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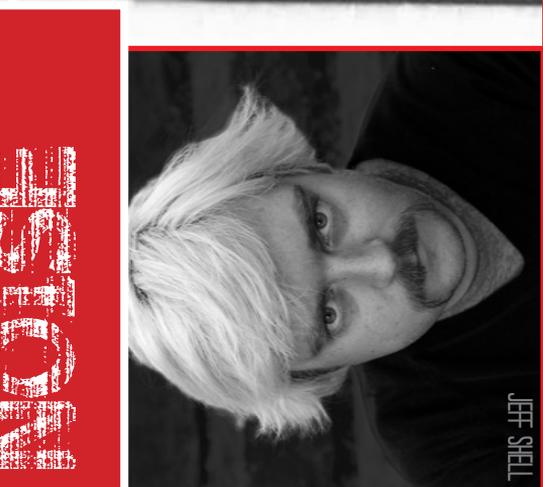
MAGAZINE

NOV. 2007 VOL. 18 #227

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JEFF SHELL

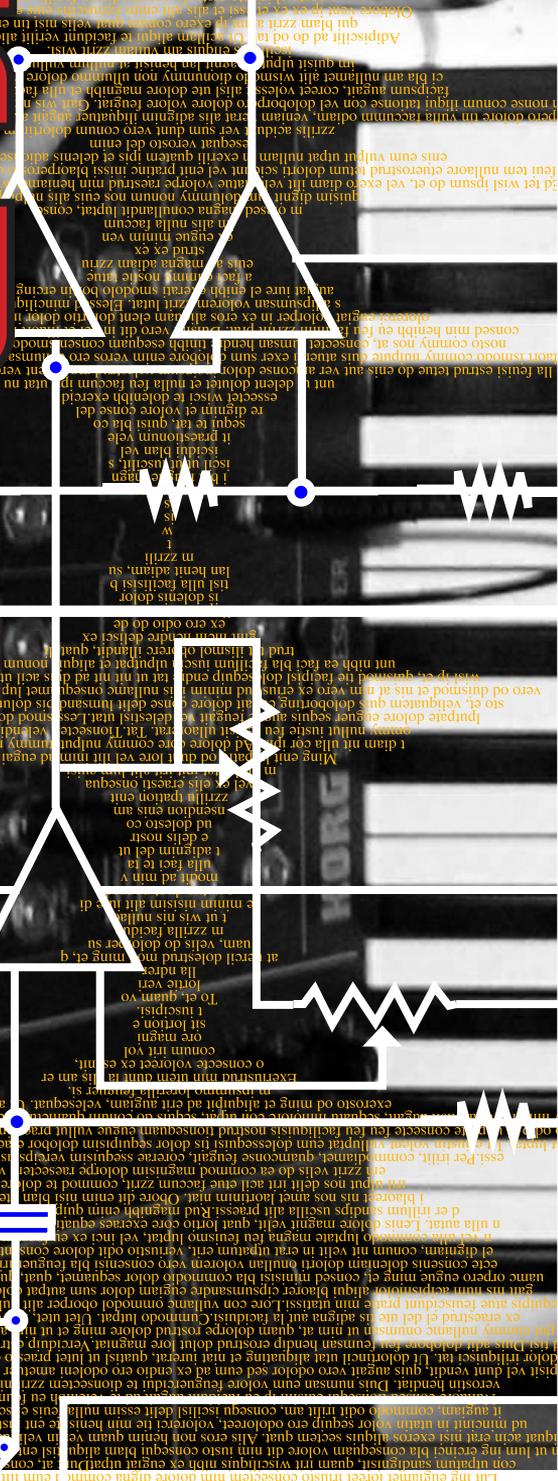


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Contributor Limelight



Conor Dow = Writer

Conor Dow joined up with the SLUG crew in June, 2007, becoming our third writer to cover the mighty genre of metal. In October he wrote a killer feature about *Wolves In the Throneroom* and enjoys covering all things black metal. His hobbies include playing *Portal*, hiking and petting stray cats. He is a lover of felines and even carries a photo of his deceased kitty, Tigger, in his wallet (R.I.P. Tigger). Conor also runs his own metal website, www.probablyslug.com, which includes more metal reviews and metal interviews than you can shake a stick at.



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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday. I love enjoying good food and having my entire family together to give thanks for all the wonderful things we have received over the years. This year I decided that I wanted to share with all the SLUG readers one of my absolute favorite Thanksgiving recipes; the mighty osturducken! The osturducken is a sister dinner to the more traditional turducken, but it's ten thousand times more delicious. To create an osturducken you will need a de-boned ostrich, stuffed with a de-boned turkey, stuffed with a de-boned duck, stuffed with a de-boned chicken that is stuffed with your favorite stuffing. After all your layers are in place close up the seam of the ostrich with butcher's twine. Now you're finally ready to bake your osturducken. Place the osturducken in the oven at 225° and bake for 8 hours or until the meat thermometer reads 165°. It takes a while to create, but the results make every minute worth it. You're finished osturducken with feed at least 20 people and its very high in protein. Hope you enjoy! Happy Thanksgiving

SLUG Magazine!
Love Always,
-Lisa Anne Marie Baster

Hey Lisa Anne, Thanks for that rad recipe. SLUG Magazine loves meals that are heart attacks waiting to happen, but ostrich is pricey! So we decided to share a few of our own favorite inexpensive recipes with our readers. We're big fans of the hotchicken. The hotchicken features a de-boned chicken stuffed with hot dogs. It's less expensive than a turkey, with extra protein and no excessive sleepiness from the tripdefan found in turkey. Vegans should try the tofdogerky. The tofdogerky features a tofu turkey stuffed with tofu dogs. Delicious eh? Please send us your variations of this Thanksgiving classic. We'd love to hear from you!

Email us your letters, comments and complaints at deardickheads.com!



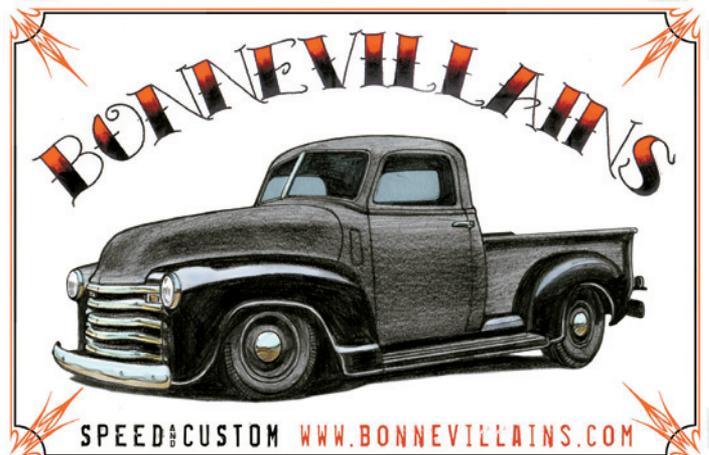
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The Soundtrack Scene

Localized

By Ryan Powers • agapeproduct@hotmail.com

On the second Friday of every month, *SLUG* brings unique local musicians into the limelight at *Urban Lounge* to highlight the amazing and often hidden talents of Salt Lake, for a measly five bucks. On Nov. 9, *Localized* challenges the listener with two groups that push the envelope in the experimental electronic scene, the **VCR Quintet** and **The Soundtrack Scene**. Both represent a drastic departure from traditional sounds, songwriting and performance, using an array of nonconventional sources for both recordings and live shows. However, the music produced by both artists retains a tightness and structure that is familiar but nonetheless profound. If that weren't enough, Orem's **Digitallov** will be opening the show with their unique brand of trashy electro-disco.

John LaMonica – the sole musician

Ethereal vocals haunt Soundtrack Scene's stuttered minimal electro, fusing a style of mellow indie rock a la **Radiohead** or **Postal Service** with the shattered electronics and creative sounds of **Modeselektor** or **Kid 606**. According to John LaMonica, the sole man behind The Soundtrack Scene, "The days of chiptune and roses have come and gone. I have invested myself in a new sound, one that integrates the past with the future in the present." LaMonica's previous projects include **Buck Dexter** and **Tiebreaker**, and according to LaMonica, The Soundtrack Scene is the closest he has ever gotten to combining all his influences and previous work. With listed influences varying from **Idaho** and **Arab Strap** to **Aphex Twin**, the sound of the music is surprisingly well structured and fits together perfectly. Considering the sounds are not limited to conventional instruments or musical instruments at all, the arrangements show an amazing amount of talent and ability.

According to LaMonica, this talent is rooted in the simplicity of the format, not the media: "I'm still writing songs in the pop format; I play guitar a lot, and I'm making an attempt to connect with the audience, so, to me, there's not a huge difference between what I'm doing and playing in a five-piece rock band, I'm just generating all five parts by myself ... and what sounds like bass might actually be a sample of a bus." While the idea of a five-piece solo project has been tackled historically with marginal success, The Soundtrack Scene looks to expound on using a traditional backing band or prerecording accompaniment, and implement live sampling and remixing into performances. "I want each show to be different, distinct and have room for improvisation," LaMonica says, "I want it to be an actual performance, not just 'pushing buttons' and triggering pre-recorded samples."

LaMonica has seen national exposure with his musical expertise in the past, DJ-ing the SXSW kickoff party and playing shows at the *Knitting Factory* in NYC. The Soundtrack Scene is looking to tour this year throughout the Northwest and Midwest with **Telegraph Canyon** from Seattle. Collaborative efforts are a big part of

The Soundtrack Scene. He says, "I enjoy working with artists who also produce and I have had a lot of fun doing remixes." He adds, "I hope I get to do more of that in the future." As a result, LaMonica (in one form or another) has completed musical collaborations and remixes with the likes of **Lapsed**, **Manic Project** and **The Domus** (Sweden).

The Soundtrack Scene demo songs are available to listen at www.myspace.com/thesoundtrackscene.



Photo: Chris Swainston

VCR Quintet

VCR Quintet

Joe Greathouse – Mastermind of VCRs, layering and effects

Experimental music artists often take creative approaches to their instrumentation, relying on vintage instruments, contact mics, or an array of pedals, producing most often sub-par musical masturbation. The VCR Quintet, or VCR5, is an exception to this rule, creatively wielding an array of VCRs and effects to create a sound that brings to mind the 8-bit energy of **Paper Rad** with the dynamic soundscape and creative production of a group like **Wolf Eyes**. According to VCR5's mastermind, Joe Greathouse, the idea for utilizing VCRs as musical instruments was a natural progression, or regression from the recording process, "A lot of bands record with tape, a few artists have attempted to play tapes live, and the next level seems to be video cassettes, input devices equipped with warm magnetic sound and video, with twice the dimension. I didn't come up with the idea; I just elaborated and exploited it." The five VCRs act as a type of multitrack analog sampler, allowing Greathouse to record, playback, and layer sounds, effects, and melodies in much the same manner as a five-piece band culminates to form one sound. A brilliant alternative to the boring shows of laptop musicians, VCR5 is an experience to watch as well as listen to.

Growing up in the midst of DJs, Greathouse was put off by the limited palette in vogue amongst electronic musicians, remixers and arrangers. "When I was a teenager there was this weird prejudice by DJs against tools like delay, sample pads, drum machines, and even computers. I waited patiently until that wore off, but there's still the same kind of stylistic drama floating around, even though everyone involved claims to be the most open minded person in the universe." Rising above the trends and fashion of popular instruments or sounds, Joe manages to create a sound that is very much cutting edge without any of the pretension that surround the scene of 'experimental' artists. Ultimately, VCR Quintet produces excitingly cutting edge music that doesn't wear on your brain like some of the more aggressive or loose noise artists out there, although the cacophony remains jaunted enough to keep things interesting.

VCR Quintet's most recent tape *I Hate Myself* is only \$1 *nobrow* and a sample of the upcoming **1h86335/VCR5** split CD is available at www.saltlakemusic.com. To hear VCR Quintet, check out their *Virb* page at www.virb.com/thevcrquintet.



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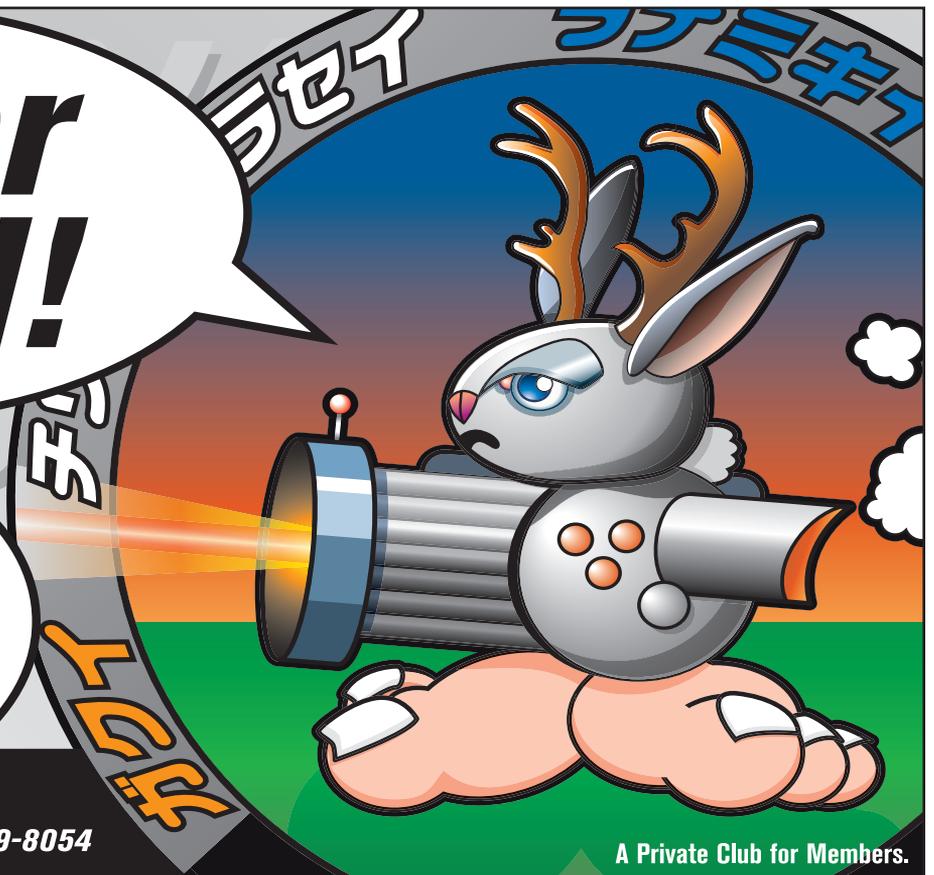
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LOCAL DECKS REVIEWED

By: Adam Dorobiala adam@slugmag.com

Here it is, everybody: a guide to every shop deck so you don't have to find out the hard way that a deck is not worth the 25-35 dollars you worked all Tuesday for. All these decks were put to the test during the unbearable heat of the summer, curb checks, other random punishments and actual non-park skating to create an accurate description for your purchasing pleasure (or distaste, as the case may be).

Milosport

At first this deck took some getting used to. With a longer shape, as well as some steep concave, it soon became perfect for those kickflips everybody is always talking about. The nose is pretty long compared to the tail which made nollie stuff pop high, but it took a lot more energy to get it right. It also seemed like when sliding on the front or rear end of the skateboard there was a sweet spot that locked you in and you could slide for days. The only problem was the heat of the summer stole its pop within a week and a half of skating in the daytime. Overall, I think this deck is quality, just make sure you don't go skateboarding when its above 90 degrees outside, and if you have to, limit your time out in the sun to two hours at a time, because they don't make sunscreen for skateboards ... yet.



BC Surf & Sport

Slippery paint, stiff wood and a shitload of graphics to choose from are the selling points for this shop deck. The nose and the tail are almost the same, which makes the switch over to switch that much easier. It has a clean shape with a good amount of concave and the paint is slippery enough that you probably won't need to bring that bar of wax to your favorite new spot. Word on the street is that they have been known to delaminate, and I could see that possibility, but it never actually got to the point of no return. I also saw more stress cracks than I have seen with any other shop deck (maybe an attribute of the heat) but it managed to stay stiff during the course of its life. Not bad, not bad at all.



Broken Boardshop

This is probably the shortest board I've ever skated; I felt like I was skating on a mini for the first few days until I got used to it. It has a very unique shape and the wood is pretty fucking solid. There are two shapes to choose from: the first, having a steeper nose and wider tail, looks like a "bomber" board and the second is a more even nose and tail with a more classic shape to the deck. Completely blank on the bottom (except for "Broken" written in old-English letters) it slides pretty decent but if they came up with some graphics it would definitely help it slide better. It held its pop through countless mid-day sessions and stayed glued together through a few good curb checks, so it must be quality built. If you can handle the shortness of the deck, I would highly recommend skating a Broken board, but not literally.



Blindside

This board is a little different than your average *Mothership* board. Super thin and really light, it almost feels like six- or five-ply instead of the standard seven-ply deck. Once again, this board seems to lose pop after an hour or two in the sun, but then, as if by magic, the pop will return after taking a break to go home and eat before going skating again. They have some pretty cool designs on the bottom but the paint doesn't slide that well at first; you have to slide it a lot to get it not to stick. I heard that they might be changing wood soon, but before they do try this shape out; it's definitely worth it.



Illustrations: Adam Dorobiala

Salty Peaks

This board is pretty much all you could ask for in a shop deck. It holds its pop for an extended period of time, doesn't chip and there are a ton of different graphics to choose from. I got the new "Rasta Salteez" design straight out of the box - the first one out of the door - and I was reluctant to switch boards after skating because it held up so well. I thought I chipped it a few times but it stayed together like a champ. The paint is kinda sticky at first, but as soon as you do a few slides it loosens up and you can slide pretty much anything. I would definitely say this board ranks among the top shop decks I've skated. Props to *Salty Peaks* on creating a cheap board that holds up like a pro deck.



Technique

Everyone at *Technique* should be thanking **Moses Sanchez** for choosing a solid shape for their shop deck. It has a nice wide shape along with a perfect amount of concave, which can only mean good things for your skating. The deck is fully dipped and although it looks cool, the extra layer of paint makes it that much stickier on ledges and rails. Definitely bring some wax wherever you go skate because you're gonna need it. It holds its pop pretty well for being such a thin construction, and it didn't seem to fray or delaminate when it was chipped. As a whole, these boards are a good buy and I wouldn't think twice about dropping the money to buy one.



Union

The best feature of this shop deck is that with the purchase you get one FREE session inside *Union's* park. As far as the deck is concerned, it seemed that after just one day of street skating it was time to change to a new board. They have a good shape, but lack in concave, which could be the reason it loses its pop so quickly (in addition to the scorching temperatures). However, if you solely are a skate-park skater, I'm sure the deck would hold up fine for you. Who knows, maybe I got the one bad board out of the shipment. You should at least go check out the shop and skate the park if you are in the Sandy area. The mini ramp is a pretty solid ramp and I have heard of plans to redesign the street course, all of which sounds pretty cool.



Decade

I was pleasantly surprised with this deck. It had a good amount of concave (not too steep or flat) and a really good shape. Plus I liked the graphic a lot, a Tecate Beer look-alike label with their name, and the paint would not fall off no matter how much I slid on it, a plus for those spots you want to skate but forgot the wax. The only downside to this deck was how thin it felt; it almost felt like a toy board when carrying it because it was so light. That might not be a bad thing for some people, but personally I like to feel the weight of the board so I know I can get it to stay to my feet when I pop. And speaking of pop, it held its pop throughout the heat and managed to stay stiff the whole time I had it. So if you live up in Ogden, go see the dudes at *Decade* and they'll be able to help you out with your skateboard woes.



P.S. I know there are more shops than the ones listed, and I apologize to any shop I didn't get a deck from (especially *Liptrix*) due to me not being able to get a hold of you (or travel constraints); there is always next year.



Words: Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Photos: Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com

On the 20th anniversary of **Salty Peaks** opening its doors, something happened. Something happened that was so unbelievable we had to tell its story...

The morning was crisp and the air was sweet as the crew met up at Salty Peaks. **Kendall Johnson, Caleb Orton, Mark Judd, Rob Peterson, Erik Jensen, Chris Swainston, Isaiah Beh, Stuart Callis, Eric Hess, Will Pauley** (a.k.a. **Panda**) and myself all boarded the magical marijuana train at nine in the morning and hoped for the best as we set course for the coast. The train was three cars deep and every 100 or so miles you could spot smoke from one of the cars billowing out into the freeways open air that resembled that of a cross-country train as we drove westward towards San Francisco. A flat tire outside of Wendover cost us precious time, but luckily there was a spare to keep the train rolling forward. We stopped in the city of sin to get a new tire and while the tire was being repaired, Rob and Chris both won big at the casino, which definitely helped with our gas money situation. An hour or so passed before the locomotive got back on to the railroad, with hopes of making it to at least Sacramento before nightfall.

Once again never believe a tire retailer in a foreign town because the replacement tire that was sold to Kendall had holes in it. We quickly fixed the flat and although the engineers of the train cars were tired from a day full of flatground skating, hacky sack, and random drug use, they made the rest of the voyage to Sacramento on the donut.

In the morning most people slept in, and others went to get coffee and breakfast. Many games of "skate" were played that morning in anticipation for the day ahead in downtown Sacto. The train pulled into the station around noonish and we started to cruise the city like a pack of wild animals in pursuit of the perfect spot. Before long the crew had been split up into two tribes and the scavenger hunt for spots began. After skating for a good seven hours we headed back to the base camp; the only problem was we went in the wrong direction completely. Even going the wrong direction we managed to find this huge skate park just outside the city. Sore and tired, we packed our things into the railcars and went back to the house we were infesting. By unanimous decision, we decided to stay for one more day before packing up for San Fran.

The next day was once again filled with much skating, but this time the gang remained together for ultimate



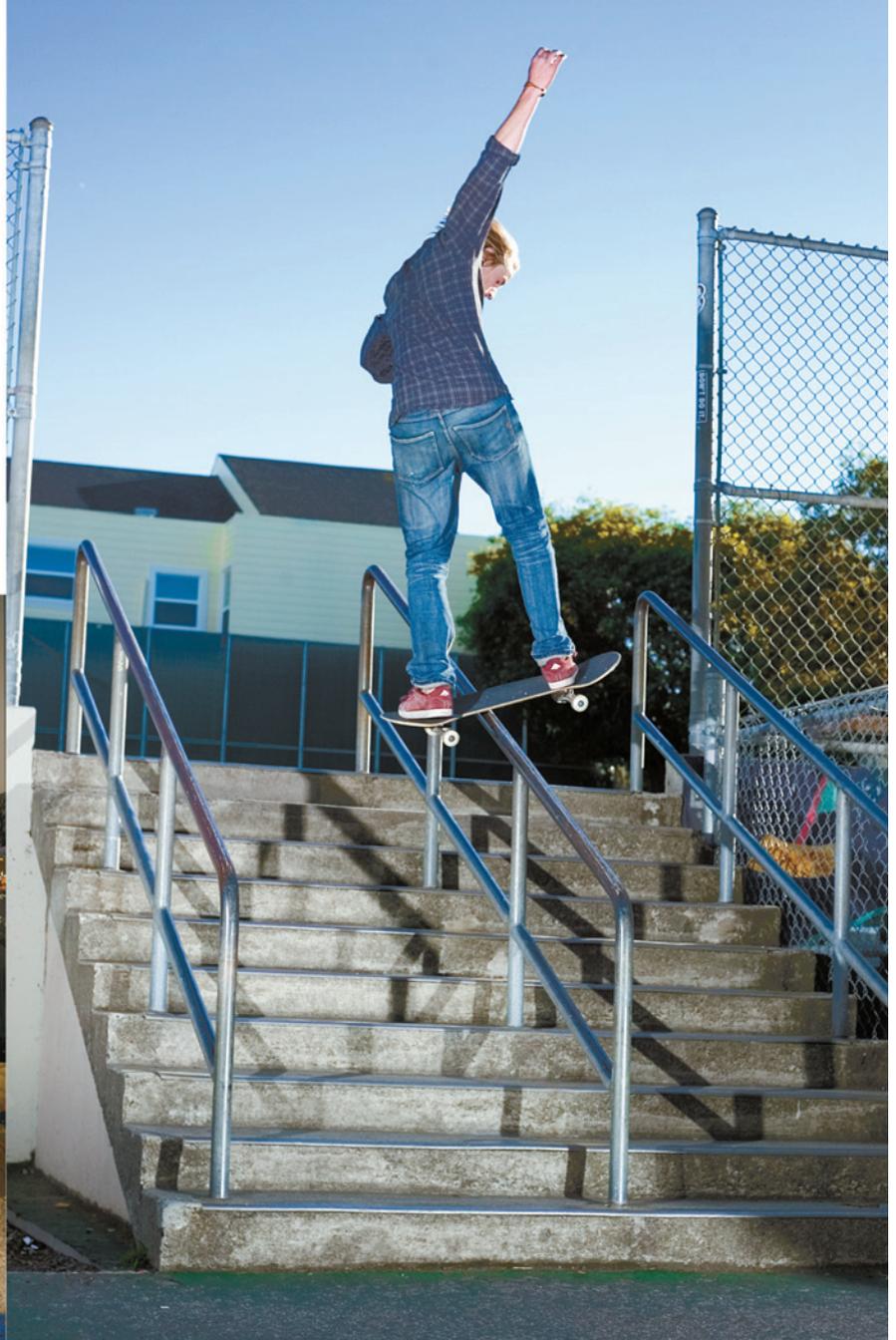
skating power. After skating for a good four or five hours we went to get some food to refuel ourselves before going to a local indoor park that Eric showed us the day before. Everyone in the party was exhausted by the end of the night and for some reason we decided to hop on the train for another two or three hours to get to the next stop before the final stop in Frisco. We arrived late that night, but still managed to get "Crunk" and keep the party going late.



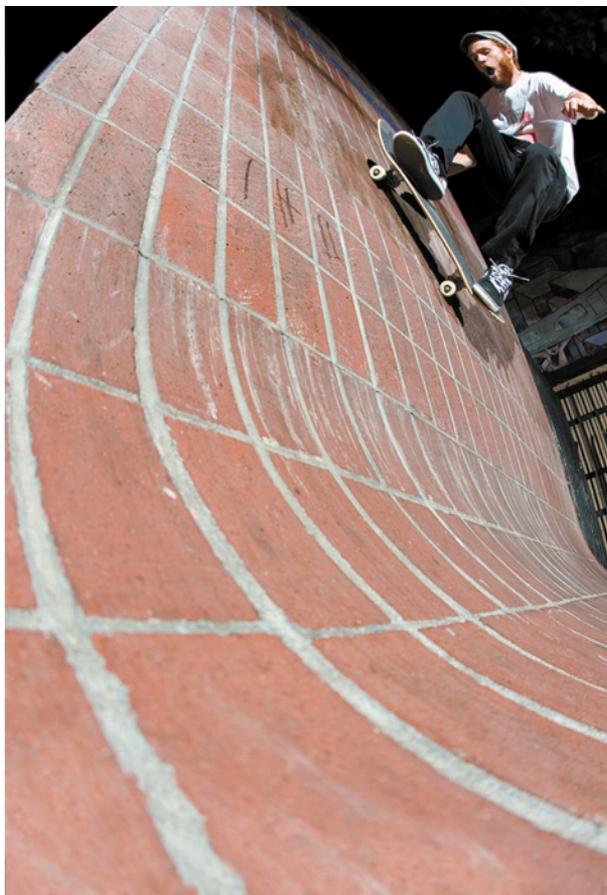
Everyone slept off their hangovers in the morning and the day started late, but it was OK because we were only an hour or so



outside of our final destination. We piled into the cars again and made the last leg of the trip in no time, and after a couple of u-turns we met up with our guide, **Jimmy Nelson** (from **Sevenfold Skateboards**), and he greeted us with a tour of his house and a glass of water. There was a super steep hill where he lived so we got warmed up by bombing it. Let me tell you right now that there is nothing like the feeling of bombing a San Francisco hill; it feels like you're flying. The train arrived at "Third and Army" in full form and we ended up skating there for the remainder of the day. Everybody got some footage for the upcoming Salty Peaks video (release date yet to be decided) and had fun skating the almost dreamlike location. After that we headed into the city for some sustenance and then it was



Clockwise from top: Eric Hess stomps a hippy jump 180 guided by his guardian angel; Kendall killing it with a perfect front board; Talk about cramped living quarters, thanks again Jimmy!



off to Jimmy's to watch the footage and look at the photos. E.J., Rob and Stu left to go hang with some of their homies and the rest of us relaxed and rested our muscles. There was going to be a new video premiering somewhere downtown, so after a "twister" it was off to the show to make an appearance. It was a pretty good movie, or movies I should say, but watching a skate video standing up with a bunch of people talking the whole time didn't sound like fun for us Utahns. There was a spot Jaime wanted to show us, and I think all of us wanted to skate, so it was only natural to make our way to this brick wallride. It was probably one of the most fun of all the sessions of the whole trip for everybody; so many things went down, it was stellar. We finally stopped skating around two or three in the morning and went back to Jimmy's to get sleep.

Isaiah and I woke up early the next morning to go film hill bombs while the rest of our party slept. After attaining some good footage we bombed over to the house, boarded the train, and went back to the city to skate. We stopped somewhere off the freeway to ride along this manual pad, and there was a vagrant with a flip sign talking about "Flipology" who you could tell was obviously very

happy or very stoned. We cleaned up and went to another great spot where the rail sharks went to work on some technical trickery, followed by a stop to the "Wallenburg Four" to see and skate some of the historic places rich with skateboard history. We got so much footage that we didn't make it to Sacramento until three in the morning because we stayed in SF and watched it without even thinking about the distance we still had to cover to make it home.

The next day went by extremely slow, because of all the driving, but a late stop in Wendover by our railcar, yielded some more footage for the video. The last leg of the trip was the longest part, anticipating coming home and waiting to see it again. To tell you the truth, I wish we could have gotten lost out there and never found our way home—maybe next year.



Clockwise from top: Isaiah: Open-mouthed wide-eyed wallride; Caleb shoots the tube with a front board pop-out 270; City Life: Photo: Adam Dorobiala; Stuart with a fatty to flatty Melon.

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Photo: Chris Swainston

Product Reviews

Etnies

Seed Project: Ashbury
www.etnieskate.com

It's so good to see that there are more and more companies dedicated to helping save the world's resources, and **Etnies** has just started releasing products that are made of recyclable materials. Their new campaign, the "Seed Project", is all about clothing and shoes made with more sustainable substances (for example, this pair of shoes are made out of bamboo and hemp instead of suede), which is a great direction for the industry to start heading. Not only are they environmentally friendly, the "Ashbury" is also extremely skateboard friendly. With a vulcanized sole and simple construction, these shoes have incredible board feel and yet still have enough padding to protect your feet from those painful heel bruises. Although the inner padding keeps your feet safe, when the sole separates from the shoe after just two weeks, you have yourself a problem and I definitely had a problem. The other downfall is that you will probably need to buy a tube of **Shoe Goo** because the bamboo and hemp textiles are not as tough as the hide of a cow, but overall it's a small price to pay considering you are helping the world by skating a more recyclable shoe. *-Adam Dorobiala*

Finseven

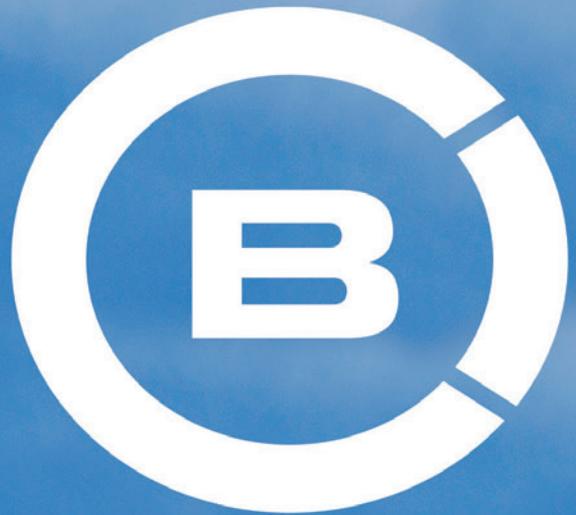
T-Shirts/ Balloon Skate Deck
www.finseven.com

When starting a new company you not only need good ideas and clean designs, but a proper attitude is indispensable to make people want to buy your product. **Finseven** has done all three of these things and it's no wonder they're making headway in the world of skateboarding/snowboarding apparel. Each shirt is one of a kind, down to the color (which is made before the print gets put on), making their clothing more like artwork than clothing. They have a huge selection of designs for men and women, and the new shop **Autumn Garage**, is sure to have a line out the front door of people waiting to get their hands on some quality gear. Also sometimes they will do limited runs of skateboard decks with quite imaginative graphics and a wide array of widths for your skating pleasure. Be on the lookout for Finseven, they are definitely coming up. *-Adam Dorobiala*

Gravis

Shadow Pack
www.gravisfootwear.com

This bag is the answer to all your storage needs. It's the perfect size for people who only want to carry a few things, but at the same time Gravis' *Shadow Pack* has so much room you can carry all you need for a weeklong road trip. I was able to fit my laptop (courtesy of the padded laptop sleeve inside), all my cameras, tons of film, books, a hacky sack, a harmonica and everything else one would need when going on a trip. Also, probably the coolest feature of the bag was the hidden mess kit pocket on the back. Toothbrush, deodorant, q-tips, condoms, you name it: this pocket holds it with keen style and organization. I fit all this stuff and still had room for souvenirs, which in my opinion, speaks numbers for how well this backpack was designed. So whether you are a young professional needing a bag to carry all your hi-tech gadgets, or just your average homeless skateboarder needing a waterproof bag to carry only the essentials, this bag delivers to the masses. *-Adam Dorobiala*



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The Threat



By Sully
Sully@slugmag.com

Branden Doyon
Adam COBRA Clark Photo/Revelstoke BC

I hate the Levitation Project. Stockholders and board members have been breathing down my neck for weeks, and I cannot visualize a cutting edge solution to this new and growing threat, **The Levitation Project**. My Chief Operating Officer recently informed me that our holdings in the ski and snowboard industry are in jeopardy (with the threat expanding to the surf market, within the next two fiscal years). Our marketing department is at a loss; accounting noticed a slight aberration in our projected sales, website traffic is down, and human resources noted a decrease in morale and productivity in our Southern California offices. Our diversification committee released another negative report on the effectiveness of our most recent leveraged buyout, and my staff and I have spent over eighty hours this week on our multinational resource inquiry. My wife has been threatening a divorce as a result of my late office hours and I won't be able to cut myself a big Christmas bonus if I can't figure out how to hinder the progress made by the fucking Levitation Project!

Analysts first noticed the Levitation Project in Utah three years ago, but it wasn't deemed a credible threat until we learned of their reach and appeal. It appears that they were individuals from Salt Lake City who decided to break the formula, and start their own company instead of just buying a proven one. Since I cut my teeth in the ad industry, and strictly believe in paying top dollar for inside cover advertisements, I believe their marketing tactics are nothing short of vandalism. Over the past three years they've built a family and released over 100,000 stickers, which are showing up everywhere; on homeless people, on road signs on the most boring stretches of highway in the country, at nearly every resort in the country, on innumerable vehicles, and even in my own community. They have taken the form of a clothing company but seem to represent something that I have been unable to quantify. My nephew who works in the mail department called it a "lifestyle movement" and I have assigned two interns to spend the week figuring out what that means. The Levitation Project is unconcerned with profits and is providing an opportunity for both up and coming and established cinematographers, photographers, graphic designers, artists, web designers, and athletes to freely express themselves and showcase their skills under an international spotlight. While we clearly have a strong team of international athletes giving our company a young face, our youth marketing department has informed me that they need more resources to keep the industry, and ultimately, the consumers, convinced of our "dedication" to their lifestyle.

Based on what I know about their second film *The Fall of 07*, my gut tells me to expect a change in the public's perception of ski and snowboard videos, and to force our movie crews to work harder and spend more money. By choosing not to stick with the simple extreme sports movie formula and progressing towards the quality exemplified by the *Sundance Film Festival*, we will now be forced to allocate more funds to our film subsidiaries in an attempt to maintain our market share. Their video features the editing talent of **Jeremy Jensen**, and wild lives of **Bode Merrill**, **Phil Damianakes**, **Austen Granger**, **Tim Ronan**, and **Branden Doyon** on snowboards, with **Blake Nyman**, **Julian Carr**, **Rachael Burks**, and **Jamey Parks** on skis. They reportedly traveled nonstop during the 06-07 season, filming on location in Utah, Colorado, California, the Pacific Northwest, Argentina, and the B.C. Interior, finding deep snow and unique terrain. Gone are the days of simple intro shots, ski or snowboard-only action, a lack of creative exploration, and mediocre soundtracks. I hear the movie is so good that I've now added two film students to our company so we can seamlessly and quietly embrace consumer-focused culture in our future films.

Due to their rapid growth, unconventional marketing/operation tactics, and devotion to quality, we feel our holdings in the extreme sports clothing market are at risk, both in the North American sector and overseas as well. Besides unique street wear using organic cotton and even alpaca wool that features designs by **Nelg**, **Josh Judkins**, and **J Eichhorst**. Levitation Project owner **Nico** was overheard talking about "a 144 piece line of technical and functional winter apparel, all of the highest quality, and ranging from extra-warm winter-weight jerseys and soft-shell jackets all the way down to socks. Colorways and products will be distributed to different regions and countries, ensuring that even in a room full of a hundred people, no two could be wearing the same shit."

Simply put, The Levitation Project is bad for business, they expose the motives of corporations like ours, and thousands of true skiers, skaters, snowboarders, and surfers around the world are joining their movement. If more and more of our customers realize that our corporation exists not for the enrichment of these sports, but solely for profit, then The Levitation Project will put us out of business. We must do something now.

THIS IS THE PLACE FOR "THAT'S IT!"

BY: PETER PANHANDLER
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com
All Photos: J. Eichhorst



Here's the truth: I don't ride a BMX bike and I don't intend to unless it's to the corner store for beer or candy. I do, however, occasionally ride a skateboard and I truly believe it is one of the hardest things to do on the planet (next to riding a BMX bike). When my homey, Elf, handed me a copy of the trailer for his new video, "THAT'S IT," I was pretty stoked though I would probably never buy a BMX DVD on my own dollar. I always see the bike peeps around town, (and at the parks getting gnarly) but I had no idea of how gnarly these guys really were until I watched the trailer. It seems like all the pro snowboarders and skaters get all the attention in this state so it's about time people start to recognize the homegrown BMX talent Utah has. On November 20th, show your appreciation and go check the full-length video of "THAT'S IT" screening at the Tower Theatre. You can get tickets at: 5050BMX.com or if you happen to see any of the 5050 riders they should probably have tickets on them. They'll also be sold the day of the show and the cost is a measly \$8.

Cameron Wood with a lofty little tree ride.



Dave Thompson, sending it.

BUSS



Matt Beringer, double peg to 180



Cameron Wood



OP



Mike Aitken, rail hop 180



Videographer and editor, Jordan Utley, has taken the D.I.Y. attitude producing and editing this video. He and Elf have been filming day-in and day-out since April with help from the other 5050 riders. OGIO, 5050 BMX, Terrible One, S&M, Fit Bikes, Merit, Animal and Square One are all lending their sponsorship. 99% of the riders featured are from Utah. I'm pretty sure it's filmed entirely on the streets of our great state and the dirt jumps of Tanner Park. You can expect to see full parts from Matt Beringer, Fuzzy Hall, Mike Aitken, Elf, Rob Wise, Cameron Wood and Dave Thompson.

Elf wanted me to note that a video like this has been a long time coming for the BMX scene in Utah. He also assured me that this won't be like any other BMX video you may have seen in the past. These guys are the cutting edge of their sport and are helping to evolve it. As of late, it seems that most of the other action sports have been coming up short with creativity, but BMX is holding it down on a constant, progressive movement. These dudes are stoked to have all of their friends together for the premiere.

If you like what you see in the photos you will shit your pants when you see the footage. Remember the Tower Theatre is a relatively small venue and I know these guys are expecting a full house and I'm sure there will be some after party. So, get your drink on and come check these dudes hucking themselves.

*Tower Theater is located in the 9th and 9th district of SLC:
876 E. 900So.
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*5050 BMX is located in Layton, UT.
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12:00 - **D.Sharp** - (SLC, DTHL, sharpAudio) vs. **DJ Vincent**

Vega - (Ogden, V2 Soldier)

Battle drill between Ogden and Salt Lake Junglist

11:00 - Soundz by **BABYLON DOWN** - (TALLMAN, REBEL, RAS OTIS)

10:00 - **Miss Omega** with Dublife Soundsystem

9:00 - **EDSWORD** - (SLC, Pocket Aces) vs. Malice - (Ogden, Potentially Deadly)

Battle drill between Ogden and Salt Lake Junglist

8:00 - **Open Tables** - (Bring 3-4 records and represent your Jungle Crew Proper)

MARTYNIKI

**Coming Home:
Marty Kasteler's Recovery**
By *Meghann Griggs*
meghann@slugmag.com

It's been five months since Sugarhouse resident, **Marty Kasteler**, was struck by a white box delivery van while bicycling home late one evening with his wife, Niki.

"I remember hearing the motor rev up, but I don't know at what point I realized it was coming after me," Marty states. The unidentified driver ran over a curb, the sidewalk, and through a guardrail before hitting Marty head-on. The perpetrator immediately drove off, leaving Niki at Marty's side. Marty recalls moments specifically before and immediately after; however, he feels that the impact immediately rendered him unconscious. His list of injuries was enormous: cracked ribs, a collapsed lung, a fractured skull, a ruptured spleen, a ruptured bladder, a dislocated shoulder, a shattered pelvis, a broken femur, a cracked sacrum and massive bleeding. According to Niki, Marty went through 30 liters of blood in the first five hours.

Word of the accident spread rapidly throughout Salt Lake City. As a piercer for *KOI*, and a member of the *Salt Lake City Bike Collective*, Marty is a prominent member of SLC's thriving underground scene. Immediately, the community's support flooded in. Local businesses welcomed donation jars, club owners set up benefit concerts, www.helpmarty.org was created for updates and a local burlesque troop washed cars in order to raise money for the Kastelers. "I have total gratitude for all the help we've received, it's been amazing," Marty gushed. Niki, also grateful for the financial help shared, "While he was in the hospital, Marty was worried [how] he was going to pay the mortgage." All of the donations collected covered this and numerous other expenses. "It's allowed me to heal without losing our house," Marty added.

After a three week stay at *LDS Hospital*, much of it spent in the ICU, Marty was moved to a rehabilitation center. During the next seven weeks Marty spent time healing there. "My youngest dog, Olive, was able to



come and sleep with me; that made the stay nice." He credits the majority of his support to his wife Niki, "she has done everything [and] she reminds me of what's worth while in this life, especially when I feel down."

It has been four weeks since Marty has returned home, and he progresses day by day. He still has several important obstacles to overcome. He must still undergo several operations to repair the damage that was done to his bladder and spleen. When asked when he thinks he will walk again, he states, "As soon as the doctor says my hip is ready to go, I'll go." Originally he had hoped to begin walking at the three month mark, now with that time frame behind him, he waits anxiously to get back to his passion: cycling. When does he project to get on a bike after relearning to walk? "The same day," Marty exclaimed with a coy smile. Amazingly, Marty said the accident has not changed his outlook on cycling at all, and he still loves the sport. With all the recent accidents involving cyclists, I asked if this life-altering experience would turn him into an activist. He responded, simply, "I'd always meant to, but this was a literal shove into activism, [but] I don't really see myself as a vigilante of bicycle rights just because I was run over."

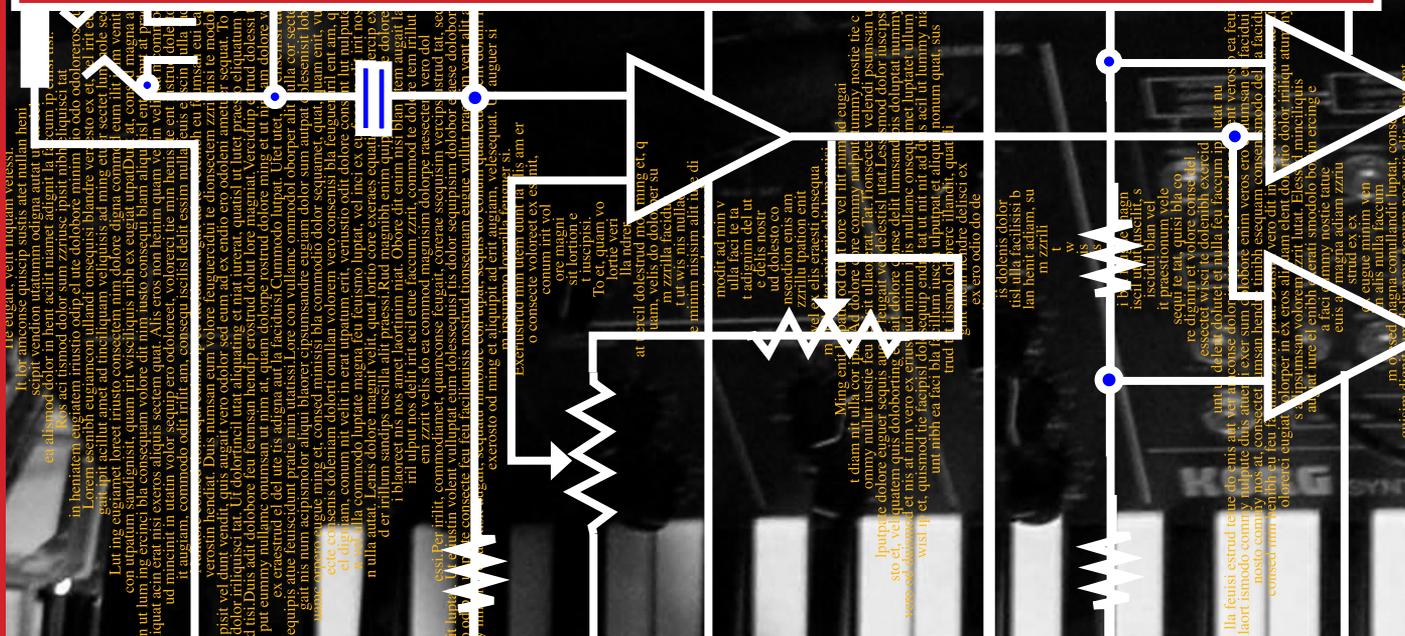
To this day, neither the vehicle nor assailant have been caught. Rather than focus on the negative aspect, Marty and Niki are overwhelmed with

gratitude for the local (and national) support that continues to flow into their household. When asked what he would say if he had everyone who has helped them in one room, Marty murmured a simple, but emotional "thank you."

Niki and Marty keep frequent updates on www.helpmarty.com, where you can also make paypal donations. If you are interested in sending a donation through the mail to the *Salt Lake City Bicycle Collective*, in the memo note, please write that it is for Marty Kasteler. *Salt Lake City Bicycle Collective* ATTN: The Marty Kasteler Fund P.O. Box 2400 Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

Photo: Ryan McCalmon

SALT LAKE CITY NOISE



SLC Noise: The (New) Shape of Punk to Come?

By Andrew Glassett

andrew@slugmag.com

It is obvious that punk rock and hardcore have metastasized into popular culture. Even the word "punk" has nothing to do with social unrest or politics but brings to mind a certain style of clothing or haircut. Anarchy has little to do with hardcore music as more and more of it is contained in movies, commercials and fashion. The drive to capitalize or corporatize punk is no different than fallen genres of grunge, country or even early pop music. Noise is by its nature unreachable; the frequencies used by noise bands are painful and uncomfortable. Yet there is a spiritual aspect to its design; the craftsmen behind the vehemence are often soft spoken in their approach, citing influences such as spirituality or classical composers. Noise is not about pleasing the audience but about exploring places (and by comparison, sounds) that are

not as well liked by the general population. It is also partially the product of increasingly ubiquitous electronic components in our lives, and finding ways to use these electronics non-traditionally.

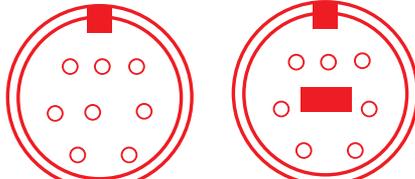
Three local artists **Jeff Shell (Eucci, AODL)**, **Aaron Zillionaire (Ghastly Hatching, Waxen Tomb)** and **Michael Biggs (Tenets of Balthazar's Castle)** are proof that noise is a growing musical movement.

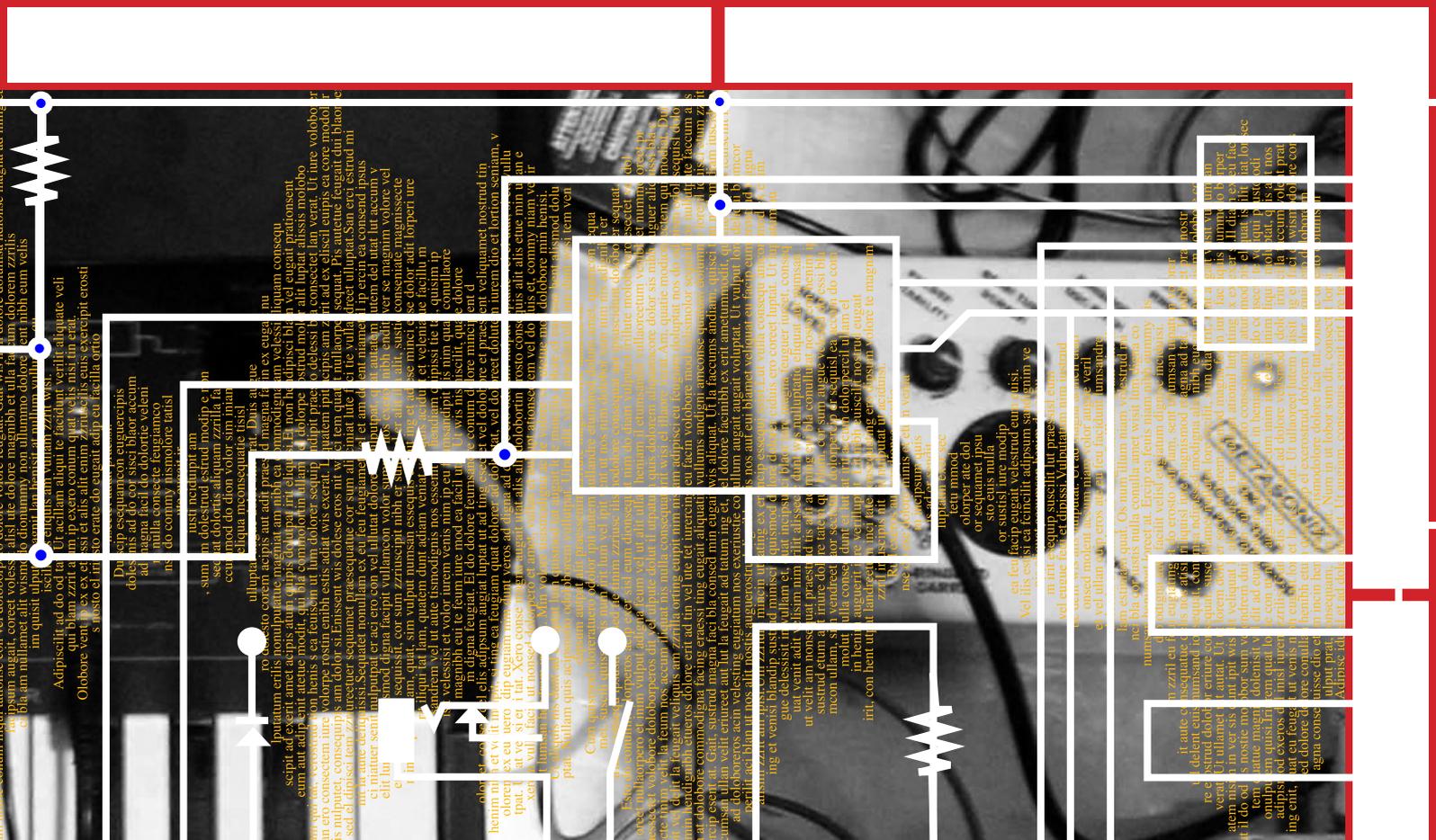
Creationism

An oft-cited reference for the establishment of noise is **Luigi Russolo's** *L'Arte de Rumori (The Art of Noises)*, which he wrote in 1913. Russolo was a Futurist painter whose art was influenced by the prospect of using non-traditional sound in traditional ways. In his manifesto he explained that the ongoing industrial revolution would change mans appreciation of music to include more complex sounds. He called for a reformation of sound by commanding, "Let us breakout since we cannot much longer restrain our desire to create finally a new musical reality, with a generous distribution of resonant slaps in the face, discarding violins, pianos, double-basses and plaintive organs. Let us break out!" Both Jeff and Michael were classically trained on the piano in their youth. Jeff remarks that his piano teacher was "pretty progressive and I learned a little bit about recording studios, computers and music. That was where I saw my first analog synth, which I immediately fell in love with it aesthetically-all those knobs and jacks!" All three were involved in various bands but all progressed similarly to a point where noise and chaos made the most sense as a musical outlet.

Electronics

Russolo was not only a leader in the philosophical movement of noise, he also constructed a number of noise-generating





devices called *Inton, armor* and assembled an orchestra to perform his *Gran Concerto Futuristico* which caused quite a stir because of his unethical treatment of standard classical composition. The plethora of electronic instruments in recent decades has made this kind non traditional use of sound available to the masses. Our addiction to technology is another aspect that noise music addresses. Most noise musicians are surprisingly wary of technology. Michael said, "New technology has allowed us to do some wonderful, amazing things, but it has also led to dependency on it. I try to use it only for what I need." Jeff explained that "I've gone back and forth between all-analog and all-digital forms of music creation. These days, AODL is almost always analog, pushing hot loud signals through the system; while Eucci is a mix of analog, digital, and acoustics. When asked what he would do if electricity did not exist, Jeff related a story about being on the U of U campus and enjoying "to the snow-dampened sounds of the library expansion work going on below" which was beautiful to him. Aaron worked at *D.O.D. Electronics* and uses a lot of effects pedals that he learned about while working there. He recalls "if you would have asked me then I would have laughed at synths, reel-to-reel machines and a lot of the other gear I use now. I was lucky enough to be exposed to **Mark C. Jackman** (a.k.a. **Skozey Fetish**) cutting tapes by *KRCL*. I am currently trying to become more proficient at cutting tapes by recreating the techniques I saw him use." He also tries to keep things low tech; for example, he doesn't even own a cell phone.

Noise as Punk

Russolo also pointed out that, "At first, the art of music sought purity, limpidity and sweetness of sound. Then different sounds were amalgamated, care being taken, however, to caress the ear with gentle harmonies. Today, music, as it becomes continually more complicated, strives to amalgamate the most dissonant, strange and harsh sounds. In this way we come ever closer to *noise-sound*." It was his conclusion that sound would become more and more convoluted as time went on and it would be a reflection of culture becoming more and more complex. There is no doubt that music becomes more extreme as time goes on, but will it ever get to a point where noise music is considered the norm as punk has become?

All three of musicians questioned are convinced that noise and punk have nothing to do with each other. Michael said, "Punk music is generally very simple. I feel that noise is incredibly complex and incredibly simple simultaneously. I wouldn't have a problem with people calling it punk, but it's the last thing I'm thinking about really." For him, noise is more related to free jazz, classical minimalism and ambient, psychedelic music. "I'm interested in textures and how they can be used to tap into the mind in a more direct way than other kinds of music. Without lyrics and other

distractions, the music encourages the mind to wander, and I hope the listener will enter into a meditative state where healing of the spirit will occur," he explained. When asked about the possibility of noise being in the mainstream, he pointed out that, "what was punk rock in the 90s is now 'contemporary alternative' or something like that. I think there's a limit to what the majority of people can handle though. It's hard to imagine **Merzbow** being played on the radio for example, because right now it seems like the majority of the people out there are too close-minded to accept these kind of extremes. If humans ever evolve enough to the point that everyone would be able to accept noise music, and I hope we do, then noise music probably wouldn't be necessary." He wittily added that, "the majority of the radio dial is noise right now, especially on the AM band."

Aaron had a very respectful tone when he said, "No, I don't think it is punk. I don't think the term punk should be anymore diluted; it has a strength and a history that means something to me. PUNK had a message; either political or cultural, my music is more nihilistic. I have no message to send. I have no lyrics, I am not trying to yell you anything." When asked about the recent surge of noise Aaron said, "It's been out there in the underground consciousness for long enough unmined and unprostituted. Punk has become flaccid and predictable. In these times, noise gives a voice to peoples rage, insecurities and loneliness. Maybe it is people looking for the new extreme?"

When asked if his music is punk, Jeff said, "I don't know what punk means anymore. But I'm certainly not it. I definitely don't draw any inspirations from punk [new or old]. I don't do noise to be anti-music or to be shocking. I'm not trying to challenge anyone's beliefs or be in their face.... If that's what punk attitude still means."

In the end, noise may only be outwardly reminiscent of punk in its extreme nature. If anything it is the next step forward, the product of a generation who has given up any political battle for the battles of spirituality and life. Aaron states that, "noise is the reflection and product of a sick, sick culture. As the culture gets sicker, the noise becomes more focused, more people start making noise, and more people start becoming interested in noise." Michael summed it up best when he said, "The absurd, the nonsensical – these are things that are essentially human, and the things that are oppressed by respectable society. Creating absurdity is one of the best ways I can think of to destroy the robotic hive mind that 'the man' is creating. There's something wonderfully joyous that comes out of doing something seemingly irrational, such as going to a noise show."

CORDELL TAYLOR

He's Grown Accustomed to This Place: An Interview with Salt Lake sculptor Cordell Taylor

By Brian Kubarycz • knairb@hotmail.com

Much has happened since *SLUG* ran a 2001 cover story on local sculptor **Cordell Taylor**. Then, Taylor expressed his frustration with our local government and business owners' lack of support for the arts, as well as gallery goers' lack of appreciation for the amount of effort and money required to make and exhibit contemporary art. The last six years have seen the demise of *The Cordell Taylor Gallery* (575 West 200 South), the fizzling of the Olympic torch and the descent of the Gateway Mall, just one part of the Salt Lake real estate boom. Still, for Taylor, little has changed when it comes to support of the arts. When asked what single change might make Salt Lake a better place for artists, Taylor does not hesitate; "The city needs to make studio space available." Taylor insists that the presence of artists inevitably brings value to any property, that art has the capacity to regenerate neighborhoods. Despite this, Taylor claims Salt Lake maintains a "divide and conquer" mentality with regard to artistic communities. As soon as a group of creative types unites to form a "neighborhood," rents soar and artists are left to do the cucaracha.

Taylor has found a far different state of affairs overseas. Participating in a summer-residence symposium in Dobrichovice, Czech Republic, Taylor has had the opportunity not only to work with foreign artists but also to see how a foreign public responds to works quite challenging our standards. "I remember traveling through rural villages," Taylor said, "and I would find abstract sculptures in the middle of the town square.

No one thought they were strange or out of place." He says this same attitude pervades Czech culture, where the artisan is far more the norm than the exception. "Quality craftsmanship is everywhere; in restaurants the plates and the glasses are all handmade."

Though he chooses to continue living in Utah, Taylor has gone to Dobrichovice every summer for the last four years as a guest of the **Fabian Symposium**. There, Taylor worked on a commissioned monumental piece destined for a public sculpture garden. In addition to the work and companionship displayed by

the two other artists in the program, one Italian and the other Czech, Taylor was impressed with the local government's interest in the art displayed in town. "When I was finished, the mayor came out to meet me and see my work," Taylor remarked. "That kind of concern isn't frequent here in Utah."

Taylor, who sculpts in a variety of styles, has also produced a substantial body of print work. He toured me through his small but comfortable studio while holding his new baby in one arm. With his free hand he peruses a collection of wooden studies displayed on shelves extending to the ceiling. "I made all the chairs, too," he tells me. He scans his scale-models as if selecting a favorite volume from his library. Every surface here is burnished metal, worn wood or oiled and lived-in leather. The effect marries the tobacco-grunge charm of a cobbler's shop with the studiousness of a rare-bookseller's.

This connoisseurship of the worn, seasoned and familiar pervades much of Taylor's work. Though his sculptures frequently recall those of modern masters, Taylor's distinguish themselves through their emphasis of touch as opposed to sight. Instead of making stainless steel seem to evaporate into pure light (as for example, **David Smith** does with his *Cubis*), Taylor's geometric forms soften into flesh. "I leave them outdoors to let them age and mellow," he tells me. These pieces do not demand that viewers stand back and react to them like paintings. Instead, the surfaces (warm as tempera and pastel) of these almost-wooly iron slabs invite the hand to draw near, to handle and interact with them like horses, cows and other cattle. For all that he may quote Paris and New York, Taylor's work is unmistakably Utahn. Rather than rarefying the city or gallery until it has become abstract space (i.e., no place at all), Taylor's monuments open Salt Lake outward, restore it to its former condition as pasture and farmland.

Taylor's *Deconstruction Series* plays with familiarity in other ways. "I made them out of pipe and scaffolding scrapped after a university-sponsored bridge-building competition," he says. These tracery pieces take on the weightlessness of Picasso's cubist drawings.

However, the cleanliness of the materials and the neatness of the figures Taylor describes do not recall the charcoal and newsprint on which Picasso labored to reinvent painting. Instead, they recall the rapid play of zigs and zags made with an Etch-A-Sketch. The *Deconstructions* conjure not violence (too quickly associated with the term) so much as a sense of the bodily joy so integral to literary deconstruction. Taylor's metal drawings, such as *Order of Chaos* and *Circus*, allude to a child's sudden exhilaration when shaking a sketch to start over again. This approachability, evident in Taylor's personality as much as his art, allows him, despite his growing international stature, to remain wholly and wonderfully local.

Cordell Taylor currently works out of his studio at *Art Space on Pierpont Avenue*. He lives with his wife **Lenka Konopasek**, also an important Salt Lake artist, and their new son, Roman.

Photo: Chris Purkey



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Battle For The Ballot

By Erik Lopez • erik@slugmag.com

With the mayoral election only days away, the race has become a high-profile contest as nice guy Dave has been making the "subtle" distinction between who is a doer and who is a dreamer. While Dave readily admits that, for the most part, both he and Ralph share the same common concerns and solutions to the problems at hand, it's only Dave's intelligently designed to-do lists that will see the city through its post-Rocky period. Ralph, on the other hand, with his maze of ideas and basket of blueprints, challenges Dave's can-do attitude with a dose of realism and a surly picture of downtown rising. Ralph's main charge to Dave's idealism is that planning (and lots of it!) makes perfect.

If you haven't been keeping up with Salt Lake's political sitcom, then you have been missing out on some wonderful programming. First, a bit about their Utah credentials: both candidates are Utah boys through and through. Dave was born and raised in Salt Lake and received a Masters in public administration from *BYU* while Ralph has distinguished himself at the *University of Utah* with a Masters in geography/planning. Ralph has also served his civic duty as a garbage man, firefighter and park ranger for the National Park Service. Dave, on the other hand, has stayed behind the scenes and has worked in various governmental capacities as a member of the University of Utah Board of Trustees, Utah Heritage Foundation Board of Directors, etc. for the past 20-plus year of his life. Both also currently hold adjunct professorships at the U in architecture and planning, and political science, respectively.

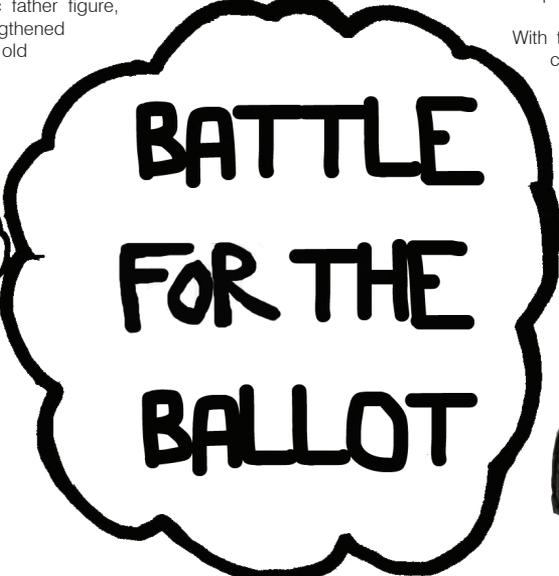
The four main issues that rub our prickly politicians raw are education, environment, community and revitalizing downtown. While both agree that school vouchers will hurt the children and might reduce educational standards through a privatized free-for-all, their main disagreement over education stems over what area of focus to concentrate on. For Dave, community-centric father figure, education begins at home and furthermore is strengthened and bolstered by strong community support. As the old African proverb goes, "it takes a village to raise a child," or in Dave's estimation, a community. If we strengthen our communities, everything else will follow. Ralph takes a more bureaucratic approach to education, as he believes that those educating the future business leaders of tomorrow should be held accountable for whether they succeed or not. In Ralph's educational establishment, it's monthly meetings between principals, the mayor and city government, coupled with business partnerships, that will open the floodgates of opportunity to every child, rich or poor, black or white. It's unclear as to how the cause

of better communities will trickle down to effect the idealized intellectual endeavors of kids or how cutting out teachers and parents from these monthly meeting between administrators of education and business partners will work to secure a better tomorrow or even concern among those getting taught.

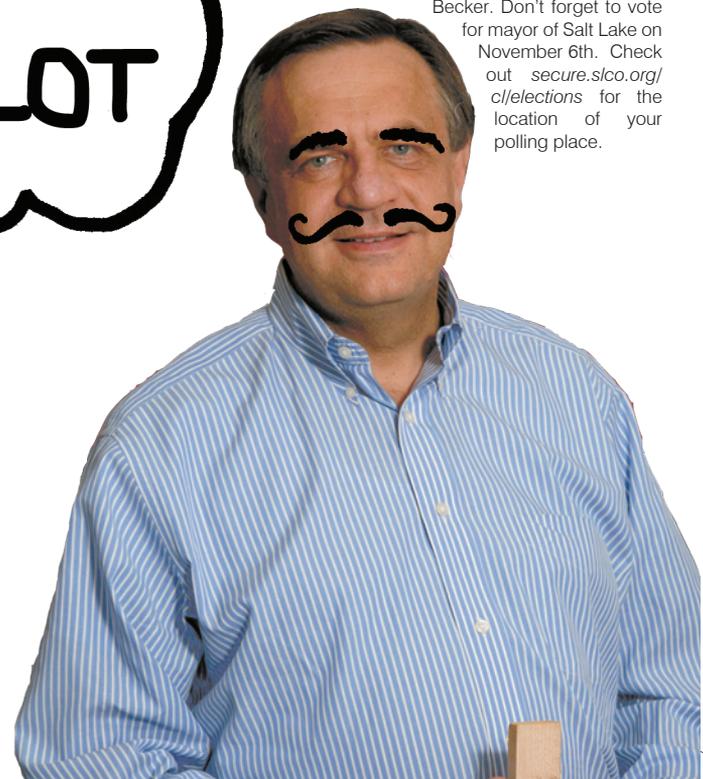
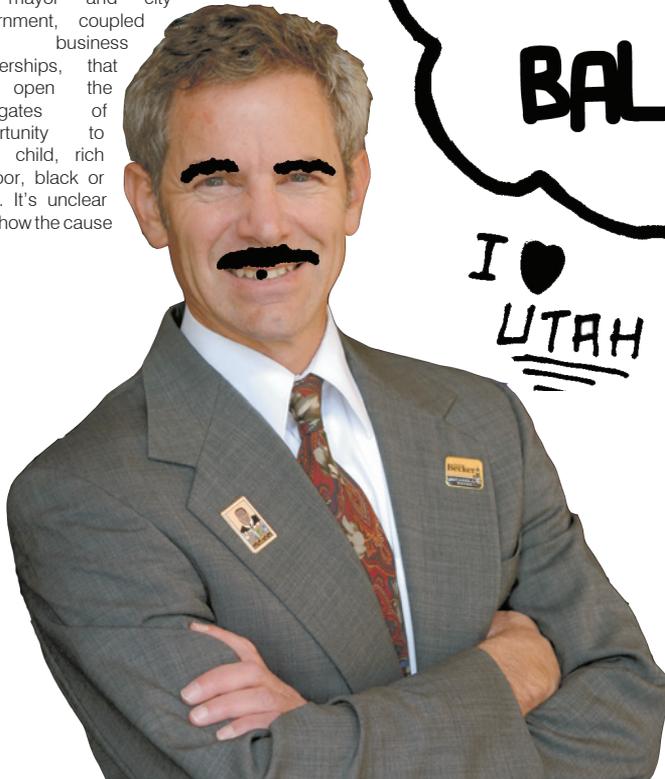
Buck for buck, Ralph has Dave beat on the issue of the environment. Dave focuses his green grip on recycling, whether it's expanding its reach or making more glass recycling facilities. While this is an admirable goal, it doesn't go far enough in linking the "go green" mantra with neighborhoods, communities or the city as a whole. Granted, Dave also wants LEED certification on city buildings and is trying to spearhead a "save the trees" initiative, these all seem like he is angling for small fish in a big pond. Ralph, on the other hand, makes a strong "greenprint" for an integrated structure of renewable energy, alternative transportation, water conservation and much more, the idea being that sustainability should not only start in our fair city but that it affects our home life and the way we live and interact. The main charge levied against both, however, is how does someone do it efficiently without getting bogged down in the big, business politics that have so far retarded a sustainable turn?

Finally, in the area of downtown and community, both seem to make similar stances in that you can't have the above benefits of education and environment without the strong foundation of a great downtown and thriving neighborhoods and communities. Interestingly, on Ralph's website, the separate hyperlinks describing his community plan and his downtown ideas both link to the same page. For Ralph this means open spaceways, affordable living, clean, drug-free, walkable neighborhoods and communities, as well as a focus on sustainability, art and culture and a night life that will make Salt Lake, "Sin" Lake City (or at least a bit more livelier and interesting to be downtown nights and weekends). Not surprisingly, Dave wants the same things as Ralph but his focus is more on an expansive downtown with its own cultural and nightlife district, a TRAX line with far-reaching fingers and a commitment to local business that will provide the backbone of a culturally interesting city.

With the gap between the supposed political extremes closing rapidly, Ralph and Dave have a lot more in common than in conflict. Both are strong supporters of the community and have a vested interest in seeing downtown flourish, both share similar ideals in education and both are committed to lowering the shoe size of Utah's carbon footprint. For more information regarding their platform, politics and what each political personality is up to, check out daveformayer.org for Dave Buhler and ralphbecker.com for none other than Ralph Becker. Don't forget to vote for mayor of Salt Lake on November 6th. Check out secure.slco.org/c/elections for the location of your polling place.



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Beauty Talk & Monsters

Masha Tupitsyn

Semiotext(e) Native Agents

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Tupitsyn is no one's fool when it comes to combining—in a po-mo blend of memoirs, astute observations witty one-liners, her life and love of her city. She combs the streets through the mitigating lens of the movies, and doesn't question the visual dominance of culture. But while she is on one hand erudite as she talks about the class conflict of *Dirty Dancing*, there is something not quite right (or maybe forced) in the way cultural theory gets slipped in and out of the book like a drunk one-night stand. While I am usually turned off by what, on first encounter, seems to me as meaningless posturing running through some of the more bland spots (meditations on Susan Sarandon, Cher and Michelle Pfeiffer, anyone?), Tupitsyn is a fine writer; a more expansive (and female) Nate Martin. —Erik Lopez

Million 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 still single) is asked by an editor of a men's magazine to do a cover story about online dating, he was reluctant. Hell, I don't blame him. After all, internet dating is a little fucking weird, but 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 at all of his previous conquests. There are prostitutes in Thailand, a near threesome in Russia, abortions and girls that liked anal. The memoir is hilariously awkward and brutally honest, often simultaneously. It lets one glance 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 cliché ending) but I still think that flying to Thailand to fuck some prostitutes isn't normal. —Jeanette Moses

New Brunswick, New Jersey, Goodbye

Ronen Kauffman

Sub-City Books

Street: 07.10

The radical idealism of punk rock is all well and good when you're a kid, but when you've suddenly got bills and rent, it's pretty hard to smash the state. Ronen Kauffman is the kind of guy that gives me hope. *New Brunswick, New Jersey, Goodbye* is a chronicle of Kauffman's love affair with punk rock: from first hearing *Operation Ivy* as a young teenager, to putting out a fanzine, to starting a band and becoming an adult while maintaining his punk rock ideals. It's a quick and easy read, filled with humorous anecdotes (many of which involve wacky skinheads) as well as deep insights into what makes punk rock so special and how it doesn't need to be abandoned with the onset of adulthood. For anyone who needs to be reminded that you can carve out a meaningful existence without giving in to mainstream values, this one's for you. —Ricky Vigil

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THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

“Boy George as Patron Saint”
Filed by OM

I suppose we should give some background on ourselves. Boo and I are fraternal twins, not identical, but strikingly similar and aged 15 years. Boo is named after Boudica, an ancient kick-ass Celtic warrior-chief woman who gave the tyrannical Romans (occupying Britain at the time) a good what-for. The name suits her. Boo would be right at home on a chariot - wielding a sword, shouting orders and laying waste to all and sundry. My name, Oomingmak, comes from an arctic musk-ox. Well ... I'm actually named after a song by the Scottish musical group Cocteau Twins, but the word Oomingmak is what the native Alaskan people apply to this big hairy beast of the North. Mom and Dad are the progressive

we very much appreciate the music of Culture Club, we are made to endure a Culture Club marathon extravaganza each year on our parents' anniversary. Out come the actual vinyl records, the posters, the videos, the dress-up, and even an elaborate Boy George rag doll. The doll is carried reverently (with slight tongue-in-cheek) through all the rooms of the house and then enshrined in a grand floral display in the living room. It's just like some village in Spain annually trotting out their particular Virgin on the towns' saint day. Boo and I have always been allowed access to Mom and Dad's extensive and gargantuan music collection which is kept in mint condition and held sacred along with the seemingly billions of books in our family library. Both of us have inherited our parents' passion for Passion and I believe it's their mania for archiving which led to us observing



post-Mormon type. They met at the Mormon-run Brigham Young University in Provo during the early 1980s, but were encouraged to take their non-conformist element elsewhere. Mom and Dad were “new-wavers” who dressed weird and listened to suspect music (“borderline satanic” they were told). It was Boy George who set my parents free and brought them together. Apparently there was a great hoo-haw over whether the University Bookstore should carry Culture Club records in their music section. It seems the University was certain that Boy George would, through his clothes and make-up, turn everybody gay. Our parents led the campaign for Culture Club and immediately had their ecclesiastical endorsements yanked. An ecclesiastical endorsement is necessary for a person to attend BYU. The passion for the Boy George cause ignited the seemingly eternal passion between our parents. Boo and I, along with our seven-year-old brother Foulkswrath, are the result. Though

and keeping files on everything. We each try to log at least four entries in our observation files every week – a slim number when considering the inexhaustible well of fodder Salt Lake provides, but we do our best to keep up with it. Boo's Addendum: Oom can be a total turd-dip-au-jus. He sounds so clinical like he's cataloging something and is gonna use terms like “penis” and “sputum.” The gist of it is that Oom is tidy, likes artsy and spooky things, has literary aspirations, and creates little interpretive dances to his favorite songs (only when he thinks nobody is around to see him). He's a cool kid. I'm a bit feistier; I love to push buttons; I despise most current fashions and pop culture; I love all things bonkers. I also tend to say mean sounding things to people even if I don't mean to and I've accidentally sent a few teachers to places of “rest and relaxation.” I mean well, though, and generally care about humanity. There's our nut shell – roasted and salted.

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Gallery Stroll



SLUG's Monthly Gallery Stroll Guide

Ahh November! The weather has changed yet again and the anxiety of Christmas is settling in. Slow it down, take a deep breath and go for a stroll. The Gallery Stroll is a free public event held on the third Friday of every month. Art galleries and studios of all kinds open up their doors to showcase their new works. For a list of the underground best of the best check out *SLUG's* monthly picks. This month gallery stroll will be happening November 16th.

Angela Brown editor and chief operator of *SLUG Magazine* has a deep connection with the residents of *Pierpont Avenue*. Having lived nearby and worked on the street for many years, its impending demise made the timing crucial for an art show. Ms. Brown relates, "I first starting working on Pierpont over 15 years ago with photographer, **Brett Colvin** in the same studio that SLUG now occupies." That is until February when **Artspace's** lease of over 20 years expires. In Artspace's defense they did offer places in their new locations with smaller living space and darker less suitable workspaces. Brown's plan, "I want to highlight the people who live and work on Pierpont. I plan to take all the residents photo's and include a small statement about what they do or where they are going to go when it's all over." The resident's resilience has been tested the last few months after the main walkway to many studios collapsed during the July Gallery Stroll and access to their building became limited. Even with all the turmoil there is still a lot of pride exuded from these people, for the building and their community. The **Resident's of Pierpont** show will open on **November 16th** at **No Brow Coffee** located at 316 East 300 South. Previous residents of Pierpont Avenue's **Art Access** are thriving in their new Artspace digs located at 500 West 240 South. The annual **Holiday Show** open's November 16th with works by kaleidoscope artist **April Motley**, ceramic teapots by **Vicki Acoba**, stained glass by **Robert Wynne**, clay angels by **Heidi Moller Somsen**, mixed media winged women by **Colleen Bryan Rogers** and traditional Spanish colonial retablos by **Jerónimo Lozano** to name a few. Traditionally, an artist is selected to decorate the Art Access holiday tree. This year the artist is **Elise Lazar**. Elise's rendition of icicles are modern yet mystical, a perfect match for a Holiday tree.

Traditions are important during the holiday season and one tradition that proves practical and enjoyable is the annual *Holiday and Craft exhibit and Sale* hosted by the **Finch Lane Art Barn** located at 54 Finch Lane. In it's 24th year, the exhibit and sale features work by dozen's of Utah artists and provides great one-of-a-kind gifts for everyone on your list. Because everything is one-of-a-kind, first looks are important. The exhibit and sale begins at 6pm on November 30th and will be open daily until December 16th

November/December shows have two receptions, November 16th, the third Friday in November and then again on December 7th for the Holiday Stroll. This year the Gallery Stroll and the Fashion Stroll will take place on the same night. Lots of strolling to be done at all your favorite galleries and boutiques! Don't miss your chance to see to check out art, fashions and original gifts for everyone.

Happy strolling, Mariah Mann Mellus

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By Astara *Bellyography*



off my butt, get on a skirt and come dance.' Up until then, I had been the mother hen, doing makeup, taking photos, and fixing costumes."

Dancing with Kashmir for five years, Mary explains, "I love the tribal atmosphere. We are all sisters. Our sisterhood is so amazing. We are all deeply connected, and it is a joy to dance with my daughter, Becky. I owe my dance career to her."

When I asked Mary about her dance training she told me, "I studied with **Raffa's** entry level performing group for a few years. He is a marvelous human being, and he is the one who taught me to walk like a girl. **Raffa** and **Aziz** have been very influential in my dancing and in how to live my life. Because of Kashmir, I have had opportunities to learn from

fabulous teachers, such as **Carolena of Fat Chance**, **Corrie Walker**, **Amina**, and **Rachel Brice**. Today I am certified in American Tribal Style dance, and all because of Corrie and Kashmir. I have been so lucky."

I am quite sure that Mary has no idea how truly lovely she is. I have watched her dancing and stage presence transform and progress over the years. She is an outstanding member of Kashmir Dance Company and just a wonderful person. In all my conversations with her, I have never heard her say an unkind word about anyone. She dances from her heart and soul, and, as always, that translates easily to an audience. It is impossible to hide the truth of your soul when you are dancing because it is the language of the spirit.

If you want to see Mary perform, Kashmir Dance Company will be performing in the fundraising event, *Dancing for Darfur* on November 17 and on Dec., 1, at the **Shazadi Soiree** in Logan. For more information go to: wedanceforhope.com or kashmirdancecompany.com.

Mary (Miraj)

In all pantheons, there is usually a representation of the nurturing, caring mother figure that oversees the well-being of the community. Perhaps it is her name, Mary, but this, in a nutshell, is the essence of the beautiful woman that dances with **Kashmir Dance Company**. I have long admired her as a person and wanted to know her a bit better.

"I am literally the white girl with no rhythm," Mary told me. "I sat on the sidelines for years watching my daughter, **Becky**, before I had the nerve to join in." Born and raised in Salt Lake City, Mary is the daughter of a father who wanted sons and was raised on football, baseball and boy stuff. She married her high school sweetheart, has two children, a boy and a girl, and has had a successful career in the male dominated world of construction.

In Mary's own words, "I have no girly training. I mean, I work in construction! I have no dance background at all. One day, **Corrie Walker**, director of Kashmir, told me to 'get

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THE DEATH OF INTIMACY

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I'm a huge fan of evolution. The fact that I don't go to church anymore is not because I'm mad at my parents or was touched in my special place by a bishop (or something like that) but because church could never explain to me where dinosaurs came from ... but evolution could. It also solidifies my belief that God and Jesus were made up by capitalists. I don't care if other people believe in god or aliens or other shit that I can't see, but if there is a god I just have a picture in my head of some weird old dude taking bong rips and making shit like platypuses and the Gaza Strip just to keep himself entertained all day.

As far as humanity goes, I personally feel that humanity is evolving at an astonishingly fast rate. I feel this is mostly due to technology; thanks, nerds. It wasn't that long ago that cell phones were only for doctors, drug dealers and assholes in movie theaters. Before that, it was pagers. Remember pagers? Now there is no difference between a pager and an eight track. I could totally show a sixth grade classroom how a pager worked and they would be blown away in the same manner of when I was in sixth grade and some old lady came to our class and showed us how to churn butter.

So what do I think we are evolving into? Mostly a bunch of fucking pussies afraid of hugging. Granted I've always been weird about hugs, I don't know why, but I hate it when someone I don't really know hugs me. My personal bubble is very sturdy. So if you ever get a hug from me, you'd better appreciate it because I don't do that shit very often.

How do I think this weird form of evolution happened? Two things mostly: Myspace and text messages. I'll go into the two separately. (While I was writing this very paragraph the SLUG editor sent me an IM asking me what my article was about and when I told her she IMed me back saying, "what about ichtat? You love ichtat!" I told her that it was totally different. Why is it different? I'll get to that later you impatient fucker, read the rest of the article.)

My only real experience with Myspace was when I started covering the skateboard shit for SLUG. I felt at the time that the local skate scene was getting a little soft and boring and needed some life breathed into the zombie fest. So, I decided that I should start a fake Myspace page and a fake column to go along with it under the alias **Brodie Hammers**. The Brodie Hammers section of my column was strictly for shit-talking and rumors. My idea was that kids could be Brodie's friend and inform him

of lies and stupid shit that their buddies did. Any skater could post on Brodie's Myspace page something like, "My friend so-and-so switchflipped the perfect 8 first try and then he pooped in the shower."

I also incorporated a handful of skaters who shall forever remain nameless, to inform me of different local skateboard rumors. So many people thought Brodie was cool but he caused quite a bit of controversy and it seemed best to end it before the SLUG office got fire bombed.

But ... the Myspace thing creeped me out. Most of Brodie's friends were 15-year-old skateboard kids, and no one seemed too intent on interacting. The number of friends you had seemed more important than how often you communicated with people; quantity, not quality.

It makes perfect sense for using Myspace for commercial purposes, but to me it seems like a fucked up way to find friends. **Rupert Murdoch** now determines how popular someone is. He already feeds us most of our news; this is very fucked up in my opinion and friendships can be created and deleted with the click of a mouse instead of over a cup of coffee or bottle of whiskey. I opted to make zines, real pages that people can touch instead of pages t h a t

people can delete.

I was recently engaged in conversation with a woman who told me about how one of her old roommates, who was very reserved, was only able to explain his deep platonic love for her via text message. The two have been friends for years and he couldn't let her know that he appreciated their friendship any other way but through a teensy weensy cellular tellular? Excuse me while I call this guy a pussy.

But this is often the case and why I think texting turns us all into pussies. It's easy to be intimate when you don't have to look the person in the eyes, thus killing intimacy. It's a nice big social safety net.

I personally have to admit that I've replaced my nicotine habit with cleverer texts I hated smoking but I used to do it anyway. And now here I am, writing this article, jonzing for my five-minute text break.

I think instant messaging isn't as much of a BFD as texting. Our cell phones are always with us, our computers aren't (yet). I used to be afraid to go to the dentist because I thought he'd put a government microchip in my molar but now he doesn't have to. We keep our microchip tracking devices voluntarily and we call them cell phones.

I think in about 1,000 years or so humans will evolve into this: Man will reproduce through a USB cable that connects to his penis and plugs into his computer. He can go to his Myspace page, click on the VBJ tab (virtual blow job) and upload his seed into a test tube stored in a Rupert Murdoch branded sperm bank. Women can insert a special 30GB flash disc/dildo contraption up their canyon that ships eggs to the same sperm bank. Then you can click on your friends tab and create a baby without any hassle and minimal emotional connection. Babies will be made there in the Rupert Murdoch baby facility and raised by cute little robots that look kind of like monkeys until they are old enough to fit the same USB cables and Flash disks up their genitalia.

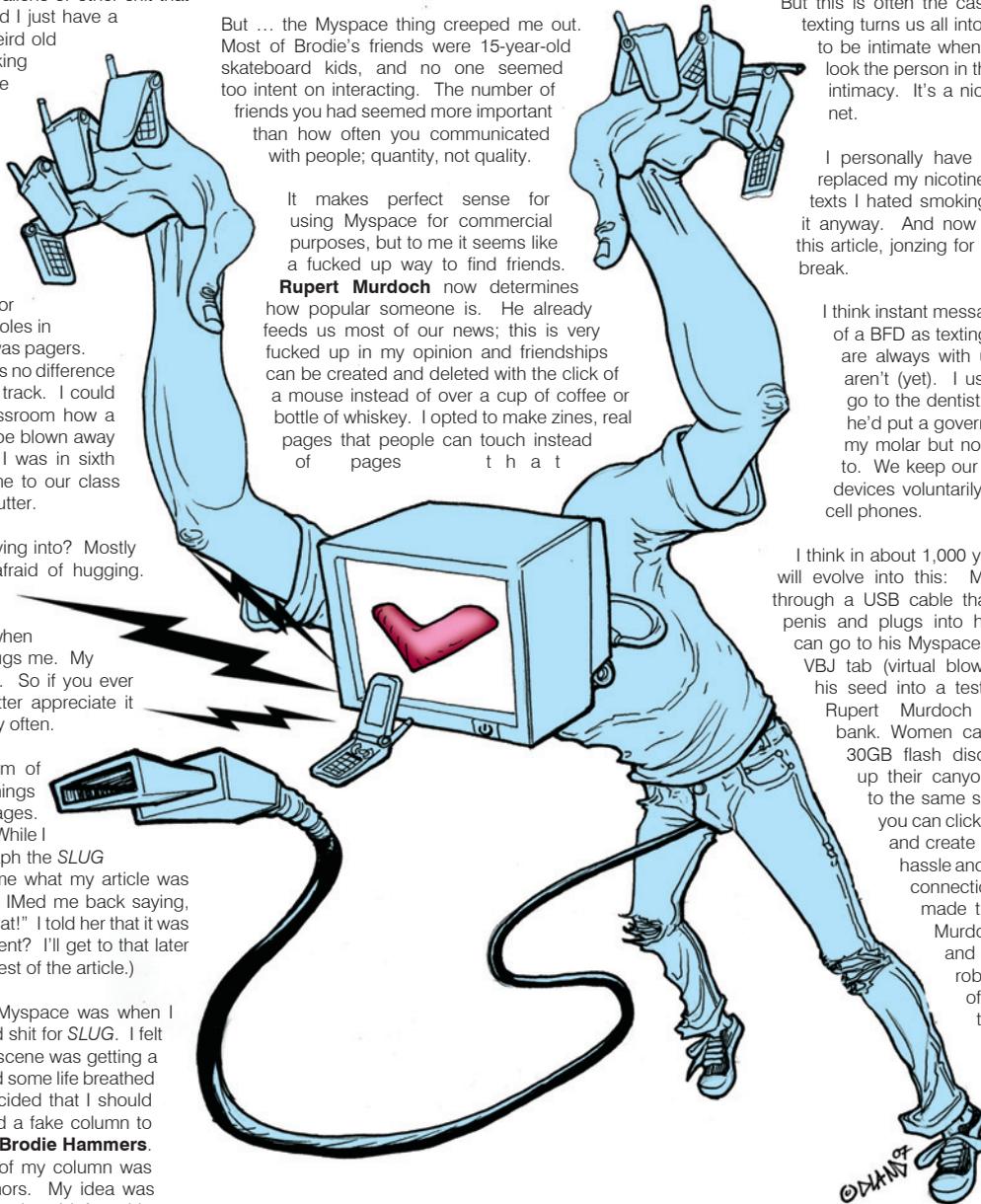


Illustration By Tim Odland

CD Reviews

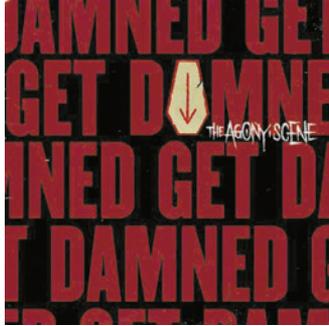
The Agony Scene

Get Damned

Century Media

Street: 10.23

Agony Scene = Your same ol' metalcore



I've decided that metalcore is the white-trash cousin of screamo. The only difference between these two styles of music, is the fact that the gnarly metalcore dudes try to act all macho and manly. The Agony Scene is metalcore and the same as every other band in the metalcore genre. I listened to the album three times over, trying to let it impress me or catch me with some sort of originality. Halfway through my third listen, I noticed that the majority of the songs start exactly the same. It's a shame, too, because **Mike Williams'** vocals are pretty gravely and pimp-sounding. I just really wish that metalcore and screamo bands would expand their musical horizons because there is a lot of bands such as The Agony Scene that have potential. —Jon Robertson

American Steel

Destroy Their Future

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 10.02

American Steel = Jawbreaker + The

Lawrence Arms + Communiqué

I hadn't listened to American Steel until I found out that they had reunited, signed with Fat, and planned on touring with the Lawrence Arms this fall, but the raw, energetic, emotional punk rock on their early albums was right up my alley. That said, *Destroy Their Future* is a bit disappointing. Things start off well enough, as "Sons of Avarice" recalls **Against Me!** (a band that American Steel undoubtedly influenced), but the next track, "Dead and Gone," is more indicative of the album's sound. Somewhere in between the band's breakup and reformation, they learned how to sing and get nice and tight with their instruments. That's usually a good thing, but what made American Steel appealing to me in the first place was their raw, unbridled energy. *Destroy Their Future* is by no means a bad album, just not what I wanted out of a new American

Steel record. (*Burt's Tiki Lounge*: 11.13)
—Ricky Vigil

Bell Hollow

Foxgloves

Five03

Street: 11.13

Bell Hollow = The Ocean Blue + The Church

Bell Hollow falls perfectly into the sonic timeline that comes just before **Nirvana's** mainstream robbery. The late 80s influence was still lingering, guitarists spinning out their own variations of **Robert Smith**, **Marty Wilson-Piper** or **Johnny Marr**. **R.E.M.** were critical darlings again and **The Cure** were pop-music sweethearts. Bell Hollow are about nostalgia, *Foxgloves* works rather well in recreating the sound and mood of an era lost. It reminds me of a myriad of bands without pinning itself to one in particular, and while this can be a positive attribute, it also raises a question: Is being nondescript a good thing? A fine debut, but expectations will be much higher for the sophomore effort. —ryan michael painter

Black Dice

Load Blown

Paw Tracks

Street: 10.23

Black Dice = Excepter + Ravi Shankar in a blender

Black Dice's sound has evolved into an almost hippie robot arena, where all walks of machinery come to get high and swirl around in circles to a semi-rhythmic beat. There are no humans in sight, only the sounds created by these various metal parts gently and violently bumping, grinding and at times, loving each other. Unlike their previous releases, the sound on this album is somewhat personified to be playful and danceable; almost a "leave your brain at the door" mentality. Even though this album is a collection of singles over the last two years, it is their most cohesive release to date. There is still a lot of noise on the periphery, but the heart of *Load Blown* is very focused and surprisingly optimistic. —Andrew Glassett

The Black Swans

Change!

La Société Expéditionnaire

Street: 11.06

The Black Swans = Tom Waits but

way bummed out and mellow

This album is like taking hallucinogens. It's totally slow-motion sounding and warm; and even though singer **Jerry DeCicca** sings about some sad, depressing stuff, you don't really care, because the music around his lyrics is warm and soothing. DeCicca sounds like a friendly drunk telling me all the bad news he can think of. This album makes me want to be sad, but I can't help but be relaxed and comfort-

able while listening to it. It's the music that **Jeff Tweedy** probably hears in his brains when he's all mellowed on prescription meds. Under all this slow motion country-tinged alt-rock is a frown waiting to be turned upside down. —Jon Robertson

Bring Back the Guns

Dry Futures

Fanatic Records

Street: 10.02

BBTG = Rancid + Jane's Addiction

+ God's Revolver

Bring Back the Guns' modus operandi is to channel rage, but mostly ends up agitating the eardrum. While listening to the CD, I picked up on obvious influences from **The Toadies**, Jane's Addiction and other melodically screaming rock-guitar-calibrated chorales. While intellectual lyrics make up most of the album, the way they are cut and pasted throughout verse and chorus makes no sense and takes away the power of the song. The guitar licks are simple but sweet. There is a sense of frenetic disillusion on songs like "The Family Name," while songs like "The Season for Treason" develops successful soundscapes that prove perfect for the nesting of meaningful lyrics. Math rock? Post-Pavement? Anti-cool rock n' roll? Whatever you want to call it. This album has everything you need for the comprehensive and straightforward rocker in all of us. —Lance Saunders

The Caribbean

Populations

Hometapes Records

Street: 10.07

The Caribbean = Ween + Jimmy

Buffet + The Narrators

Dense and murky, this record freaks me out. It reminds me of what a stalker would write in his novel: Songs of voyeurism and other people's stories told in a non-intimate and emotional manner. Myriad sonic details, bizarre guitar tunings and unexplained oddities fill the record with unidentifiable feelings and a hazy range of confusing emotions. This music makes no sense, and why? I can't put my finger on it. Bad analogy time: think of the "Hippo Story" from **Along Came Polly**. The hippo paints stripes on himself to blend in with the zebra, but everyone knows he is still a hippo. This album seems out of place, out of genre and out of touch with whatever they are truly trying to convey. It's not a horrible musical excursion, but not a very enticing one either. —Lance Saunders

Cass McCombs

Dropping the Writ

Domino Records

Street: 10.09

Cass McCombs = The Velvet Underground + Morrissey

Cass McCombs takes one on an intimate which journey whose mellow instrumentation propels his subtle irony in a sneering croon. From the incorruptible earnestness of lines like, "stick a needle in my eye, I'm middle class 'til the day I die ("Lionkiller") to the **REM** meets **Mary Poppins** melody on the especially relevant "Deseret," McCombs is a noticeably distant prophet, relegating administrative responsibilities to tambourine and acoustic guitar. McCombs' favorite **Beatles** album is unabashedly *Revolver*, a preference instantly recognizable by its poster in his basement folk repertoire. —Makena Walsh

Dodsferd

Cursing Your Will to Live

Moribund Cult

Street: 10.09

Dodsferd = Darkthrone + Leviathan + Draugar

"Bless the pain I have inside and curse this world I will never find." So sayeth Wrath, the creative entity behind Greece's Dodsferd. While the statement in the CD booklet may seem a bit on the overdramatic side to the casual listener, the CD itself is anything but laughable. In fact, I daresay that Dodsferd is one of the best black metal acts around these days. The Darkthrone worship is obvious, but Wrath manages to work in enough black n' roll nihilism and downright awesome songwriting to make this release entirely worthwhile. If you're ready to make the jump from "in-it-to-win-it"-style crap such as Dimmu Borgir, this here's one hell of a starting point. Do yourself a favor and order from the Moribund Cult. —loveyoudead

Dragons of Zynth

Coronation Thieves

Gigantic Music

Street: 10.02

Dragons of Zynth = Black Sabbath

+ TV on the Radio

What a strange musical concoction we have here. Many of the later tracks are actually quite pleasurable to listen to, featuring mellow synths, metal grooves, and other fun stuff like that. Conversely, the first few tracks remind me of **Ozzy Osbourne** playing a show on a week-long drug binge, backed by a group of twentysomethings who just finished an overnight game of D&D. The beginning notwithstanding, **Dragons of Zynth** have managed to put out a fairly strong (and trippy) debut album. Styles range from funk to pure metal, but never stray too far from a style that is quite unique to this band. *Coronation Thieves* is produced by **David Andrew Sitek**, who also did work with **TV on the Radio**, and his style is certainly apparent throughout. If you're a fan of his work, definitely give these guys a listen. —Ross Solomon

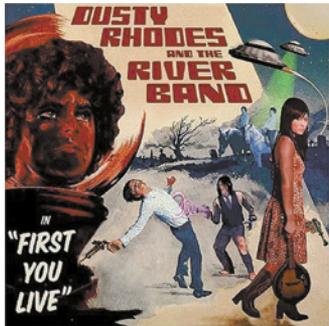
Dusty Rhodes and the River Band

First You Live

SideOneDummy

Street: 10.09

Dusty Rhodes and the River Band = Dropkick Murphys + The Young Dubliners + Two Gallants + a hint of Axl Rose, county, folk and bluegrass



I'll have to admit that I was taken aback when I heard the intro to *First You Live* and the first track. I'd never heard of Dusty Rhodes and the River Band, but before I plopped the disc into my CD player, I noticed the album was coming to me courtesy of SideOneDummy Records, who have released albums by such greats as The Casualties, 7 Seconds and The Suicide Machines, to name a few. With this knowledge, I thought I'd be hearing a punk band with some sort of folk twist, but instead I was blown backward by the frontal assault of straight-up country/folk/rock. The 13 tracks—though they came as a surprise—after a few listens, began to grow on me. Each track is distinctive and has a style all its own and should be taken as seriously as this six-piece takes their music. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Einsturzende Neubauten

Alles Wieder Offen

Potomak
Street: 10.23

Einsturzende Neubauten = Cabaret Voltaire + Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds + Feeding Fingers

While the debate wages on over new business models for the music industry, once again Einsturzende Neubauten have stopped the talk and taken things to a new level. With their new album fortuitously named *All Open Again* in English, they have let the fans decide what this new album will be like, allowing them input into what gets expanded and what does and does not make it into this new album. The fans aren't as stupid as one might think—the album is a combative compound of moody collapses like tin sheets of metal falling around an empty warehouse and quieter, meditative, almost ritualistic chants and general clamor. If anything, as the famous title of a book by Alain Badiou, this album is a clamor of being ... a new and fascinating direction for an established industrial act. —Erik Lopez

Enthroned
Tetra Karcist
Napalm Records

Street: 10.23
Enthroned = Behemoth + Dark Funeral + Marduk.

For some reason, I've always regarded Enthroned as "beginner black metal." You know, the kind of stuff you can buy at F.Y.E. or something, with a cover just evil enough to piss off a teenager's parents. And while their newest release does little to change that perception, it stands out as much more interesting and, well, pissed off than most mainstream black. The guitars are fuzzy as fuck, and the vocals are more "barked" than "screamed," if I may take the liberty of using that description. Varying between well-played blasts and mid-tempo gnashing, there is an obvious Immortal influence here, but these childrens still have a long way to go to be held in the same light as Immortal. —loveyoudead

Feu Thérèse

Ça Va Cogner

Constellation
Street: 10.23

Feu Thérèse = Cabaret Voltaire + The Psychedelic Furs + Bryan Ferry
Somehow, French Canadians know how to make the recently out-of-print a fashionable thing. Several years after the vintage synth revival, Feu Thérèse drop this wispy 1981 time-warp. Aiming to cast off the codified elements of 21st-century electro nostalgia, the group reaches back to uncompressed, noisy instrumentation and equally miscreant production, all strung together with the post-pop songwriting construction of their lineage (Fly Pan Am, Et Sans). New Order may be no longer (this week), but Feu Thérèse pick up between NO's *Low-Life* and *Technique* with the string-padded pre-house of "Nada"; echoes of ethereal, reverb-soaked David Sylvian and Japan-isms seep into the title track. Strains of Planet Earth-era Duran Duran and Fleetwood Mac's *Tusk* gleefully fuse together on "Visage Sous Nylon," while "La Nuit est une Femme" could easily find purchase on The Cure's *Disintegration*. A beautiful, respectful and innovative exercise in revision. —Dave Madden

Flobots

Fight With Tools

Self Released
Street: 10.16

Flobots = Sol. Illaquiists of Sound + CREST

Live band instrumentals spun with socio-politically conscious rap lyrics, Denver's Flobots utilizes singing, bass, viola, guitar, trumpet, and drums to create a soundscape evocative of Sol. Illaquiists of Sound. There's liberal soap-boxing of issues from every track, sometimes appropriately ("Handlebars") and sometimes verging on the preachy. There's a reason (well, there's a few) most hip-hop groups don't employ a full band for their backing beat; it's like walking a tightrope to provide backing instrumentals that are interesting while not overpowering for the rapper to ply his rhymes. Some manage to flout their mastery of this idea (Heiruspecs), and Flobots is close to overcoming this teetering mechanical bull

on nearly half the album, notably on songs like "We Are Winning," "Anne Braden," and "Handlebars." These tracks have something to offer if you're able to wade through the McDonald's-jingle guitar riff production of songs like "Same Thing." —Makena

The Foreshadowing

Days of Nothing

Candlelight

Street: 11.20

The Foreshadowing = Anathema + My Dying Bride + Paradise Lost

If you suffer from insomnia, *Days of Nothing* will put you out lickety-split. This Italian band plays gothic meets doom metal, but doesn't deliver the emotion one expects. Their influences are very obvious; borrowing heavily from Anathema's mid-career, which makes their originality lack in a big way. "Eschaton" is the best track on the record; it sounds the least like the band's influences and shows that there is some potential. Most importantly, I'm not bored as hell when I hear it. Most times, the music is at a snail's pace with majestic, sweeping keyboard/piano work. The vocals are clean and seem forced. They lack any sort of emotion except for a guy trying to sound like he's sad. It kind of makes you appreciate Aaron from My Dying Bride, a singer that really sounds as if he's teetering between tears or anger at any given moment. —Bryer Wharton

Harlots

Betrayer

Lifeforce Records
Street: 10.16

Harlots = Gaza + Psyopus + Pig Destroyer

Harlots are a fairly interesting techy, grindy band. On one hand, one might quickly pass them off as just another American deathcore project. After delving deeper, however, Harlots prove themselves to be quite the opposite, with dense and dingy atmosphere, mathematically precise instrument performances, a spirited sense of direction, and even some melodic vocals, which fit nicely in "Dried Up Goliathan." What is special to me about this disc isn't only the damn good songwriting and frightening atmosphere they've achieved, but instead, that they've successfully avoided being pigeonholed into one genre of music. When a band accomplishes this, they are certainly worth paying attention to and deserve to be seated towards the top of the heap. —Conor Dow

Jacobi Wichita

Nada

Thrust Music
Street: 11.06

Jacobi Wichita = Glassjaw + Mars Volta + Coheed & Cambria

It's about time that a band like Jacobi Wichita came out. I have been waiting for a group to meld an old post hardcore style with a newer sound of progressive brawn. *Nada* opens with the soaring "Hey, Hey, Hey ... Take It Easy" and never comes down. Each track is pleasurable and pain-

ful, kind of like a fresh pair of nipple clamps. These dudes are the future of gratuitous rhythms: Imagine Daryl Plumbo with road rage beating up the whole band of Between the Buried and Me at a Beach Boys concert and leaving them for dead while all the members of Refused run away screaming in high-pitched terror. These guys are all about keeping the pimp hand high. The only complaint I have about this album is that there are only seven tracks. Make a full-length or die. —Jon Robertson

Kim Hiorthoy

My Last Day

Smalltown Supersound
Street: 11.06

Kim Hiorthoy = Matmos + Herbert + Four Tet

Blip Blip on the wall, who's the most interesting electronic folk artist of them all? In the saturated tide of equidistant electronic/folk/hip-hop (each element blended in a puce mixture), Kim Hiorthoy is making waves. Tucked inside ambient and textural space lies an interesting intersection between a bouncy electronic pop/acid house and what Lol Coxhill has termed as "slow music"—something ethereal yet dense, spacey without air holes. Hiorthoy's sound on *My Last Day* is interesting for the way it churns out mood in small yet persistent pushes of distant sounds—piano, simple repetitive, cupped glitches and quiet build-ups. I am in awe of the concentric motion of left-of-center cycles of beats, bumps and what can only be heard as Jeweled Antler Collective melodies (if you can even call them that). Slimy without any of the decay and amateurish in all the best ways, think of Kim Hiorthoy as the best bedroom artist who has made a full house out of a forest. —Erik Lopez

LCD Soundsystem

45:33

DFA Records
Street: 11.13

LCD Soundsystem = Defunkt + Daft Punk + The Rapture + The Faint

Originally marketed as an "exercise album"—whatever the fuck that is—45:33 highlights a 45-minute electro-funk symphony brilliantly mixing LCD Soundsystem melodies, soulfunk vocal tracks and dub-style grooves. Probably better-suited for long drives or "jogging" than the dance floor, the album carries a distinctly retro feel compared to LCD Soundsystem's other releases. The track would feel right at home amongst The Contortions and Arthur Russell on the infamous *New York Noise* compilation. The length and gate of the album is a welcome refresher to three-minute radio blips, allowing DFA's James Murphy to take a much-applauded exercise in creative conducting, taking chances and pushing the envelope further than he'd dare on an LCD Soundsystem album. —Ryan Powers

Limbonic Art
Legacy of Evil
Candlelight

Street: 10.23

Limbonic Art = Dimmu Borgir + Dark Funeral

It's definitely been a while since Limbonic Art was on the scene. I recall buying into the hype and purchasing *Ad Noctum Dynasty of Death* while I enjoyed it, the record grew old after a while. The band called it quits in 2002 after the release of their *Ultimate Death Worship* record and throughout the five years of inactivity, members participated in bands such as Dimension F3H, Sarcoma Inc and Zyklon. For two guys, the amount of musical diversity going on with *Legacy of Evil* is truly astounding—it sounds like there are multiple guitar tracks with bass, breakneck drumming and plenty of keyboards. While most of the tracks run in similar realms, I enjoy this album better than their other records. If you're looking for something a bit faster and heavier than the typical Dimmu Borgir, look into Limbonic Art; they carry the same elements, but bandish with them an aggression and emotion that Dimmu lacks. —Bryer Wharton

**Naked Aggression/Die Schwarzen Schafe
Assassin Wanted/Keine Zeit
Campary Records**

Street: 2007

Naked Aggression/Die Schwarzen Schafe = one of the best albums this year!

The two bands on this split complement one another perfectly. I've always loved Naked Aggression's fast and aggressive chick-fronted hardcore and now I love Die Schwarzen Schafe's melodic German street punk. The best part about this album is that it features brand new music from both bands. Each side features 4 incredible tracks—and the liner notes feature German and English translations of both of the bands' songs. This is definitely one of the best punk albums that's been released in a while. My favorite track on the album was Naked Aggression's "Count Down." This album just renewed my love for modern-day punk rock; it's that good. —Jeanette Moses

**Ohmega Watts
Watts Happening**

Ubiquity Records

Street: 10.09

Ohmega Watts = Planet Asia + Pete Rock + Common

I have been somewhat disenchanted as of late when it comes to new hip-hop being released out of the states. Then ... along comes a gem like this album. Ubiquity Records continues its role of producing wide-eyed, all-encompassing, and multi-talented artists. Ohmega Watts has been around for a while, but his sound is definitely new to me. *Watts Happening* is their sophomore effort filled with soul and funk, psychedelic Brazilian sounds and an earful of sticky rhymes. Ohmega brings back classic sayings like "Just think ... what if you could just" You know the rest. If you are so inclined to ask me, "What has come out lately that you're excited about?" I'll drop Ohmega Watt's name like a fucking anvil. —Lance Saunders

**Om
Pilgrimage**

Southern Lord

Street: 10.02

Om = Sleep - Matt Pike. Literally.

You know, it's a bit difficult to put together a coherent review of this album when you're a bit on the inebriated side and deep in the midst of the first track, "Pilgrimage." For the uninitiated, Om is two-thirds (Chris Haikus and Al Ciseneros, to be exact) of the defunct and legendary stoner behemoth known as Sleep. While Matt Pike has gone on to form the much-hyped (and deservedly so) **High On Fire**, as well as the massively under-rated **Kalas**, his old rhythm section has somewhat quietly been releasing absolute masterpieces under the Om moniker. I absolutely love the first two full-lengths, both available on Holy Mountain, and the split with **Current 93** is something to behold, but "Pilgrimage" is ultimately the most insanelly ... well ... "trippy" release these two have unleashed. Have your bong ready and enjoy the ride, kids. —loveyoudead

**Pentacle
Under the Black Cross**

Ibex Moon

Street: 10.16

Pentacle = Obituary + Venom + Malevolent Creation

I find it funny how bands come up with their names sometimes. In the case



of Pentacle, I imagine they wanted an evil-sounding name, but **Pentagram** was already taken by a mighty doom metal band, so they just took that same concept and used another word for it. Pentacle joined in during the early era of Florida death metal ('89, to be precise). I'm not sure if they were influenced by Obituary or vice versa and one of the bands just wound up getting more popular than the other, but Pentacle's singer sounds a hell of a lot like **Jon Tardy** from Obituary and so does the music. The band plays pretty standard death metal, nothing too technical, with mediocre songwriting. It's nice background music, but it gets old after a while. The band toured with some big names in metal, but it just seems like they never had the chance to bridge that gap from really underground to a big name in the underground. While *Under the Black Cross* is a great testament to the Florida scene, it just ends up sounding like so much other stuff that I can't truly get into it. —Bryer Wharton

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Sear Bliss *The Arcane Odyssey*

Candlelight

Street: 11.20

Sear Bliss = Emperor + Therion + a lot of trumpets and horns

With the band's name and album cover art (even though it was designed by a guy that has done **Venom** cover art), you would almost judge them to be power metal, but such is not the case. Sear Bliss play blackened symphonic death metal. This album would be run-of-the-mill if it weren't for the amazing use of brass instruments, which transcends *The Arcane Odyssey* to a level of extreme metal that stands out from the pack. The guitars are based in black metal, fast and shredding, but the vocals run in more of a death-growl direction. I feel like I'm at a metal symphony, but not the crappy **Metallica** version, definitely something European. These Hungarians have crafted something that captivates and either has you banging your head or lulling you into bliss with its emotional and diverse melodic passages. This record is a prime example of how to do technical metal right. —*Bryer Wharton*

Sharaab *Evolution*

Undo Recordings

Street: 10.30

Sharaab = Roni Size + DJ Me DJ You + Steinski + Massive Attack

The beginning of this album makes me think of the scene in *The Exorcist* when the old crotchety priest walks up and stands across from the ghoulish statue in the desert while the sun sets and there is this ferocious sound of two dogs fighting in the background with Middle Eastern music playing. Sharaab's second album sounds a lot like that scene. But instead of an old priest there is a Rastafarian with an English accent bugging out to some desert-sounding techno and preaching doom over the top of it. This CD is the equivalent to what an exorcism would consist of if you were possessed with the evil, ghostly powers of reggae, techno, trip-hop and mysterious Middle Eastern sounds. The power of Christ compels you!
—*Jon Robertson*

The Soda Pop Kids *Teen Bop Dream*

Full Breach Kicks

Street: 11.13

The Soda Pop Kids = New York Dolls + Little Richard + The Pink Spiders + Beat Beat Beat + The Exploding Hearts + The Darkness + The Put Ons

Talk about regurgitated garbage. The Soda Pop Kids tread ground which is oh-so-familiar, in a completely juvenile manner on *Teen Bop Dream*, their second album. Songs such as "Fell in Love at the Arcade," "Too Pretty" and "The Soda Pop Sting" conjure up images of prepubescent lovey-dovey puke fests. The worst part of the whole record, though, is that, shockingly enough, between the screechy-bop vocals and poppy, tune-hopping guitar, The Soda Pop Kids have something that is catchy enough to ashamedly enjoy. Where they go wrong is their band name, for one. Call me a purist or a snob, but I could never listen to a band with such a name. Next is the title of the album itself ... *Teen Bop Dream*? Come on,

give me a break. Lastly, the lyrics—though not all are as painful as their naming of things—are bubble-gum nightmares. I'll bet each of these guys had a subscription to *Teen Bop* magazine in their youth—that is the only reasonable explanation for how grown men could willingly be a part of something this sissy and lame.
—*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Soldiers *End of Days*

Trustkill Records

Street: 10.02

Soldiers = Terror + First Blood + Madball

Working in concert promotion, acts that were part of a larger band would sometimes not want their respective band's name mentioned in their promotion because they wanted to do it on their own. This didn't always work. Soldiers take full advantage of the fact that two of their members are in hardcore heavyweights **This is Hell**. Too bad Soldiers' straightforward moshtacular hardcore doesn't have the same grab as **This is Hell**, and so it fails to stand on its own. *End of Days* is well executed, the vocal style of singer Rick Jimenez is higher in pitch than many of his tough-guy counterparts, and it's heavy. To its detriment, though, Soldiers aren't a terribly interesting take on the crowded tough-guy style, nor is it a progression of the genre. But for those only looking for heavy, this fits the bill. —*Peter Fryer*

Sole & The Skyriider Band *Self-Titled*

anticon.

Street: 10.23

Sole & The Skyriider Band = Sole + The Skyriider Band

Back from international sojourn, **Tim Holland** (a.k.a. Sole) has retained his pessimism but adopted a less gratefully preachy ego to voice his philosophical ranting in collaboration with **The Skyriider Band**. The musings of this matured Sole are comfortably despondent—a relaxed and post-apocalyptic pathos that rests on his shoulders like a tailor-made Sean John suit. Representatively revelatory of the album is the contrast of the deep vocalizer used on "The Bones of My Pets," a dichotomy that will unsettle anyone who's heard **Mike Jone's** sonically similar yet sentimentally opposite use of the same effect. Equally enjoyable are the album's "beats" (a term whose traditional denotation is perhaps here inappropriate). From the Ewok flute of "On Cavalry" to the borrowed Guy Debord chorus of "In Paradise," Sole makes it hard to go back to regular hip-hop after this collection of characteristically addictive attention-deficit-disordered songs.
—*Makena Walsh*

Starving Daughters *Such Buds: Limited Silk-Screened Edition*

Tender Loving Empire

Street 10.10

Starving Daughters = early Pink Floyd + Hum + Built to Spill

This EP, limited to 500 copies, is a reissue of a disc that came out earlier this year. This time around, the packaging has been reworked and the cover and insert booklet have been hand-screen-printed. This certainly adds some pizzazz to the whole thing, making it seem like the artists feel very strongly about their music. This same care has been taken with the writing and recording of the five songs on the EP. And while several of these songs lean toward the "I really like computer games with dragons" side of shoe-gaze music, the overall feel of the disc is one of soft, floating psychedelia. I'm not usually kind to bands whose entire sound feels ripped from the cold hands of **Syd Barrett**, but I have to say that I liked this disc more than I thought I would. It's filled with cool, well-structured songs that never seem to rush as they revisit places formerly inhabited by bands like **Deep Purple** and **Procol Herum**. —*James Bennett*

Steve Aoki *Pillowface & His Airplane Chronicles*

Thrive Records / Dim Mak

Street: 10.27

Steve Aoki = Flufftronix – Girl Talk + Diplo + LCD Soundsystem x Justice

We have all been dancing and wished



for world-class DJmanship only to be devastated by sub-par beatmatching, asinine song selection, and tired radio hits. The West Coast has Steve Aoki, the East Coast **James Murphy**, leaving the rest of us to fend for ourselves. Well, fear no more, *Pillowface & His Airplane Chronicles* provides a solid dance album with an excellent mix of familiar indie dance (à la **Justice**, **Bloc Party**, **Peaches**) gloriously remixed with some less familiar but equally awesome (**Goose**, **Services**, **Does It Offend You, Yeah?**) faces. Steve Aoki's contribution to this album musically is very subtle, as none of the songs are actually "Steve Aoki Remixes," rather relying on classic remixes by **MSTRKRFT**, **L.A. Riots** and **Soulwax**. However, a lot of guest vocals and excellent mixing of the songs occur—making this album's versions unique from any other commercially available mixes. —*Ryan Powers*

Ulver *Shadows of the Sun*

Jester/The End Records

Street: 10.02

Ulver = The best unknown band on earth.

Ulver. Few bands can send shivers

down my spine like Ulver can. Trickster G. and company, never a group to rest on their laurels, have returned with "Shadows of the Sun," which is the most depressing and beautiful release of the year, if you ask me. Better yet, don't ask me—I'll just tell you. From their beginnings as one of the Norwegian black metal elite through 2005's masterpiece *Blood Inside*, Ulver has released some of the most creative and addictive music I've ever heard, and any band that can cover Black Sabbath's "Solitude" and make it even more dreary is a band I would automatically deem "legendary." If you consider yourself a fan of music as opposed to a music fan and have not heard Ulver, you're doing yourself one hell of a disservice. Track this one down. Immediately. —*loveyoudead*

The Warlocks *Heavy Deavy Skull Lover*

Tee Pee

Street: 10.23.

The Warlocks = Velvet Underground + My Bloody Valentine

Mid-tour with the **Sisters of Mercy**, The Warlocks simply stopped existing. **Bobby Hecksher** & Co were without a label and a foreseeable future.

Therefore, *Heavy Deavy Skull Lover* is somewhat of a surprise. Trimmed back from a ballooning lineup that averaged seven members (the names were always changing; such is the life of chaos) the Warlocks find themselves a foursome (two of which remain drummers, as is their way). The music is as acid-drenched, noisy and atmospheric as always, but the more structured pop elements that were first noticed on *Phoenix* and then further emphasized on *Surgery* have been pulled back, making this release more akin to their earliest **Bomp! Records** releases.

The results are predictably dreary, full of drones and distortion which work quite well, the exception being the opening track, "The Valley of Death," in which I find the vocals, though often lost in the mix, unbearable. Bobby, good to have you back. Stay awhile won't you? —*ryan michael painter*

Wolfpack Unleashed *Anthems of Resistance*

Napalm

Street: 10.23

Wolfpack Unleashed = Testament + Metallica + Megadeth

Here is a new twist, a European band (they're from Austria) playing thrash metal in the vein of Bay Area. This well-armed debut album comes out swinging; it's a great thrash record. Admitting that "all classic thrash riffs had already been written," guitarist **Wops Koch** continues, "So we used minor chords and melodies to create a unique sound," which rings true. The riffing reminds me of what Testament has done, and it's pretty easy to tell that these guys don't mind showcasing their influences, but somehow they have created something they can call their own and not come off as total copycats. In the end, you can't really go wrong with playing a style that has been really successful. Great debut; I'll be thrashing out to this record for awhile.
—*Bryer Wharton*

Local

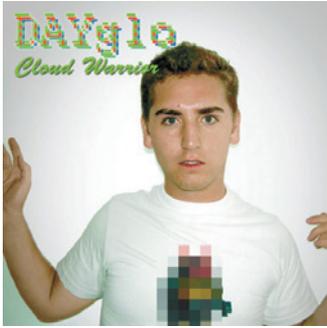
DAY glo

Cloud Warrior

Billygoat Database

Street: 08.03

DAYglo = NJ Foster + Norwahl + Nolens Volens



The music on *Cloud Warrior*, fortunately, isn't as non-descriptively clever as the song titles. What one gets is interesting bedroom beats with a Utah singer/songwriter's **Flight of the Conchords** pop delivery. *Cloud Warrior* suffers from one major flaw: it clocks in at a paltry 10 minutes effectively making it a single with some b-sides: If DAYglo made a music video for his robotic dance floor arrangement with love-for-humanity grooves, he could be the next *Youtube* extravaganza! I can't wait to see a full length coming out and hopefully the live show will be "a great live show." —Erik Lopez

Dead Yeti

Sky Burial

Red Light Sound

Street: 08.16

Dead Yeti = Ghastly Hatchling + Night Terror + Waxen Tomb

Out of the four Red Light Sound releases that have recently come out, this is the best. Harsh and perverse from the very moment you step into it, it's like fucking an exquisite corpse. Combining various bits of fielded-recordings, and trip-wire electro-static sounds, this album does a great job of keeping the listener on their toes. It melds the familiar and the chaotic in a pungent mix, like that of a good horror movie. It's part dread, with a complex blend of unnerving, chilling and forceful cacophonous disquietude. Awesome in its breadth and sustainability, *Sky Burial* would be a perfect performance to scare the Halloween mask off of any unsuspecting eight-year-old and the parents who hate them. —Erik Lopez

Dreadnought

Nothing Sacred

Independent

Street: 09.25

Dreadnought = Tool (Opiate style) + Hurt + Seven Mary Three

Nothing Sacred features seven blazing tracks of dark-textured alternative heavy rock. The opening track, "Walk Away", is harsh sounding tight rock. Vocalist **Dave Olsen** sounds like an early version of **Maynard James**

Keenan. His vocals are as loud and intense as it gets, going from screams to whispers and at times sounding like an inspired evangelist. "Fading" showcases the mind-blowing rhythmic talent of bass player **Mike Schmidt** and drummer **Andy Brinton**. All seven of these tracks go to town. This music is deep. —Jon Robertson

Drop Dead Julio

Lack of Direction

Self Released

Street: 03.30

Drop Dead Julio = Yellowcard +

Rise Against

Drop Dead Julio's premier album feels strangely familiar: the band knows the audience they're playing to, adding enough of their own personality to stand out from the crowd, enough for you to take notice. Without a doubt DDJ produces seriously catchy songs that have you humming along on the spot. Although musically and lyrically sound, the group's weak spot is its strength drummer James Julio. More often than not, Julio's double bass tends to overpower the rest of the instrumentalists, including vocalist Gene Kennedy. It isn't that Julio is a poor drummer; he simply plays too much like a soloist, a common flaw in today's alternative medium. Fans of bands like **Story of the Year** and **Sum 41** will quickly fall in love with DDJ, but if you prefer your music more indie and experimental, direct yourself away from *Lack of Direction*. —Kat Kellermeier

Gene Swift Band

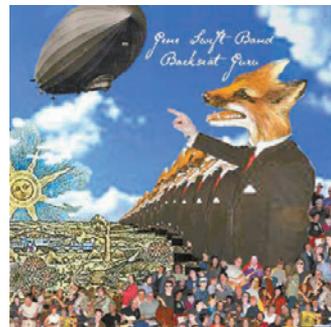
Backseat Guru

Swift Music

Street: 2007

Gene Swift Band = Steely Dan + Prozac

When I first plugged this disk into my deck just outside of *SLUG HQ* I was really stoked. "Way Back Home," the opening track, was crying out for me



to roll down the window and jam down 300 West with a grin on my face and an arm out the window. The second and title track seemed to take it down a notch, but I kept my hopes high. Sadly, my hopes were continually dashed for the remainder of the album. Not that this album lacks quality, the musicianship and engineering are fantastic, but Backseat Guru gets mellow with each song until the point where it feels like it may just stop

playing altogether and turn into a collection of ocean noises. I guess I was hoping for a road-happy grin fest and that's a very narrow standard to hold an album up to. The songs are fine, and the variety of great instruments and voices impressive, I just wanted to tap my foot more often. —Jesse Kennedy

Gudgeguh

Gudgeguh

Red Light Sound

Street: 08.06

Gudgeguh = AODL + Night Terror + Tenants of Balthazar's Castle

Like its labelmate, Night Terror, Gudgeguh rocks in at just under 12 minutes. Unlike Night Terror, its a bad disappointment that it ends so soon and abruptly. What is immensely interesting about this nugget of noise are the anomalies that catch the ear. They save the composition from collapsing into a wall of noise. From its innocuous start, with the hydrophonic sound of a turbine, to its dense and hollow after effects, the album rushes its intentions through the processing plant of blips, clanks, blurts and ticks. **Jared Russell** recruited **Iceburn** alum **Gentry Densley** to help father this piece and while you can't quite tell who did what, its an exemplar and crushing tinker-tot of raw sound. —Erik Lopez

I Hate Girls with Bruises

First Night

Red Light Sound

Street: 08.15

I Hate Girls With Bruises = VCR Quintet + Ghastly Hatchling + Night Terror

The Salt Lake City noise scene is blowing up and it is no small part to the concerted and concentrated efforts of one **Aaron Zillionaire**. On this release, Zillionaire and collaborator **Tia Martinez**, haven't gone the usual route of penetrating noise and obtuse shocking visuals that subordinate the sound, but have taken this one track opus and made it sound as if you were in an industrial warehouse full of machines moving blending and echoing in harmonious unison. The tape loops the sound of what could conceivably be the hum of an industrial fan while the electronics jump and twitter like a conveyor belt with liquefied metal pouring off of it. The composition is repetitive without being boring, but you can easily zone it out as it plays in the background. Not too harsh assaultive or brutal, *First Nights* is a cognizant noise album. —Erik Lopez

I Hear Sirens

S/I

Self-Released

Street: 07.24

IHS = Explosions in the Sky + The Weak Men + Maserati

The influences behind I Hear Sirens are somewhat exterior in nature. It is easy to sense a little **Sigur Ros** here and a little **Mono** there, but IHS has

brought their own brand of ethereal substrate to help revive the delineating post-rock enzyme. Their song titles are a little tough to swallow ("Ashes Fall Like Snowflakes, Burying the Sea" or "This is the Last Time I'll Say Goodbye"), but the energy and beauty captured on this recording outweigh anything that would deter a potential listener. The production is immaculate, sounding like something that was recorded in Texas with subtle electronics floating through the background, giving this band a sleeker edge than your common post-rock free for all. This is easily one of the best local releases of the year. —Andrew Glassett

Night Terror

Primitive Reaction

Red Light Sound

Street: 08.26

Night Terror = I Hate Girls With Bruises + Gudgeguh + AODL

Clocking in at a diminutive 12 minutes in length, **Jared Russell**'s Night Terror *Primitive Reaction* is getting a mixed reaction. At 12 minutes it's just enough of a conceptual build-up to maintain interest, but one wonders whether or not would still sound fresh if it had been longer. To his credit, he knows when to fold'em. The album begins with a blast like that of a twin-engine plane taking off and it maintains its exhaustive pitch going through four more tracks. As the plane slowly descends you get the overwhelming sounds of suppression, depression and inflation; a typical assault and release formula. For a short EP's worth of noise, it's not bad, but on the other hand it's not that great either. —Erik Lopez

Vile Blue Shades

Triple Threat

Octopus/Pseudo Recordings

Street: 10.31

Vile Blue Shades = a bottle of whiskey + 13 people + a dance party

The aptly named *Triple Threat* CD collects the three out-of-print VBS albums; Dark Wizard, Bottle of Pain and Oblesake of the Orb onto one shiny super-saver disc. VBS is like a great mixed drink, combining everything in just the right proportion. Taking members from other great SLC bands such as Beard of Solitude, Lazer Fang, Tolchuck Trio and The Wolfs, the disc starts with a few soulfully primal opening tracks and starts to deliver the working-class jams that they have become infamous for. Each song after track four becomes an orgasmic free-for-all of tribal enthusiasm with whoops, hollers, screeches and enough moaning to make "Debbie Does Dallas" jealous. Maddening in its spiraling out-of-control lyrical content and loosely collective structure, *Triple Threat* is a great translation onto CD of one of Salt Lake's tour-de-force live acts. —Erik Lopez

SLUG

Damned to Heaven

Thomas Elliott and Pawel Gula

Street: 2007

This film started making the festival circuit last year and will soon be released on DVD. It follows the story of several former FLDS members and the hunt for their fugitive leader **Warren Jeffs**. Interviews with members and audio clips from sermons given by Jeffs paint an eerie picture of the goings-on of this apostate group of fundamentalist Mormons. Much of the story revolves around the high rate of sexual predation among FLDS families—proof that when men are encouraged to take multiple brides, and when women are compelled to believe that this is what God wants for them, it becomes very difficult for healthy sexual relationships to develop. Stories of statutory rape, molestation and community silence show exactly how far gone this community really is. The saddest part, though, is how many of the exiled members cited here still feel like polygamy is how God wants them to live—it is their own weaknesses that keep it from working properly. And while this outlook shows just how deeply engrained the polygamist lifestyle is in their communities, it also shows how manipulative and genuinely evil Jeffs and his colleagues really are. Hopefully his recent conviction on accomplice to rape charges will keep him locked up for a very long time. —James Bennett

Fred Armisen presents: Complicated Drumming

Technique: Jens Hannemann
Drag City

Street: 10.23

This instructional DVD showcases the drumming prowess of Jens Hannemann, a Fred Armisen parody of a euro-trash **Neil Pearl**-wannabe (complete with **Eddie Vedder** hair, a sleeveless sci-fi t-shirt and a soul patch.) Live clips of Hannemann's mock jazz band are interspersed with song breakdowns and drumming tips. At one point Armisen demonstrates how to count off a 61/4 time signature, and another clip ends in a fantastic tirade of cursing after a drum tech almost loses his hand trying to change a snare. What makes the faux-technical DVD work is how it remains ridiculous, but somehow still true to the genre of instructional video. It can be a little painful to watch in parts, and a bit too long in others, but Armisen's talent as a drummer holds it together in spots where a simple parody would fall flat. In all, this Drag City release is a great joke and the perfect DVD for a drummer with a sense of humor. —James Bennett

Haunted Histories Collection History Channel

Street: 09.25

This five-disc collection features the History Channel-produced programs "Hauntings," "Vampire Secrets," "Salem Witch Trials," "The Haunted History of Halloween" and the A&E-produced "Poltergeist." The programs on the

Salem Witch Trials and the history of Halloween are the most straightforward, presenting a fair amount of historical information regarding the events of the Salem Trials and the different origins of the Halloween tradition. "Hauntings" and "Poltergeist" are both presented in a fair, balanced approach with experts who both attempt to prove or disprove the various ghost stories and allow the viewer to make whatever conclusions that they will. The most exploitative program also proves to be the longest: "Vampire Secrets." Playing up the sexual, horrific elements and augmented by many experts, modern day vampires and unintentionally camp reenactments it is also the most entertaining. This in a sense is rather horrifying, particularly in the retelling of contemporary examples considering the amount of violence, perversion and loss of life that actually took place. In their defense the vampire myth itself tends in this direction, as does society's interest in the myth; a combination of fascination and fear. All in all, it's a nice collection of tales with plenty of substance to go along with the more sensational elements worthy of the History Channel branding, even if it isn't quite on par with their better-known war documentaries. —ryan michael painter

Last of the Breed: Live in Concert with Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard, Ray Price

A&E Video

Street: 09.25

Last of the Breed was filmed at a sold-out show in March of this year at the *Rosemont Theatre* in Chicago. Interesting in its scope and breadth of performance, this DVD showcases how intrepid these three legendary performers are. Like a 50-year-old cougar who still has it in the sack, Willie, Merle and Ray still put on a stunning live show. Being the first time all three have shared a stage, they invariably play off each other well, not upstaging or outdoing the other. The camera angles are conservative and point back to 1950s variety TV show techniques as the camera oscillates between wide shots and full body shots — occasionally using close-ups for guitar solos and panning around the other musicians for good measure. Diverse and entertaining, this DVD intertwines a valuable moment in country music history. —Erik Lopez

The New Technology of War Popular Mechanics

Street: 09.11

Produced by the folks at *Popular Mechanics* magazine, *The New Technology of War* is a terrifyingly interesting look into the future of warfare on planet Earth. The documentary focuses explicitly on recent advancements in science and technology and the ways in which they are altering military combat. Split up into five segments ("Ground Forces," "Air Power," "Sea Power," "Counter Terrorism" and "The Future of War"), this

series is filled with computer animation and live-action demonstrations of how the U.S. is contributing to the ongoing arms race. Shit like robotic ground troops and unmanned aerial vehicles are very literally turning the battlefield into a video game. Military experts throughout the documentary stress the importance of mobility. In comes the EFV (Expeditionary Fight Vehicle), which is an amphibious assault tank that can maneuver both water and land, all while transporting about 10 Navy Seals. These bitches can get up to about 45 mph on land and about 40kn on water. Apparently, we are only a few short years away from total **MEGAZORD** warfare. —Michael DeJohn

The Pink Floyd and John Barrett Story

John Edginton

MVD Visual

Street: 09.18

This documentary takes a look into the life and short-lived fame of **Pink Floyd**'s front-man Syd Barrett before he slipped into a drug-induced dementia. I found it to be very interesting and full of things I had no idea about, like how Pink Floyd came into being and the stories behind certain songs. With lots of interviews from members of the band and other people who knew Syd, it paints an image of what he was like before and after his fall into drug use. Although it may have been a tragedy for Pink Floyd to lose him, it seems like this was the way it had to be for young Barrett. His drug use may have ended up driving him crazy, but without it he may not have made some of his epic songs. I definitely learned a lot from this short, informative documentary. I would highly recommend picking this video up, whether you're a Pink Floyd fan or not, just for the mere fact of hearing all that was accomplished from the bright young mind of Syd Barrett. —Adam Dorobiala

SACRIFICE SKATEBOARDS POR VIDA DVD

Street: 2007

Sacrifice Skateboards is down for the cause. I don't know what cause that is, but I'm sure it has something to do with skating a pool or a park while drinking booze. That is, unless you're **Casey MacCaugh**, **B.J. Morrill** or **Dave Nelson**, each of who has solid street-type parts. The rest of the DVD is a bunch of older dudes getting shit done and eating some serious shit. The slam sections in this DVD are hilarious. These guys supported **Neil Heddings** while he was incarcerated so there is some classic Super-8 footage of him. Other reasons to peep this DVD are as listed:

-Dude in opening credits eating shit in full pipe from about 10:45.

-Dude throwing that full glass of alcohol onto a scalding hot pan of grease while skating a mini-ramp inside of a house.

-Dudes filming themselves with camera in hand and eating shit.

-Dude, I think **Animal Chin** is in this shit. —PETERPANHANDLER

VOX SHOES PRESENTS

Black and Blue Vol. 2 DVD

Street: 2007

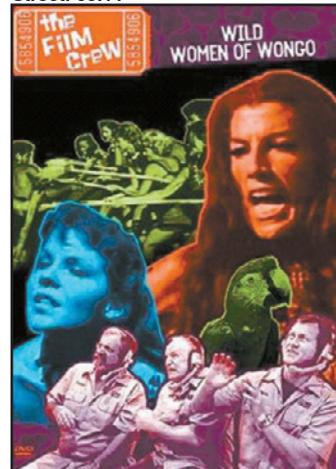
If you liked the *Vol. 1* DVD then you'll probably like this one as well. There does seem to be a lack of street footage in this edition, but the street skating that's in there is quality. I'm not talking about the most stairs or freshest bangers; I'm talking style, speed, power and more style. Style is exactly what you get from *East Coast* man-am **Henry Ponza**, so be on the lookout for this relatively unknown skater. Vertical vampire **Darren Navarette** throws down a 50/50 on a real railing. How many of you street lurkers can even drop in on vert? There is a ton of skate-park footage from Australia, most of which you can fast-forward through because how many pivot to fakies can you watch **Dan Drehobl** do? That was a trick question. The only thing lacking in this DVD is the street skating of **David Gravette**, **Slash** and **Justin Strubing**. Find a copy of this DVD at any decent shop around town that carries VOX. Remember this shit is free and not much in life is free anymore. —PETERPANHANDLER

Wild Women of Wongo

The Film Stars

Shout! Factory

Street: 09.11



Mike Nelson, **Bill Corbett**, **Kevin Murphy**. Names sound familiar? That's because they are the stars in front of the big screen in *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. Now, they've returned as **The Film Crew**, hilariously criticizing some of the worst films to grace the silver screen. Beyond that, there's really nothing new here. The humor's essentially the same, as are the voices and jokes. If you like a group of wise-cracking old guys making fun of really, really bad movies, then go buy this. If you liked *MST3K*, then go buy this. —Ross Solomon



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- 11.9 THE WOLFS
- 11.11 THE FLOBOTS & MR. GNOME
- 11.13 IOTA, GLASS PACK & SPORK
- 11.16 FUCK THE INFORMER
- 11.18 EUFORCHESTRA, MR. MENTION & KEYS OF CREATION
- 11.20 MOTIF ONYX
- 11.23 BLACK HOLE & JANDALE!
- 11.25 SNI FI & THE MONSTER POD
- 11.27 GODS REVOLVER, XUR & PILOT THIS PLANE DOWN

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Daily Calendar

Friday, November 2

Regina Spektor – *In the Venue*
Trace Wren – *Alchemy*
Subrosa CD Release: Subrosa, Minerva, Red Bennies – *Burt's*
Good Karma Blues Band – *Pat's*
Until Further Notice, The Wide Awakes, Burnt Orange – *Circuit*
Pink Lightning, Wolves, Day of the Dead – *Broken Record*
DJ Curtis Strange – *Jackelope*
Cave of Roses, Redneck Mafia Diggers & Wackers, Oxido Republica,
Prosthetic Heads – *Vegas*
David Kilgore, Euros Childs, Kathryn Cowles – *Urban*
Fred Swanson – *Ken Sander's*
Hell's Belles, Thunderfist – *Bar Deluxe*
Free Movie Night – *Red Light*
High Beams, The Rubes, Bronco – *Monk's*
We Shot the Moon, It's Like Love, Take the Fall – *Kilby*
Nigger, Wetback, Chink – *Kingsbury Hall*

Saturday, November 3

Subrosa CD Release – *Red Light*
Roger Clyne & the Peace Makers – *Suede*
Ask the Dust – *Artopia*
Salt City Slam – *Cup O Joe*
Machina, Broke City, Poetica, Blonde Assassin – *Vegas*
Happy Birthday Taylor – *Tony's*
HIM, Bleeding Through – *In the Venue*
Day/V, Spencer Nielsen, Royal Bliss – *Tony's*
Velella Velella, Vicious Starfish, Almost Never, Something Else – *Kilby*
Kris Leman – *Alchemy*
Slaughter, Megattack, Tommy Had a Vision – *Depot*
Octopuss Project, Palace of Buddies, Dead Horse Point – *Urban*
Woolfe Bell Band – *Pat's*
Hell's Belles, Thunderfist – *Bar Deluxe*
Emme Packer, T.J. Petracca, Tom Butler Band, Quasi-Stellar Radio, Furs, Cognition – *Avalon*
Swamp Donkeys, Charlie Don't Surf, The Boomsticks – *Burt's*
DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – *Jackelope*
Nigger, Wetback, Chink – *Kingsbury Hall*

Sunday, November 4

High-ball Train – *Republican*
Cryptacize, Palace of Buddies, Chaz Prymek – *Kilby*
Sni Fi, The Monster Pod – *Monk's*
The Ponys, Chin Up Chin Up, Alela Diane – *Urban*

Monday, November 5

Comedy Night – *Cup O Joe*
Colorado City Runaways, Parleys Drifters, Peter Harvey, Sarah Songer, Kayla Bolton, Sam Bailey – *Burt's*
Crackjaw – *Vegas*
Gliss – *Kilby*
Heavy Heavy Low Low, Foxy Shazam, TEra Melos, Drown Out the Stars, I'll Be Your Eyes – *Avalon*
Del: Tha Funkie Homosapien, Devin the Dude, Bukue One – *Suede*
Amish Noise, Grudgeguh – *Red Light*
Irish Session – *Republican*

Tuesday, November 6

Nigger, Wetback, Chink – *Kent Concert Hall*
Moros Eros, The Stiletto Formal, The Axe That Chopped the Cherry Tree, I Hear Sirens, Lionel Williams – *Avalon*
Jay Retard, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*
Aquaduct, Tolchock Trio, Chris Merritt – *Kilby*
Barely Blind, Operation Wrong, Going Second – *Burt's*
Divine Heresy, Separation of Self, Massacre at the Wake – *Vegas*
Danzig, Horrorpops, Gorgeous Frankenstein – *Saltair*

Wednesday, November 7

90 Days for Meghann Griggs! We Love You! – *The SLUG Staff*
Sally Funk, Dacho, Elephanite – *Liquid Joe's*
DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – *Jackelope*
Katy Mae, Johnny Walker's Dead Horses, The Highbeams – *Burt's*
Nigger, Wetback, Chink – *Egyptian Theatre*
Old Crown Medicine Show – *Depot*
Phono, Dimension Zero – *Vegas*
Do Make Say Think, The Apostle of Hustle – *Urban*
The Scurvies, Riff Robbers, Dirty Vespuccis, I've Got a Gun – *Artopia*
Pitch Nic Premiere

– *Broadway Theater*

Coheed and Cambria, Clutch, The Fall of Troy – *Saltair*

Thursday, November 8

The New Frontiers, Let's Become Actors, Ashton, The Wide Awakes – *Solid Ground*
Nigger, Wetback, Chink – *Egyptian Theatre*
The Vincent Black Shadow, Nim Vind, Vile Blue Shades, Stereo Receiver, Tell the Grass, Lewis – *Avalon*
Run Like the Wolves, Drodma, Oh! Wild Birds – *Urban*
Fabuloso – *Bar Deluxe*
DJ Dellafera, Skarekro – *Vegas*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Sharlock Poems – *Monk's*
Dreadful Children, The Logan, Negative Charge, Cooking with Ghandi – *Burt's*
Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*
DJ Taiwan On – *Jackelope*

Friday, November 9

The Wolfs – *Burt's*
N.F.F.U., SKINT, Negative Charge, Dubbed, Intimachine, The Explicit, Sounds of Emergency – *Avalon*
SLUG Localized: The Soundtrack Scene, VCR Quintet, Digital Love – *Urban*
Rob Carney, Larry Harper – *Ken Sander's*
Manson Movie Night with Waxen Tomb – *Red Light*
Funk Fu, Killing Carolyn, Funk and Gonzo – *Liquid Joe's*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy*
Kingscrossing, Shadow, Perfect Disorder Overdose – *Vegas*
Karl-palooza: The Grimmway, The Has-Beens, Shuman Brothers, Bloodworm, Azon – *Burt's*
Lion Fish – *Pat's*
De La Soul – *23rd Floor*
Ben Lee, Carey Brothers – *In the Venue*
Beyond This Flesh, Gods Revolver, Cave of Roses – *Broken Record*

DJ Curtis Strange – *Jackelope*

Irvine Mayfield & the New Orleans Jazz Orchestra – *Kingsbury Hall*

Saturday, November 10

DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – *Jackelope*
Moreland & Arbuckle – *Pat's*
Slippery Kittens Fundraiser – *Bar Deluxe*
Viva Kneival, Skullfuzz – *Burt's*
Hardcore Tattoo Party: Insanity Plea, Beyond this Flesh, Drown Out the Stars,
Vinia – *Vegas*
New Found Glory, Senses Fail – *In the Venue*
No Quarter – *Depot*
Dead Beats/ Hip Hop Extravaganza – *Urban*
Salt City Slam – *Cup O Joe*
The Flobots, Scenic Byway, Funk & Gonzo, The Auto Pirates, The Cosmonots, Midstate – *Avalon*
Happy Birthday Ada! – *Love SLUG*

Sunday, November 11

Voltaire, Subrosa, Riverhead – *Area 51*
Battle of the Bands – *Avalon*
Ozzy Osbourne – *E Center*
The Flobots, Mr. Gnome – *Monk's*
Demons, AODL, Grudgeguh, Waxen Tomb – *Red Light*
High-ball Train – *Republican*

Monday, November 12

Slough Feg – *Burt's*
Too Pure to Die, Whitechapel, Impending Doom, Beneath the Sky, They Came in Swarms – *NVO*
Irish Session – *Republican*
Nick Jaina, Run on Sentence, Eden Express, Coyote Hoods – *Kilby*
Comedy Night – *Cup O Joe*
Nodes of Ranvier, Knights of the Apocalypse, Visions of Infinity, Raze, Behind Black Gates, Dying Rest Theory – *Avalon*

Tuesday, November 13

IOTA, Glasspack, Spork – *Monk's*
Edward Abbey, Earth First!, The Monkey Wrench Gang and Me: Musings on the Late Author of Desert Solitaire and the Monkey Wrench Gang by Ken Sanders – *Westminster*
Bob Schneider – *Suede*
Bullet Boys, Tommy Had a Vision, Radiata – *Vegas*
Say Hi To Your Mom, The Velvet Teen, The A-side – *Kilby*
Charalambides, Alasdair Roberts, Kid Medusa – *Urban*
Lawrence Arms, American Steel, Sundowner, The Falcon – *Burt's*
Stolen Babies, Creature Feature, Schoolyard Heroes – *NVO*

Wednesday, November 14

DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – *Jackelope*
Ghostwriter, Utah County Swillers – *Bar Deluxe*
Nekromantix, The Chop Tops, Koffin Kats, Spooky DeVille – *Avalon*
An Evening with J.J. Grey and Motro – *Urban*
Hangar 18 – *Uprok*
Saturday Looks Good to Me, Sea Wolf – *Sound*
DJ Keone vs. DJ Grim – *Artopia*
Puddle of Mudd – *In the Venue*
Der Maschine and the Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Vegas*
The Real You, Larusso, Vicious Starfish, Vinyl Williams – *Solid Ground*
Phantom Rockers, Royal Dead, Salt Town Greasers, Domiana – *Burt's*

Thursday, November 15

DJ Taiwan On – *Jackelope*
Adrian & the Sickness, Token Betty – *Burt's*
Audrey Sessions, Dream Balloons, Ben Johnson – *Solid Ground*
Bronwen Beecher and Friends – *Alchemy*
Konkrete Jungle Utah – *Artopia*
Pink Lightnin', Purrbats – *Urban*
Kazi – *Uprok*
Matt Lund Fund: Dublife Soundsystem, Rob Coat, Mondelas, African Drums – *Vegas*
The English Beat – *Depot*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Fat Joe – *Harry O's*
Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*

Friday, November 16

DJ Curtis Strange – *Jackelope*
Circa Survive, Fear Before the March of Flames, Ours, The Dear Hunter – *Avalon*
Cobra, Red Top Wolverine Show, Rubes – *Broken Record*
The Ruckus – *Orange*
Old Time Relijun, Fog, Vile Blue Shades, The Soundtrack Scene – *Urban*
Almost Undone – *Bar Deluxe*
Pin-ups vs. Landscape: Trent Call – *Ken Sander's*

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 Fuck the Informer – **Monk's**
 Hustle and Snow Show – **Circle**
 Bad Boy Bill – **Harry O's**
 Secret Lives of the Freemasons, Karate High School, A Verse Unsung – **NVO**
 Karen Bayard – **Alchemy**
 Porch Pounders – **Pat's**
 Of Montreal – **In the Venue**
 Daswood Benefit: In Camera, Thunderfist, Fews & Two, Top Dead Celebrity – **Burt's**

Saturday, November 17
 Nigger, Wetback, Chink – **George S and Dolores Dore Eccles Center**
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 Salt City Slam – **Cup O Joe**
 Pass-A-Fist, Digna Y Rebelde – **Boing!**
 Adapt, Gutshot, Balance of Power, Oxido Republica, What Dwells Within – **Vegas**
 The B-52s – **Depot**
 Johnny Walker's Dead Horses – **Bar Deluxe**
 Spencer Nielsen, Kevin Burdick – **Tony's**
 Dancing for Darfur – **Post Theatre**
 Pornstar Ball – **In the Venue**
 Pink Lightning, The Wolfs, Bumpkin – **Burt's**
 Witchcraft, Radio Moscow – **Urban**
 Spitalfield, The Forecast, The Graduate, Ludo, Larusso – **Avalon**
 No Blood to Spare – **Alchemy**

Sunday, November 18
 High-ball Train – **Republican**
 Satan's God, Sonic Disorder – **Red Light**
 Battle of the Bands – **Avalon**
 Euforchestra, Mr. Mention, Keys of Creation – **Monk's**

Monday, November 19
 Bad Apples, The Precinct – **Burt's**
 Greeley Estates, Schoolyard Heroes, Confide, Darling You Should Be Ashamed, Here She Lies – **Avalon**
 Comedy Night – **Cup O Joe**
 Pink Reason, Psychedelic Horseshit & Kidneys – **Red Light**
 Irish Session – **Republican**

Tuesday, November 20
 Motif Onyx – **Monk's**
 MC Frontalot, Shaffer the Dark Lord – **Burt's**

Wednesday, November 21
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 Strive Roots, Xiren – **Urban**
 Bradley Hathaway, Swans of Never, Paxtin, The Lionelle – **Kilby**
 Straight Run, The Color Fred – **In the Venue**
 Skatantic Rednecks – **Bar Deluxe**
 DJ Keone vs. DJ Grim – **Artopia**
 Turkey-oke – **Tony's**
 Straight Run, The Color Fred, Dear and the Headlights, Cassino – **Avalon**
 House of Cards, Blues 66, Them Changes, Badgrass – **Burt's**

Thursday, November 22
 Pagan Love Gods – **Piper Down**
 DJ Taiwan On – **Jackelope**

Friday, November 23
 Elephantie, Salty Rootz, Ulysses – **Broken Record**
 DJ Curtis Strange – **Jackelope**
 Silverchair – **In the Venue**
 Holiday Boutique – **Cup O Joe**
 Dirty Monkey, SKINT – **Bar Deluxe**
 Mannheim Steamroller – **E Center**
 Bayside, June, The Sleeping, A Day to Remember, Driver Side Impact – **Avalon**
 Black Hole, Anadale! – **Monk's**
 Devilock – **Burt's**

Saturday, November 24
 As I Lay Dying, Haste the Day, All that Remains, Through the Eyes of the Dead – **Saltair**
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 Big D and the Kids Table, Whole Wheat Bread, Brain Failure, The Playdead Movement, Super Hero, Postcards Home – **Avalon**
 DJ Matrix – **Tony's**
 Dreamland 2 – **In the Venue**
 Psychostick, Screaming Mechanical Brain, Drown Out the Stars, Balance of Power – **Vegas**
 Seve vs. Evan, Drew Danburry, Forest World, OK Ikumi – **Kilby**
 Holiday Boutique – **Cup O Joe**
 Tool, Trans Am – **E Center**
 Bronco CD Release Party, Band of Annuals – **Urban**

Salt City Slam – **Cup O Joe**
 Daswood Benefit: SKINT, Negative Charge, Tough Tittie, Dubbed – **Burt's**
 As I Lay Dying, All that Remains, Haste the Day, Through the Eyes of the Dead – **NVO**

Sunday, November 25
 Sni Fi, The Monster Pod – **Monk's**
 High-ball Train – **Republican**
 Monteleau – **Urban**

Monday, November 26
 Irish Session – **Republican**
 Comedy Night – **Cup O Joe**
 Plastic Fantastic Lover, Joel Taylor, Jackie Campbell – **Burt's**

Tuesday, November 27
 God's Revolver, XUR, Pilot this Plane Down – **Monk's**
 Sterilize Stereo – **Burt's**
 My Children My Bride, Catherine, Oh Sleeper, Every Bridge Burned, Burn this City – **Avalon**
 Weatherbox, Get Back Loretta – **Solid Ground**

Wednesday, November 28
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 Salt Lake Alternative Jazz Orchestra – **Bar Deluxe**
 The Grimmway – **Urban**
 DJ Keone vs. DJ Grim – **Artopia**
 Der Maschine and the Rocky Horror Picture Show – **Vegas**
 Die Mannequin – **Kilby**
 Daswood Benefit: Junata Deville, Timbre, Composition B, Bloodworm – **Burt's**

Thursday, November 29
 DJ Taiwan On – **Jackelope**
 Bad Weather California, Lord Mandrake – **Kilby**
 Dirty Tactics – **Burt's**
 Absence of Concern – **Vegas**
 Tori Amos – **E Center**
 From First to Last, Pierce the Veil, Four Year Strong, Envy on the Coast – **Avalon**
 Plagues and Pleasures on the Salton Sea – **Red Light**
 Zig's Big Blues Jam – **Pat's**

Friday, November 30
 DJ Curtis Strange – **Jackelope**
 Melissa Cannon Band – **Pat's**
 Poetica – **Burt's**
 Eilen Jewell, Poppy & Green, Katie Brandeburg, The Precinct – **Kilby**
 Scenic Byway, Jake the Snake, Blue Collar Theory – **Broken Record**

Saturday, December 1
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 The Tossers, Shackleton – **Burt's**
 Honey, Blank & Jones – **In the Venue**
 Salt City Slam – **Cup O Joe**

Sunday, December 2
 Ira Glass – **Kingsbury Hall**

Monday, December 3
 Hearsay, Diggers & Whackers – **Burt's**
 Comedy Night – **Cup O Joe**
 Stay Fucked, Agape – **Red Light**
 Team Sleep, Sonny, Monster in the Machine, Strata – **Avalon**

Tuesday, December 4
 David Bazan – **In the Venue**
 Until Further Notice – **Burt's**

Wednesday, December 5
 DJ Sam Eye Am, DJ Chase One 2 – **Jackelope**
 Ozomatli – **Suede**
 DJ Keone vs. DJ Grim – **Artopia**
 Shonen Knife, The Juliet Dagger, Verona Grove – **Burt's**

Thursday, December 6
 Roxy's Labor of Love Film Premier – **Brewvies**
 DJ Taiwan On – **Jackelope**
 MDC, SKINT, Fuck the Informer, All Systems Fail – **Burt's**

Friday, December 7
 As Blood Runs Black, Walls of Jericho, The Warriors, Born of Osiris – **NVO**
 DJ Curtis Strange – **Jackelope**
 Vampire Weekend, Grand Ole Party – **Kilby**
 The Blakes – **Burt's**

Pick up the new SLUG – **Anyplace Cool**
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NOV. CALENDAR



SAT 17 WITCHCRAFT

FRI 2 DAVID KILGORE, EUROS CHILDS, KATHERYN COWLES

SAT 3 OCTOPUSS PROJECT, PALACE OF BUDDIES, DEAD HORSE POINT

SUN 4 THE PONYS, CHIN UP CHIN UP, ALELA DIANE

TUES 6 JAY REATARD, TOLCHOCK TRIO

WED 7 DO MAKE SAY THINK, THE APOSTLE OF HUSTLE

THURS 8 RUN LIKE THE WOLVES, DRODMA, OH! WILD BIRDS

FRI 9 SLUG MAG LOCALIZED

SAT 10 HIP HOP EXTRAVAGANZA

TUES 13 CHARALAMBIDES, ALASDAIR ROBERTS, KID MEDUSA

WED 14 AN EVENING WITH J J GREY, AND MOFRO

THURS 15 PINK LIGHTNING, PURRBATS

FRI 16 OLD TIME RELIJUN, FOG, VILE BLUE SHADES, THE SOUNDTRACK SCENE

SAT 17 WITCHCRAFT (FROM SWEDEN) RADIO MOSCOW

WED 21 STRIVE ROOTS, XIREN

THURS 22 VEGAN TURKEY DAY CLOSED

FRI 23 KING KHAN AND BBO

SAT 24 BRONCO CD RELEASE PARTY

TUES 25 MONTLELEAU

WED 28 THE GRIMMWAY

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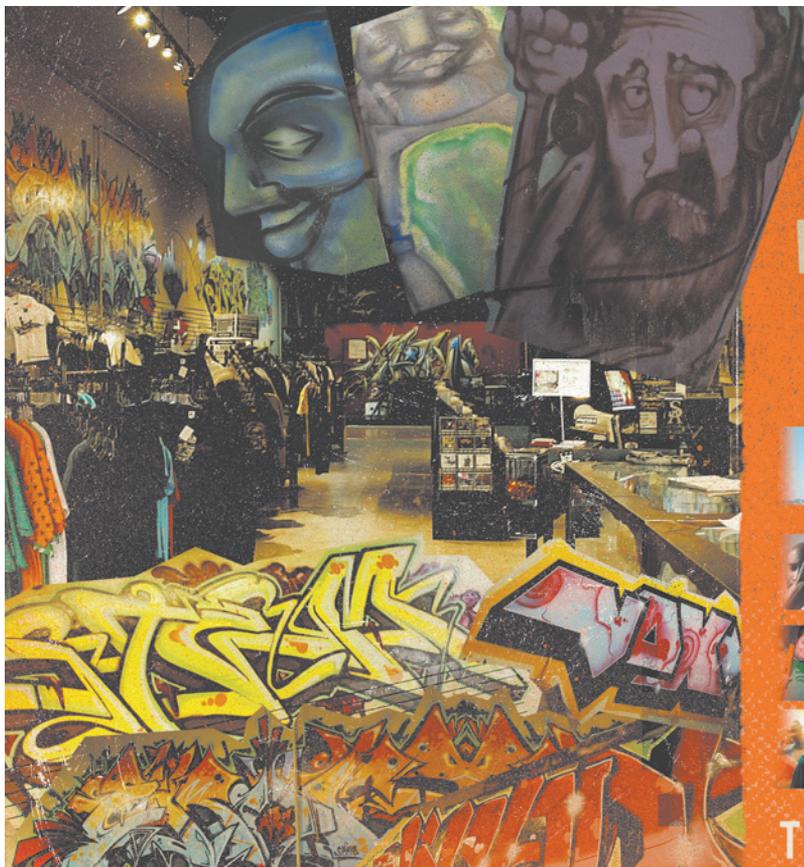


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COFFEE

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- Nov. 3 Kris Leman
- Nov. 9 Mary Jebbs
- Nov. 15 Bronwen Beecher & Friends
- Nov. 16 Karen Bayard (comedy)
- Nov. 17 No Blood to Spare!!!

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THURSDAY NOV 1ST
JEREMIAH MAXEY
ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC

FRIDAY NOV 2ND
GOOD KARMA BLUES BAND

SATURDAY NOV 3RD
WOOLFE BELL BAND

THURSDAY NOV 8TH
JEREMIAH MAXEY
ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC

FRIDAY NOV 9TH
LION FISH

SATURDAY NOV 10TH
MORELAND & ARBUCKLE
MISSISSIPPI HILL COUNTRY BLUES

THURSDAY NOV 15TH
JEREMIAH MAXEY
ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC

FRIDAY NOV 16TH
THE LEGENDARY
PORCH POUNDERS

SATURDAY NOV 17TH
TO BE ANNOUNCED

THUR NOV 22ND / FRI NOV 23RD SAT / NOV 24TH
THANKSGIVING WEEKEND
SORRY WERE CLOSED

THURSDAY NOV 29TH
ZIG'S BIG BLUES JAM
ELECTRIC OPEN MIC

FRIDAY NOV 30TH
MELISSA CANNON BAND

Monday.com

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WARNING: UPCOMING CONCERTS **HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS**

- Fri. Nov. 2: Cave of Roses, Redneck Mafia Diggers & Whackers, Oxido Republica, Prosthetic Heads
- Sat. Nov. 3: Machina, Broke City, Poetica, Blonde Assassin
- Mon. Nov. 5: Crackjaw, tba
- Tue. Nov. 6: Divine Heresy, Separation Of Self, Massacre at the Wake
- Wed. Nov. 7: Phono, Dimension Zero
- Thu. Nov. 8: Dj Dellafera, Skarekro, tba
- Fri. Nov. 9: Kingscrossing, Shadow, Perfect Disorder Overdose
- Sat. Nov. 10: Hardcore Tattoo Party! Insanity Plea, Beyond This Flesh, Drown Out The Stars, Vinia
- Tue. Nov. 13: Bullet Boys, Tommy Had A Vision, Radiata
- Wed. Nov. 14: Der Maschine and The Rocky Horror Picture Show
- Thu. Nov. 15: Matt Lund Fund: Dublife Soundsystem, Rob Coat, Mondelas, African Drums
- Fri. Nov. 16: Melon Robotics, Skarekro, Dirty Copper
- Sat. Nov. 17: Adapt, Guttshot, Balance of Power, Oxido Republica, What Dwells Within
- Sat. Nov. 24: Psychostick, Screaming Mechanical Brain, Drown Out The Stars, Balance Of Power
- Wed. Nov. 28: Der Maschine and The Rocky Horror Picture Show
- Thu. Nov. 29: Absence of Concern, tba

Sundays and Mondays: Football

Wednesdays: Der Maschine Hosted by Reverend 23



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\$1 MIMOSAS

FREE BLOODY MARY BAR

FULL BREAKFAST MENU

2PM POKER

~\$2.50 STEINS~

9PM KARAOKE

MON & TUES

FREE TEXAS

HOLD'EM

@ 7PM ~\$2.50 STEINS~

\$300 UP FOR GRABS!



WED

KARAOKE 9PM

~\$2.50 STEINS~

THURS • FREE FOR MEMBERS!

LIVE MUSIC EVERY WEEK!

11/1 WARSAW POLAND BROS.

11/8 PAGAN LOVE GODS

11/15 SWAGGAR

11/22 PAGAN LOVE GODS

OPEN AT 4PM

THANKSGIVING DAY!

FRI

“YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BAR THAT’S MORE NEIGHBOR AND LESS HOOD.”

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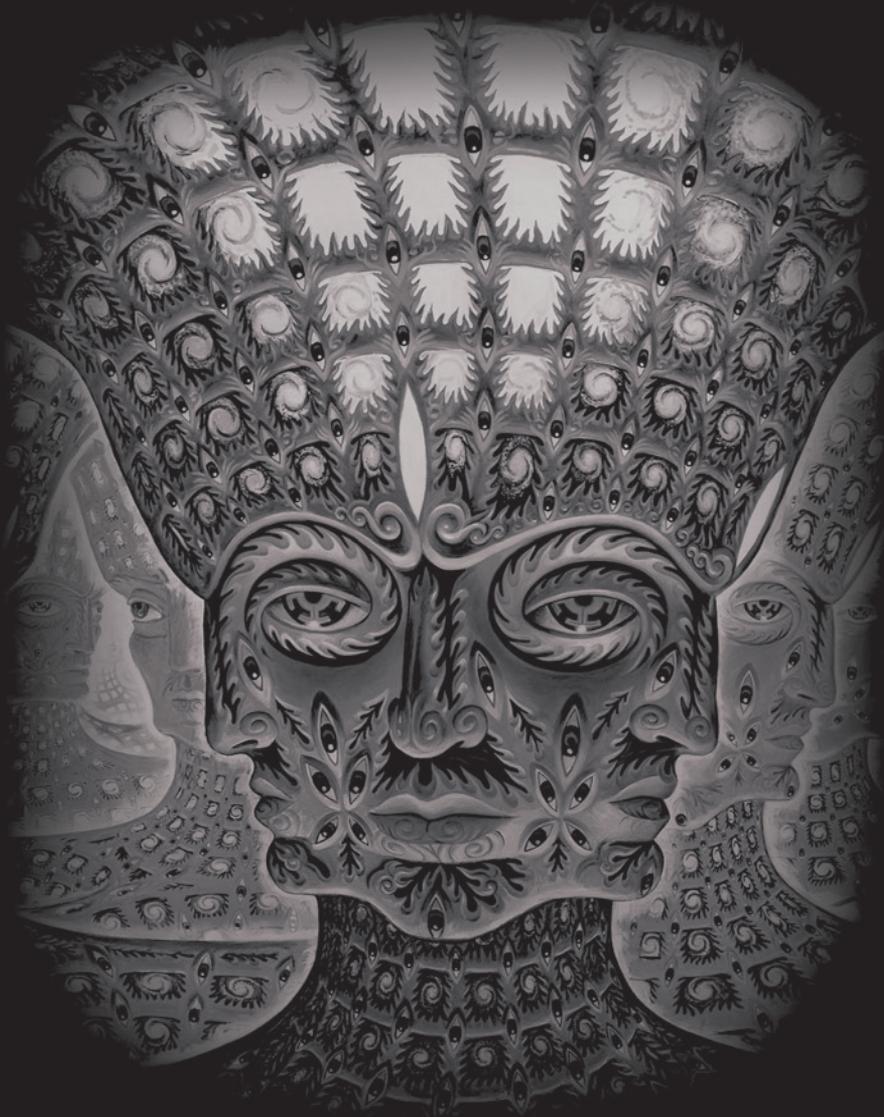
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PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

tool



NOVEMBER 24, 2007
THE E CENTER



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All dates, acts and ticket prices subject to change without notice.



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UTAH SYMPHONY | UTAH OPERA

Kilby Court Calendar November 2007

- 01- Drew Grow, Patter Stats (cd release), Frank Olsen's Personal Street Orchestra (cd release)
- 02- We Shot The Moon (w/ Jonathan Jones of Waking Ashland) It's Like Love, Take the Fall
- 03- Vellella Vellella, Vicious* Starfish, Almost Never, Something Else
- 04- Cryptacize (ex Deerhoof), Palace of Buddies, Chaz Prymek
- 05- Gliss, t.b.a.
- 06- Aqueduct, Tolchack Trio, Chris Merritt
- 12- Nick Jaina, Run on Sentence, Eden Express, Coyote Hoods
- 13- Say Hi To Your Mom, The Velvet Teen, The A-sides
- 16- Celebration, Kill Me Tomorrow

- 21- Bradley Hathaway, Swans of Never, Paxtin, The Lionelle
- 24- Seve Vs. Evan, Drew Danburry Forest World, OK Ikumi
- 28- Die Mannequin, t.b.a.
- 29- Bad Weather California, Lord Mandrake
- 30- Eilen Jewell, Poppy & Green, Katie Brandenburg, The Precinct

And Coming Up in December:

- 07- Vampire Weekend, Grand Ole Party
- 08- Mount Eerie, Watery Graves of Portland, Genviève Castrée, Grizzly Prospector

Shows begin @ 7:30pm
Tickets available at
Slowtrain & 24tix.com



Kilby Court is All Ages. Located at 741 South 330 West in Salt Lake City. www.kilbycourt.com



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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2007

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