

SLUG

April

2008.
Vol. 19
Issue #232

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Contributor Limelight



Jimmy Martin • Film & Video Critic

With a double major from the *University of Utah* and a masters from *Westminster* in Film Communications, this guy brings his educated approach to the mags film and video reviews. When he is not busy slaving away at his main gig as the grant writer for the *Utah Symphony & Opera*, Jimmy lends his own hand to filmmaking. Winning last year's *48 HR Film Festival* in several categories including *Best Editing*, *Directing*, *Movie* and the coveted *Audience Award*, Jimmy's winning drama *Klaus* can be found on *Youtube*. But don't be mistaken, Mr. Martin doesn't just lurk in dark theaters, you can find him and his trendy sidekick, DJ Ryan Powers, at local karaoke bars on any given night singing his self proclaimed anthem, Mr. Robot!

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
Someone should take away Mike Brown's soap box, seriously. He has no idea what he is talking about. He misrepresents SLUG as a bunch of clueless tools. Which I know is, for the most part, incorrect. In the article “Mike Brown's Tattoo Talk” he comes off as being an ignorant hypocrite, saying that the color of your skin factors into what style of tattoo you should get (“Oriental shit on white chicks”). “Oriental”, what most educated people call Asian. Also that people with so called “tribals” and girls with lower back tattoos are the same as nazis. What if someone were to say that all snowboarders and people who wear Jazz basketball jerseys might as well have swastikas on their faces? Of course that is completely false, but a lame thing to say wouldn't you agree? I've got news for Mike Brown, this tattoo club that Mike thinks is new and that he is an exclusive member of isn't so new or exclusive and never has been. Tom, Dick and Harry, as he puts it, as well as “average-joe-six pack” have been getting tattooed well since before he was born, for thousands of years, it's nothing new. I don't remember asking what the subject matter of Mike's tattoo was, but he insists on telling the readers of your magazine, he even provided a picture, thanks “bro”, your a hypocrite. If I'm standing in line at the grocery store wearing a Seattle Mariners cap and the guy behind me is wearing one too I expect a friendly little chat about baseball. It comes with the territory of wearing a baseball cap or having visible tattoos, it's called being a member of society, polite conversation with your fellow man is part of it. Get used to it and get over yourself. Remove Mike Brown from his high horse, take his soap box away, give him a bucket of rocks as an Easter present for his new glass house. Just tell him to quit wasting our time with his “Tattoo Talk” blah, blah, blah.
Sincerely, Jon McAfee

Hey Jon,
Thanks for the letter. It's cool to see that a well-respected artist and SLC scene member like yourself isn't afraid to write-in to our “Dear Dickheads” section of the mag. It seems like too many SLC scenesters are too busy combing their hair or shopping for a new scarf at Urban Outfitters than to take the time to do anything productive, let alone write a

thought-provoking letter. Now, if you had typed it on a typewriter and mailed it snail-mail— I would have REALLY been impressed. Well in this instance, getting your Myspace message was still cool. Normally I discourage Myspace emails; they are too easy to send without subject substance or value. But I'll forgive you for not supporting the USPS by buying a stamp this time. It's cool.

So you've got a few good points here, but calling Mike Brown a racist may be taking things a little too far. I will however, agree with you that Mike Brown is an “ignorant hypocrite.” In fact, I think most people are, including myself. But a racist? Nah, you got the wrong guy. I think Mike Brown has even punched a few nazi skinheads in his day. I'll see if he will write about it in the next issue of his zine, The Leviathan issue # 9. Now, why don't we remove me from my soapbox?

P.S. Jon, are you available Tuesday April 14 at 3:30pm? I wanna book an appointment for a sweet tribal LBT. It won't take long, I'll just pick one off the wall.

Dear....Slug....

I love how much you guys know. NOT! You can't even spell Elliott Smith's name right. I would forgive you if you only did it once, but you did it multiple times. You make sure to point out how special Elliott's DV8 show was, yet you can't even spell his name right. It's Elliott not Elliot. You guys are so cool. Man, I can't believe how cool you all are! DICKHEADS!!!
-Ben in Logan

Okay you're right, we suck because we never appreciated Elliot Smith or Kurt Cobain (and still don't). Look! We printed your letter. Send it back home to Mom; You just wasted your fifteen minutes—sucka!

3/24/08

i dreamt last night that i picked up a slug. it cam with knit bag, the front and back cover was fake white fur, and that mag was bigger than 11x17. i was thinking boy, them folks really stepped it up this month. ha! hope all is swell —trent call

If this response was a text message, there would be a heart with a smiley face ... HERE.

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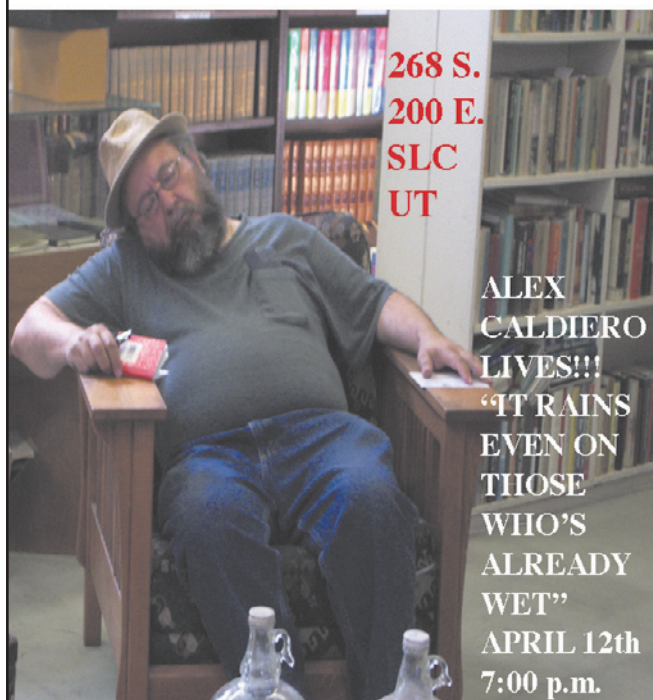
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Royal Abbey



Photos: Raji Barbir

Localized

By Lyuba Basin

lyubasin@hotmail.com

Localized is SLUG Magazine's monthly local band showcase occurring on the second Friday of each month. April's Localized will take place on April 11 at the *Urban Lounge* and will feature **Schwa Grotto**, **Royal Abbey** and openers **Erratic Erotica**.

Royal Abbey

Adam Rosenberg – vocals

Daniel DeJohn – guitar

Michael DeJohn – drums

Trevor Alder – bass

Three out of the four members of Royal Abbey are recent converts to the Salt Lake City music scene. About a year ago, brothers **Mike** and **Daniel DeJohn** as well as **Trevor Alder** found themselves in good ol' Utah, and no matter where they call home, being a band is a big priority. Almost immediately, they were on the hunt to add a member. While already being quite comfortable as a three-piece band in their hometown of Cleveland, Ohio, they weren't as comfortable with vocals and lyrics. Good thing there are classifieds for emergencies like this. While looking for the right sound, they interviewed many eager contestants before coming across another convert—Oregon native **Adam Rosenberg**. Together, they form Royal Abbey.

Like most rock music coming from talented individuals, Royal Abbey cannot be put into any specific genre, but it's not about that anyways. The fellows try to incorporate all kinds of sound into their musical lovechild. Their influences

vary from classic bands like **the Beatles** and **Pink Floyd** to **James Brown** to **Primus**. The whole point is to "extract emotion out of the people who are listening," Daniel DeJohn says.

Although they are new and fresh, and might not have the biggest fanbase just yet, they have a busy schedule with putting together weekly shows, independently recording an album and going to work and school like all us regular people do. The turnout at shows may be small so far, but people are listening. "It's more about making someone feel something," Mike DeJohn says. It's guaranteed that the audience will feel something. Adam chooses his words wisely when creating the lyrics for songs. His inspiration comes from daily experiences that everyone faces, but he allows the audience to "choose their own adventure," leaving meaning and depth for the listeners.

When working on new material, the band relies on connecting with one another. Since the trio from Ohio already have a bond, it's easy for them to just hang out and jam. "We've been playing for so long, we know our limitations," Daniel explains, and even though Rosenberg is new to the group, they've already managed to create a vibe together.

All this vibing and connecting is obvious when the group starts playing. Band practice is held at a home workshop. With a whiteboard hung on the wall for ideas and organization, it's easy to tell that these guys aren't beginners. They know exactly what they're trying to go for. Each song, which is usually titled with just one word or syllable, tells a different tale, allowing many kinds of audiences to enjoy it. Royal Abbey's crowd pleaser is usually "Burn," a great track to start the energy. "Maid" has a classic rock-ballad sound to get the attention of Glam Rock fans; while "Faceless" is a funky groove I can see being played at the weekly shows at the *Gallivan*. Royal Abbey also has a radio hit known as "Disaster." I think this newcoming band has the potential to hit the ears of many new listeners.

SCHWA GROTTTO



Photos: Raji Barbir

Nick Noble – lead vocals

Michael ‘Bob’ Boweter – guitar

Andy Worwood – bass, backup vocals

Mike Green – drums

Will Prater – percussion, keyboard, guitar, and backup vocals

A typical Tuesday and Thursday night for Schwa Grotto consists mainly of beer and band practice, and why not? “Music without beer is like **Mr. Rodgers** without his jacket,” Will Prater says, and the band agrees. With a 12-pack of brewskies in the corner, a light show and psychedelic posters all around, you’ve got the perfect setup to get the mood going for an unbelievable jam sesh. However, sometimes waiting around for the guitarist to show up is mandatory.

As I waited with the band for Michael “Bob” Boweter to come by, I was taught the meaning of the symbolic band name Schwa Grotto, schwa being “a phonetic symbol used to show when two or more letters are combined to make a new sound” and grotto inspired by the *Playboy Mansion*’s provocative cave, which defines the band perfectly. After testing a few other names, Schwa Grotto stuck; the schwa and the “G” for Grotto fit so perfectly together as do the members.

The current team has been together for about four months, but the idea has been around for much longer. Nick Noble and Will Prater met at *Granger High* and have been playing together on and off ever since. After joining forces, splitting for side projects, rejoining, adding and subtracting members and even playing at the 2002 Olympics, they finally discovered a solid foundation with the help of Mike Green, Andy Worwood and Michael “Bob” Boweter.

You can’t just stop with a unique name and members; the songs are unique as well. Rather than just singing about relationships and parties, Nick uses his lyrics and ideas to sing about religion, politics and social disorder to send a message. “If you like our music, you probably like weird stuff already,” he says. So what kind of people like what Schwa Grotto is creating? “Democrats like us, Liberals ...” Green sighs; the conversation sparks talk of having a band house to practice and horizons.

The music is indeed unlike other local bands. It features experimental, jazz and funk, and of course, rock n’ roll. With influences like **Tool**, **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Alice in Chains**, just to name a few, you’re bound to hear a whole new, different sound. Unlike the big bands they look up to, Schwa Grotto wants to keep it mellow. Instead of blowing up on **MTV**, they would rather have a big underground following and the ability to support themselves and their musical habits without having to work 9-to-5 jobs. “It would be nice to live off the band,” Green sighs; the conversation sparks talk of having a band house to practice and live in.

Those dreams may just come. As of now, Schwa Grotto is coming up with new material and funding to create a new album, playing shows at least once a week and discussing a tour with other local bands such as **Royal Abbey** and **S.S. I Am The**. They seem like the kind of band that has got their shit together; they are organized and determined.

As the interview wrapped up, Michael “Bob” finally showed up and the practice began, starting off with Andy’s favorite song, “Sweet Zombie Jesus.” This wasn’t like any band practice I’ve ever been to. With the colored lights and the energy coming from the band, this was more like a private show. If this is how they play at practice, I can only imagine the enthusiasm and hype they can create on stage.

THE INTER-WEB MAP TO A SKATERS PLEASURE PALACE

12/18/1984

BY: PETER PANHANDLER

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

If you spend way too much time on *Youtube*, *Myspace* or looking at pornography like I do, try checking out these blogs and web sites. These are my personal favorites and I spent PLENTY of hours this winter checking shit out. ENJOY!

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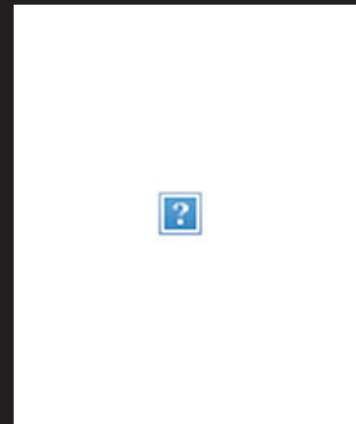
Thrasher Site: check this out daily before you make breakfast, get stoned, go to work or spank the monkey. *48 Blocks*: cause the block is always hot. www.craittap.com: duh. *The Berries*: training grounds of the Gods. *EPICLY TRIFE*: trife-wise no bigs and *Drehobl* is that cool. *Vital Skate*: like vitamins, but more like pills and any skate company's site, because you all have a personal favorite.

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favorite shots and rare gems are what you'll find at www.mikeomeally.com, www.jonmcgrath.com, www.anthoniacosta.com, www.broachphotos.com and www.devilphoto.com (all of which are worthy). Two of my personal favorites are www.shadlambert.com and www.frenchfred.com. On *Shad*'s site you'll find photos of *Lizard* and his crew wrecking la -la Land, sick photos before they're published and MAYBE some hi-jinx. The only downfall of this site is that it's not updated as much as we'd all like it to be. *Fred*'s site has it all since Fred Montague is not only a photographer, but a filmer as well. Here you'll find rare clips of *Mark Gonzales* and *Koston*, heaps of footage from *Es*, *Flip* and *Cliché*, an updated news section and a shit load of photos. Did I mention he's French?

THE EAST COAST: East Coast kids have style, that's a fact. Remember the skateboard world doesn't revolve around California anymore. Check these sites and blogs for some East Coast knowledge. *Bobby Worrest*, *Shaun Gregoire* and friends destroy our Nation's Capitol on www.theforgottencity.com. Another D.C. area favorite is hallchris.blogspot.com. It has all the goods from great hip-hop videos to *Darren Harper*, *Gonz* and *Zach Lyons* footage.



If you like New York style go to billsnuts.blogspot.com run by *Billy Rohan*. Billy came from Florida and is a switch-hard-flips-over-pyramids while blindfolded guy turned New Yorker. This site is updated regularly and has some good footage. Bean Town skaters show that Boston has more than just a good baseball team at RE1000.com. so check it out. Atlanta's scene is thriving as well. The proof is in the pudding at atlantahatesus.com. I know, I know; it's the Dirty South.

OUR NEIGHBORS: Arizona is a skateboarding hot spot right now—no pun intended. Let your brain melt and stick to it at: www.SKATEARIZONA.com. *Rocky Norton* has good things going on with his website: www.everymanskateboards.com. It contains everything you need to know about *New Mexico* from the world's longest skateable ditches—to the lamest of gang bangers.

MORE COOL SHITS AND GIGGLES: Skateboarding has a good share of assholes, but None of which are bigger than *Jeremy Klein*. All of you younger folk might remember him from the *Bird House* video, *THE END*. He's the guy who shares a part with *Heath Kirchart*. This asshole has his own website to prove himself worthy of his title at www.jeremyklein.com. This one hasn't been updated in a while, but it will make you laugh your ass off. Everything from drive-thru window antics to getting kicked off *Tom Green*'s radio/internet show for the use of profanity. Go to www.bobshirt.com for the best interviews and classic footage of the 90s generation. There is an article about this site in the new *SKATEBOARD MAG*, so check it out there because I'm not going to repeat what someone else has already published. PEACE.

POSTED BY: PETER PANHANDLER 1986 COMMENTS

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These gloves have special powers to make you ride 150 percent better than your average glove. Seriously, I let a friend borrow them and he won a contest with them; so they must possess some sort of positive energy (or it could be because Sky kills it). They have a really comfortable fit, perfect for the upcoming spring riding weather and they look really high class. The whole line of new goodies they are putting out are bangin'; hats, gloves and other random accessories that will let you ride in comfort and style. I did notice that the hat started to fall apart at the seams, but that could have been due to the mop it had to hold inside. Checkout their products at all the local snowboard shops and be sure to see the top riders sporting their gear at the spot. —*adam dorobiala*

Kodak

Kodak EasyShare V1253

www.kodak.com

Wow, I had no idea there was a camera that is not only compact and affordable, but shoots extremely high-quality digital files as well. The **Kodak EasyShare V1253** is a 12-megapixel camera that is no bigger than an iPhone, so it fits easily into your front pocket and shoots full-quality HD video, too. There is a plethora of settings available to use, but unfortunately, there is no manual setting, which as a photographer I find a little troubling. Also, there is no viewfinder besides the LCD screen on the back of the camera. Call me old-fashioned, but I have found looking through a viewfinder makes that much of a difference when shooting. I guess you have to appeal to the masses, but at the same time, you would think the general population wouldn't mind fooling around with an SLR-type setting on their point and shoot. Like I mentioned earlier, the best feature is probably the fact that this little, tiny device can shoot HD video. No need to throw down a couple grand to get a gigantic camera with the same image quality when you can slip this in your pocket and shoot long-lens footage from a tripod at something that tickles your fancy. Overall, I would say that this is a great camera—it just seems like there could be a better still image capture mode besides the automatic functions included. Oh, and one more thing: Where is the time-lapse function? Maybe next time they will remember to make that an option (let's hope so). —*adam dorobiala*



PRODUCT REVIEW

SIGG Water Bottle

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www.sigg.com

This water bottle is pretty much everything you could ask for as a way to keep your drinks cool. It's eco-friendly, lightweight, leak-proof and it seems unbreakable. This aluminum water bottle won't leach any of the harmful chemicals into your water that plastic water bottles may (especially after refilling multiple times), and it doesn't leave your water with that mildly plastic taste. I was most impressed by just how cool and refreshing the SIGG kept my water. I was delighted after a day of riding at Brighton to return to my car and enjoy water that was actually colder than it had been at the start of the day—something that can't be said about this water bottle's plastic counterparts. There are over a 100 different styles of SIGG bottles and 22 interchangeable lids that come in an array of styles. If you like your water cool and plastic-free, check out what they have to offer at www.sigg.com. —*Jeanette Moses*



**Subaru
US
Freeskiing
Nationals at Snowbird
March 18-23
By Mike Reff**

For the past eleven seasons spring time at *Snowbird Resort* means goggle tans, tall boys and the *Subaru US Freeskiing Nationals*. For eleven years people have been welcoming spring by hucking their meat right here at our very own Snowbird Resort. It is the event that showcases some of the best skiing in the world from skiers that you have never heard of. It's the second stop in the Freeskiing World Tour, and apart of the US Freeskiing tour. Locals at the Bird have made it a springtime tradition to slap on the sun block, get boozed up, and watch brave skiers send it down some of Utah's burliest faces. The success and longevity of the event and tour is greatly due to the silky smooth operations from the experts at *Mountain Sports International* and their elite team of ninjas. Over the years this event has been a battlefield for local Wasatch shredders to defend their home terrain on the *Freeskiing Tour*. This year proved to be no different with the many of the athletes hailing from right here in the mighty Wasatch.

Usually the timing of the event coincides with shitty

snow, and beaten up landings. This year proved to be different though, due to the epic winter we have been experiencing. The venues at Snowbird were looking more filled in than ever and a little bit smaller. Cliffs that once seemed to be ridiculously huge only appeared huge. In all honesty, it's the shitty conditions that often make the event more exciting. I mean, who doesn't want to watch someone send forty-foot cliffs into a mogul field? People make the pilgrimage to Snowbird's gnarly venues from all over the world for this event: from the far eastern corners of Tokyo, Japan to the stank landfills of Pine Nob, Michigan.

The event was kicked off with a beautiful bluebird day on West Baldy. The list of skiers was long and the snow was sun baked, but soft. The temperature rose to a roasting forty degrees and the refreshing sound of PBR's being cracked echoed through out the mountains. The venue had a variety of big airs, technical lines and fast turns. The judges were scoring the athletes on five criteria: line, fluidity, technique, control and aggressiveness.

There were several athletes that let the judges know they were here to get things done. **Alta's** favorite



pole less skier, **Hayden Price**, threw out a nose-butter three off of an air to woo the judges with a less than traditional approach. While guys like **Mathieu Gagnon-Theriault**, of Whistler, just laid out a run filled with big smooth airs and a super aggressive approach. **Brett Phelps** from Ski Texas did what the judges called a “straight-line to ass-whoopin!” with his ballsy straight line to one-legged hurrah that ended when he was eaten up by a gnarly traverse across the course. Fortunately, everybody skied away from the first day and nobody had to be carted off the hill in a burrito.

Day two was the second round of qualifiers and it was an awesome day for competition. Mother nature sprinkled about six inches over the Wasatch that morning. The wind was still ripping across the top of the venue so the start was pushed back one hour. As soon as the time rolled around the sunshine came out and the place lit up for another bluebird day of gnarly skiing. The athletes couldn't have asked for better conditions than a sunny day with fresh snow. After the second day the playing field for both men and women were cut in half with the higher scoring skiers preparing to ski another day on Silver Fox.

The third day was the first day of the World Tour where certain athletes from the tour were pre qualified. It was the first day that all the big dogs came out of their cages. More clouds and windy weather put everyone on hold for about an hour or so at the top of Silver Fox, but as soon as the sun cleared the women were ready to unleash their vengeance directly under the tram for all to see. This was truly an extraordinary showcase of female competition. The ladies were huckin' big airs right from the start of their runs. **Jaclyn Passo** of Squawwood, California sent the “frenchie” air at the tram tower and stomped it for all to witness her power. In the men's corner there were again some ridiculous rag doll wrecks down the north chute. Once again the lower scoring half of skiers were eliminated for the final day of skiing at the premier venue in the Freeskiing competition—North Baldy!

North Baldy is known for its long vertical, several cliff bands, and the Hollywood style amphitheater at the bottom of the venue, where people either make or break themselves. The cat drivers



at Snowbird had built stadium seating for the fans to watch the event. By 9:30 a.m. the stands were packed with people, Pabst, grills and bottle rockets. It was a rowdy group of people ready to get sunburned and watch some badass skiers. The level of competition was ridiculous and the caliber of skiing blew my mind. Seeing one of MSI's own ninjas **Dex Mills** launch a sixty-foot cliff at mach speed into hard pack was insane! The women's runs were possibly the best to date. **Jaclyn Passo** hit a huge double stager super clean at the bottom of the venue going bigger than some of the guys who hit it. That run earned her both the coveted Sickbird belt buckle and first place in the women's division. Alta's own **Dylan Crossman** took the men's title as he just manhandled the course with no hesitation. Overall the event was a stellar display of the finest skiing around. The skiers will move on to another venue in another state as the rest of us stick around Utah and wait to see who will be sending it again next year.

Photos By: Keith Carlsen/MSI



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HIPSTERS UNITE!

By: Helen Wade
Hwade1981@hotmail.com

On March 22nd, **SLUG Magazine** presented "*The Paparazzi Hipster Jam*", a competition not only for the riders but also a competition for up and coming photographers. This competition involved only one feature, a 55-foot hip located at the bottom of **Brighton's** Terrain Park. The format for the riders was a jam -- hike and hit for about an hour. As for the paparazzi, there were five categories to shoot: best crash, best overall feel of the competition, best action shot, best portrait, and best funny shot.

For the first time this season the weather was actually agreeable for a competition. With barely a cloud in the sky and the sun shining bright, the Hipster Jam began.

Laura Hadar (SLUG writer, Pro rider, and now local boutique owner [**FICE Bitches!**]) grabbed the mic, while **DJ Ryan Powers** mashed up some music and the tone was set for the competition. Riders began to hit the hip, each watching one another to see what trick was being thrown. Without a doubt there was definitely some wild style. The hipster jam was too tempting to just sit and watch. I had to poach it for a little while, but fortunately for me the SLUG crew didn't mind and I was able to enjoy the jam without being judged. My first hit on the hip I just trained off of **Alex Andrews**, whom by the way did not throw a back flip in this competition. There were many others who threw back flips, but Alex was able to fight the temptation and keep it mellow. Not only were there back flips, there were whirly birds, grabs, flails, big airs, small airs and

all around good times.

While the riders were slaying it, the photographers were capturing it. I saw about five to six cameras snapping away. All were trying to 'GTS' (Get The Shot).

Some were climbing lift towers or framing their shot through the trees, while others were hiding behind the huge SLUG letters adorned on top of the hip. They were truly taking the Stalkarazzi title to heart.

The contest slowly began to come to an end. The judges had made up their minds, the photographers were all out of shots and the riders were worn out from hiking and jamming out.

Hadar kept the spirit alive on the mic while the competitors waited anxiously to see who won. As the music mashes continued to play the product toss began. Kids were jumping, running, diving, grabbing, and heckling just to get something. Once all the boxes were emptied it was time to announce the winners. The prizes included **Ogio** backpacks, **Ride Snowboards** and bindings, **Nikita Clothing**, **Levitation Project** shirts, **SkullCandy** headphones, **Celtek** gloves and much, much more.

Let's just say there was enough product to keep all the competitors and spectators happy. Of course, The hippest of all were the winners:

Men's Snowboarding Open

1. **Kenneth Russel**
2. **Jarvis**
3. **Curtin Weaver**

Women's Snowboarding Open

1. **Madison Blackley**
2. **Jenna Waite**
3. **Tina Zahn**

Skiers' Division

1. **Dylan Ferguson**
2. **McRae Williams**
3. **Tanner Kadleck**

Men's Snowboarding 17-

1. **Max Raymer**
2. **Chase Fromm**
3. **Noah Sutton**

As you are reading this, you should know by now that the season is about to end. The snow is slowly melting and the weather is changing. Summer is just around the corner and that means skateboard time! Don't fret, SLUG games has a summer series of contests for skateboarding, so keep your ears open and your eyes peeled for SLUG games that will slowly be creeping onto a skate park near you. SLUG would like to thank: **Blindside, KAB Rails, Bluehouse Skis, The Utah Winter Games, The Dank Squad, Lenitech Snow & Skate, Smith Optics, Salty Peaks, The North Face, Union, The Levitation Project, Ride Snowboards, Milosport, Zotes, Ogio, The Autumn Garage, Nikita Clothing, ABZ Enterprises, Fuji Film and SkullCandy**. Without their help we wouldn't have been able to put on such a great competition.



Photo: Mitch Allen

Judges Judgin' and Laura mastering the mic. And this is Kealan Shilling (whom took these photos via his retro TLR) hard at play

KRISTA MOROGE RAIL JAM WRAP UP

By Jeanette Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

Around 3 P.M. about 50 kids gathered near the *Alpine Rose* deck for the *Krista Moroge Rail Jam*. With such an inexpensive registration fee of only \$10, many individuals just ending their day on the mountain decided to push on and show the rail everything they had. The set-up was a single flat down box and an eager group of skiers and riders spent roughly an hour hitting the thing. DJ Superb and Chase prided a mix of dancehall, hip hop and soul—spinning records and 45s. Even those not involved in the comp were enjoying the music, hanging out and buying raffle tickets.

The highlight of the afternoon was watching 9-year-old Taelor Mattingles board slide the entire rail; she snagged first place in the women's division and the respect of everyone watching. A big thanks to the guys from **Celtek Gloves** and **Bluehouse Skis** for judging the rail jam and spraying the mountain with some eye-pleasing

artwork. At the end of the day *SLUG* was able to raise \$635 for Krista through raffle ticket sales, donations and registration for the rail jam.

Special thanks to Kim Doyle, Mike Corrigan, Mouse, Helen Wade and the *Brighton Park Crew*.

Results for the Krista Moroge Rail Jam:

Mens Snowboarding:

1. Wes Hart
2. Kenneth Russel
3. Kaycee Landsaw

Womens Snowboarding:

1. Taelor Mattingles
2. Felicia Sturgeon
3. Tina Zahn

Skiers:

1. McRae Williams
2. Dylan Ferguson
3. CJ Bodee



Photo: Mitch Allen

Turn this page and feast your eyes upon the photo winners from the

PATARAZZI! HIPSTER JAM.



Photo: Kealan Shilling



Photo: Katie Panzer

(25) SLUG



Best Action : Jesse Anderson



Best Vibe of the Day : Andrew VanWagenen



Best Crash: Andrew VanWagenen



Best Portrait: Jesse Anderson



Best Funny Shot: Andrew Jones

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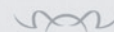


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Cruise Control: SPRING BREAK!

By Sam Milianta smilianta@yahoo.com

Do you remember the episode of the *Simpson's* where **Bart** gets a fake I.D.? Bart, **Millhouse**, **Nelson** and **Martin** then proceed to rent a car and drive to the *World's Fair* in Louisville, Kentucky. Several times during the episode Millhouse can be heard yelling, "SPRING BREAK!!!" Basically, that episode was the theme of my weekend. I found myself repeatedly yelling "Spring Break!" as I drove through Utah. I wasn't heading for the *World's Fair*, but rather Southern Utah. You might have heard of Southern Utah. Your roommate probably drove through it to get to Vegas once. Right before you enter Arizona (which you have to pass through to get to Nevada), there's a place called St. George. St. George is to Utah what Ft. Lauderdale is to

S

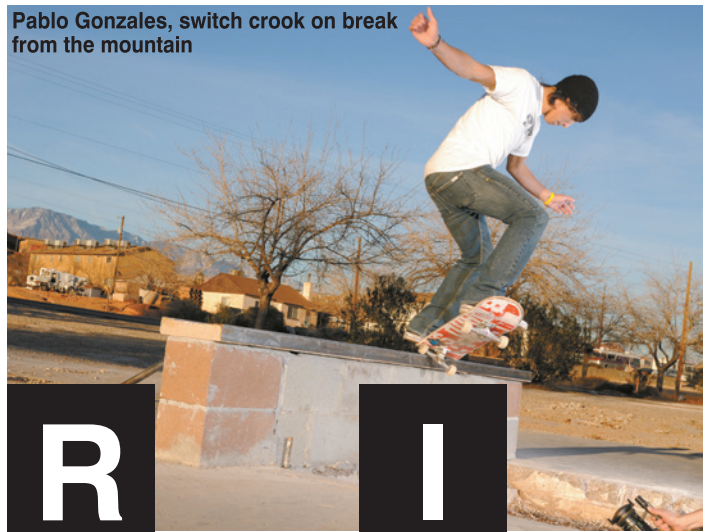
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Florida. It's where the snowbirds go to escape the cold weather. It's been fuckin' cold in Salt Lake this winter and I wanted to get out and skate. Unfortunately, I had to wait until it stopped snowing to drive there because I hate driving in the snow. Italians and wet weather don't seem to mix.

St. George is home to a decent city-run skatepark and an even better skater-made skatepark. The skaters in St. George have made a great little spot that is kind of a dagger, locals-only shit. I'm sure if you show up with the right dudes you could skate there, but I'm not telling where it is. Generally, I don't care about "spot rape," but this spot has already had its fair share of graffiti from non-skate friendly types (the kind not allowed at the South Jordan park, if you get my drift). So, for now it's a secret. This type of spot generally lends itself to all-day sessions and tends to trap skaters. My time there was no

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Pablo Gonzales, switch crook on break from the mountain

R

I

exception, as we spent most of the day there. We sessioned the flat gap/ledge combo most of the day. The steep bank also saw it's fair share of grind/slide/jib/whatevs.

We did manage to make it to a real spot before the day was over. We went to a loading dock gap over a rail. The ground at this spot was rough, but it seemed as if the landing had been repaved, as if they were expecting us. Also mysterious was how the rain seemed to avoid us. We could see the clouds looming around the city, and drove through rain a few times, but there always seemed to be a break in the clouds wherever we were skating. A few things went down at this spot and the clouds and wind seemed to stay at bay just for us.

Finally, we went to a new spot that had a load of big stuff. Boards

.

B

were broken and bodies were beaten so we looked at the spot and then left. I'm sure you'll see photos and videos



Carl built this spot so it was only fitting that he was the first to front 'cane it

of this spot in the future but for now, you'll just have to take my word for it. The bust factor at this spot is high (think "church history") but for now I'm not spoiling it.

Anyway, this was my early spring break. Enjoy the photos, they'll tell you more about what went down than I can. Luckily my trip didn't end like that ill-fated episode of the *Simpsons*, unlike the world fair, the spots and skating are still there.

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James Laub is no stranger to danger. Front board fakie.



Photos: Sam Milianta

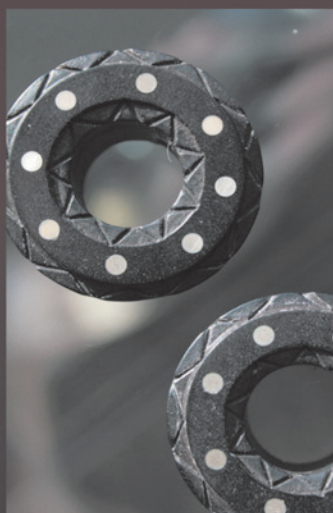
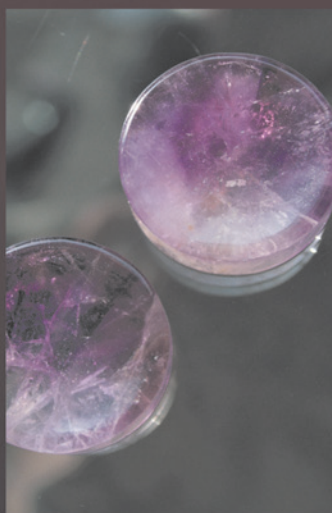


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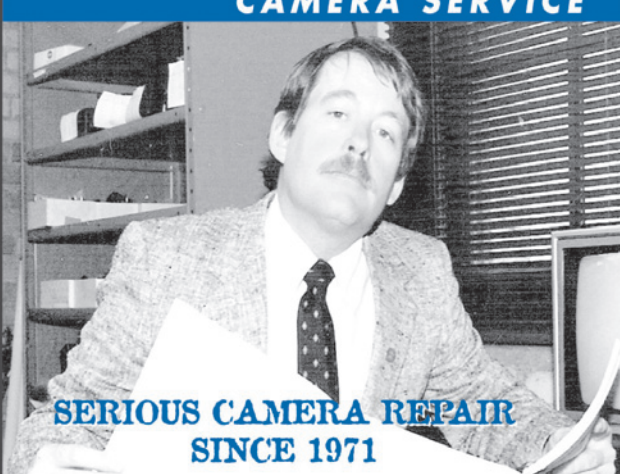
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By adam dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Did you ever have that one friend growing up who possessed a natural talent beyond comprehension? I think everybody has had that experience at least once in their life and **Skylar Seabrook** is that kid, only now he's all grown up. Skylar (more widely known as Sky) has an innate ability to snowboard anything anywhere, with style and grace. I met Sky while teaching up at *Brighton Ski Resort* last year and he has blown me away on so many occasions that the people of Salt Lake should know about his humbleness and love for the art of snowboarding. At the ripe age of 23 (24 this month), he is on the cusp of the next generation of snowboarders who see things differently and put their imaginations to work on the slopes. He currently drives the "Cats" at *Brighton* so you can be sure there will be solid trail for you to travel, even if its not the trail he might be taking later that day. Every time I see Skylar he tells me about another new spot he saw that would stretch the limits of the snowboarding world for the better. If you've ever seen him in action you'll understand what I mean by uncanny talent. Be on the lookout for Sky up at the resort or on the streets of SLC. Who knows, you might be pondering purchasing his pro model deck in a few years.

The ranger was called on a search and rescue mission so Sky had just enough time to hop a front board on his cabin before his return.



Damn! Literally! Sky wallrides the hell out of this dam wall.

Photos: adam dorobiala

SXSW



SXSW Source Worship

By Rebecca Vernon
sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

The biggest independent music industry festival in the world, *South by Southwest* was founded in 1987 by **Roland Swenson**, managing director of the festival's parent company, *SXSW Inc.* The festival was created as a way to give exposure to deserving underground bands and was characterized by its edgy rebellion against

the mainstream and championing of independent music. A recent article about SXSW in the March 14, 2008 edition of *The Wall Street Journal* ("Heavy Meddle: Music Festival Limits the Party"), describes the changes the festival has undergone in the last 22 years. That first festival in 1987 obtained 700 attendees, and this year had 24,000, along with 1600 performing acts. The festival has tapped into the golden corporate pipeline with sponsorships from the likes of

Dell Inc. and *Citigroup Inc.*, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Vultural corporations have taken advantage of SXSW in recent years, organizing private parties set up on the fringe of the festival without being sanctioned, cashing in on massive branding opportunities. They also compete with SXSW for attendees and corporate dollars.

SXSW is also a place of "favorites" showcases (**Motorhead**, **Cat Power**), special-treat reunions of classic bands (**New York Dolls**, **Blue Cheer**) and artists trying to revamp their music career (**Billy Idol**). At its heart, though, Swenson has done a fine job keeping SXSW's focus on the championing of underground music. He has been a stickler for celebrating the original intention of the festival. Of those 1600 bands that played this year, I recognized the names of maybe 7-8%, and *SLUG* Editor Angela Brown recognized close to 40%. That is a wide swathe of bands we'd never seen on a single sticker, top five list, record label ad, press release or CD coming through the *SLUG* offices.

In the original, pure tradition of SXSW, the tradition that Swenson began and unabashedly continues, Angela and I purposely saw some new bands we'd heard of but hadn't seen, and a couple that we had never heard of at all. Below are brief descriptions of six of our favorite, newly discovered bands, and the fact that three have "black" in their name is purely a coincidence. Or is it?

Black Moth Super Rainbow

www.myspace.com/blackmothsuperrainbow.com

Black Moth Super Rainbow is so smooth, and so gorgeous, and so psychedelic in a *Sesame Street*, brightly colored sort of way, with just the right amount of weebegone sadness, that I could barely stand it. Their drummer was one of the best I've ever seen; she played with a creative, individual, convincing style that was smooth and precise, like a metronome, with just the right amount of phrasing and accenting. She wasn't playing the drums, she was making the drums speak. I bought their album and put their song on my myspace profile promptly after getting home.

Black Mountain

www.myspace.com/blackmountain

I liked Black Mountain a lot although maybe half of their material was hit-or-miss. They were like **Dead Meadow** meets **The Warlocks**: stoner, with tons of psychedelia, beautiful, delicate female vocals and wavery organ. It was simple, had a firm groove and was very hypnotic. It complemented the smell of marijuana in the air.

Black Tusk

www.myspace.com/blacktusk

Black Tusk, from Savannah, Georgia, was one of the few bands we saw that was a complete gamble; we went based on their SXSW schedule description alone. I was utterly undisappointed. They were massively heavy and brutal; like a mess of sound with huge amounts of anger and torture behind it. There was actually something incredibly disturbing about them, and I don't easily get disturbed. It's almost like the energy that I imagine old black metal bands must have channeled. The bassist was covered in tattoos and looked

like he would kill you with precious little provocation. The lead singer had broken his hand so there was a fill-in guitarist, leaving the singer free to thrash around on the stage, like a broken marionette when he careened back and forth, radiating waves of jagged pain. He also had better hair than I do.

Genghis Tron

www.myspace.com/blackmountain

Brooklyn-based Genghis Tron is like hardcore meets electronic, but not in any way you've heard before. It is scathing, belligerent, wounded hardcore-metal riffs with Atari-esque electronic sounds (also think *Tron*) colliding in beautiful harmonies and solid songwriting. Basically, they sound like their name—the brutality of a dictatorship mixed with 80s computer-movie sounds. It wasn't gimmicky, though; it was really sincere. They had intricate, unusual designs on their merch. Genghis Tron has toured with **Gaza**, so you know they're cool.

ManMan

www.myspace.com/wearemanman

Although ManMan have played SLC's Kilby Ct. several times, neither Angela nor I had witnessed their live show previously. Turns out, this was one of the best sets I'd seen at SXSW this year besides Motorhead; they were a cross between **Goblin**, **Gogol Bordello** and **Tortoise**. If you've seen them, you'll understand exactly what I mean.

Electronica, weird timings, lots of xylophone-playing, lots of falsetto singing with harmonies, lots of white paint on faces, excellent musicianship and passion. It sounds like they could be pretentious, but they weren't; they sounded like they were connected to their instruments by tangible umbilical cords.

Nadja

www.myspace.com/nadjaluv

The two-piece, Nadja, from **The End Records**, exhale dirgey, multilayered instrumental drone rock that was elegantly atmospheric and had nothing resembling what you might call a "groove." It got under my skin, then covered said skin with a sweet darkness, like liquid rock candy, until I was completely sandwiched in their sighing, peaceful sound.

We saw many other noteworthy shows by more well-known artists—**Blue Cheer**, **Jarboe**, Motorhead, **X**, **Fucked Up** with **Kieth Morris (Circle Jerks, Black Flag)** as a guest vocalist, **The Aggrolites**, **Sasquatch**, a seminar with **Ice Cube** and another with **Mick Jones (The Clash, Big Audio Dynamite)** and **Tony James (Generation X, Sigue Sigue)**, and much more. To read more about these shows and others, please see the official *SLUG Messes with Texas SXSW Blog 2008* at slugmag.com under "Festival Coverage" (click the poster on the left wall).

Photo By: Angela Brown

Genghis Tron



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3/1/08: The Gluttonous Gourmand and Group of 63 Dine at Buca di Beppo

By Fred Worbon worbon@slugmag.com

Rating: 1/5 Basil Leaves

Buca di Beppo, which, according to the restaurant's website, translates to "Joe's basement," couldn't be more aptly named—not because it is quaint, friendly and comfortable like your buddy's rec room, but because it is exactly the kind of place that some asshole cooking meth in his aging and senile Italian grandmother's crawlspace might think up. Ok, it might not be that bad, but it is the kind of place that relies more on kitsch than on quality food.

I recently had the "opportunity" to pay my second-ever visit to *Buca di Beppo* for a friend's birthday party (the people at *SLUG* always pick the best places to hang). It was a Saturday evening and I was one of the first to arrive. The hostess allowed me to make the trek to the table unassisted, which denied me the pleasure of a guided tour through the kitchen and past the Pope's table, a large round table with J. P. II's bust in the center. With no trouble at all, I found my crew and settled in for a long evening.

The menu offers a variety of "family style" southern Italian fare. There are "large" and "small" family style portions intended to be shared, as well as a limited number of "individual" servings. A few of us decided to share garlic bread and a small order of spaghetti and marinara; this is when the trouble began. We were the second to place our order, while some little kids ordering mac and cheese were first. To be

fair, there was a shitload of us, but I am convinced there could have been a better system for ordering. As far as I could tell, there were 30 or 40 different servers for our table, and another 30 or so for the four booths housing the rest of our party, and nobody was sure who they could order from. I didn't expect the food to come quickly, but there must have been a lack of coke in the kitchen because we had to wait forever (over one hour and 20 minutes), not to mention the fact that our simple dish was one of the last to arrive out of the entire group.

That long wait was a great opportunity to get to know everybody else around me and get a little tipsy on a meager selection of beer, though conversation was made difficult because of the distracting décor. I am pretty sure the place was decorated by a blind schizophrenic on a bad acid trip and that a knick-knack shop vomited cliché photos on the walls. There was crap from floor to ceiling and the longer I sat there, the more claustrophobic I became.

By the time our food came, I was not even sure that I was hungry anymore, I figured it was costing me some hard-earned cash, so what the fuck? My understanding of the preparation of pasta is that a pinch of salt should be added to the water before boiling. Apparently, at *Buca di Beppo*, an entire case of Morton's is dumped into every serving, and while even the small serving is large enough to feed most of the *SLUG* staff, I still think this might be a little bit too much salt. I made out better than the kids, though; the serving staff forgot to inform anyone that they were out of mac and cheese, and when pressed for the order by the parents, a bowl of noodles was brought with a side of cheese sauce. I was offered some mussels by the birthday girl, but thought better of it—no need to wash down fourteen cups of salt with a gallon-and-a-half of vinegar.

Overall, I had a great time, but I will need an ungodly amount of marijuana if anyone is going to drag me to that shithole again. Maybe then I could eat enough to actually talk about the food, and not just bitch about the place.

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Something Old, Something New— Something Borrowed, Something Askew

By Jimmy Martin

jimmy@slugmag.com

In a state most well known for Mormonism and meth addictions, it's mildly surprising that we are also home of the *Sundance Film Festival*. Is it the sheer presence of one the largest film festivals that influences local filmmakers to continue their passion? Maybe it's the hope of working with local acting legend **Wilford Brimley**? Either way, SLC's independent film scene is intact, but what happens to the artistic outcasts who decide to stray from mainstream film culture? Local filmmaker **Tyrone Davies** has been dipping his fingers in the avant-garde film scene for over eight years. In the past six years, his experimental projects have been accepted in over 15 film festivals, including the *Select Media Festival* in Chicago and the local *LDS Film Festival*. Some of Davies' films are deeply political, while others offer an amusing trip back to our 8-bit graphic childhoods— but one thing is for sure, this guy knows how to entertain an audience.

Of all the mediums available to artists, Davies found filmmaking the most personally significant. "Nobody reads anymore. As **Egon**

said in *Ghostbusters*, 'Text is Dead.' Painting is pretty dead, too. Sculpture is less dead, but dying. Live theatre is so dead that it's not even rotting anymore," Davies says. In a country where we have the freedom of speech, it appears that the numbers are declining on its active users. Obviously, Davies isn't the first filmmaker to test the limits of the film and video art form. This genre has been causing massive disruptions in the art community for generations.

About 88 years ago, a group of European dadaists and surrealists filmmakers, including **René Clair** and **Jean Cocteau**, decided to send *The Great Train Robbery*'s **Edwin S. Porter** and his customary filmmaking buddies a big "fuck you" in regard to their traditional artistic tactics. By completely disregarding story arcs, narrative storytelling and actually manipulating the individual film cells, these directors basically established an anti-filmmaking filmmaking movement with their experimental films. Forget the damsel in distress, never mind Little Timmy in the well and don't even think about the runaway stagecoach. These filmmakers forced the

audience to have a heightened connection with their films. While the majority of audience members may find these pictures abnormal, bizarre and unsettling, others believe they are revolutionary and taken for granted.

Keeping with the practice of avoiding conventional filmmaking policies, Davies creates many of his films by using compilations of vintage stock footage called "found footage pieces." Davies explains: "These works are video or film recordings originally created by others for other production purposes. The found footage filmmaker takes the recording, rethinks its message and then re-edits it to point out some concept that he or she wants to get across. For me, a lot of the material comes from the *Lost Media Archive*." The archive Davies speaks of is a personal library collection of progressive media. "It's a resource of just about any media that might be falling through the cracks due to immediate cultural disinterest, format wars or lack of distribution." Think of the most obscure video clips from the past and it's probably somewhere in there. A Wendy's rapping training video on preparing hamburgers? Check. Lessons on how to perform a sexier version of the Macarena? Check. **William Shatner** singing **Elton John**'s "Rocketman?" It's all in there, and they can also all be found on the first issue of Davies' new DVD zine, *Sandwich*.

"*Sandwich* is a new irregular periodical media-zine put together by *loaf-i productions* [another Davies side-project] and will serve as its main distribution arm. It will sometimes contain my work,

but more often the work of others," says Davies. The first issue is all about found footage and was edited by Davies. It contains two DVDs showcasing eight of Davies' films and the first "Outsider" film program originally put together by the *Lost Media Archive* in 2005. *Sandwich* also contains a CD with 20 music tracks of bands from all over the nation. The publication provides a forum for short films that never see the light of day. "Theaters stopped showing shorts before the feature decades ago. Hundreds of thousands of short films are made every year, but how many short film compilations do you see on the shelves at a typical video rental store? There needs to be a way to get these films in people's hands," Davies explains. "Hopefully it will evolve into a quarterly publication, but it's difficult

300 South). Themed subject matters have included Furbies, broccoli, carnival rides, pixels and celebrity consumption. On Saturday, April 19, the festival will have a special "best of" screening at the home of *TRASA* in the *Utah Pickle Company* building (741 S. 400 W.) The night will include some of Davies' favorite films screened during the past year at the *Out/Ex* series. **Brian Dewan, Jan Andrews, The Bran Flakes** and **Stacy Steers** will all have films featured in the competition. The event will be judged by Davies himself, **Kristina Robb, Brandon Garcia** and other *TRASA* collaborators. The most experimental filmmaker of the past year will walk away with \$500 cash.

For now, the future of experimental film is uncertain. The existence



getting something like this off the ground." Davies already has the next three installments planned, each covering a different film technique (due later this year). Not only does Davies uphold his Utah pride by using local bands for his films including **Terror Folds** and **Shifty Individual**, he also locally produces the monthly *Out/Ex* film series.

Out/Ex film series is a free event produced by *loaf-i* and the *Free Form Film Festival* (yet more of Davis' side projects). Sponsored by *TRASA: Urban Arts Collective*, [The] *Out/Ex* series proves that "anything goes" in the Salt Lake film scene. "It's a film series that is devoted to both experimental and outsider video and film," he says. The series is held the third Saturday of every month (to coincide with *Gallery Stroll*) at *nobrow Coffee and Tea* (315 East

of off-the-wall productions rest solely in the hands of today's underground filmmakers, and with the popularity of regurgitated crap spewing from Hollywood, the outlook appears bleak. "Unless there is some drastic change in the film industry (which I do not foresee), it will always be on the fringe and only appreciated by those in-the-know. Perhaps it's better that way," Davies explains.

Perhaps.

Davies' DVD zine, *Sandwich* is currently available at *Red Light Books*. For more information on his other projects *Out/Ex* film festival, the *Lost Media Archive*, *loaf-i* productions and *Free Form Film Festival*, Tyrone Davies can be reached via email: tyrone@loaf-i.com.

Photo by: Ruby Claire

**Andy
Goes to the
Slammer:
And Other
"Tales" from
The Iota
Chronicles,
SXSW 2008
By Rebecca
Vernon**

sweetsweetjane76@
hotmail.com

In Iota's first few years, they worked their asses off playing a ton of obscure Salt Lake City shows and were generally ignored by the larger Salt Lake music scene. Then they got signed to one of the biggest stoner rock labels in the world.

"I used to send Iota demos to Scott, the owner of **Small Stone Records**, not with the intention of getting them released, but to get feedback," said Joey, lead singer/guitarist of Iota, who did graphic design work for Scott and was introduced to him by "**Dirty**" **Dave Johnson** of **The Glasspack**. "He always said the same thing: that they were bad."

Iota's first drummer **Jason Jensen** and Joey formed Iota, initially playing fast, abrasive, punk-driven **Kyuss/Milligram** heavy rock, gradually foraying into their current groove-laden, sweet stoner jam stylings. Current bassist, **Oz Yosri**, joined in September 2005 and Joey and Jason parted ways in 2007. **Josh Nerbel**, ex-drummer for **Acroma**, played on Iota's fourth demo, *Dimensional Orbiter*. This time, when Joey sent Scott his annual Iota demo, Scott told Joey that Small Stone had to put it out.

Joey and Oz picked **Andy Patterson** to play on their new album, *Tales*. Andy was a natural choice, with his powerful "chunk" drumming amplifying Iota's already-epic music and songwriting.

It was Andy that Iota was planning to take to SXSW to play a coveted slot in Small Stone's Friday night showcase, until disaster struck. Iota played Denver Friday night. They were on the road to Austin with good friends **Kingdom of Magic**, and had played a rippin' house party in Pueblo Sunday night, where **Dave Bogart** (**Blackhole**, **Erosion**) sold a ton of merch. Then their van broke down right after they left Pueblo.

"We got it fixed, broke down 10 minutes later, got the belt back on and then drove an hour and a half and it broke down again," says Joey. "After the third time breaking down, it was 2 a.m. in the middle of the desert. After much debate and argument, we decided to tow the van back to SLC so we could get it properly fixed and go to Austin."

But as they were waiting for the tow truck, the cops came by. Andy had an outstanding traffic fine, enough to go to jail.

"The tow truck showed up while Andy was being put in handcuffs," says Joey. "The cops introduced us to the tow truck driver, Mike. We bonded with him; he was a character straight out of a movie. Towtruck Mike put the van on his wrecker, and sat there for two hours with us while we tried to figure out how to bail Andy out. We finally got him out on a credit card and there was much rejoicing."

Towtruck Mike offered to drive Iota all the way back to SLC for a cheap rate.

IOTA



Photo By: Angela Brown
anime-huge with fear."

Iota were still going to drive to Austin, but Andy woke up sicker than a dog Wednesday morning. "Things turned sour," says Joey, and he called the label boss Scott and told him they wouldn't be coming. Scott told him they *would* be coming, and got Rick from **Sasquatch** to agree to fill in. After Joey and Oz finished crapping their pants at the thought of playing a showcase with an unfamiliar lineup to a bunch of people who would be seeing Iota for the first time, Joey got the van fixed by his automechanic cousin in two hours, invited Luke from **Xur** along and started driving Wednesday evening. Iota drove 21 hours nonstop to Austin.

"Everyone but Luke thought the van was going to break down; Oz especially was damn certain the van would break down, but the tension in the van started easing up around Oklahoma, and we started looking forward to the beer and barbecue of SXSW," says Joey.

They got to Austin Thursday night at 11:30 p.m. and Scott gave Iota his hotel room, four blocks from where they were playing. The next day, they practiced at **Dixie Witch's** and **SuperHeavyGoatAss's** practice space, and rehearsed with Rick from **Sasquatch** for about 45 minutes. At the showcase Friday night, Joey and Oz jammed with Rick for about 40 minutes, shifting smoothly from one stoner burn to another.

"When we started playing, it was totally relaxed and awesome," says Joey. "Rick launched into a totally different rhythm than we'd practiced, and there was a long jam in the Key of C. We've always planned loose structures in songs so we could improvise, where we could stretch our wings."

It never really hit Joey how many people were going to listen to Iota and have opinions on the album. "But at this SXSW, when we were about to pull out, we met all the people that were helping us out and were there to see us, I saw there are actual consequences to putting an album out on a label that is going to distribute it; that we had to own up to what we created," he says.

"I also never realized how many people there are in this country who are willing to help you out," says Joey. "Like Scott, Rick from **Sasquatch**, and Towtruck Mike. It was a really, really good feeling, that community bond. The icing on the shitcake for sure."

"He was going down Price Canyon at 80-90 mph with our van on his wrecker," says Joey. "The whole time he was telling us about all the dead people he's pulled out of the canyon—cars that had flipped over, wreckage—all kinds of carnage. It's rated one of the deadliest canyons in the US, yet Mike was still ripping down the canyon, asking us things like, 'Have you ever seen a burnt-up body?' Everyone was gripping the seats."

"Then he started telling us about a time he was going 90 mph through the canyon and almost hit a herd of elk, but was able to maneuver his way through them miraculously, without hitting one," says Joey. "Sure enough, within five minutes, we saw a huge herd of deer ahead of us, and I thought, 'We're going to die,' and he steered us through the deer without hitting one. They all survived, and everyone was cheering. But I looked back at Andy and his eyes were



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Gutter

**Fuck You and the Disco You Rode In On:
Gutter Butter's One year Anniversary**

ryan@slugmag.com

Photo: adam dorobiala

April 15 marks the one year Anniversary of Gutter Butter. No, it isn't a drug, a reference for vagina goo, or smegma grated from a scrotum piercing. According to the crowd of half-nude wastoids that are our dear friends (and us...), *Gutter Butter* is the place to be on Tuesday in Salt Lake. With the feel of a best friend's house party and the music of an Australian hipster club, it is a good place to totally ruin your Wednesday morning. The night is a filthy, sex-fueled escape into depravity hosted by **Justin Strange**.


Operating out of everyone's favorite dive, *Broken Record* (AKA Todd's), Justin Strange and Co-DJ **VXN** have created a microcosm of trash inspired by clubs such as L.A.'s **Miss Kitty's** and New York's legendary **Limelight**. According to Justin Strange: "Miss Kitty's and the club kids are a big influence [for Gutter Butter]. We wanted to make a night [that was] a combination of an S&M club with a DIY dirty rock n' roll houseparty." By taking the mentality of 90s club kids and mashing it into rock n' roll, *Gutter Butter's* aim is to bring the filth and trash into the dance club, an environment where you are rewarded for being the most drunk, naked or dressed up. Sexually and culturally diverse, the dance floor can be a bit of a mindfuck at times, surrounded by a seemingly ridiculous mix of queers, rockers, hipsters, alcoholics, moms, thugs and the cast of **Tron**. Ok well, I didn't actually see the Tron guys there, but from what I can remember, there were some type of blue and red lights that weren't getting along. The punk subversive attitude of the night is a refreshing, less about the VIP and more about the, "How the fuck are we getting home?"

The music and the atmosphere are unique, half trashy party, half dive bar, and a third half dance club. Your chances of impressing your girlfriend by attending this event are unlikely. Unless your girlfriend is trashier than smoking meth out of a retainer, in which case you would be in luck. Instead of pumping the mainstream dance hits, Justin Strange and DJ **VXN** play an eclectic mix of rock n' roll (think **Iggy Pop** and **Murder City Devils**), nü rave and electrotrash. "Instead of hiding in the DJ booth with a couple of CDs playing the same set every week, we want to provide entertainment." Justin Strange keeps to his word, the music switches up every week, and the sets never get played out or repetitive. Often inexplicably packed and bordering on

illegal, the night has featured everything from a boy-girl strip-off to competitive twister and an ass-bruising school girl night, as characterized by the slew of broken rulers. The sexualized theme of S&M was one of the goals of Justin in the beginning, "I wanted a start a night where people lost all of their inhibitions, participated in the night – where you take off their clothes and are rewarded." In addition to the overriding sexual theme of the night, there are often other themes such as "Lindsey Lohan Goes to Rehab Night" and "Fuck your Disco" (the theme for the One year anniversary party).

April 15th will no doubt be a night to remember; however unlikely that may be for those present. According to Justin, he's got big plans and a shit-ton of shots to give away to those who prove their ability to fuck somebody's disco. So far the specifics are top secret, but I imagine if you are prepared to get drunker, dance wilder, and fuck harder you'll probably come out on top – or bottom, whatever you prefer.


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"THE REVEAL PARTY" DJ/DC
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APRIL: 3RD

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For the first 2 weeks of April, DJ/DC will be accepting submissions for what will become "EVOLUTION EXPOSED VOLUME 15" "EVOLUTION EXPOSED" are DJ/DC's compilations of dance jams he thinks everyone needs to hear. This is your chance to show your musical bravado. Compile a 10-15 track playlist and deliver it to the dance evolution staff. The winner will have their mix tape distributed all over town, will have an opportunity to DJ their jams LIVE and win \$100!



APRIL: 16TH

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Dj's tink fu and mizz niki

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Photo: Courtesy of Devil Doll

The Deal with the Devil

By James Orme

james.orme@slugmag.com

The key elements of rock n' roll are danger, sex, energy and anger. If none of these are present you don't have rock n' roll. If all of these elements are present, you've got something extraordinary. When a tough Irish girl from Cleveland grows up on jazz and rockabilly, finds punk rock and mixes it with burlesque and a group of talented musicians that share her vision, you have something that is more than extra-ordinary: you've got the one-of-a-kind, **Devil Doll**. I had a long conversation with lead singer **Colleen Duffy** about why she created such a band, and picked her brain on a couple of other subjects as well.

SLUG: When people ask about your music and your live show, how do describe it?

Colleen: I describe our music as jazz based with some blues, a little bit of rockabilly and a little bit of Latin. When people ask about our live show, I tell them **Joan Jett** meets **Jessica Rabbit** who might also put on a cowboy hat once in a while. We're also influenced by a lot of old country from the 40s and 50s. These guys were true outlaws and punk rock in there own right.

SLUG: How did you get into vintage music like jazz and rockabilly?

C: I grew up around very musical people. I was raised on **Elvis** and a lot of Irish music, and a lot of big band swing and even a lot of **Motown** and soul. Elvis was idolized around our house and by the time I was in second grade, I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up—I wanted to be Elvis.

SLUG: Now you're not a rockabilly band, but that's who has made up a huge part of your following. What do think of the rockabilly scene in America, and how do you feel about being lumped into it?

C: I've listened to a great amount of rockabilly in my lifetime. I grew up on it, and I had a radio show, and started a distribution company for rockabilly and psychobilly bands. A lot of people don't know that **Hepcat** records started in my living room in Cleveland. That really paved the way for psychobilly when no one knew what that was in this country. Our band is not traditional rockabilly, but we are heavily influenced to preserve that element in our music and in our show. We do it with a punk rock twist, but what you have to realize is that when you're playing an older style of music, you're not reinventing the wheel. But if you put it through our own filtering system and present it in a modern way, that's ingenious, that's art. There is beauty in recreating that music, but there can also be arrogance in saying "I do it the way they really did it back then."

SLUG: How did the creation of your band come about?

C: The band was based in Cleveland, and then in New York, and now is based out of L.A. I've found that the best players are the ones that were into punk rock as kids but are now serious jazz musicians. They get the seriousness of having the chops, but also they have dirtyness and grittiness and an attitude. My line up right now as far musicianship is as good as it's ever been; in fact one of my sax player **Neil Sugerman** has recorded with that artist that needs to eat something and go to rehab [**Amy Winehouse**]. I've been blessed with killer players.

SLUG: How did you find your style?

C: I've always had a retro style. Even when I was in punk rock bands in high school I know I was looking at music very differently and by the time I was 18 I was writing full-on Devil Doll songs. I've always gone about my songs like a torch singer. I'm the punk rock torch singer.

There's no one that does what I do. From the moment I found punk rock it changed my life, and that's where my delivery comes from.

SLUG: What other women have impressed you out there?

C: I love to support women in music; it's nice to see women that play instruments and write their own songs. **Marti Brom** is a good friend of mine and she's the shit. **Bridget Hanley and the Dark Shadows** from Australia, who are rockabilly influenced, but definitely do there own thing, and you know I like the **Creepshow**. She's cuter than hell and she can sing. That's the important part. If you can't sing I can't give my stamp of approval.

SLUG: What can we expect from a live Devil Doll show?

C: A couple years ago I realized that my view of playing live had changed and that I wasn't getting the same high from playing anymore. It's because I didn't need to be the center of attention anymore, and instead of worrying about myself, I had a job to do. So every night for an hour and a half it's my job to entertain an audience and to make them forget about how much they hate their job, or that their boyfriend cheated on them. Music changed and saved my life, so this is about me giving that back. We draw a mixed crowd of older people, punks, ska kids, greasers and all these people that have picked up on something in what we do that they connect with.

Devil Doll is one of those acts that's dark without purposely being so. They've managed to create something that's accessible and interesting. There is definitely only one Devil Doll and they'll pull through town May 2 at **Bar Deluxe**. Don't miss the chance to see something truly extraordinary.

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Downstairs: "Das Maschine" Industrial and EBM with DJ Viking

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

Saturday

Upstairs: "In the Mix" Alternative, Techno and Dance with DJ Jeremiah

Downstairs: "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic and 80's with DJ Evil K and DJ Viking

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Sex on the Beach

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BIKE GUY

Salt Lake City's Bike Guy: Johnny Barlow

By Chelsea Babbish cbabbish@gmail.com

Johnny Barlow owns Salt Lake City's most exciting up-and-coming bicycle shop. The location is prime and his hours are typical for someone who'd rather have Mondays cease to exist. Operating as "The Bike Guy," on 1555 South 900 East, Johnny Barlow runs his shop out of his home's garage and backyard. You won't find any cars in that garage of his, just tune-up tools, bike lube and all of the other makings of a fully loaded bicycle shop. Barlow works five days a week alongside his family and apprentice, building bikes and repairing others. His front lawn is often lined with fun-looking vintage bicycles and a sign reading: "15 Dollar Tune-up." On Saturdays, there is usually a line of people spilling out onto the sidewalk, waiting to be the shop's next customer. Talk about supporting local business, The Bike Guy's shop is about as independent as it gets.

The Bike Guy began his love affair with bicycles through mountain bike racing in the late 80s and early 90s. "I got my first mountain bike in 1988 and just fell in love with the sport. It was my great escape." And today mountain bikes are still his passion. He keeps a collection of old mountain bicycles, parts and paraphernalia. The next step for him was a class at *The United Bicycle Institute Bike Mechanic School* in Oregon. After completing the class, he continued to pursue his passion for bicycles by getting a job the Midvale location of **Bingham Cyclery**. It only took a few years of working at bicycle shop before The Bike Guy made an important discovery: More often than not, bicycle shops were catering to the avid and experienced cyclist over those less experienced Sunday cruisers. It can be a little scary going into a pro bicycle shop while not being pro yourself. He also often caught himself in a situation, while working at bicycle shops, where he had one idea of how to handle a repair or a situation and wasn't able to follow through because his boss had a different idea. "I'd suggest a \$15 tune-up and they just thought that they'd lose their shirts," he explains.

The Bike Guy eventually realized that the only way to manifest his ideas about how a bicycle shop should be properly run was to open an independent shop with little overhead cost. So, three years ago, after a little garage remodeling, The Bike Guy and the \$15 tune-up were born. "I believe that the bicycle enthusiasts who want to spend thousands of dollars on their sport make up a very small percentage of the general bicycle-riding public. The bike shops compete for those enthusiasts. I want to cater to the other 98 percent of the public that the shops aren't touching." This strategy, paired with his super outgoing and forgiving attitude, has won the hearts of many cyclists around downtown Salt Lake City. Spandex-clad enthusiasts, kids riding to school, parents with children and downhill racers all seek out The Bike Guy



Photo: Ryan McClamond

convert their road bike into a fixed gear.

This summer, The Bike Guy will be starting a *Vintage Bicycle Ride* that he hopes to hold every Sunday, beginning at his shop. In the future, he will most likely have to expand out of his garage into an actual commercial space, but he says the same "at home feel" will always be the main attraction. All are welcome at The Bike Guy's shop and this environment has already greatly impacted Salt Lake City's attitude about who's allowed to claim the title of "cyclist."

The Bike Guy's shop is open Tuesday-Sunday 8 a.m.-5 p.m. and is located at 1555 South 900 East, Salt Lake City, Utah. And you can find him online at www.thebikeguyslc.com or by phone in his shop at 801.860.1528.

for reasons as diverse as their styles of riding. "Once in a while," he says, "a whole group of bike messengers will just show up to help out around the shop and hang out." This family feel at The Bike Guy shop probably explains why his little 4-year-old daughter Vienna seems to know more about bicycles than most adults..

Not only will Barlow tune bikes for his customers, but he is also happy to answer questions that they may have regarding bike maintenance. He also sells refurbished bicycles. These bikes generally cost a little more than a Wal-Mart bike, but are still affordable to those Sunday riders and friendly commuters. With a little extra money, anyone can buy a reasonably priced bike from the Bike Guy that will work better, last longer and still be less expensive than those sold at other bicycle shops. Plus, there will always be a Bike Guy around the corner to keep it running if problems do occur. He also buys bike parts from people including, but definitely not limited to, derailours and anyone who decides to

LET'S GO TO UTAH!

By Kat Kellermeyer thechickwhopwn3dyou@yahoo.com

Nightmares, wild-eyed vigilantes, local music cameos and a mysterious yet deadly stretch of desert are just a few of the things **Dave Chisholm's** comic series, *Let's Go To Utah*, offers. "When you're driving through the west," says Chisholm, "maybe on tour with a band or friends, stuff goes through your mind. You see a house in the middle of nowhere and you think, 'I could go in there and kill everyone and nobody would notice—nobody would know for months and months.' Or you just wonder what's in the back of a trucker's trailer and if he's *really* a trucker or if he's killing people and taking their goods." Chisholm smiles. "So it starts with that."



With visual nods taken from **Paul Pope** and **Frank Quitely**, it's surprising to learn that he's only begun to draw comics professionally within the last year. While he dabbled in art in high school, Chisholm opted for a music major in college rather than art. "I was going to be an art major, but the music department offered me more money," he says. "I did really well. I was a jazz major, but when I got to the end I got really bored with jazz and got into rock and pop music."

Eventually Chisholm found himself in a successful local band [**The Brobecks**], which came close to a national label signing several times. But as individual tastes became more apparent and the members grew distant, things fell through. "Seeing the music industry from that side really soured it for me," Chisholm says. "I learned that talent has nothing to do with success. The only thing that matters is how much you network and how much you're willing to sell yourself." After breaking away from the band, Chisholm stopped writing music altogether. "It was a weird phase for me. I was writing a couple of songs a week, and then nothing. But that's when I started drawing again."

Only seriously drawing since last June, Chisholm has already penned more than four issues in his nine issue series, releasing the first issue last month and slating the release of issue two for early April [Editors note: It's already out now!]. Despite it being his first attempt at a comic (let alone publishing) he's taken it in stride. "It's been a big learning period for me," he says. "Just trying to take as much as you can from every source—from everyone who's willing to help you."

But it didn't come easy. Once he picked up a pencil again, he wasn't sure

where to start in regards to story. "Initially I wanted someone else to write the story, because I wasn't confident in my writing skill. I got to the point where everything I read (not that it wasn't good,) wasn't what I was looking for. After a while I realized that I knew what I wanted to do, and [*Let's Go To Utah*] is what came out. I brainstormed for about a month with my girlfriend and my friend, Pete, and came up with the idea for this book and its beginning, middle, and end, and everything like that." But while he might not be finished with the entire project, he knows where it's going. "It's mostly up here," he says, tapping his temple. "All nine issues, and that's all it is. Originally it was going to be, like, twelve issues or ten, but there were a few things that I couldn't do because of copyright stuff." And some of that copyright included music.

In the first issue alone, Chisholm features two songs from local bands: "*David's Country*" from **Band of Annuals** and "*I Know, I Know*" from his new group, **Let's Become Actors**. "Originally it was **Willie Nelson** and **Talking Heads** for the two

musical cues in this first issue, and as it got closer to 'I know I want to print this,' I thought, 'I can't do that. I can't sell that.' I mean, I probably could get away with it for a very small number," he says with a smirk. "But if it's successful? So I brainstormed and thought to myself, 'how can I do this?' Then I thought it might be even cooler to use this to try and promote Utah bands or regional bands even." In addition to the local bands, Chisholm features Albuquerque band, **Soular**, in his second issue, usually opting for music to act as a comparable "Greek chorus" rather than using internal monologue.

In fact Chisholm completely avoids internal monologue altogether, something he considers to be overused



and poorly done by the majority of the industry. "I hate interior monologue, and so many comics use it. There's only a few people that I feel do it well, and I'm certainly not one of them." But it's not just something Chisholm decided to do on a whim. It's an artistic decision he feels strongly about. "It forces you to eliminate that story-telling element," he says. "Forces you to be more clever with your art instead. You're putting yourself in those boundaries and it makes you show it rather than tell as much."

That's not to say the art is overkill. While the story is essentially an action/thriller piece, Chisholm doesn't fall victim to gratuitous violence and language like many of his indie-comic brethren. He censors where needed, and saves violence for the most tense of scenes, keeping his reader even more on the edge of their seat by holding back. "There's always a better way to tell a story than having really graphic violence all the time," he says. "And I think the more you put it in—the less effective it becomes. It's like if you were to have really bright colors in the whole comic book all the time, whereas you have that scene in 'Schindler's List' with that girl in the red dress; it makes that color that much more effective. That's what I'm kind of going for." From tense action sequences to breathtaking black and white washes of the Canyonlands, each turn of the page has the ability to take your breath away. "And you always want those moments to be right *here* on *this* page," he says, slamming his

hand on the table, "so when you turn the page it's like, 'wow, that's awesome.'"

Chisholm has an innate ability to balance art with story, and can keep a reader's attention in check without saying a word. *LGTU*'s third issue opens with a massive event that would take little over a minute in real-time; Chisholm spreads it over the course of ten pages. He hopes readers will 'just tear through that first half of the issue,' calling it the strongest one he's written yet. But with another month until the third release, Chisholm hopes there is story enough in the first two issues to keep readers coming back. A fan of the television series, *Lost*, Chisholm talked about how it influenced him in writing *LGTU*. "They end each episode at this super-tense moment so that you can't *not* see the next one. I knew I had to figure out where those moments are in my story, you know? 'What just happened?' 'Did he kill somebody?'" Chisholm ends the first issue with both those questions, but things get better from there. "The end of the second issue is pretty tense, and the third issue really ups the ante a lot more. Fourth issue is kind of a breathing point, but it's still pretty frustrating. But then by the fifth issue, you kind of have an idea of ... " What's going on in this world of his? Chisholm makes a face. "Maybe. But not everything."

With a gripping story and beautiful artwork, Chisholm's *LGTU* just might be the real deal, and a good introduction for anyone who's ever considered picking up a comic. "I think people who love comics will like it, but I also think that people who may be hesitant to get into comics because either the characters are ridiculous or the series is on issue six-hundred; it's just daunting, where do you start? I think this is a book that—from what I've seen—people that aren't into comics really enjoy as well." *LGTU* is available for purchase from *Black Cat Comics* ("And I want it to be on the record that they are totally awesome.") and online from Dave Chisholm's website for the series, letsgotoutah.com.

SLUG TEEN BEAT

LEIF MYERBERG: SUPER-STUD DREAMBOAT COMIC BOOK STAR!

By Patricia "Leif's Lady" Bateman
patricia@slugmag.com

OMG! Dreamy Leif Myerberg has his very own comic book! That's right, girls: *Let's Go to Utah* is out now! And it has more pictures than words, so it's not too hard to read and stuff! There's also another guy in the comic named Dave or something—but as far as I'm concerned, it's all about super-hunky Leif! LOL!

I totally became MySpace Friends with Leif last week and asked him to reveal his innermost, juiciest secrets! Guess what? After sending me some gross pictures of fat ladies having sex with hobos and calling me "a dirty little slut who wants to steal my eyeballs" for some reason, the mega-cutie answered back! Woot! Here's what he told me!

Age: 34 (He's so mature!)

Known aliases: Leif the Lucky, Memphis Heartbreaker

Heroes: "Billy Joe Shaver, Keith Richards, Willie Nelson, Chuck Berry—bad mofos!"

Concerts attended: "Upper 1,000s." (He's sooo cool!)

First show: "The Cramps and Flat Duo Jets at the Speedway Cafe in 1990."

Favorite movie: "Every Which Way But Loose."

Favorite hangout: "Twilight Lounge." (When I turn 21, I'm totally going there!)

Favorite T-shirt: "The cleanest one."

Biggest secret: "I'm painfully shy." (Oooh! Sweet!)

Biggest peeve: "Onions! I'll murder somebody over onions! And throwing up."

Hobbies: "Smoking, air guitar, air drums and Foghat." (What's Foghat? Is it a street drug?)

Jobs: "Sold records at *Sound Off*, *Smokey's*, *Disc-Go-Round*, *Raspberry Records*, *Salt City CDs*, *Orion's*, and *Positively Fourth*; I once sold cowboy boots to hicks."



The Cat's Meow

More Fun Facts! Leif ...

- * Works part-time printing propaganda for the Republican Party!
- * Is the son of the Yo-Yo Man—not David Lindley!
- * Is addicted to KSL.com Classifieds and vintage electric guitars!
- * Owns a hat that says "Fog" on it! (Oh, it's a hat!)
- * Owns stock in MySpace!
- * Lives at Davey's house!
- * Likes to party in his cowboy hat and underwear! (Hot!)
- * Loves pancakes, Don Ho and bologna!
- * Hates Andy Fletcher! (So do I, then!)

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Bellyography

CAP'N CORRIE

by Astara

With American Tribal Style, Urban Tribal, and Tribal Fusion, belly dancing is literally sweeping the entire world today. I want to pay tribute and acknowledge a true visionary in our dance community.

Corrie Walker attended her first *Utah Belly Dance Festival* in 1995, and it was there that she first saw and was mesmerized by **Carolena Nerricio** and **Fat Chance Belly Dance**. Corrie may have been sequins and bugle beads before that day, but it was turbans and full skirts forever afterwards.

Corrie: "After I saw Fat Chance, that was it for me. I never looked back. I hounded Carolena, took lessons from her, and watched every video on American Tribal Style. I was hooked. Everyone told me that ATS wasn't considered belly dancing, and it wasn't a true form. But I never gave up and look what is happening today! It is huge! This dance style is so heartfelt. The world tribal explosion validates me and, especially, validates Carolena."



A Salt Lake native, Corrie has her roots in music and percussion. She plays the guitar and drums, and she has sung with several local bands. But as co-founder and director of Utah's premier ATS troupe, **Kashmir Dance Company**, she has discovered a deeper, more intrinsic element involved in the dance. What has developed for Kashmir is a bond of sisterhood and a sense of community. A cooperative spirit has taken over this particular troupe of ladies, and it is the profound key to their continued success. It is their shared love and caring that translates to joyous energy for their audiences. And Utah audiences love the Kashmir dancers!

Corrie: "We, ladies of Kashmir, are a true sisterhood. We are deeply connected. There is an element of trust, chemistry, and camaraderie that is palpable. It is knowing that the girls have your back and are always there for you, on and off stage. We are a family. Kashmir is comprised of mothers and their daughters, sisters, and friends. Dancing in Kashmir is a rich, colorful, dynamic and, best of all, fun experience."

Kashmir Dance Company was originally created by Corrie and her sister, **Joy** in 1996. Joy moved out of Utah, and Corrie became the impetus behind the dance troupe. Today, she teaches three classes, is the director/choreographer for two student performing troupes, **Desert Star Gypsies** and **Sorella Luna**, and also is the director/choreographer for Kashmir Dance Company and their spin off fusion troupe, **Black Pearls**. All this besides working full-time and also being the full-time single parent of that rising dance star, **Maren Skywalker**. Corrie and several members of Kashmir were also ATS certified recently and authorized to teach Carolena's specific style of dance.

Corrie: "Utah's belly dance community offers so many diverse workshops and performing opportunities. I love to see what everyone else is doing and incorporate it into my own dancing. I consider myself to always be a student. I am always learning."

Information on Kashmir Dance Company events and performances are listed on their website, www.kashmirdancecompany.com.



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

Illustration: Craig Secrist

LIKE MOOD MUSIC TO A HORROR FILM Filed by Boo

Jackpot! We've met Sci-fi Man and he is more spectacular than we'd thought. He's a true wing-nut with stripped threads. He actually took us by surprise and pounced on us from behind. Oom and I were holed up in our little corner on the fourth floor of the Downtown Library – behind the art books. I was doodling away in the margins of my homework and I'm sure Oom was composing bad poetry. Without warning, a loud British accent boomed out from behind us: "That's an interesting dress you're wearing. It's very similar to something from Carnaby Street in London circa 1965." Oom and I were both near death from heart attack as we looked up to see Sci-Fi man. He was staring intently at me. There was a prolonged pause as we stared at each other, and I had to fight the urge to blurt out, "I love science fiction!" Instead I sat quietly as he asked me if I liked science fiction. I let him get his whole speech out. I was filled with a strange joy that, after hearing about other people experiencing this, it was actually happening to me. What issued forth from me in response was a pathetic, "yah". That pleased him enough and we got him



talking. We talked for over two hours about everything – Oom furiously scribbling down notes all the while (good thing he took that summer course on secretarial short hand). Sci-fi man's name is Stewart Lennox. He claims to come from some lake place in the northern part of England. The man has ideas and stories that are so fantastical he should be a sci-fi writer. Thing is, he totally believes all these stories. And what's spooky is that he too believes in a sort of Bermuda Triangle type zone of Salt Lake City in roughly the same area that Oom and I have mapped out for one inside the area of town known as The Void. He lives in the heart of it - not far from Weedpatch.

Mr. Sci-fi leaned in towards Oom and me and in hushed tones began to tell a spooky tale about large black wasps that live unnaturally together in a nest in his backyard. The wasps transform into scary phantom ladies and go off gliding around the city doing who knows what. The ladies are tall – six footers. They are sternly dressed entirely in black Victorian era dresses. Their hair is black and pulled tightly back into buns. The skin on these ladies is grey and looks as though it could be water soluble. The lips are thin and parted slightly to allow for the raspy mouth breathing. The hissing sound of a leaking tire with occasional static crackle accompanies the spooks, and the aroma that comes with them is soured milk. The most unnerving thing about the ladies is their eyes. The eyes are grayed out with very little definition as if from a long-exposure photograph in which the sitter moved her eyes. As Sci-fi man was describing the phantoms, we heard an eerie high pitched whistle with a slight vibrato. It was like mood music to a horror film. I glanced up at Oom whose face was purple and strained. As soon as I locked eyes with him, he erupted with the loudest hurricane-force fart I've ever heard. The poor guy had been trying so hard to keep in that fart that it had caused the effect of pinching apart the end of a full balloon to let the air out in that loud squeaky noise. He failed spectacularly, and in the relative silence of the library, everybody heard it loud and clear. Sci-fi man turned to Oom and stared coldly at him. That set me off and I started wailing with laughter – loudly like a banshee – like crying. Tears streamed down my face. It was difficult to catch a breath but when I could, it was a loud, hoarse inhalation of air. A librarian came running to see if I was alright. She thought I'd been injured in an explosion. Through my laughter I could hear Oom trying to explain the situation to the librarian and calm her down. At the same time I could hear the appalled British sensibilities of Mr. Sci-fi saying, "Young lady! Boudica! this is NOT the place. Do not encourage him".

While I struggled to get myself under control, Oom, with his face now red with embarrassment, apologized and started to tell Sci-fi man about our files. He asked Sci-fi if he'd be interested in writing down this phantom wasp lady story in his own words and submit it to our collection. To our surprise and without hesitation, sci-fi man replied, "certainly".

www.myspace.com/theinversiontrawler

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Sat Apr. 5: Balance Of Power, Vinia,
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Thu Apr. 10: What Dwells Within, Oblige,
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Fri Apr. 11: Scripted Apology, Parrannoyd,
 Nailspine, SixteenPenny, Dead Vessel

Sat Apr. 12: Melon Robotics, Monarch
 Blonde Assassin, SixteenPenny

Fri Apr. 18: Days Of The New,
 Poetica, Super So Far

Sat Apr. 19: Drown Out The Stars,
 Separation Of Self, One50Eight,
 Massacre At The Wake

Tue Apr. 22: Joey Belladonna (formerly of Anthrax),
 Marc Rizzo (of Soulfly), Balance Of Power,
 MAIM Corps

Wed Apr. 23: Der Maschine Rev 23's
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Fri Apr. 25: The Sword, Slough Feg, Children

Sat Apr. 26: Stephen Percy (of Ratt),
 Dirty Loveguns and tba

Thu May 22: Death Angel, God Forbid,
 Soilent Green, Light This City, Arsis,
 Separation Of Self, Massacre At The Wake

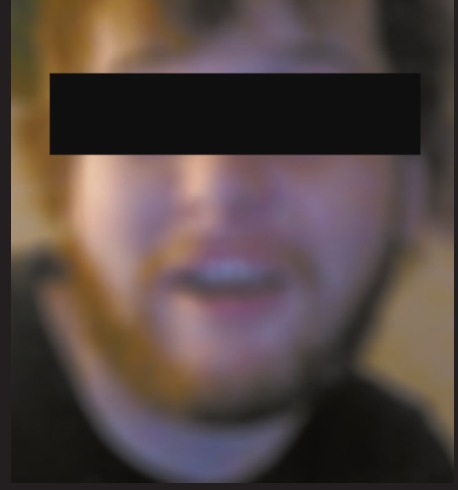
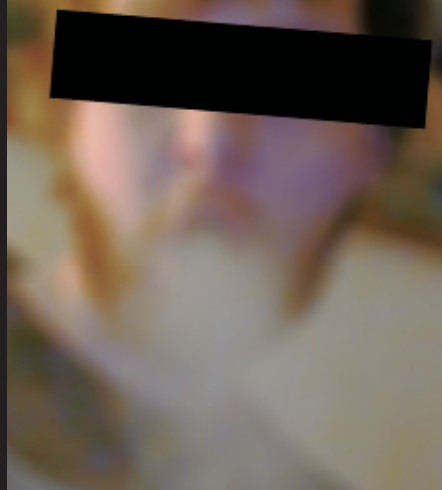
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MIKE BROWN



It's 4:20, Bro

By Mike Brown

Mikebrown@slugmag.com

"So I'm totally like going to write about a thousand words about pot, man. Because, dude, it's like totally going to be 4-20 this month, you know?"

How stupid do those first two sentences sound? That was my stoner alter-ego talking. His name is **Brodie Hammers** and he used to write the skateboarding section for *SLUG*. Brodie still comes around in my life about every other night or so (for legal purposes, I, Mike Brown, do not smoke pot. But my alter ego, Brodie Hammers, pulls tubes like it was oxygen. So any reefer reference in this article has to do with him, not me, got that, legal eagles?).

Anyway, I have a little theory about why pot is still illegal in this country and it doesn't have to do with the drug war or CIA conspiracies or the economic value of keeping something so easily produced, like a plant, illegal.

I think weed will still get you on the wrong side of John Q. Law because stupid stoners still treat it themselves as an illicit substance. Have you ever noticed how stupid stoners act most of the time? They make such a big deal out of smoking weed. Therefore, so do cops.

The fact that stupid stoners make such a big deal out of weed is the whole foundation to my "why pot is still illegal" theory. Unless you are fourteen and puffing a poorly rolled spliff under the bleachers, pot is no big deal. Grow up already, stoners.

To me, I mean to Brodie, pot is like coffee. I drink too much Maxell House and I get a little jittery and I have to pee. I smoke too much weed and I might get a tad bit paranoid and have to take a nap, but that's about it. So what's with all the seriousness about it?

I don't have a bumper sticker on my piece of shit '94 Corolla that professes to all other drivers that I like a cup of coffee every day. So why would I advertise to the world that I know, I mean Brodie knows, how to roll a decent blunt? Brodie Hammers can also make a

decent Martini and a mean Americano, but I've never found a bumper sticker or refrigerator magnet that could reinforce those talents.

It makes me believe that pot could quite possibly still be illegal just to keep the marijuana marketing geniuses in business. If pot was treated like coffee, the brainiacs behind, "it's 4:19, got a minute?" might have to go back to their original origins of employment at your friendly 7-11.

Don't those guys know that 4-20 also represents the Columbine massacre and Hitler's birthday? So if you want to be a complete fuckface and celebrate that shit be my guest, it's still (kind of) a free country. Besides, if you've read some of my earlier articles, you know that one of my biggest pet peeves is when a holiday insists you get wasted. I'll get wasted on my own schedule, thank you very much. I don't need a certain day of the month or time in the afternoon dictating when I bong rip. I get fucked up on a holiday called Tuesdays, yo.

The origins of my theory of pot being illegal because we treat it so serious goes back to high school. Brodie smoked a shit ton of dirt weed in high school. Dirt weed had tons of seeds and stems and rumor had it that it would render you sterile, but as far as making you glossy eyed, it would get the job done.

I remember smo... I mean, Brodie remembers smoking weed between every period of a new semester so my teachers would think that he was normally this stupid. That's the kind of logic Brodie had in high school.

In fifth period health class of my sophomore year, I sat by this tall gangster kid named **Shawn**. Even though I was a skater by school politic standards and Shawn was a G, we were still down with each other pretty much all because of weed. My high school social landscape was fertilized with buds in such a manner. Even cowboys were cool with all the kids wise to the ways of self-medication, because cowboys had the best mushrooms -- probably since they were around cow shit all the time.

Any-who, Shawn was the first person I ever met who truly didn't give a shit about the "cool" factor smoking weed could get you in high school; he just liked getting lifted. His simple mind didn't compute the fact that

weed was illegal, probably because he didn't give a shit about the law either. And he was really tall.

He would reinforce his reckless abandonment for the law and all of life's little bullshit politics by doing things like smoking me and my friends out in a van in front of the principal's office, only to let us know that the van was stolen. He'd tell us this after the joint had made its way counterclockwise between me and my buddies a couple times. He liked seeing who he could freak out and who could hang.

But the one thing that resonated with Brodie the most (pun intended) was in that fifth period health class. Health class was so funny in high school. They would basically try to scare you out of doing all the shit you were already doing and didn't give a fuck about anyway, like drugs. It was a complete joke.

One day during drug week, which all the stoner kids found exceptionally funny, I was sitting next to Shawn, not in the back of the room but more in the middle, and he did something really fucking cool.

Shawn said, "Hey Brodie check this out," and plopped an OZ bag of weed on his desk in front of everybody. I looked at him like he was crazy, and he just looked back at me and chuckled. As casual as could be, he said, "What's with that look? No one sitting by us has ever seen this and why would they care?" He left the bag on his desk for about 10 minutes straight to prove his point. All the goody-goodies we sat by really didn't know what weed looked like and really didn't give a fuck. Maybe that's just a "Utah thing" but the moral of this experience is still with me today.

Weed is no big deal, not to Shawn, me or Brodie. Never has been and never will be. Some people drink too much coffee and some people smoke too much weed. Stop being stupid about it and maybe weed won't be illegal forever. Fucking hippie.

P.S. What's red and yellow and looks great on a hippie?

Fire!

HA!

All Systems Fail/ Sarcasmo

Split 7"

Jornalero Distro

Street: 2.10.2008

All Systems Fail/Sarcasmo =
Nausea + Discharge

This 7" was two years in the making and unfortunately for fans of either band, the sound quality just doesn't do them justice. Sarcasmo hails from Mexico and their four-song side of the 7" features angry punk rock reminiscent of the 80s. Although the sound quality is a bit tinny, I get the feeling that they would be amazing to see in a tiny basement venue like Red Light. The All Systems Fail side features three songs recorded by Andy Patterson during their recording session of their first 7". "Shadows of Repression" and "Presos Politicos" are the band's stand out tracks. Only 600 copies were pressed so make sure to snag one before they are sold out. —*Jeanette Moses*



Declaration

Panic Button

Muse Music Records

Street: 12.01.06

Declaration = Built To Spill +
Ladybug Transistor

Declaration vacillates from Ben Folds Five piano-ballad quietude ("Half Inch Man") to humdrum restless lethargy ("Headlines") — all while maintaining a melodically mellow, simple-yet-engaging tone. Perhaps the best compliment for Panic Button is that you will fast find yourself singing along to most of the album's catchy refrains, naturally grafted onto the album's crescendo-crashing guitar riffs and cymbal-heavy drum displays. Declaration is a good old guitar-and-piano band, decidedly less "in your face" than their list of unsurprising influences (*Modest Mouse*, *Fugazi*, *Built To Spill*, *Radiohead*, *Sonic Youth*, and the category-defying *Death Cab for Cutie* and *Sunny Day Real Estate*). —*Makena Walsh*



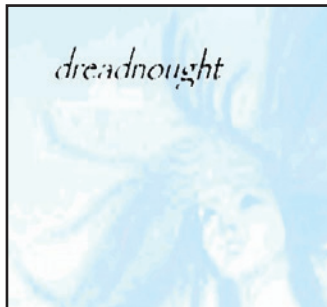
Digital Lov/How to Get Down

Digital Lov/How to Get Down
Unsigned

Street: 01.15.08

Digital Lov/How To Get Down = Pink
Spiders + a techno virgin

What a team! Digital Lov and Tyler Sorensen's How to Get Down get together to produce an album that most computer-literate people could make with the Fruity Loops program. When it comes to electronica, leave it to experts like *Cut Copy* and *Daft Punk* to put out hits. Word of advice to How to Get Down: we've already heard enough about *Anna Nicole* and there is no reason to write a song about her. As for Digital Lov, they should consider disassociating from Sorensen's project. Rather than wasting time teaming up with a "musician" from isolated parts of the state, they could be getting a better feel for the electronic genre. It's catchy and easy to dance to, but it lacks the experience needed. The album of 11 tracks should have been split into two from the beginning. (*Burts Tiki Lounge*)



4.23) —*Lyuba Basin*

Dreadnought

S/T

Independent

Street: 03.29.08

Dreadnought = everything amazing
about music

Dreadnought is back again to rock you to rock your face off. I had the distinct privilege of reviewing their first album and I wanted to see how the band had progressed in their heavy alternative sound. I also wanted to see if their musical prowess had grown. After hearing the first few songs of this six-song EP I was convinced that they had definitely raised the bar. Singer *David's* vocals are yet again blaring his way to the top. I truly didn't think that his vocals could have gotten any louder and they have, especially on the third track, "Fear of Falling." My reaction after hearing this song was plain and simply "wow!" I can't wait to hear how their music will progress on the next EP. Only time will tell. Keep it up, Dreadnought; you can only go up from here. —*Jon Robertson*

Ghastly Hatchling

Writhe

Red Light Sound

Street: 02.22.08

Ghastly Hatchling = Black Dice + Sissy
Spacek

It seems that everyone and his leather-clad dog in Salt Lake is a "noise band" these days. As you may have



experienced, half of these follow the "turn on machines, wave hands around, tweak knobs in an angry fashion, call it a piece of music" aesthetic. Not so with *Aaron Zillionaire's* (néé *Smith*) *Ghastly Hatchling* project, as his work reflects a masterful, patient human interaction with his instruments. He carefully guides his meager sonic source, the grinding skronk of a dump truck shifting gears despite a blown clutch (or so it seems), while paying attention to tension, release, form, harmony, settling into and exploring the pitch of each screech before moving onto new ideas during the near-22-minute "Ergot, Belladonna, and Cakecrumbs," and six-minute coda "Laminated Testicles and Blown Fuses." On *Writhe*, Smith shows that he understands development, augmentation, cadences, intriguing soundscapes and everything else that makes for interesting music. —*Dave*



Madden

Hew Mun

Scintillated Garble

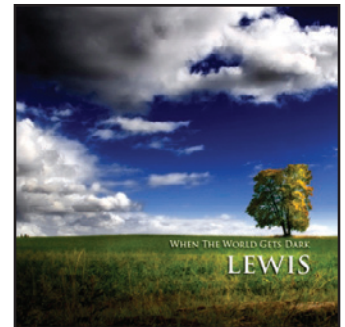
ASR

Street: 01.19.08

Hew Mun = Aye Aye + Sebadoh +
Black Dice

I've heard music like this described before as sculpture, and that really seems to fit this release. Though I do not mean a solid, statuesque figure—this is something far more abstract, almost void of shape, yet still symmetrical and meticulously crafted from every imaginable source of raw material. At first listen *Matthew Munn*, the man behind this collection of songs, seems

to be creating a noise record. But—listen closely, as melodies and slightly off time signatures creep their way through the tape loops to the surface. And though the initial abrasive nature of these songs may turn off the casual listener, let me encourage you to give it at least a second try. These primitive, multi-instrumental song-scapes will cinch right around your heart, and the more you listen to it the more it will seem like the right soundtrack to the afternoon as you clean out the basement. That is, or course, if your basement is



as creepy as my own. —*James Bennett*

Lewis

When the World Gets Dark

Self-released

Street: 01.08.08

Lewis = Blink 182 + The Get Up
Kids + The All-American Rejects +
MXPX

There's nothing worse than having to give a local band — which represents you and your local musical community — a bad write-up. Nevertheless, nobody wins when a band continues on, ignorant of their lack of talent. Lewis is the epitome of the-pop punk sound a la Blink 182. Maybe they thought they'd fill the void for all the Blink fans who can't get over Blink being gone. Who knows? The bottom line is: there is nothing original and/or redeeming about any of the songs on this album unless you are a pop-punker. If you happen to be a pop-punker, then my deepest sympathies go out to you and I assure you there is more to music than what you know and I implore you to search the pages of this magazine to find it. Best of luck. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Stag Hare

Ahspen

A. Star

Street: 01.10.08

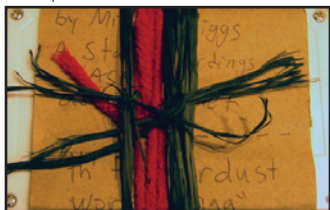
Stag Hare = A Silver Mt. Zion +
Animal Collective + Explosions in
the Sky

This album is nearly 42 minutes long — but feels like 10. Starting off slowly with an almost-tribal melody, *Ahspen* easily

Reviews



could have been the soundtrack to *The Martian Chronicles*, because all 42 minutes in this piece are an instrumentation of beautiful bliss that seem to follow an internal storyline. The album dips and dives with guitars, progresses and digresses with all of the intensity of A Silver Mt. Zion's *This is Our Punk Rock* through muffled drumbeats and shakers, yet never breaks its sequence of events. Ultimately, this album is atmospheric, other-worldly music at its finest, yet stays grounded by portraying a sense of establishment and optimism – ultimately seeming to challenge the listener more than anything. This album does more with one single track than most post-rock bands do with twelve.



—Kristyn Lambrecht

The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle/Stag Hare Mean Girls

A. Star
Street: 01.01.08

The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle/Stag Hare = Null + Yoko Ono
I once watched a performer maintain a tricky, tempo-swaying drum roll using a stick in one hand and a rubber ball in the other. I was completely mesmerized by the performance, but letdown by the recording and unable to convince any who heard it how magnificent it had been. This is my beef with 90 percent of so-called noise music: you have to see it to appreciate it, otherwise, if you expect anyone to listen, you damned well better make the aural side really interesting. The first two tracks of this roughly produced cassette, a static texture resembling exactly that, static, and a murkily filtered, unwavering loop that comes across as a *Phillip Glass*

excerpt, were probably exciting with the benefit of volume and live psycho-acoustic oversight, but they inspire very little interest via headphones; the third piece, gravelly with an intermittent high-pitched scrape, barely improves the lot. The recently enlisted to this genre might be a little shocked and mutter, "I had no idea this goes on!", but anyone familiar with music post-Masami Akita will hear this as pedestrian naïveté.
—Staci Q



Top Dead Celebrity

S/T
Exigent
Street: 04.01.08

Top Dead Celebrity = Converge + Candiria + Kyuss

The opening track "Illuminati" on Top Dead Celebrity's self-titled album made me hope this would be a dynamic instrumental band, and then right towards the end of the well-laced opening track they speed it up, give it the Kyuss kick and the hammer drops. Top Dead Celebrity is all about laying down the law from here on out. The music has some serious machismo, which a lot bands lack these days, and everyone knows that in order to have blues-laced hardcore, it's mandatory to have machismo seeping out of every pore. The boys in Top Dead Celebrity definitely have enough machismo to keep the hardcore engine running.
—Jon Robertson

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Game Reviews

By Jesse Kennedy



Devil May Cry 4

Capcom

Xbox360/PS3

02.05.2008

Action Adventure

Some game titles are revered so highly, geeks barely dare to whisper their names for fear of shattering the holy silence that surrounds their sacred auras. The Devil May Cry games, despite the flaccid second installment in the series, has managed to maintain this supernatural reputation thanks to die-hard fans and some memorable characters in their epic battle against the forces of evil. Where Devil May Cry has shined has been in ingenious gameplay and clever twists on the usual fighting techniques to make playing not only fun, but bloody satisfying as well.

This game introduces pretty boy Nero, who offers up some flashy new moves for those gamers weary of the series' previous star, Dante. But don't get your paddles too sweaty with angst, Dante does make an appearance and brings along his classic moves as well, making Devil May Cry 4 a nice balance of past and present. The graphics are great throughout the game, and I will venture so far as to say that some of the settings rank among the most beautiful seen in a video game to date. Bosses are big and scary, but with Nero's secret weapon, some kind of possessed super hand (the *Devil Bringer*), most enemies are cast away without much problem. The style meter in the game rewards creativity during those special times of slaying, which is nice since you could easily cruise through game just pushing the *Devil Bringer* button ad nauseam. But with so many cool combinations available, the real fun is mixing up your smack down.

Although there's no real online option in Devil May Cry 4, that's not what this game is about. Cool level layouts and some fun puzzles mix with signature action for the best game of 2008 to date. Sure, some of the grisly ghouls look more like peg-legged clowns than demons from hell, but they all provide good pummeling practice. Don't let the lengthy cut scenes get you down—there's enough action and exploration available in Devil May Cry 4 to keep you slashing for a good long time.

4.75 out of 5 green orbs of goo.



Undertow

Chair Entertainment

Xbox 360

11.21.07

Action

Undertow is a new side-scrolling, 2-D action game from alternative developer *Chair Entertainment* that is currently free to download if you're an Xbox Live Gold member. The reason it's free is because the Xbox Live game network took a nosedive during the holidays a few months back, and this is *Microsoft's* little red rose of apology to all of us gamers. Taking place entirely underwater, Undertow works around a basic capture the flag (CTF) premise where your team is responsible for controlling a majority of the map for a certain amount of time. In case you don't know, by holding a certain predetermined area of the map for a few seconds without dying, you have captured that section of the map. Now the opposing team must do the same to regain control of that flag. The difficult part of all of this is keeping two or three of these flags under control, even though you can only see one at a time and must swim a few screens to get to flags under attack.

There are a few different diving-suit options available each time you re-spawn, each with different weapons and mobility characteristics. Each level has perks you can pick up on the fly, including everything from extra ammo and health to improved swimming ability. The graphics look really cool, the water and sea rocks look respectably dark and mysterious, but unfortunately the levels seem to run together with only a few memorable exceptions.

Teamwork is a must here, and luckily *Chair Entertainment* has included a rarity for small games these days: a full-blown online multiplayer system via Xbox Live. Finding a game is easy enough, but once you're in the small scope of the screen lends to a chaotic type of game where you're never really sure where the rest of your team is or what they're doing. Most of the games I was able to find follow the original CTF layout. Although there were lobbies supporting other game types, they were just empty. Overall, Undertow is a fun ride while it lasts, but lacks the depth to make it a voyage worth repeating.

3 out of 5 divers get the bends.



XIII

Ubisoft

PS2/Xbox/PC

11.18.2003

FPS

XIII represents what could have been a very cool genre offshoot that never made the final evolutionary jump into the food chain. This game combines the graphic novel, the classic video game cliché plotline, comic book looks and typical FPS action to make a very unique gaming experience that I'm surprised has never seen a sequel. XIII's problem may be in the lack of unique action, especially when you consider the potential given the game's comic book backdrop. Encounters are very typical and enemies are usually easily dispatched since they generally exhibit poor AI and fairly lazy shooting skills. However, when you face off against several at a time, things can get a little tricky.

The cartoon visuals seem odd at first, but quickly look normal as you make your way through the linear levels. Some of the chapters encourage the use of alternative weapons, which can be anything from a good, old-fashioned melon crushing chair bash to a Frisbee-thrown shard of glass. This is done to keep other enemies, who despite their bad aim, have wonderful hearing, unsuspecting as you eliminate their cohorts. It's almost as if the developers knew their computer-generated bad guys were a little lame, so they make you take them out with a shovel or an ashtray to make the game more interesting.

In a day when games are costing over \$50, you can pick up XIII for less than \$10, and although your gaming friends won't be blown away with your taste for the obscure, they will have to respect your retro coolness. Plus, for a shooter game, XIII definitely delivers some unique vibe with the live action comic book infusion mixed with classic FPS staples like the crossbow and the revolver. We all know that games from five years back are going to look a bit dated, but XIII will give you your money's worth in good, old-fashioned vitamin B, and I'm talking B for bullets. Take a trip down an obscure wing of the hall of video game fame and expand your gaming palette with a one-of-a-kind treat in XIII.

3.5 out of 5 cartoon bullets still hurt.



Dreams for Schmidty: Sunflowers

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CD Reviews

Alive In Wild Paint Ceilings

Equal Vision Records
Street: 03.18

Alive In Wild Paint = Further Seems Forever + Radiohead + Jimmy Eat World (ala *Clarity*)

For me, *Alive In Wild Paint*'s Equal Vision debut, *Ceilings*, is neither a triumph nor a defeat. Rather, it tends to be both. And while we here at *SLUG* are encouraged to take a stance one way or the other, I just don't feel that I can step on one side of the fence. Famed and former *Jimmy Eat World* producer **Mark Trombino** gives the record a very similar feel to J.E.W.'s classic *Clarity* album in various places—which is a good thing. There are many different levels of musical talent exhibited on this thoughtful, mellow-driven release, but that is also where it fails. There is simply not enough emotion outside of somber, sullen sadness exhibited by vocalist **Travis Bryant** to make me care too much. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Anti-Flag The Bright Lights of America

RCA Records
Street: 04.01

Anti-Flag = Political Punk Gone Boring



I was among those who cried foul when the anti-corporate Anti-Flag signed to RCA a few years ago, but their major label debut, *For Blood and Empire*, was actually pretty damn good. Turns out they were saving their crappy material for *The Bright Lights of America*. The band can still craft huge, catchy choruses, but that's about all they've got going for them. Tired themes, predictable lyrics and songs that are way too long make this a frustrating and ultimately boring listen. As if to offset the album's mediocrity, Anti-Flag incorporates everything from bells and chimes to cellos and children's choirs to give their songs an epic feel, but their attempts come off as excessive and unnecessary. Yeah, we know that war sucks, politicians are evil and we're all pretty much fucked, but it was nice when Anti-Flag could remind us about it in an enjoyable way. (*In the Venue*:

04.12) —*Ricky Vigil*

Boris Smile

Southern Lord
Street: 04.08

Boris = Boris + Boris – Boris / Boris xBoris

Does Boris ever sit still? More to the point, do they ever get tired of experimentation? *Smile* is, to a Boris fan, a logical continuation of the band's previous Southern Lord full length, *Pink*, but it's far more diverse and, dare I say, weird? Combining doom, pop, electronic, noise and even Japanese television theme songs, "Smile" never fully lets the listener relax. From the beautiful psychedelia that is "Flower-Sun-Rain" to the punk blasts of "Statement" and the electro-programmed breaks of "My Neighbor Satan," *Smile* is a definite must-have for any existing Boris disciple, but might be a bit hard to swallow for the uninitiated ... although it would be a great way to test one's limits, musically-speaking. Enjoy. Thoroughly. —*Gavin Hoffman*

Cavalera Conspiracy Inflkted

Roadrunner
Street: 03.25

Cavalera Conspiracy = Soulfly + Sepultura + Nailbomb

In the realm of the metal world this record is huge, since **Max Cavalera** left Sepultura he hadn't spoke to his brother **Iggor**, the drummer of Sepultura, in roughly a decade. On a one-chance night, Iggor attended a Soulfly show and during one of the bands drum jams, Iggor game out and joined the band, re-uniting the brotherly bond. Hence the Cavalera Conspiracy. The record brings the best of both worlds of Soulfly and the old Sepultura sound. Gone is Max's tribal and spiritual style and the hardcore/political style of current Sepultura gone as well, and returning is the angry side of the brothers. *Inflkted* is a beast of an album, thrasher than anything Max or Iggor have done with their bands in the last 10 years. The riffs are full of creativity and pulsate and scream extremity unlike either artists band has seen since Sepultura's *Chaos A.D.* album. The drumming is what you would expect from one of metal's best. The same goes for the guitars from Max himself and his extremely talented Soulfly band mate **Marc Rizzo**. The passion has been renewed here without a doubt, and the end result is a record that is a throwback to old Sepultura in addition to a new angry and powerful vibe that brings a new originality to the music. —*Bryer Wharton*

Dawn Landes Fireproof

Cooking Vinyl
Street: 03.04

Dawn Landes = Imogen Heap + Cat Power

Lately female vocalists just aren't getting it right. Whether it's poppy, rocky or in this case, folky—something isn't working out. Dawn Landes is a typical female vocalist who is trying to play on the same team as talented musicians such as **Chan Marshall** or **Frou Frou**. If she thinks she can get a hit by teaming up with a southern folk band, then all is lost. Her place belongs in the background of a church choir, or a karaoke bar. Without even making a name for herself, she decides she can cover a **Tom Petty** song ("I Won't Back Down"), and she doesn't do a very good job at it. Disgraceful! Landes doesn't even get an A for effort. Perhaps sitting down and doing some research could help her out in the next project. —*Lyuba Basin*

diskJokke Staying In

Smalltown Supersound
Street Date = 03.11

diskJokke = I am Spoonbender + Antarctica + Kraftwerk

Atmospheric electro rarely escapes the realm of cheesy or embarrassing, and is often reminiscent of a velvet-covered douche bag-infested ultra lounge of some variety. Perhaps it is diskJokke's Norwegian heritage that allows the group to escape the clasp of mediocrity, and produce electronic soundscapes as inspirational as Antarctica yet as light-hearted as **Jab Mica Och Ei**. At the same time, the album borders on a dance record, with consistent Euro-disco beats accompanied by the analog and spunky melodies. Each instrument and layer of sounds demand attention, creating an almost cinematic effect throughout the course of the album. *Staying In* is an exceptional electro album, and is a landmark for the progression of the DJ style of writing electro, focusing on layers and breakdowns rather than traditional song structures. Well done, Norway, well done. —*Ryan Powers*

Drautran Throne of the Depths

Prophesy North America/Lupus Lounge

Street: 04.29

Drautran = Bethlehem + Enslaved (old) + Satyricon (old)

You always have to love the unexpected. Just reading the bio for Drautran before listening to the actual behemoth of an album, you would completely misjudge them. The band treads this crazy line of melody and darkness and ultimately has crafted something truly mind-blowing and awe-inspiring. It's hard to get past comparing to



early Bethlehem because both bands are German, although I'm pretty sure Drautran actually sings in a Nordic language. But Drautran embodies their own style and sound full of, Pagan and folk themes and atmospheres among some grim, brutal and ravishing guitar moments. The vocals are highly disturbed from black metal scowls filled with pain, sorrow and pessimism to wicked, higher-pitched shrills that break through the music, just slaying and hurting without relent. Fans of this genre, this record is one of those transcending moments in pagan/black metal that shatters your realm of comfort because as brutal as it is its haunting and frightening, all music should stir up your feelings like *Throne of the Depths* does. —*Bryer Wharton*

Ellen Allien Boogy Bytes, Vol. 04

Bpitch Control
Street: 04.15

Ellen Allien = AGF + Luomo + Cluster

Be it Microhouse, Tech House, Dubstep, Glitch, Minimal or any other myriad of Techno, Berliners *know* electronica. While not all of the artists on this compilation are natives, the disc was, however, mixed by Bpitch owner, Mistress/High Priestess/Early Grandmother of Berlinter, Ellen Allien. So what's so special? Though these tracks contain a beat, familiar rhythmic couplings, synth stabs and the other basic elements of all dance music, there is a mysterious sheen, something just "off" that makes this gathering of sub-genres unique. For example, the bass drum isn't so up front and refuses to pummel, allowing a pleasant Sunday morning headphone mix if you so desire; dusty, swirling textures flicker in and out and make for something just as interesting to those who make this fare as well as those who sweat to it. Not your average party jam, *Boogy Bytes* might even undo the years American ruined electronica. —*Dave Madden*

Goldfinger Hello Destiny

SideOneDummy Records

Street: 04.22

Goldfinger = Less Than Jake + Mil-lencolin + Reel Big Fish

It surprises the hell out of me that Goldfinger still exists, and not in a good way. Third-wave ska is trying like hell to make a comeback, but mediocre releases like *Hello Destiny* are all the evidence needed to conclude that aging ska-sters should just accept their fate and give up the game. *Hello Destiny* isn't all bad though. When Goldfinger's not trying to sound like Goldfinger, they're actually pretty good. The Jamaican stylings of "The Only One" and the hardcore-ish "Not Amused" are some of the most enjoyable tracks on the album. It's the tried-and-true, late '90s sounding tracks that make this album boring, and let's not forget the truly abhorrent, genre-jumping "Handjobs for Jesus" and the overly whiny "War." Goldfinger's continued output clearly proves that there's still an audience for their sound, but there probably shouldn't be. —*Ricky Vigil*

Good Riddance Remain in Memory – The Final Show

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 03.18

Good Riddance = Bad Religion + Black Flag + Descendents

It'd be really easy to make a joke about a band called Good Riddance playing their final show, but I'll spare all of us by taking the high road. Besides, this live album captures what made Good Riddance a good band in the first place. Other bands were making melodic hardcore before Good Riddance, but these guys put out some of the most consistently good aggressive-yet-catchy punk rock since the glory days of Bad Religion. Weighing in at a massive 31 tracks, *Remain in Memory* grabs you from the opening chords of "Heresy, Hypocrisy and Revenge" and keeps a hold for almost an hour and a half. This is also a great introduction if you've never gotten into the band before. For as good as they were, Good Riddance never got big enough, but this record serves as a testament to the band's greatness, even in their final days. —*Ricky Vigil*

Helrunar Baldr Ok Iss Lupus Lounge

Street: 04.29

Helrunar = Enslaved + Kampfar

With this being only their second full-length album, **Helrunar** have already established themselves a great deal of respect among much of the metal community. Their style is primarily black metal, but there's a decent amount of folk influences interwoven throughout their music, which may appeal to a broader audience rather than just the "grim and frostbitten" kids. What I really enjoy about this is the high replay value, and because it has fairly pristine production, there are a lot of subtle nuances present that seem to reveal themselves the more I listen. However, I think **Helrunar** still has their best work yet to come if they can branch out just a bit further. They include a decent, almost teasing amount of folksy acoustic guitar and folk progressions into their

tracks, but if they take that one step further, they could have a magnum opus on their hands. —*Conor Dow*

Helvetia The Acrobats

The Static Cult Label

Street: 03.12

Helvetia = Built to Spill + Panda Bear + The Mercury Rev



Helvetia's second release, *The Acrobats* is, simply put, spacey. However, it is also hypnotic, complex and subdued—a collaboration of Built to Spill-style melodies interwoven with the hypnotic space vibes of Panda Bear. This entire album is, for a sophomore release, unmistakably solid from start to finish, honing in on an abstractly grounded thematic vibe that centers on exploration—fueled by vessels of creativity and experimentalism. Despite being a sextet, **Jason Albertini** wrote and produced all 12 tracks on this album, layering persistent bossanova-style drumbeats underneath whimsical, **Flaming Lips**-esque guitar riffs (and in some cases, noises). Listening to *The Acrobats* is like taking a round-trip to **Dagobah**, sans a seat belt, and arriving less than safely home, frazzled and ecstatic from the ride. *The Acrobats* is diverse, creative and systematically layered—making it a no-brainer for any fan of well-written space rock. —*Kristyn Lambrecht*

Hemlock No Time For Sorrow Blind Prophecy

Street: 03.18

Hemlock = Pro-Pain + Crowbar + Hatebreed

When I first came across Hemlock with their *Bleed the Dream* album, first impressions were that they were total Pro-Pain worship—hell, the vocals were so close, and so were the thrashy, yet hardcore guitars that it was eerily close. Now with *No Time for Sorrow*, the hardcore is even more hardcore, but then again there are some great thrash riffs and solos. The vocals are still in the **Gary Meskil** range, but more death growl-oriented. This is a no-frills, heavy sledgehammer to the face hardcore/thrash metal that anyone with a well-prepared neck can headbang to. Leave it to these Vegas guys to create a great album with *Bleed the Dream*, then come up with *No Time for Sorrow* and make it even heavier with more diversity and catchier breakdowns. —*Bryer Wharton* (04.11, *In The Venue*)

Idiot Pilot Wolves Reprise

Street: 04.01

Idiot Pilot = Codeseven + Quick-sand + M83

Finally, after six months of delays, the beautiful and inspiring second album by Idiot Pilot has finally arrived. After reading about who was involved with this album last October, I totally had an instant wet dream. This album was produced by both **Ross Robinson** and former putz-it-up **Blink-182** bass player **Marc Hoppus**. **Chris Pennie** (**The Dillinger Escape Plan**, **Coheed & Cambria**), provides all the drum work here, except for on the song, "Elephant," with drum duties being performed by **Travis Barker** (**Aquabats**, **Blink-182**, **Transplants**). So all these names may seem lame, but the combo provides for some sweet electro post-hardcore backing, which is being led by the two-headed Idiot Pilot **Michael Harris** and **Daniel Anderson**. The duo more than makes up for its super-annoying debut album. —*Jon Robertson*

Lair of the Minotaur War Metal Battle Master Southern Lord

Street: 03.25

Lair of the Minotaur = Matodon + High on Fire + Blessing the Hogs

Normally when a metal fan thinks of war metal, it's in the realm of something like **Angelcorpse** or **Bolt Thrower**, both of which are in the death metal realm. But then again, the purpose behind war metal is the lyrical content mixed with the music. **Lair of the Minotaur** has thoroughly crafted eight songs of slugged-out groove heavy metal with a slight stoner edge. If you have to go to war, this is a good soundtrack for it. The guitars here are big, really big, like shake the house with your sub-woofer big. The culmination of these efforts pay off in ultra satisfying ways. One is the fact that it sounds original as all hell, it's really hard to peg these guys in a specific genre. Another fun fact is just the use of monstrous riffs and the groove of them forcefully pummel their way into the heavy metal kill center of the brain. —*Bryer Wharton*

Living Legends The Gathering Legendary Music

Street: 04.08

Living Legends = 3MG + Mystik Journeymen

The Living Legends have learned the veracity of the cliché saying "quality over quantity" (probably a natural result of its 17-track flop in 2004: *Creative Differences*). Accordingly, *The Gathering* is disappointingly brief, but acceptably so, given that almost every song is quality Legends fare. The crew takes experiments in electronic zaniness (a trait present as early in the group's discography as UHBV Legacy) to a new level on the catchy, synth-heavy "She Wants Me." Other notable highlights include **Murs'** loose command of the Spanish language and his rant at the end of the album where he calls out **Jay-Z** emulators, hipsters, and "Anteecon." In conclusion: *Living Legends* are the new, west-coast **Wu Tang Clan**. —*Makena Walsh*

Meat Beat Manifesto Autoimmune

Metropolis

Street: 04.08

Meat Beat Manifesto = Consolided + DJ Shadow + Public Enemy

MBM's **Jack Dangers** has, from the beginning, continued to hone his panoply of ideas with each release, sometimes dedicating whole albums to just one of them (i.e. dub on *In Dub*, the use of his EMS Synthi 100 on *R.U.O.K?*). His practice makes perfect, as demonstrated on *Autoimmune*, a culmination of the 21-year-old MBM mythology. The hip-hop of "Young Cassius" tears apart your speakers with vocoders, spine-bending breaks and an MC (**Young Cassius**) tough enough to handle it. "Hellfire," "62 Dub" and "Guns 'n' Lovers" feature enough bass and lugubrious backdrop sounds to make **Scorn** blush. MBM's trademark scratchy spoken-word samples abound, particularly on "Solid Waste" where **Dangers** takes his fierce, punctuating, circa 1992 raps (*Satyricon*) and explodes, both politically and musically, alongside baller-ass turntable scratches. Some artists can get away with recycling concepts, especially when said old tricks are creative light years away from anyone else on the planet. —*Dave Madden*

The Microphones The Glow, Pt. 2 (Remastered)

K Records

Street: 04.08

The Microphones = Robot Ate Me + Swans

For those who missed out the first time around in 2001, *The Glow, Pt. 2* is **Phil Elvrum**'s magnum opus as far as his *The Microphones* project is concerned (currently, he's **Mount Eerie**). His approach for this album is a complex simplicity that few singer-songwriters get right: diary-style lyrics that silence everything around you, supple acoustic guitar and ornate orchestration that pours shame into those who didn't try harder during sound recording classes. Panned guitars, field recordings, room noise and all manner of "kitchen-sink" instruments are all manipulated and made subservient to Elvrum's words and concepts ("Something" and "Something (cont.)" also stands as one of the greatest sad-and-gorgeous to noisy-and-ominous interludes ever recorded). For those who already own it: you get a splendid bonus disc of "other songs" and "destroyed versions" Elvrum wrote during that time. Rarely has being so lonely, cold and heart-broken felt and sounded so wonderful. —*Dave Madden*

The Old Haunts Poisonous Times

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 04.08

The Old Haunts = David Bowie + Modest Mouse + Led Zeppelin

Poisonous Times is something that I would probably have never heard if I didn't have to review it, but I'm glad I did. I was hooked from the first song all the way through the end of the record. The drummer for *The Old Haunts* is **Tobi Vail**, of **Bikini Kill** fame. This album is full of moderate tempo songs, though and none of them clock in un



der 3 minutes. So in that respect, there isn't much of a punk rock flavor on this record at all. Sometimes, though, just for a split second here or there, singer **Craig Extine's** voice adopts a tinge of rasp that doesn't sound altogether unlike **Ian Mackaye's**. Also, the downbeat nature of the songs coupled with the fact that a fair number of tracks on the album are bass driven, might remind you of **Joy Division**. This isn't fight music, but it's not gonna sap your energy either. My favorites are "Volatile," "Sister City" and "Hurricane Eyes" and that's just off the top of my head. All in all, this is the best record I've heard this year, and I can say with no hesitance that you should probably go get it right now. —Aaron Day

These New Puritans

Beat Pyramid

Domino

Street: 04.20

The Pyramids = Quarashi + The Streets + Beck + Minus The Bear "What's your favorite number, what does it mean" are the words that changed my life forever. Singer **Jack Barnett** continues repeating this phrase over and over while the rest of the band drops their **Clash**-like dance fever, drop by drop, into your ear drums. The music has an urgency and rawness that I haven't heard in a new band for some time now. It's hip hop flavored post punk at its finest and tops any band out there in this genre. When I listen to this album, I totally want to run out of my house and scream "Revolution! Viva Das Boots!!" Because everyone knows that the only cause worth fighting for is the right for everyone in the world to have freedom to listen to These New Puritans and knock the boots. —Jon Robertson

These United States

The Picture of the Three of us at the Garden of Eden

Self Distributed

Street: 03.08

These United States = Aloha + Walt Whitman + Wilco Ever feel like you're not truly human? Take a listen to this record and come back down from solitary space and plant your feet on a world made of an empire gone Titanic over the purple mountain majesty. In this world, These United States floats on by in a life raft, looking for people who have a hunger for hearing, and a soaring regard for beauty. Mixed and recorded with thirty different musicians, this album stands out as one of the top new releases this year; for me, anyway. Without being overly enthusiastic, T.U.S. have

mastered the **Andrew Bird** composition and mixed it with a **David Bowie** charm, only to throw it down the rabbit hole of a "gonzo-journalist-turned-troubadour" tunnel. Not a party album by any means, but this is record definitely something to grab when you find yourself at a record shop with time to kill and money to spend. —Lance Saunders

Panther

14kt. God

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 04.27

Panther = !!! + Portugal The Man + Pinback + The Talking Heads + Red Hot Chili Peppers

14kt. God by the Panthers is the most soulful, groovy white boy funk that the body can handle. It's funk on the beach and it can't be beat. The music on this album just makes you want to pull your pants down and do the penguin shuffle around your living room. I can't help but think what Panther's live shows must look like, with the two members of the band, singer/cello player, **Charlie Salas-Humara (The Planet The)** and drummer, **Joe Kelley (31 Knots)** on stage performing with their pants around their ankles to a crowd of foolish concertgoers all in the pit with their pants around their ankles and all simultaneously doing the penguin shuffle. It must be quite a sight. —Jon Robertson

Peroxide

Self-titled

Independent

Street: 04.01

Peroxide = a bottle of ambien Pittsburgh's psychedelic duo Peroxide is mellow beyond mellow. These guys play as slow and creepy as possible. On first listen to the album, I was straight up bored, but after a few more listens, I began to appreciate the calm moping that was going down on the first track, "Fascist," (which is the only song worth listening to on this four song EP) that just made me want to self-induce a lobotomy. Singer **Dustin's** voice sounds as if he has spent his life mimicking **Chevelle** singer **Pete Dinklage's** vocal style, which, I guess, is better than trying to mimic **Bette Midler's** vocal style. So I have to hand it to ol' Dustin there for picking someone halfway decent to rip off. —Jon Robertson

The Phenomenauts

For All Mankind

Springman Records

Street: 04.08

The Phenomenauts: The Aquabats + The Epoxies + Devo

If you have ever considered yourself "cool" at any point in your life, this band is probably not for you. If, at any point in your life, you have seriously considered building a robot boyfriend or girlfriend, then you should probably check out this band. Specializing in uber-nerdy, synth-heavy, super-cheesy Sci-Fi Rocket-Roll, The Phenomenauts might be one of the coolest dorky bands that has ever existed. *For All Mankind* doesn't offer anything new if you're already a fan of the band, but it's still a really fun, solid record. Highlights include "Cyborg," a tale of robotic heartbreak, "Make a Circuit With

Me," which features a killer chorus and "Tale of Europa," chock-full of enough whoa-oh's to put any pop-punk band to shame. The Phenomenauts may be a one-trick band, but that one trick is pretty damn fun. (Burt's Tiki Lounge: 04.21) —Ricky Vigil

The Plastic Constellations

We Appreciate You

Frenchkiss

Street: 04.15

The Plastic Constellations = 31 Knots + Cursive

Listening to this album gave me a nostalgic feeling, one I got about two years ago when local band **Loom** was just starting out, before they were blessed with Kim's amazing violin talent. Not only does it bring back memories of Loom, but it brings back memories of that time period altogether, when bands like **Head Automatica** and **Cursive** were fresh on everyone's tongue. More simply put, this album has already been done, more than once. Sure, there is a lot of similar bands out there, but I feel like I've heard this so many times before. In fact, I'm sure of it. So why go on and try to describe the music when we know what it is and we know that there are other people who do it better? —Lyuba Basin

Quiet Life

Act Natural

Safety Meeting Records

Street: 03.04

Quiet Life = Drag the River + Ryan Adams + acoustic Bright Eyes

The musicians who make up this alt-country quartet are unmistakably talented fellows who, despite today's trend in the folk-rock genre to go cliché sappy, compose sweet melodies that stand uniquely pure and untainted against most "folk rock" today. Their sophomore release, *Act Natural*, flows with all of the cynicism of Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker*, yet still maintains an emotionally driven, honest center of wholesome folk, complete with banjo, trumpet, baritone sax and organ, creating a swirling river of melodies that make you want to cry as much as dance. This record deserves a place alongside the likes of Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker* and Bright Eyes' *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*. Anyone with a place in their heart for twangy, alt-country folk ought to check out this album. *Act Natural* is an emotional ride, bulleted with crafty guitarwork that speaks directly to the soul, with no compromise, from start to finish. —Kristyn Lambrecht

Sahg

Regain Records

Street: 04.01

Sahg = Stoner Metal with 80s butt rock vocals

When this album first came on, I was down with the fast-paced thick fuzz of the stoner metal. Then the vocals came in with this screeching 80s flair and I think I had to pinch myself in disbelief. The vocals on this album are hilarious. I listened to the rest of the album, giving it a decent chance, all the while thinking that they were purposefully trying to



blend this **Fu-Manchu** type fuzz with the **Ozzy Osbourne** type vocals on purpose, but then realized that they were doing this on accident and didn't know any better. This band is straight up foolish. Picture a slow-motion, sloppy version of **Dragon Force** and you have an idea of how amazing this album sounds. Make sure you check out each song's guitar solo! Ha! —Jon Robertson

Renminbi

The Phoenix

Street: 05.06

Renminbi = Sonic Youth + Slint + That Dog

OK, this release threw me for a loop. The first track, "The Shore," instantly reminded me of **Explosions in the Sky** on PCP, and the remainder of the album seemed to be pretty straightforward indie-hipster garbage after my first listen. In a nutshell, my initial impressions were only 50% correct. Yes, the first track really does remind me of Explosions in the Sky on PCP, but the remainder has more of an interesting shoegazey quality to it than most throw-away indie crap. The drums are really busy throughout, and the monotonous vocals actually make for an engrossing listen. The dual guitars play nicely off one another, and there are muted allusions to the later new wave movement scattered throughout. *The Phoenix* is one of the more catchy releases I've heard thus far this year, and while it might not end up making any top 10 lists for the year, it's on the threshold. This is a release that you'll be able to essentially re-discover throughout the year and wonder how you ever forgot about it in the first place. —Gavin Hoffman

The Secret

Disintoxication

Goodfellow

Street: 04.13

The Secret = Cult of Luna + See You Next Tuesday + The Chariot



Imagine **Satan** working feverishly in the kitchen trying to make the most intense and insane beef stew ever, and you have what The Secret sounds like. The drums are Satan's hellish hands chopping all the vegetables and the guitar represents the dead human flesh he is mixing in with the rotten, drum-diced vegetables. After working for many evil and hellish years stringing up the beef stew of torture, he forces you to partake in his damnation stew and your throat and mouth melt away and you start hooting and hollering about your misfortune and your screams sound exactly like **Marco Colsoovich's** hardcore black trash metal screams. The production is done by ever popular Umeå Sweden producer **Magnus Lindberg** (Hell's spoon) at Tonteknik Studios (Hell's bowl) which every heavy band seems to be flocking to these days. So if you're in the mood for Satan's beef stew, buy The Secret's new album. —Jon Robertson

Stigma When Midnight Strikes

Pivotal Rock Recordings

Street: 03.25

Stigma = The Crown + The Black Dahlia Murder

If ever there were a time to say that modern metalcore can be done well, this is it. The visceral guitar tone on *When Midnight Strikes* is hellishly pleasant. The key factor with Stigma is that they can write good songs that strive to get your attention instead of songs trying to fit a specific format. There are wicked death metal moments that remind me a great deal of the last few moments that The Crown offered up. Aside from good chunks of melodic-yet-brutal guitar work, pretty much the only thing that slaps this record in the metalcore genre is the vocals. It's a shame that bands that made this genre popular in the first place sound like crap now. I guess it is just time to pave new ground for new bands. —Bryer Wharton

Subwaste / Tommy Gustafsaan & the Idiots

Split

Subwaste

Street: 02.26

Subwaste / TGATI = two bands that have no hang-ups breaking new ground, just out to play some great '77 punk rock.

These two bands are going about punk-rock exactly how bands should. They're just playing, no bullshit and no fluff, just punk-rock done right. Buzzsaw guitars and growling vocals are present on both bands' tracks. Now, a split record is usually better when the acts are different enough to show wider range of the music they play, but similar enough not to alienate each band's fans. These two are so similar that most listeners would have trouble telling when Subwaste stops and the Idiots start. Sure, Subwaste is slightly heavier, and TGATI are a little more rooted in rock n' roll, but it's only after a couple listens that these subtle differences become apparent. If you dig on street punk that doesn't hold back, here it is

by the truck load. —James Orme

Thee Silver Mt. Zion Memorial Orchestra & Tra-La-La Band 13 Blues For Thirteen Moons

Constellation

Street: 03.25

Thee Silver Mt. Zion Memorial Orchestra = Godspeed You Black Emperor! + Vic Chesnutt

TSMZ has always brought to light the apocalyptic falling-out that our world has experienced since the appearance of humans of earth — and our trend to destroy anything in our way. *13 Blues for Thirteen Moons* addresses this issue on a never-before-seen vocal level unique to ASMZ's discography. Singer **Efrim** forcefully pounds poetry above chaotic violin solos that crescendo, break apart, and reunite as **Beckie's** cello follows like rain in a roof gutter, ready to fall at any point. These four tracks slam a variety of issues at hand — most directly, the United States' involvement with Black Water in Iraq, and our apparent desire to pillage our earth's natural resources. It seems as though the current state of affairs is so terrible that ASMZ have shed some of their opaqueness and attacked openly — making *13 Blues for Thirteen Moons* an opinionated, glorious and wrathful album. —Kristyn Lambrecht

Theory of a Deadman Scars & Souvenirs

Roadrunner Records

Street: 04.01

Theory of a Deadman = Nickleback + Seether + more pop crap

I know there is an audience for this band and their type of sappy pop-rock country-flavored dribble, but as to why? I'm not sure. For the sake of that audience, even though I don't think *SLUG* includes much of it, I will try to be fair and nonjudgmental, although, when shit stinks, it doesn't matter how much air freshener you spray, it still smells funny. Only having heard a select few tracks of other TOAD albums, it's all pretty damn similar, but I guess if it works and sells their records, why would they change? There are some happy songs that have some rocking moments, but most of them are power-ballad-type tunes or just plain ballads that lyrically and musically lack inspiration of any sort. When the album is done it feels like you just listened to one song over and over again. If you listen to rock radio expect to hear "Bad Girlfriend," a hell of a lot in the coming months. Thankfully, the *SLUG* audience is savvy enough to stay away from this type of music. —Bryer Wharton

Think of One Camping Shabai

Crammed Discs

Street: 03.25

Think of One = Ravi Shankar + Afro-Pop + Francophonics

While your ear might feel like it's detecting a hint of something generally Arabic or Indian, give it a better listen; this Belgian group's newest album is distinctively Moroccan. Even though the lyrics are in multiple languages,

you don't need to speak a one of them to enjoy this. Think of One takes traditional-sounding tunes and mixes in guitars and keyboards and turns them contemporary and slightly electronica. Hearing the melodies played by a guitar rather than a sitar adds a unique turn to the songs, and the modernization seems less forced and more like a cherry on top of a European sundae of sound. Add in some brass and French-pop influence and this album will totally change your thoughts on what you thought was possible from an album that has truly broken the mold. —Kat Kellermeyer

The Toasters CBGB OMFUG Masters: Live June 28, 2002 - The Bowery Collection

MVD Entertainment

Street: 03.18

The Toasters = Madness + Bim

Skala Bim + Bad Manners

Having seen The Toasters live on multiple occasions, I can confidently say that if you've seen one Toasters show, you've seen 'em all. That said, this live recording from six years ago (or roughly 20 lineup changes ago) captures America's self-proclaimed longest-running ska band delivering a better than average set. All of the horn-heavy, high-tempo staples of any Toasters set are here ("2-Tone Army," "Shocker," "Shebeen"), plus a couple of the better tracks from their newer albums. This is an especially cool record if you've only seen The Toasters in recent years, as it features notable members no longer with the band (**Jack Ruby, Jr.** on vocals, **Buford O'Sullivan** on sax) plus their rarely seen keyboardist **Dave Barry** and a cameo by **Rudie Crew's Roy Radics** on the final track. This live album is far from incredible, but if you're already a Toasters fan, it's worth a listen. —Ricky Vigil

Why? Alopecia

Anticon

Street: 03.11

Why? = cLOUDDEAD + Beck + The Blow

Yoni Wolf, AKA Why? mastermind, once a force in the juggernaut "hip-hop" outfit **cLOUDDEAD** (someone once said "they are to hip-hop as Nirvana is to, say, the blues") returns with more of the same obtuse songwriting he has displayed since he began. He can create interest out of nothing, offering commentary on the minutia of everything from kitchen towels to white-boy auto-erotic literature ("only look at black and Puerto-Rican porno/cuz they want something that their dad don't got") to sleeping positions, all subjects he flits between in a stream-of-consciousness fashion. Together with **Andrew Broder** and **Austin Brown**, Wolf complements his words with a mélange of hip-hop, new wave and twang, the trio capably realizing all sorts of mix-and-match experiments. After dozens of solo and group releases, Why? still manages to work a niche that thrives on ambiguity, forged ingenuity and unassuming trinkets, their own genre that only they know how to work. —Dave Madden

Witch Paralyzed

Tee Pee Records

Street: 03.18

Witch = Budgie + Witchcraft + 70's fuckin' metal



Damn, this is awesome. Without trying to quickly lump these gentlemen into the "stoner" category right away, **Witch** are most certainly time travelers from the 1970s, here to bring the weapons-grade awesome for all of us kiddos. **Dinosaur Jr** fans might also be interested to know that **J Mascis** is playing drums for Witch, and does a fantastic job. What is wonderful to me about this style of music is that it truly feels timeless. Although it keeps fairly simple techniques and principles close, it never seems to feel beaten into the ground. However, I wasn't a teenager in the 1970s, so I can't vouch for if my elders were ready for all that came along in the 1980s. So among this small return of old-school doom-rock, along with the likes of **Clouds**, **The Sword**, et al, Witch certainly aren't losing any ground with this excellent little album. —Conor Dow

Zimmers Hole

When You Were Shouting at the Devil, We Were In League With Satan
Century Media

Street: 03.11

Zimmers Hole = Strapping Young

Lad + Dethklok

Oh, hell yeah! The Hole is fucking back! This time around they're getting the worldwide release treatment via Century Media Records, which is a first for the Canadian band. It is nearly impossible not to compare this record with SYL, maybe it is because the man behind that band, Devin Townsend, plays a big role in the production of the record. Also, its guitarist, bassist and drummer are all from Strapping, though, on previous records the band didn't sound this close to SYL. But by all means the similar sound isn't a bad thing at all, in fact, it gives it familiarity for newcomers. The Hole have always made fun of metal while relishing in its greatness. The title track mocks glam metal, with other songs containing lyrical content so fun, it's ridiculous; you'll never laugh so hard while you headbang. The music encompasses many genres and makes fun of them too, from power metal to thrash to death metal. Dethklok's Nathan Explosion introduces one of my favorites on the record called "The Vowel Song," which pokes fun at metalheads being illiterate. You seriously can't get much more badass than Zimmer's Hole, this album will be blowing my mind consistently for years to come. —Bryer Wharton

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MON 7 ERIC MCFADDEN TRIO
TUES 8 STATE BIRD
WED 9 BLOSWICK
THURS 10 PATTERN IS MOVEMENT,
BRING YOUR GUNS, EMILY REYNOLDS,
SECRET ABILITIES
FRI 11 SLUG'S LOCALIZED:
SCHWA GROTTTO, ROYAL ABBEY,
ERRATIC EROTICA
SAT 12 WHY?, TED DANCIN
SUN 13 JARED PAUL, THE YETI
MON 14 RJD2, HAPPY CHESTER, DALEK
TUES 15 BLITZEN TRAPPER, FLEET
FOXES, CALICO
WED 16 ENON, THE JOGGERS, PALACE
OF BUDDIES
THURS 17 LUCKY I AM
(LIVING LEGENDS)

FRI 18 THE FURS CD RELEASE,
BLUE SUNSHINE SOUL, CALICO
SAT 19 WOLFS, BITCH AND
THE EXCITING CONCLUSION
SUN 20 TTTT
TUES 22 DESBY DOVE
WED 23 ICON, DOS NOUN
THURS 24 MIKE DOUGHTY
(SOUL COUGHING)
FRI 25 NORFOLK AND WESTERN,
(DECEMBERISTS) WEINLAND, DEAD HORSE
POINT
SAT 26 BAND OF ANNUALS
SUN 27 TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
MON 28 ACCIDENTE
TUES 29 INDIAN JEWELRY, STAG HARE
WED 30 MONOFOG, LAZERFANG,
RED BENNIES, MAGIC CYCLOPS
COMING SOON.....5.6 VHS OR BETA,
5.7 EFTERKLING, 5.9 YO MAJESTY,
5.16 DESTROYER, 5.22 LANGHORN
SLIM, 5.30 JOAN OF ARC



By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

For almost thirty years, the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll has been introducing the public to the finest galleries and artists the area has to offer. Each month, SLUG Magazine goes underground and weighs in with their monthly picks.

Fun and good for the environment, **Lamplight Gallery** is located at 170 S. Main Street in Bountiful, Utah. Lamplight features work by local artists who specialize in Utah's wildlife and scenery. Owner and operator, **Debbie Goodman**, donates revenues of her work to wildlife and humane charities like **The Nature Conservancy** and **World Wildlife Fund**. Opening April 4, local scenic photographer **Glenn Eurick** will be on display. Buying art and helping nature, now there's a purchase you can feel all warm and fuzzy about.

A show with a bang, The **337 Project** building is being torn down on April 5, sometime between 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. Building owner and project director **Adam Price** had always planned to tear down the building to make modern green live/work spaces. The demise will act as the catalyst to the creation. Its demolition will be bitter sweet to many of us who have had the pleasure of walking its halls and admiring what can be created when you give artists free reign. RIP

The best and only gallery left on Pierpont, the **Women's Art Center** will host their annual **Circle Show**. Art space has vacated, but some tenants still remain to carry the torch of the first street of Gallery Stroll. Participating artists will all create their art within the confines of a circle. Once hung, the effect is rhythmic and melodic, almost like a childhood mobile. It was these childhood memories that influenced curator **Cat Palmer**'s decision to direct the group and title the show **Endless Roots**. Look for artists **Allison Armstrong**, **Grant Fuhst**, **Zara Shallbetter**, **Liz Smith**, **Susanah -Yaunt Torreano**, **Amie Tulus**, **Alice Bain** and **Blake Palmer**, to name a few.


For the best place to indulge in shopping and taking in art, look no further than the high altitude boutique **Autumn Garage**. Look for seasonal specials on the hippest snowboarding and street gear while you check out the latest works from Photographers **David Kamp** and **Ian Matteson** along with graphic designer **Keaton Pierson**. All will beautify and tempt you to buy! Autumn Garage is located on 2258 E. Fort Union Blvd #B6

Looking for a ruckus? As in local performance group **Ruckas**? Check out **Cup of Joe** every third Friday to coincide with the gallery stroll, they call it "**Friday Night Street Culture**." Featuring live music, poetry and art. Owner **Kristy Gonzales** calls it, "keeping live collaborative community arts hoppin in Salt Lake."

I'd also like to publicly congratulate local artist **Trent Call** for his artist profile in the April issue of **JUXTAPOSE**. We at **SLUG** are so happy for you and are thrilled to say "We knew him when..." In the words of fellow artist **Derek Mellus**, "Today *Juxtapose*, tomorrow the world!" Congats Trent, you deserve it!

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Books Around

Art and Revolution: Transversal Activism in the Long Twentieth Century

Gerald Raunig

Semiotext(e) [Street: 09.30.07]

Art history is usually told through two, sometimes intertwining, narrative structures: either taking a look at certain typical paintings that illustrate the progression of painting or through the chronological movements that make up certain periods of art history proper. What is always lost is a sense of the political that makes up the true art of painting and its association to the social milieu it was created in. In *Art and Revolution*, Raunig runs in the complete opposite direction of previous art historical analysis and fills that niche of art as political act; he takes up the triumphs and failures as art not only tries to attune our perception, but tries to change the way we live. By skillfully roving such art moments as Russian Futurism and Viennese Actionists (and putting them through the lens of critical theory), Raunig has delivered a alternative primer to art's long, if not neglected, agitation in the world. —*Spanther*

Deathtripping: The Extreme Underground

Jack Sargeant

Soft Skull Press [Street: 12.28.07]

Deathtripping is a thorough survey of the post-punk, underground film movement that emerged out of New York City in the late 70s. In 1985, **Nick Zedd** coined the term "Cinema of Transgression" to help better define what he and his cohorts were doing. This community of artists stripped away all formulaic boundaries put in place by mainstream filmmaking, particularly in academia, to create a kind of cinema that would indulge the fears and fantasies of everyone exposed to it. This book contains an assortment of interviews, essays, photographs and manifestos that help bring some light to the dark, tormented roots of this period in underground film. The new revised edition contains an additional chapter talking about the present-day influence of Transgression Cinema and three scripts written by **Tommy Turner**, **Richard Kern** and Zedd. Sargeant does a great job analyzing this nihilistic movement and contextualizing its vulgar and pornographic qualities with the society outside. *Deathtripping* sends the message that film should never be looked at as a privilege, but rather as an available medium for anyone who needs to express themselves, no matter how grotesque that expression is. —*Michael DeJohn*

The Exiles of Marcel Duchamp

T.J. Demos

MIT Press [Street: 07.16.07]

In a suitcase, Demos' *Exiles of Marcel Duchamp* tries to wander through and talk about the little-discussed nomadism of Duchamp, both in his artistic practice and in his life. If there was a reason why it was little discussed or acknowledged, it's probably because there is not much to say in regards to that topic that hasn't already been said. Dumpster diving the critical terminology of museum studies, photography and post-colonial theory, Demos scatters his argument all over, making name-checked claims that seem self-evidently connect and that anyone with a little time and some reading by Benjamin, Crimp and Malraux could have done. The book, in essence, seems like it is trying to cash in on the Duchamp train, but unfortunately, in doing so, Demos missed it even before it left the station. —*Spanther*

The Jewish Mind: Revised Edition

Raphael Patai

Hatherleigh Press [Street: 12.01.07]

Sure, for typical questions on all things Jewish, you could ask **SLUG**'s office coordinator **Jeanette Moses** (jeanette@slugmag.com): resident expert on all things Jew. But for those questions that are either philosophically and anthropologically deeper than what Jeanette might be able to handle, you might want to check out *The Jewish Mind*, an essentially all-encompassing encyclopedia of Jewish knowledge. With an end goal of explaining how and why the typical Jewish mind functions, author **Raphael Patai** explores everything from major events to genealogy and heredity in a quest to define exactly how Jews tick. Pages are content-rich with Jewish goodness, and getting through the book may even leave you with burning desire to adorn a yarmulke upon your head and a curly brown beard on your chin. —*Ross Solomon*

The Portable Atheist

Christopher Hitchens (ed)

Da Capo Press [Street: 11.04.07]

The recent surge in books denouncing religion as deluded and evil and offing atheism as the solution could be attributed to post-9/11 cultural anxiety about religious fervor from Muslim extremists and Christian fundamentalists alike. This anthology, lovingly collected by conservative atheist and all-around asshole **Christopher Hitchens**, proves that far from being a flash-in-the-pan reaction to current events, atheism has a rich history throughout western civilization. You'll find essays by philosophers (**Hobbes**, **Hume**, **Mill**, **Marx**, **Russell**), authors (**Swift**, **Conrad**, **Orwell**, **H.P. Lovecraft!**), and men of science (**Einstein**, **Darwin**, **Freud**), all handing religion its ass. True, there's only so much you can say about not believing in something, and many of these essays were likely chosen based on their rhetorical flair rather than their new insights, but this is a great tool to sharpen your heathen arguments for the next time a pair of missionaries come knocking on your door. —*Jona Gerlach*

Some Photos

Aaron Ruell

Nazraeli Press [Street: 2007]

Just one glance into this book and you are taken away to a land of pure composition that most eyes pass over. **Aaron Ruell** has done an amazing job showing that there can indeed be beauty in the mundane, and mystery in regular, everyday sightings. The images are like taking a walk in the future and seeing the world as a child again. Vibrant colors and simple yet somehow complex compositions make this book a definite visual treat. The portraits are a little different than your average headshot or lifestyle photograph and invite you to take a step back and experience the moment that has already passed. Wonderful. —*adam dorobiala*

Sunrise Tai Chi

Ramel Rones

YMAA Publications [Street: 04.15.07]

This book is a great next step for those who understand the basics of Tai Chi but want to know the history, and the more advanced techniques it has to offer. One of the most informational texts I have ever read on Tai Chi, *Sunrise Tai Chi* explains in detail many of the aspects of Tai Chi that most other books skip over. I especially liked the entire section devoted strictly to getting you to understand the proper ways to breathe and center yourself. That information alone is worth numbers for your practice. Illustrated as well, this book has been like a college textbook without the hassle of the tuition. Aside from the knowledge of the book, it has a DVD of the same title that shows you the full movements in moving picture format. You and your practice will thank you for reading this book. —*adam dorobiala*



9 Star Hotel
Ido Haar
 KOCH Lorber Films
 Street: 02.05



Did you spend Valentine's Day taking bong rips and watching the *Bourne* series for the second year in a row? Your roommate used up all the hot water taking ridiculously long showers again? How about your horrible bussing job? You're worth sooo much more than they're paying you. Well, you probably won't think these things are so bad after comparing your life to the folks in this film. *9 Star Hotel* follows two Palestinian brothers who must cross over the border into Israel to find work each and every day. It's hard to really understand how immensely terrible these guys' lives are without seeing it with your own two eyes. Being constantly on the run from the border patrol is the *least* of their worries. If you feel like you need a bit of a humbling experience without getting off of your privileged, fat, lazy ass, then watch this film. —Ross Solomon

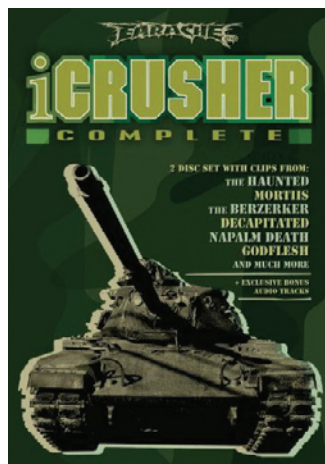
Criss Angel: Mindfreak
The Complete Season Three
 A&E Home Video
 Street: 01.15

It seems these days with technology and science explaining many of life's mysteries, there is a certain mysticism and charisma life that is missing. Criss Angel brings that magic to just about everyone who wants to see it with his TV series *Mindfreak*, which is in its fourth season on A&E. With the third season, skeptic or not, your brain will be perplexed. You

don't even need to have seen the first two seasons from this extreme magician to enjoy the third. The three-disc DVD set is packed with the man doing all sorts of tricks and stunts, like his levitation over the Luxor in Las Vegas, a couple car-crash escapes, disappearing acts and my favorite, magic performed for street audiences throughout Vegas, astounding fans and newcomers with tricks that will have you scratching your head. There is a great honesty with what Angel does. The series shows his stunts that went wrong, creating the feeling that even a master magician can't be perfect. The real fun with this DVD set is getting to watch it as many times as you want and trying to explain to yourself what you see. Criss Angel has brought a dying art form to the masses and amped it up for any age to enjoy and let their imaginations fly free. —Bryer Wharton

Genitorturers
Live in Sin
 MVD Visual
 Street: 10.16.07

If there is one thing I hate about certain live DVDs, it's the live overdub. It is almost pointless to call the DVD release a live show because, in essence, it is not. The songs are overdubbed with audio from who knows what. In this case, it sounds almost too perfect, mainly because there is no distortion or reverb that you'd get in a live setting, as well as no crowd noise. The songs are a collection of clips from various shows, which, for the Genitorturers, I think misses the point of what they are trying to capture—the sexual gothic nature and theatrics contained in the band's show. The live feeling is extremely absent in the 10 songs included in this release, which is sad. Thrown into the already annoyingly abundant strobes are visual effects obviously added later on top of the footage, trying to give it a psychedelic feel. I know that bands don't have a lot to do with their DVD releases; in this case, I think the Genitortures would be disappointed with the bland outcome. But if you're a horny gothic teenager, this thing is the shit. —Bryer Wharton



iCrusher
Complete
 Earache
 Street: 02.19

In the day and age of the Internet, DVD music video compilations are basically becoming obsolete because the majority of the videos on this compilation, which is actually just two older comps combined, can be found on YouTube or MySpace. I also thought the purpose of record labels releasing music video compilations was to showcase new material. Extreme metal label Earache Records tossed together their first and second iCrusher DVD compilations for whatever reason. Don't get me wrong, there are some great classic music videos on here from the likes of **Godflesh**, **Morbid Angel**, **Mortis**, **Napalm Death** and some cool relatively newer ones, but half of the second side of this double-sided disc is all audio stuff—not video. The second side is extremely old with a lot from bands that have since given up. I don't really see the point in this release other than a meager attempt to make some cash from material that's been lying around for years, yet readily available to pretty much anyone who wanted to seek it out in other forms. —Bryer Wharton

Iron Maiden
Live After Death
 DVD
 Street: 02.05

I want you to think about what a heavy-metal band should sound like. That's what Iron Maiden sounds like. Picture what the record covers of heavy metal band should look like. That's what Iron Maiden's record covers look like. Now picture what a heavy metal band's show should look like. That's exactly what Iron Maiden will give you. Big light shows, big stage props, big guitar sounds and solos. It truly is stifling to take it all in. This 1984 live show in Long Beach, Calif. shows the band at

their peak. After a band has been around for so long, and they've done so much, and been through so much it's hard to see them through fresh eyes, but after this DVD, I'm reminded of why they are the standard that every metal act is held to. **Bruce Dickinson** jumps across the stage like a gazelle, while drummer **Nicko McBrain**, behind his monstrous kit, proves he's hands down the best heavy metal drummer ever. **Tommy Lee** isn't qualified to carry his crash cymbals. These guys were athletes back then and it comes through in



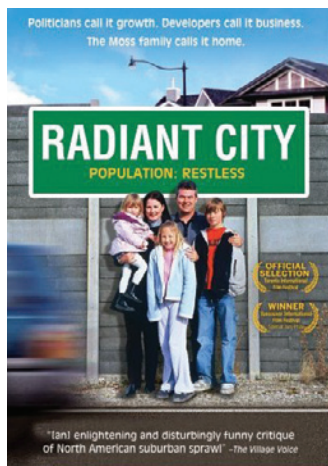
their performance. Songs like "2 Minutes to Midnight" explode off the screen. This is just the Maiden machine at its best. Disc one contains the initial 90-minute concert, and disc two has an hour-long follow up to the *Early Days* DVD. Also on disc two is another 50 minutes of concert footage from a show in Rio in '85. In total, there's three hours of footage to cover. Or, I should say, three hours of bliss for any Maiden fan. —James Orme

Overkill: Live at Wacken
Open Air 2007
 Bodog Music
 Street: 02.05

As a general rule lately, bands don't usually release a live DVD without any bonus features. Well, that is not the case for Overkill's *Live at Wacken Open Air 2007*. The disc just contains 10 live cuts, spanning the band's career, which began in 1980. There are two songs from the band's latest album, *Immortalis*. The rest, with very few exceptions, have been on other live albums and videos the band made throughout their career. Overkill is a great band and have always played thrash true to their roots. There is absolutely nothing wrong with the music/song selection on the DVD, but the production, mainly editing, is

Reviews

piiss-poor. There is never a shoot that stays in one place for long and there are plenty of pointless shots of basically complete darkness. No worries on the sound production, though—any stereo system or TV will do the show justice. —Bryer Wharton



Radiant City Koch Lorber Films Street: 03.04

What the fuck is happening to the classic idea of suburban sprawl and social communities? Even in Salt Lake, the notion of a small and unique town is quickly dwindling, especially in the case of Sugarhouse. What was once a quirky, trendsetting area is now nothing but a crater in the earth and the future home of multi-leveled condominiums, and let us not forget the disgustingly "revamped" Redman building (the new sign sucks). Directors Jim Brown and Gary Burns' film, *Radiant City*, follows this exact concept about the collapse of social America due to the clusterfuck of developing communities. Filled with commentary by professionals and trailing the lifestyles of various suburbanites, it's funny, educational, alarming and depressing all in 85 minutes. It's nauseating that the majority of Americans now live in an endless ocean of lumber and shingles in cookie-cutter homes with cookie-cutter lifestyles. Take a trip to Jordan Landing in West Jordan and you'll get a firsthand look at the disease that's spreading across our landscape. Where

did all the trees go? There's an unnecessary twist at the end of the film, but its message and content are paved as smooth as the new highway that's running through my backyard. —Jimmy Martin

Return of the Living Dead Boys Halloween Night 1986

MVD Vision
Street: 03.18

I've been into punk rock for almost longer than I haven't. I've heard an awful lot of stuff in that period of time. I have always heard how legendary *The Dead Boys* are. Somehow, though, they managed to slip through the cracks for me. Apart from "Sonic Reducer" (played not once, but twice on this disc), which everybody knows, this was really the first time I had consciously listened to *The Dead Boys*. However, they are a band whose legacy precedes them and thus, not terribly surprisingly, I recognized about one half of the songs (even knew the lyrics to a couple) on this DVD. *Return of the Living Dead Boys* chronicles the band's reunion on Halloween Night in 1986. The DVD starts off with an introduction by **Joey Ramone**, who seems genuinely excited to see *The Dead Boys* perform again. I'm still trying to decide if **Stiv Bators'** get up is a Halloween costume, or if he really is trying to look like a stand in for some dickhead from **Mötley Crüe**. I think it's probably the former, as he doesn't seem too concerned with keeping it on. There is a lot of stuff from both of their original records and a cover of **The Stooges'** "Search and Destroy," complete with gushing tribute by Stiv to **Iggy Pop** prior to the actual song. It was fun to watch for its solid energy alone, not to mention that the music is good as well. And this is coming from somebody who isn't very well-acquainted with *The Dead Boys*. For longtime fans, this is an absolute must-have. —Aaron Day

Sigur Ros – Heima (2-Disc) Dean DeBlois

XL Recordings / Krunx
Street: 2007

Heima captures 97 minutes of Sigur Ros' beautiful music

presented on the backdrop of their birthplace—Iceland. *Heima*, meaning "at home," shows Sigur Ros playing free "word of mouth" concerts in multiple cities of their country—wowing a little village with a population of two, to grandiose cities of thousands. They play in town squares, abandoned fish factories, or in the colorful, open grasslands of the countryside. The cinematography acts as a storyteller in this documentary, but also proves to be the perfect imagery to capture Sigur Ros' feeling and sound as a band. The most remarkable part of the film is the range of people that come out to celebrate the music—entire families, everyone from grandmas to newborns. Icelanders unite to witness a small piece of their history through the art of Sigur Ros. Most music documentaries are filled with self-adoration, while *Heima* shows the environment and grand scope of bringing people together and giving something back. The second disc of this release includes a two-hour concert, which is highly recommended for fans of the band. —Adam Palcher

Them David Moreau and Xavier Palud

Dark Sky Films
Street: 03.25

There's a common characteristic reaching modern horror films: simplicity. Forget the protagonist who stabbed the killer's sister or the heroine who defenestrated the psycho's mother. All we want is pure, preemptive, unexpected death. But, can films be too simple? David Moreau and Xavier Palud's Romanian, 77-minute thriller, *Them*, proves they can. After a 10-minute, semi-chilling opening (and with five minutes of credits at the beginning and end), the central narrative barely reaches an hour. The straightforward story follows Clémentine and Lucas, and their terror-filled night of survival. Granted, there were several moments when I caught myself holding my breath attempting to remain silent, but when you blink too often and miss half the film (which is basically 85 percent of people running around), something's missing. I don't think the overly elaborate

1980s and 1990s storylines (*Friday the 13th*, *Halloween*, *Scream*) are necessarily better, but give the audience something besides a name and occupation. Make the audience relate to the victims, so when the knife slowly pierces their skin, we feel marginally bad. The most frightening aspect of the film is that it's based on a true story, which definitely raises the *Oh Shit!* Bar® a notch, but its lack in detail makes it forgettable. —Jimmy Martin

Un Poquito De Tanta Verdad

Corrugate Films
Street: 2007



This documentary shows the year of 2006 in Oaxaca, Mexico. This is the year the community of Oaxaca would mold together for a common purpose and rise above the federal government. At first, it was a peaceful strike that the teachers of Oaxaca were taking so the children of their schools could have proper textbooks come to school with shoes on or a full belly. Their every move was broadcasted by a local radio station and supported by the farmers, housewives, students and every member of the community. What started out as a peaceful protest turned into a revolution for the Oaxaca people, demanding that the state's governor, **Ulises Ruiz Ortiz**, be removed from office for acts of corruption and repression. The situation became so serious that many street battles occurred and riots ensued. People built a barricade and took over radio and television stations so their word could be heard. The content and unbelievable acts that are caught on film with this documentary are jaw dropping. If you are into political uprisings, this film falls no short of awesome in that category. —Adam Palcher

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SUN 4.20-POSTCARDS HOME

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on Saturday, April 19,
when the SCDG Bomber Babes
go head to head with the
Leave it to Cleavers!
Tickets \$10 advance/\$15 day-of.
Available at SmithTix and online.

MORE INFO &
FULL SCHEDULE AT
SLCDERBY.COM



Photo: Mark Alston



04/09 - SALT CITY SHAKERS VS. TREASURE VALLEY ROLLER GIRLS (BOISE, ID)
04/19 - BOMBER BABES VS. LEAVE IT TO CLEAVERS @ THE UTAH OLYMPIC OVAL

Daily Calendar

Friday, April 4

Fairmont Festival – *Fairmont Park*
Mae, The Honorary Title, Far-Less,
Between the Trees – *Avalon*
Drop Dead Julio, Dirty Copper
– *Liquid Joe's*
Fice Opening Party – *160 E 200 S*
Motherless Cowboys – *Pat's*
Jinga Boa – *Urban*
I Am The, Schwa Grotto, Cave of
Roses, Royal Abbey – *Vegas*
Puddle Mountain Ramblers
– *Woodshed*
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless
Mind – *Tower*
Bring Your Guns, Accidente, Ask
the Dust – *Broken Record*
Anavan, Agape, Cathexes – *Monk's*
Joe McQueen, Clayton Furch –
Wine Cellar
By Tonight, Allred, Larusso, James
Belliston – *Solid Ground*
Midnight Mass – *Gallivan Center*
Musee Mecanique, Kid Theodore,
Johan the Angel, Babys New Teeth
– *Kilby*
Ras Gabriel, 4-Word, Kontiki, Soul
Redemption, 676 – *Paladium*
Still Remains, Gwen Stacy,
Catherine, The Merced – *NVO*
Racist Kramer, Fail to Follow,
Shackleton – *Burt's*
Gene A. Stark: Part Two, Mature to
Current Works opening reception
– *Utah Arts Alliance*
D Sharp, O.M., DJ Even, Bad Andy
– *Artopia*

Saturday, April 5

Rusted Root – *Canyons*
Slave Traitor, Heathen Ass Worship
– *Woodshed*
Mr. Whoopee – *Pat's*
Jim Gus & Will Lovell – *Alchemy*
Red Head Bastards Stepchildren
– *Wine Cellar*
Balance of Power, Vinia, Eleventh
Hour, Grim Prophecy – *Vegas*
Dub Life Soundsystem, VCR Quintet
– *Urban*
Itals – *Bar Deluxe*
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless
Mind – *Tower*
Darren Thornley – *Johnny's*
For: Fairweather, Repo, Rebekkah
Goes Swimming, Rope or Bullets,
Kathryn Cowles – *Kilby*
Poetry Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Heathen Ass-Worship, Slave Traitor,
Tough Tittie, Levi Rounds – *Burt's*
The Alkaholiks – *Paladium*
Rupture – *Addicted*
Ingrid Michaelson, Cary Brothers,
Dan Wilson, Meiko, Jim Bianco
– *Avalon*
Gods Revolver, Acts of Sedition,
Father of the Flood, Railspike – *Red*
Light
337 Demolition Day – *377 House*

Unplugged – Tony's

Sunday, April 6

Linus, DJ Chassis – *Monk's*

Monday, April 7

KRS-ONE – *The Hotel*
Eric Mcfadden Trio – *Urban*
Comedy Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Hillbilly G. Had – *Woodshed*
Numen-Ah – *L'astelier*

Tuesday, April 8

Aesthetic, Cherubin, Laughter,
Killbot – *Burt's*
Today is the Day, At All Cost – *Outer*
Rim
Beyond the Blues – *Woodshed*
State Bird – *Urban*
Ryan Morse, Slingshot Hip Hop,
Shady Chapel, Auxillary Sunday
School – *Kilby*
Bloswick – *Monk's*
The Audition, Hit the Lights, Every
Avenue, The Morning Light, Kiros,
The Lauderdale – *Avalon*
Bingo Tuesday! – *Frosty Darling*

Wednesday, April 9

SCDG vs Treasure Valley Roller
Girls – *Boise*
Bloswick – *Urban*
The Forecast, Paper Rivals – *Velour*
3 Doors Down, Red, 12 Stones
– *Saltair*
Salt Lake Poker Tour – *Woodshed*
Stag Hare, Navigator, Seth Pulver,
Desby Dove – *Kilby*
Cholula – *Johnny's*
My Own Time, XOLOTL, Digna
Rebelde – *Burt's*

Thursday, April 10

Brighen, A Rocket to the Moon
– *Solid Ground*
WAKA Kickball Season Kickoff
– *Bennion Elementary*
The Forecast, Paper Rival, The
Lauderdale, The Photo Atlas – *Kilby*
Seether, Flyleaf – *Saltair*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Karaoke – *Woodshed*
Mark Pickerel – *Bar Deluxe*
What Dwells Within, Oblige, Apiary,
Irony Man – *Vegas*
The Fully Blown – *Monk's*
Pattern is Movement, Bring Your
Guns, Emily Reynolds, Secret
Abilities – *Urban*
Ben Jennings & Crew – *Wine Cellar*
April Showers with DJ/DC – *Trapp*
Door
Bad Grass – *Burt's*

Friday, April 11

A Skylit Drive, Four Letter Lie,
Before Their Eyes, Memphis May
Fire – *Outer Rim*
Across the Nation Tour: A Skylight

Drive, Dance Gavin Dance, Oh
Sleepers, Four Letter Lie, Before
Their Eyes, Memphis May Fire, The
Hottness – *NVO*
Scripted Apology, Parrannoyd,
Nailspine, Sixteen Penny, Dead
Vessel – *Vegas*
Love You Long Time, The
Elizabethan Report, Maple Grove
– *Velour*

Ivan Neville's Dumpstaphunk
– *Paladium*
The Polaroids – *Pat's*
Point Break – *Tower*
Dane and the Death Machine
– *Woodshed*
The Furs, Calico – *Monk's*
Violet Run, Muses, Subrosa
– *Broken Record*
The Unseen, A Wilhelm Scream
– *Sound*
Bar Deluxe One-Year Anniversary:
Saddle Tramps, Utah County
Swillers – *Bar Deluxe*
SLUG Localized: Schwa Grotto,
Royal Abbey, Erratic Erotica –
Urban
Ministry, Meshuggah, Hemlock – *In*
the Venue
Wildlife, The Wolfs, OCHO, Ghastly
Hatchling, Trebuchet – *Red Light*
My Chemical Romance – *Great*
Saltair
Invisible Children Benefit Show:
Fairweather, New City Skyline, Turn
Left Here – *Solid Ground*
Krista Monogone Benefit: Bronsin,
Skullfuzz, Danger Hailstorm – *Burt's*
Mr. Oasis, The Precinct, Forest
World, Team Mom – *Kilby*

Saturday, April 12

Roger Clyne & the Peacemakers,
Jeremy Fisher, Georgia – *Paladium*
Blues 66 – *Pat's*
The Silent Comedy, Get Back
Loretta, Paul Jacobsen – *Solid*
Ground
Black Seas of Infinity, Night Terror
– *Red Light*
On Second – *Johnny's*
Kris Zeman – *Alchemy*
Point Break – *Tower*
Sacha Saket, Jacob Jacobson
– *Woodshed*
Melon Robotics, Monarch, Blonde
Assassin, Sixteen Penny – *Vegas*
The Vinegar Works – *Addicted*
Labcoat – *Bar Deluxe*
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Wine*
Cellar
MXPX, The Color Fred, Mixed
Signals, Flocked Cows – *NVO*
The Exacerbators – *W Lounge*
Alex Caldiero – *Ken Sanders*
Accidente, The Narwhal Crisis,
Xaalis – *Kilby*
Poetry Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Thunderfist, Hasbeens – *Burt's*

Anti-Flag, Street Dogs – *In the*
Venue
Dillinger Escape Plan, The Bled,
Heavy Heavy Low Low – *Avalon*
Vital Remains, Monstrosity,
Demiricous, 12 Ton Jesus –
Kamakazies
Why?, Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*

Sunday, April 13

Luciano – *Paladium*
Red Light Film Series – *Red Light*
Dance Discovery – *Monk's*
The Yeti, Jared Paul – *Urban*

Monday, April 14

RJD2, Happy Chester, Dalek –
Urban
Comedy Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Big Head Todd & The Monsters,
The New Amsterdams – *Depot*
The Devil Wears Prada, Maylene &
the Sons of Disaster, White Chapel,
Once Nothing – *NVO*

Tuesday, April 15

REPO, Jared Paul – *Kilby*
Gutter Butter 1 Year Anniversary –
Broken Record
Blitzen Trapper, Fleet Foxes, Calico
– *Urban*
B.B. King – *Depot*
Fourth Year Freshman, Kate Mann,
Kristian Heald, Sarah Songer, Peter
Harvey – *Burt's*
Bingo Tuesday! – *Frosty Darling*

Wednesday, April 16

PMR – *Johnny's*
Enon, The Joggers, Palace of
Buddies – *Urban*
Bouncing Souls – *In the Venue*
Salt Lake Poker Tour – *Woodshed*
Spring Fever 08 – *Trapp Door*
Family Force 5, The Maine, Ivory
Line, Lexi Say OK – *Avalon*
Juan Prophet Organization,
Vermillion Lies, The Gorgeous
Hussies – *Burt's*
Angelfelt, This is My Escape,
Landon Audio, A Cassandra
Utterance – *Kilby*

Thursday, April 17

Lucky I Am, Scenic Byway, Dead
Beats, Swan Juice – *Urban*
The Reveal Party – *Trapp Door*
Dan Weldon – *Wine Cellar*
Karaoke – *Woodshed*
Highball Train – *Piper Down*
Charlie on the Move – *Monk's*
Life in your Way, Burden of a Day,
Means, For Today – *Outer Rim*
Sterilize Stereo, American
Catastrophe, Erratic Erotica – *Burt's*
The Porter Rockwells, Blinded
by Truth, Drop Dead Susie, The
Castannetes – *Kilby*

Friday, April 18

Time Again – *In the Venue*
Face Eater – *Disorderly House*
Furs CD Release Party: Calico, Blue
Sunshine Soul – *Urban*
White Party – *Hotel*
Days of the New, Poetica, Super So
Far – *Vegas*
News From Nowhere: Instillation by
Richard Zimmerman – *Sam Weller's*
Kap Bros – *Pat's*
Say Anything – *Tower*
Gallery Stroll Event – *Cup of Joe*
Joe McQueen day – *Wine Cellar*
Hav Addix – *Monk's*
The Wolfs, Fully Blown – *Broken
Record*
The Ruckus, Oh Wild Birds, Jeff
Metcalfe, Shasta Fletcher – *Orange*
SKINT, The Willkiss – *Burt's*
Severe Brothers, Cathexes, The
Schwas – *Kilby*
Verona Grove, Everson, Ascend In
Silence, Set This Aside – *Avalon*
Paul Boruff, Hillbilly G. Had
– *Woodshed*
Pete Hanson – *Red Light*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol Theater*
Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*
Affordable Art in Miniature – *Ken
Sander's*
Self Expression Music – *Paladium*
National Record Store Day – *Your
Favorite Local Record Store*
Doctor Cyclops Records B-day
Bash: Die Monster Die, The



The Sword, 4/25, Club Vegas

Quintessentials, Spooky Deville –
Bar Deluxe

Saturday, April 19

Bitch and the Exciting Conclusion,
Wolfs – *Urban*
This Century, Mesa Drive, Caecelia
– *Solid Ground*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol Theater*
Drown Out the Stars, Separation of
Self, One50Eight, Massacre at the
Wake – *Vegas*
OUT/EX Best of Show – *Pickle
Company*

Pony Ride – *Alchemy*
Say Anything – *Tower*
Akil of J5, Raashan Ahmad, Coolzey
– *Uprok*
Dacho CD Release – *Woodshed*
REBO – *Cup of Joe*
National Record Store Day:
Brinton Jones of the Devil Whale,
Chanticleer the Clever Cowboy,
Marcus Bently, DJ Superb,
Laserfand – *Slowtrain*
Jesse Dayton – *Bar Deluxe*
Blues on First – *Wine Cellar*
Ulysses – *Johnny's*
Roots Rocka – *Artopia*
Soul Survivors – *Paladium*
Nite Light – *W Lounge*
David Williams, The Devil Whale,
Kathryn Cowles
Vinyl Williams, Deadlip, Our Dark
Horse, Reviver, Lungus, The Shark
that Got Her – *Red Light*
Bomber Babes vs. Leave it to
Cleavers – *Olympic Oval*
Salt City Derby Girls After Party
– *Woodshed*
The Legendary Porch Pounders
– *Pat's*
David Williams, The Devil Whale,
Kathryn Cowles – *Kilby*

Sunday, April 20

David Dondero, Ei Paper Boy Reed,
For: Fairweather – *Kilby*
Hum the Drone, Poetica – *Burt's*
4 Year Anniversary Party – *W
Lounge*
Postcards Home – *Monk's*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*

Monday, April 21

Man Man, Yeasayer – *In the Venue*
Apocalyptic – *Sound*
Comedy Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Phenomenauts – *Burt's*
Hard Boiled Book Club: Well – *Sam
Weller's*
The Maine, Danger Radio, Brighten,
A Rocket to the Moon – *Avalon*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*

Tuesday, April 22

Islands – *In the Venue*
Minus the Bear – *Sound*
Crate Dwellers – *Monk's*
Dark Star Orchestra – *Depot*
Lady Hawk, Standing Solo – *Kilby*
Earth Day – *The Earth*
Desby Dove – *Urban*
Joey Belladonna, Marc Rizzo,
Balance of Power, MAIM Corps
– *Vegas*
Magnolia, Kate LeDeuce – *Burt's*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*
Bingo Tuesday! – *Frosty Darling*

Wednesday, April 23

Saul Williams, Stag Hare – *Kilby*
Solo 67, Life Til Now – *Solid Ground*
Chow Nasty, Chloe Day, Chudda,
Cut Line, Digital Lov – *Burt's*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*
Icon, Dos Noun – *Urban*
Der Maschine Rev 23's Birthday
Bash featuring EsperMachine
– *Vegas*
Don Carlos – *Paladium*
Scott H Biram, Hilltop – *Bar Deluxe*

Ben Folds,
Chris
Merritt,
Mesa Drive,
Allred
– *Saltair*

Thursday, April 24

Ben
Jenning &
Crew – *Wine
Cellar*
Hair Metal
Party
– *Trapp*
Door
Mick
Doughty's
Band,
Panderers – *Urban*
Loom Benefit: Gaza, God's
Revolver, Medea, Pilot This Plane
Down, Patches – *Kilby*
Twilight Comedy Series – *Monk's*
Piper Down 5 Year Anniversary:
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Zentherstick – *Burt's*
Shreds and Threads: Battle of
the Bands/Fashion Show: Funk
Fu, Monarch, Send No Flowers –
Marriott Theater
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*

Friday, April 25

Devilock – *Bar Deluxe*
Critical Mass – *Gallivan Center*
Lakes, The Lives of Famous Men –
Solid Ground
Natives of the New Dawn, Mindstate
– *Burt's*
Salt Lake Fashion Stroll
– *Broadway*
Quadrasonic – *Piper Down*
The Outsiders – *Tower*
Norfolk & Western, Weinland, Dead
Horse Point – *Urban*
The Sword, Slough Feg, Children
– *Vegas*
Cursive Memory, Medic Droid
– *Kilby*
Deadbeats, nonnon/Lapsed, Nolens
Volens – *Monk's*
The Dollyrots, New City Skyline,
Stay for Summer, Until Further
Notice, Geppetto, For: Fairweather,
Unknown Anthem – *Avalon*
Scenic Byway – *Broken Record*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*
Andrew's B-day – *Very Close to 30*

Saturday, April 26

Mac Lethal, Grieves, Blue Collar
Theory, Approach – *Kilby*
Time for Heroes, DJ D-tox,
Jakeyshambles – *W Lounge*
Junior Brown – *Paladium*
Johnny & the Freewings – *Pat's*
Queer Prom – *Library Square*
Slippery Kittens Burlesque – *Bar
Deluxe*
Music Inc. – *Alchemy*
Lab Coat – *Johnnys*
The Outsiders – *Tower*
Band of Annuals – *Urban*
Poetry Night – *Cup Of Joe*
Moreland & Arbuckle, Legendary
Porch Pounders – *Wine Cellar*
No Quarter – *Depot*
Stephen Pearcy, Dirty Loveguns



ZION TRIBE, 21st Anniversary/Reunion/
CD Release Party, 4/26 Zanzibar

– *Vegas*
The Classic Crime, Socratic, You
Me and Everyone we Know, The
Trademark, Say No More, The
Recovery, Allred, Sweater Friends,
2nd Day Crush – *Avalon*
Ballet West: Nine Sinatra Songs
– *Capitol*
Open House – *The International
Culinary School*

Sunday, April 27

The Gaslight Anthem – *Burt's*
Ghosts of Snow, Oh Wild Birds
– *Monk's*

Monday, April 28

Roney, Locksley, Bridges – *Avalon*
Comedy Night – *Cup Of Joe*
General Smiley, Half Pint – *Monk's*
Accidente – *Urban*
Leftover Crack, SKINT, The Willkiss,
Dubbed – *In the Venue*

Tuesday, April 29

Mark Mallman, Dacho, Andy Martin,
Vivious Starfish – *Kilby*
Lorin Cook, Melody Pulsipher, Tyler
Forsberg – *Burt's*
Indian Jewellery, Stag Hare,
Mushman – *Urban*
Bingo Tuesday! – *Frosty Darling*

Wednesday, April 30

PMR – *Johnny's*
Design Arts Utah Deadline – [http://
designartsutah.org](http://designartsutah.org)
Monofog, Laserfand, Red Bennies,
Magic Cyclops – *Urban*

Thursday, May 1

Cross Canadian Ragweed
– *Paladium*
The Used, Starlight Run, Army of
Me, Street Drum Corps – *Saltair*
Pascale Goodrich-Black, Joel Taylor
– *Addicted*
Allen Stone, Jackie Campbell,
Kenny Ainge, Angelfelt – *Solid
Ground*

Friday, May 2

Black Kids, Cut Copy – *Urban*
The Swell Season – *The Depot*
Joel Taylor – *Addicted*
Trever Keith, Say Vinyl, A Sweet
Bitter Winter, Racist Kramer
– *Avalon*
Dark Meat – *Kilby*
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-COME SEE THE "OFF THE HOOK" OPEN MIKE!
TUESDAYS 6:30pm- signup / 7:00pm- begin!

-2 YEARS NOW KIDS! THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
LIVE ALCHEMY!!!!

-GO ROLLERDERBY GIRLS! KICK SOME BOOTYLISCIOUS!

April Music Schedule....

4-5 Jim Gus & Will Lovell
4-12 Kris Zeman
4-19 Pony Ride
4-26 Music Inc.part

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ITALS

THURSDAY APRIL 10TH
MARK PICKEREL

FRIDAY APRIL 11TH
BAR DELUXE'S ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY
W/ SADDLE TRAMPS
AND UTAH COUNTY SWILLERS

SATURDAY APRIL 12TH
LABCOAT

FRIDAY APRIL 18TH
DIE MONSTER DIE
W/ QUINTESSENTIALS
FROM PORTLAND
& SPOOKY DEVILLE

SATURDAY APRIL 19TH
JESSE DAYTON

WEDNESDAY APRIL 23RD
SCOTT H BIRAM
& HILLSTOMP

FRIDAY APRIL 25TH
DEVILOCK

SATURDAY APRIL 26TH
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ENTERTAINMENT
KARAOKE

HAPPY HOUR
FOOD SPECIALS

Kilby Court • April Calendar

- 1- June Madrona, Bombs and Beating Hearts, Fuck Yes \$6
- 2- Bad Weather California, The Groom, Patterstats, Secret Abilities
- 2- Foul Tip, Muses of Belam, Kid Madusa @ Urban* \$6
- 3- Crystacize, Kid Madusa, Ol' Blue, Garden Sleeper \$7
- 3- Daniel Johnston, Band of Annual @ In The Venue
- 4- Musee Mecanique, Kid Theodore, Johan The Angel, Babys New Teeth \$7
- 5- For: Fairweather, Kathryn Cowles, Rope or Bullets, Rebekkah Goes Swimming, Repo \$6
- 8- Ryan Morse, Slingshot Hip-Hop, Shady Chapel, Auxillary Sunday School \$6
- 9- Stag Hare, Navigator, Seth Pulver, Desby Dove \$6
- 10- The Forecast, The Lauderdale, Paper Rival, The Photo Atlas \$8
- 10- Pattern is Movement, Bring Your Guns, Emily Reynold, Secret Abilities @ Urban*
- 11- Mr. Oasis, The Precinct, Forest World, Team Mom \$6
- 12- Accidente, The Narwhal Crisis, Xaalis \$6
- 12- Why?, Ted Dancin @ Urban* \$10
- 14- RJD2, Happy Chichester, Dalek @ Urban* \$13/15
- 15- Repo, Jared Paul
- 15- Blitzen Trapper, Fleet Foxes, Calico @ Urban* \$8/10
- 16- Angelfelt, This is My Escape, Landon Audio, A Cassandra Utterance \$6
- 16- Enon, The Joggers, Palace of Buddies @Urban* \$8/10
- 17- The Porter Rockwells, Blinded By Truth, Drop Dead Susie, The Castanettes
- 17- Lucky I Am, Scenic Byway, DeadBeats, Swan Juice @ Urban*
- 18- Cathexes, The Schwas, The Severs Brothers \$6
- 19- David Williams, The Devil Whale, Kathryn Cowles \$6

- 19- Bitch and the Exciting Conclusion, Wolfs @ Urban*
- 20- David Dondero, Eli Paper Boy Reed, For: Fairweather \$8
- 21- Man Man, Yeasayer @ In The Venue \$12/14
- 22- Lady Hawk, Standing Solo
- 22- Islands @ In The Venue
- 23- Saul Williams, Stag Hare
- 24- Loom benefit, Gaza, God's Revolver, Medea, Pilot This Plane Down, Patches \$6
- 25- Cursive Memory, Medic Droid
- 25- Norfolk & Western, Weinland, The Black Hens @ Urban*
- 26- Mac Lethal, Grieves, Blue Collar Theory, Approach \$8/10
- 29- Mark Mallman, Dacho, Andy Martin, Vivioic Starfish \$6
- 29- Indian Jewelry, Stag Hare, Mushman @ Urban*

UPCOMING SHOWS:

- 5/16- Tape 'n Tapes, White Denim @ In The Venue \$12/14
 5/16- Atmosphere @ In The Venue \$17/20
 5/30- David Bazan \$10/12
 6/2- Ladytron, Datarock @ In The Venue \$17/20

Kilby is located at 741 S, 330 W.

Salt Lake City

*Urban Lounge is a private club for

members, must be 21+

Kilby Court is an all ages venue

All Kilby Shows @ 7pm unless noted

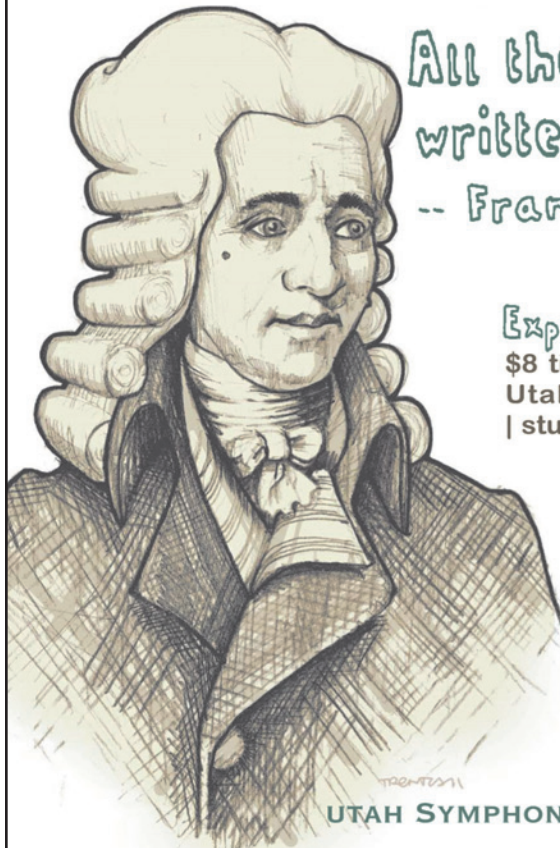
All Urban shows @ 9pm

Go to kilbycourt.com for more

information



PPP



All the good music has already been
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 -- Frank Zappa

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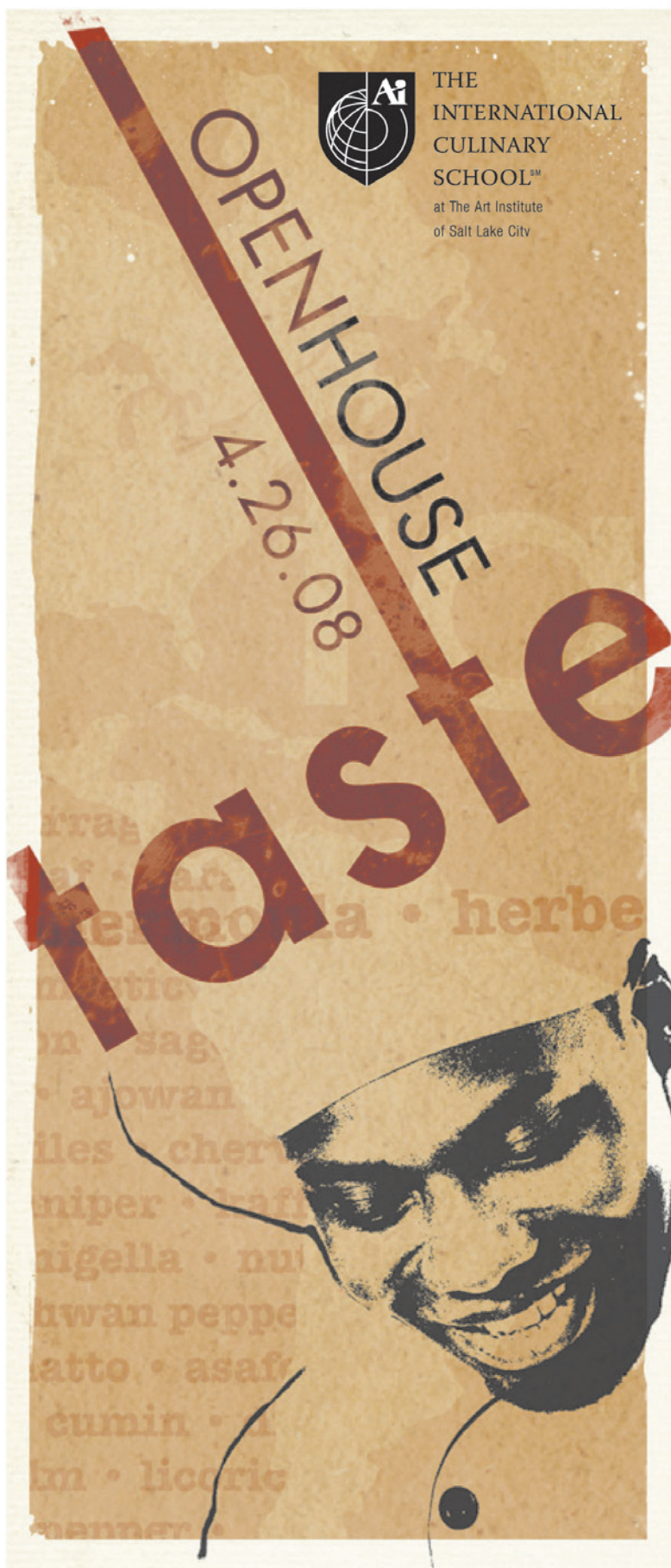
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4.26.08

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Check-in begins at: 9:30 a.m.

Program begins at: 10:00 a.m.

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