name suggests, there is also a dark or strange element—a distress of sorts that elicits disturbance. However, the "Bat" in Purr Bats is usually undermined and masked. Kyrbir explains that "occasionally it [trauma] will slip in, but I usually try to keep it away from the project or turn it on its head." In effect, Purr Bats are this "spasmodic, tongue-in-cheek" knotty pop act that employs "wink-wink and nudge-nudge" tactics to keep the rhythm rolling and the party purring despite the natural tendency of nocturnal ghouliness—or foolishness.

With three albums to date—*Soft Fluff*, *Bionic Fresh Moves* and *Salt Lake City* and a fourth on the way, Purr Bats show their dedication and determination to bring the simple pop of the 80s back into flight. Despite a merry-go-round revolution of band members—early line up consisted of members of the **Red Bennies** and **Ether**, and now mixes both **The Wolfs** and **Furs** (odd and ironic if you think about the latter mixture of names)—Purr Bats stay on top of keeping the bar halls of Salt Lake City hot and fresh.

The Hyperactive Music Festival in Albuquerque and *SLUG Tour* are going to be Purr Bats first shows outside of Utah. I hear Albuquerque is hot, especially in the summer: I'm guessing there will be a lot of boys and girls in their underwear dancing to the deceitfully honest, humbly raucous pop sounds of Purr Bats. I'm also guessing (read: foreshadowing) that Purr Bats will be likewise in costume and having just as much fun.



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THURS., MAY 17TH: *Lion's Lair*, Denver, CO
FRI., MAY 18TH: *TBA*
SAT., MAY 19TH: *SLUG Magazine's Hyperactive Showcase at Ralli's*, Albuquerque, NM
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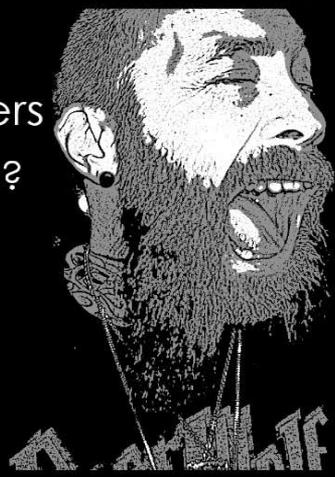
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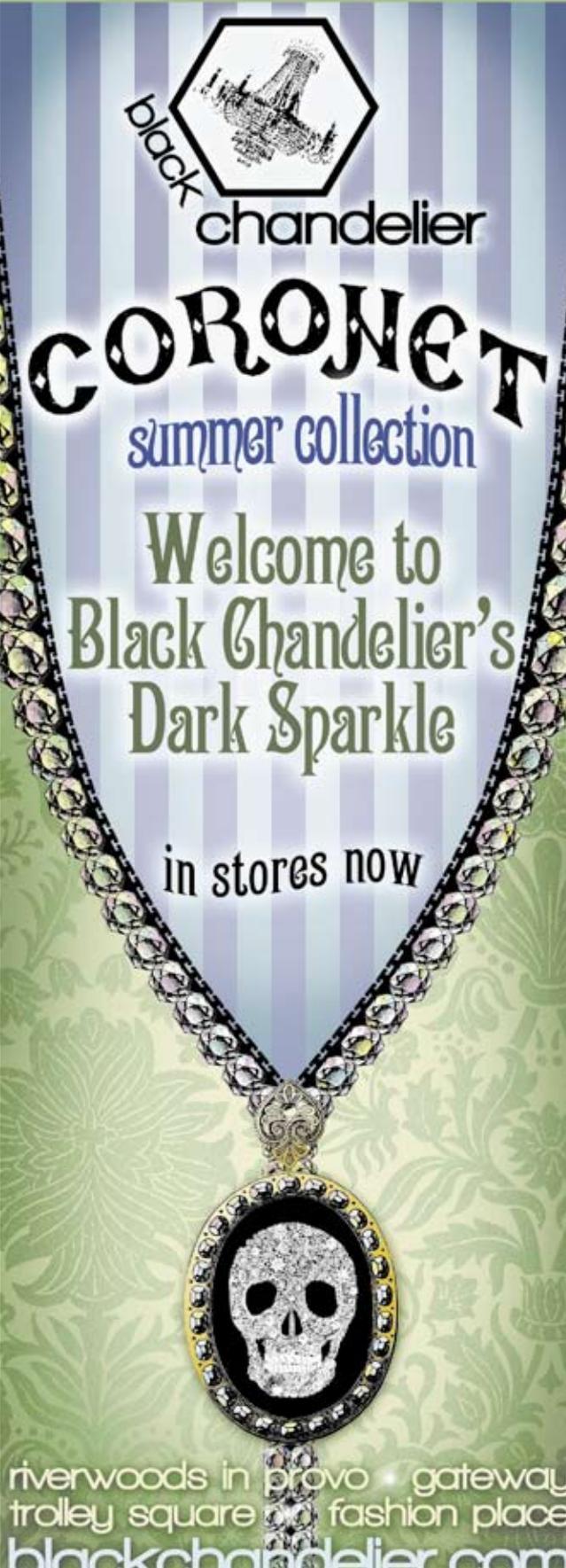
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Sri Z. Whipple

By Mariah Mann Mellus mariah@slugmag.com

Sri Whipple, international man of mystery, has many personas in the art world. A fine artist, cartoonist and printmaker, his talents and subject matter cover a wide spectrum. "As a kid, I wanted to paint like the Renaissance painters, clean and classical, but I am influenced by music and comics," says Whipple, "I consider myself a contemporary realist painter who is more into cartoon elements." On one side of the gamut, we have calm still-life paintings featuring chopsticks and wasabe bowls. On the other side, we have drawings of sweaty, veined men with large alcoholic noses that remind me of a bad acid trip. His most fascinating work has both ends of the spectrum present at the same time. "I paint from the subconscious—off the top of my head—with no preconceptions. I pull from different transgendered energies by transgressing masculine/feminine boundaries," replies Whipple.



Photo: Jamie Clyde

I was once told art had to be moving; whether it moves you in good or bad way, it needs to invoke an emotion. Sri's work does just that. He evoked or provoked the *Salt Lake Arts Council* enough for them to ban his work in the *Chimera* exhibit at the *Rio Grande Gallery* in 2006. "I wasn't offended by their banning of my work ... I thought my stuff was pretty pedestrian," remarks Sri, "I was flattered that my paintings could have such an effect." Sri's ability to capture the essence of something and present it in a beautiful non-threatening way or if he desires like a punch in the face makes him a perfect fit for *SLUG Magazine*.

SLUG has long been a fan of Mr. Whipple's work; he designed our coloring-book contest and cover story for **The Cramps** (a gruesome pirate cover!) and he, along with artists **Jason Jones** and **Xkot Toxic**, presented *SLUG* readers with our first-ever comic strips. "I have been part of the music scene longer than the art scene, so it was natural to help out," Whipple says. A humanitarian, Sri recently donated several pieces of his art to a fundraiser *SLUG* hosted for **Valley Mental Health** last January. "I knew that it not only was for a good cause, but that people that I respected would be buying my work," says Whipple.

Local bands have sought out Sri's talents for years, asking him for artwork and designs for T-shirts and album covers. "I love working with friends," says Whipple, "I want to put back into the music scene because I love music and what it has given me." You may recognize Sri's work on **The Wolfs** or **Glacier** album covers or a **Vile Blue Shades** T-shirt. Since Sri is such a diverse artist, his commissioned work is in high demand and can be found in many predominant art collector private collections. His work has been on display at the *Kayo Gallery*, *Unknown Gallery*, *Circle Lounge*, *Utah Arts Festival Gallery* and *Aphelion Studio*. His latest work is set to show at the *James Anthony Gallery* in June as part of a group show.

Trent Call

By Jesse Kennedy slsby@gmail.com

Trent Call's work looks like something we might see if we put an entire metropolis under a microscope and start taking pictures. Urban texts, unforgettable faces, social debris and a miscellany of textures collide in time with incredibly controlled execution. Call employs everything from oils, spray paints, computers, pencils, acrylic and collage to realize his ideas. Not one to be bound to a typical canvas, Call has put his work on everything from floppy disks to furniture. When asked if he thought his work had changed much over the last few years, Call said, "I've experimented more with my technique and through that my technique has evolved." What stands out in much of Call's work are his textures. Whether it's a line drawing laid over a pattern he's created in the background or his superbly stylized shading to create depth, there always seems to be another layer of detail underneath the last.

Not satisfied with just participating with the local art community, Call has been publishing a local artzine called *Swinj* since his first show back in 1999. What started out as just a collection of friend's works has evolved to become a more inclusive chance for local artists to publish their images. *Swinj* itself has become something of a work of art, as Call explains, "I try to make each issue unique." From the paper type to the page size, each issue of *Swinj* is varied enough to make it singular, but still maintains the random assortment of images and writing as the original. Unfortunately, if you didn't get a copy when they were available, you may be out of luck, as each issue of *Swinj* is produced in a limited quantity.



Photo: Jamie Clyde

Call has left his mark all over Salt Lake; his current exhibition runs through May at the *Don Brady Drive-thru Gallery 24/7*. He has also done extensive work for *SLUG*. Call not only nailed *SLUG*'s typewriter logo, but also did the cover art for the **Fat Mike** issue and all the art for the *Death by Salt II* compilation. Until its demise, Call was also involved with *Poor Yorick Studios*. He not only participated in but helped publicize their open studio shows. Besides this, Trent has done a myriad of group exhibitions, album artwork and various other projects, won some awards (including an award for his work with/on a *Kiosk Project* on Main Street in 2005) and has even done some teaching to boot.

Trent Call has been making art in Salt Lake his entire life, which gives him the unique perspective of someone who has witnessed the maturation of the Salt Lake art scene. "It's nothing to complain about, but it could be better. Anything can become better," he says. Call points to establishments like *nobrow coffee and tea*, as champions of the unfolding scene, who have come forward and given many emerging talents the opportunity to get their work up on the walls and into the minds of patrons. As a graduate of the *University of Utah* in 2004 with a BFA, Call has indeed run the gauntlet of the Salt Lake art scene and remains a unique and truly local talent.

Fletcher Booth

By Brian Kubarycz Knairb@hotmail.com

The work of painter Fletcher Booth forces the viewer to stand back. In an array of larger-than-life studies depicting cops, bikers, bouncers and marines (figures which Booth just calls “men”), Booth reveals himself as a natural draughtsman who has no fear of occasionally sacrificing his impressive skills. He is ready and willing to disfigure his own talent for the sake of immediate impact. “I want [my paintings] to have the scale and monolithic power of a monument,” says Booth, “the kind of impact I felt as a kid looking up at painted walls and murals.”

Popularity and professional success are nothing to Booth. He strives to maintain his authenticity in a culture overrun by poseurs with bad haircuts. “I think a lot of superficial and artificial people go into the arts,” says Booth. “But just because people make art doesn’t mean anything. I don’t really like artists.” If art today has become little more than building up a clientele, than Booth opts out. “I’d rather make artifacts,” by which he means objects which attract or repel, push and pull, do something other than just hang around and look good.

Through a variety of dragged and dry-brushed browns and grays, Booth gives his canvases the look of soot, tar

and engine grease rubbed onto tarps or into faded jeans. They recall the soiled workman’s uniforms worn by the mechanics in Fletcher’s family. This effect is especially striking in his renderings of men and machines. In a painting of this type—a grease-monkey shroud of Turin—images begin to bond with reality.

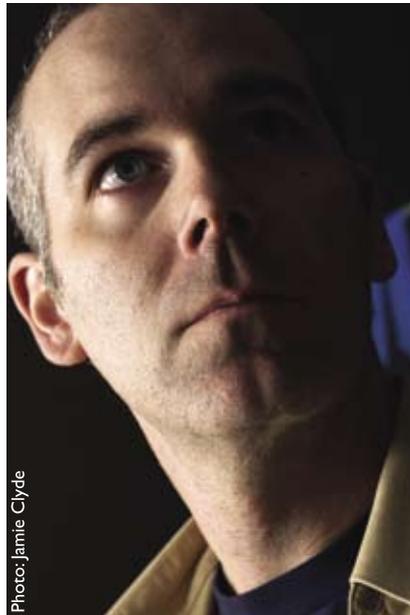


Photo: Jamie Clyde

Booth shows a rare ability to reinvest images with their primitive power to command, to arrest or repel an audience. Here the body is not a mere sign, but takes on the status of a shouting voice. These works drill the viewer out of the critic’s comfortable state of detachment. Booth, who before moving to Utah studied art in the state of Kansas, turned to art precisely because it required “no math or foreign languages.” He rebels against any genteel appreciation of art, or the cultivated reading of images. Refined sentiments yield, in Booth’s work, to visceral impact.

Fletcher Booth currently teaches art at *Weber State University*. He paints in acrylic on unstretched canvas. In his off hours he works and drinks at **Bonnevillains Speed and Custom**.

Gentry Blackburn

By Jeanette Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

Gentry Blackburn graduated from the *University of Utah* in 2003 with a bachelor’s degree in fine arts. Her first solo show, *Frosty Darling*, was held at the *Downtown Library* in the spring of 2005. The show was primarily oil on canvas paintings with a few suitcases painted with acrylics. On March 2, 2007, she opened her boutique, *Frosty Darling* (recycling the name from her first show), on 177 E. Broadway. At only 24, this young entrepreneur has accomplished quite a bit.

Frosty Darling’s interior is painted to resemble a circus or carnival—the loose theme that the store revolves around. “I don’t want to pin it down specifically. I want [people] to be able to discover it,” beams Blackburn. The floors are light blue and turquoise checkerboard; the white walls are decorated with many of her paintings and framed by a red-and-white striped border that resembles the edges of a circus tent. The register sits behind a counter covered in candy that looks like it belongs in a 1950s drugstore. Behind the register is a dart toss game that customers can play for a dollar: If they pop a balloon, they walk away with a prize. The store matches Blackburn’s bright cheerful personality and the eccentric and eclectic quality of her art.

“It is sort of a surprise that I did it,” Blackburn says, when asked about the store’s opening. *Frosty Darling* sells an array of unique gifts crafted by local artists. There are button earrings, painted suitcases, aprons, finger puppets, pillows and oil on canvas paintings all created by Blackburn. The store also features work by **Trent Call**, **Dallas Russel**, **Magdalyne Merie**, **Travis Dinsmore** of **Pragmatic Design** and many others. “It’s a store for grownups, but I want to make them feel like kids,” Blackburn said. The products are functional, but fun too.

“I love color and shape. I’m influenced by pop art,” Blackburn says of her art. “I’m really inspired by graphic design ads from the 50s. My work is really nostalgic-heavy.” Much of her work and the items found in her store resemble the kitschy quality one would find in a sitcom made today about the 1950s.

Blackburn’s boutique serves to not only showcase her work, but the work of other local artists. *Frosty Darling* is open from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday thru Saturday and the third Friday night of every month for *Gallery Stroll*. Watch out for Blackburn’s next show that will be occurring sometime next year at the *Kayo Gallery*, conveniently located next door to her shop.



Photo: Jamie Clyde

Ryan Jensen

By Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

SLUG asked me to interview Ryan Jensen. I've known Ryan for a long time. My old band, **The Fucktards**, used to play with his old band, **The Corleones**. We stopped playing shows together because one night Ryan tried to kill me. **Terrence** managed to intervene that night so I wouldn't die, but then Ryan and I didn't speak for a couple years. I think I am one of five people that Ryan has tried to kill. In a weird way, I'm somewhat flattered to have been on his hit list.

The interview we conducted is much too long to put in this here article. Love him or hate him (usually the latter), almost everyone I know has a good "Ryan Jensen story;" some of them involve punching cops, crazy VHS footage and lots of alcohol. Rarely do "Ryan Jensen stories" involve art. He made it very clear that he's not an artist, just a dude who sometimes likes to draw.

Here is a summary of the interview. We talked a bunch of shit on people we used to hang out with, how I suck at doing interviews, **Erik Lopez's** penis came up in the conversation a bunch and we talked a lot about beating off. The closest thing to artistic inspiration Ryan's ever had would be the time his mom caught him masturbating in his living room (it was a very candid interview).

If you so desire, go see **The Vile Blue Shades** on May 9 at the **Urban Lounge**. It happens to be my birthday and they are playing with **Fuck the Informer**. Those are my two favorite bands in Salt Lake right now, and the show is on my birthday. My birthday wish is that people who do not know Ryan Jensen approach him that night and call him an artist just, so I can see what happens next.



Photo: Jamie Clyde

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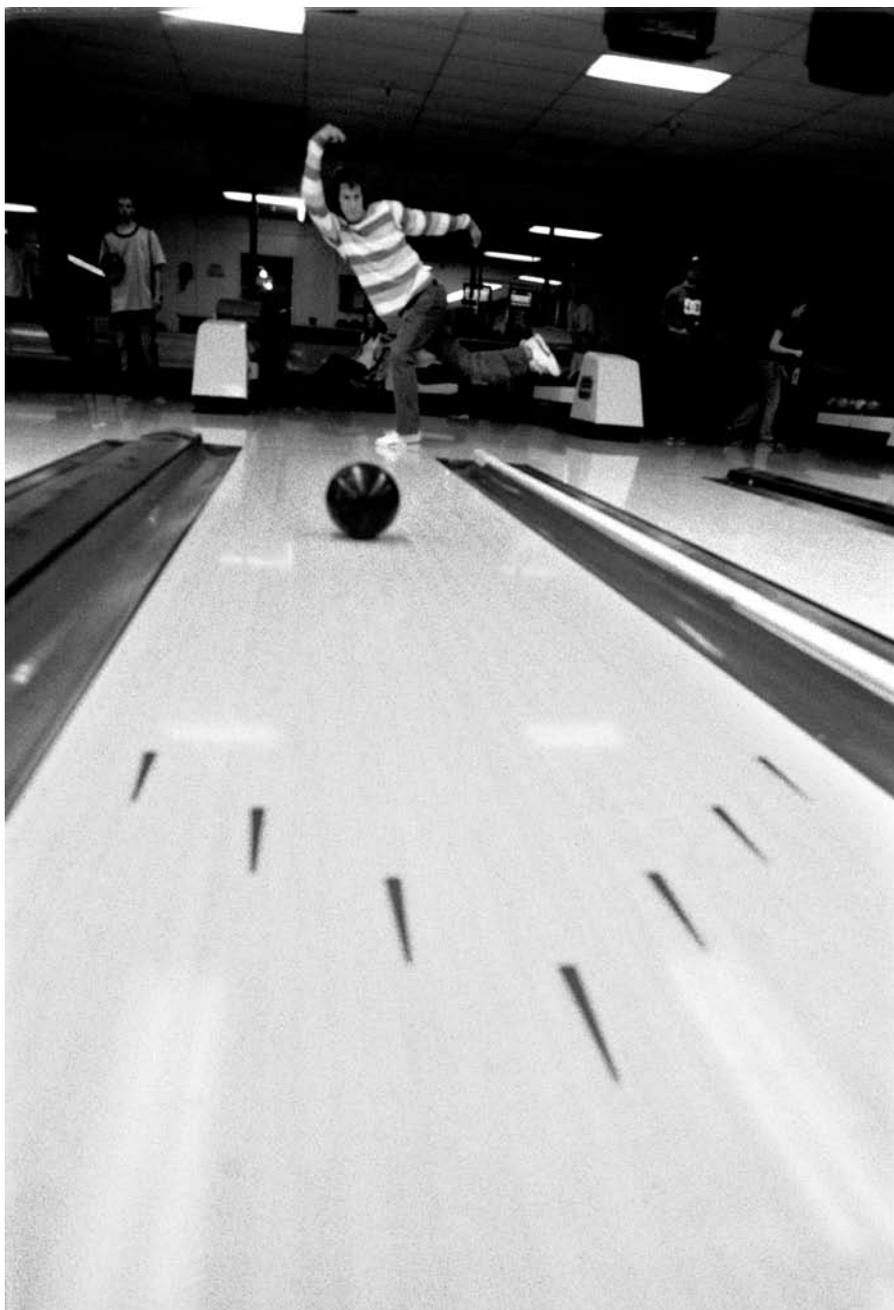
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Words and Photos By Adam Dorobiala
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10 frames with Jordan Williams

Jordan Williams, one of the up-and-coming skateboarders of Salt Lake, is making a scene on and off his seven-ply maple deck. An avid golfer and bowler, Jordan is a talented young individual who is going places in this world and he's not even old enough to have a drink. I sat down and chatted with Jordan and his 15 pound custom bowling ball, "el Diablo," at the local Bowlarama, about his rise to stardom in the skateboard world, his life and his future.

Jordan recently participated in the *Eric Koston Golf Tournament*, an event held annually by **Eric Koston** where different skate teams are invited to play 18 holes of pure carnage in the California sun. What would you do

if you got invited to play golf with some of your heroes? Probably shit your pants, right? Jordan says, "I was a little nervous at first, there I was with Eric Koston, **Frank Gerwer Adrian Lopez** and **Ryan Bobier**. Frank Gerwer had the best quotes; his group was right behind us, (**Erik Ellington, Andrew Allen, Frank Gerwer, and Mic-e Reyes**). On the first hole Frank asked the guy what club he should use and the caddy asked him what his handicap was and Gerwer said, 'I got a big nose leave me alone.' It definitely helped lighten the mood."

Jordan's team won the tournament but let's skip to the good stuff—his skateboarding. Jordan is sitting pretty with top-notch sponsors (*Matix, DVS*



and OGIO) that are sending him all around the US to compete in amateur competitions. He has natural ability and I was glad to hear that Jordan had postponed his LDS mission to pursue a skateboarding career.

Jordan is an extremely humble fellow and I was pleasantly surprised at his comments about the moment he realized he was becoming known for his skateboarding. "The first autograph I signed was at *Phoenix AM* the very first year I went, four years ago when **Binary** first started. Some kid comes up to me and he's like, 'Can I have your autograph?' I had a broken wrist and just finished my run, so I gave him my autograph. I was all nervous," He said.

Jordan is only 20 years-old and is already being sent around the US on whirlwind vacations to skate the spots scene on skate videos, enter the

national AM competitions and hob-nob with the pros. "Skateboarding has taken me farther than I ever thought it would already, but wherever it takes me is cool. If I ever get to go to Europe for skateboarding that would be sick, but I'm cool with where I've gone now," he says.

You can learn a lot about a person in 10 frames of bowling. I had no idea Jordan had moved to California after he graduated high school to go live the skateboarding dream, or that he once had to ollie **Big Buddha** on Fox 13's live show at the OGIO warehouse. We finished a few more frames and decided to call it a night. Keep an eye out for Jordan in the months to come. There is no doubt that he will be going pro in a year or less, maybe even sooner. Oh and can you believe he doesn't have a board sponsor? Somebody needs to hook this guy up.



Holdem

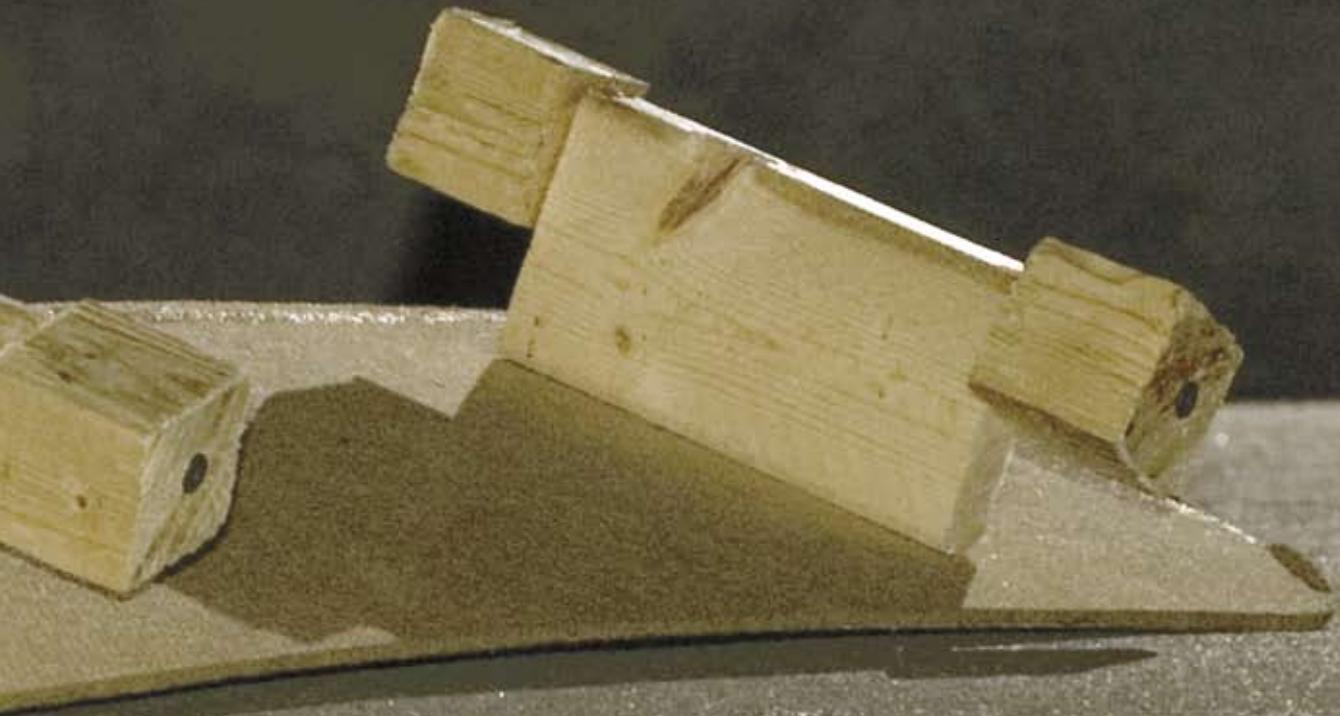


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“This is the Place” AMERICAN FORK SKATEPARK

By PETER PANHANDLER • peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Photos: Bob Plumb



ANTHONY KICKFLIP BOARDSIDE



Wow, for once the above phrase "This is the Place" has relevance in Utah other than the pristine nature our state holds within its borders. American Fork Skate Park is now Utah's best-poured concrete marvel. I'm not sure who designed the park or for that fact who built it. I do know that they did one hell of a good job though. This is by far the best park in Utah. Of course, it's not in the valley where the majority of skaters live, so it maybe hard for the young ones to get there. Maybe your parents can drop you off on the way to a BYU game. Hopefully, they will forget to pick you up on the way back home.

The park is located between the 500 east and Pleasant Grove exits on the I-15, either one will get you there. It's on the east side of the freeway and can be seen from the car. When you arrive at the park you should be amazed by the size and perfect layout. There really is not much there for the beginner tikes, so parents please leave the helmeted razor freak children at home. Don't be so cheap and pay for day care.

The street course is the only one in the state with decent hips and banks. There is a bank to wall, small and big quarter pipes, manual pads and ledges. The coping is great as well as the metal ledges on the boxes. For all you rail kids, realistic ones with stairs on one side and banks on the other are there for your pleasure. On to the three-leaf clover bowl monstrosity (on a serious note, the bowl is not for the light-hearted or no-balls-carrying type). I've heard **Levi Faust** is holding down with kickflip pivots though. That is pretty amazing considering the shallow end is nine feet. The other two leaves are between eleven and thirteen feet with plenty of vert and maybe a little oververt. Rumors abound of Utah's first professional contest going down in this bowl, as well as **Agent Orange** playing along side of it. That will be the day. Hope it happens, I would love to see **Rune, Omar, Mountain** and **Burnquist** destroy this place.

While you're at the park watch your behavior because the police live right behind it. Be sure to check out the local park razor champion **Jake Dirt**.

This kid is a mix between that little rat boy on the *Road Warrior* and *Joe Dirt*. When you see him you will know exactly what I am saying; he could win a mullet contest in Alabama.

I've seen him foaming at the mouth. He may have rabies.

DIRTY BLUNT TO FAKIE



RJ NOLLIE KROOKS



Gravette Krooks to fakie • Photo: Bob Plumb

RANDOM NEWS FROM THE SKATE WORLD

Hell yeah, spring is here. The sun is shining and it's nice to just be alive. Skateboarding is still making the world go around—maybe not— but at least skating makes the dogs bark and bite though. Some things will never change.

If you haven't heard, **Adam Dyet** is the fucking man. He took home thirty grand from *Globe Shoe Company's Double Set Attack* in Australia. In the process he landed a spot on the already chalked full of talent *Globe Shoe Team*. It is pretty gnarly to win your first professional contest. Adam followed it up with a third place finish in the best trick contest at the Tampa Pro Event. Keep up the good work.

Sam Hubble is hooked up with the *Girl Skateboards* flow program. That's just as good as being professional on a lot of other teams. The young Jedi is always training his skills. It shouldn't be long until he is skating side by side with legends like **Mariano**, **Koston**, **Carroll** and **McCrank**. Keep smiling little gremlin, it's mandatory on that team.

If you didn't know, **Mike Zanelli** is turning heads. Wait...I don't think he even knows.

BY: PETER PANHANDLER peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Seen **Nash Saxton** skate as of late? It doesn't look like he took off any time this winter for snowboarding. The kid has mad skills. He is hooked by *Quicksilver Shop* and is working on a deal with *Wendy's*. The south-western taco salad makes his engine purr.

Look for **Sean Hadley** to be coming out with an article in a future issue of *Automatic Magazine*. Sean is the shit and soon the rest of the world shall know this. **Oliver Buchanan** has been blah, blah, blah blah. That's just the way he likes it. Actions speak louder than words.

Oh yeah, what the fuck is up with **Lizard King's** haircut. Leave that shit in Hollywood son. **Bob Plumb** was hired as a head shot stand in on those *Geico Insurance* commercials. You know the ones where they say "It's so easy a caveman could do it". **David Gravette** just rolled through town with some Arizona heads. He just jumped from the *Duff's* shoe squad over to the greener pastures of *VOX shoes*. Not bad, but it's no *Vans*. Peace out bitches, I'm going to torture myself across the Atlantic Ocean.



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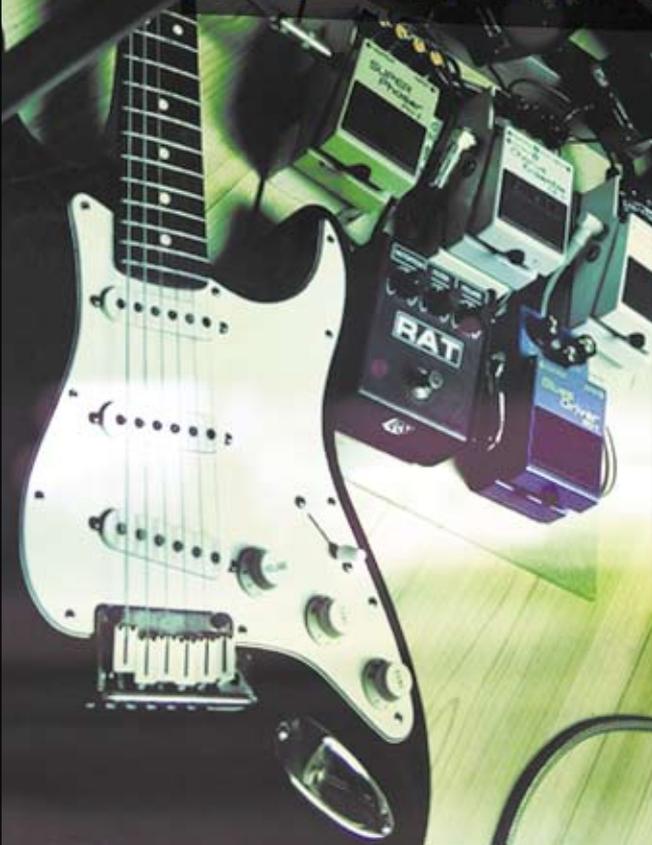
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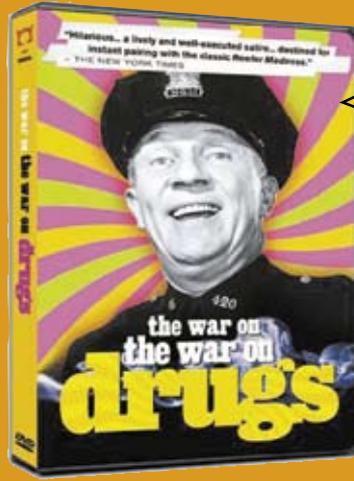
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GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann-Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

New York City is known, among other things, for the grandiose way that they present and promote artwork. On a recent trip to the Big Apple Salt Lake businessman and property owner **Adam Price** attended an art opening like none he had experienced before. A building that was well known by graffiti artists was being remodeled. The owners opted to open up the building and allow the artist to decorate the interior as they had the exterior. "The show was amazing, the first night the line was an hour long, the second night word had spread and the line increased to over five hours," Price said. The event was very memorable, and the model for such a show resonated with Price and his wife.

The Prices had recently purchased a building at 337 South and 400 East, which they had intended to remodel to be used for living and workspace purposes. However, when the building was deemed unsalvageable, the prospect of tearing it down and starting over became the best option. But before demolition and reconstruction began, they opted to create an art show in the vein of the one they had seen in New York.

A few phone calls were made and the *Art Building at 337* was born. Word spread quickly and the list of artists involved began to read as a who's who of the Salt Lake Art scene. As of press the list was up to ninety-seven artists including **Sri Whipple, Ribs, Tessa Lindsey, Trent Alvey, Erin Potter, Gentry Blackburn** and many others.

This once nondescript building—located across the street from *Ichiban Sushi* is now abuzz with artists and covered in brightly colored paint. The building is easily spotted blocks away and the energy is contagious. In order to be diplomatic, the Prices' decided on a lottery system to figure out what section of the building each artist would be able to claim. Five names were drawn at a time; the artists whose names were picked were then given a marker to run around the winding and oddly shaped building in search of the perfect wall.

Local artists are currently working side-by-side creating large-scale pieces. They're testing their ambitions as paint is laid down, floors are pulled up, walls are removed and other walls are recovered. Fumes are spreading and temperatures and egos are flaring. The artwork will only be seen for a few weeks before the building is torn down, never to be seen again. Nonetheless this experience is monumental, and a first for the Salt Lake Art Scene and *Gallery Stroll*. The building will be open *Gallery Stroll* Evening May 18th from 6-11pm and then from noon to 8pm May 19th, 20th, 25th, 26th and 27th.

The Prices aren't just art patrons; they're environmentally conscientious too. The new building being erected in the lot will be run primarily off of solar power; have radiant heating and cooling and a green-roof system. The new building will be known as the *City Center Lofts* and will provide living and workspaces. The goal of this project is to be the first residential building in Utah to be certified and registered with the *US Green Building Council*.

It's a positive beginning to the end of an old building. Many aging downtown properties are torn down and replaced by parking lots or strip malls. The *Art Building* is a testament of what can be done when you remember your community. Although the building couldn't be saved, it will be remembered as a contribution to the arts and an example of responsible living for a greener future.



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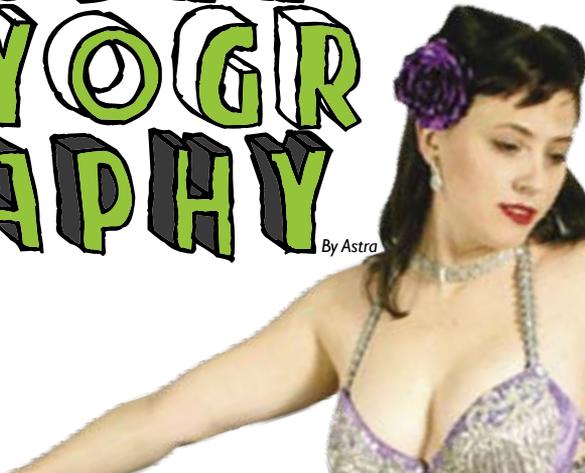
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BELLY YOGRA PHY

By Astra



Elegance and grace are alive and well. Both are embodied in Shaunelle's nostalgic dance style. Formerly known as **Sulrij**, Shaunelle has been a participating member of the Wasatch Middle Eastern dance community for over 10 years. She first caught my eye at a *MECDA* show, performing her Twentieth Century Fox piece honoring the many unsung Egyptian dancers of 50 years ago. It was enchanting, lovely in its simplicity, and unique.

"I love the classic dancers and I love nostalgia. I found a video, *Stars of Egypt*, which had clips of unknown dancers from the 30s, 40s, 50s and 60s. [It was] called *The Great Unknowns*; they had been inspired by Hollywood movies. Their choreography seems more pure to me—innocent, fresh and more traditional than today's Egyptian cabaret. It's not as complicated," Shaunelle said.

Shaunelle began her love affair with belly dancing after watching **Fat Chance Belly Dance** at Liberty Park. "The colors, flying skirts and intoxicating music was a mystical experience for me," she said.

Shortly after Shaunelle began training with *Kismet*, she went on to study with **Zahirah** and danced with *Desert Orchid* for three years before joining *Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative*. Other local teachers have included, **Johanna** of *Ethnica School of Dance*, **Tamar** of *The Giza School of Dance*, and **Jamileh** from *Midnight Mirage*. "Every dancer I see is my teacher," Shaunelle explained. "Every dancer I have ever watched has taught me something valuable."

Shaunelle is currently a member of *Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative*. "I just love Blue Lotus and their refined dance style. **Stephanie** and **Amanda's** classical choreography is elegant and innovative," she said "This troupe is—in every sense of the word—a collaboration. We all have a say, from the costuming to the music. Dancing with these ladies is great fun."

Shaunelle is a student at the *University of Utah* majoring in Art History and has found time to perform at festivals, restaurants and parties. As a part of the Utah Middle Eastern dance community, she has this to say about her experiences: "I have made lifelong friends through belly dancing. It has been a tremendous confidence-builder for me because I am a very shy person. The first time Zahira asked me to improvise a dance, I almost died on the spot. Today, I can dance at the drop of a hat. For me, it is always fun to go to events and see the people I know and love. Belly dancing is as much a social outlet in my life as well as an artistic expression."

Shaunelle and *The Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative* will be performing at the *Crystal and Ice Show* on Fri., June 8, and the *Utah Arts Festival* on Thurs., June 21 and Sun., June 24.

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BOOKS ALLOUD

African Psycho

Alain Mabanckou

Soft Skull Press [Street: 03.01]

The story of Gregoire Nakobomayo, a would-be serial killer, had the potential to be good. Sadly, *African Psycho* falls flat. Gregoire's character lacks depth. He wants to carry out the legacy of his idol, the accomplished serial killer, Angoualime, but the story doesn't explain why. Quite frankly it doesn't make any sense that one day someone wakes up and decides to try to imitate a mass murderer. Where is the descent into this type of insanity? Unfortunately for the reader and Angoualime, Gregoire never succeeds in killing anyone. Chapter after chapter includes his meticulous plans of raping and murdering the whores that work the streets of his town, but when it comes down to it Gregoire just doesn't have it in him to murder someone. What's the point of planning something if you don't follow through? This book needed less talk and more action. —*Jeanette Moses*

Krazy & Ignatz 1939 – 1940: “A Brick Stuffed with Moom-Bims”

George Herriman

Fantagraphics Books [Street: 03.28]

e.e. Cummings was a big fan; Michael Stipe of R.E.M. has a tattoo of the crazy couple and famed cartoonists Will Eisner and Bill Watterson both cite *Krazy Kat* as an influence on their work. It is rare that an object of artistic accomplishment can be both loved and admired by the general populace and intellectuals alike. But in the case of *Krazy Kat* it isn't hard to see why: an accessible style, Southwestern décor, great coloring, verbal and visual wit and, overall, simple and direct storytelling. What makes *Krazy Kat* so great is that Herriman employs any means possible to get his tale across in the best possible way, even if that means unconventional use of space, color and plot. In this edition of Sunday comic strips, the reader gets all that and more, showcasing Herriman's great use of color and character development in this collection of later strips. Even though the strip ended in 1944, after Herriman died, it is a great blessing to have a company like Fantagraphics treat these iconic comics as a beloved grandfather, humoring him by letting him tell his stories over and over again and preserving them with care for later generations. Incredible! —*Erik Lopez*

nEuROTIC

John Cuneo

Fantagraphics Books [Street: 03.28]

In *nEuROTIC*, John Cuneo focuses on just that in his work: the sexual, the erotic. His style is a perversely humorous, other-worldly and an exotic sketchbook that aptly illustrates the connection between human sexuality and the surreal. Cuneo's drawings claw the line between a more animated, lively and altogether loose interpretative comedy of errors; it is as if Cuneo had seen the underlying dark humor beneath a Lucien Freud painting and decided it would be best to free it from its frame. Case in point: “Whistler, and His Mother Again,” in which he draws sitting in a chair with her chest exposed, having her nipple painted in flesh color by an artist who represents all the cliched stereotypes of “an artist.” One word here folks: amaZING! —*Erik Lopez*

Outline for Destruction

by Andrew Glassett andrew@slugmag.com



Violence follows **Gerritt Wittmer** and **Ryan Jencks** (a.k.a. **Sixes**). Together, they're the noise project **Deathroes** and are touring to promote the release of their album, *Final Expense*. Fear, brutality and cruelty are poor descriptors of the most recent creation from these two veteran noise terrorists whose previous incarnations include **Physics** and **Crash Worship**.

SLUG: With bands like **Wolf Eyes** releasing albums on **Sub Pop**, it is only a matter of time until noise music becomes a substantial influence on pop culture. What do you think about the current state of noise music?

Ryan Jencks: I think it will be quite some time before the furthest elements of fringe culture will make it to the mainstream. Touring through the states is a lot easier then it was 10-15 years ago because of *MTV* and the Internet, but there is still the simple fact that most people hate noise. I've got in fights at shows I was playing in the last few years, even in the Bay Area. **Wolf Eyes** is also farther from the public eye than you'd think. A lot of people hate it, but it's the only direction current music can go. The 90s was just a recycling of every genre. Punk/hardcore is now pop/rock. The only way for kids to freak out their parents these days is through black metal and harsh noise, but I still feel it will be quite some time before [noise] hits popular culture. When I first started listening to **Throbbing Gristle**, **PTV**, etc., in the 80s, it was industrial, then Japanese noise in the 90s. There have been many popular experimental acts to hit semi-mainstream status such as **Einstürzende Neubauten**, **Sonic Youth**, **The Boredoms** etc. It's been around for years and has had a third or fourth comeback the last five or so years, but I think its won't get much more popular beyond a certain point because noise is noise.

SLUG: There is an obvious connection with noise music and horror movies. Do you watch horror movies? Are you influenced by them? What would you do differently if you were directing a horror movie?

RJ: I don't keep up as far as movies go, but soundtracks are probably what influence most noise artists first. There are a lot of noise artists who want to make a big racket and freak people out, usually these young upstarts. Then there are projects which sculpt sound to create a dark, menacing atmosphere. Everything you hear on the radio is a bunch of fake garbage, meaningless "feel-good" music. Noisists have abandoned rock for the most part; [noise] is the antithesis of pop. We don't sing about love and all this trite shit. We bring desperation, paranoia, fear, hate, terror and cram it down your throat. You can find calmness amidst the chaos, same goes for horror movies. You can tell a good recording by how it alters your mood, like a film. I've done recordings that have made my blood boil or feel nauseous, just with sound. I think horror and noise go hand and hand. I'd love to create music for film. I've been trying to make a DVD for some time. The ideal situation would be scoring scene for scene throughout the movie. Oh, and there would be tons of blood!

SLUG: I'm sitting in a park listening to *Final Expense*. Do you think your music is influenced by nature?

RJ: I'd have to say environment plays a big role in **Deathroes'** sound. **Gerritt** and I come from earthquake country in Oakland, which is known for being one of the toughest cities in the U.S. It is in complete decay. There are no trees in my neighborhood; just cement, burned-out cars, junkies, hookers and trash. I'd say it influences the bleak atmosphere for sure. **Deathroes** is very much an un-natural disaster.

SLUG: Besides noise, what are you interested in? Politics? Food? Religion?

RJ: **Gerritt** runs the **Misanthropic Agenda** label and distribution. I run the underground venue **Terminal**. I also like to garden.

SLUG: If **Deathroes** were a religion, what would its major tenets be?

RJ: The closest equivalent to a religious gathering would have to be a live show in a dark basement. All the exits would be nailed shut. The room smoked out to the point of not being able to see anything right in front of your face. Hundreds of thousand-watt amplifiers would surround the room and adorned with high luminescent lighting. Seizure sickness!

May 31st will be a night of noise and terror at **Urban Lounge** with local openers **The Schwas**. Bring your rose-colored glasses.

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LOCAL REVIEWS

The Adonis

The Bugs That Gave Me Nightmares
I'm Serious It's a Joke Records

Street: 2005

The Adonis = The Get Up Kids + Death Cab
For Cutie



"I'm a pretty nice guy/ With a couple bad habits," lead singer Andrew Shaw sings, describing The Adonis' sound more articulately than I would have been able to. It sure is a nice record, as unassuming and honest as a Valentine from Gavin Rossdale. It has a lo-fi sound that does work in the band's favor—a polished album would feel more at home on a Super Hits of the 90s compilation disc—but the garage-band recording style doesn't give these songs the edge needed to sound fresh. It's late 90s, early 00s-era emo—better than Dashboard Confessional, but not as good as early Death Cab For Cutie. In other words, they stick a little too faithfully to a genre already grown tired, without bringing much electricity to jolt it back to life. —Jeff Guay

Band of Annuals

Let Me Live

Self-Released

Street: 05.08

BOA = Hank Williams + Bob Dylan + Magnolia
Electric Company



When the Band of Annuals released their live disc last fall, I wrote that it was the best alt-country record to ever come out of Salt Lake. It now seems the new

album sets an even higher bar. *Let Me Live* revisits many of the same songs from last year's EP, and melds them seamlessly with half a dozen new tracks. The familiar live songs are given their proper studio treatment, without losing any of the warmth that the earlier versions so gloriously conveyed. The end result allows the sometimes delicate percussion and pedal-steel arrangements to take a more prominent place in the mix—right along side the electric and acoustic guitars, and just slightly behind the venerable vocal harmonies of Jay Henderson and Jeremi Hanson. The musicianship is tight and deliberate, the production pure and exact, and every single song begs to be listened to again. *Let Me Live* is gorgeous—a solid hour of country-noir flawlessness. —James Bennett

Cavedoll

The Harbor

Pseudorecordings

Street: 01.07

Cavedoll = Interpol + Stellastarr* + Franz
Ferdinand + Devo



Cavedoll sound like post-punk part two, not just a piece of this or that band but literally all of the bands were they smashed into three bodies and one album. While this makes for an uneven ride, it does prove Cavedoll competent rather than exposing them as charlatans poised to cash in on a sound that is hip with the kids these days. Vocally there is a touch of Ian Curtis without the dramatic flair but more range than either Interpol or Stellastarr* tend to show. Their pop punch isn't nearly as strong as The Killers, Franz Ferdinand or as mainstream-absorbable as Snow Patrol, but they do manage to sway between melancholy and upbeat without a snag (the only exception being the regrettably mediocre "For Rhondel," which fails to capture the beauty or emotional connection

suggested by the lyrics). At times, lyrically, the mood sways towards the whimsical in a somewhat silly light-heartedness that approaches Devo or the B-52s' zaniness but considering the context, it doesn't come across as awkwardly as *Ima Robot* tends to be. Good production values to boot-making *The Harbor* an above-average stroll through the early 80s circa 2007. —ryan michael painter

Drew Danburry/FATALFURY and the Lasercats!

Live in France

Self-Released

Street: 05.01

Drew Danburry/FATALFURY and the Lasercats!
= Bright Eyes + The Microphones + Devendra
Banhart



I know that by equating this ménage à trios to Bright Eyes will immediately lose most readers, and I usually only make this comparison to denote: emo sap-drooling, watch out! However, I'm going to extend myself and defend the honest and beautiful folk aspects that are in some Bright Eyes albums; the same goes for Drew Danburry and Co. in this fatally exposed, *Live in France* recording. I think everyone has experienced some hippie bluegrass improv at a house party. It usually ends up being both unusually enticing—the social inclusion and oddity that is call-and-response between oatmeal skin-colored boys with goat-haired beards and the rest of a carpet-stained living room full of otherwise socially neglected mousey boys and girls drinking Rolling Rocks—and repulsive, effectively creating a psycho-sexual struggle-straddle between voyeurism and consciousness. Now take this template and swap the characters and context: US folk artists playing in a bar for and with the French petit bourgeoisie. Interesting in the very least. (*Kilby Court: 05.12, 07.02*) —Spanther

The Gorgeous Hussies

The Gorgeous Hussies

Self-Released

Street: March 2007

The Gorgeous Hussies = Mothers of Invention +
The Pres of the United States + Barenaked Ladies



Remember those big guys in high school that weren't the cool kids, but they were still friends with everyone because they were so funny and too damn happy all the time? The Gorgeous Hussies is three of those guys, who happen to be jazz geniuses, but not rock musicians. The influence of Frank Zappa is obvious with the lyrics; unfortunately, they're too silly-stupid to be ridiculously clever: Let me restate: the lyrics are terrible. "A friend of mine/ You might have know/ He calls me on the phone/ I know it seems strange/ I've asked him more than once/ 'Please don't call me on the phone'" The Gorgeous Hussies could put out an excellent jazz/rock album if they left out the reggae & bluegrass infusions. And didn't sing. They probably even put on a fun live show, as college bar bands often do. (How else to explain the success of Royal Bliss?) If you want to listen to them on CD you'd better be super-duper high or like Phish. They want to be compared to Phish. Hell, just get high. —Jennifer Nielsen

I Am The Ocean

...And Your City Needs Swallowing

Uprising Records

Street: 05.15

I Am The Ocean = Katatonia + Into Another +
Pink Floyd



Slick production does not a good record make, and this sucker is dangerously close to being what I would consider "over-produced." That being said, and having seen these guys live several times, this is a record I could ultimately take or leave. It immediately invokes the ghosts of post-hardcore bands long deceased, but there's something inherently more interesting to be found here. Just when I found myself wanting to turn it off due to its coming across as mere Hot Topic-brand metalcore, it changes direction completely and offers up a plate of "listen to me!" which cannot be ignored. The musicianship is clearly not any kind of a problem, and the vocals are incredibly distinct—almost to the point of being addictive, but this seems to be a record made by a band that's still trying to find their identity. I congratulate these lads on a fine little piece of music, but it's just not something that permeates well enough to find its way into heavy rotation on my stereo. —*loveyoudead*

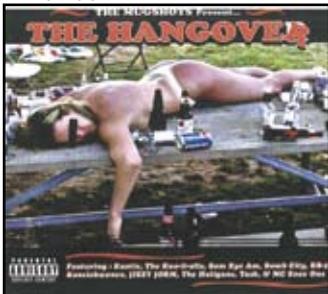
Mug Shots Present:

The Hangover (local compilation)

Mug Shots Muzik

Street: April 2007

The Hangover = Salt Lake Hip Hop + Love Songs + Kill Yer Hero



Every emcee on this compilation knows the rules when it comes to bringing something new and believable to the table. That's why I find myself a little disgruntled with the album. It's a pretty typical looking-glass glance into what's going on in the local hip-hop scene right now; which could be a good-or-bad thing depending on your taste pertaining to this particular genre. However, throughout most of the album, I was very impressed by clean drums over interesting samples and production that screams "professional." Local lyricists like **Bloswick**, **KnoitAlls**, **Bomb City**, **Fizzy Form**, **Samiam**, **XV**, among others, cut-and-paste verse and vibration to make up this 18-track anthology. Some songs require a sense of humor; while others are genuinely solid tracks taken from local albums that you might have heard before. Note: I write these reviews for free. Send hate mail to lance@slugmag.com. —*Lance Saunders*

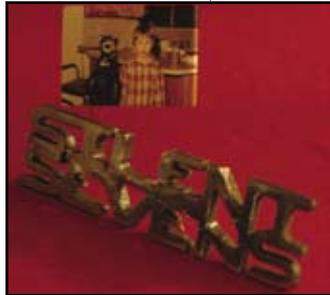
Silent Sevens

Silent Sevens

Self-Released

Street:

Silent Sevens = Fountains of Wayne + Smash Mouth



Campy. It might not be the right word, but it's the first word that comes to mind when thinking of the Silent Sevens' self-titled release. No. Campy is definitely the right word. Simple instrumentation reminiscent of a Fountains of Wayne album accompanied by lyrics that remind me too much of the "happy, happy boughs" of spring (April truly is the cruelest month) leave the majority of *Silent Sevens* an album that won't interest a lot of people. Really, it might interest those special few who truly believe spring is a magical time that breeds love in us all; those special few too clueless to realize that this is just their evolutionary senses telling them to fuck so their newborn babies don't freeze to death. —*Miles Ridling*

The Sons of Guns

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 05.01

The Sons of Guns = Guns N' Roses + MxPx + cassettes left in the sun



There was a summer in middle school when I listened to a college music radio station religiously because of the punk-rock block they'd play every Saturday afternoon. I was so enthralled with this departure of sound and youthful angst that I'd tape every airing with cassette tapes and replay them ad nauseam. The Sons of Guns remind me of some of the tracks on those tapes. While I still return to some of those bands that first inducted me into punk rock—**Rancid** and **NOFX**, for instance—the others, even though I appreciate their initial boost, lost their relevance, paling in comparison once the summer had ended. The Sons of Guns would have been one of those lost in the searing heat. They may be good for immediate moments (bar shows and house parties), but their sound doesn't carry beyond the door. —*Spangler*

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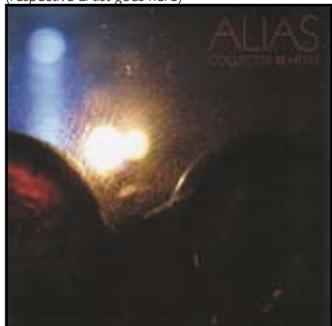
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annika lohrke
frank armstrong
betsy ross
andria goodwin
rebecca pixton
ashlee christensen
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CD REVIEWS

Alias Collected Remixes

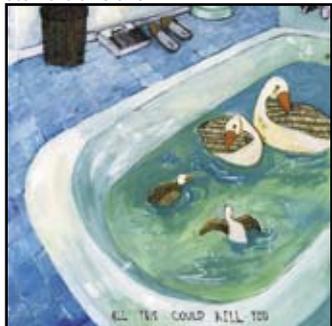
Anticon.
Street: 05.15
Alias = Alias & Tarsier + Alias & Ehren + Alias & (respective artist goes here)



I can't help but feel Alias' hawk-like fingers produce a fairly repetitive sound at the large square buttons of his MPC2000. I also can't help but love every repetitive moment. What's really cool about this repetition is how well it helps in congealing Alias' latest release, *Collected Remixes*, as an album rather than just a collection of remixes. An assortment of import-only, lost or limited release tracks from a wide range of fellow rock stars! (Including but not limited to: **Lali Puna**, **13 & God**, **One AM Radio** and **John Vanderslice**) are reworked under Alias' drum machine ballistics into sound bytes that, when fitted together, make a clear picture of **Brendon Whitney's** disoriented, smiling face. Although there's really nothing enduring about *Collected Remixes*, it should be enough to keep any Alias fan happy until his solo follow-up to 2003's *Muted* hits record-store shelves. —Miles Ridling

Ben + Vesper All This Could Kill You

Sounds Famlyre Records
Street: 05.22
Ben + Vesper = Low + The Low Lows + Something else with the word "low"



When listened to on stereo, Ben + Vesper sound like two desperate faux bohemians crooning about sad-sad, boo-hoo. When listened to with earbuds, B and V sound worthy of the comparison

to Low. There are still the husband/wife melancholy melodies, though Boo and Voo's penchant for the personable hits an intimate buoy when coupled with **Sufjan Steven's** heart-warming acoustic lovelies. *All This Could Kill You* is full of sounds so subtle that it requires many listens and headphones to grip everything; **Danielson** produced it while several others added uniquely antique sounds. The result is pop-hauntingly. —Spanther

Boris with Michio Kurihara Rainbow

Drag City Records
Street: 05.08
Boris with Michio Kurihara = fucking BORIS + Ghost + Sunn0)))



Color me excited. Adding the psych-rock guitar brilliance of Michio Kurihara of Ghost and **White Heaven** fame to the dare-I-say sheer brilliance of Boris almost seems too easy. The only question I had was *which* Boris was going to show up here—the experimental, drone-worshipping Boris that continually pairs up with noise legend **Merzbow**, or the ungodly heavy Boris that produced classics like *Flood* and *Amplifier Worship*. This sucker lands right in the middle of the two, and this is probably the most listener-friendly of any Boris release I've heard thus far. The tracks "Rainbow" and "Starship Narrator" could easily have been 1960s love-fest anthems if it weren't for the shredding of Michio and the gut-wrenching low end provided by the bass and drums, and "Fuzzy Reactor" is one of the closest things to avant-garde psychedelia that's been done *well* in the last 30 years. Enough. Just go buy this fucking thing. —loveyoudead

The Brokedowns New Brains for Everyone

Thick Records
Street: 05.08
The Brokedowns = Dillinger Four + Leatherface + lots of beer

The Brokedowns sound like Dillinger Four. A lot. Now, this isn't *really* a bad thing, since Dillinger Four is one of the most rockin' bands in the world of punk rock today, but is it really too much to

ask for some originality? The Brokedowns employ the use of multiple vocalists (just like D4), have an apparent sense of humor (à la D4) and combine the aggressiveness of punk rock with arena-rock hooks and singalong choruses (D4, anyone?). Still, *New Brains for Everyone* is a fun album that is a bit more aggressive and gritty than the output of a similar-sounding Minneapolis band who will go unnamed. Opening track "Brains" is a highlight, with its deadpan chorus, and the shout-along, fist-pumping chorus of "Barefeet," would probably be a blast live. Even though they aren't the most original band around, The Brokedowns play a solid brand of punk rock that shouldn't be ignored. —Ricky Vigil

The Chariot The Fiancee

Solid State Records
Street: 04.03
The Chariot = Norma Jean + With All Sincerity + a more rock n' roll Botch

The Chariot, or as most people like to think of them, "the band from the dude that used to sing for Norma Jean," is a big name in the Christian music community, though. In my observations talking to the Christian metalcore crowd, musical tastes are pretty split along a Christian/secular line, and unfortunately, there are holes about what came before in the hardcore community as a whole. The Chariot is anything but groundbreaking; *The Fiancee* sounds more like the demo sessions of prominent hardcore bands (Botch, **Disembodied** and others of the rock/metal/spastic ilk) than a revolution. In some circles this will be heralded as the best thing since sliced bread, and credit is due for experimentation in some areas—old-time singing thrown in, harmonicas, random noise, and varied vocal/scream patterns—but the music is derivative and sounds painfully like the band is trying to play something complicated, when in actuality, it's not that brilliant. Nice try, Chariot. I'm sure people will be picking this CD up, but it's not going down in any history books. —Peter Fryer

Clorox Girls J'aime Les Filles

BYO Records
Street: 04.17
Clorox Girls = The Ramones + The Briefs
I'm incredibly sick of '77-style punk with a twist of pop music so sweet it will rot your teeth out just thinking about it. When there weren't a million bands doing it, it wasn't bad, but now it's overkill. Clorox Girls sound like an incredibly diluted version of the Ramones. Their love songs lack tongue-in-cheek humor and come off

as pitiful. During "Straight to My Heart," when lead singer **Justin Maurer** sings, "It's Monday night and I need you/And I don't know what to do," it just comes off as creepy. On "Stuck in a Hole," when he sings, "I want to shipwreck between her thighs," it's just gross. The only saving grace on *J'aime Les Filles* is their cover of "Le Banana Split" (originally done by **Lio**), but other than that, Clorox Girls never mustered enough energy to make me want to do anything more than change the CD. —Jeanette Moses

Dalek & Haze XXL A Purge of Dissidents

Ipecac
Street: 05.29
Dalek & Haze = crazy animation + experimental rock music



First of all, this is not **Dälek** the experimental rapper who is also on Ipecac. This is Dalek (with out the two dots over the letter a) who is a visual artist that creates pictures of deranged space monkeys, also signed to Ipecac. Haze XXL is the former guitar player of **Halo Of Fies**. These two have teamed up to form an art project that consists of graphic art, animation and music. The whole project is called *A Purge of Dissidents*, and when purchased, comes with a book of Dalek's art, a DVD consisting of Dalek's art pieced together in animation with the Haze XXL soundtrack playing over it, and a CD with just the Haze XXL soundtrack. This stuff is quite complicated and confusing at first, but once you start absorbing all the different media, it begins to make sense. The DVD is definitely the most entertaining part of the package; it ties all of the project's elements together. The animation consists of a lime-green self-mutilating space monkey stabbing himself and floating around in a rainbow house with a canon that shoots diamond bullets at evil faces with money signs for eyes. The soundtrack is short bits of songs performed by Haze XXL, **The Melvins**, **Grant Hart** (**Hüsker Dü**), and **Kenny Greenbaum** (**Princess Dragon/Mog Stunt/Team 555**), that sounds like a more cohesive version of **Fantômas**. It's all pretty experimental and psychedelic.

Buy this package if you feel like tripping out and driving yourself insane. —Jon Robertson

Dan Deacon
Spiderman of the Rings
Carpark Records

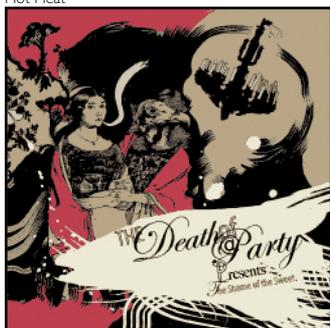
Street: 05.20
Dan Deacon = Experimental Animals + Wizardzz
—Quintron + Job Micah Och El



A bleep-infested clusterfuck of dance pop, Dan Deacon produces ear-friendly noise music that you can show to your parents or not-quite-understanding significant other without considerable backlash or "You call this music?" comments. The song structures are very simple and conducive to busting a groove, or a nut for that matter; and the wide array of filter sweeps keep the sound fresher than a Georgia peach. That being said, the album is quite relaxed, and at times transforms into a supercharged Zelda soundtrack, which, by any measure, is fucking awesome. Oh yeah, and he tours by Greyhound bus with a bunch of custom noise machines in suitcases. Rad. —Ryan Powers

Death of a Party
The Rise and Fall of Scarlet City
Double Negative Records

Street: 05.24
Death of a Party = The Blood Brothers —The Plot to Blow up the Eiffel Tower + The Maeshi + Hot Hot Heat



Death of a Party provides an intriguing hybrid between the spazz-punk and punk-pop rock. The end result lacks teeth but is strikingly reminiscent of The Blood Brothers. In fact, their vocals mimic the style so closely it almost sounds like a cover band. Take that however you will; the record is a relatively solid rock album, but by no means interesting or by any means done better than the Blood Brothers themselves. I want to like this band, but I can't imagine telling someone, "Hey, you know the Blood Brothers? Well, I found a band exactly like that, but just

not as good!" At any rate, the band has a lot of potential for growth, but too bad this is a music review and not the stock market, because potential doesn't add up to shit. —Ryan Powers

The Dreadful Yawns
Rest

Exit Stencil Recordings
Street 05.01
The Dreadful Yawns = the Byrds + Nick Drake + Neil Young during his cocaine years
Indie rock seems plagued with bands that rise and fall before anyone gets a chance to hear them. This was almost the case of the Cleveland, Ohio, five-piece, The Dreadful Yawns. By the time this album was finished, everyone but **Ben Gmetro**, the band's chief songwriter, had quit. The two-year journey of lineup changes and recording studio hardships resulted in this rather surreal collection of psych-folk tunes. At times, the vocal melodies, pedal-steel and full orchestration combine so beautifully that it's hard to imagine why anyone would want to listen to anything else. Highlights include the partly acoustic "You've Been Recorded," a cover of **Gram Parsons'** "November Nights" and a set of musical interludes bundled together under the name "Mountains." And though at times it seems that Gmetro and company are trying a little too hard (a tad too much saw in a few spots), the bulk of *Rest* is genuine, warm and breathtakingly gorgeous. As the Dreadful Yawns continue to reinvent themselves, they are worth checking out—especially on days when you need a little sunshine. —James Bennett

Erasure
Light at the End of the World
Mute

Street: 05.22
Erasure = Bright + Shiny Synthpop


Erasure continues their renaissance with *Light at the End of the World*, which finds the duo returning to their perfected analogue pop after a brief (and surprisingly brilliant) flirtation with acoustic (dare I say country) music. Going into the album, **Vince Clarke** put emphasis on recording a few more up-tempo tracks, seeing their recent output as a bit mellow. The result is an album that is reminiscent of 1991's *Chorus* (albeit without the real stomper of "I Love to Hate You"), where the dance-floor selections are anchored by a handful of mid-tempo songs. The lead single, "I Could Fall in Love with You," is classic floor-filling Erasure and "Sucker for Love" is an energetic romp, while "Sunday

Girl" is a bright homage to glitter-laced clubbing. "How My Eyes Adore You" and "When A Love Leaves You" are sweeping cinematic soundscapes while "Glass Angel" sounds like a castaway from the highly underrated self-titled album. But it is the middle of the album, the more seriously toned "Storm in a Teacup" leading into the equally fantastic "Fly Away" that stand out as classics. This is shamelessly great pop music. (USANA: 06.09). —ryan michael painter

Grails
Burning Off Impurities
Temporary Residence

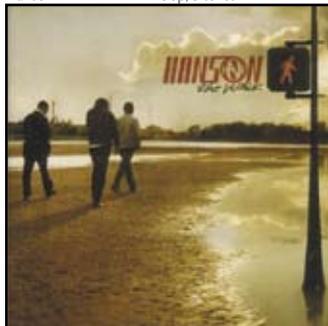
Street: 04.27
Grails = Led Zeppelin + world music + Explosions in the Sky



Grails' fifth release is like traveling around the world. On this new album, the band has immersed even deeper into the sounds of world music while mixing it in with their past influence of progressive and classic rock music. The beginning track, "Soft Temple," builds slowly as if the band was traveling across the desert and about to ascend a mysterious pyramid. After that, each song seems a like a new adventure into another foreign country—like an evil, **Indiana Jones** movie soundtrack. *Burning off Impurities* is a sound collage of so many different instruments and genres that the members of this band must truly be experts at playing everything. Although the album can wander in its rich, worldly texture, it still contains a driving rhythm section provided by a traditional drums and bass sound that pushes the songs ahead and keeps it grounded into familiar progressive-rock territory. —Jon Robertson

Hanson
The Walk
3CG Records

Street: 04.17
Hanson = Mmmmm ... bop, bitches!

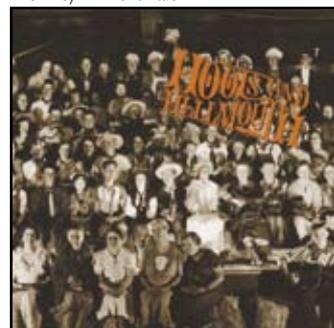


You have GOT to be fucking kidding me. These little bastards are still around? And on

top of that, a self-professed metal fan has been tasked with reviewing this thing? But wait... this isn't a half-bad little summertime rock n' roll record. It's the kind of thing I could see millions of graduating OC fanatics "rocking out" to while they cruise around in their convertibles their folks bought them for graduation. Infectious almost to the point of being annoying, this record is destined to end up as one of two things: a staple in the discount bin at your favorite local used CD shop, or the guiltiest of guilty pleasures you put on when you're having a really good summer day. —loveyoudead

Hoots and Hellmouth
Hoots and Hellmouth
MAD dragon

Street: 04.17
Hoots and Hellmouth = Pin Hill Haints + Rilo Kiley + Short Stack



This record is about 40 percent great idea and 60 percent alternative-country elevator music. They take themselves way too seriously. The songs that they had fun on are the ones that stand out, and it's easy to tell which are which. The mix of high-energy gospel and popping country gives hope, but they slow it down for the ballads, causing all interest to be lost. It's so frustrating when a band shows you a little bit of what they could be and then tucks that away to give you something boring. This band is probably amazing live because to get you on your feet, they are going to need the upbeat stuff to do it. They've got the idea; they just need the right recipe. —James Orme

The Horrors
Strange House
Stolen Transmission

Street: 05.15
The Horrors = The Cramps + The Kills + T.S.O.L. + Black Rebel Motorcycle Club
British music critics have been creaming their jeans over The Horrors for months now, and though *Strange House* may not entirely live up to the hype, it's still a fun (albeit very dumb) slab of horror-influenced garage punk. The songs deal with standard horror fare from "Jack the Ripper" to "Sheena is a Parasite," but their sheer simplicity and brutality pounds the songs into your brain and keeps them there for days. Vocalist **Faris Rotter** sounds like a crazed carnival barker as he delivers his accented snarls over sinister synth loops and organ blasts throughout the album's 11 tracks. The overall mood of the album is best exemplified by "Horror's Theme," where Rotter's vocals transform from incomprehensible slurs to shrieks over the bouncy organ as plenty of cheesy "ooohs" and "ohs" pop up in the background. Between the brooding organ, the screeching guitar and the scathing vocals, there's a lot going on in every song, but the unrefined and chaotic nature of The Horrors is what makes *Strange House* such an entertaining album. (In the Venue: 05.16) —Ricky Vigil

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VIDEO GAMES

s/suby@gmail.com

This month, in honor of the now discontinued Xbox (original) I'm going to list the top three player's choice Xbox titles.

Halo: Combat Evolved

Bungie Software

Xbox

11-14-01

FPS/ Sci-Fi



No game is as synonymous with modern video gaming than *Halo*. In fact, I will contend that it was *Halo* that made the Xbox what it is today. Before I get to the review I'm going to preempt a lot of hate mail and say that the decision between *Halo* and its sequel was not an easy one. I chose the original not because it's a better game overall (face it, they're almost the same game), but because *Halo* has changed what is expected from a first person shooter forever:

So what is it that makes *Halo* such a winner? To give 'game play' as an answer seems to sell short the perfect combination of enemies, weapons and controls all wrapped around an engaging story. For me the real clincher with *Halo* was the settings. From vast open fields to the wreckage of a ship to a giant inner world, this game stays fresh with a nice allotment of new weapons and enemies as the story progresses. While some games emphasize sneaking around and others encourage a more blunt approach, *Halo* achieves a nice balance of options depending on your own preference.

While graphics have improved and weapons keep getting weirder and almost every shooter has a gimmick of some kind (Spirit mode? What the hell was that about, *Prey*?); in my opinion they are all still chasing the perfect formula that *Halo* created. To this day, despite all of the consoles and games littering my life, *Halo* Co-op is still the game of choice for the ultra-casual 'kill and cocktail' hour at my abode. The fact that we're even talking about *Halo* six years after its launch speaks volumes about the quality and appeal of this game. And with *Halo III* on the horizon maybe it's time to dust off the Xbox and give *Halo* another round, for old time's sake.

Ninja Gaiden Black

Team Ninja

Xbox

09-20-05

Action



When I first played *Ninja Gaiden* I felt like I had just found a suitcase of \$20 buried in my backyard. I had been playing shoot and kill games for a while and was very skeptical about any game revolving around the trials and tribulations of a guy who wears tights everywhere he goes. However, from the very first moments as Ryu, the main character, this game oozes coolness. It looks great, playability is flawless and every environment is memorable. For the record, this review is of the 'Black' version of *Ninja Gaiden*, an upgraded version of the first Xbox title.

A good game needs to do a couple of things to set it apart from the slew of mediocrity cluttering the half off bins down at the game shop. The most important factor is you should not just feel obligated to finish the game because you bought it, but absolutely crave finishing the game. Difficulty should be balanced with reward to avoid the fun killer we call uncaring. If you quit caring about the game, then why play it? *Ninja Gaiden* is one of those few titles that absolutely captivates, the kind of game that will have you staying up a few extra hours to see what happens next. The enemies are scary, the music eerie and the lighting is always perfect, it's no wonder three different versions of the same game have been released, because I can't imagine this game being improved in any way.

For anyone who has not played this game I'll try and give you an idea about what to expect. As a ninja you can do things that average people might find somewhat difficult, like running up a wall, leaping off the top of the wall with a back-flip followed by several cork-screw twists all while charging your sword for the enemy splitting drop attack. Much more than a mindless button masher, *Ninja Gaiden* offers dozens of possible attacks and almost unlimited combos to keep you challenged. Combine this action with an addicting storyline, epic peripheral challenges and wonderful movement and you've got *Ninja Gaiden*, an absolute Xbox masterpiece.

Star Wars: Knight of the Old Republic

BioWare

Xbox

07-17-03

R

P

G



Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic may not be the best looking game out there. It may not even have the most riveting action. However, there is one department in which *Knights of the Old Republic* (*KOTOR*) kick a dump truck full of ass, and that is the story. As I played it became apparent that the game is only a vessel to deliver the story.

Now please don't get me wrong here, there nothing wrong with the graphics in *KOTOR* and the game-play is actually very unique and intuitive, but the reason I kept going back was to see what would happen next. The characters are well developed and the voice acting is the best I've seen in a video game. This game is not just for the Star Wars geeks, but for any gamer who enjoys RPG style gaming. Although there is a lot of talk in the game about events surrounding the Jedi and Sith wars you can play and enjoy this game without knowing anything about Lucas' geeky daydreams.

I know what you're thinking, you're skeptical that a story in a video game could be compelling enough to watch it for 30+ hours, but what makes this story unique is that you control it. Yes, there are a few key events that must occur in order for the plot to advance, but much of the time you can control what happens next and who is involved in the story. Choices you make during the game will decide who lives and dies, which story lines you want to follow and how much good or evil is within you. *KOTOR* is one of those rare games that manages to deliver something completely different, but also completely enjoyable; a rare combination indeed for a video game.

**see through the smoke...
don't be manipulated.**

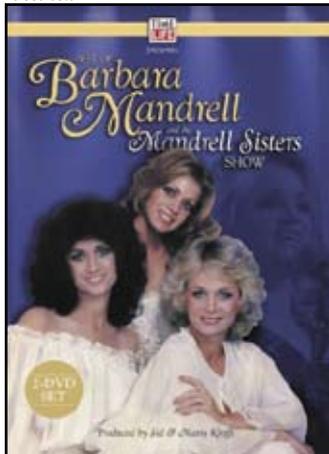
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DVD REVIEWS

The Best of Barbara Mandrell & the Mandrell Sisters

Sid and Mary Krafft
Time Life
Street: 05.01

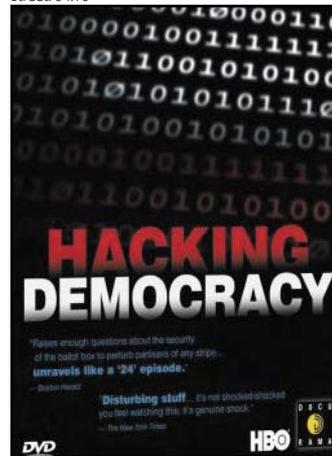


The 1980s were hard times for TV variety shows. The genre was big in the early years of television, as carnies and vaudevillians made the jump from the stage to the small screen. Several decades later we were left with marginally talented song-and-dance folks trying like mad to keep the idea current with the times. *Barbara Mandrell & the Mandrell Sisters* is a good example of a poor stab at variety show stardom. Hosted by country music star Barbra Mandrell and her two siblings, the NBC show ran in prime time for two seasons, 1980-1982. This "best of" collection features performances by big names like **Dolly Parton**, **Johnny Cash** and even **Ray Charles**. Less legendary performers like **Glen Campbell** and **Alabama** also played the show, sharing the stage with the Mandrells' comedy sketches and brief interviews. Some of the performances are actually quite good, but these were dark days for country music—a time when even stand-up guys like Johnny Cash had fallen prey to the evils of multi-song medleys and full orchestral arrangements (meant to transform what was essentially bar music into arena-style spectacle). In all, this disk is a fantastic document of country music in the 1980s; the problem is that 80s country was just really lousy. This is a fact—and I will openly fist fight anyone who disagrees with me. Just pick your honky-tonk, chump. —James Bennett

Following Sean
Ralph Arlyck
New Video Group
Street: 03.27

In 1969, Ralph Arlyck interviewed his four-year-old neighbor, Sean Farrell, in an apartment on Haight Street, San Francisco. Sean, the son of two hippies in an 'open' marriage, speaks about his experiences smoking pot and seeing cops bust people. Arlyck draws on a wealth of old 16mm archive footage of protest and riot in 60s San Francisco, to evoke the romance of the era without being blinded by it. The film jumps ahead forty years, when Arlyck, now living in New York, returns to San Francisco to see whatever happened to Sean. What he finds is not the crackhead or jailbird many had predicted, but a married father and a Berkeley graduate, now working as an electrician. What is captured is not so much a social statement as it is a human question: How do we reconcile the romantic ideals of the 60s with the realities of our daily lives? The film offers no simple answers, but instead paints with tenderness the complexity of being a post-war average Joe. —Jeff Guay

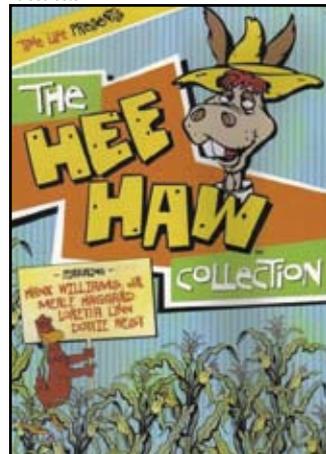
Hacking Democracy
Simon Ardizzone and Russell Michaels
Dourama
Street: 04.10



Hacking Democracy is yet another documentary set out to uncover the truth about voter disenfranchisement in the past few elections. As far as cinematic quality goes, *Hacking Democracy* is much less visually captivating than *American Blackout* and others made in the same vein. The undeniable facts are there—vote-counting technology is easily tampered with. Unfortunately, the film lags because it fails to present the information in an interesting way. Instead the directors chose to take the route of a documentary that probably resembled a million I was forced to watch in high school. —Jeanette Moses

The HEE HAW Collection featuring George Strait

Frank Peppiatt
Time Life
Street: 05.01



If you've ever wondered what it would be like if a bunch of inbred jackasses from Arkansas had their own variety show, then look no further than this HEE HAW DVD. One more in a series of Time Life releases, this 1983 episode features appearances by **George Strait**, the **Statler brothers** and "Goober" from *the Andy Griffith Show*. These guests are joined by the show's regular mix of over-all wearing hayseeds and big-titted country bimbos. Painful one-liners are made worse by stiff acting and sketches void of any substance. It quickly becomes clear that if people can hardly read, they should not have jobs where all they do is read lines from cue cards. Really, I haven't seen this wholesale lack of talent since *Mamma's Family*. The few cast members with any real ability, namely **Roy Clark**, **Buck Owens** and **Minnie Pearl**, are limited by poor material and their relatively small roles. And sadly, not even the healthy dose of country-honey cleavage could salvage HEE HAW from the scrap heap of television gone bad. And I thought big boobs could fix anything. —James Bennett

Hostage
Constantine Giannaris
Koch Lorber
Street: 02.13

Hostage is, as **Milhouse Van Houten** once said, "like *Speed 2*, only on a bus instead of a boat!" It tells the story of Senia, a scruffy, young Albanian immigrant who, armed with an assault rifle and a grenade, hijacks a bus one summer morning in northern Greece. His hostages then become

stricken with Stockholm syndrome faster than you can say "Patty Hearst," everyone taking an immediate liking to Senia and believing in his sense of righteousness. His cause is a simple one, after being tortured and demoralized by the Greek military, he feels the only way to reclaim his honor is through violence. I couldn't relate to Senia, who, while his hostages seemed to like him a lot, doesn't come off as sympathetic, nor did his violent actions feel justified. The only character with some substance is Senia's mom, who toward the end delivers a terrific monologue to the bus itself, as if it were a character, not knowing if anyone is inside listening. —Jeff Guay

The War on the War on Drugs
Cevin Soling
Disinformation
Street: 04.03



By doing drugs you are executing your rights as a citizen of the United States. By doing drugs you are protesting to change unjust laws. Really doing drugs is one of the most patriotic things that a person can do—at least that's what the satirical film, *The War on the War on Drugs*, led me to believe. The film is compromised of cheesy acting in a variety of short clips that convey one message—DO DRUGS. Clips include a striking comparison of DARE and the Hitler Youth, a cooking show demonstrating how to make special brownies and a public service announcement for how to keep your meth lab safe. I think I would have enjoyed the humor more if I'd been high. Soling clearly had his audience in mind when making this film. Anyone that has ever used drugs will get a kick out of this. (Brewies: 05.07) —Jeanette Moses

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Wed. May 2: HYPNOGAJA, Cavityburn, Numbskull

Fri. May 4: Firehouse4, The Street, Cryptobiotic, Torque, Suicide Holiday

Saturday May 5: Drown Out The Stars, Massacre at the Wake, Guttshot, Redneck Mafia

Fri. May 11: HELMUT SOUNDCHECK: Separation of Self, Thunderfist, MAIM Corps, Almost Undone

Sat. May 12: Cavityburn, Apathy, Dead Element, Insanity Plea, Balance of Power

Fri. May 18: Redemption, Phono, Dulce Sky

Sat. May 19: Eleventh Hour, Ill Conceived, Run the Red, In Silence, Stillborn

Fri. May 25: ERIC MARTIN, King Tree, Radiata

Sat. May 26: Better Left Unsaid, Caustic Lye, Adjacent to Nothing, The Miranda Project

Friday June 8: PSYCHOSTICK, Separation of Self, Drown Out the Stars, Cryptobiotic

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(67) SLUG

JOHN PETER LEWIS

Mike Brown • mikebrown@slugmag.com



It seems that for the past while now, if some lame band or shitty recording "artist" contacts *SLUG* and requests an interview that they don't want to do it gets offered up to me. Case in point—**Lisa Loeb**. Why would Lisa Loeb's manager think it would be a good idea for her to be in *SLUG*? No one will ever know. The *SLUG* editorial staff thought it might be a fun time if I gave it a crack, and it actually turned out to be a pretty good interview.

With that being said, let's welcome **John Peter Lewis** into the mag. Unfamiliar with him? Apparently he made it to the top 10 round on *American Idol* the year the black chick won. He also went to *Ricks Collage* in Idaho and did a stint at *BYU*. Appearance-wise, he is a **Hillary Duff** with male genitals (as far as we know) with the cuteness factor toned down from a 9.5 to a 6.8.

Funny side note about *Ricks*—I heard that at social gatherings there, girls will casually go up to guys and slightly pinch them on the shoulder in a flirtatious manner to feel for Mormon garments (holy protective underpants). If the guy isn't wearing garments (meaning he's not temple-worthy) they immediately walk away and won't talk to him the rest of the night! If anyone reading this can confirm this rumor could you please e-mail me? When I asked JPL if he'd ever broken the honor code (I was fishing for a funny masturbation story like in **Ryan Jensen's** interview) he told me that he had, by having long hair. That just didn't strike me as the kind of rebelliousness that *SLUG* readers could relate to. I mean, I know a dude who got kicked out of *Rick's College* for working in a bar in Rexburg. To me the funny thing about getting caught working at a bar while going to *Rick's* is that someone would have to break the honor code just to catch you, right? Now that's funny! I've been to Rexburg; I didn't think they would even have bars there.

I "accidentally" recorded Ryan Jensen's interview over JPL's, (JPL is what his extreme fans call him, these people also like PBJ's, RPG's, and ICP). But don't worry, I got a mind like a steel trap, and most of the interview was JPL fishing for wickedly bad sound bytes and trying to be cool by saying that he'd read *SLUG* before. I played along, but JPL came off as a little fake to me ... but now that I think about it, being fake and a people-pleaser is a big part of his industry, so maybe that's not such a horrible thing.

Another funny thing about JPL is that he is a self-proclaimed adopted son of Utah. What he means by this is that Utah was so accepting of him that if he could pick a state to be from, it would probably be Utah. What? You're telling me that Utah had no problems adopting a white Mormon male who went to *Ricks*? Big Shocker. However, his new album is titled *Stories From Hollywood*, but he's not from Hollywood. Combining these facts together led me to ask him two questions: first off, how has he dealt with the harsh feelings of abandonment that so frequently accompany people that have been adopted, why didn't his real state want him? And second of all, how long will it be before he becomes California's self proclaimed aborted fetus. I hear they love abortion in California. I then reminded him that you can argue all you want about abortion, but it's still cheaper than a baby, adopted or otherwise.

I'm sorry to any JPL fans if it sounds like I'm ripping into him. But good journalism is about the truth. And truthfully, I can respect the fact that he is an independent musician working with his own label, a daunting task indeed. And I also appreciated his candid comments about *American Idol*. When I asked him about **Paula Abdul's** drinking problem he let me know that I was incorrect. She was hooked on pills, most likely OC's. Apparently she was always really nice, almost flirtatious, to the contestants, but really mean to the makeup and hair people. I would expect nothing less. He also talked about the show being overly produced and that being on it was more like surviving than trying to win. On a lighter note, he also said that it was good for the direction he wants his career to go.

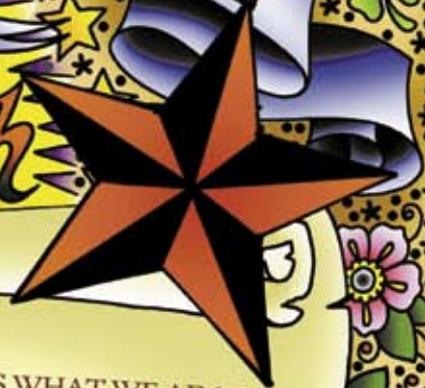
When I asked JPL what kind of animal he would be if he could be any animal, he struggled with the question. He told me that this could make a good sound byte so he took his time. And what did he come up with? A bunny rabbit. A fucking bunny rabbit? I mean you could be a cheetah, dude.



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 ESCAPE THE FATE GALLOW'S BAYSIDE THE UNSEEN
 SPILL CANVAS THE DEAR AND DEPARTED AMBER PACIFIC
 NOTHINGTON AS CITIES BURN HUMAN ABSTRACT
 ALESANA I AM GHOST SET YOUR GOALS BLESS THE FALL
 HASTE THE DAY PISTOLITA FAMILY FORCE 5
 VINCENT BLACK SHADOW BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE
 THE ALMOST MEG & DIA THE MATCHES BOYS LIKE GIRLS
 THE AUTOMATIC PARKWAY DRIVE SCARY KIDS SCARING KIDS
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MAY DAILY

Friday, May 4

Damien Rice – *McKay Events Center*
Vile Blue Shades, Rion Buhler, Blackeyed Susan,
God's Revolver – *Burt's*
Emilee Floor Trio – *Zanzibar*
801 Intentions – *Country Club Theater*
All or Nothing Hardcore, Fail to Follow – *Brewski's*
Brooke Young – *Starry Night*
University of Utah Fine Arts Senior Show
– *Contemporary Design and Art Gallery*
Band of Annuals, The Brobecks, System and
Station, Issac Russel – *Kilby*
Garry Earl Baldwin – *Alchemy*
The Stacey Board Band – *Pat's BBQ*
Soul Redemption, Kristagong – *Liquid Joe's*
Bastian, Larusso, The Andies – *Solid Ground*
School of Rock performs The Beatles – *Realms*
Wisepbird, Elephante, Ulysses – *Urban*
Head Like A Kite, Neon Trees, The Furs – *Monk's*
Bastian, Larusso, The Andies, Dirty Champagne,
Lightening in Alaska
– *Solid Ground*
School of Rock performs Aerosmith – *Circuit*

Saturday, May 5

Daddy G – *Rumours Coffee*
All Systems Fail, Youth, Decent, Trebuchet, Bullshit
Authority, Pass a Fist
– *Red Light Books*
School of Rock – *Wheeler Farm*
Drown out the stars, Massacre at the Wake,
Gutshot, Redneck Mafia – *Club Vegas*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
The Birds – *Johnny's on Second*
**Hyperactive Tour Fundraiser: Thunderfist,
Blackhole, Ted Dancin'**
– *Sixth W & Sixth S*
The Kap Bros: Roby & Richie – *Pat's BBQ*
Sister Carol – *Urban*
Kettle Black – *Alchemy*
Groundation, Afro Omega – *Suede*
Cavedoll, Highbeam, Slippery Kittens Burlesque
– *Bar Deluxe*
The Brothers – *Zanzibar*
Return to Sender, Weak Men, I Hear Sirens,
Norwahl – *Kilby*
ICP, Twizted – *Saltair*
Neon Trees, Ole Bravo, The Standstill – *Solid
Ground*
Flatline, Cryptobiotic, Level Zero – *Burt's*
School of Rock performs The Beatles – *Realms*
School of Rock performs Aerosmith – *Circuit*

Sunday, May 6

Catherine, It Prevails, Appoint In Tragedy, Your
Embrace, Dedrea – *Country Club Theater*
Cherem, Cool Your Jets, Reflect, Silas – *Vortex*

Monday, May 7

Mastodon, Against Me!, Cursive, Planes Mistaken
for Stars – *In the Venue*
Schwa Grotto, King Tree – *Burt's*
Vedera, Dear & the Headlights, Film in the Ballroom
– *Kilby*
ROCK, USAdown – *Starry Night*

Tuesday, May 8

Emilee Floor – *Zanzibar*
Earth Village – *Starry Night*
Gear 77, Huh? – *Liquid Joe's*
Peter Harvey, Crystal Chris, Sarah Songer – *Burt's*

Wednesday, May 9

**Mike Brown's Birthday: Vile Blue Shades, Fuck the
Informor – Urban**
Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*
Cavedoll – *Liquid Joe's*
Fatal Femme Forum – Utah Arts Alliance
Circled Haven, The Dockets, By Tonight, JME
– *Solid Ground*
Love Song to Glen Canyon Premier – *Broadway
Theater*
Kaddisfly, Ozma, William Tell – *Kilby*

Thursday, May 10

The Junke Joint Gamblers, The Utah County
Swillers, Warner Drive, The Grimmway – *Burt's*
Letter for Scarlett – *Circuit*
A Day to Remember, Alesana, The Distance, My
Silent Goodbye, A City of Refuge – *Country Club
Theater*
XUR, Lost in the Fire – *Starry Night*
Monique – *Alchemy*
LA Symphony – *Monk's*
The Homefront, Xcool Your JetsX, City to City,
Victory! – *Vortex*
Normandy, Once So Far, My Final Request – *Solid
Ground*
Nolens Volens, Norwahl, Man/Beast, Frozenbody,
Honey Ration
– *858 E 200 S*
Drive By Truckers – *Suede*
Fallout Boy, +44, Cobra Starship, The Academy Is,
Paul Wall – *E Center*
Lisa Marie & Patrick Kenney Duo – *Zanzibar*

Friday, May 11

Zach Parrish & Bad Brad Wheeler – *Pat's BBQ*
Dead City Lights, The Furs, Starmy – *Monk's*
Locomotion Youth Film Festival – *Library*
Free Movie: Common Law Cabin – *Red Light Books*
Deadnought, From Darkness, Blood of the Fold
– *Circuit*
The Johns, AK Charlie, Animus Grim – *Country Club
Theater*
CART! – *Bada Bean*
Helmut Soundcheck: Separation of Self,
Thunderfist, MAIM Corps, Almost Undone – *Club
Vegas*
Conrad Ford, Cub Country, Calico, Blue Sunshine
Soul – *Kilby*
**Localized: The Wolfs, Subrosa, Purr Bats – Urban
Lounge**
Drop Dead Julio, Funk Fu, Jack Jones, Idol Minds
– *Liquid Joe's*
Vanishing Act – *Starry Night*
Musik Inkorporated – *Alchemy*
The Phenomenauts, Charlie Don't Surf, The Swamp
Donkeys, Cavedoll – *Burt's*
School of Rock performs David Bowie – *Realms*

Saturday, May 12

Lil Andrew Goldring & The RPC – *Pat's BBQ*
Sisterwives – *Zanzibar*
Something Original – *Starry Night*
Broomstick – *Johnny's on Second*
Allred, The Forgotten Charity, Mesa Drive – *Solid
Ground*
Whole Lotta Tribal: PURA – *Masonic Temple*
Whole Lotta Tribal Workshops – *UAA*
Buddha Pie, 4 Saken 1, Three Times Denied
– *Circuit*
Cavityburn, Apathy, Dead Element, Insanity Plea
Balance of Power – *Club Vegas*

EL-P, Hangar 18, Yak Ballz, Slow Suicide Stimulus
– *Depot*
Madraso, Form of Rocket, Blackhole – *Urban*
Mary Tebbs, Leraine Hortsmanshoff – *Alchemy*
Harmonica Army 2 – *Lindquist Field*
The Robot Ate Me, Drew Danburry, The Grizzly
Prospector, Forest World
– *Kilby*
Three Bad Jacks, Spooky Deville, Hillbilly Fever,
Patsy Ohio – *Burt's*
Live Green: Sustainable Living Festival – *Library
Square*
School of Rock performs David Bowie – *Realms*

Sunday, May 13

Thunderfist, IOTA, The Lords of Altamont – *Burt's*
Whole Lotta Tribal Workshops – *UAA*
Mountain Bike Tour 2pm – *11th Ave & Virginia St.*
Historic SLC Tour 6 pm – *11th Ave & Virginia St.*

Monday, May 14

The Hanks, In Memory – *Starry Night*
Dr. Israel – *Monk's*
The Day After, Ole' Bravo, Animus Grin, Semantic
– *Burt's*
HR of Bad Brains, The Body, Dubb Agents – *Urban*
**Free screening of "The War On The War On
Drugs" 9pm – Brewvies**

Tuesday, May 15

CDC, Gloves off – *Vortex*
The Day After – *Starry Night*
Yacht – *Kilby*
Melon Robotics – *Monk's*
Dimmu Borgir, Uneathr, Devildriver, Kataklysm
– *Saltair*
Far from Finished, SKINT, Shackleton – *Burt's*
Emilee Floor – *Zanzibar*

Wednesday, May 16

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club – *Sound*
The Hanks, In Memory – *Kilby*
Rwake, Gaza, XUR, SPUR – *Burt's*
Solliquists of Sound, Scenic Byway – *Urban*
Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*
Bike to work day
Bike ride of silence – *Gallivan*

Thursday, May 17

Fail to Follow, City to City – *Starry Night*
The Firm – *Zanzibar*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Drew Grow, The Mollies, Nate Nelson & Co. – *Kilby*
Hip Hop Legend YZ – *Monk's*
Advent Horizon – *Circuit*
Slum Village, Phat Kat, Illa J – *Suede*

Friday, May 18

Secret Sobriety, Erratic Erotica, Moses & Carl
– *Burt's*
Swan Juice, Double XL Reunion, My Demise
– *Urban*
Joslin & Acoustic Soul – *Zanzibar*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Andrew Nelson – *Red Light Books*
The Orchestra and Chorus of Sandy City – *Good
Shepard Lutheran Church*
Cracker – *Suede*
Bike Bonanza – *Gallivan Center*
Redemption, Phono, Dulce Sky – *Club Vegas*
Red Bennies – *Monk's*
Love as Laughter – *Kilby*

CALENDAR

Gallery Stroll – Pierpont

Twisted Irony, Hidden Ninja, Chump Change
– *Starry Night*
Ole Brava CD Release Show – *Solid Ground*
Bird Eater, Accidente, Glacial – *Broken Record*
School of Rock performs Progrock – *Circuit*

Saturday, May 19

Kent Winward – *Red Light Books*
Eric Ethan – *Rumours Coffee*
Cunny Linguist – *Suede*
Slippery Kittens Burlesque & Amateur Dance
Contest – *Bar Deluxe*
Monrovia – *Pat's BBQ*
Mury, His Name Shall Breathe, The Yearbook
– *Kilby*
Two Kat Four Kat – *Alchemy*
Medea, Evident Decay, Silent Envy, Scarlet Grey
– *Starry Night*
Sartain's B-day Extravaganza: Ted Dancin', Starmy
– *Urban*
Rollerderby Season Starts: Death Dealers vs. Leave
it to Cleavers
– *Olympic Oval*
Go Figure – *Johnny on Seconds*
Summer Rec Fest – *Gallivan*
Jeff Phillips Trio – *Tony's*
The New Up, Girl In A Coma, Monorchist, 3 Times
Denied – *Burt's*
Eleventh Hour, Ill Conceived, Run the Red, In
Silence, Stillborn – *Club Vegas*
Fat Soul Slim – *Zanzibar*
Five Victim's Four Graves – *Vortex*
Pedle Pusher Film Festival – *Depot*
School of Rock performs Progrock – *Circuit*

Sunday, May 20

Butchman & Sundance – *Monk's*
Blues on First, Kate LeDeuce – *Bar Deluxe*
Ali Harter, Nocturne Daily, Joshua Faulkner – *Kilby*
Michael Graves, Die Monster Die – *Burt's*

Monday, May 21

Meat Puppets – *Urban*
The Orchestra and Chorus of Sandy City – *Libby
Gardner Hall*
Silent Envy, Scarlet Grey, Dear Stranger – *Solid
Ground*
Clutch, The Bellrays, Backyard Tire Fire – *Depot*
Larry McCray – *Pat's BBQ*
The Shaky Hands, Kid Theodore, Marcus Bentley,
Glade – *Kilby*
Smoke or Fire, No Trigger, Sundowner, SKINT
– *Burt's*
Grapes of Wrath – *Downtown Library*

Tuesday, May 22

Matthew Grimm and the Red Smear – *Burt's*
Emilee Floor – *Zanzibar*
The Black Angels, Vietnam, Tolchock Trio – *Kilby*
Mark Mallman, Heathen Ass Worship, Fuck the
Informers – *Monk's*
Thieves and Villains, Abandon Kansas, The Sweet
Surrender – *Country Club Theater*
Abandon Kansas, The Sweet Surrender – *Solid
Ground*
The Massline Tour: Blue Scholars, Common Market,
Gabriel Teodros, DJ Drops One – *Urban*

Wednesday, May 23

The Hold Steady – *Urban*
Death Before Dishonor, Black My Heart, Colin of

Arabia – Country Club Theater

Hope for a Golden Summer – *Circuit*
Casket Salesman, Weatherbox, Top Dead Celebrity,
Semantic – *Burt's*
Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*

Thursday, May 24

Doorbell Ditching, Illusional Biskits, Articles of
Clothing, Last Place you Look, Diamondback
– *Circuit*
Dave Tate, Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Distance to Empty, Poetry for the Masses – *Kilby*
Drunk Spelling Bee – *Broken Record*
All About Rockets, Ex Machina – *Starry Night*
Old Haunts, Kid Medusa, The Future of the Ghost
– *Urban*
Lisa Marie & Patrick Kenney Duo – *Zanzibar*
O.C. – *Monk's*

Friday, May 25

Belly Dancers Extraordinaires – *Alchemy*
Minus the Bear – *In the Venue*
Zydeco, Swamp Boogie – *Pat's BBQ*
Lisa Marie Quartet – *Zanzibar*
Seamus, Forfeit Freedom – *Circuit*
Quasi Stellar Radio – *Bada Bean*
King Kong – *Starry Night*
Day Two, In:Aviate, Ole Bravo – *Kilby*
Eric Martin, King Tree,
Radiata – *Club Vegas*
Gregory Issacs – *Suede*
Enee 1, Ahmad Jamal,
Prince Po – *Monk's*
The Brobecks, Broke
– *Country Club Theater*
Thunderfist, The Utah
County Swillers – *Burt's*
Vile Blue Shades – *Broken
Record*
Scarub, Numbs, Sam Eye
Am, Atwun – *Urban*

Saturday, May 26

The Wolfs, God's Revolver
– *Burt's*
The House of Cards – *Pat's
BBQ*
Chris Leibow Poetry – *Red
Light Books*
Stereotype – *Johnny on
Seconds*
Karen Bayard – *Alchemy*
DJ Matrix – *Tony's*
Better left Unsaid, Caustic
Lye, Adjacent to Nothing,
The Miranda Project – *Club
Vegas*
Girl Talk, Vile Blue Shades
– *Urban*
Blues on First – *Zanzibar*

Sunday, May 27

Beyond the Citadel of Coup
De Grace – *Solid Ground*
Die Young – *Vortex*

Monday, May 28

All Systems Fail, Barbie and
the Hookers, RF7 – *Burt's*

Tuesday, May 29

Blue Collar Theory – *Monk's*

Skinny Puppy – Depot

The Foundry Field Recordings, Loaf, Eden Express
– *Kilby*
Goldenboy, Chris McFarland, Brinton Jones, Starmy
– *Urban*
Emilee Floor – *Zanzibar*

Wednesday, May 30

Keith Varon, Mesa Drive – *Kilby*
Captured by Robots – *Urban*
Mark & Wayne Jazz Duo – *Zanzibar*

Thursday, May 31

The Killers, Louis XIV – *Saltair*
4 Play Entries Due – *4-Play Drop Spot*
The Wolfs, Ohsees – *Broken Record*
Rat Fink Reunion (31st-June 2nd) – *Manti, Utah*
Colin Robinson's Honest Soul – *Piper Down*
The Schwab, Waxen, Sixes, Deathroes – *Urban*
The Firm – *Zanzibar*

Friday, June 1

Happy Scotsman, Matiscorps – *Circuit*
Take the Fall, Larusso – *Kilby*
DBS III Entries Due – *SLUG HQ*
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SLUG Mag's 3rd compilation



Illustration by Trent Call

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Kilby Court Calendar May 2007

shows start @ 7:30pm...

01- Anathallo, Cub Country \$9 adv/\$11 door

02- Thalia Maria, Joel Taylor, Ben Johnson, Eden Express \$6

03- Trevor Price, K/le Benson, Kid Theodore, Canadians Among Us \$6

04- Band of Annuals
cd Release, The
Probecks, System
and Station, Isaac
Russel \$7

05- Return to
Sender, Weak
Men, I hear
Sirens, Norwah
\$6

07- Vedera, Dear & the Headlights, Film in the Ballroom

09- Ozma, Kaddisfly, William Tell

11- Conrad Ford, Cub Country, Calico, Blue Sunshine
Soul \$7

12- The Robot Ate Me, Drew Danburry, The Grizzly
Prospector, Forest World \$7/\$8

15- Yacht, t.b.a.

16- The Hanks, In Memory

17- Drew Erow, The Mollies, Nate Nelson & Co. \$6

18- Love As Laughter, t.b.a.

19- Mury, His Name shall Breathe, The Year book \$7

20- Ali Harter, Nocturne Daily, Joshua Faulkner \$5/\$6

21- The Shaky Hands, Kid Theodore, Marcus Bently, Glade

22- The Black Angels, Vietnam, Tolchock Trio \$8/\$10

24- Distance to Empty, Poetry for the Masses, t.b.a.

25- Day Two, In:Aviate, Ole Bravo, t.b.a.

30- Keith Varon, Mesa Drive, t.b.a.

JUNE... 01- Take the Fall, Larusso

05- Thunderbirds Are Now!

06- Brakes, Pela

08- Kid Theodore cd Release

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