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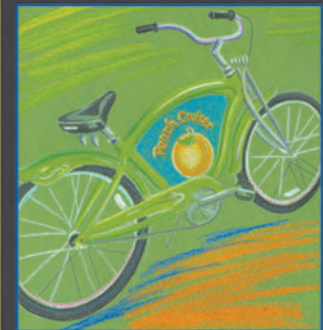
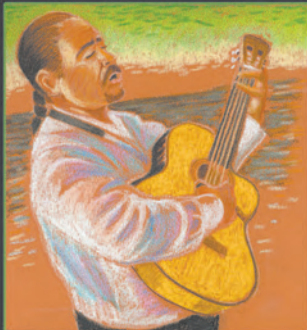


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Contributor Limelight



Renaissance Woman

July's cover features the photographs and graphic design skills of Emily Allen. Emily Allen is no new face to SLUG Magazine, having penned CD reviews, a feature interview with Yo La Tengo and served as our resident Localized photographer over the past six years. Most recently, Emily completed our Death By Salt website (www.deathbysalt.com), showcasing her design and web-authoring talents. Emily is also an accomplished screen printer and will participate in a group show at Kayo Gallery in August. Emily holds a BFA from Utah State University and is shopping for grad schools as we speak. Look for her serving sushi at Takashi and ripping a rug at Ted Dancin' dance parties. Myspace.com/photoem



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Dear Dickheads

Oh heavens, Miss Jeanette Moses

I think I am in love with the jib of yer cut. You gave my band the 2 middle fingers in the air review in Slugmag for the June 2007 issue. Let me start here by introducing myself, I am the singer of Lyin' Bitch And The Restraining Orders from Denver and I feel I need to address yer review of us, because you only seen our music as sexist, 1 sided and a relative short of the trailer park.

The song that you quote, Itch scratch & sniff is not a wife beating song what so ever or a song about beating women. No it's story about seeking hooker/s and indulging yer flesh and reaping the whirlwind from the many encounters. Oh, one of my favorite songs that we play you call out, Step into my backhand. A funny story with this one. I was listening to the Phil Hendrie show 1 night and it was when Hockey season was being postponed for a year during that broadcast he brought on a doctor that said "with hockey season at a stand still yer men are so frustrated and you ladies need to releave the tension so step into his backhand more than you normally do when he comes home from work". I thought what a great idea for a song and adjusted the lyrics to fit about a two timing slag that has done each and everyone of us wrong in the past. You've had 1 and so have I. Yes we do play songs about drinking beer and will always continue too. Beer + Punk always = punk fucking rock!

We are not trying to be offensive. Quite the contrary, in fact we're just playing punk music with a boot to the left wing, a boot to the right wing and a boot to the middle wing! Not anything wrong with a good tounge in cheek punk... is there??

Miss Jeanette Moses, I think the only reason you place us in yer special little box of offensive music is because you are either A) just a person who just got into punk withing 2-5 years ago and yer still just a tad bit naive punk music or B) a fem nazi hybrid in need of a good fuck but doesn't want to do it because yer fem counter parts won't like that you will yell out "Lyin Bitch, insert yer fists!!"

The last statement that you make in yer review is quite fascist and reminds me of Germany 1939. Let me reinact it for you. You as "Hitler" making yer cleanse the punk scene speech to the masses, "Zis Lyin Beetch iz Juden, ICP iz juden, und everything associated with these punks should be veeded out of das gene pool und destroyed. Hate vot you do not like" I still love you though. You can speak yer hate speech against us and you will always have a friend in Lyin Bitch!

Cheers, Jim

Dear Jim-

Your hick band STILL sucks. Just to make sure our readers remember how much we disliked your CD last month, We've reprinted our review below. Do the world a favor, Sell your gear, quit playing music and move back to Kentucky. Smooch.

Lying Bitch and the Restraining Orders

Can't Cum Within 100 Feet of Your Love

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Lying Bitch and the Restraining Orders = A good coaster for your beer

3 things I h8: cre8ive spelling, rednecks and sexist pigs. This album happens to include all of these things. If Lying Bitch and the Restraining Orders aren't singing about wife beating with "Pimp slap yer bitch. Insert yer fist" as the chorus of "Itch Scratch & Sniff", or the delightful "I'm the man step into my backhand lyin' bitch" on "Step Into my Backhand" the songs are about drinking beer. The release also features a cover of G.G. Allin's "Fuck Myself" and another song dedicated to the man titled "W.W.G.G.A.D?" (What Would G.G. Allin Do?). Real clever. I get that the band is trying to be offensive, but they just come off as dumb. Singing about wife beating, beer drinking and absolutely nothing else doesn't make a band offensive, it only makes them fall into the same category as ICP—bad musicians with even worse fans that need to be weeded out of the gene pool. —Jeanette Moses

Look what just fell from HEAVEN



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SPOOKY DEVILLE

By Jennifer Neilson

Billy Diesel – guitar
Kid Gruesome – rambles
Dozer – tries to sing
El Cucuy – upright bass

In the middle of recording a song for the soundtrack of Gris Grimly's upcoming movie, *Cannibal Flesh Riot!*, Spooky DeVille took a moment away from the studio to chat with me about themselves and their music. Unfortunately, the conversation was brief and the phone connection, not so great. I did get a sense of their humor (perhaps sillier than normal due to long hours recording) and sound—enough to tempt you to see their live show.

While both of this month's *Localized* bands happen to have 'Deville' in their name and their style is rooted in punk rock, they sound completely different. Spooky DeVille plays self-proclaimed 'Krunkabilly' and Billy Diesel says they're "technically psychobilly, but we really just play rock 'n roll music."

"Yeah, only it's scary like Scooby-Doo," adds Kid Gruesome.

The band has only been playing together since March 19, 2006, (yes, they know the exact date) but has already accomplished many things. Spooky DeVille self-released a CD, *Breathe Transylvania*, and just got back from a brief tour with **Mad Sin** (Berlin, Germany). They've also been invited to play the esteemed Hollywood Showdown at *The Knitting Factory* alongside **Guana Batz** (UK), **Hellblasters**, **The Nutrinots** and **Zombillyz**. Looking at their spine-chilling Myspace profile you come to understand they're becoming a big deal and are known in strange locations around the globe. Horror rock is a lot more popular than the average person would think. Spooky DeVille pulls their sound together from older music: "80s, doo wop, punk rock, surf blues, western, Jagermeister..." and then they start laughing.

They laughed again when I asked some bands they'd like to be compared to: "**Coffin Cats**, **Polyphonic Spree**, **John Denver**, **Slipknot**..." Fortunately, they sound nothing like Slipknot and you can hear how spooky Spooky DeVille really is during July's *Localized* on Friday the 13th at the **Urban Lounge** (241 South, 500 East).

photo: Adam Dorobiala

JUNTA DEVILLE

By Jennifer Neilson



photo: Adam Dorobiala

Junta Deville have only been together for two years, but their current distaste for corrupt politics and anger towards our government began years ago in Spock's early punk incarnations. Living in San Francisco, his bands Carnage and House of Wheels opened for TSOL, Dead Kennedys, 7 Seconds and even Jane's Addiction. While those groups certainly influence Junta Deville—especially the vocals, which at times sound like Jello Biafra's—they don't carry on with the confrontational, in-your-face attitude. Nor do they name drop to give them the "cult status like it is now for punk bands. Back then you just saw bands you were into." Further inspiration comes from non-musicians like Aldous Huxley, Kurt Vonnegut Jr and President Eisenhower. Junta Deville's songs are socially conscious without out being preachy. "Our songs are more lyrical like reading a story. Pay attention to the lyrics and you might learn something if you're not careful," Spock said.

Did you know that KBR [subsidiary of Halliburton, and the largest non-union construction company in the US] is building the American Embassy in Iraq bigger than the Vatican? Spock told me this and continued on his rant. "It's not about Iraqi freedom; it's about money in people's pockets."

He encourages others to look to the source: www.followthemoney.org. It's a machine that's out of control. The money is too lucrative. "Corporatocracy," as Clint calls it.

"See," he tells Spock, "That's a lot of anger."

"Yeah," Spock concedes, "I'm fuckin' pissed off."

Spock is quick to restate that they're not too confrontational. Listening to their demo (which they burn to give away freely, no label to stop them), you can hear the frustration of a "rock n' roll band with augmented chords". Rock n' Roll that sounds like The Stooges, Television, Sonic Youth and a bit of John Densmore (The Doors).

The only thing missing from their lives is a permanent drummer. It doesn't hinder them from recording though (they use a session drummer) or wanting to recreate the feeling of shows at *The Speedway Cafe*. Catch them at the *Urban Lounge* on Fri., 13 before they play a few shows in San Francisco.

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Viva la Evolution

By Jona Gerlach

sonamhermit@hotmail.com

Genesis P-Orridge hardly needs an introduction, but if you're unfamiliar, 2007 is as good a time as any to get acquainted. This year has seen the first new recording from the legendary **Throbbing Gristle** in 25 years, and June saw the release of the first album from the equally legendary **Psychic TV** in over 10 years. At 57, living in New York, devoted to his other half, **Lady Jaye**, for about 30-years, Genesis shows no signs of slowing down or drying up creatively. A bit more stable, more considered perhaps, but no less fruitful.

Throbbing Gristle got back together by happenstance: they were in London promoting the release of the monumental live collection **TG24** and were more or less coerced by **Mute Records** to go into a studio and record. Genesis was reluctant at first, "Every time I had an excuse (Mute) trumped me... we started to jam and lo and behold, despite all the different waters under the various bridges and personal grudges that may have happened between us... we discovered something magical happens whenever TG plays together."

The new album, *Part Two: The Endless Not*, while still retaining elements of the alien sonic maelstrom TG is known for, is a mellower, toned down affair when compared to the intensity of their early work. Genesis sees this as a natural progression; TG1's approach was relevant in the context of the mid-70s, but for the early 21st century TG2 needed to update their approach. "The strategies change according to the society; we're living in a much more immediate, sophisticated, much more global society, and inevitably that ought to require new ways of creating discussion and dialog through art."

The decision to resurrect **Psychic TV** (or PTV3) came from the realization that Genesis was, in fact, a songwriter, and a coming to terms with his preferred musical aesthetic: "[I realized that] the PTV songs that were the most traditionally psychedelic, were songs I could listen to over and over... so I rediscovered a profound respect for the format, the shape, the template for a psychedelic garage rock song."

The recording process for the new PTV3 record, *Hell is Invisible, Heaven is Her/E* was a profoundly liberating experience for Genesis. Huge leaps in recording technology allowed Genesis to retain the insistence on spontaneity and improvisation while allowing for greater precision in the mixing and editing phase. "Honestly, I believe it's the best, most complete, most truthful and perfect album I've ever done in any band."

Themes of human improvement and evolution find prominent expression in the new album. The title encompasses "the idea that reality is created by perception, is fictional, and you are the only person that will witness every single second of your life and your experiences of your reality," and the pun on her/e points to pandrogyny as an evolutionary strategy. Pandrogyny deals with pleasure, sexuality, gender identity and physical alteration and improvement, all of which Genesis is (in)famous for embodying. "Pleasure," Genesis says, "is a weapon. The world we live in is so overtly polarized, so binary, so oppressive and totalitarian... that we face the potential of a new dark age as a natural result of this mentality... Where there is so much inhibition and so much intimidation in the culture at large that simply to smile, relax and have a really good time becomes a political act." Genesis sees this as imperative for the survival of the species because, in spite of our monumental technological advances, "human behavior, for all intents and purposes is still stuck in the prehistoric era. Can you imagine why it's dangerous to have prehistoric human behavior set loose in a futuristic technological environment? It's terrifying... [and it's] the basic underlying problem of our time."

"We are proposing that the human species, for better or worse, has to evolve its behavior and its being, physically, mentally, consciousness-wise, all has to catch up to technology... so that we're equal to our toys and our ability with tools." Genesis proposes a blending of technology with the human body, which is "just raw material... simply a means of making the brain mobile." Pandrogyny, in other words, is not just about breaking down gender binarism, though that's a large part of it. "Some people feel they're a man trapped in a woman's body, some people feel they're a woman trapped in a man's body, the pandrogynous is just feeling trapped in a body." Each person, Genesis, says, should take full control of their identity and take full responsibility for the decisions they make.

Hell is Invisible, Heaven is Her/E is not just a psychedelic garage rock record; it is a theoretical work, a political act, and a call for evolution, encompassing all of Genesis' current philosophical preoccupations as well as his musical aesthetics. "If people only listen to this one record by **Psychic TV** and judge my entire musical career on this one CD then I'd be happy, because this is the only album I truly feel is 100 percent inseparable from the visions I had at the beginning." Coming from a person whose work has had as incalculable an influence on modern music as Genesis, this is not a statement to be taken lightly.

Psychic TV's new album is out on **Sweet Nothing**, and **Throbbing Gristle's Part Two: The Endless Not** is available on **Mute**. Any self-respecting Genesis P-Orridge fan ought to pick these up immediately, and newcomers to Genesis' legacy ought to take this opportunity to get better acquainted.



SLOW- TRAIN

Fuck FYE, Buy Local!

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com

"I didn't think we'd make it six months," jokes **Anna Brozek**, one of the owners of *Slowtrain Records* while standing behind the counter of their modestly-sized retail location. "We really went into it with the intention that it'd make a good story and that we'd have a good record collection when it was over." **Chris Brozek**, Anna's husband and co-owner of *Slowtrain*, chimes in. "We didn't really have high expectations for how long we would be around."

In November 2005, the married couple visited a friend in Salt Lake and decided that they wanted to open a record store—here in Zion. Shortly after, the Brozeks were offered a chance to buy the inventory from *Stinkweeds*, their favorite record store in Tempe, AZ. On July 22, 2006 *Slowtrain* opened its doors for business on the then-quiet 300 South. "We couldn't have done it without her [**Kimber Lanning**, former owner of *Stinkweeds*] or her inventory. We would have been floundering," Anna says.

Over the past few years many independently owned Salt Lake record stores have closed their doors. Digital music is on the rise and the small mom-and-pop shops just can't seem to compete with the likes of *FYE*, *Best Buy* and other corporate giants. Luckily, *Slowtrain* has flourished in its first year, and it doesn't look like they'll be closing their doors anytime soon.

"I think the difference between us and other record stores is that we're here all the time—we're here a ridiculous amount of time—

seven days a week," Anna says. "We know all of our customers, we know what they want to listen to and when new releases come out we know who wants it." Anna has a day job as an office manager at the *Junior League of Salt Lake* while Chris spends his days at the store. *Slowtrain* has two other part-time employees, one of whom works one night a week and the other who works Saturday morning every other week. The store manages to pay for itself while Anna's income helps pay for "rent, car insurance and booze," she says.

The couple has one-on-one contact with their customers, and they wouldn't have it any other way. "It's not going to make us rich, so if we're breaking even and we're never here then it's worthless," says Chris. "I wouldn't know what to do with extra time if we didn't work here," agrees Anna.

Over the past year *Slowtrain* has become an integral part of *Gallery Stroll* and the lives of local musicians. The store boasts a diverse section of local music. CDs and records of all genres are sold on consignment with artists taking the large majority of the commission. The record store sells tickets to most *Kilby Court* and *Urban Lounge* shows and was voted Best Ticket Outlet by *City Weekly* in the 2007 *Best of Utah* issue. *Slowtrain* also serves as a venue space for many local bands. "We usually have bands that support us [play]. It's our way of letting these bands get exposure. A lot of them don't [normally] play all-ages shows," says Chris.

The quaint record store became a frequent *Gallery Stroll* stop with the help of poster artist and printmakers **Erin and Nick Potter**. *Slowtrain* has also featured the artwork of **Mary Toscano**, **Tim**

Odlin, Dan Christofferson and many others. Every month the store is stocked with homemade pastries and cheese platters from Erin Potter's mother.

The couple has also been successful in giving touring musicians a new perspective of Salt Lake. This past April, **Joseph Arthur and the Lonely Astronauts** played a surprise show at *Slowtrain*. With only a day's notice of the performance, the store was packed. When asked what his hopes for *Slowtrain* are, Chris says, "If we could bring more touring bands to stop [in Salt Lake] instead of just passing through because it's on the way from Denver to Seattle, that'd be great." Anna agrees, "If we can get 40 people to an in-store it shows [an artist] that there is a little more reason to start coming through."

To celebrate their one-year anniversary and love of local music, *Slowtrain* is hosting a 10-hour party and releasing a local compilation, *Around the Bend*. "We were inspired by [SLUG's] *Death by Salt*. We loved how it introduced us to a lot of local music," Chris said, "We felt that there were a lot of bands that were not getting exposure because they didn't fit the sound that appeared on *Death by Salt*. We thought we'd go with the mellow, folkier type of thing."

The compilation will feature four different covers by local artists Nick and Erin Potter, Mary Toscano, **Sumer Bivens** and **Sarah Martin**. *Around the Bend* will feature roughly 80 minutes of exclusive tracks from bands like **Taught Me**, **Calico**, **Band of Annuals** and many others—all handpicked by Chris and Anna. "We just wanted to give back to the bands that have been supporting us. We wanted to give an outlet to bands who might not

make it onto *Death by Salt*," says Anna. 1000 copies of *Around the Bend* will be released, and the couple hopes to press at least 100 on vinyl if monetary constraints allow.

Slowtrain's anniversary party (which technically spans two days) should be just as mind-blowing. On Friday, July 20 as part of *Gallery Stroll* there will be a screen-printing party at the record store. Two new *Slowtrain* t-shirt designs will be available to be screen printed on whatever patrons bring in. On Saturday, July 21 Chris and Anna will be hosting a party from noon to 10 P.M. that will feature eight live bands: **The Lionelle**, **Palimino**, **Band of Annuals**, **Glinting Gems**, **Cub Country**, **Ben Kilborne**, **The Vile Blue Shades** and one more band TBA. There will be food, raffles in between sets and delicious food.

When asked about their plans for the future Chris replies with a smile, "Another year." Anna laughs as she says to her husband, "We didn't really think that far ahead, did we?" The couple has a few ideas in mind, though; another compilation may be in the works as well as a small Salt Lake music festival. "The next goal would be finding a place where we can all go after the rent gets ridiculous," jokes Chris.

"Yeah, when they decide to put in a *Borders*," Anna says sarcastically before getting a bit more serious. "We are really thinking that far ahead, about what to do when our lease is up. We won't be able to afford this [place anymore] because it's getting so cool."

Be sure to check out *Slowtrain*'s one-year anniversary party on Saturday, July 21. In the meantime, stop by the store and buy some sweet records from clerks who will remember your name.



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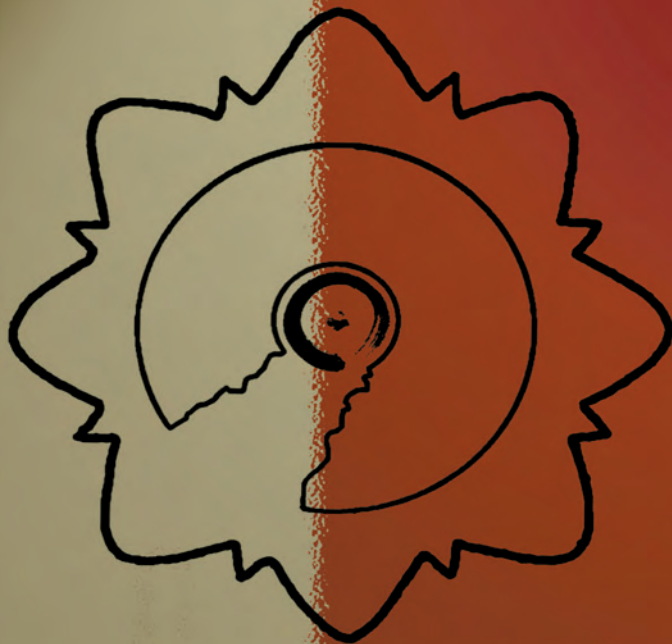
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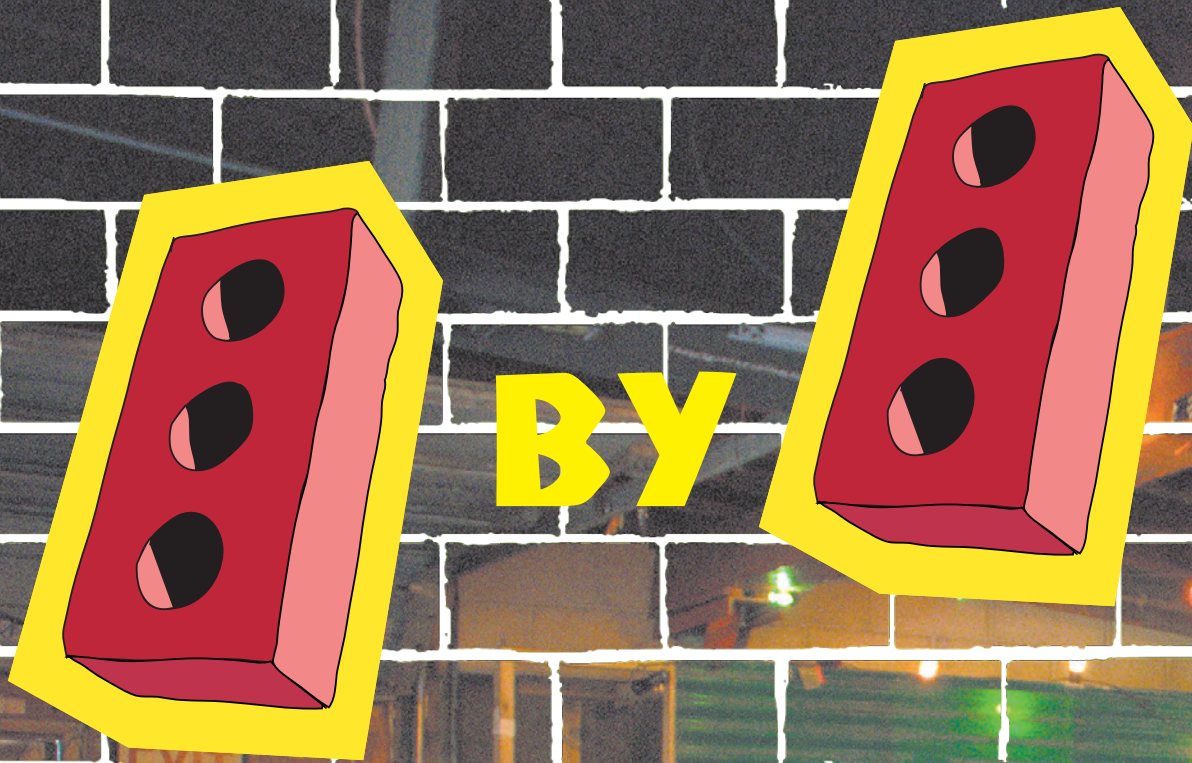
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BY

**THE FAMILY THAT
KILBY BUILT**

Words and photo By Jeremy C. Wilkins

punkrock_138@hotmail.com

Anyone who has grown up in Salt Lake City and started going to shows at a young age knows that Salt Lake's all-ages venue options have always been limited. Stereotypically, all-ages venues come and go every few months to every few years for numerous reasons, which is also a nationwide trend. The staying power of a venue screams volumes about the owners, the patrons and the bands that play there. Furthermore, there is something to be said about an all-ages venue, which doesn't require any bar revenue to pay the bills. That venue in Utah is *Kilby Court*: one of Utah's longest running all-ages venues, which will celebrate its eighth anniversary in July.

"*Kilby* was an accident," said Sherburne. "It was never intentional. I never planned on starting a venue, but at a certain point it became my identity and now I like it. Up until very recently I still thought I was a woodworker."

In 1999, Sherburne was living in his woodshop on *Kilby Court* (the street) where the bathrooms are now located. At the time Sherburne was living there the *Kilby* space/garage became available for rent and Sherburne snatched it up. "I was in this art group called *Borrowed Walls*," Sherburne said, "And I thought they'd go in on it with me; as it turned out, they didn't want to. There was no bathroom and it was a garage with one outlet."

When Sherburne's idea for making the garage space an art gallery didn't pan out, he decided he still wanted to find a way to hold on to the property. Around that time, venues around town had been under fire for doing shows and were laying low. "The promoters were trying to find places to put shows and I said, 'We can do it here in this garage, just give me a little money to offset the rent.' Then it became fun. It was parties and you could bring alcohol, do anything you wanted and there was a donation jar if you wanted to give."

It was in July of 1999, that **Gentry Densley of Iceburn** and **Form of Rocket** (to name just two of his many bands) called up Sherburne about doing a proper show in the garage—not just a party with bands playing. When Densley printed up flyers for the show he advertised the garage as the "*Kilby Court Gallery*," thus naming the space.

Kilby Court had entered the "honeymoon phase" of its existence. The shows started flowing, it was gaining notoriety and it quickly became the place for live music and parties—everything seemed to be perfect, then reality came and swiftly put its foot down.

"For 10 months [when] it became more consistent, we were doing three, four, five shows a week and then the city came in and said we needed to get a license. We had to shut it down and make it legal. I was going to quit at that time because I got some pretty hefty tickets and was looking at jail time for running a business without a license and they said I was selling the alcohol to the people I let bring it in. The city had a pretty solid case."

While going through the mess of getting shut down, resolving tickets, accusations and deciding whether to close up shop or reopen, Sherburne said his attorney talked him into keeping *Kilby* and making it legal. However, the money it would take to get things official was more than Sherburne had to give. One night, **Rick Ziegler**, owner of the then *Salt City CDs*, called and told Sherburne he really liked what he was doing and hoped it would continue. Sherburne told Ziegler he didn't have the money to go through the legal process. Ziegler then promptly offered \$2,000 to help and said to call if more was needed.

Upon reopening the venue, Ziegler came to the first show and told Sherburne that it was great, but that a new sound system was in order and went out and bought new sound equipment for *Kilby*. "It was amazing," said Sherburne of Ziegler's generous contribution. "He came in at a critical time and did great stuff for us. From there it has progressed and evolved into what it is now."

Running *Kilby Court* gave Sherburne the opportunity to meet and talk to countless people daily. The now-famed Utah and world-known artist **Leia Bell** was one of these. Sherburne remembers Bell as a frequent *Kilby* attendant when he met her. After some time passed, Bell began doing Xerox flyers for shows, the two began dating and eventually, found she was pregnant.

"We found out we were pregnant and decided, 'Let's try this. Let's go forward with this.' I remember thinking that night: 'I want my kid's mom to be famous.'" Sherburne said. Shortly after that, the two moved into an apartment right across from

Kilby. Bell was about to graduate from college and the couple decided to have her start doing the posters. "*Leia has defined Kilby with her posters*," Sherburne said.

When people began seeing Bell's *Kilby* posters and when she began posting her work on www.gigposters.com, her art career began to ignite and started a fire that threw *Kilby* the rest of the way out of the dark and into the light.

"The art [stood] out as world class. It did something because of the gushing praise we would get from bands," said Sherburne.

Bell's show posters and art are now collected the world over and her artwork is able to bring in more money than *Kilby*, so in spite of all the recognition and success of both *Kilby* and Bell, the venue has never brought and is still not bringing in a substantial amount of money for Sherburne and Bell, who now have three boys—Cortez, 5, Ivan, 3 and Oslo, 7 months.

"I remember the year when *Kilby* lost \$979 and I was stoked because it was almost breaking even. When I was single, I could work at night and that's what *Leia* says she remembers about me—that I was the guy in the shop working late at night. It lost money and I supported that by doing carpentry. When you have kids though, you can't work all night to make up for the show you lost money on."

Living on *Kilby Court* across from the venue was taxing on Sherburne, who said he over-stresses everything. "If you're self-employed, you don't have the luxury of punching out at the end of the day. Now it's established enough that it's not self-consuming. I'm not stressing about it all the time."

Though Sherburne agonized about different aspects of his work at the venue, one thing he never worried about was his and Bell's children growing up around the *Kilby* concert-goers.

"The people that they've been exposed to over there are good people," he said. "Our crowd is the best and the brightest. That exposure to a positive crowd is hugely beneficial and it would have been detrimental if they were exposed to a negative crowd, like the crowd I grew up with," said Sherburne of his punk-rock youth. "I was a misfit and found this alternative scene, this punk culture and I don't think it was good. I've always thought the way I grew up was a good thing, but it wasn't healthy, it wasn't positive and I hope my kids don't have to go through that. What I want to offer this community with *Kilby* is something that if you're struggling with your identity, you don't have to be negative, there's something positive and not mainstream."

As Sherburne's and Bell's children continue to grow, so do many of the fledgling bands who first spread their tiny wings at *Kilby* such as **Death Cab For Cutie**, **My Chemical Romance**, **Bright Eyes**, **The Shins**, **Minus The Bear**, **Rise Against** and **Cursive** to name a few.

Band after band and year after year, *Kilby* continues to breathe music into its walls and exhale an optimistic vibe that is unduplicated anywhere else. Sherburne accrued its most of *Kilby*'s longevity—besides his staff, which he says are "the greatest," and the kids who return show after show—to low overhead and a great landlord.

"We took a garage that had one outlet and turned it into something. We didn't go out and rent prime retail space to start. If you've got to come up with that much money every month, you're going to have to do risky shows and at a certain point the risky shows are going to get you shut down. That's just the way it is. Our landlord, **Al Carter**, has been enough of a standup guy to have kept rent the same. Technically he could have raised it after we did improvements and [when] property taxes have gone up [but] he's kept it the same. He's been a good guy," said Sherburne.

Through the eyes of Sherburne, the future of *Kilby Court* is gleaming with hope and possibilities. For the anniversary celebration on July 27, Sherburne and Bell have received approval from the city to turn the old woodshop into a poster/art gallery, which will be unveiled at that time. Sherburne said it will be a place where people, and parents specifically, can go to sit down, talk and get away from the music for a few minutes if they want and enjoy some interesting art.

"I'm excited. For a long time I was bitter and feeling like I had to move on, like I was trapped by *Kilby*. I was thinking, 'This is good for the community and bad for me.' Now I'm past that; I think there's a lot we can do. It'll be different, it'll evolve, it'll change, but I really think it will be around. How and who and what's involved is definitely going to change, but as long as I have something to do with it, I want it to be what it is—somewhere anyone of any age can feel comfortable and watch a show without any pretentiousness or intimidation."

A CHANCE MEETING ON A DISSECTING TABLE:

By Erik Lopez
erik@slugmag.com

An Interview with James Chance

2007 will see the release of a new James Chance and the Contortions record, tentatively titled *Incorrigible*. Named after one of the songs off the album, it's not so much a "new record" per say, but rather a collection of miscellaneous tracks that haven't properly seen the light of day. "Most of the songs are songs that I have had for a while, over the past 20 years that I never recorded or were recorded on live albums that I felt never did justice to them," says Chance from his home in New York. Surprising? Kind of, considering that Chance reappeared back in the music scene, in 2001, playing a handful of limited engagements and music festivals.

James Sigfried, aka James Chance, started his musical career in the mid-70s when he moved from Milwaukee, Wisconsin to New York City. At the time of his move, Chance was heavily involved in the music circles in his native Milwaukee but found it lacking for his creative needs. "I couldn't stand being in Milwaukee; it was a really bad place for music at the time. I had the first free jazz group in Milwaukee and I was also in this rock band, **Death**; it was a real **Stooges/Velvet Underground**-influenced band. It was a really good band, but in Milwaukee in 1974 there was nowhere for us to play," recalls Chance.

Once in New York, Sigfried changed his last name to Chance and started bouncing around the jazz circuit with his trademark saxophone blazing but soon found that unfulfilling as well. "There was this whole 'lost jazz' thing happening in New York at the time. It became clear to me that I just wasn't going to make it as a jazz musician; it wasn't so much the music, but as a person, I just didn't fit in. I fit in much better in the rock scene," remembers Chance. Coming around full circle in the late 70s by melding his jazz background and punk-rock persona, Chance teamed up briefly with **Lydia Lunch** in **Teenage Jesus and the Jerks**, but found his true musical resonance with the Contortions in 1978.

The Contortions started with four songs that they contributed to the legendary, genre-defining **Brian Eno** compilation *No New York*. While other "no-wave" bands of the time were blasting assaultive amounts of atonal noises and textures over repetitive rhythms and beats, the Contortions blended jagged, twitchy funk and jazz into a terrorist mixture of danceable punk rock. They focused more on musicianship than the other seminal bands on the comp, such as **Mars** or **DNA**, and Chance himself had a love of R&B that found its

way into his songs. Shortly, thereafter, however, the Contortions broke up after simultaneously releasing albums *Buy* and *Off White* in 1979, and Chance unceremoniously dropped out of the music business in the early 80s.

The mid-90s saw a resurgence in Chance's work brought about in no small part to a revived interest in no-wave music, *No New York* and the stylish praise lavished upon neo-no-wave bands such **Gogol Bordello** and **A.R.E. Weapons**. "It wasn't that I didn't want to do music anymore, it's just that I didn't see an opening for what I was doing," says Chance concerning his decade-long hiatus. "I was reading a lot and just keeping myself occupied. I didn't have much desire to become a painter or any of that kind of stuff ... There was this complete lack of interest [in my work] and I wasn't about to go out there and move this mountain."

In the film *Kill Yr Idols*, no-wave alumni as diverse as **Glenn Branca** and **JG Thirlwell** make scathing comments to the effect that the neo-no-wave is full of bands and personalities that are doing music for rock stardom, greed and pure vanity. They complain that the new "new wave" of music is inauthentic and, even worse, stale. For Chance, however, he views the new group of no-wave talent as a stepping stone for his career. "I am glad [for them]," says Chance. "It [gives] me the opportunity to start working again ... Those bands don't have any of the jazz or funk influences [I have] and I don't think they are really capable of playing that kind of music anyway."

Chance's staying power is evident not only in his rise back to the lime-light but through retrospectives like those put out by **Tiger Style Records** in 2003 called *Irresistible Impulse*, a four-disc career spanning box set that showcases Chance's evident influence on the current trend in music. Currently, Chance can be seen touring Europe playing a Contortions set, doing a lounge act and working on a solo piano show. Outside of gigging and doing music, Chance is busy with other projects as well. "I have been talking about doing a book with **Victor Bockris** [*The Life and Death of Andy Warhol*]," says Chance. "There is also a guy in LA who has been making a documentary about me for the last two years. He went along to a lot of the festival gigs that I did over the past couple of years. He basically films the shows, hangs out with me and my wife and films me during my trips."

James Chance will be touring Europe October 3-24. To find out more about James Chance, check out www.myspace.com/jameschanceeuropetour.



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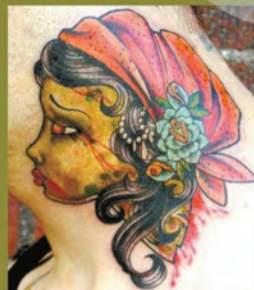


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 Wed. July 11: To Die For, Shatter Messiah, Virgin Black, Drown Out The Stars & tba
 Thu. July 12: Cervello Elettronico, Phono
 Fri. July 13: Salt Lake Sound Check: Monarch, Medicine Circus, Super So Far, Spork
 Sat. July 14: 2nd Annual "Plan For Damage Show" All Day Event 23 Bands Outdoor Stage All Ages
 Mon. July 16: Morgans Door, tba
 Wed. July 18: Redemption, Tragic Black
 Thu. July 19: Venison, Killing Carolyn, Heathen Ass Worship
 Fri. July 20: Deconstruct, Drown Out The Stars, Manslaughter, Necrophacus
 Sat. July 21: Jezus Rides A Riksha, Meat, tba
 Fri. July 27: Rocky Mountain Hardcore Anniversary Show
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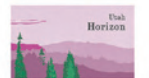
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july 12. shake appeal w/ melissa

july 19. plastic rats and back by popular demand the drunken spelling bee

july 26. local dj/artist manicproject

THURSDAY

july 6. xur & nine worlds w/ the crinn

july 13. tugnot w/ gods revolver, rosetta and battlefield

july 20. wolfs

july 27. devilock misfits cover band

SATURDAY

dance evolution dance party

jacob nyberg's all day breakfast

july 14. milton melvin croissant III

w/picture plane.

july 28. dj/dc birthday bash!

private club for members

vegan and meat lover brunch

Red Light Books



Photo: Conor Dow

R.L.B. owners Tia Martinez and Jared Russell will host a FREE local noise festival on July 14. at 7pm. Several short films will also be shown.

By Conor Dow

tomservo@gmail.com

As Sugarhouse slowly devolves into corporate strip malls, ultimately pushing the small business owners out, many patrons of the area are already looking for an alternative free market. On March 1, 2007, *Red Light Books* was established in a small and uniquely artistic area near the heart of downtown Salt Lake City. While you might not find **John Grisham's** latest work there, you're certain to find something out of the ordinary that might perk your interest; whether it's something like *Muerte! Death in Mexican Popular Culture* by **Harvey Bennett Stafford** or *Sex Machines: Photographs and Interviews* by **Timothy Archibald**, if it's strange and wonderful, chances are it's on the shelves at *Red Light*.

The idea of opening a bookstore hadn't always been in the forefront of **Jared Russell** and **Tia Martinez's** minds. "We honestly didn't plan on doing this," Jared said. He continued to explain, "It's funny because the people at *Slowtrain* suggested we check this place out, because we were talking to them about books one day." After that, things started to come together quickly. "I used to run *LionHead Records* so I had some connections with distributors," Jared said. *LionHead Records* started out as a label, before it became a record store that specialized in selling dub, reggae, hip-hop, jazz and some rock.

"Tia was looking for a job because I work full time for a computer company. She stayed home with our kids and needed something to get out of the house. [The owners of] *Slowtrain* said 'Hey, there's that place on the corner, the landlord seems really cool,'" Jared said. "It kind of came naturally just being into collecting books and 'zines."

Over the past few months *Red Light* has become much more than just a bookstore. They've participated in *Gallery Stroll* and featured the photography of **Andrew Nelson** and the *Dead Baby Show* by **Ben Thomas** in June. Thomas' show consisted of baby dolls and/or parts of baby dolls, in gruesome and uncomfortable poses and situations. There have also been several grindcore and crust punk shows held in the basement FREE of charge.

LECTURE I

INAUGURAL

"That first show we did was amazing, **Catheter** with **Pacifist**," Jared said. **Robin Banks**, one of the store's employees and a member of *Pacifist*, organized the show.

On Saturday, July 14 *Red Light* will be hosting a noise festival. "Noise could be described as a futuristic style that doesn't have any remnants of other music," Jared said, "there are a lot of different sub-genres like **Smegma** who [play] psychedelic 'found sounds' which are all cut up, versus a band like **Merzbow** that's just a brutal wall of noise." Jared got into noise while playing with **Iceburn** during the mid to late 90s; "We were kind of experimenting with different types of noise sounds. Our guitar player and drummer were from Minneapolis and they were into a lot of bands that I had never even heard of. Those guys introduced me to that kind of music," Jared said.

As far as current noise music. Jared had many recommendations. "I'd recommend **Wolf Eyes** for sure. If you check them out, you can be introduced to a ton of different music because each guy in the band runs their own label, and are friends with handfuls of artists, so there's this weird inter-breeding between these projects." Some other artists in the top of his list include **SPK**, **Throbbing Gristle**, **Death Roes**, and **Whitehouse**.

The *Doon'n Sick Noisefest*, organized by Jared, Tia and **Aaron Zillionaire**, will be held at *Red Light Books* on Saturday, July 14th at 7:00pm. **Black Seas of Infinity** will be headlining the showcase. The festival will also feature **The Tenants of Balthazaar's Castle**, **Nosferatu** (**Eli Morrison/8ctopus Records**), **Waxen Tomb**, **Ghastly Hatchling**, **Nolens Volens**, **Norwhal** and **Gudgeguh**. Local filmmakers will also be showing their short films between the musical performances. If you're a big fan of the style, or curious about what noise is, this festival is not to be missed. *Red Light Books* is located at 179 East 300

South in the Broadway district of downtown Salt Lake City. To find out more about upcoming events visit their Myspace page at www.myspace.com/redlightbooks.



koi

PIERCING STUDIO

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Tailskid by Yours Truly

Photo by Bob Jr. Plumb

Skate Product Reviews

By Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Playmobil Skatepark

During those rainy, unskateable days, what do we do? Watch countless hours of television, read a book and waste away while we wait for the sun to dry up all our favorite spots? No more, I say, no more! Thanks to **Playmobil's** new skatepark play-set. Last time it rained I decided to use my imagination, and I was blown away at how much fun this thing was. I actually had to stop myself from playing with the toys when I started changing my voice depending on which skater I was playing with. Although it is a cool addition to any toy lover's collection, I will say that I was a little disappointed that each skateboarder included in the package had a mini cell phone to match their board. Other than that I would highly recommend this play-set for your son/daughter/niece/nephew or anyone for that matter, as long as their imagination hasn't been stolen by "the man" yet. www.playmobil.com

Pig Wheels

What's a necessary item for anyone about to take a road-trip? Most likely you'll need money and a skateboard and then you're ready to embark upon the road; everything

else is a luxury. Well **Pig Wheels** has got some stuff that will make your traveling a little easier the next road-trip you decide to go on: a duffel bag that was not only large enough to hold my skateboard, courtesy of the fancy Velcro straps on the bottom, but was able to fit all I needed for a day trip to anywhere, USA. I got two skateboard decks, all my photo equipment, a change of clothes, a twelve pack, an extra pair of shoes and a bottle of whisky all inside this monstrous bag. Talk about luxury. And to keep me on time, Pig included a stainless steel watch that was able tick-tock on through constant beer spills, a dog bite and all the other random punishment I could dish out. I had no idea they made beer-proof watches now. With a talented team, including **Louie Barletta, Ethan Fowler, Jason Adams, Mike York, and Mike Rusczyk**, its no wonder they travel in style. Go to www.tumyeto.com and see all the other goodies they have including these and more.

Matix Clothing/ DVS Shoes

This package came just on time for the national "Go Skate Day" and man, did we go skate. The shoes, the Munition CT, held up all day with not so much as a wear mark by the end of the session. At first they were a little hard to feel my board, but a walk through a river took care of that. Also included was a **Marc Johnson** shirt that is rather comfortable during the heat of the day, and stylish to boot. **Steve Berra, Daewon Song, Jordan Williams, The Huf** and **Zered Basset** are some of the many skaters that grace Matix's roster of talent. Good stuff, good people, you can't go wrong. See the team and their products at www.matixclothing.com or put this magazine down and skate to your local skate-shop, either way, check 'em out.



Switch heel Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Summer of Death: Contest for Pussies!

By Shawn Mayer smayer@lbsnow.com

SLUG Mag's first contest in the *Summer of Death* series was held on Saturday, June 16, at the recently opened *Union Board Shop* in Sandy. The theme for this contest was a contest for pussys (the kitty kind, you pervert). And to make it even better it was free.

The contest was split into divisions and two different courses were available. Inside, the little tikes tried to earn themselves a little money on the street course, consisting of two banks, a few ledges and a wall ride. Since only fifteen kids signed up total between the beginner and intermediate groups, the powers that be decide to have them both skate at the same time. If you've ever skated this park before then you know it's not huge; add in a few dozen spectators, judges and competitors, and the park becomes very tight. However, the little guys came out swinging. Although it was difficult to tell who was who, a few skaters stood out. **Dagan Moulton**, by far the smallest competitor, was one of only a few to attack the wall ride with a transfer. Other highlights from the opening round include **Jake Peterson's** 360 flip and **Nick Kolkman's** all around slaying of the whole course.

Then it was on to the big boys, who battled for best trick over a kiddie pool; this gap was not for those afraid to get a little wet. If you didn't have the speed you could wind up losing your board in the water. After about an hour long warm-up session, the competitors were ready to go. **Oliver Buchanon** showed that he was no pussy as he launched a couple huge frontside flips to flat, but just couldn't ride away. **Auren Lopez** snatched himself a frontside flip even bigger. The big winner of the contest was **Isaiah Beh** who got the crowd stoked with his switch heel flip.

Last, but not least, was the Red Bull Barrel launch. What started out as a limp-wristed gap soon turned into some serious airtime that only the most talented could handle. By this time, only four or five competitors were left standing. Barrel by barrel the gap spread and the skaters thinned out. In the end, only two men were left standing. Looking to score, Oliver ran full speed and with the help of his hand was able to make it over the 10 barrels. **Kelly Ferrone** had one last chance to up the ante, but fell as he tried to push it through.

Thanks to everybody for coming out for this comp and of course, our sponsors: Ogio, Union Board Shop, Skullcandy, Binary, The Levitation Project, VOX, Analog, DC Shoes, The Truth About Tobacco, The Slippery Kittens.

Casualties of the kitty pool. Photo: Adam Dorobiala





Oliver, Melon from hell. Photo: Adam Dorabiala



Clockwise from L to R: second place Kelly Ferrone has winnings. Bad Brad Wheeler's trophies. The Lone Ranger mean muggin'. Photos: Chris Swainston



Results:

Beginner

1. Nick Kolkman
2. Dagan Moulton
3. Jake Peterson

Intermediate

1. Alec Pitken
2. Bobby Lewis
3. Sam Giles

Best Trick

1. Isaiah Beh \$750
2. Auren Lopez \$250
3. Oliver Buchanon

Red Bull Barrel

1. Oliver Buchanon \$100
2. Kelly Ferrone

WHO'S THAT DUDE?

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW WILSON

By Shawn Mayer

[Andrew] Wilson looks like all the fucking hippies I went to college with in Vermont. But don't let the dreads throw you, this dude is not a tree hugger and the fucker murders skateboards like he's **Jeffrey Dahmer**. I first met Wilson two years ago when I came out to visit some friends that just so happened to live with him. The first thing I saw was this long-dreaded freak killing a two foot mini ramp that he built in his living room. He's a legend (in very loose terms) of Salt Lake's underground skate scene. Ask any rad skater here if they've heard his name and they will all say the same thing, the guy rips! So why don't you know who he is? Well now is your chance to, directly from the horse's mouth.

SLUG: Are you really related to **Tosh Townsend**?

Andrew Wilson: Fuck you.

SLUG: How long have you been skating?

AW: 11 or 12 years.

SLUG: What attracts you so much to skating? What does skating mean to you?

AW: No one tells me what to do. [It's all about] flow and fun.

SLUG: Why don't you compete?

AW: I've just never been competitive [that] shit makes me nervous. I don't think skating should be judged.

SLUG: Have you ever been sponsored or will be?

AW: I was a little, here and there. I try to stray away from that—shits a headache.

SLUG: Who do you skate with? Who are the best people to skate with?

AW: Homies that I live with, **EMW**, **SFK** or solo. Anyone who's down for a good sesh.

SLUG: Will we be seeing any footage of you in any future videos?

AW: Always the **EMW** films!

SLUG: What are your thoughts on today's skate fashion (tight pants vs. gangsta shit)?

AW: Both are pretty ridiculous, but that tight pants shit's gotta go.

SLUG: Who deserves respect that gets none?

AW: Not that they don't get respect, but **Willie**, **Slyvester** and **Lance [Harris]**. They're the best.

SLUG: What's your favorite trick?

AW: Back tails and 3 flips.

SLUG: Street or Transition?

AW: Both, but lately tranny.

SLUG: Favorite spot?

AW: *Sandy park*.

SLUG: Favorite vice (drink, smoke, sex, porn, etc.)?

AW: Love beer and boobs!

SLUG: Favorite jam band: **Phish** or **Widespread Panic**?

AW: **Slayer**! Fuck that hippie shit!

SLUG: Why do you and **Greg** text each other photos of your shits?

AW: Cuz fuck that kid.

SLUG: What does a lady have to do to get your number?

AW: Just ask, but I probably won't answer. I'm pretty bad with cell phones.

SLUG: You really didn't want to do this interview did you? Why?

AW: Not really. I couldn't give a fuck if people know I skate, it's all for my own benefit anyway.

SLUG: What does your future hold in general and in skating?

AW: Traveling, slanging drinks, living life and just having fun with skating.

SLUG: Since your not sponsored, competing or trying to live off of skating why should we give a shit and read this interview?

AW: I was wondering the same thing. I guess to let people know that skating isn't all about the bullshit (sponsors). I've been doing it for this long because I love it. Skating is so huge now that it seems like lots of kids get into it just for sponsors and the hope of turning pro when they should just enjoy it for what it is. Getting hooked up is cool, but it should never influence why you skate.

SLUG: Any "final thoughts"?

AW: Do your own thing, don't take it too



Back tail Photo: Chris Swainston



*Wilson exhibiting his Jedi skills
with a 5.0 super revert.
Photo: Adam Dorobiala*

RANDOM NEWS



By Peter Panhandler
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Lately, It's been getting hot in Zion and there is a lot of shit to talk about.

First and foremost, our best wishes go out to **Jason "Jersey" Taylor** who is having some medical problems. Get well brother and give a Mexican a call. Congratulations again to **Mark White** and **Tennile Petty**, now known to the world as **Mr. and Mrs. Mark White**. Congratulations also go out to **Shawn McCumber** and his girl **Bonnie** down in New Orleans; they have a bun in the oven. If you don't know what that means, there is a beautiful child about to enter this world. **Brian Baade** somehow has put together a professional contest at *South Jordan Skate Park*. That contest will be in

the bowl for **Christ's** sake. Props to you Brian, not good looks. *SLUG Magazine's* very own **Bob Plumb** is entering *Slap Magazine's* Photography Contest. Let's hope he wins because that's my dawg. In other skate park news, it looks like *Rose Park* will be getting one. I've heard it looks like a mini *American Fork*. When it's built, be on the lookout for board jackers and other lowlifes to be lurking hard. Look for that *Automatic Magazine* article on **Dirty Hads** in an upcoming issue.

Milo Sport hosted their annual *Canyon Rim Handrail Contest* and it was once again a success. **Adam Dyet** won with a kicky back tail and a kicky back lip. **Lizard** came in a close second with

original style and a pole jam 180 over the stairs and a pole jam board slide on the rail. That shit was sick. **Oliver** got third with blah, blah and blah, not necessarily in that order. **Zinelli** had a proper suski grind and almost got the 180 out, backside of course. Little **Brandon** also showed everyone how to do a sweet ass looking kickflip.

More skate park news. Looks as though we'll have to wait until the end of August to find out the final verdict on whether *Fairmont* will be getting lights for the skate park. It's pretty much a go though. See what happens when you get involved with city planning meetings and such? Also, it seems that *Quail Hollow Park* (9000 S. 2700 E.) originally had



FROM THE SKATE WORLD



Congratulations again to **Mark White** and **Tennile Petty**, now known to the world as **Mr. and Mrs. Mark White**.



Professor Plumb Pole jam back 80 Photo: Chris Swainston

plans to be built with a skate park in it. The new plans, however, don't. Instead they have basketball courts, baseball diamonds and a dog park. These news plans are under scrutiny and review as of now. Voice your opinion at planning@sandy.utah.gov or **Nancy Shay** 801-568-2900. Utah the land of mayonnaise and skate parks – I'm in heaven.

Oh yeah, the **Matix Am** team was seen rolling through the valley with **Jordan Williams** on hand along with **Lamare Hemmings**, **Torey Pudwill**, **Boosch**, **Mike Mo** and my favorite **Marty Murawski**. Remember to watch your language and bad behavior (smoking cigarettes and dope, which now constitutes you being a bully) if you're at Sandy's

Lone Peak Park. Surprise visits by Sandy's Mayor have closed the park and officially put all you little turds on probation. Now, off-duty police officers will be attending the night sessions. Don't think they won't do it again. If you want to cause a ruckus go to 9th and 9th. No one cares about anything there. Just kidding.

SLUG Magazine in conjunction with the *Summer of Death Contest Series* is stoked to announce our "**Red Bull – Why I want to go to Woodward Contest**" The nice people at Red Bull have put up a scholarship for a free session at Woodward West Skate Camp in California. All you have to do is write us an essay saying why you're the best little trooper

to go on this mission. Don't worry – we won't judge you like your schoolteachers do. We don't care about grammar, spelling or any of that stuff. We just want the best heartfelt reason you should be there. Adults (meaning anyone over 18) are not allowed to enter. The winner will be announced at the *Summer of Death Secret Locations Contest* on August 11th at the award ceremony and bbq. Send your essay to *SLUG Magazine* at info@slugmag.com or to 351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B SLC, UT 84101. If your parents are OG enough to have a fax machine, send it to 801-487-1359. Become the next **Ryan Sheckler** at Woodward West.

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7.13 THE NUMBS & MINDSTATE TOUR KICKOFF

7.15 BOAT & CHEMISTRY SET

7.17 NICK BLACK

7.20 ELIKTRIKCHAIR & ANGELS OF DECEPTION

7.26 HEZIKIAH

7.27 DUB SHACK PRESENTS: AFRO OMEGA

7.29 LUCIA LIES

7.31 COBRA SKULLS W/ DIRTY TACTICS & XUR

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8.3 THE WOLFS

8.5 BLUE COLLAR THEORY

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Books Aloud

The Living and The Dead

Jason

Fantagraphics Books [Street: 02.15]

The Living and The Dead is a zombie story that falls more in line with the cinematic comedic styling of *Grace Lee's American Zombie* rather than the 28 Days films. Using his trademark anthropomorphic characters, Jason tells a slim, turbulent love story of a dog-man who washes dishes, falls madly in love with a dog-lady and in turn has to single-handedly fight a battle against zombies to save his object of affection from being eaten. With black-and-white, austere graphic storytelling, humorous pictorial gags and quick pacing, *The Living and The Dead* is not only fast and satisfying but also includes a zombie eating a baby! Charming, to say the least. —Erik Lopez

Millions of Women are Waiting to Meet You

Sean Thomas

Da Capo Press [Street: 05.01]

When freelance journalist Sean Thomas (who's pushing 40 and is still single) is asked by an editor or a men's magazine to do a cover story about online dating, he was reluctant. Hell. I don't blame him, internet dating is a little fucking weird. He accepts the assignment and eventually, that cover story became this memoir. *Millions of Women are Waiting to Meet You* truly captures the awkwardness that is associated with dating (online or otherwise), and through his trials and tribulations in the online world, readers get to peek in on all of his previous conquests. There are prostitutes in Thailand, an almost threesome in Russia, abortions and girls that liked anal. The memoir is hilariously awkward and brutally honest, often simultaneously. It lets you peek into the most intimate moments of an individual's life and begs the question. Is sexual deviancy really all that weird? The memoir is good (until the clichéd ending) but I still think that flying to Thailand to fuck some prostitutes isn't normal. —Jeanette Moses

Prank the Monkey: The ZUG Book of Pranks

Sir John Hargrave

Citadel Press [Street: 02.01]

Sir John Hargrave is the consummate prankster behind Zug.com. With *Prank the Monkey*, Hargrave ventures into the more confined world of the published book. The simple fact that it is a book in some ways sets PTM behind because it can't directly reference video clips, other websites, or scrapbook photographs like ZUG. At various points throughout the book, Hargrave references his website so the reader can get the full experience, such as watching video of him opening a Christmas present from Charles Manson, or read all of the jokes sent to him by Congressmen. This is a brilliant marketing scheme, but is a bit tedious for the 21st century non-linear web-surfer. This book breezes by; much in the same manner as prankster writers Michael Moore and Al Franken. Unlike the aforementioned authors, though, Hargrave's political agenda isn't as relevant to his shenanigans as is his almost crusade-like desire to stick it to the man. Or, to at least see how far he can push the boundaries. This is both Monkey's strength and its weakness. The pranks that are hilarious and require a great deal of planning and seem to have a true punch are fantastic (The Michael Jackson Stunt, Ashton Kutcher, responding to junk-email). Others fall flat and seem a bit base for a man obviously as logistically and BS talented as Hargrave (applying to be a knight, Congressmen sending him jokes). Overall, this is a hilarious read and is terrifying in the revelation that getting a credit card in any name, including Fuk Yu, is easier than opening a rental account at the local Blockbuster. This is *Jackass* for the intellectual. —Peter Fryer

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SLUG MAGAZINE



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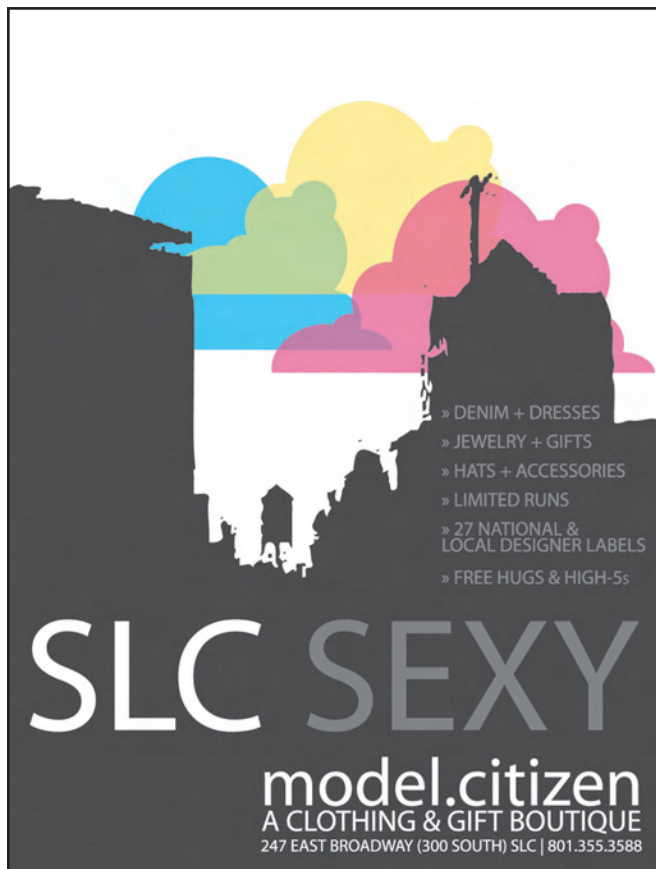
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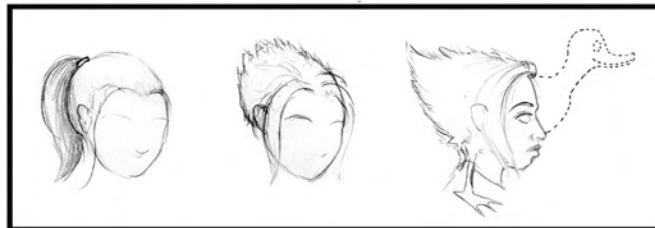
THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

"The Attack of the Ponytail Snatchers"

Filed by Oom

The cheerleading squad never saw it coming. They never saw it leaving either. Every ponytail snatched - cut off at the rubber band - not a single hair left behind. It all happened quickly too. There was just a swish hiss sound, a breeze, and a sudden lighter feeling to the head or so. So I was told anyway. I'd been about half a block south on Main Street making my way to the City Center stop to catch a train. I could see and hear that the southbound platform was over run with a giggling gaggle of girlies. As I considered ways in how to avoid the squawking flock, the screaming started. And what an eruption! Panic, shrieking, tears, hugs - the works. I had to investigate, permagrinning the whole time. All that hair had truly vanished. Somebody really ought to have thought to warn all the out of town squads coming in for the GREAT BASIN CHEER OFF CHAMPIONSHIPS that no ponytail was safe on the streets of Salt Lake City. This is a fairly recent phenomenon with the first cases reported about seven months ago. It started with only a few scattered incidents. The authorities initially thought the victims might all be a band of prankster feminists or a bonker's religious group. It was even suggested that it might be a form of modern art. Evidence of this hair thievery can be seen all along the Wasatch Front - ex-ponytail headed women with

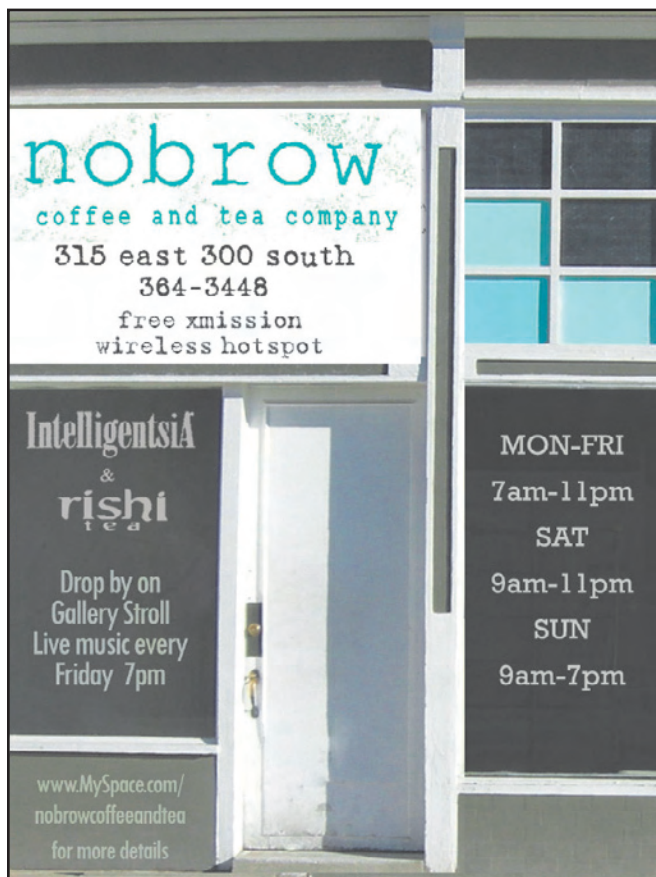


hair short and spiked up in back while the sides and front are left longer. The style has also become known as the "Utah Duckbutt." No official statements have been made concerning whatever is going on, and the media doesn't seem to want to touch it. Pure denial. But through word of mouth and so many people's personal experience, there is probably not a single resident of the state who isn't aware that something truly weird is going on. A good portion of the population believes it to be a sign of the times and the beginning of Armageddon. Food storage and emergency preparedness kits have become the local mania, overturning scrapbooking as the hobby of choice. Wilderness survival and endurance courses have seen a surge in popularity. The intermountain west is abuzz with repentance. The attacks have increased and they are not limited to bouncy young women either. Many a manly rough and grizzled biker sporting a frazzled and unconditioned tail suddenly finds himself with less wind resistance. It all seems to be centered around downtown and the surrounding residential areas, but occasionally unhappy squeaks will be heard from places like Sandy and West Valley. So far nothing about the culprits has surfaced aside from whispers of "the ponytail snatchers," but the palpable unease can be felt throughout Utah.

(filed by Oom)



drawings by Scruffy Woodthrush



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Gallery Stroll



Sculpture by Camilla Taylor

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Gallery Stroll has become an official public event. Never mind that people have been strolling art galleries on the third Friday of every month and calling it the *Gallery Stroll* since 1983. I guess the word finally got out.

Funny, *SLUG* has been reporting about this free evening of arts and entertainment for the last seven years. As with anything else that goes from underground to official, some of the freedom is lost. Now that *Gallery Stroll* is its own nonprofit public entity, the members of its association can longer serve that refreshing glass of wine I became so accustomed to; I knew it wouldn't last forever. We still have the opportunity to check out art and we can still enjoy each others company but you'll need to liquor up before or after, or as most of us do go underground.

An underground goddess is returning to Salt Lake City and she is bringing her minions. The queen of **Vegan Erotica**, **Camilla Taylor**, will return from the furnaces of hell (also known as Phoenix, AZ) where she has been creating her little darlings: voodoo dolls of the people in her life. Camilla makes no qualms about it: "Each piece in this series is the (co)modification of an idea of a person or type of person ... the friends who you can't quite trust ..." she says. Camilla's new work has her being referenced as a sculptor but her true passion is printmaking. "After school, when I had very limited access to a press, I started working more in sculpture. Hence, the ceramic and fabric dolls that I last showed at **Kayo**, but I wanted to get back into printing," remarks Camilla. "Printmaking is a medium that I mostly associate with two dimensionality--it's a flat process. I wanted to be able to maintain the aspect of the ceramic sculptures... while taking the process somewhere new," continues Camilla. The *Sole Cist* show, contrary to the name, is a well thought out, well executed event. If you are looking for an outlet for your own social frustrations check out this show, opening July 20th 177 East. Broadway, Kayo Gallery or check out more of Camilla's radical work at www.horsefleshproductions.com.

Art Access was one of the first galleries to join and promote the *Gallery Stroll* event. They have been instrumental in providing a venue for local artists. *Art Access* is now located in the new **Artspace** building at 230 South 500 West. Stop in Monday through Friday 10am to 5pm and of course for the official *Gallery Stroll* June 20th.

Doing what you love is a motto for *Art Access* and it's especially true with artists **Wynter Jones** and **Jonell Evans** who are showcasing new work this month. Wynter works in traditional oil on canvas, but with an original portrayal of her subjects. Wynter has been visually exploring the similarities of fossils and humans. As a graduate of the University of Utah in 2004 she received the prestigious **Howard Clark Scholarship**. Her creative look into the sciences and critical thinking makes this lady an artist to watch. Jonell Evans is also branching out and reaching in new directions. She recently wrote and illustrated a children's book that features paintings of Southern Utah.

Gallery Stroll may be going mainstream but as long as you stay tuned to *SLUG* you'll always get the underground scoop. Until next time, support local art, and buy local first.

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JULY 2007

REAPER

<p>FRI 6 Viva Knievel, milky soul, (former members of 801and the moon family)</p> <p>SAT 7 Battles, the tremula, the future of the ghost</p> <p>SUN 8 Under Byen, kid medusa, miracle population</p> <p>TUES 10 Chicago Afro beat Project, The Body, Joe Chisholm unit, djrteetoe</p> <p>WED 11 Reaper benefit and farewell show</p> <p>FRI 13 SLUG Mag Localized</p> <p>SAT 14 TED DANCIN'</p> <p>SUN 15 Rehab Hymn, ninth cloud</p> <p>TUES 17 Dear Stranger</p> <p>WED 18 Alela Diane, Ghost Buffalo, machine gun blues, The Furs</p>	<p>THURS 19 My Demise</p> <p>FRI 20 Mugshots</p> <p>SAT 21 Vile Blue Shades</p> <p>TUES 24 Heathen Ass Worship</p> <p>WED 25 Wood Box Gang, free press, butchman and sundance</p> <p>THURS 26 Shannon Curtis, Atherton</p> <p>FRI 27 COSM, Blue Lotus Dance Collaborative</p> <p>SAT 28 Cub Country, Band of Annuals, Dead point horse</p> <p>UPCOMING SHOWS 8/1 DUBCONSCIOUS, 8/11 MICHELLE MALONE, 8/18 PELICAN, 8/22 BACK DOOR SLAM, 8/23 DETROIT COBRAS, 8/27 2 MEX, 8/28 THE AZETT BROS, 8/31 SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM</p>
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SLOW TRAIN

JULY 19
Cottages,
French
Quarter
&
Me and My
FARROW
7PM

JULY 20
221 E. BROADWAY

JULY 21
Happy Birthday!!
Live music from 11am to 10pm
Featuring: Lazerfang,
the Lionelle, Palomino,
BAND OF ANNUALS, Cub Country
Ben kilbourne, the GLINTING GEMS,
Vile Blue Shades

Screenprinting party with
SLOW TRAIN designs by PETER & FLESS
FROM 6 to 10 PM \$5.00 Suckas
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"I cared, I saw that other people cared, and I couldn't resist to care more ..."
 – Andrew Garrard, organizer of the *Sugar Rush Music & Arts Festival*

Photo: Adam Dorobiala

What Once Was Sweet: Tearing Apart Sugarhouse
 By ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

Sugarhouse has been among the most eclectic communities that Utah has to offer. Over the years skaters, soapbox philosophers, college professors, punks, metal heads, tech savvy geeks, pseudo intellectuals, artists, vagrants, goths, rude boys and girls and the occasional hip hop aficionado peaceably mingled in the vast array of locally owned and operated shops. If you were looking for anything coffee, tie-dyed, new-age, fetish, palmistry related, mocha injected, smoker-friendly, CDs, cassettes, vinyl LPs, vintage toys, obscure books, street tacos, new or second hand clothing Sugarhouse was where you'd wind up. The closest thing to a corporate logo was the "*Raunch*" or "*Heavy Metal Shop*" logos tattooed across a t-shirt or hoodie.

Sugarhouse's low rent, no maintenance was decidedly not beautiful according to the corporate aesthetic, but the cultural diversity in a rather cultural stagnant State made up for the decaying buildings. It isn't a slum, a red-light district or an area where your average rebellious 13-year-old is going to find the trouble they thought they wanted. It is safe, local and by its very nature promotes social equality in a way that public education never could.

I was there for the better part of the 90s. Long before *Barnes and Noble* dominated the intersection and the burnt out school was turned into condominiums. Many afternoons were spent digging through stacks of old LPs and band stickers to plaster school binders with as a silent scream of independence before meeting friends at whatever coffee shop had become the welcomed flavor of the month. Then I'd head down the street to *Club Confetti* where I'd spin away the night amongst the creepy and beautiful to the chaotic sounds of goth and 80s spiked synthpop and industrial.

Some 15 years later most of what's left of the Sugarhouse I love is scheduled to be torn down, making way for an upscale shopping complex with condominiums and office space; as if we desperately needed another open air mall to cater to those who think the Gateway isn't new enough to be trendy anymore. If we're lucky we'll also get a beautiful parking garage. Not that this is what the people of Sugarhouse, those who live there or those who frequent the shops wanted. There was an outcry, but in this day and age it isn't about public opinion when money is involved.

On August 1st the "*Granite Block*" building that has housed *Sugarhouse Coffee*, the *Blue Boutique* and *Orion Records* among other locally owned stores will be razed. Leaving the future uncertain. Will Sugarhouse keep its local friendly environment or plunge into the sterile nature of big name chains?

To commiserate and celebrate what was Sugarhouse and further the idea of buying local first, **Andrew Garrard** is organizing the *Sugar Rush Music & Arts Festival* to take place on July 28. The festival will feature the same two stage set up as the annual Sugarhouse 4th of July celebration. The *Sugar Rush Festival* will, much like the recent *337 Project*, be highlighted by murals from local artists painted on the boarded up exteriors of the Granite Block. The art will be available to purchase as part of a silent auction. Starting at 10 AM and running through 9:30 PM with live performances on the *Performance Audio Stages* from local and regional bands, a rock wall for climbing enthusiasts and fire dancers weaving among booths to help former Sugarhouse businesses liquidate inventory and announce their new locations. Bands confirmed to play: **Lost by Reason, Debbie Graham, We R DNA, Dead City Lights, The Hotness, Polaroid Kiss, Drop Dead Julio, Secret Sobriety, Veronica Hart and the Ragdolls, Raxtin, Rope of Bullets, War on Tara and Purr Bats**. For further information and a full listing of bands performing, booths and businesses that will be taking part in the festival go to www.dincityproductions.com.

CD Reviews

Alamo Race Track

Black Cat John Brown

Minty Fresh

Street: 07.07

Alamo Race Track = The Strokes + Peter Bjorn & John

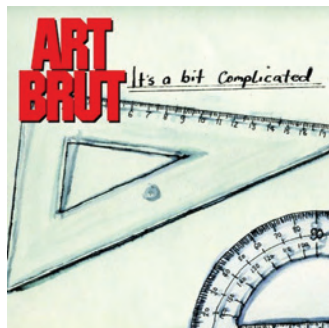
This Dutch foursome gained some popularity after their title track on their upcoming album, *Black Cat John Brown*, was recorded on video and put onto YouTube. Fast-forward: 200,000 + plays later, the band is gaining more and more recognition, and even recently placed the title track in an episode of *Grey's Anatomy*. This album touches on so many musical genres, and the band's different influences are certainly prevalent from song to song. Songs like "The Killing" leave a post-punk feeling, but songs like "Kiss Me Bar" make me feel like I'm listening to some 60s pop band. Whatever the case may be, these songs are all very original and melodious for the most part. Catchy guitar hooks filled with vocals similar to The Strokes or Peter Bjorn & John are all over this album, and it's probably one of the catchiest groups you'll discover this summer. —Tom Carbone Jr.

Art Brut

It's A Bit Complicated

Downtown Records

Street: 06.19



Art Brut = early Weezer + Ramones + Wire. The year 2000 saw the demise of bands like Weezer because they took their aloof high-school nerd appeal too far and turned into uncharming jock rock. Now, with witty and ironic phrases being so hip that the only next step is to bite the tongue that sits in the cheek, Art Brut has taken the confused innocence of Weezer and has brazenly traced onto it Wire's short, dynamic and direct song structure (all the while avoiding the horrendously awful trappings of "talk-singing"). *It's A Bit Complicated* is so uncomplicated that it makes breaking up with someone so much easier! Catchy, frenzied, anthemic

and endlessly amusing like a whore falling through a barstool, Art Brut has made a stunning sophomore album.

—Erik Lopez

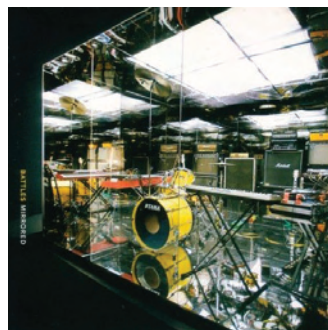
Battles

Mirrored

Warp Records

Street: 05.22

Battles = Animal Collective + Don Caballero + Fantomas



Throwing up a mailbox full of EPs from 2004 to 2007, it's about time Battles stopped swimming in small albums like *Scrooge McDuck* and started developing a full-length respective of their short output. *Mirrored* finds Battles aptly taking and reflecting all that they have done in previous EPs but this time lengthening their stride with an electronic sound that switchbacks between a vocal styling reminiscent of Sparks and a mix between *Blade Runner*, *Hackers* and checkers. A busy album that is not distracting, a joyful noise that is sophisticated yet explosive, *Mirrored* is on my Top 10 for 2007. (Urban Lounge: 07.07) —Erik Lopez

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Strength and Loyalty

Interscope/Full Surface

Streets: 07.03

Bone Thugs = Krayxie Bone + Layxie Bone + Wish Bone

Strength & Loyalty ... Let's be honest here ... it is going to take more than that in order to get through the whole of this CD without performing some sort of self-destruction. To no surprise, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony is at it again, and to no surprise again, *Strength and Loyalty* sounds similar to the predictable entourage of Top 40s radio artisans (AKON, Mariah Carey and Bow-Wow); the album reflects everything expected. And as track 13's title so fittingly states, it all "sounds the same." While I must give credit to the fact that these guys can rap faster than most people can run, I have to say that *Strength and Loyalty* heightens emotional appeal

about as much as an empty grocery bag. We get it. This is how you ride, you need a little L-O-V-E, and we should "bump in the trunk." No matter how much track 14 states, "You'll never forget me," personally, I find it quite easy. —Myles

Candlemass

King of the Grey Islands

Nuclear Blast

Street: 07.17

Candlemass = Black Sabbath + Cathedral + Trouble



Candlemass have had a tumultuous career with many lineup changes, including the exiting and return of vocalist *Messiah*, the band's most popular and arguably best vocalist. Last year's self-titled record was amazing, so this year with *Messiah* gone again, the band faced a new challenge in replacing him. But as the band's bio states, if Black Sabbath can have life after *Ozzy* with *Dio*, Candlemass can exist with their new singer *Robert Lowe* of *Solitude Aeternus*. In a way, every stoner/doom metal band pays an unspoken homage to Sabbath, and Candlemass do just that with their new record but with much added dread and despair. If you love epic metal in any form, Candlemass is a one-way ticket into oblivion, with giant riffs and thunderous drumming. The production courtesy *Peter Tagtren* is crisp and heavy as heavy can be. To find something fresh and new in a band that has existed on and off since 1985 is a feat in and of itself. This record is worth owning for its song, "Emperor of the World," but that isn't the only Bud-worthy track; if I smoked pot I'd be higher than a kite while listening to *King of the Grey Islands*. There are some seriously mind-blowing riffs here that you don't need a hallucinogen to transfer yourself to another realm. Just listen to "Of Stars and Smoke," and you'll find yourself floating on the moon in a blissful stupor. Candlemass have never let me down before and if you love stoner/doom metal you will have no trouble in finding comfort with this latest offering to the doom gods from these

mighty Swedes. —Byrer Wharton

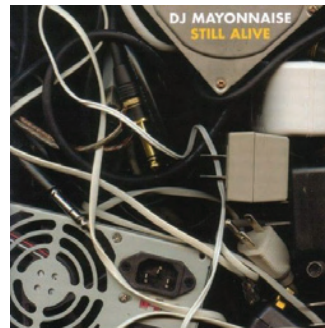
DJ Mayonnaise

Still Alive

Anticon

Street: 07.17

Mayonnaise = Deep Puddle Dynamics + 55 Stories + Welcome Back



Since the dawn of Deep Puddle Dynamics' *The Taste of Rain, Why Kneel?* DJ Mayonnaise has dropped out of the spotlight only to have his place taken by other hard-working musical talent. Entering the Anticon scope and once again surprising the world (and myself) with his impending record release, Mayonnaise has reformed his craft, rearranged his formula and reclaimed his innate ability to master the sample and scratch. In *Still Alive*, Mr. Mayo masters the hypnotic groove with his click-n'-clack percussion, alternating drums and rippling synthesizers. The whole album is filled with perfection pacing, rolling through crispy drums surrounded with a collection of fuzz that builds and fades. The hypnotic grooves explodes at times, but they always leave you fulfilled and wanting more. If I didn't feel alright before I listened to this record, I sure do now. DJ Mayonnaise has veritably returned. —Lance Saunders

Dungen

Tio Bitar

Kemado Records

Street: 05.15

Dungen = (King Crimson/Hendrix) * Swedish folk

Distant sirens bray in the background as fierce reverberating guitar squall slowly grows in violence and intensity before launching into a track laden with astute mind-melting riffage and pounding tribal drums. However, this first track is somewhat misleading, as Swedish psych-rock revivalists Dungen follow up 2004's excellent *Ta Det Lugnt* with a more restrained album full of pastoral aural landscapes and dreamy soundtracks to hazy summer days. While still showing a strong presence, the electric guitar no longer dominates these soundscapes as it did on the previous album, leaving ample room for flute, piano, organ and fiddle to intertwine themselves among the sometimes ambling, sometimes galloping drums and airy vocals. The presence of actual songs is also a noted departure from the sound crafted on *Ta Det Lugnt*, here having definite beginnings and endings, never bleeding unassumingly into one another, and

often jumping between freak-out psych-rockers and low-key, sun-kissed dream folk (the title *Tio Bitar*, in fact, translates to “Ten Pieces”). While this may not be the unabashed rock statement of *Ta Det Lugnt*, it is still an impressive piece of work by primary Dungen man **Gustav Estjes** and guitarist **Reine Fiske**. —*Brian Roller*

Eyvind Kang

Athlantis

Ipecac Records

Street: 07.10

Eyvind Kang = Michael White + Toru Takemitsu + John Zorn + Sun City Girls. Slowly unfolding like a huge old-world wall map, *Athlantis* is hushed and hallowed, and flies in a direction similar to **Dead Can Dance** at their best. Drawing inspiration from Renaissance literature and philosophy, Kang has described *Athlantis* as an oratorio. But where the vocals hover and the string and brass arrangement swaddle them in royalty, there are hints of a background steeped in the likes of **Blond Redhead** and **Bill Frisell** sweeping through the wings. While this kind of classical musical styling may not be for the more bluntly rock n’ roll of tastes, its cross-genre platform is a breath of fresh air in an otherwise stagnant indie-rock arena. **Mike Patton** and **Jessika Kenney** sing the main parts. Surprisingly to some, this is also another Top 10 for 2007. —*Erik Lopez*

Fourth of July

On The Plains

Range Life Records

Street: 07.06

Fourth of July = Saturday Looks Good to Me + Bright Eyes



Nylon strings and raw observations make up this album, which is full of artistic originality. Singer/songwriter **Brendan Hangauer** might be onto something. Intimate interaction and innocent observations bleed through every lyric, leaving you daydreaming in a day-to-day pattern job environment. This record is devoid of secrets. Brendan’s lyrics reflect an untainted projection of young adulthood holding onto social dramas, hopes and desires. The music is simplistic and easy to digest. Flooding guitar licks and exploding trumpets make up most of “Surfer Dude,” while the slide guitar reigns with contentment on “Why Did I Drink So Much Last Night?” The whole album flows with ease, but each song has its own extraordinary feeling and message. Deriving from Lawrence, Kansas, where people just play for the

fun of it, it’s nice to hear some special and honest music getting out of what seems to be a dead-end in the music scene. —*Lance Saunders*

Gallows

Orchestra of Wolves

Epitaph Records

Street: 07.10

Gallows = The Locust + Fear Before the March of Flames + Vanna



I was really excited to listen to this album at first. After all, *Keraang Magazine* had hailed Gallows as “the best British punk band since **The Clash**.” Unfortunately, after listening to this band, I’ve simple decided that the journalist who came up with that line has their head shoved way up their ass. It’s not that Gallows are bad—they just sound like every other post-hardcore band that has been inspired by **Black Flag** and **The Refused**. Many of the songs are indecipherably similar and at many points the band comes off more whiny than angry (even on their Black Flag cover of “Nervous Breakdown”). In short, Gallows is a hardcore band for pretty boys who have the same haircuts as their girlfriends and rock chick jeans on their upper thighs. It’s no surprise that they’re headlining *Warped Tour*. (07.07 Fairgrounds) —*Jeanette Moses*

Gogol Bordello

Super Taranta!

SideOneDummy

Street: 07.10

Gogol Bordello = World/Inferno Friendship Society + Throw Rag + Flogging Molly. *Super Taranta!* is another bunch of hyperactive and infectious gypsy-punk from Gogol Bordello that proves that they are far from a novelty or gimmick band. Gogol Bordello fuses Eastern European folk music with everything from reggae to the kind of music you’d find in an old spaghetti Western movie and tops it all off with the immediacy and energy of good ol’ punk rock. Frontman (and Ukrainian refugee) **Eugene Hutz** leads the band through the album’s 14 tracks as he examines American life from an immigrant’s eyes (“American Wedding”), explores the problem of white slavery in post-U.S.S.R. Eastern Europe (“Zina Marina”) and just barks and shouts over gypsy party music (“Wanderlust King”). The album is a little on the long side, and even with the unique instrumentation and genre-bending, the songs seem to run together in the middle of the album, but *Super Taranta!* is still a shining example of the

true spirit of punk rock: It doesn’t matter what you look like or who you sound like as long as you’ve got something to say. —*Ricky Vigil*

Horse the Band

A Natural Death

Koch Records

Street: 06.26

Horse the Band = With All Sincerity + These Arms Are Snakes + Nintendo + Isis

I have to be honest—I’m a sucker for a band that doesn’t take themselves too seriously. Yes, some of the song structures on *A Natural Death* aren’t the most original, and they rely a little heavily on gimmicky 8-bit sounds. But at the same time, they *are* Nintendo sounds! These guys are no dummies. The formula: Make something that makes people nostalgic for their childhood, put in really odd time signatures and syncopation, scream some nonsense about avoiding animals and then top that with some moody guitar interludes. I don’t know if that’s a recipe for success, but it at least keeps the ears perked and makes you forget that this is in the same genre as **Underoath** and other *Warped Tour* screamo-tacular favorites. The standout tracks “Hyperborea” and “New York City” are well crafted. “New York City” ends in a cacophony of bottle rockets being shot off—it’s sort of like the video gamer’s answer to Bjork’s weirdness. The hugs and constant Contra sounds can get monotonous, but if a band doesn’t take themselves that seriously, you shouldn’t either. —*Peter Fryer*

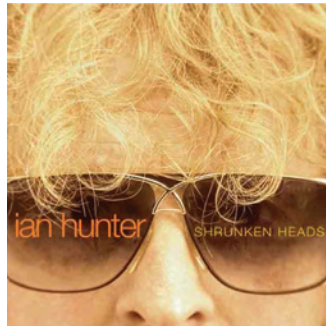
Ian Hunter

Shrunken Heads

Yep Roc

Street: 05.15

Ian Hunter = John Mellencamp – Sentimental Americana + Relevance



Revisionist history suggests that **Mott the Hoople** were nothing more than a one-hit wonder with the **Bowie**-penned “All the Young Dudes,” but Ian Hunter and company flirted with stardom for a number of years before disintegrating. Hunter would prod forward into a solo career. Bowie’s Ziggy-era guitarist Mick Ronson would be a frequent collaborator with Hunter; the duo quietly releasing material until Ronson succumbed to cancer, leaving Hunter to wander on alone. Having now teamed with John Mellencamp’s guitarist, **Andy York Hunter** has recorded an album full of wry observation without completely succumbing to the heavy decadence of sentimental nostalgia.

Closer to **Springsteen**’s *The Rising* than Mellencamp’s recent efforts, *Shrunken Heads* will thrill old fans and suggests to those of us who hadn’t paid attention that we might want to check out the back catalog. —*ryan michael painter*

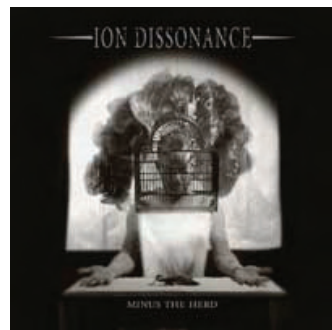
Ion Dissonance

Minus the Herd

Abacus

Street: 06.04

Ion Dissonance = Bury Your Dead + Botch



Dear Ion Dissonance, why did you have to change your chaotic sound to a form of breakdown-based metalcore? Your *Solace* album was masterful, filled with technicality, controlled chaos and utmost brutality. *Minus the Herd* sounds like so many other bands that are just plain boring and overdone. Will you please return that honest chaos that bled insanity to your next album? Also, could you please tell your publicist that having 55,000 friends on Myspace.com means absolutely nothing considering my account gets up to 15 spam “friend requests” a week. I’m sorry to come off so hard, it’s just painful to know how good your *Solace* album was then have you turn that success around and create a **Hatebreed** knock-off album. I know you have it in you to be more than just tough-guy metalcore. Sincerely, a disenchanting fan. —*Bryer Wharton*

Iron Fire

Blade of Triumph

Napalm Records

Street: 06.29

Iron Fire = Queensrÿche at a LARP convention

Power metal does not give a FUCK what YOU think. Yes, YOU! Much like the defenseless nerds you picked on in high school, despite all the scoffing power metal gets, it keeps on persisting because it *LIKES* being nerdy. I find this to be respectable above much in the metal world. While power metal isn’t close to my favorite style of metal, it still somehow holds true to exactly why I started loving metal in the first place: It’s a lot of fun. Iron Fire is one of the several bands at the top of their genre, and this album is no disappointment. Musically, it’s consistently rocking and definitely something that would be great to listen to while your *World of Warcraft* guild battles against the Orcish Horde. Sometimes there’s not much more that you can ask for. ONWARD TOWARD VICTORY!! —*Conor Dow*

Jason Holstrom

The Thieves of Kailua

Mill Pond Records

Street: 07.24

Jason Holstrom = Hele mei hoohiwahiwa!!!

Fuck yea, Hawaii! Take a musical style reminiscent of a surf-crazy tropical vacation, mix in some ukuleles and



various Hawaiian phrases, and you have yourself a \$10 Pacific Island vacation jam-packed into a one little CD. Alright, maybe it's not *that* good; It might even remind some people of those "Hawaiian days" everyone has in elementary school, where everyone gets to bring a beach towel to the cafeteria. Either way, it certainly has a unique and fun energy about it that will, at the very least, make you *think* of something tropical. A fruity cocktail, perhaps?

—Ross Solomon

Kill Your Idols

Something Started Here

Lifeline Records

Street: 05.15

Kill Your Idols = Sick of It All + Negative Approach + Black Flag

Kill Your Idols played their last show in a parking lot somewhere in New York after their big farewell show got shut down by the cops in May of 2007. Most bands probably would've just called it a night, but not these guys. Their passion for music is apparent throughout the 38 tracks on *Something Started Here*, and even though they weren't a particularly well-known band, they made some seriously ass-kicking music that any fan of aggressive, angry punk rock should love. *Something Started Here* collects Kill Your Idols' various contributions to splits and compilations and other rarities, including a couple of covers of songs by Negative Approach and Jawbreaker, among others, and even though this collection is uneven and pretty damn long, it's definitely a great place to get into the band. Kill Your Idols may be gone, but hopefully their music will inspire others to keep hardcore punk going in the right direction for years to come. —Ricky Vigil

Korpiklaani

Tervaskanto

Napalm Records

Street: 06.26

Korpiklaani = traditional Finnish folk music played by bad metal musicians I usually NEVER trust anything released on Napalm Records, but since the release of *Ahab's* "The Call of the Wretched Sea," I've relented a bit.



Man, what a mistake. This sucker is interesting in a kitschy sort of way, but there's no way in hell I could find myself taking this stuff seriously. While their label describes them as "original metal influenced by traditional Finnish folk songs," all that stands out is the folk aspect. The "metal" contained on this album sounds closer to badly played D-beat hardcore, and the album as a whole made me want to find the closest Renaissance fair and bomb the shit out of it. There are a handful of bands around that have been able to successfully meld metal and folk music (see: *Drudkh*), but this isn't one of them. The majority of this album made me want to grab a draught beer and start imitating the Riverdance ... badly. —loveyoudead

Los Campesinos!

Sticking Fingers Into Sockets

Arts & Crafts Records

Street: 07.03

Los Campesinos = The Streets + The Islands + The Cure (happy)

This album sounds like someone put an ad in the classified section of the Sunday *London Times* paper looking for a combination of people who can play any instrument (doesn't matter what kind) and lumped them all together for the fuck of it. Some songs, like "We Throw Parties, You Throw Knives," come off as professional compositions of happy and heartfelt ballads, while others, like "Don't Tell Me To Do The Math(s)," express chaotic enthusiasm for the music they create, but fall flat under dodgy lyrics, cracked vocal cords and off-beat instruments. It almost seems like these guys woke up one day and said, "I want to be in a band!" then with forced practice sessions and a tolerant ear for the substandard and out-of-tune, they birthed this record. It's a collision of US alternative rock attitude with a UK indie-pop ditty. It's irresponsibly fun, sometimes annoying, very short and a gorgeous new album for 2007. —Lance Saunders

Mad Juana

Acoustic Voodoo

Azra

Street: 06.11

Mad Juana = Polly Panic + Diamanta Galas + Gogol Bordello

I wanted to despise Mad Juana based on the much-too-self-aware poetic-gypsy pretentiousness of track one, but ended up being verily impressed by the musicianship, songwriting and studio-quality of *Acoustic Voodoo* overall. Plus, they have the bassist for *Hanoi Rocks*

(who also replaced Arthur "Killer" Kane in the *New York Dolls*)! PJ Harvey vocal influences come out in "Whatever Hell You Choose" (nice whistling!), "7 Below," "6" Ditch" and "Ecstasy," and indeed, PJ has a song called "Ecstasy." Hmm. Spanish/flamenco horns, guitar and violin in "Ghost Riddim" and several other tracks are amazingly executed and will transport you to the *Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, or at the very least, *Zorro*. "Stars" will break your heart in the real way, not the five-minute way, and the sleazy road-house harmonica, horns and sultry vocals of "Steel Will" are so *Davie Lynch* it hurts. However, the four (!) different versions of "Venus in Furs" (including a French one) is, you know, pretty much overkill. —Rebecca Vernon

Meat Puppets

Rise to Your Knees

Anodyne

Street: 07.17

Meat Puppets = The kings of punked-out desert-space rock

The Meat Puppets are back in full effect. Recognize! This is the band's first release since 2000's *Golden Lies* (which shouldn't have really counted as a Meat Puppets album anyway, because



the only original member was **Curt Kirkwood**) and finally, after seven years of hibernation, the Kirkwood brothers have reunited. The band now consists of Curt Kirkwood on guitar and vocals, **Cris Kirkwood** (fresh from a 24-month stay in prison) on bass and **Ted Marcus** (some dude that was a soundman on a Meat Puppets documentary) on drums. Sadly, original drummer **Derrick Bostrom** is no longer in the band, but Marcus seems to have a little bit better drum chops, so it's OK. *Rise to Your Knees* is a return to the old-school Meat Puppets. They have resurrected their more natural sound with simple production and a slight country tinge which makes *Rise to Your Knees* similar to a more mature version of their third and best album, *Up on the Sun*. The band seems at peace once again and it shows in the music; every song has a feeling of relaxed confidence and optimism. The return of the Meat Puppets is a good one. —Jon Robertson

One Hand Loves the Other

One Hand Loves the Other

Stickfigure

Streets: 06.26

OHLtO = sad, sappy music

Listening to this promo, I found myself lighting cigarette after cigarette and

contemplating whether to put them out on my skin. Maybe it's the overuse of alliteration (damn ... I think I might have a problem with that myself) or the constant metaphors of a fucked-up, doomed life. Or maybe it's just because the emo inside of me was



screaming to get out & join the other tight-pant-wearing kids sitting on the floor nodding in agreement that their lives just plain suck. I find the album name strangely similar to what my friend Trevor does every night before he sleeps. Coincidence? Perhaps. I feel as though Lou, the lyricist, recorded every track on first take, then placing in his colorless lyrics at will with no larger picture in mind. Melodramatic piano solos, semi-techno background sounds and whiny guitars complement this miserable experience. If this is their goal, high five! Count me in. If not, it's a large dose of Xanax when all I want to do is dance. —Myles

People Press Play

People Press Play

Morr Music

Street: 07.03

People Press Play = Fourtet + Alias + Feist + My Bloody Valentine + Caribou

Sweden, you gave us the **Knife** and **Anna Ternheim** (we will not mention **Ace of Base** or **ABBA**), and now you give us this. What else should we expect from your musical bounty? People Press Play is all at once ethereal, electronic, moving and catchy. It's the perfect accompaniment to a long drive up Little Cottonwood Canyon at night or the closing credits of an airy, heartfelt love story. Singer **Sara Savary**'s voice is enchanting and layers beautifully over the music of **Anders Remmer**, **Jesper Skaaning**, and **Thomas Knaak**, who have been playing music together since the 90s. Its combination of **Caribou**-esque blips, electronic keyboards and beats that swell as only songs from Sweden can, are engrossing and, although repetitive, are never boring. Indeed, this is a superb offering from Scandinavia. —Peter Fryer

Ray's Vast Basement

Starvation Under Orange Trees
Howells Transmitter

Street: 07.03

Ray's Vast Basement = M. Ward + Smog + Califone



Every song creates a visual image of a traveling, down-on-his-luck bard, sitting on an apple crate, strumming his acoustic guitar. Singin' of the hard times now and future pleasures of living the "American Dream." If you've read **John Steinbeck**, your image might be similar, as every track is inspired by his Depression-era novels and penned for the Actors Theater of San Francisco's production *Of Mice and Men*. Songwriter **Jon Bernson** is the bard of Ray's Vast Basement and his companions on this rough journey include **Nate Query (The Decemberists)**, **Enzo Garcia (Jolie Holland)**, and **Tim Cohen (Black Fiction)**. I despise *Of Mice and Men*. As much as I dislike Steinbeck, I equally love this crafty album. Well-recorded in an old-timey style, these "cinematic folk" songs will have you sitting on a hard floor tapping your toes. —Jennifer Nielsen

Samael

Solar Soul

Nuclear Blast

Street: 07.17

Samael = Dimmu Borgir + Rammstein – the German vocals

Never being able to remain as a constant, Samael has updated their sound from death/black metal in their early years to industrial metal with their last few albums, each with their own distinct sound. While their previous work, *Era One*, showcased the more electronic side of the band, and, regardless of what some metal purists may say, Samael exudes talent and *Solar Soul* is a new showcase for fans of the *Passage/Eternal*-era of the band's discography. The songwriting here is nothing short of astounding. Each track is its own entity and an embodiment of striking emotions. The guitars may not be filled with soloing and excessive leads, but keyboardist/programmer XY is at the top of his game, creating an epic and diverse sound for the group's rough industrial base. Don't forget there is guitarist/vocalist **Vorph** leading the helm with his distinct darkened snarls and deep throaty vocal efforts. The rhythm section of Samael has always been one of their key features, actually one of the only things that has remained consistent within the stylistic changes of the band. You will always

be banging your head with fervor along to the band's bass-heavy bottom end. You can always count on Samael for an interesting listen regardless of your taste. *Solar Soul* once again takes the band to new frontiers. —Bryer Wharton

Sian Alice Group

Nightsong 7"

The Social Registry

Street: 06.19

Sian Alice Group = Dead Can Dance + This Mortal Coil + Lycia



Hauntingly, Sian Alice Group's *Nightsong 7"* finds the group roaming the same hallowed grounds as that of **Lisa Gerrard** in its folksy eeriness (coincidentally, it sounds much like **This Mortal Coil**'s "The Lace Maker" and their cover of "Mr. Somewhere"). Following a proud tradition of breathy female vocalists like **Elizabeth Frazer** and **Siobhan De Mare**, the first track is overlaid with vocalist **Sian Ahern**'s dream-pop, abandoned-house tone. The second track, an instrumental version of "Nightsong," lets the delicate neo-classical/**Saint Etienne** sound puff out thickly between dynamic soft and loud passages. This 7" easily slips between ponderous insight and Sunday brunch. —Erik Lopez

They Might Be Giants

The Else

Idlewild/Zoe/Universal

Street: 07.10

They Might Be Giants = Yes, no, maybe, I don't know

They Might Be Giants, with such a huge trail of fame and fortune dragging behind them, don't need any kind words from lil ol' me. As such, I will give you the *real* skinny on their new CD: It is the musical equivalent to having hairy balls resting upon your chin when you wake up from a night of excessive drinking and debauchery. Each and every one of their damned songs sound so similar that I had an incredibly hard time listening to the album the whole way through without audibly groaning, and that was *after* the 7th or 8th beer. —Ross Solomon

Tia Carrera

Heaven and Hell EP

Arclight Records

Street: 06.12

Tia Carrera = (Boris + Hendrixian solos + Sabbath) – vocals and smeared with jam Not to be confused with the actress from *Wayne's World (Tia Carrere)*, Wayne and Garth would nonetheless find this band to be totally worthy. This three-piece instrumental likes to bring the rock, and its obvious they know what they are doing as exemplified in this three-song EP. What makes this disc even more impressive is that the three tracks are culled from a single take on a single reel of one-inch tape (which is awesomely revealed by viewing the liner notes in the mirror ... simple, but still cool). The result is a 30-minute session of fuzzed-out Hendrix meets Sabbath guitar-hero rock, with the rhythm section prodding and pulling the guitar from epic solos to tribal ethereal noisescapes and back again. While they offer nothing truly "new" to the rock catalogue, these jams will catch you with their enthusiasm, and will certainly sate any craving for epic 70s six-string mayhem. —Brian Roller

Tim Armstrong

A Poet's Life

Hellcat Records

Street: 05.22

Tim Armstrong = The Aggrolites + Operation Ivy



A Poet's Life serves as a free thank-you from the notorious **Tim Armstrong** to all of his fans. Songs from the album began being released on the Internet for free in the fall of 2006. Luckily, the album has also been released on Hellcat Records for fans that lack the patience to track down the 10 songs on the web. *A Poet's Life* marks Armstrong's debut solo release and it couldn't be stronger. Armstrong is backed by the Aggrolites on this release and his scratchy punk-rock vocals blend seamlessly with the free-flowing reggae grooves. Every song on the album is a solid release and they all managed to get stuck in my head after only a few listens. My favorite tracks were "Take this City," "Translator" and "Among the Dead." Play this album loud with the bass turned up to 10. —Jeanette Moses

Track a Tiger

We Moved Like Ghosts

Deep Elm Records

Street: 06.05

Track a Tiger = Yo La Tengo + Low + Ida Track a Tiger returns with another excellent indie album. With **Kristina Castaneda** lending vocals to many of the songs, they reach the atmospheric sway of **Low**. Reaching lofty heights and remaining there, relaxed; not because they're boring, but because there's so much texture happening it's best to take it slow. Strange instruments like an ebow & a buddha machine mixed with the orchestral Rhodes piano, timpani and sometimes a cello, keep Track a Tiger floating, as implied by the album title. Acoustic guitar & banjo, percussions & drum rhythms stop them from floating too high off the ground. They sound a bit Americana, though more Midwest than Far West or the twangy South. —Jennifer Nielsen

The Unseen

Internal Salvation

Hellcat Records

Street: 07.10

The Unseen = Cheap Sex + Career Soldiers + Western Waste

With some pretty decent albums released in the past, The Unseen



have a fairly good track record. Their past two albums (*Explode* and *State of Discontent*) have been mediocre at best. With *Explode*, The Unseen were launched into the mainstream that is Hot Topic, generic, people-pleasing trash. With this release, that garbage has really killed the last shreds of underground street-punk sound they once had. **Mark Useen**'s once-rough scream has been replaced by a half-assed scream that sounds more like he's trying to sing. All of the songs seem to have the same formula: slow intro that builds to a somewhat fast guitar, mid-song interlude where Mark speaks and makes it sound like it's coming from a loud speaker, and generic "government and religion sucks" attitude. Any Hot Topic fan boy will love this new album, but fans of the old Unseen albums will be very disappointed. Pardon my bad pun, but this album should remain unseen. —Josh McGillis

Various Artists

C'est Merveilleux

Luxophonic

Street 06.01

C'est Merveilleux = a mix of loungey, stylish pop from the 60s and 70s
Paris has always had its own music score. You've heard it before—the Hammond organ-heavy, sophisticated 60s pop that sold millions of records to people too proper to listen to **The Beatles**. There's one of these songs on every romantic comedy film soundtrack, usually in a scene where **Meg Ryan** asks **Tom Hanks** if he loves her despite her pug-nose and her stereotypically cute list of neuroses. This new compilation on France's **Luxophonic** label groups together almost two dozen of these songs. There's a track by **Doris Day**, one from **Ennio Morricone**, and even a song recorded by a pre-A&M records **Claudine Longet**. Not many of the other easy-listening artists are recognizable by name, but they all seem to play that same sort of orchestra lead, well-rehearsed songs that were thankfully pushed aside when 70s rock busted onto the scene a few years later. It is not a bad compilation, but it's boring. It might work well as house-cleaning music, but only if you vacuum while wearing pearls and sporting a beehive hairdo. —James Bennett

Various Artists

Essential Dub

ROIR Records

Street: 06.26

Essential Dub = An exquisite sampling of the best dub around!

This comp was an absolute delight. ROIR Records has compiled a CD of some of their favorite dub reggae artists and the tracks were all picked from releases that are currently available from ROIR. Artists range from **Dub Trio**, **10 Ft Ganja Plant** and **Dr. Isrela**. The release also features music recorded in the early 80s (**Bad Brains**) as well as tracks released in 2005 (**Bush Chemists**). *Essential Dub* fulfills its promises and won't disappoint. My favorite tracks were "Truth and Right" by **Ras Michael** and "Bassie Dub 1" by **Twilight Circus**. —Jeanette Moses

Wednesday Night Heroes

Guilty Pleasures

BYO Records

Street: 06.05

Wednesday Night Heroes = **Gorilla Biscuits** + **H2O** + **Judge** + **Youth of Today** + **Rancid** + **Better Than A Thousand** + **Time Again** + **GBH** + the list goes on and on

Wednesday Night Heroes are a melting pot of numerous hardcore and punk rock acts. As their **BYO Records** debut album, *Guilty Pleasures*, plays out, each song and even within each song are notable similarities in style and sound as compared to countless 80s and 90s hardcore and punk bands. Anything from a growl reminiscent of **Youth of Today's** or **Better Than A Thousand's Ray Cappo** to a guitar breakdown that could be found in a **Rancid** song to a chorus that might be found in something from **Time Again**. What you have to decide is if you enjoy hearing

pieces of your favorite legendary bands done in a new way or if it would bother you. Just because there are a plethora (that's right, I used the word "plethora") of recognizable musical influences, that doesn't diminish the quality of the record. The music is energy-filled enough to revive any nearby corpses from the dead—that is for sure. **WNH** have been playing their brand of hardcore punk from their hometown

of Edmonton in Canada since 1997 and have shared the stage with many remarkable US acts like **Bad Brains**, **The Casualties**, **Youth Brigade**, etc., so maybe it's time you checked them out and got your own opinion. —Jeremy C. Wilkins



Adjacent To Nothing

S/T

Independent

Street: 07.10

Adjacent To Nothing = **Korn** + **Disturbed** + **Mudvayne** + **Chevelle**



This is the first release from Orem's *Adjacent To Nothing*. The album was produced by big-timer **Sylvia Massy-Shivy**, the woman responsible for many classic records such as **Tool's Undertow**, **Johnny Cash's Unchained** and the first **System of a Down** album. Massy-Shivy's production style can be heard throughout the album and brings out the emotion in **ATN's** music. The boys in **ATN** are all about the nü-metal. These guys have the style down cold. Had this album come out five years ago this band would have been huge. The music has all the necessary elements, creepy somber verses, chugging heavy choruses with anguished screams accompanied by soaring vocal: everything you could want from nü-metal. Vocalist **Mike Shumway** has all the tricks down, the variety of his vocal range is best heard on the third track "Your Share of Nothing." This band has the potential to be amazing, if they let some different influences into their composition and lyrical subject matter. lyrical subject matter. All in all **ATN's** first release is solid. —Jon Robertson

Manicproject

Squareone

Self release

Streets: 06.19

Manicproject = **NIN** – **Trent** + **Phil**, a monochromatic voice that hurts ears real bad.



While the down beats and atmospheric pressure of the seemingly distant background music put you in an ecstasy based trance, the lyrics and vocals that **Phil Istomin** chose to combine with them immediately pull you out of the drug cloud and straight into what **NIN** would be without **Trent**—Nothingness. And while lyrics can be a difficult thing to dig out of the depths of the aorta; they shouldn't make you pray for hearing abnormalities. Some people say music is a good way to put bad poetry into circulation. This is perhaps where **Phil** and I agree. Unless **Phil** means something other than, "please god make my vocal cords evaporate so no one has to listen to my toneless voice" when he states in the song "Room 101"... Make it stop. Regardless if we're on the same page I have a little advice for you **Phil**: stick with the instrumentals. The whole monochromatic thing works well in photography... not so much in music. —Myles

Vividend

Thirsty City

rainLOUD Records

Streets: OUT

Vividend = **Sage Frances** + **Sole**

Jesus-tap-dancing-Christ! I want to be a hip-hop superstar. If only to be recognized under a pretentious barely

literate, semi-biblical alias. I hereby now proclaim myself **Milengidnus Dikotemyor Mortakye**. Get it right oh ye bitches. *Vividend* reminds me of my Grandpa learning to dance: he understands the basics but stumbles, never quite on top of the rhythm and beats (by far the best aspect of *Thirsty City*). *Vividend's* sped up lyrics don't open up much; he likes to deal in burnt-out bumper sticker haikus repeating everything we've already seen plastered on some leftist's ancient Volvo. "Fattening the Boredumb" is perhaps the most succinct song in summing up *Vividend's* lacerating lyrics. Man, was he right, this is boring. But you have to give it, *Vividend* drop bones and slides high-fives with his fuck you attitude. But listening I still can't help but think that maybe *Vividend* should have heeded the advice of the two rappers that told him he was doing hip-hop wrong. Umm ... word. —Myles

Xur/ Mich!gan

By the Beard of Zeus

Exigent Records

Street: 07.10

Xur = **Ocean** + **Lustmord** + **Isis**

Mich!gan = **Converge** + **Botch**

By the Beard of Zeus is a split LP from the bands **Xur** and the no longer



existing *Mich!gan*. The first three tracks are **Xur's** the band is a big gnarly metal machine. The first track "Under Siege" begins with a looped trumpet sample and jumps directly into a sludged out detuned awesome nightmare, this song is definitely the best of the songs that **Xur** offer on the album. The next two songs are like the first, dirty sludge/stoner metal every once in awhile throwing in some acoustic guitar to break up the chaos. **Xur's** music is the most original local music I have heard in a while and after talking to bassist **Kory Quist** at **Oni Tattoo**, they are getting a lot of attention from **Metal Blade**. These guys are going to be famous rock stars soon, so check them out now so you can brag about it. *Mich!gan* basically consists of the members of **Xur** plus the new drummer for **The Used**, **Dan Whitesides**. These three intense tracks are basically a speed up version of the first three **Xur** tracks with a lot more screaming. It's cool to listen to these songs to see how the members of **Xur** have grown musically. *By the Beard of Zeus* is the way to go. —Jon Robertson



People will take for granted the things they love the most..." –Joe Vargus June 2007

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Game Reviews



Black

Criterion Games

PS2/XBox

First Person/Shooter/Modern

02-28-06

I've heard a lot of people complain about this game. No story, moronic enemies, claustrophobic maps etc. Here's what I say to them: this game kicks ass. I'm not saying that they are wrong; in fact, this game does have a sitcom-thin plot line and the enemies do tend to hang out very near gigantic barrels marked 'explosive' during fire-fights and many times you don't have the option of sneaking around too much, but this game delivers exactly what it promises: ass-loads of wood splintering, blood squirting action. If it were not for the brief chapter breaks (probably to let your speakers cool down) you might never stop shooting.

This is the kind of game that you can put down for a week and when you come back, you don't need to re-orient yourself with where you were or what you were doing, because you're always doing the same thing, running forward and shooting anything in your path. The weapons and graphics are great; dust and debris hang in the air around whatever it was you just mowed down quite beautifully, and the sound of the gunfire, both incoming and being fired, is perfect. There is a plot somewhere amongst the rubble and smoke, but to be honest, I skipped most of the cut scenes because I felt the voice acting to be overdone tripe.

Black is a modern day shooter: no laser guns, plasma rays or aliens, just machine guns and a small army of guys who can apparently take about ten shots in the face before they fall down. Enemy AI is nothing revolutionary, but since you can pick this game up now in the bargain bin, there's plenty of good to be had here for not much dough. Don't look for memorable settings or characters here, just a plug-and-play kill-fest overflowing with explosions and shell casings. That's all *Criterion* tried for and that's all they got. This game will never be a *Socom* or *Ghost Recon* because of its lack of depth, but that doesn't mean we can't have fun playing it. —Jesse Kennedy

3.5 out of 5 bullet riddled bodies.



Guitar Hero II

Red Octane

Xbox 360

04.03

Fame simulator

It seems I can't mention my fondness for video games to anyone these days without getting a sermon on the marvels of the *Guitar Hero* series. I'll confess that the success of these games and my own hobby of playing real guitars instilled in me a pre-emptive distaste for a game that not only is raved about and coveted by little kids and old ladies alike, but also has pounded some questionable pop rock songs into the ground a bit further by encouraging their repetition and dissemination. So it was with a frown and total disregard for the gigantic packaging that I ripped out the plastic guitar and plugged in for what I thought would be 10 minutes of boring button mashing before I crucified the game here on the pages of *SLUG*.

It is with a bandwagon-flavored tear that I must confess that the frown, which I nurtured for as long as possible inevitably gave way to a big stupid grin. I rocked out with my plastic guitar for way too long, completely ruining my plans that night of hanging out at a local laundromat and creeping people out by smelling their clothes and telling them if I thought they were clean. The addiction that is *Guitar Hero II* is a dangerous path indeed. I don't know how they've managed to trigger the brain endorphins so quickly, but when I pegged the rock meter after nailing a rough passage I actually caught myself 'head banging' like a god dammed *Guitar Hero*.

Yes, the songs are mostly old crusty cheese thrown back from the 80s and 90s and as far as graphics go, the most interesting thing to watch besides the virtual fret board are the paper airplanes circling the stage. *Guitar Hero II* delivers where it counts: a unique game experience that I am now openly loving. Apparently, there's an online resource for further songs and a national listing, but for now I'm in the woodshed honing my chops because can you really hear "Sweet Child O' Mine" too many times? The answer is yes. —Jesse Kennedy

4.5 out of 5 virtual tattoos



Heatseeker

Codemasters

PS2

Street: 05.07

Flight Simulation/Jet

When I was 12 years old I saved and saved and bought a game called *Flight Simulator* for my Commodore 64 computer. It took 15 minutes to load, consisted of nothing more than a really bad airplane motor noise and some green lines and ran at about two frames per minute. Ever since, I've had a rough time enjoying flight-sim games because apparently I'm narrow-minded and hold grudges for way too long. So, ready to cast off the shackles of my harrowing childhood experience, I picked up my copy of *Heatseeker* and plugged it in for one more launch off the tarmac.

I'll talk first about the bad news. *Heatseeker* does not look like a new game by any stretch. Although a far cry from the green lines of my old *Flight Simulator* game, the graphics here are passable at best. Everything on the map has the vacant feeling that so many games that try to offer huge environments suffer from. The biggest problem with *Heatseeker*, however, is the writing. From the exceptionally lame dialog between the tower and your plane to the mysterious motives of your suicidal enemies you'll spend as much time wondering why you're flying around blowing up so much stuff as you will actually blows stuff up.

However, if you're willing to set aside the inquisitive side of your human nature and just kill without mercy there's a place for you amongst the clouds and hot lead that fill the skies of *Heatseeker*. Wave upon wave of sitting duck enemies, explosions, missiles and swaths of bullets fly by your jet as you unload a huge barrage of death and destruction across the skies. The cheesy graphics pay off when you can have dozens of enemies on the screen at the same time without the game ever chugging in the slightest. No, this is not the cerebral experience you expect from a video game (cough) but it does fulfill some other expectations, such as senseless violence and really bad writing. —Jesse Kennedy

3 out of 5 exploding enemy 'jokers'

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A SHORT HISTORY OF DRINKING IN UTAH



Words and Photo: Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

Every profession has their masters. These people are good at what they do; they're well respected within their professions by their peers. And sometimes these people leave behind a legacy.

"Karen" is one such person in the profession of getting people wasted, more commonly known as bartending. I've been learning the trade myself and I just so happen to be fortunate enough to be educated by the best. After all, Karen has been behind the bar for 44 years. If getting people drunk is an art form, Karen is goddamn **Picasso**.

I interviewed Karen to get a feel for what bartending was like back before I was a glimmer in my father's eye. For the most part the laws are different and kids won't pull their pants up these days. When I asked Karen what drunks were like 44 years ago she told me they are about what they are like today: drunk.

People back then didn't take shots like they do today. And before every liquor bottle in Utah had a meter or a clicker on it, the mixed drinks were a lot more personal, and honestly more of an art form. To explain this a little better Karen gave me a history lesson on the liquor laws in Utah. (Ed. Note: Since I was interviewing a bartender about booze, in a bar nonetheless, I felt it necessary to order drinks between each question. This may skew the accuracy of some things in this article, but oh well, this is *SLUG*, not a book report.)

Long before the DABC, when Karen started bartending it was up to the customers to bring their own bottles of booze to the bar. Nowadays such behavior is a big no no. Customers would bring their bottle in the same brown bag given to them at the liquor store, they'd bring it into the bar and hand it over to the bartender. Most bars had lockers for the regular customers to keep their spirits (the lockers also help explain the origins of bars in Utah being private clubs). This was called brown-bagging. I just think of bums when I think of that term.

You weren't allowed to pour your own drinks; that was the bartender's job. But the drinks could be as stiff as you wanted. The bars would make their money off of mixers and beer, and tipping was expected just like it is today.

One of the drawbacks to brown-bagging was that customers didn't have much variety with their drink orders. If someone brown-bagged one bottle of whiskey, they could drink whiskey cokes and whiskey sours all night long, but if they wanted a vodka tonic later—that was illegal.

Karen told me about a time she was cocktailing about 40 years ago and some gentlemen asked to change their order up. It wasn't Karen's table, and back then you didn't mess with another person's table. Karen said she would go get the men their cocktail waitress. When the other cocktail waitress came back with the guys order changed up, they flashed their badges and took her to jail.

There was no DABC back then, but there were still vice cops. Although a bar keeping their own liquor was illegal, many bars did so anyway so they could change up drink orders for their customers. It was basically bootlegging.

Liquor by the drink actually made it to the Utah ballot in the late 60s, but was defeated three to one. That's about when the beurocrats decided that they needed to monitor the drunks. The problems of brown-bagging ranged from bars bootlegging to cops on the take. What was the solution? Mini-bottles—those cute little things that I've only seen in fancy hotel rooms.

When brown-bagging became illegal the bars didn't mind the mini-bottles at all. They could make money off of liquor, inventory their alcohol easily and switch up drink orders for customers. On top of all that Karen told me the mini-bottles would make for a mean stiff drink. Cheap too; like a buck fifty for a stiff one; What a bargain!

The exact formation of the DABC is unclear to me and I'm way too lazy to look it up right now, I'm guessing it was probably around the same time that brown-bagging became illegal. The switch from mini-bottles to meters is a little unclear as well. Karen moved to California in the early eighties while mini-bottles were still in use. She moved back here eleven years later and everything was metered.

For those of you who don't know what the alcohol meters are or what they do, allow me to explain. The meters are kind of like filters that go on top of the liquor bottles and only let out one ounce of liquor at a time. They keep track of liquor numerically as well so bars can keep their inventory. I'm pretty sure that the bars have to report those numbers to the DABC, but I don't do the paperwork at the bar I work at, I just work the door.

I guess the DABC thought that the mini-bottles were too strong. But anyone who actually thinks that the DABC is capable of thinking is retarded in my opinion. One of the shitty things about meters is they allow the local government to blame alcoholism on the local taverns. Monitoring alcohol in a bar is a far cry from combating alcoholism. Any social worker could tell you that. If the DABC really gave a shit about social problems they'd spend more time fighting the actual disease and not the symptom.

On a side note, did you know that Utah is last in the nation for alcohol consumption but first in the nation for prescription drug abuse? I read that in *Playboy*.

When I asked Karen what system (meters vs. brown-bagging) she preferred working under she said they both have their pros and cons. The meters are ok to work with because the bar can control their clientele and their inventory a little easier, but the brown-bag days made bartending more fun. You'd get to know your customers better.

When Karen owned her own bar in Bountiful, which allowed brown-bagging, more fights broke out. (Mostly because the bar was in Bountiful and she told me that most people who were drinking there thought they were cowboys when really they were dirt farmers). She's even seen an occasional brown-bag to the head, which isn't good for anybody.

When I asked Karen about her reaction when people complain to her about the liquor laws she said, "I don't make them." I think that people that complain should go drink in another state.

When I asked Karen what the stupidest thing she had ever seen a bartender do was she told me, "shaking a Bloody Mary." Karen is known for making the best goddamn Bloody Marys this side of France, although she will not tell me the secret ingredients.

I also learned that Karen's favorite drink to make would be a shot of any kind. That happens to be my favorite drink to make, as well my favorite to drink.

At this point in the interview I was pretty drunk and forgot how my tape recorder worked. But I also wanted to know if she thought all bartenders were coke addicts with gambling problems. She doesn't.

Karen will be leaving the bar she works at this month to go back to California. If you get a chance you should go to where she works and get her to stir you a Bloody Mary, because after she leaves they will all be shaken. Just don't order it at last call, or you are an asshole.

I'd like to thank Karen for showing me the ropes and for getting me wasted on my nights off. From all your friends, good luck in California and come back and hang out on the other side of the bar for a change!

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The Daily Calendar

Friday, July 6

Mike Masse, Jeff Hall – *Addicted*
Free Movie – *Red Light*
Kip Attaway, Kenny Bradbury,
Moulton Jess – *Club 90*
Lake Effect – *The Spur*
Skatanic Rednecks – *Bar Deluxe*
Joe McQueen – *Wine Cellar*
Movement Forum – *Exchange*
Place Plaza
Lola Ray, Neon Trees, Paxtin
– *Monk's*
Jack Jones, Three Reasons
– *Liquid Joe's*
Xur, Nine Worlds, The Crinn
– *Broken Record*
Karen Bayard – *Alchemy*
The Legendary Porch Pounders
– *Pat's*
All Left Out, Brooke Young,
Letters for Scarlett – *Starry Night*
Larusso, Down for the Count, The
Yearbook – *Solid Ground*
Queen Shmoo – *Memory Grove*
XUR, Nine World, The Crinn
– *Broken Record*
Dubbed, SKINT, Prick, Bum
– *Burt's*
Viva Knievel, Milky Soul – *Urban*

Saturday, July 7

Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
Dianne Schuur – *Jazz Festival*
The Bastids – *Wine Cellar*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
Kip Attaway, Kenny Bradbury,
Moulton Jess – *Club 90*
Battles, The Tremula, The Future
of the Ghost – *Urban*
Marty Benefit: Jeremy Chatelain
of Cub Country – Nobrow
The L & P Band – *Pat's*
High Beams, The Rubes – *Bar*
Deluxe
Love Runner, Joshua James,
Knotty Pine – *Kilby*
Bloodworm, Grimway, Tuff Titty
– *Suede*
Accidente, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*
Queen Shmoo – *Pioneer Park*
Forced March – *Red Light*
10th Mountain – *The Spur*
Bleary, Our Dark Horse – *Addicted*
Conspiracy Assassins, Cryptobiotic
– *Vegas*
Warped Tour – *Fairgrounds*

Sunday, July 8

Ricky Skaggs – *Red Butte*
Dan the Man Blues Jam – *The*
Wine Cellar
Under Byen, Kid Medusa, Miracle
Population – *Urban*
Marty Benefit: Art Show
– *Alchemy*
Joel Taylor, Norwahl, Chairlift
– *Addicted*
People's Market – *Peace Garden*

Kate Le Deuce – *Bar Deluxe*
Big Bad Voodoo Daddy – *Jazz*
Festival

Monday, July 9

Dangers!, Railspike, Youth
Decent, Maybe Marakola – *Starry*
Night
Lapush, Our Dark Horse, Joshua
Faulkner – *Burt's*
East Street Band – *City Creek Park*
Gravy Train, Okmoniks – *Kilby*
The Notorious Sonny B – *Bar*
Deluxe

Tuesday, July 10

Tysen, The Real You, Mesa Drive,
Turn Left Here, By Tonight – *Solid*
Ground
Chicago Afrobeat Project,
The Body, Joe Chisolm Unit,
djriteetoe – *Urban*
Giant, xReflectx, Cherem,
Tamerlane, The Helm – *Vortex*
Llajitayku – *City Creek Park*
The Real You, Tysen, Jon Bentley,
14 Days from Forever – *Kilby*
Burning Brides, Blackmarket
– *Liquid Joe's*
Go Motion, Neon Trees, Going
Second – *Burt's*

Wednesday, July 11

I Hear Sirens, Let's Drive to Alaska
– *Starry Night*
4 Play – *Gallivan*
Skinworks Open House
– *Skinworks*
Weedeater, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*
Ridin' The Failltline – *City Creek*
Park
Rademacher, All About Rockets,
Letters for Scarlett – *Kilby*
JoSelle Vanderfoot, Gerald Long
Poetry Reading – *Red Light*
To/Die/For, Shatter Messiah,
Virgin Black, Drown out the Stars
– *Vegas*
Reaper Benefit and Farewell Show
– *Urban*

Thursday, July 12

Noise Noise Noise – *Red Light*
The Randies – *Burt's*
Mc Cumberland Gap – *The Spur*
Galactic, JJ Grey & MOFRO
– *Gallivan*
Charlie Simmons – *City Creek Park*
Colin Robinson Honest Soul
– *Piper Down*
Shake Appeal, Melissa – *Broken*
Record
Bronwen Beecher & Friends
– *Alchemy*
Double Plus Good, Palace of
Buddies – *Kilby*
The Aimless Never Miss, The
Return Policy – *Circuit*

Friday, July 13

Free Movie – *Red Light*
After the Party – *Alchemy*
Fashion Stroll – *Broadway*
The Sister Wives – *Pat's*
The Future of the Ghost,
Mekungfun, The Lionelle – *Kilby*
KlezBros – *City Creek Park*
Block and Tackle – *The Spur*
Localized: Spooky Deville, Junta
Denville, Dubbed – Urban
The Numbs, Mindstate – *Monk's*
Tugnot, God's Revolver, Rosetta,
Battlefield – *Broken Record*
Salt Lake Sound Check, Monarch,
Medicine Circus, Super So Far,
Spork
– *Vegas*
Chris Cornell, Juliette and the
Licks – *Depot*
Gruk, Dacho – *Starry Night*
The Aimless Never Miss, Our
Time in Space, Sunfall on Echoes,
A Cassandra Utterance – *Solid*
Ground
The Rocket Summer, Daphne
Loves Derby – *In the Venue*
Die Monster Die – *Burt's*
Thunderfist – *Bar Deluxe*

Saturday, July 14

Keith Callister – *Addicted*
Mikoto, Medea – *Starry Night*
Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
John McEuen – *Ogden*
Amphitheater
2X's – *Pat's*
Marty Benefit: Bikini Car Wash
feat. Slippery Kittens, The Furs,
Red Top Wolverine Show, The
Cobras – Mo's
Rasputina, Jana Hunter – *Suede*
Dacho, Elan Vital – *Bada Bean*
Keep in Touch, Statepark, Saving
Her – *Kilby*
Marty Benefit: Special Bar Night
– *Jackalope*
Trace Wiren – *Alchemy*
Small House Strings – *The Spur*
Milton Melvin Croissant III, Picture
Plane – *Broken Record*
Doon n' Stick Noise Fest – *Red*
Light
Gary Jules, Jim Bianco – *Burt's*
It Prevails, Once Nothing, One
Dead Three Wounded – *Vortex*
Red Top Wolverine Show – *Bar*
Deluxe
Ted Dancin' – *Urban*

Sunday, July 15

Boat, Chemistry Set – *Monk's*
The Reign of Kindom – *Burt's*
People's Market – *Peace Garden*
Kate le Deuce – *Bar Deluxe*
Rehab Hymn, Ninth Cloud
– *Urban*

Monday, July 16

Rusted Root, Back Door Slam
– *Depot*
Aficianado, Ghost in a Jar – *Starry*
Night
Thee Electric Bastards – *Burt's*
EOTO – *Star Bar*
The Working Title, Goodbye
Tomorrow, Days Away, Allred
– *Studio 600*
The Notorious Sonny B – *Bar*
Deluxe
Sister Wives – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Morgan's Door – *Vegas*

Tuesday, July 17

Incubus – *Usana*
Nick Black – *Monk's*
Benison, Nothing Beautiful, Dearly
Condemned, Ancient Wings
Unfold – *Starry Night*
Lee Scratch Perry, Dub is a
Weapon – *Depot*
Shanahy – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Chris Isaak – *Red Butte*
Dear Stranger – *Urban*
Our Solar System, Real Live
Tigers, Karrie Hopper, Emme
Packer, Atherton – *Kilby*

Wednesday, July 18

Canvas: The Human – *Red Light*
Marty Benefit: A Special Club
Night– Sound
Ghost Buffalo, Machine Gun
Blues, Alela Diane, The Furs
– *Urban*
Sasquatch and the Sickabillies,
Anything that Moves, The
Boomsticks, Spooky Deville
– *Burt's*
4 Play – *Gallivan*
The Gaslight Anthem, Signal to
Noise, Dear Stranger, A Victory in
Progress – *Kilby*
Haun's Mill Massacre – *Salt Lake*
Art Center
Anchors for Arms – *Starry Night*

Thursday, July 19

Real Love – *Starry Night*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Dan Weldon – *The Spur*
Louis Logic & JJ Brown – *Uprok*
Marty Benefit: Swagger – Piper
Down
Cherem, Cool Your Jets,
Rhinoseros – *Vortex*
Yo La Tengo, The Fiery Furnaces
– *Gallivan*
Michael Lucarelli – *Salt Lake Art*
Center
Plastic Rats – *Broken Record*
French Quarter, Cottages, Me and
My Arrow – *Slowtrain*
Cary Bros, Stars of Track and
Field, Mother Mother – *Burt's*

My Demise – *Urban*

Friday, July 20

Gallery Stroll – *Pierpont*

Maximo Park, Monsters are Waiting – *In the Venue*
Wolfs – *Broken Record*
Swamp Donkeys, Anything that Moves, Shackleton – *Bar Deluxe*
Blues 66 – *Pat's*
Gross National Product – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Joel Taylor, Kid Theodore – *Addicted*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band – *The Spur*
The Precinct, Eric Steffensen – *Alchemy*
Small Leaks Sink Ships, Poppy and Green, Auralee, Another Statistic – *Starry Night*
Elektrikchair, Angels of Deception – *Monk's*
George & Caplin, The Mollies – *Kilby*
Mugshots – *Urban*
Eric Steffensen, The Precinct – *Alchemy*
Deconstruct, Drown Out the Stars, Manslaughter, Necrophacus – *Vegas*
Mazimo Park, Monsters Are Waiting – *Sound*
Screen Printing Party – *Slowtrain*

Saturday, July 21

Ms. Led – *Burt's*
Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
Built to Spill, The Boggs – *Depot*
Joy, Eric, Fred and Tony – *The Spur*
Mesa Drive, Larusso, Jordan's Memory, DDJ, Silent Envy – *Solid Ground*
Buckeye – *Red Light*
You in Series, National Product, The Lives of Famous Men, InCamera – *Kilby*
Fallen Idols – *Suede*
The Bergs – *Johnny on Seconds*
Marty Benefit: Blackhole, Drop Dead Celebrity, White Hot Ferari, Accidente – *Bar Deluxe*
Hypnogaja, Jezus Rides a Riksha – *Vegas*
Slowtrain 1 year anniversary Party feat. Lazerfang, the Lionelle, Palomino, Band of Annuals, Cub Country, Ben Kilbourne, The Glinting Gems, Vile Blue Shades – *Slowtrain*
Vile Blue Shades – *Urban*

Sunday, July 22

Cowboy Junkies – *Suede*
Kate le Deuce – *Bar Deluxe*
People's Market – *Peace Garden*
Ecoride, Raze Earth – *Red Light*

Monday, July 23

Stissier, This is Your Anthem, Going Second, Drop Dead Julio, Of Faded Memory – *Circuit*
The Notorious Sonny B – *Bar*

Deluxe
Amicus
– *Starry Night*
Whole
Wheat
Bread
– *Burt's*
The
Lonely
H, Chris
Merritt,
The
Spring
Invention
– *Kilby*



Juliette & The Licks July 13th at the Depot

Tuesday, July 24

The Mad Conductor, Abby Normal, Mr. Mention – *Starry Night*
Busmans Holiday, Chudda, Fews and Twos – *Burt's*
Heathen Ass Worship – *Urban*

Wednesday, July 25

Curtis Peoples, Ernie Haler, Josh Loge, Mesa Drive – *Burt's*
Ruiner, City to City – *Vortex*
Mediam – *Jive N Java*
4 Play – *Gallivan*
Gifts from Enola, I Hear Sirens, Things Falling Apart – *Kilby*
Anke Summerhill – *Washington Square*
Woodbox Gang, Free Press, Butchman and Sundance – *Urban*

Thursday, July 26

20 Stories Falling, Baranga, Random Obscurity, As Told By – *Starry Night*
The Start, Chow Nasty – *Burt's*
Crescent Moon String Band – *Washington Square*
Hezekiah – *Monk's*
We Spell Disaster, The Strangers Six, Mediam, Take the Fall – *Kilby*
Shannon Curtis, Atherton – *Urban*
The Kapp Brothers Duo – *The Spur*
Moe, Dr. Dog – *Gallivan*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Manic Project – *Broken Record*

Friday, July 27

Timme and the High Dynamic – *Addicted*
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band – *Washington Square*
Devilock – *Broken Record*
Flash Cabbage – *Pat's*
So Long Forgotten, The Lives We Lead, Now We Breathe, Tear, We Dance – *Solid Ground*
Colin Robison – *Alchemy*
Muddpuddle – *The Spur*
Theo and the Skyscrapers – *Bar Deluxe*
Suburban Legends, Patent Pending, Zolof the Rock and Roll Destroyer, Jet Lag Gemni – *Studio 600*
Kilby 8 Year Anniversary: Jason

Anderson,
Soular,
Palace of
Buddies,
Let's
Become
Actors
– *Kilby*
Afro Omega
– *Monk's*
Breton
Parks,
The Too
Close, Kate
Brandenburg
– *Starry*

Night

Free Movie – *Red Light*
Trigger Renegade – *Burt's*
COSM, Blue Lotus Dance
Collaborative – *Urban*

Saturday, July 28

MAIM Corps – *Vegas*
SLUG Mag Booth at Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Unwritten Law, Bullets and Octane – *Depot*
DJ/DC Birthday Bash – *Broken Record*
Fastback – *The Spur*
Fetish Ball – *Area 51*
The Good Karma Blues Band – *Pat's*
DJ Z Trip, Gift of Gab, Aceyalone, DJ Phoreyz – *Suede*
Brenton Parks, Katie Brandenburg, Josh Rosenthal – *Bada Bean*
Ground Breaking Ceremony – *Starry Night*
Black Seas of Infinity, Waxen Tomb, Gravecode Nebula – *Red Light*
Cub Country, Band of Annuals, Dead Point Horse – *Urban*
Matt Smit – *Alchemy*
My Demise, Thunderfist, Accidente, Skullfuzz – *Burt's*
Aquabats, MC Lars, Love You Long Time – *In the Venue*
Slippery Kittens – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday, July 29

People's Market – *Peace Garden*
Lucia Dies – *Monk's*
Kate le Deuce – *Bar Deluxe*
Sea World, Silversun Pickups – *In the Venue*

Monday, July 30

The Shake Up, Youth Decent, Dirty Vespuccis, Indirect Victim, Creed – *Red Light*
John Reischman & the Jaybirds – *Exchange Place Plaza*
The Lovemakers, Death of a Party – *Liquid Joe's*
Aqueduct, Smoosh, Canadians Among Us – *Kilby*
The Pinebox Boys – *Burt's*
The Notorious Sonny B – *Bar Deluxe*
No Bragging Rights, All the Rage

– *Starry Night*
Chaos in Motion World Tour: Dream Theater, Redemption, Into Eternity – *E Center*

Tuesday, July 31

What Remains, Hidden Ninja, Lulu Dallas, Stray From the Path – *Starry Night*
The X Kid World Series Hip Hop Tour – *Suede*
Cobra Skulls, Dirty Tactics, XUR – *Monk's*
Brian Chartrand – *The Spur*
District of Evolution – *Kilby*
Blue Sunshine Soul – *Exchange Place Plaza*
The Naked and Shameless – *Burt's*

Wednesday, August 1

Theodore, The Rusted Violin – *Starry Night*
4 Play – *Gallivan*
Emme Packer, Johan the Angel, Atherton, Another Statistic – *Velour*
Michelle Condrat Art Show Opening – *Contemporary Design and Art Gallery*
Kickball Season Starts – *Herman Franks Fields*
Kairo By Night – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Big Business, Thunderfist, Blackhole – *Liquid Joe's*
Dubconscious – *Urban*
Blitzen Trapper – *Kilby*
Threat Signal, Bloodjinn, Year of Desolation, Separation of Self – *Vegas*
All Systems Fail, P.L.F., Cyness, Splatter the Cadaver – *Red Light*

Thursday, August 2

Copywrite – *Monk's*
Peter Bjorn and John, Apostle of Hustle – *Gallivan*
Moffat Gardner – *Exchange Place Plaza*
Team Awesome – *Kilby*
Zach Zeller, Belda Beast – *Bada Bean*
Naked Wars: Commando! Take Cover – *Trapp Door*
2 1/2 White Guys – *Piper Down*

Friday, August 3

The VCR Quintet – *Addicted*
Madmom – *Red Light*
Albino! – *Exchange Place Plaza*
The Wolfs – *Monk's*
Belda Beast, Johan the Angel, Atherton, Emme Packer – *Circuit*
Best of the Beehive Film and Music Festival – *Gallivan Center*
Cross Canadian Ragweed, Reckless Kelly – *Suede*
Digital Lov, The Mystechs – *Starry Night*
Junior League Care Fair – *Horizonte*
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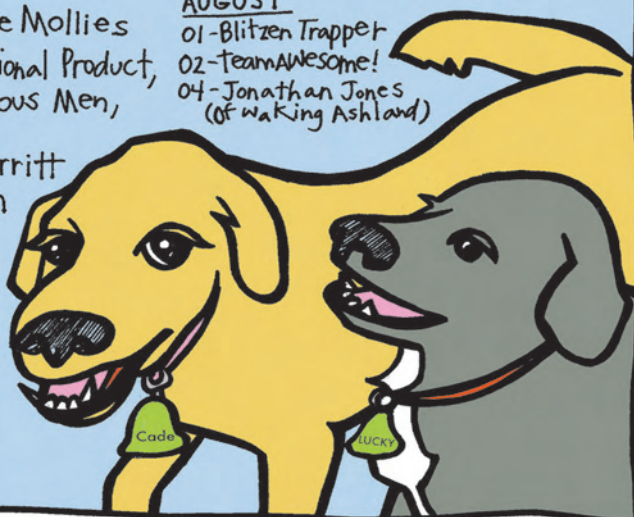
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Kilby Court Calendar July 2007

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>02 - Drew Danburry, IJI, Levi Landis</p> <p>03 - Get Him Eat Him, The Hotness, Afum</p> <p>05 - Finally Punk, Patter Stats, Lewis</p> <p>07 - Love Runner, Joshua James, Knotty Pine</p> <p>09 - Gravy Train!!!!, Okmoniks</p> <p>10 - The Real You, Tysen, Jon Bentley, 14 Days from Forever</p> <p>11 - Rademacher, All About Rockets, Letters for Scarlett</p> <p>12 - Double Plus Good, Palace of Buddies, t.b.a.</p> <p>13 - The Future of the Ghost, Mekongfu, The Lionelle</p> | <p>14 - Keep in Touch, Statepark, Saving Her</p> <p>17 - our Solar System, Real Live Tigers Kartie Hopper, Emme Packer, Atherton</p> <p>18 - The Gaslight Anthem, Signal To Noise, Dear Stranger, A Victory in Progress</p> <p>20 - George & Caplin, The Mollies</p> <p>21 - You in Series, National Product, The Lives of Famous Men, InCamera</p> <p>23 - Lonely H, Chris Merritt, The Spring Invention</p> <p>25 - Gifts from Enola, I Hear Sirens, Things Falling Apart</p> | <p>26 - We Spell Disaster, The Strangers Six, Median, Take the Fall</p> <p>27 - Kilby 8 Year Anniversary! w/ Jason Anderson (Wolf Colonel) Soular, Palace of Buddies, Let's Become Actors</p> <p>30 - Aqueduct, Smoosh, Canadians Among Us</p> <p>31 - District of Evolution, t.b.a.</p> <p>AUGUST</p> <p>01 - Blitzen Trapper</p> <p>02 - TeamAwesome!</p> <p>04 - Jonathan Jones (of Waking Ashland)</p> |
|--|---|---|



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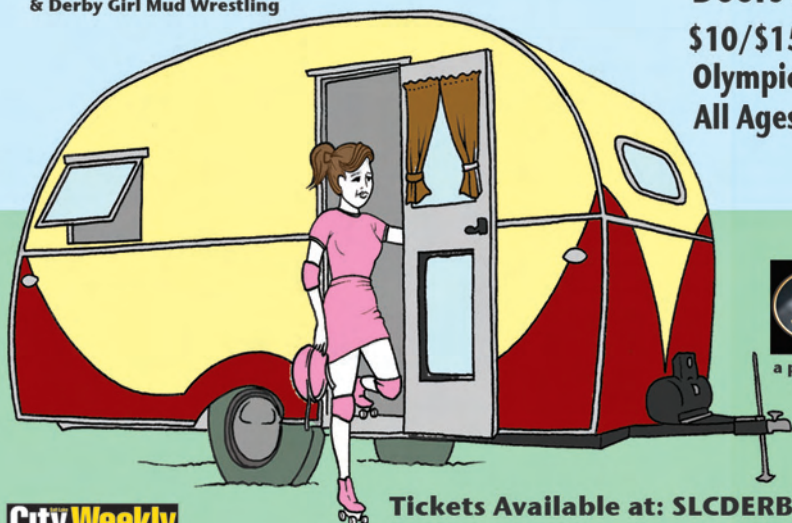
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july 5



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SARAH BORGES & THE BROKEN SINGLES

august 2



PETER BJORN AND JOHN
APOSTLE OF HUSTLE

july 12



GALACTIC
JJ GREY & MOFRO

august 9



DAVID GRISMAN QUINTET
SAM BUSH

july 19



YO LA TENGO
THE FIERY FURNACES

august 16



MICHAEL FRANTI
CHARLIE HUNTER TRIO

july 26



m.o.e.
DR. DOG

august 23



CALEXICO
FRENCH KICKS



The Salt Lake City Arts Council proudly presents the 20th Anniversary of the Twilight Concert Series. The 2007 series features an eclectic lineup of nationally

and internationally acclaimed performing artists in a wide range of musical styles including rock, folk, blues, roots and jazz. Please join us every Thursday for one of Salt Lake City's most beloved summer events.

The Twilight Market opens every Thursday at 5:00 p.m. and offers a wonderful assortment of foods, beverages and locally produced arts and crafts. Specialties include fried rice, tacos, barbeque, crab cakes and everything in between. Handcrafted jewelry, relaxing massages, henna tattoos and psychic readings will also be available at this year's market.

2007 TWILIGHT CONCERT SERIES SPONSORS



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FOUNDATION

