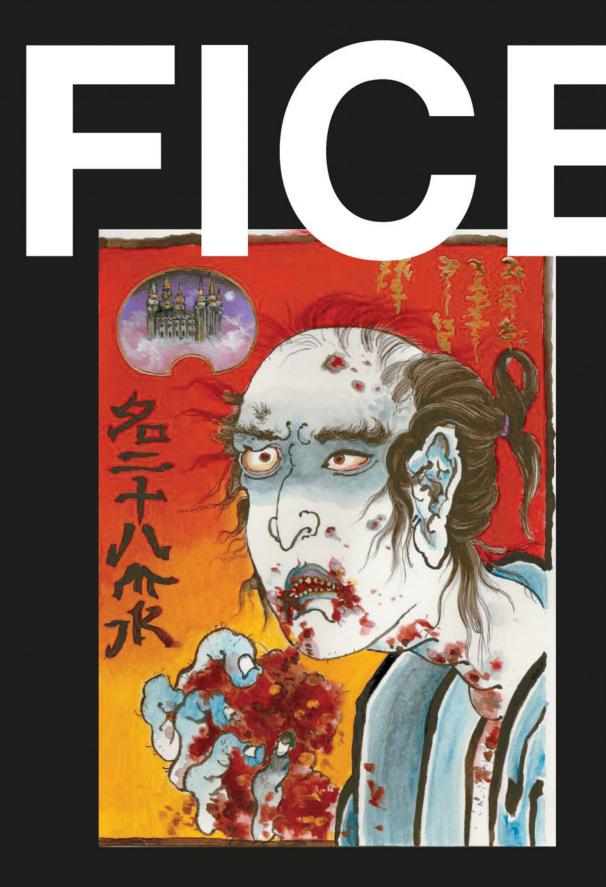


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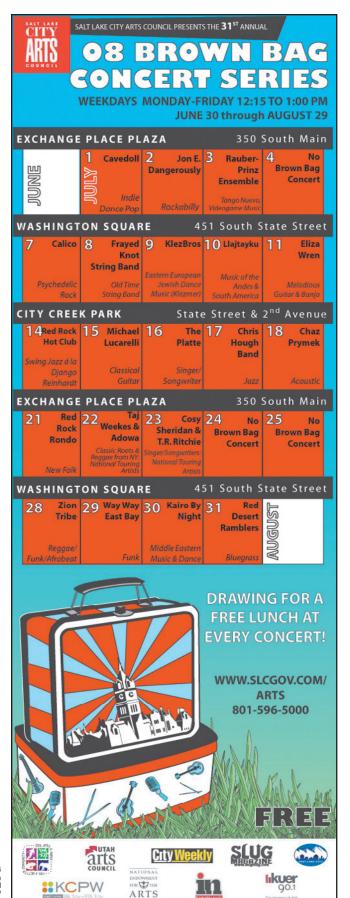




New Works by Anthony Pagano July 25, 8 PM Featuring ... VISIONS OF INFINITY at 10 PM

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VOL.19 • ISSUE # 235 • JULY 08

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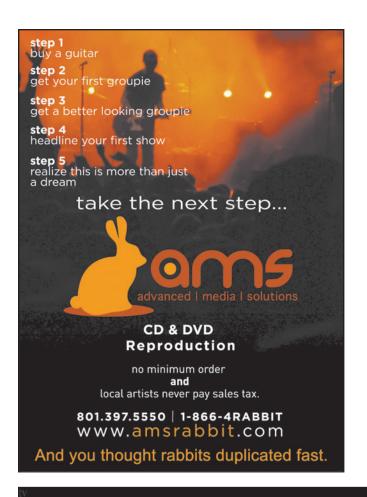
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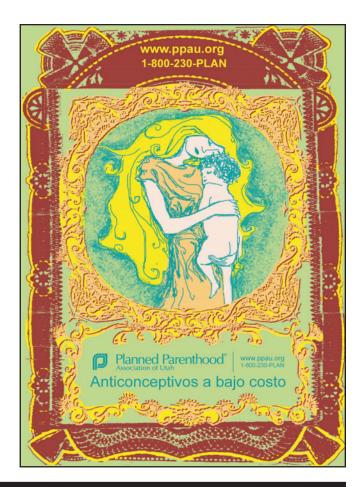
Contributor Limeliaht



Kevin Kirk • Guest Writer

For the past 21 years Kevin Kirk has supplied Salt Lake's metal heads with CDs, band shirts and screen printed tapestries! The Heavy Metal shop has survived four relocations in three different SLC boroughs. In 1994 Kirk's business hit the big time when the front of his shop, known for the large fiery SLAYER letters above his logo, was featured in Billboard Magazine's ad for the band's Divine Intervention album. The Heavy Metal Shop broke UT's SLAYER sales record by peddling the most copies of the record, but Kevin is still waiting for his gold record plaque today. The infamous Heavy Metal Shop logo has been worn on everyone from Lemmy Kilmister of Motorhead and Jamey Jasta of Hatebreed, to local heshens and hardcore kids. When SLUG heard the **Dwarves** were coming back to Salt Lake, it was only right for us to ask Kirk to come out of his SLUG retirement to interview these punk legends.





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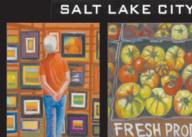
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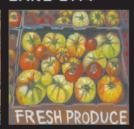
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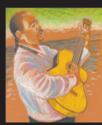


















Dear Dickheads,

I heard a nasty rumor that you geniuses were thinking about making the "beer issue" an annual event or at the very least offering regular "craft beer" reviews in your magazine. Well let me be hopefully not the first and hopefully one of many people to say I think both are damn fine ideas! I really enjoyed the June 8th issue and very much look forward to future issues dealing with local businesses, their products, and especially beer. Keep up the good work!

PS

Either I was just not intelligent enough to find in your magazine or on your website, or you guys simply do not have a general email address for your readers to offer up your praises or call for your heads. If the latter is true you might think about fixing that.

—Bryan Kilpatrick Woods Cross, Utah

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for the feedback. Here at SLUG we're not used to getting many sober letters of praise and its nice to see that a fellow beer fan took the time to write us before polishing off a few six packs. Usually emails this positive are littered with typos and drunken rants.

And for all you SLUG readers who have something to get off your chest ... shoot us an email at dickheads@slugmag.com.

Dear Dickheads,

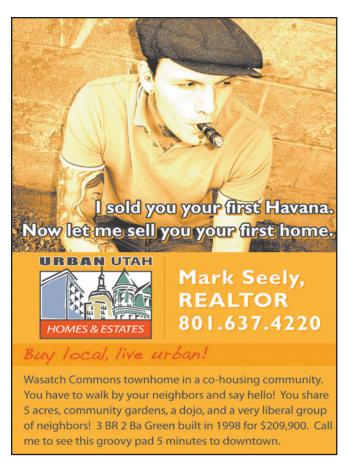
Can I complain about V neck Shirts and all the boners that are wearing them for a minute? Seriously, I know its hot in the summer but all this American Apparrel Bull shit needs to be toned down a notch or two. Just because you wear organic cotton does not make you and your fuckface hipster friends less of an assfuck. The V in V neck might as well stand for vagina and your weak ass chest hair that pokes out makes your head look like an upsidown dangling tampon. Why can't you pussy ass MIA listening cock fuckers ride your fixies down to mervins and buy some wife Beaters? Remeber Wife Beaters? They made men look and feel like men and keep you cool in the summer time. The Wife Beater also conceals your weak ass chest hair better and evens out the farmer tan on your skinny white little arms. So men, Join me! Burn your V necks and Rock the Wife Beater!

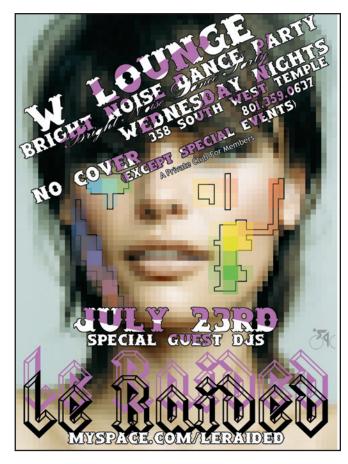
-Karl Alexander Chalmers

Dear Karl-

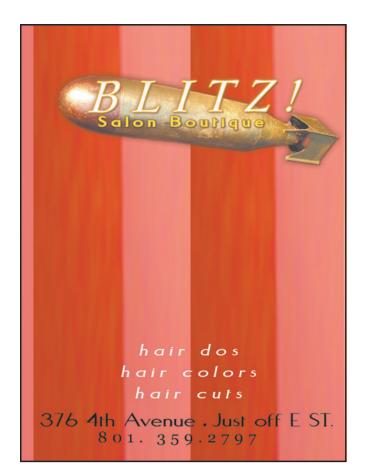
I know exactly what you mean. Warm desert weather in Utah is a catalyst for unattractive, overweight people to search their closets for the tiniest clothing item—which they will wear everyday until fall equinox.

My pet peeve is seeing shorty shorts on leathery cougars with cottage-cheesed thighs and spider veins. These over the hill temptresses need to save the fashion disasters for burning man and goddess retreats in the woods. Shortv shorts should only be worn by Natalie Portman, gay boyscouts or Mike Brown (see for yourself in the photo gallery on slugmag.com under Pride Parade). However, I will give these older women kudos for doing their part to prevent undesired pregnanciesbecause witnessing these mamas in action is enough to make one never want to have sex again.



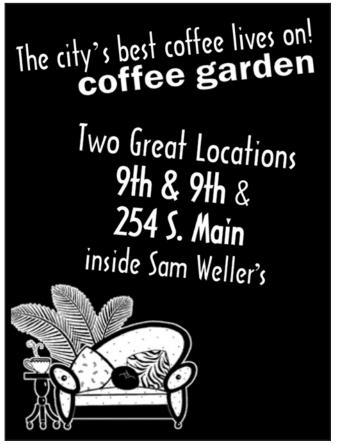












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Smile! Japan's BORIS is headed to Salt Lake City. Interview by Gavin Hoffman Translated by Matthew Stevens

loveyoudead666@hotmail.com

For those of you who have never experienced the sheer earfuck that is

Japan's Boris, it's not too late to get on the boat. With their latest release on **Southern Lord**, *Smile*, Boris has once again shown the masses why they refuse to be pigeon-holed and are constantly re-writing what heavy music "should be." By some sheer stroke of insane luck, I was granted an e-mail interview with **Atsuo**, Boris's drummer and apparent spokesman ...

SLUG: For the uninitiated here in Salt Lake City, can you tell us how, when and why Boris formed?

Atsuo: We formed a band for a friend of ours around '93 or '94 ... I can't actually remember the exact year; I have such a terrible memory. He quit after awhile, but the rest of us found that we had become completely absorbed in the writing process, which pretty much brings us up to the present. It really just started out as just play... I guess even that hasn't really changed much.

SLUG: You've played several shows through the United States ... why has it taken so long to get Boris to come to Salt Lake City? **Atsuo:** Well, our tours are booked by an agent. We try to take a balanced approach to deciding our schedule in terms of towns and venues, and we have never requested SLC to be taken off our tour schedule, so I think that, until now, the timing just hasn't worked out.

SLUG: Boris is quite prolific with the sheer amount of music you have written and released. Do you enjoy writing and recording more than touring and playing live? **Atsuo:** We are really interested in both for completely different reasons, so I can't really compare them. They really complement each other, and are both really important to us. Touring is much more mentally and physically rigorous, but when we can see the faces of the audience it really makes us forget that we are tired.

SLUG: How do you approach the writing process ... specifically, what inspires you to write music, and what was the inspiration for your most current release, Smile?

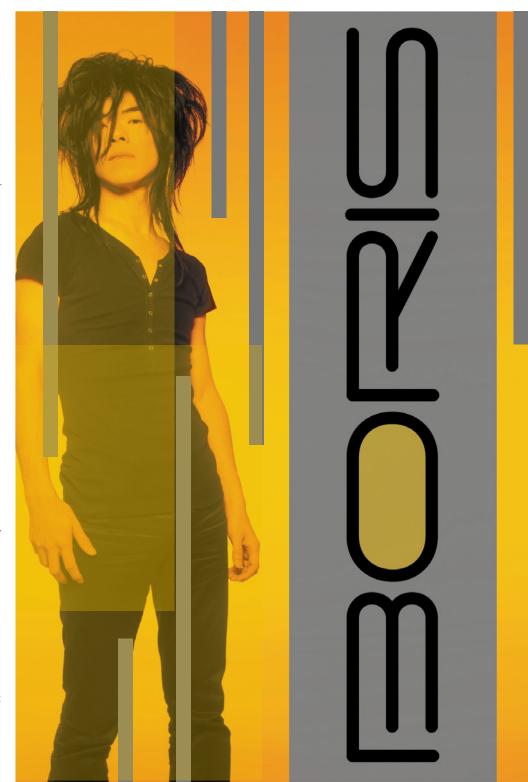
Atsuo: Usually we record our jam sessions and then gradually form that into songs.

Sometimes a word or a phrase will give us an image that we can expand on. Occasionally broken instruments have given us some great direction for a song. We get bored easily, so we are always trying out new methods in hopes of happening upon a new sound. For Smile we were really sick of 'cool' stuff; we really wanted to take the feeling of something vulgar, the kind of thing that you would

normally want to look away from, and make that into our work.

SLUG: : What are some current musicians or bands from Japan that you appreciate that might not have had much exposure here in the United States?

Atsuo: Ai Aso, who collaborated on *Smile* with us, is a wonderful singer/songwriter. She has two albums out and they are both great.



SLUG: Is it difficult for Boris to play in different countries due to language barriers?

Atsuo: We really don't have any problems anymore in English-speaking countries, but we do run into trouble where people don't speak English. I don't think it's really that bad of a thing not to be able to speak the same language as someone else. Most people find themselves coping by becoming more kind and considerate in such situations; the best kind of communication can only be born from situations where you can't rely on words to communicate.

SLUG: What can the people here in Utah expect from a Boris live show? **Atsuo**: Hmm...I wonder the same thing. It varies wildly from place to place and it depends on the reaction of the audience. We want everyone to enjoy it with us.

SLUG: Why release a Japanese version of an album and release a different version of the same album abroad?

Atsuo: The reason for the difference you find between releases in

different countries is actually pretty natural and obvious for Japanese people. Japanese records are generally released several months late and are really expensive, so we add on a bonus track to compensate for that. This is really common and ordinary in Japan; we have absolutely no intention of doing anything outrageous by that. For our Japanese releases, we chose our first producer (You Ishihara), and now we have really started making music in the areas we had not been participating in before. We thought that the difference between the versions would make a gap through which one can get a glimpse of what Boris is. There is also a sense that we have been scattering a secret throughout our releases ...

throughout our releases ...

SLUG: Is there a specific reason you limit certain Boris releases?

Atsuo: As the creators of this music, we get our pleasure from the hope that the people who buy our albums might be able to enjoy a rich experience from them. However, some works are made at a great cost to us, so naturally these works should be limited. Right now we don't feel especially bound in to the "category" of music, so we don't feel the need to match the prices of normal CDs

SLUG: Is there anything else you would like to share with the folks in Salt Lake City?

and vinyl releases.

Atsuo: We did this interview through e-mail, but soon we will be in a place where we can see all your faces directly, so we hope that we can all have fun together on the night of the show. You may all think that you are coming to see us, but Boris has come to see you. We are excited to look out from the stage and see all your faces!

Boris is playing with popdoomsters **Torche** at the *Urban Lounge* on July 26th ... you really should be there, if for no other reason that to let Boris get a look at all of your faces.



Putting Local Flair Back Into Buying Food By Jeanette Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

In 1998, as a senior environmental economics major at the University of Utah, lan Brandt started a vegetarian food cart. Brandt originally intended to pursue a career in the Utah's ski industry, but soon discovered that said it didn't jive with his philosophy. "[I] saw so many flaws in that industry and how it attended to the needs of the environment," Brandt says, "So I started trying to generate some ideas as to what I would do to find work." And thus the vegetarian food cart was born. For about a year Brandt could be found at the Farmer's Market, the Downtown Concert Series and outside of certain shows held at the Zephyr, serving up vegetarian burritos. In December of 1999 he opened Sage's Café (named after his one-year-old son) a restaurant dedicated to serving organic and vegetarian food.

Now Brandt is the executive chef for two pure vegetarian restaurants —Sage's and Vertical Diner. Both restaurants serve pure vegetarian food, without the use of a microwave, and using the largest amount of organic products as possible. "Sage's Café has more vegetable-oriented preparations where Vertical is more starch-oriented. Sage's Café is approximately 80 percent organic. Vertical is approximately 40 percent organic," Brandt states when noting differences between the two restaurants. Even though the menu at Sage's continuously features new items (as opposed to Vertical, which has a set menu) each restaurant has become well-known for specific dishes. The shitake escargot, carrot

butter pate and vegan tiramisu are some of the favorites at Sage's, while American-diner style dishes like the tender tiger (faux chicken nuggets), hand-cut fries and jerk-chicken burrito reign supreme at Vertical.

Brandt is also the owner of Cali's Natural Foods (named after his daughter Calista) the warehouse that has provided the bulk of ingredients for both restaurants for the past nine months. While many restaurants rely on companies like Sysco, U.S. Food Services and Nicholas to provide food products. Brandt has

been able to almost totally eliminate any of these major food suppliers from the equation. "At *Cali's* we produce our own house brand recipes. We put the quality ingredients into them and we make them. The only thing we buy from Nicholas right now is the Cholula," Brandt says. *Cali's* warehouse has allowed Brandt to buy more products in bulk for both restaurants, which will save thousands of dollars in the long run. "By saving that money we can keep our quality standards to where they are and try to keep the prices down...especially in this bad economy that

we have now," Brandt says. And this August *Cali's Natural Foods* will open its doors to the public.

"[I wanted] to provide a better price than Whole Foods and provide a little more flare than Costco," Brandt says of his decision to open Cali's to the public. The warehouse is located right next door to Costco, on 389 W and 1700 S. Brandt plans to sell everything by the pound and by the case. "It would be an alternative to going to Costco, with similar pricing, but you won't have to support the shareholders that own the company," he says. In a nutshell, Cali's will be an independent hybrid of Whole Foods and Costco—a grocery store that will respond to the needs of its consumers

and support other local businesses.

Cali's will sell everything from toilet paper, party trays, coffee beans, wild rice from Minnesota and many other simple products with minimal packaging and processing involved. "It's important for me to reduce packaging," Brandt says, "People need to be aware that packaging is almost the same price as the ingredients in the packaging. You're paying to market these companies."

A large portion of the goods sold at *Cali's* will be vegetarian, organic and fair trade. Another main focus will be an attempt to reduce the footprint created by transporting food items across the country. Brandt plans to buy as many local and regionally grown crops as possible to stock *Cali's*. Instead of buying macadamia nuts from Hawaii he plans to purchase them from California as just one more way to reduce his negative enironmental impact on the world. Although Brandt has many big plans for *Cali's*, he's realistic and knows that many baby steps will have to be taken before *Cali's* becomes the utopian store of his dreams. "My hope is that people don't get upset that they can't get everything that they need there [immediately]," Brandt says.



Photo: Dave Brewer

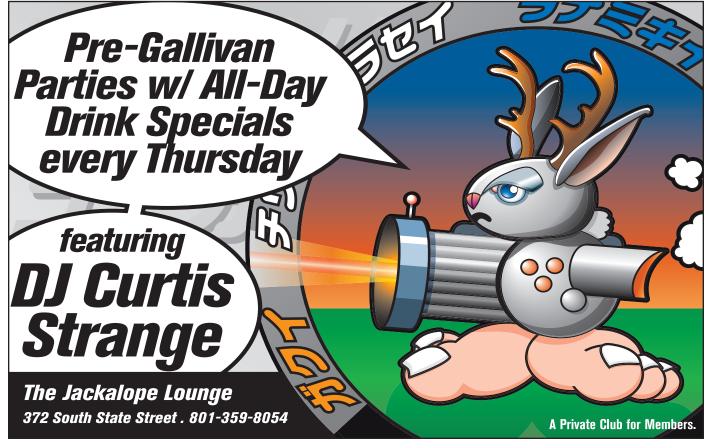
Brandt is excited to open Cali's to the public, but realizes that if the store is a success it isn't unlikely that the larger chain stores will show interest in buying him out. In fact, Brandt wouldn't be surprised if Costco came knocking sooner than later. "If Costco wanted to buy me out I would develop my business into a public traded company in the state of Utah and I would sell shares," Brandt says, "I'm so sick of working my ass off, but at the same time I love what I do. So if there was a way to include other people with what I'm doing so I wouldn't feel burned

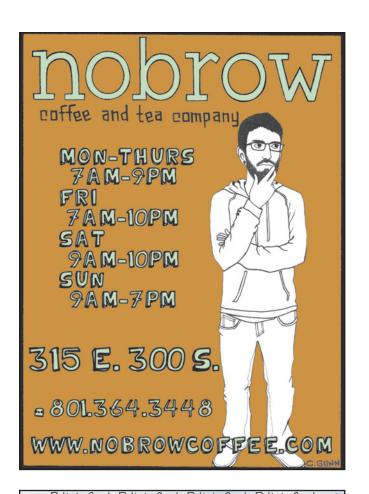
It's very clear that

out than I'd rather do that then burn out and want to sell out."

The specific opening date of *Cali's* is yet to be determined, but Brandt says it's likely to happen sometime in August. Until then swing by *Vertical* (2280 S West Temple) or *Sage's* (473 E 300 S) to get your fill of delicious organic and animal-free food.

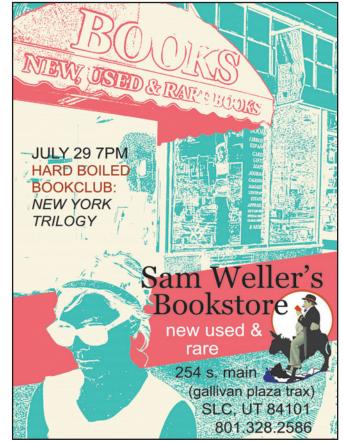




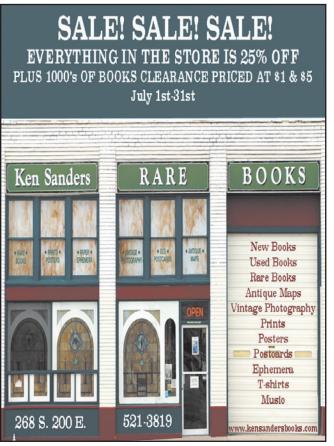


















Aborted: The Spaying Séance By Conor Dow tomservo@gmail.com

First there was death metal. Bands such as **Death** and **Morbid Angel** pounded the ears of metal fans from the mid-1980's onward. But this wasn't brutal enough for some, so some projects formed or proceeded to push every aspect of their music to the limit as far as speed, heaviness and inaccessibility. This forged new subgenres such as goregrind and brutal death metal, and paved the way for legendary acts such as **Napalm Death**, **Carcass** and **Repulsion**. Where death metal may have generally explored somewhat traditional topics such as political rebellion, vague occult connections and social misanthropy, these latter genres also took those topics one step further with interests aimed more toward grisly crime scenes and graphic surgical procedures botched or otherwise.

Belgium's Aborted formed in the mid-1990's releasing their first album, The Purity of Perversion, in 1999. This was the beginning of nearly ten years of output, consisting of five solid albums, several split releases, an EP and a live DVD release. "It's never been this good in the band and the songwriting went extremely smooth." Sven de Caluwe (vocals) reflects. On June 19th their fifth album, Strychnine.213 was released breaking the tradition of a two year gap in between full album releases. "Strychnine is the all-known venom which is also used as medicine in smaller dosages. 213 comes from Jeffrey Dahmer, and it's the number of his apartment where he played darts and watched reruns of Gilligan's Island. We felt it gave the whole album a nice morbid connotation, and sounds damn sexy," he says. Though most of the lyrical content Aborted deals in consists of serial murder and true crime, the content for Strychnine is a bit more focused. "Most songs are based on real cases and what motivates people to kill. Some of them deal with personal topics, and there is your occasional poop joke as well" Sven says.

"Aborted is a band with an eye for detail, going from the songwriting to the production to the thematic of every album, lyrics, song titles and design" he continues. The **Patrick Bateman**-like attention to detail is only part of it for the band when it comes to their craft. "I think aesthetically speaking, the *SAW* movies have made an impact on us as the mixture of brutality and gore in an artistic way really works. In

general, violence, aggression and anger in daily life can be a source of inspiration to the music of this band and is a way to vent our frustrations and anger, a means to keep us sane, so to speak."

One thing that has always been notable about Aborted aside from their distinct sound is the artistic direction for the album artwork by the illustrious Colin Marks as well as their tongue-twisting yet illustrative track titles such as "Voracious Haemoglobinic Syndrome" and "Ophiolatry On A Hemocite Platter". These titles give Aborted some distinction above the traditional, ham-fisted style which is fairly typical of death metal. "We are trying to make it a bit more unconventional at least, and not only by means of using a higher language for this, but trying to put our vision in a less apparent, common or direct, and more artistic or intelligent approach to the whole gore thing," Sven states. For the release of Strychnine, the band held a contest for the fans to have the chance to name one song for the new album. "I think as a kid, this is one of the coolest things you could get. Getting credited and actually have a song named after something you came up with, so we rolled with that. There were some really cool ones but eventually only one could get picked. Funny fact is that the contest was worldwide and the winner was Belgian," laughs Sven. The winning submission for the new album is titled "Avarice of Vilification".

Last summer, Aborted's outing in the States was cut short due to a pair of injuries, but they're returning this year for The Summer Slaughter Tour which includes bands such as Vader, The Black Dahlia Murder, Cryptopsy, Despised Icon and several others. "We are thrilled to be part of such a cool tour with many bands that are close friends of ours. This should be another milestone in our career as a band and another great experience since we didn't get to tour the United States that much at all. Unfortunately, we will have to play a short set, but it will be with about 400%," he says. With favorite shows in countries such as Sweden, Paris and Austria, The Summer Slaughter *Tour* should provide the band with a great deal of new experiences that were missed out on last year. For the rest of the year, Aborted looks forward to several festivals, "then we will be hitting the road in Europe for the Strychnine.213 headline tour and another support tour in Europe by the end of the year. After that, it would be nice to have a break and work our way out of poverty." Poverty? Brutal.

Aborted comes through Salt Lake City on Monday, July 21st at the Avalon Theater.







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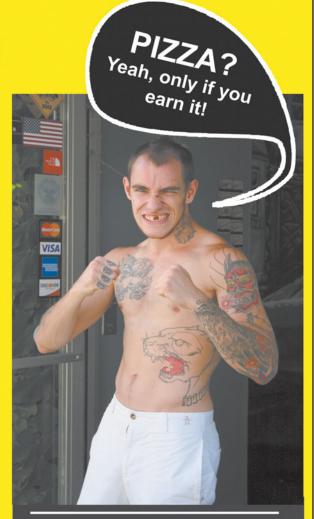
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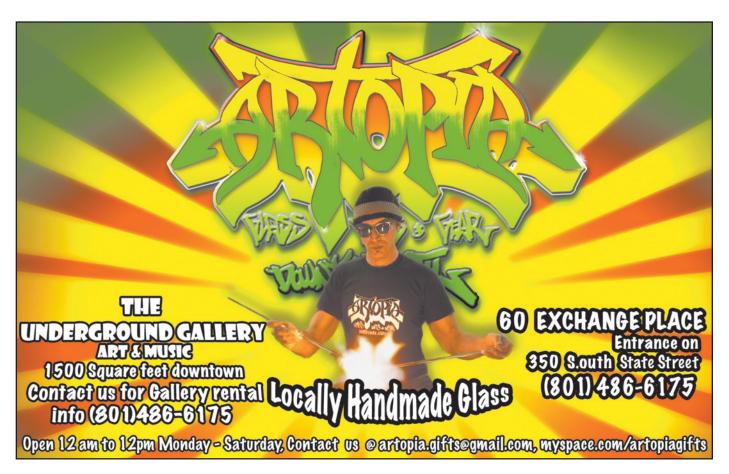
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Localized By Bryer Wharton bryer@slugmag.com

SLUG's Localized returns to the Urban Lounge on the second Friday of the month. For July's show Massacre at the Wake, Separation of Self and openers ViniA will take the stage. Each band's brand of modern American heavy metal will make the walls of Urban shudder on July 11.

Jason Cowell– Guitars Shawn (Princess) Neilson – Vocals Jason (Dart) Thompson – Drums Josh Braun– Guitars Alpeus (Sid) Bush – Bass

Massacre at the Wake are, in relative terms, a newer band. Although the band has been playing together for nearly two years, its members are not new to playing to the Utah metal crowd. The band describes their music as "110 percent" collaborative; every member's input is important, and if one person doesn't like the sound or direction, they retool the song or scrap the idea.

The band pulls influences from all over the map. Braun studied jazz at the *University of Utah* and its influence has subtly worked its way into Massacre at the Wake's music. Cowell is proud of his age, and that fact that he has witnessed Utah's metal and hardcore scene's ups and downs since the days of **Clear**. He draws inspiration from the old-school hardcore and straight-edge styles.

Vocalist Princess says: "I listened to a lot of the nu-metal from back in the day; now I'm listening to a lot of death metal and black metal shit and that's where I'm taking the vocal structure of this band." In regards to his clean singing approach: "I can't fucking sing to save my life, I don't like to do it; I'd rather just yell. I'm just a poet who screams, I guess."

If you do venture to the band's Myspace page, the guys say not to pay much attention to the demo songs they have posted. Their sound has evolved and said songs don't do them justice. "It's similar, but it's more intense now; it has more of an old school hardcore sound to it," describes drummer Dart.

"It's also got a bit of the new style of ... we like to call it 'the chugga chuggas,'" says guitarist Jason.

Expect the unexpected from Massacre at the Wake; their drive is more based in playing live shows and allowing that energy to feed their creative process.



Ricky Brandes – Bass Steve Robertson – Guitar Kajol Poulsen – Vocals Chris Suitt – Drums Doug Bigler – Guitar

Playing Utah's scene for close to four years now, Separation of Self have developed a following with their distinct brand of modern metal. The band has retained all of its original members aside from their drummer, Chris Suitt, who joined in 2007. The tight-knit group shared insights on the current metal scene in Utah, past experiences and what they are all about.

When asked to describe their sound the response came with no definite tag. Suitt says: "Heavy and melodic. All of our ideas [the bands] are mixed in, with the European sound like **In Flames** and **Soilwork** and the rhythm stuff like **Meshuggah**."

Poulsen elaborated: "I'd just say metal. I've heard some people describe us as metalcore, but that's just what I've heard, I wouldn't know how to describe us." The basic consensus was that Separation of Self is just metal.

Separation of Self is part of a growing community of bands in Utah who aren't out to compete for bragging rights for being the best. They're more

concerned with building a scene.

Poulsen says: "We'll go out to other bands shows, make friends, the next thing we know the following week they're coming to our shows with all their friends."

Separation of Self is part of a handful of bands that *Club Vegas* owner, **Dusty Ash**, has taken under his wing. The bands (including Massacre at the Wake) have a sort of unwritten contract to only play club shows at Ash's venue, (all-ages shows are doable anywhere for the bands) and for the guys it's a win-win situation.

"I think it's helped us out a lot; I know it helps the club out too. If somebody likes the band and the only place to see them is *Club Vegas*, they'll keep going there. That is kind of the idea behind it: make friends at the show who keep going back, and build the scene," Poulsen says.

The band describes their live show as being energetic with lots of hair, but also having room for improvement. One of the most interesting aspects of their local show is hearing the crowd become louder than Poulsen. Although it's flattering that the band has gained such a large following, Poulsen states that the phenomenon still freaks him out.

Come check out Massacre at the Wake, Separation of Self and openers ViniA for only five bones at the *Urban Lounge* on Friday, July 11.



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Eat Your Words Dwarves : You ARE Coming to Salt Lake City

By Kevin Kirk heavymshop@aol.com

Kevin Kirk founded the *Heavy Metal Shop* 21 Years ago in 1987. Singer **Blag Dahlia** (and guitarist **He Who Cannot Be Named)** founded the Dwarves 22 years ago in 1986. *SLUG* thought is would be cool to get these two old fuckers on the phone, record their conversation and print it right here—for you to read.

Oh, and one more thing, on August 2nd the Dwarves will be playing an in-store at the *Heavy Metal Shop* (all-ages) and a 21 & over show at *Bar Deluxe*.

town, and they were playing out at this amusement park, called Lagoon.

BLAG: In the '60s, or '70s, or what?

SLUG: It was in the '60s. **BLAG**: Wow, amazing.

SLUG: I actually have the record.

BLAG: My Salt Lake City, the story about it, is sort of funny, because people have asked me, like, "Wow, do you really hate Salt Lake City?" And blah, blah. But really what happened was, I was in the airport and this old lady walked up to me, she was kind of confused, and she said she was looking for her gate. And she said, "Are you going to Salt Lake City?" And I said, "No, I'm not going to Salt Lake City." And that was really how that song was born. I got on the plane and I thought, wow, I'm not going to Salt Lake City, that's the song.

SLUG: Well, you're lucky that she asked if you were going to Salt Lake City.

BLAG: Exactly. I mean, if she would have said, you know...

SLUG: "Toledo?"

BLAG: ..."Are you going to San Francisco?" I might have written that



SLUG: First of all, I have to know if the

picture of me handcuffed and in my Dwarves tighty-whities has anything to do with the Dwarves' decision to play Salt Lake City.

[ED. NOTE: Kirk's comment is in reference to a Dwarves picture he reenacted and posted on his myspace profile.]

BLAG: Oh, yeah, of course. I mean, the people have spoken. They want to see the pimply guy in the tighty-whities.

SLUG: I only know of one time the Dwarves played in Salt Lake City, I believe it was around1990, and you guys played for about 15 minutes. It was definitely a memorable show. You obviously know quite a bit about the Land of Zion. Any memories about Salt Lake City?

BLAG: That first show, I actually bought acid off some guy, and I got a blow job from some chick in the back of a car.

SLUG: Okay.

BLAG: So it was pretty good-

or no, it was in the back of the van, but that wasn't the only time. We actually did go back a second time, but that was a really uneventful show that almost no one went to, and it was some weird shit.

SLUG: It's pretty cool that the Dwarves sing a song about Salt Lake City, a little different take than the **Beach Boys**' Salt Lake City.

BLAG: Do the Beach Boys have a Salt Lake City song?

SLUG: They do. It's actually a pretty cool song.

BLAG: How does it go? Where's that one?

SLUG: It's kind of rare. They put it out just to promote them coming to

acid and blow jobs in Salt Lake City, so that's great.

BLAG: No, Salt Lake City is a very decadent place. It's funny, towns like that tend to be, because the few people there who are not robots have been so shoved in a can and repressed that they get really crazy, from what I've found.

SLUG: Exactly. That's why places like my shop have done well in Salt Lake

BLAG: Yeah, exactly. See, that's how you get *The Heavy Metal Shop*.

SLUG: I love the footage of the Dwarves playing *Castle Donnington*. Reminds me a bit of *The Bad News on Tour movie*. How is touring in Europe for the Dwarves?

BLAG: Well, Europe is great, you know. It's kind of the graveyard for American rock 'n' roll, but over there it works a little more like, you can get a cult following. In America, everything's marketing, and then you're here today and then gone later today, so that, a lot of cool shit winds up just taken for granted and then it's gone.

SLUG: It's because they're not aware of other bands too, I think.

BLAG: Yep. Well, marketing is the central evil of our time, and so it is with music

SLUG: Well, we market the Dwarves in *The Heavy Metal Shop*.

BLAG: (Laughing.) Well, that's good. Some kinds of marketing are good.

SLUG: Exactly, yep.

BLAG: You know, just the fact that we did it with no management, and with no help from record labels, and with no anything. It's truly independent; yet at the same time, most bands would be running that up the flagpole all the time, trying to be your buddy. And we're still like a strange fucking entity

that you can't get your arms around.

SLUG: How long have you known He Who Cannot Be Named?

BLAG: Oh, man, I met him in 1980, '83, so 25 years of me and He Who.

SLUG: Wow. So is he-

BLAG: Yeah, he's a genius; he's an icon.

SLUG: He is. Is he like married with kids, and is he a regular guy, when

he's not in the Dwarves?

BLAG: Is he a regular guy? Fuck no.

SLUG: Well, you know. Does he like mow the lawn? **BLAG**: No. Very irregular - a weird fucking person.

SLUG: I just thought it would be kind of funny if he just lived in suburbia and had some kids.

BLAG: He does some things that are normal, but he's just a very peculiar person, man, if you can even say that he's a person. I mean, let's face it, he transcended life and death.

SLUG: Yeah, that's right.

BLAG: This is a guy who died and came back to life. I mean, you've got to give him props for that. [In 1993 the Dwarves faked the death of their guitarist He Who Cannot Be Named, and sent out a press release about it. **Sub Pop**, the band's label at the time, was not amused and immediately dropped them.]

SLUG: Yeah, he is a genius

BLAG: How many people have been able to pull that off?

SLUG: Has **Sub Pop** ever forgiven the Dwarves for that?

BLAG: Oh, I don't know. A better question would be, have I forgiven them for putting out a lot of the worst records of the 1990s? And now they put out these fucking mealymouth emo records and— oh, it's sad, dude.

SLUG: Well, you know, we still sell tons of the Dwarves Sub Pop stuff,

BLAG: Yeah. Well, I mean we were the only punk band on Sub Pop. I used to like **Nirvana**, but of course they left as quickly as they could. And Sub Pop has mostly put out garbage.

SLUG: Your skull and cross-boners logo is one of the most recognizable and misrecognized logos I have ever seen.

BLAG: (Laughing.)

SLUG: I've had hardcore meathead dudes come into my shop and want to buy one of those skull and crossbones pins

BLAG: (Laughing.)

SLUG: I never correct them, and picture their homophobic friends noticing the

penises on their jackets later. Have you had any similar experiences with your logo?

BLAG: That happens a lot. People go back and they realize, like three years later, that there's penises on their shirt and they get all freaked out. It's like, come on, dude; it's no big deal. It's not going to make you any gayer than you already are.

SLUG: I have your skull and cross-boners tattooed on my leg.

BLAG: Is that right? **SLUG**: Yeah.

BLAG: That's classic.

SLUG: The local newspaper did a story on my shop, and they took a picture of me sitting in my chair here in some shorts, and they put it on the front page of the newspaper. My skull and cross boners are just real prominent right there in the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

BLAG: I think that's hilarious. That same joke's been working for 20 years. Some people, it takes them a few years to get it and then it's just separating those that really make independent records and really don't give a fuck from everyone else. Who would be like, "How can we get this in *Hot Topic*?"

SLUG: (Laughing) Exactly.

BLAG: You know, It's a lonely job being the best, but we do it.

SLUG: I love your writing, whether it be your music or your books. Do you have anything that you're working on at the moment?

BLAG: Well, yeah. I mean, the last book I did was kind of a super sexual book called *Nina*.

SLUG: Yeah, it's a good book.

BLAG: Which was the story of sort of a dirty 14-year-old girl and the shit she did. But now I'm working on a book that's a little bit different. It's a lot more – I don't know. It's about a guy, like a **Rush Limbaugh** or **Sean Hannity** guy. I'm really fascinated by these conservative commentators and just the fact that they're able to be so wrong so much of the time, and yet

say these things that sound convincing, and they're very good at getting sort of middle American people. I come from Illinois, so I consider myself a middle American. They're very good at getting, people to go against their own interests. In other words, like now you've got fourdollar-a-gallon gas, but middle America is not insisting on something back from the oil companies because I guess Bubba is sitting around fantasizing he might run his own oil company someday and then he wouldn't want to get taxed. I don't know. Except we're in a really interesting state now in America where the working class are totally at war with themselves, and all they really care about are their guns and whether somebody else's daughter can get an abortion. But they've sort of given up on getting a fair deal for themselves.

SLUG: Yeah.

BLAG: So that's sort of what my new book is about, but it's funny (laughing). It's going to take a couple years for that one to be done. But we're in a -- you know, I don't usually go much in the political route in the Dwarves because it really doesn't fit in with what the band is.

SLUG: Do you ever see little people, real midgets, or dwarves, at your shows, who feel some connection because of your name and album covers?

BLAG: Every once in a while, a dwarf shows up at the show, and I'm always ecstatic.

SLUG: Yeah.

BLAG: I mean, when I just see one on the street before the show, I feel like it's a good omen.

SLUG: Yeah. Oh, yeah.

BLAG: Every time I see a little person, I feel happy inside.

SLUG: I've seen some live footage of the Dwarves in Japan. It looks like the Dwarves do pretty well there. Is it Dwarves-mania at the airport when you arrive?

BLAG: (Laughing). Oh, man. Yeah, it happens everywhere. Every time we fly into a new town, there's all these girls singing, "We love you, Dwarves, oh, yes, we do."

SLUG: I would have guessed that.

BLAG: (Laughing.)

SLUG: Let's see. I know **Gene Simmons** brags about all these women he has had. I don't hear you bragging, but I believe you have done just as well, or even better. What do you think?

BLAG: Well, um, it would be a pretty tall order to do better than Gene.

SLUG: Yeah.

BLAG: He's sort of in the **Wilt Chamberlain** class, you know, fighting pussy off with a stick. But, of course, I do write much better songs than him, so no matter how rich he gets, I'll always be cooler.

SLUG: Exactly.

BLAG: But yeah, I've fucked a lot and I've gotten a fair amount of women, and I've enjoyed it; it's been cool (laughing). I'm not going to complain about it.

SLUG: Yeah

BLAG: What's funny is that in the early days of the Dwarves, the way I would get them would be by acting like I wasn't in a punk band, because nobody cared about punk bands at that time, so you had to have long hair and kind of look like a heavy metal guy.

SLUG: Exactly, yeah.

BLAG: I think how lused to get a girl; I would pride myself on getting it early, before the show.

SLUG: Yeah, and you had the hair, too.

BLAG: Now punk rock is sort of acceptable to everyone, so it's easier for me to actually work it in the old-fashioned, after-the-show way. But, you know, I think people should fuck more and they shouldn't be such crybabies. Perhaps we'd have a happier and better adjusted world, if shame and misery didn't come with the sexual package.

SLUG: Who inspired you to get into music initially?

BLAG: There's different inspirations at different times. I guess. My early influence was probably my dad, because he loved music and would always play a lot of music. He liked stuff like marches and musicals and old songs, and he collected sheet music, and I kind of got into music that way, so I have very eclectic tastes in music. Then my brother turned me on to Frank Zappa when I was about nine or ten years old. That was probably my biggest early influence, Zappa and Monty Python and Saturday Night Live and all that kind of stuff in the '70s, National Lampoon. And then came the early punk scene, which was inspirational too. although I wasn't as into the music, I was

into the fact that you could just go out and do it yourself.

SLUG: Yeah.

BLAG: So that was when bands like **Black Flag** and the **Ramones** and all that kind of stuff really became a big influence - just people that just went out and did it and weren't exactly waiting for a gold star from the majorlabel record industry, so that was a big influence. And then, in the late '80s, when hip hop got really good, that became a big influence. I was real into that stuff, and there were some years there when hip hop was the most interesting shit coming out.

SLUG: You're pretty good at it, too.

BLAG: Well, you know, I try every once in a while. On the last Dwarves

record, I tried to throw in a track, and I think I pulled it off.

SLUG: I think you did great.

BLAG: I mean, I don't know that I could do a whole record of hip hop kind of stuff. I think you'd start to see the cracks in it.

SLUG: I can't imagine you with bling (laughing), but that would be kind of cool.

BLAG: Exactly. But with the song "Massacre," I thought it was interesting to make a hip hop song about how lame rock 'n' roll was.

SLUG: (Laughing.) Exactly.

BLAG: I thought that would be a unique idea, to come in from that perspective.

SLUG: You were right on the money on that song.

BLAG: I think that hip hop in a lot of ways stole rock 'n' roll thunder, and rock 'n' roll has not gotten it back, because rock 'n' roll has these rules and people are afraid to break them. So you're afraid to talk about how much money you got, you're afraid to talk about the pussy you're getting, you're afraid to talk about violence, you're afraid to talk about people you don't like, and so rock 'n' roll becomes a bunch of people doing a third-rate Kurt Cobain diary, or notebook, or something. You get these insanely retarded, abstract lyrics that don't mean anything at all, but people pretend that they do. While hip hop was discovering itself, people like **Eddie Vedder** were just writing the worst lyrics ever and making music worse and worse with their fucking weak, lily-livered, lame take on lyrics. So hip hop became a big influence. That sort of waned by the time you got to the late '90s; there was a lot of really weak stuff coming up and it was extremely predictable, in the same way that grunge or rock 'n' roll became real predictable. But then these new garage bands came along, which was interesting, because, of course, when the Dwarves started, that's what we were; we were like a paisley garage band with Murphy's organ, playing rockabilly covers and 50s punk covers and shit, and that was really where the band started. So I thought something might happen with that garage thing, but very quickly that ran its course too. I just think those bands couldn't really write songs. Some of the pop-punk bands were kind of lame and wimpy, but at least they could write a cool song, or a hit song. The garage bands were kind of like, "Hey, look at my old Vox guitar," but they couldn't really write a song.



SLUG: Do you feel that your coming back to Salt Lake City could be construed as some sort of religious gesture?

BLAG: (Laughing.) I hope so. I hope so. I mean, it's funny, because people in Salt Lake City consider themselves very religious, but, of course, their religion is Mormonism, which is sort of an American religion. It doesn't really have anything to do with Jesus much.

SLUG: No.
BLAG: So it's kind of funny, because I know people there feel like they're really religious, and I just think it's hilarious. I mean, first of all, I'm an atheist, so it's not like I'm pushing one religion over another.

But Mormonism is fascinating to me because, first of all, it's based on this transparent lie about gold tablets, angels and shit, so that's ludicrous enough. But then if you look at how they're living, it's like it's a bunch of sort of good-looking, rich American people having babies. It doesn't really seem to have much to do with religion in any form. There doesn't seem to be much talk about compassion. There doesn't seem to be much talk about understanding. But rather, there's lots of talk about, "Be a good boy, don't drink coffee, and make a lot of money for your cute family." So, I don't know; it's ludicrous. I laugh at it. I think it's funny. Religious people amuse me.

SLUG: I love your label, Greedy; it lets people know that the Dwarves expect to get paid, and rightfully so.

BLAG: (Laughing) that's right. Well, there's a whole story to be told about this, too, because, on the one hand, you've got all these guys in hip hop talking about how rich they are, but they live with their mom and they've got a cell phone that doesn't work, or whatever. Then in rock bands, you've got guys that are rich as fuck, but it's supposed to be totally wrong to talk about money. You're not going to hear Green Day singing about how rich they are, though, really, they should. So again, it's just a lot of that thing rock 'n' roll is very disconnected from itself. Rock 'n' roll lyrics are very disconnected from talking about rock 'n' roll itself, and I don't know why that is. But, as far as the money thing goes, if you look at America right now, the working class is getting squeezed worse than ever, they've been getting

squeezed forever, and musicians are part of the working class, they just don't understand it. So musicians tend to be complete fucking chicken shit babies when it comes to money. They won't ask for their money, they won't insist for their money, they won't talk about their rights to their money. They make a record, and they give it away to a record label and kind of forget about it. They let managers and lawyers understand everything that they don't feel they're capable of understanding. We just threw it out there. It's like, yeah, I want to get paid. I'm not a commercial piece of shit, but I want to get paid for the work that I do; just like if I cut somebody's lawn, I'd want to get paid for it. Musicians are this strange breed where they're too chicken shit to ask for any money or ask for their rights. That's not us.

SLUG: Things seem to get crazy at a Dwarves show. Sometimes the shows don't last very long. What is the shortest show that you have ever played, and what is the longest, too?

BLAG: I think the shortest show, officially, was when **Epitaph** flew us to New York to play an Epitaph festival, which was nice of them and we appreciated it and we wanted to go. But then when we got there, we were first on the bill, first out of ten bands. And by that time, the Dwarves had been touring for 15 years. I had a fan base in New York, but I've got to open for a bunch of ska bands that aren't going to be here three weeks from now.

SLUG: Yeah.

BLAG: So we came out and we did half of one song, and that was it. I

jumped into the drum kit and I was done. Fuck it. Thanks for the hotel room.

SLUG: Well, yeah, by the time you were on Epitaph, you guys had been around a long time, so I understand.

BLAG: I like Epitaph, actually. That was different from the **Sub Pop** thing. Sub Pop was just like having your money stolen by somebody who you'd beat up in high school.

SLUG: (Laughing) Yeah. BLAG: And Epitaph was different. I mean, at least Brett's on dope, and he's an amusing guy, and we have fun when we have a conversation, and at least I liked some of the bands that were on there. I felt that it was more of a grassroots

label; they weren't just immediately looking to sell out to Warner Brothers. I mean, I like Epitaph. They didn't hold onto us, that's true, and that's their loss. But then again, just like with Sub Pop, I've never been dropped from a label. I only had a two-record deal with Epitaph. I only had a two-record deal with Sub Pop. So, I only try new things in manageable doses. I don't sit around pretending some label is going to take care of me for 20 years. It just doesn't happen.

SLUG: We are extremely excited to have the Dwarves coming back to Salt Lake City. I think that since you wrote a song about Salt Lake City there just might be some fans from far away traveling to Salt Lake just to witness the Second Coming of Christ, so to speak.

BLAG: And the other funny thing is, the other day we were rehearsing Salt Lake City, because we don't usually play it, and I said, "Wow, this is in the wrong key." And when I moved it to a different key, I was able to sing it much better, so you live and learn. The Dwarves come out and just kick ass, straight up, 'til it's over, and then it's over. And we don't fucking do encores because that's just hype and bullshit. Who are you fooling? It's like people applaud for an encore because they've paid 20 dollars for a ticket and they want to feel like they're getting their money's worth. I think it's garbage. Rock 'n' roll is not something you can get by the pound. It fucking is what it is. You come out, you hit it as hard as you can, for as long as you can, and you get out. It's like fucking. **SLUG**: Yeah.

BLAG: Would you want to fuck, for an hour and a half, an ugly chick that didn't know how to do it, or would you rather fuck a hot chick for ten minutes? (Laughing.)

SLUG: (Laughing) I love your album covers. Do you come up with the ideas, or is it a collective thing with the whole band?

BLAG: No, I come up with the ideas. And **Michael Lavine** is a great photographer, so he's helped me execute them over the years. And actually, my idea for The Dwarves Must Die was to have the girls around a coffin, mourning. But he said, "Oh, that's not going to be that cool." And I think he might have suggested the cross, or he might have said, "You've got to come up with something else," or something, and I came up with it, but --

SLUG: That's great.

BLAG: That actually turned out to be a much better idea. And, yeah, he takes great photos. I'm very proud of the covers. Again, this is independent rock 'n' roll at its best. I didn't have an art department come up with that. Now, I've had people help me with the covers and help me with the photos, and much love for that.

SLUG: This isn't in my questions, but I caught a kid stealing something one day, and I called the police and they came to get the kid. And so I'm talking to this cop, and we're in my back room, and I have the Blood, Guts

& Pussy poster hanging behind me. I'm not even thinking what's hanging back there. But he keeps looking over, and he just had this look of horror in his eyes and--

BLAG: (Laughing.) **SLUG**: He never said
anything, but I wondered
what the hell it was. And
then when he left, I realized it
was your poster.

BLAG: Man, we really appreciate you supporting us all this time. I'm sure it's not easy out there in SLC, and that's who we're doing it for. We're doing it for people who care, and for pussy (laughing).

SLUG: Well, great. I've got one other Dwarves story.

A guy came in and asked me for the **Doors**, and I thought he said the Dwarves. I have a Dwarves section, but I don't have a Doors section. So I led him over there and showed him. And he had that same horror look in his eyes that the cop did.

BLAG: (Laughing.) Nowhere near as horrible as listening to the third Doors album. That would be really hard to fathom.

SLUG: It would have been great if I would have sold him one of your albums, but he was -- he was frightened. Anyway --

BLAG: Next time, sell it to his daughter. We're really looking forward to going to Salt Lake City, we're going to show them how it's done.

SLUG: I'm sure you will. And I'll get you a guitar for the in-store and -- **BLAG**: Oh, yeah, we're going to do that acoustic thing. I've been doing these kind of acousticky-comedy things. But I didn't realize that the Salt Lake City show is not all-ages.

SLUG: Yeah, the bar show isn't all ages, no.

BLAG: Yeah, so I'll get my guys to play some guitar too and we'll do some Dwarves songs.

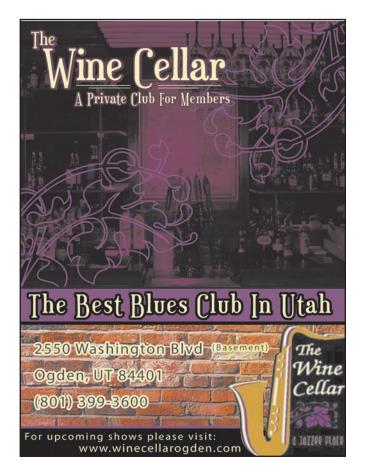
To read the entire 31 pages of Kirk's interview with Blag, hit up *heavymetalshop*.com.

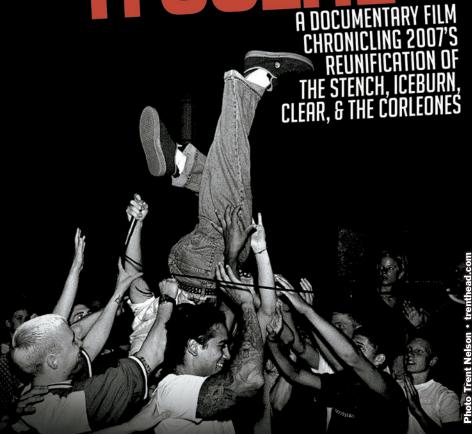








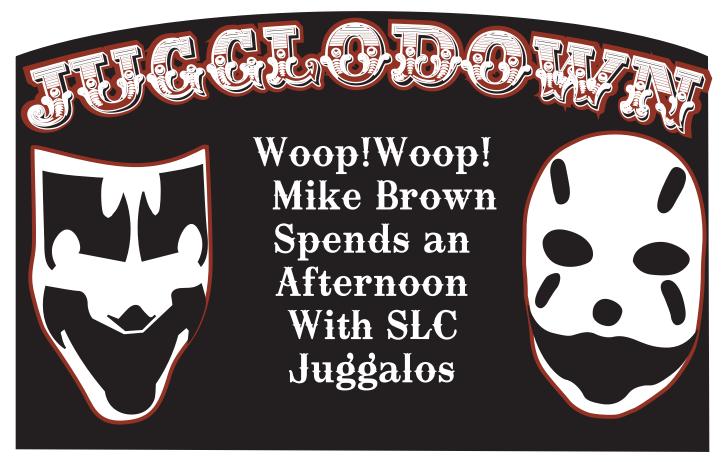




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By Mike Brown mikebrown@slugmag.com

My journey to the heart of the local Salt Lake Juggalo scene began with a phone call and ended with a bottle of Rock 'n Rye flavored Faygo. Up until now I had no idea what the fuck any of this shit was about. Sure, I knew that they liked **Insane Clown Posse** and wore makeup, but other than that I was stumped.

I got a hold of the local Juggalo hotline, a recording that changes every day, letting other Juggalos and Ninjas know about upcoming Juggalo events for the week. They had a Lagoon day a couple weeks ago and every Thursday they give you a clue on the hotline for Find-a-Faygo-Friday, which is where the hotline homie hides a bottle of Faygo somewhere around the city and whoever finds it gets to keep the bottle. They also give a clue on the hotline's Myspace page.

Anyway, I left a message for **Chaos**, the man behind the hotline asking for an interview. He kindly obliged and set up an interview at *Graffiti*, a Juggalo specialty shop in Murray that sells Faygo and all sorts of other Juggalo paraphernalia.

In case you don't know what Faygo is, allow me to explain. It's a soda pop that's popular in Detroit and other regions of the Midwest. Out here we call it Shasta, but to be a true Juggalo Shasta won't cut it. Faygo, dog. (For all other Juggalo slang explanations, please refer to the Juggalo glossary that I wrote with the help of the Juggalos I interviewed.) Faygo comes in all different flavors and the one that mixes the best with whiskey is Rock 'n Rye. Chaos told me that Peach Schnapps with Faygo Peach or Kiwi Strawberry with vodka aren't bad either.

Chaos met me at *Graffiti* with his Juggalette wife, his two kids and his friend **CJ** who helps with the hotline. We also met up with the local

Juggalo horror-core rap group **GFC**, which stands for **God's Forgotten Children**. GFC consists of three members, **Hellyn** (pronounced Hellion), **Den2e** (pronounced Dense) and **Rockstar 37**. Chaos wanted to know why I wanted to interview some Juggalos in the first place. I told him it was because I had absolutely no fucking idea what this movement was about and I figured it would make a good *SLUG* article.

I quickly learned that the word movement doesn't really begin to describe what a Juggalo is, and as a way of life it's somewhat open to interpretation. It's not like there are rules or an initiation process or a Juggalo handbook. (There is a biography that **Violent Jay** from ICP wrote that was highly recommended by everyone at the interview.)

But if you are a Juggalo or Juggalette, you definitely are one and other Juggalos will know you're one too. I asked if there was some sort of hierarchy, like the Freemasons or like in karate, but there's not. Clown Love is Clown Love. There are many ways for a Ninja to demonstrate their Clown Love. From all different types of Hatchet Gear that you can get at *Graffiti*, to Hatchet Man tattoos to clown face-paint. Painting your face is a strong way for a killa to show he's fresh.

To elaborate on the tattoos a little more, I asked if there was anyone around town who specializes in Juggalo tattoos. Hellyn said that he's personally inked up at least 50 Hatchet Men on homies. I asked if they knew of anyone that had their clown makeup tattooed on their face as the ultimate demonstration of Clown Love. Hellyn said he met a guy at an out-of-state show once who didn't have the actual makeup tattooed, but had the outline of where he puts his makeup so he could do it faster. That dude is down.

I also asked these guys what normal clowns think of Juggalo Clowns. For all I knew a Juggalo was a clown gone bad, like when a Mormon guy questions his faith and starts drinking Shirley Temples. Chaos said he met

a real clown on his birthday once and they actually hit it off. I guess a clown is a clown no matter how you cut it.

I asked them about some of the religious innuendo that seems to be floating about the merchandise. There was an ICP board game that was called, "The Path to Shangri-La." Shangri-La seemed to be a recurring thing in the store. They told me that although being a Juggalo is non-religious, and that you can be a Mormon Juggalo, that there is a guy in St. George who legally started up a church he calls the *Church of the Dark Carnival* and holds Juggalo services every Sunday.

Let's backtrack back to the Hatchet Man. It is by far the most popular Juggalo tattoo and all the Juggalos I interviewed had a necklace with the hatchet man on them. It is a quick way for Juggalos to identify each other outside of clown paint. Chaos told me about being stranded on the side of a freeway and getting picked up by a fellow Juggalo he didn't know because of his hatchet man logo. Kind of like when I was a kid and skateboarders were few and far between, you'd look at a dude's shoes and know if he skated. The downside to the Hatchet Man is that CJ told me that he's had his car pulled over and searched by pigs just for having it on his car.

I also wanted to know about the backyard-wrestling thing. Hellyn had quite the resume in this department. He told me he had been pile-driven through fire, body-slammed on thumbtacks, you name it.

There was so much other shit that I talked about with the Juggalos, there's no way I could fit all of it in this article. But the interview started with me pounding a liter of Faygo courtesy of Den2e and that's how I'm gonna end it, by pounding another liter that Den2e let me have for the road.

MMFCL Ninjas! Woop woop!

JUGGALO GLOSSARY

Like all subcultures in our society, Juggalos have their own brand of slang. With the help of GFC, Chaos and CJ, I have put together this loose Glossary. I'll give the definition then use the word in a sentence.

Neden = Pussy: "I sure hope that neden doesn't make me itch, this makeup is itchy enough."

Woop! Woop! = "What's up" greeting: "Woop! Woop! You want fries with that?"



Top from L to R: Juggalo Hotline Masterminds, CJ & Chaos "Show some clown love, G."



GFC - Horror-Core

Fresh = Cool: "Woop! Woop! Fresh kicks, son!"

Stale = Lame: "That neden was totally stale, just like this **Radiohead** CD."

Scrubbin' = Dirty, ghetto: "That fixed gear bike be scrubbin', man."

Ninja = Homie; popular greeting amongst Juggalos: "Stay up, Ninja."

Killa = Another homie greeting, kind of like Ninia: "You're tight, Killa."

Shangri-La = ICP interpretation of heaven; has some spiritual meaning to some Juggalos but is open to interpretation: "All clowns go to Shangri-La, bro."

Hell's Pit = Opposite of Shangri-La: "All clowner-downers go to Hell's Pit, bro."

Clowner-downer = I made this one up but you guys should use it for anyone who harshes on the ICP. "Why do you gotta be such a clowner-downer?"

JIT = Acronym for "Juggalo in Training": "As soon as that kid turns eight I'll quit calling him a JIT."

Clown Love = Pretty much what it says: "Show some clown love. G."

MMFCL = Much Mutha Fuckin' Clown Love, an acronym for texting purposes, popular saying of affection between Juggalos. "MMFCL, BRB, LOL call me later."

Wicked Shit = Musical classification of Juggalo-related bands: "I like Morrissey and all. but he's no wicked shit."

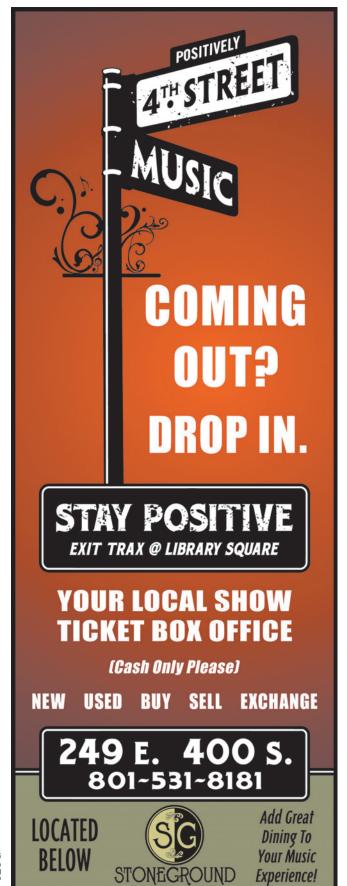
Chicken = Redneck: "Who's goin' chicken huntin'?"

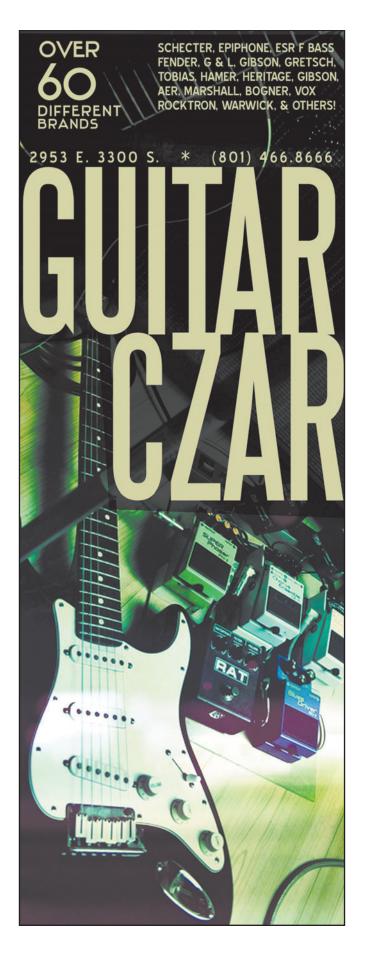
Juggalette = Female Juggalo: "You'd make one fine Juggalette, sweet-tits."

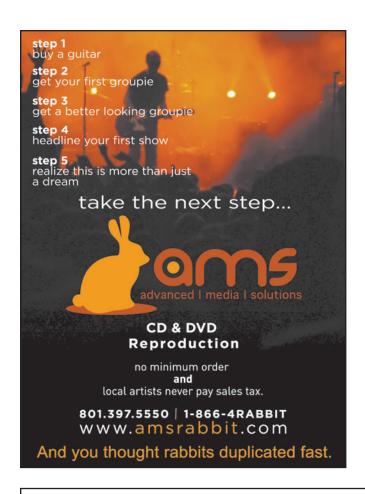
Hatchet Man = The **Psychopathic Record** label logo, worn on chain
necklaces and such, helps Juggalos
distinguish each other and makes a
popular tattoo amongst Juggalos: "Sweet
Hatchet Man! Can I borrow five dollars?"

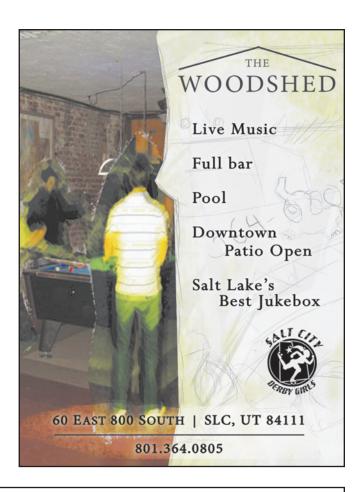
Hatchet Gear = any clothing items related to ICP or the Hatchet Man logo: "You look fresh in your Hatchet Gear, kid!"

Horror-Core=Self-described music genre of the Psychopathic Record label that the ICP and other bands belong to: "Goin' to the horror-core show? Gonna be good, bro!"



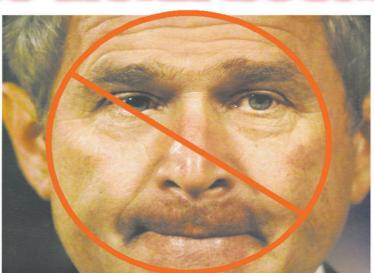






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Pizzeria

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Pizzeria 712

320 South State Street, Suite 147, Orem, Utah 801.623.6712

www.pizzeria712.com
Price: Moderate

Date Reviewd: 4/26/08

By Fred Worbon

worbon@slugmag.com

Have you ever found yourself in Utah County around 6 P.M. surrounded by a wasteland of strip malls, cheap burger joints and row after row of cookie cutter houses and thought to yourself, "I'm hungry and I'm in Happy Valley; where the hell am I going to eat?" Well, I found a place, and it's in Orem, no less. If you're anything like me, the idea of eating out that far south in the valley brings to mind such palate-busting, gutwrenching, big-family-accommodating, conveyor-belt food troughs like Chuck-a-Rama and ... ahh ... well ... Chuck-a-Rama. I guess there might be a couple of other places like P.F. Changs and a McDonald's, but culinary delights are not the first thing that I think of—until now.

It was the end of April and we were in Orem looking for some pizza place that a friend of mine swore would be amazing. It was my wife's birthday and I was skeptical and, maybe just a little scared. Located at 320 South State in what could be the ugliest condo development in all of Utah (it looks like some demented and sprawling Tower of Babel) lies *Pizzeria 712*. The décor is simple: warm comfortable colors and unassuming simple furniture, with an open kitchen. The space is small and seats maybe 50. On a chalkboard by the kitchen is scrawled, "when you have the best and tastiest ingredients, you can cook very simply and the food will be extraordinary because it tastes like what it is," a quote by restaurant guru **Alice Waters** of the renowned *Chez Panisse* in Berkeley, California.

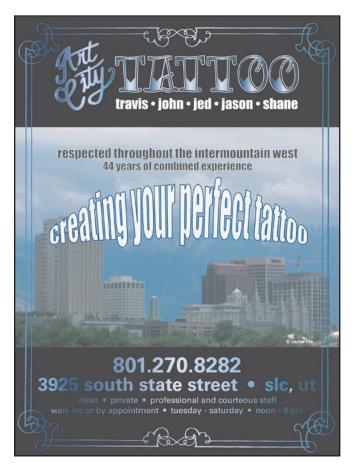
Waters' statement seems to drive the menu here. Don't let the word pizza mislead you; this is not the greasy shit you get delivered when you're stoned and too lazy to make grilled cheese; this is fine dining at its best. Not the kind of break-the-bank-and-go-home-hungry-and-embarrassed-because-you-forgot-your-tie fine dining, but the my-mouth-loves-me-and-l-think-l-love-life-a-little-more-because-of-it fine dining. Chefs Joseph McRae and Colton Soelberg, both formerly

of Sundance's Tree Room, started this place with the goal of making fine dining more accessible and sustainable, and this they accomplished by using pizza cooked in a wood-fired brick oven, something familiar and lacking pretension, and using ingredients that are fresh, purchased locally when possible, and most are made in-house. When we spoke on the phone, Soelberg promised regular changes to the menu and seemed genuinely excited about the coming months and all the farm-fresh ingredients that will be at hand. They picked Orem because it was close to home for both of them and there would be a high-density population in the mixed-use complex in which they are located.

The menu was simple and small, featuring just a few appetizers, salads, pizza and dessert, but almost overwhelming because everything sounded fantastic. With appetizers like a white bean stew with house-made sausage and braised duck leg (\$7.50) and wood roasted brussels sprouts with toasted hazelnuts, bacon and vinegar (\$6) as well as pizzas that range from the somewhat simple tomato sauce with hand-pulled mozzarella and basil (\$9.50) to one with caramelized onions, potato, rosemary, and fontina (\$10), it's no wonder it seemed almost impossible to make up our minds. They have a small selection of Squatter's beer and now have a lunch menu offering a handful of panini sandwiches that range in price from \$6 to \$7.50 in addition to a slimmer version of the regular menu.

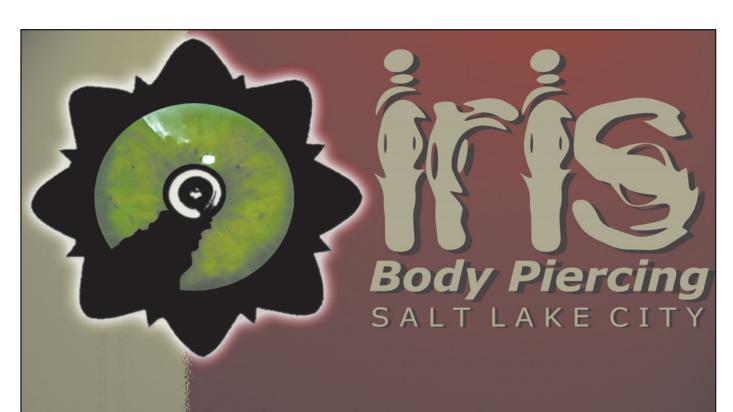
My wife started with the house-pulled mozzarella and arugula salad with crostini and sea salt (\$7.50) while I tried the roasted beets, house-made ricotta, endive, walnuts and tarragon salad (\$6.50). Both were incredibly wellbalanced with no one flavor overwhelming any other and were reasonably priced at less than \$8. For dinner I had the roasted fennel and house-made sausage pizza for \$12 and my wife had the speck, sopprassata, garlic and mozzarella pizza for \$11.50. I can no longer eat sausage anywhere else; the flavor was delicate and rich and was perfectly complimented by a tomato sauce that can only be described as actually tasting like tomatoes; you know, that sweet-yet-tart and smooth flavor that you think a tomato ought to taste like. Apparently, my wife's food was excellent too, but I wouldn't know because nothing could pull me away from my own dinner. We had no room for dessert, but the Winder Farms pannacotta with winter fruit (\$6) was tempting. We even had leftovers, which were nice the next day when I was stoned and too lazy to make a grilled cheese sandwich. The pizza was surprisingly still good. The only downside to this place is that Orem is nowhere close to my home and now I have a reason to venture into Happy Valley way more often than I am comfortable.









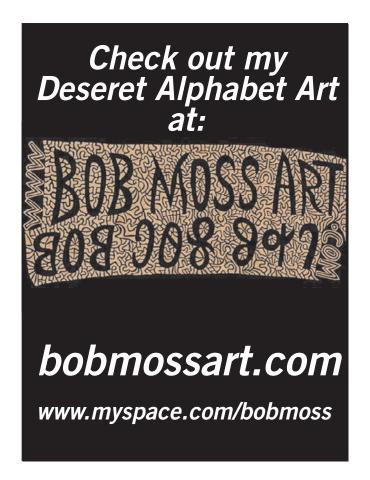


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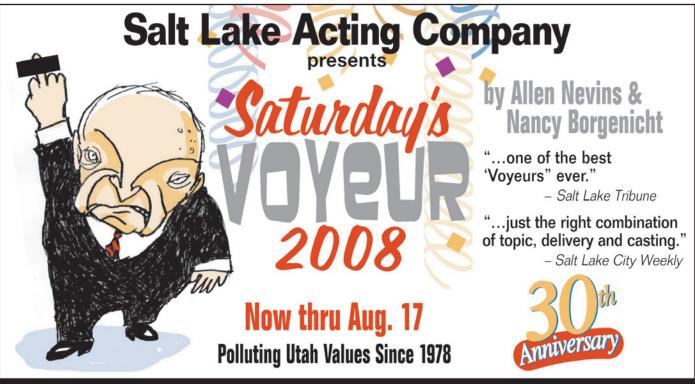


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THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

THE WEEPING GIBLETS

Filed by Boo

Given our family's passion for music, it's only natural that Oom and I would form a band. Strangely, neither Oom nor I have actually ever pursued the mastering of any particular instrument and have only rudimentary experience with piano and violin. In the 7th grade Oom dedicated the whole of two and a half weeks to the HURDY GURDY. His enthusiasm for that instrument was quickly ditched in favor of entomology.

Having exposure to so many different types of music, we are well aware that the mastering of an instrument is not absolutely necessary to the making of great music. Our family has a particular room in our home set aside specifically for artistic creation. The parents have filled it with anything they think might aid in that creation - all kinds of paint, paper, canvass, drawing implements, inks, macaroni (really!), glitter glue, etc...

Most importantly, they've installed a kick-ass sound system. Mom, in one of her own cheesy fits of inspiration, christened the room *The Den Of Inspiration* - she even painted a cutesy wooden sign that says just that and nailed it up over the door. I call it *The Den Of Instigation*.

Every so often, Oom and I will host a music listening evening in our Den, usually inviting over several friends. On one such evening while listening to a lot of THE SLITS, VIRGIN **PRUNES** and **THROBBING** GRISTLE, we were all truly inspired. We would start bands. If those bands could make such insanely great music, so could we. The party separated into three groups with each group challenged to form a band. Our particular group included Thumper Furlong, Hephzibah Shakespeare, Natty Leviathan,

Oom and me. We settled on the

band name THE WEEPING GIBLETS.

Thumper is already an accomplished drummer, and Hephzibah has been professionally singing sacred chorale music all over the world for the past coupla years. Natty is herself a locally established singer/songwriter and decided to give up our band the very next day. As much as I like Natty, she may have tried to steer us down the unwashed body-odor path of non-stop inner-self reflection. I think THE WEEPING GIBLETS are better off forging ahead without her. The other bands formed that evening were THE SOUP-GONE-WRONGS and COUSCOUS CABOOSE. The Soup-Gone-Wrongs decided to go for that Brit-pop jangly guitar thing and Couscous Caboose gleefully declared themselves "Retard Funk," which suits them perfectly. Instead of settling on a particular sound or style, we in The Weeping Giblets forged out a manifesto:

THE WEEPING GIBLETS will wiggle through time and space following these vague guidelines:



2. PERCUSSION MUST BE AT LEAST 2/3 NON DRUM.

3. WORD OR LINE IN SONG MUST NEVER BE REPEATED IN QUICK SUCCESSION

(preferably not at all).

4. SOMETHING IN ATTIRE MUST ALWAYS BE ASKEW.

5. POLITICS AND PREACHING HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO PLACE IN OUR JOYFUL NOISE.

 $6.\;\text{LIST}$ OF RULES MUST REGULARLY BE DESECRATED BY EACH BAND MEMBER.

Amendment 1: Guitar possible if strings are not plucked or strummed in typical fashion.

Clarification: Grunts, groans, yelps, hollers, chants etc... do not constitute

a repeated word or phrase. BAND: **Hephzibah**

Shakespeare - affectionately known as Zibah or Zeebah: Lead vocals, various noise makers, and so much

Boudica Juicyfruit - Boo: Keyboards, klankers, claps and castanets. Also singing.

Oomingmak Juicyfruit -Oom: The hurdy-gurdy, noise, and interpretive dance when he

thinks nobody is looking.

Thumper Furlong

sometimes referred to as The Humper: Drums, percussion, bad jokes,

and band morale.
Surprisingly, several months after forming, we're still enthusiastically working away at it. So far the music has been mainly rhythmic since Thumper is the only one of us who really knows what he's

doing. Oom and I will work sounds on top of Thumper's rhythms though very little melody ever issues forth.

Zibah who is usually a quiet, polite, well-spoken and soft-spoken bookworm, silent beauty type, suddenly becomes possessed when she starts to sing, whoop and holler over our noise. She transforms into a wild and ferocious snake woman and seems to be channeling an entity akin to the 1970's funk goddess Betty Davis. That girl has a lot of power pent up behind all that politeness. It's kinda scary.

We've played a handful of shows, always with The Soup-Gone-Wrongs and Couscous Caboose.

Because we're all well under 21 and there are few all-ages venues in Salt Lake City, most of the shows we play are house parties and usually in front of the same group of friends. My idea is to start doing guerilla style performing - showing up uninvited at interesting public places like The Beehive House, Eagle Gate, or on the steps of the State Capital - setting up probably only acoustic instruments, play and make as much noise as possible before an officious-type crawls out of some hole and makes us stop and go away.







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The

Pickin' Up the History of Utah Ska By Ricky Vigil

robohobox@hotmail.com

It may be hard to believe, but at one time ska was a genre of music loved by many in Utah. During the 1990s, local ska bands like **Swim Herschel Swim** and **Stretch Armstrong** were regularly drawing hundreds of people to their shows, and Utah was one of the biggest markets for touring ska bands. But all of the sudden in the late '90s, ska got too big. It transformed from an underground genre of music with a strong following, to an over-exposed mainstream phenomenon. Ska wasn't cool anymore, and for most people it hasn't been since. To many local fans, the glory days of Utah's ska scene have become a mythic time that can never be reclaimed, but with his new film *The Up Beat*, local director **Brandon Smith** chronicles the history of ska in Utah

and paints a picture of a vibrant underground culture that may currently be in a slump, but will never die.

unavoidable—after all, the Upstart's are one of the

few band's involved in the revitalization of the ska

Brandon
Smith has served
as the trombonist for local

ska act The Upstarts for the past four years, but first became interested in ska music about ten years ago, just as Utah's local scene was dying out and the national ska scene was exploding. "It's the classic story: I was a band nerd and I discovered some third wave bands," Smith recalls, "The first ska record I bought was by the Mighty Mighty Bosstones." As a trombone player, Smith found the inclusion of horns in popular contemporary music appealing and delved deeper into the roots of the music. "All of a sudden I was a fan of bands like The Specials and The Skatalites," and thus Smith became a life-long ska fan. Smith had already worked on a number of local films, but he had always wanted to make a film about the history of Utah's ska scene. As The Upstarts readied their new album for release last year, Smith decided it was time to bring his idea to life. Pre-production for The Up Beat began in April 2007, and according to Smith, collecting old footage, flyers, photos and interviews was easier than he expected. On using footage of his own band in his film, Smith explains: "I wasn't trying to unfairly promote us it's just that I had constant access to these guys. If another band were releasing an album and going through what we were going through, I would've used them instead." Although this may seem like a conflict of interest, it was

scene. And who better to tell the history of ska in Utah than someone who is concerned with its future?

The Up Beat focuses on Utah's ska scene, but also explores the history and roots of the genre. For the film, Smith interviewed a number of prominent figures in the ska scene at large to explain the roots of the music, including **Toots**Hibbert of

Maytals, Buster

Bloodvessel of Bad Manners and

members of The Slackers. Ska began in Jamaica in the 1960s as a fusion of American jazz and soul and Caribbean styles like calypso and mento. The result was a musical style an upbeat rhythm, a walking bassline and horn riffs that gave way to improvisation. The second wave of ska occurred in England in the late '70s when the energy of punk rock was infused into the traditional Jamaican style and combined with an emphasis on racial unity. The third wave of ska was born when the genre was brought to America. Originally, it bore a strong resemblance to the second wave, but later incorporated more rock-oriented sounds of the '90s. One aspect of the music many of the interviewees brought up was the spiritual and up-beat nature of ska, which is partly where the film's title comes from. Smith tells us, "I tried to take a positive approach to the film because it focuses on a positive music." Smith believed it was necessary to include a history lesson on ska to clear up misconceptions about the genre, as well as to make it more accessible to those outside of the devoted fan base. Smith says, "I think that the history and the roots are important to why it hit so big in Utah and particularly in Utah county."

Like so many other musical movements, ska in Utah became popular because it gave kids something to do in a place devoid of much culture. Another important factor in the popularity of ska in Utah was that it provided a safe yet rebellious outlet for Mormon kids to get their pentup energy out in a positive way. Smith explains, "They didn't have to

go to bars, and there was a style and a culture behind it. They could dress up and make themselves feel like individuals." Ska not only gave kids something to do, but it gave them something to be a part of. Ska bands and fans built the scene from the ground up, creating venues out of aerobic studios and lumber yards and transforming Provo into a ska mecca that national touring acts wanted to play in the early and mid '90s.

With the emergence of early bands, starting with Swim Herschel Swim in 1989, the ska scene grew strong and fast. Footage provided to Smith by old school ska fans documents just how huge ska was in Utah, including footage of a Swim Herschel Swim concert that shows kids going crazy and shaking the stage so hard that they make the power go out before the band can even finish the first song of their set. Ska was so big that even

who weren't into ska would go to shows. In the film, Provo concert promoter **Corey Fox** explains: "When there was a Swim Herschel Swim show, everybody in town would go see them because they knew everybody else was gonna be there."

When they broke up in 1995, scene leaders Swim Herschel Swim were replaced by Stretch

Armstrong, who then passed the torch to My Man Friday before breaking up in 1997. The popularity of ska in Utah county was so huge that it spawned scenes in Logan led by Model Citizen and in

Southern Utah by GOGO13.

However, the popularity of ska in Utah would not last. The emergence of ska as a mainstream musical fad, combined with the breakups of longtime local favorites, did a lot to hurt the scene in the late '90s.

Ska was no longer something that belonged to kids dedicated to the scene, but something that was being exploited by greedy record labels and opportunistic bands looking to latch onto the latest trend. In the film, Upstarts vocalist **Andy Fackrell** says: "At the end of the '90s a lot of bands were taking third wave ska and pushing the boundaries of that," creating what he refers to as, "rock with horns." Popular bands with goofy images like **Reel Big Fish** and **Less Than Jake** soon became the basis for the public's perception of ska. "A lot of these bands that played in the late '90s were ska only because it was a fad. Band kids just decided to start goofy ska bands connected to the fad, but not to the roots of the music," Smith says.

There seems to be a missing chapter of the film that chronicles the fall of ska in Utah as the narrative jumps suddenly from the glory days of Provo in the mid '90s to the scattered, struggling scene that exists today, though there are definitely hints about the current nature of ska in Utah. One of the most interesting parts of the film is when Smith's band The Upstarts discuss how to promote their new album. Drummer **Kevin Davis** says: "I think the one thing that we've been doing wrong is marketing ourselves as a ska band." The sentiment is later echoed by the members of other current local ska acts seeking to distance themselves from

the stigmas of the genre. **Erik LeCroix** of **Fews & Two** says:

"We tell

the cool kids

people that we're a rootsreggae-ska band, that way they'll come to our

shows." Other bands like **Insatiable** who are more closely linked to the third wave defend their brand of ska in an increasingly roots-oriented scene. "If you don't fall into our niche of ska, then whatever," explains Insatiable's **Jeff Evans**, "We're doing it for us first, and if you like it, follow along." Smith comments that the stigma attached to ska fans and ska musicians is one of the most damaging things the scene most today. "People think you don't take yourself seriously." The ska scene in Utah may not be what it once was, but many are still hopeful that the genre will see a resurgence. Smith says, "I think ska is past the slump.

Lots of traditional bands are popping up and sticking to the roots of the music. A lot of people aren't fooled by that third wave stuff anymore." Part of Smith's motivation for making The Up Beat was to correct a lot of the negative misconceptions that people have about ska. "I hope this film changes people's perceptions about the genre and helps them to look past the fad and to understand the history." Utah may never see a ska scene as large as the one that dominated Provo in the '90s. and the world may never again see a ska scene as large as it once was, but the mere existence of this film and the excitement shared by everyone involved prove that ska is still relevant. The future of ska is uncertain, but Smith remains hopeful: "Ska kind of comes and goes. It'll pop up in certain places and then it'll go away, but I don't think ska will

ever die.'

There will be a screening of *The Up Beat* July 23rd at 7:00 PM at the *Tower Theatre*. Fews & Two will be providing live music.





REVIEWS-REVIEWS-REVIEWS-RE

By Tyler Mackmel tyler@slugmag.com

You Cold-Hearted Bitch (an ode to my ex and lagered beers) The lager is an age-old tradition created by some of the world's best breweries--and also destroyed by massive shit-corporations like Coors and the evil empire of Anheuser-Busch. The typical lager beer is brewed in cooler temperatures using slow-acting yeast, and followed by a period of time where it is untouched in colder temperatures to achieve a smooth taste. Luckily for us Utahns, we have a decent selection of lager craft brews to choose from.

Viennese Lager Brewery: Bohemian Brewery

A.B.V.: 4% Average price: \$3.75 Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher Rating: ****1/2

Description: This is by far my favorite



lager in the state. This brew is a soft amber color, with a decent foamy white head and is only poured on tap. The light malty scent is followed by the smallest amount of caramel. Hoppier than your

typical Vienna lager, this well-crafted beer still has a great malt complex and finishes like a champ

Overview: Proudly boasting the most difficult brewing process in state, the Bohemian Brewery has some of the hardest working brewers in the state. Brewing behind the rules of Reinheitsgebot (The German Purity Law), this brewery only brews with four ingredients in their beer: hops, barley, water and yeast. I recommend this brewery to anyone thinking about stepping outside their typical drinking habits of Pabst and Busch. The Viennese could not be a better place to start; I could not talk this brew up more.

Where to Find: This brew can be easily found at Bohemian Brewery's location in Murray, The Bayou, Brewvies and some random pubs across the valley.

Devastator Brewery: Utah Brewers Cooperative/Wasatch A.B.V: 8.0% Average price: \$1.35

Size: 12 oz bottle Rating: **

Description: This new brew out of the



Utah Brewers Cooperative is pretty fuckin' heavy and does the job right. The thin, receding head went away pretty quickly and left a deep copper clear brew. The aroma reveals light caramel notes, hints of a vanilla sweetness and a faint aromatic feel of alcohol-but not enough to

overwhelm you. Crisp and warming, it has a sweet malty/caramel body that is followed by a complexity of spices and nutty accents

Overview: With artwork as killer as this, designed by Levi Lebo, I think I had more fun looking at this brew than I did drinking it. As much as I love having these bigger beers come out of Utah, I love it more when they stick to the style that they claim. All in all, I recommend giving it a shot and trying it for yourself.

Where to Find: Found at our LDS donation clinics commonly called "liquor stores," it can also be found at Wasatch Brew pubs and lately a handful of private clubs.

Munich Lager Brewery: Desert Edge A.B.V.: 4.0% Average Price: \$3.75 Size: 12 oz bottle



Rating: **** Description: A new summer favorite of mine from Desert Edge, their Munich Lager pours a soft honey-gold color with a nice frothy head. The aromatics a small bit of German hops compliment the taste. The flavor

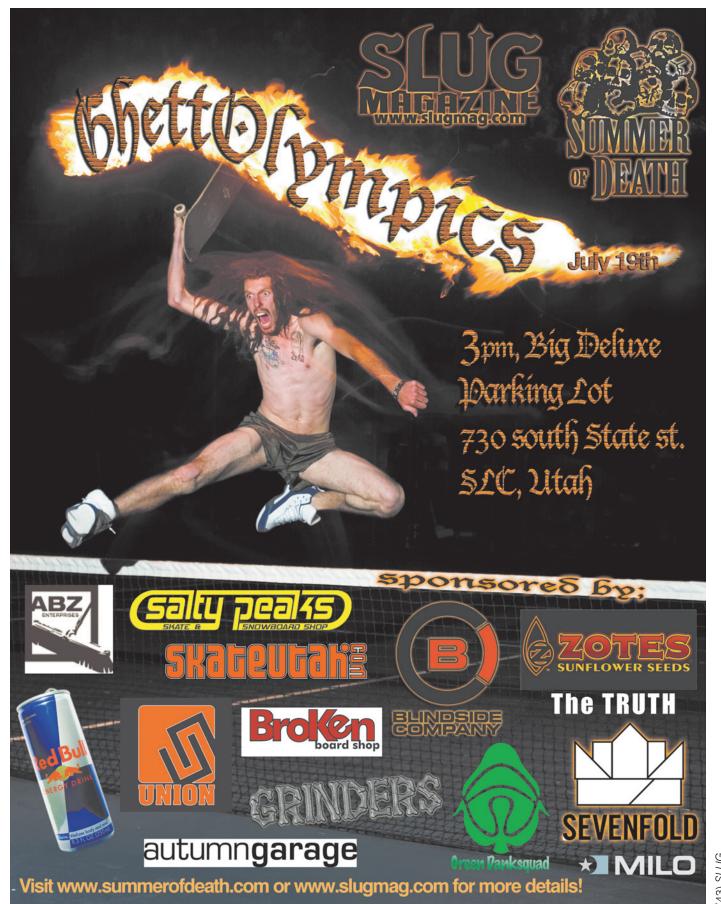
is rounded and crisp with a decent amount of sweet malts, leaving a soft and subtle finish.

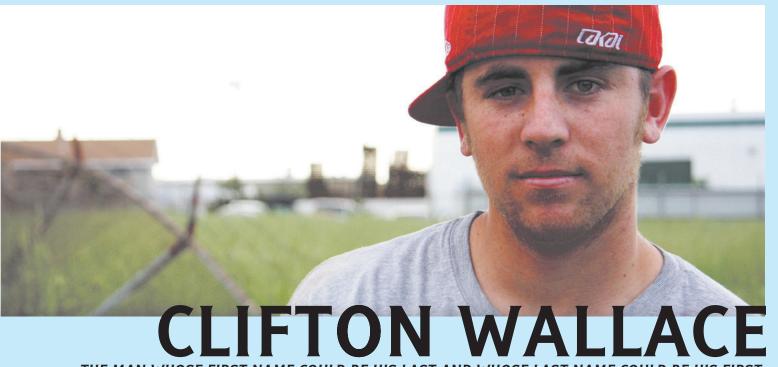
Overview: Brewers like Chris Haas give me hope that my "brewers of Utah" trading cards I want to release will sell like crazy. Desert Edge is the place to go for some quality Utah brew and this Munich Lager is a great way to kick off the Summer Solstice.

Where to Find: This beer has only been spotted at the Desert Edge pub.

445 S 400 W SLC

myspace.com/clubvegasrocks & clubvegas.org





THE MAN WHOSE FIRST NAME COULD BE HIS LAST AND WHOSE LAST NAME COULD BE HIS FIRST.

Words and Photos: Chad Phillips

I first noticed **Clifton Wallace** similarly to how his first and former sponsor, *Zumiez*, noticed him when he was in sixth grade—tearing up a local skatepark. Clifton now 21, was dominating the volcano on 9th and 9th in west Salt Lake, when I asked him if I could take some photos of him. He looked puzzled, took out his earbuds and asked, "Me? I guess if you want to?"

After he landed a monster frontside flip on the volcano he looked at a few frames, glanced at me and said "I can kickflip 5-0 that ledge over there." I looked at the ledge and the ledge looked back at him ... "OK."

An hour later and after he had dialed dozens of tricks, we decided to rendevous a week later and tear up some skate spots but this time in his hometown ... Kerns.

I made my first trip into the heart of Kearns to pick up Clifton at a Maverik near his home. I watched him ollie over a massive cement barrier at *Kearns High*, first try. In between second attempts he would reminisce about how when he was in high school he would have two tries to kickflip a ten stair, inside the school around lunchtime ... but before the teachers or anybody would show up.

We stopped at 7-eleven or "Steve" as Clifton calls it, to grab some water. He noticed that I caught a glimpse of a prescription pill bottle he was carrying and told me why he can't drive. "Epileptic seizures. I hit my head really heard skateboarding when I was nine, I don't know if I was dehydrated or what?" Clifton said. Ultimately, that is why he has epilepsy, a freak accident on a skateboard.

One would think by the way he punishes his board he is going to battle with it \dots and by the looks of it \dots he's winning.







BACKSIDE KICKFLIP ON KEARNS BANK

OLLIE D.I. RAIL

AIR

















Kickflip 5-0 down 9th and 9th park ledge





BRENT BROWN SCION 801-224-1320

ENSIGN SCION 435-752-5636 KARL MALONE SCION 801-553-5800 LARRY H. MILLER SCION 801-264-3800

MARK MILLER SCION 801-364-2100 MENLOVE SCION 801-951-3200 TONY DIVINO SCION 801-394-5701

THE 2008 xB.

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what moves you

GO SKATE...DAY?





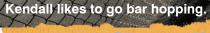
Go Skate Day? Words by Adam Dorobiala **Photos by Chris Swainston** adam@slugmag.com

National "Go Skate Day" may have come and gone, but I recently realized that everyday should be "Go Skate Day." So I rounded up some friends and set out to get some shit done. The first stop of the day was Kendall Johnson's house to pick him up and go to this spot he had been wanting to skate for some time (that photo wont run until next

Cody Comrie is hip ... in fact he

issue so keep tuned in). Chris Swainston got the photo right away and we sped off to find another spot suggested by Kendall. Cody Comrie was able to come up with some super clean and fresh moves on film while, once again, Chris and his genius with a camera was able to click some shots of the madness we were beholding. We skated just long enough for almost everyone to get something before Cody had to leave for some **Team Thunder** shenanigans.

Although we'd lost one member of our crew, luckily Dirk Hogan and Brooks left Blinside to come meet up with us. The "Asphalt Wave" was the next stop and Brooks came up on some way good shit. Before I knew it a whole other pack of rabid wolves showed up to skate, including but not limited to: Kordell Black, Beau Davis, Colby Almond (a.k.a. B-Nuts) and Alex Edam. Eventually it was time to fuel up with food and a sit down. The sun had gone down by that time, but even without lights we weren't about to stop this adventure.





can do bs 180,"Hip"py hops.



















We brainstormed and once we arrived at the place, Brooks and Dirk went straight to work with keen grace on the old wood freedom device. Some photos were taken and filming was done before we all thought of another place to tear up before the day was over. The final spot of the night wasn't adequately lit, but armed with the headlights of the vehicles we made it work. The day ended up on our porch with beer and some grits reminiscing of what we had all accomplished in such a short amount of time. Chances are we could have went all through the night without ever stopping. At the end of our epic day of skating I couldn't help but wonder why there had to be a national holiday to go skating. Skating should be enjoyed everyday of the year. Get off your ass right now, call some friends and make some fucking memories already.

GO SKATE













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Colin Brophy



"safety grind"

Male 17 years old 801, Utah United States



Last login 24/06/2008

All photos by Sam Milianta



Colin Brophy is in your extended network.

About Me:

THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT: The Colin Brophy interview By Giuseppe Ventrella

If you're old like me, you probably hate all the kids at the skate park. Their attractive moms drop them off and they all wear helmets and shout "'chout!" (short for "watch out") at you so they can do some sort of flail fest out of the bowl. It's annoying and I've heard you all complain about it when you're sitting on the ledge smoking. The most annoying type of kid, however, is the one that's actually good at skateboarding. So good, that you wish you could go back in time and grow up in their neighborhood. That would mean you could probably be pro by now, instead of just drinking a tall boy and complaining about your last knee surgery. These kids are much more than an annoyance, they're a source for bitterness and the ugly emotion of jealousy.

Colin Brophy is one of those kids. He's got that smooth style that everyone wants, like watching Justin Strubing or Dennis Busenitz casually charge the gnarliest shit. Colin keeps it nonchalant and cruises around just destroying shit. The most annoying thing about Colin is that he's actually cool. He keeps it mellow and is just down to skate. Colin is one of those "mix of the old and new" kids who can skate the big shit, but isn't afraid to throw down a few ollies over manholes or bomb a big hill just for fun. And isn't that what skateboarding is about? Fun. I think a lot of dudes (young and old) have forgotten that. The truth is Colin really isn't that annoying. He got me off the couch and psyched to skate for a few days and landed all his shit really quick so he could go bomb some more hills and cruise around a bit more. He's a cool kid and all you 30-something dudes (like me) should be cool to him like the older guys were cool to you when you were in high school.

Brophy was a good sport and agreed to fill out my lame-ass Myspace survey in place of a real interview because I'm too fucking cheap to buy a tape recorder to do a real interview.

Colin Brophy friends comments

SLUG: How old are you?

Brophy: Seventeen.

SLUG: How long have you been riding a skateboard?

Brophy: I got my first board like 8 years ago.

SLUG: Who or what got you started skateboarding?

Brophy: My neighbors **Marc White** and **Austin Namba** were always skating around my house. I would watch them and I wanted to try it.

SLUG: What was the first skateboard video you ever saw?

Brophy: It was called "Church of Skatan." I only remember the name.

SLUG: Are you a straight 'A' student?

 $\ensuremath{\mathbf{Brophy}}\xspace.$ Not even close. Bros make high school really hard to deal with.

SLUG: If you had to carve something with a knife into one of the desks at your school what would you carve?

Brophy: I can't see myself carving anything. I guess I could carve SK801, those are my friends.

SLUG: Who do you like skating with?

Brophy: I like watching my two best friends **Choad** and **Joey** get better so they're always fun to skate with. I would skate with all my friends every day if I could.

SLUG: Do you have a crush on anyone in your top eight?

Brophy: My girlfriend is on my top eight, but I have plenty of crushes too

SLUG: What kind of things do you like to skate?

Brophy: I guess I just try and stay pretty close to the ground.

SLUG: If you were a character on *Family Guy*, which character would you be?

Brophy: That question sucks, I don't watch that show.

SLUG: If it was the late '90s and you had to give a shout-out to somebody, who would you give a shout-out to?

Brophy: **John Cardiel** was shredding hard in the late '90s so probably him. My recent shout-outs go to all my friends, **Technique**, **SK801**, **Kyle** and anyone who backs me.





Pary Place System



Park Place: New Parks Popping Up in Salt Lake

By Baade info@skateutah.com

Looking back, most people are going to remember the 07/08 season as the year it never seemed to stop snowing. While it wasn't quite a record for snowfall, another record is shaping up. Not that long ago there were only a small handful of parks in Utah, but now they are popping up faster than fixed gears on hipster kids.

Since late last year, new cement has been poured in American Fork, Herriman, Payson, Rose Park and the newest in Midvale should be opened by the time you read this. Not to be outdone, Heber City is in the process of building one of the largest parks in the state—set to open in late July. Lehi, Kearns and West Valley City all have designs drawn up and are in various stages of planning. In the meantime, Eagle Mountain will sneak in and beat them all to the punch.

Pay attention kids, the *Copperview Rec Center Park* in Midvale is a shining example of why it's important to get out and vote, even in small elections. A few years back there was an initiative on the ballot providing ZAP funds. The P stands for parks and some of those funds went to the construction of the Copperview park. This is also the same program funding the planned park in Kearns.

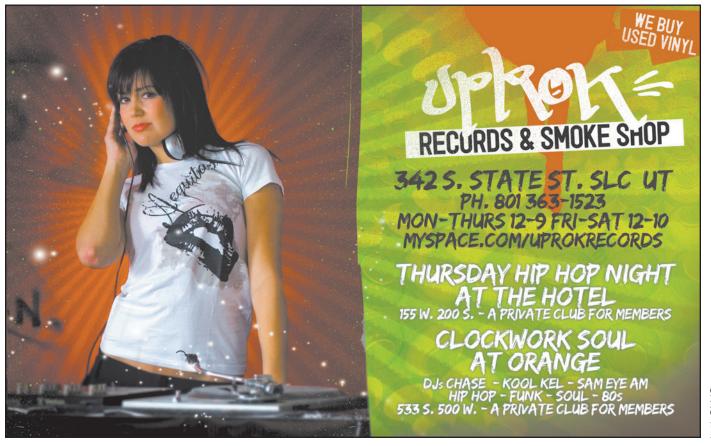
Copperview is a 14,000 square foot park located at the newly renovated *Copperview Rec Center* located at 8446 South Harrison Street (a.k.a. 300 West) in Midvale. This one snuck up on a lot of people. There was a small groundbreaking ceremony last October, but progress stayed under the radar until the cement work was finished in early June. There's nothing groundbreaking in the design, but it still looks like a fun park. There's a 60/40 split of street plaza in the front and a midsize bowl with slight over-vert pocket in the back. Sorry bike guys, looks like you're not invited to this one.

On the opposite side of the valley, Heber City is finishing work on what will be one of the largest parks in the state. This marks **California Skateparks**' second project in the state (Herriman being the first) and is headed up by project manager **Brian Pino**. Pino was part of the crew who poured both Logan and the original Park City so he's been in the game for a while, plus he and a few others on the crew are ripping skaters. It's amazing how things turnout when you hire crews that actually skate. This one is going to be a monster too. There are four bowls—including a right hand kidney with pool coping and tile—a good mix of street features and some creative lines connecting them with two of the bowls. Expect a late July opening.

Cities aren't the only ones in on the new construction, spots are popping up all over—in backyards, driveways, abandoned lots... everywhere. Go buy some cement or dig thru the dumpsters and get to work. It's amazing how sometimes a janked up spot you make skateable or build yourself can be way more fun then the most perfectly poured park.













PRODUCT

Product Reviews By Chris Swainston chris@slugmag.com

Porvida Deck DLXSF dlxsf.com

It was the end of the month and I was in dire need of a new set up. Thankfully Real Skateboards had sent SLUG a crisp new 8.02x31.75 porvida deck ready to be shralped. I've had Real wood before and knew it was going to be stiff morning, noon and night. Its beautiful symmetrical shape and tantalizing concave wasn't the only good thing about this board though. Wrapped up with the board was a sticker pack, stencil and a compilation DVD, From the Vaults, showcasing all of the Real teams old footy.



There's nothing better then some old footy to get my feet tingling before I go for a roll.

Grind For Life Wheels Bones Skatepark Formula bones.com

Accompanying this fresh new board were a set of 60mm Bones Skatepark Formula (SPF) "Grind For Life" wheels. Before all you baby wheel mongrels go hating on a set of 60 mm wheels, let me tell you something—big wheels keep on turning, through everything. They are wicked fast and unstoppable; sidewalk cracks, street slurry, bricks, nothing slows the roll, not to mention all the extra pop you get out of bigger wheels. The SPF is a middle ground between the Bones Street Tech Formula (STF) and Ditch Tech Formula (DTF). Where the STF tends to slip and slide a bit too much and the DTF will grip and stick, the SPF holds strong through those hard fast surf turns and gives a good slide when pushed. Just remember to keep your heels in it cause I hesitated a bit one day bombing 200 South and ended up in an asphalt skin slide somersault to backwards scorpion. One last note on these wheels, a portion of the sales goes towards cancer research, so you'll go fast, ollie high and help save lives.

Gawky Throng Bearings erichess58@gmail.com

The last ingredient I needed for this magical skate concoction was a brand new set of bearings. I kept it local for this one going with **Eric Hess**'s new bearing company **Gawky Throng**. Instead of your typical weak plastic crown that most bearings have, these baby dolls have two metal rings locking the balls into place offering extra strength and impact support. Much like the **Bones Swiss** bearing design, Gawky Throngs roll on 7 steel balls protected by dual removable shields, making them easy to clean. Like a ninja in the night, these bearings are so quick and quiet you won't even hear me coming and barely see me flying by. They just hit the SLC streets about a month ago so if you're rolling a pair that means you're on the VIP guest list. If not, no need to worry, Hess will be taking the company public shortly.



JULY 2008 Gallery Stroll Picks: Good Things Come in Threes By Mariah Mann Mellus Mariah@slugmag.com

People say that good things come in threes; this month the statement couldn't be more true. Here are my top three picks for the July 18th's *Gallery Stroll*.

Leia Bell—you've loved her concert posters, postcards, ads, T-shirts and magnets. Now you can love and find all of it in one place! *Signed and Numbered*, located at 221 E. Broadway (300 S.) right below *Slowtrain*, is Bell's latest creation and, as with all her work, it's simply divine. All the years of creating and collecting prints have left Bell with a lot of inventory. Bell's store is like opening a vault of past concerts and art functions. Patrons get to peruse through the most sought after, limited edition and hard-to-find prints around. The featured prints on the

walls rotate for the monthly *Gallery Stroll*. Bell has truly made this place a home for her art. There is a small studio in the back and framing is offered on the spot. It's open daily from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Monday thru Friday, and noon to 6 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday. *myspace*. *com/signedandnumbered*

Autumn Garage is known as a "High Altitude Boutique," referring to mountain gear, as they are not a head shop. They've also developed a reputation for throwing fab parties and showing high quality artwork. They take both very seriously, which is refreshing for a place clear out on 7200 South and 2258 East. Not bad for the canyon kids, but hella far for the downtowners. Carpool—it's worth the journey this month to see artist P.J. Mannion and SLUG's own Chris Swainston. Swainston's photos and journal entries made for a beautiful spread in the June issue of SLUG, so I'm confident he'll keep up the momentum and show us some love. The Banger Night (opening night) is July 12th starting at 6 P.M. with food and good times (you know a party's good when they don't give an ending time). The show will remain up all month long, so stop by anytime you're in the neighborhood.

autumngarage.com

Kayo Gallery owner **Shilo Jackson** is an artist first and a gallery owner

second, which is why I applaud her for taking her latest work to the Art Access II Gallery. I find it tacky when gallery owners give themselves a solo show. All that says to me is no one else would show your work. The latter is far from the truth for Ms. Jackson, fresh from winning "Best of Show" in the University of Utah's 2008 Student Show. Her work is charming and captivating, something unique that you could stick in any home or office and it would be a wonderful conversation piece. Upon first glance the paintings look like collages of post cards, clippings, souvenirs and post-it notes on corkboard. With a closer look, the viewer realizes the images are very detailed paintings matching the original image perfectly. Shilo notes how she loves the trickery of it all and the responses when people realize the items are two-dimensional. "My work allows viewers to question what they are actually seeing. As in life, things are not always what they seem upon first inspection. It's important to take a closer look," she says. Get a good look of her artwork at Art Access II Gallery, located at 230 S. 500 W., in the new Artspace studios. The show opens on July 18th and will hang until the second week of August.



Shilo Jackson's art pictured above, plays tricks on the viewer's eyes.



Z I NE – Z I NE – Z I NE

REVIEWS-REVIEWS-REVIEWS-RE

by Patricia Bateman Patricia@slugmag.com



Chiaroscuro Issue #31 "The Bridal Issue"

According to people (geeks) who actually give a shit about zines (poorly-stapled rags read by geeks), Chiaroscuro has been littering select grimy corners of Salt Lake for years. I've never heard of it but, then again, I don't have a closet full of hoodies and daddy issues, either, so there ya go. Speaking of issues, this one is billed as "The Bridal Issue," so I half-expected it to be full of photos of those fucking idiots dressed in fucking wedding regalia all over fucking downtown, even though nobody actually fucking gets married downtown, especially not the fucking crackers these fucking photographers fucking use. Nope, just a handful of horribly laid-out (the paragraph was invented for a reason) but mostly well-written (again, the paragraph thing) stories about rape, murder, suicide, dead pets and unemployment—it's the feel-good hit of the summer, kiddies! I'm guessing the "Gang-Bang Snuff Issue" will just be gardening tips.



Xploited Zine Issue 002

Three digits in the issue number? Really? That's pretty damn optimistic. Appropriately for #2, this edition of San Francisco zine Xploited is all about public restrooms. Yes, the whole damn issue, which adds up to over 50 pages of stories about pissing and fucking (none simultaneously), because what else do you do in public restrooms? Despite the subject matter, Xploited is a nicely put-together zine: Quality paper, readable type, actual grammar and punctuation, interesting writers with something to say-most of which doesn't apply to this rag! But, for all of the mid-to-highbrow prose within, my favorite part of Xploited 002 is a simple two-line zinger: "Joke: What's the best part of a blowjob? Answer: Five minutes of peace and quiet." So fucking true.



Dreams for Schmidty: Grove

© ToddPowelson.com

LOCAL-REVIEWS-LOCAL-REVIEWS-LOCAL-REVIEWS-LO

Auto-Pirates

Ousted
Self-released
Street: 03.29
Auto-Pirates= Gogol Bordello +
Jimi Hendrix licks + Local Flavoring



A local band making the decision to utilize what sounds like Russian lyrics on an opening track= balls. Some members of the Utah community would be miffed if an intro track didn't have some entirely English reference to how much they love God and/or how much they love their country. Auto-Pirates do the opposite with a great line: "You want me to pledge allegiance to a country on crack and tanks in Iraq." The wordplay doesn't end there. The last song is a ballad to the miners lost in the Murray mine collapse. EPs don't need to be very long; this, however, is six tracks long, but it would be much tighter if the fourth and fifth tracks were omitted. Stylistically speaking, the Pirates don't continue the bluesy-Baltic-rock flow established in the first three tracks. The last track picks the energy back up to finish the disc off with a resonant issue-based song. —Jon "JP" Paxton

Ben Johnson

Make it Bloom
Self-released
Street: 2007
Ben Johnson = Frank Sinatra +
Franz Ferdinand (vocals) + Flaming
Lins

Oh my! I don't know what I was expecting with this CD ... actually, I thought it was going to be second-rate, diluted folk music; something about the calligraphy font on the front cover. But the album opens up with a big, classy, big band-era sounding rock extravaganza and goes on from there to 40s and 50s crooner hits with "fun" pschede-

lia thrown in (think Flaming Lips, not Jefferson Airplane). Then some stuff comes off like smooth recent indie singer-songwriter rock with some clean prog. Make it Bloom is chockful o' personality. I don't think I've quite ever heard indie rock done like this, but then again, maybe that's cause I don't listen to New Pornographers and Shins. Rich horns contribute to the classy, festive air; piano lines glimmer in "Leave of Absensce." Synths peek out from time to time. It's very unique, very earnest and somewhat quirky. All in all, quite tasty. –Rebecca Vernon

Die Monster Die A Great and Terrible Loss Dr. Cyclops Street: 03.18 Die Monster Die = Misfits + Ramones + Kiss



Die Monster Die has truly become a staple of Salt Lake's underground scene. They play on a fairly regular basis and release a record every now and then. Their metal-laden horror punk is fun and creepy, but they've never really stepped above the regular horror punk sludge that inhabits the music collection of anyone who wishes there were more Misfits' records. Not only do the songs on A Great and Terrible Loss all sound the same, but they also sound like everything else the band has released. Lead singer Zero's vocals drone on as usual, and although he does convey a spine-chilling element, about halfway through the record I got tired of the same sounds. So if you're satisfied with the same old Die Monster Die tunes, this is the record for you, but if you're looking for something different, keep looking. -James Orme

Dirty Uncle Davey Space Drones for Evel

Knievel
Red Light Sound
Street: 02.22
Dirty Uncle Davey = Prurient +
Ghastly Hatchling



Dirty Uncle Davey is all you could expect from a synth-based noise band, long droney tracks of feedback and mysterious sounding tones meandering through dimensionless matter. What is great about this release and most really good noise music is that it steps into your subconscious and plays a few tricks on you, the biggest being that of time confusion. The first track, "Butte, Montana," clocks in at over the 11-minute mark, but literally feels as if only two minutes have elapsed. Dirty Uncle Davey is a little more colorful and musical than the status quo destructive noise and has its moments where it could even be considered jovial or interactive. It is very visual and the thought of Evel Kneviel suspended in the air waiting to either land or crash right through my mind several times while listening. -Andrew Glassett

Invaders Invaders EP Self-released Street: 05.07 Invaders = Cathedral + Electric Wizard + EyeHateGod

It's not very often I'll get a tasty treat of chunky doom from our local bands, but holy shit, Invaders has nailed it. This humble little EP pounds three songs of heaviness into your pink, supple little ear drums without regard for whether or not you like them. As DIY as the release appears, the production is extremely high quality without much feeling of intrusive digital polish, which can often

sacrifice that sweet atmospheric buzz you feel in the back of your throat. Speaking of throat, California native **Phillip White** steps up for a memorable vocal performance, conjuring the ghost of **Cookie Monster**'s abusive father, just close enough to over the top to add that grim panache you may crave when being served aural sludge. If Invaders releases a full length album of this quality, it most certainly could be a pivotal release among local Utah bands. —Conor Dow

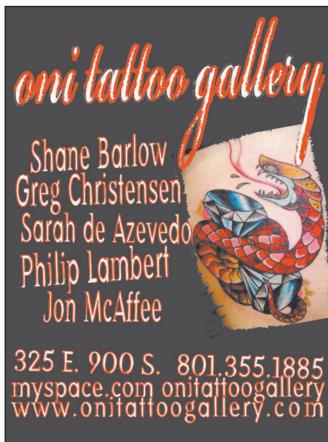
Mushman Lost Like Children Fox on a Hill Street: 06.28 Mushman = Sugar + Spice + Everything Nice



If I didn't already, now I certainly feel like a child. There must be a secret to make an album friendly and inviting, and Mushman's got the ingredients. Step 1: Start off with lovely acoustic guitars. Step 2: Add in a clarinet, harmonica and some keys. Step 3: Mix gently with sweet melodies and vocals. and last, but not least, Step 4: The "special" sauce a local twist. After it's done and ready to go Mushman gets on an ice cream truck, blares Lost Like Children through the speakers and all of a sudden they've got a following of hypnotized fans running close behind. It looks like this summer we've got a Pied Piper in Salt Lake. Even though their tracks have pessimistic titles like "Sad Jack Strawberry" and "Comatose" I end up feeling better after than I did before. This certainly doesn't need to be taken down with a spoonful of sugar; it's got more than enough. -Lyuba Basin

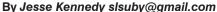






GAME-REVIEWS-GAME-REVIEWS-GAME-REV





flOw Thatgamecompany PS₃ 02.22.07 Relaxation/misc

flOw takes video gaming in a new direction; instead of going for the bigger and more detailed environments seen in many new games, flOw takes away all distractions and puts itself under the microscope, literally. In fact, flOw's biggest flaw may be that the game dares not leave the tiny Petri dish that is its universe. Beautiful, soothing and totally mindless, flOw is one of those games where you really can't ever lose; you just have to play a bit longer if you mess up. There are no buttons to push, no combos to learn and no distractions with this game, just hours of video game style Prozac.

The object of flOw is to guide a little single-celled organism to consume other, smaller organisms until you grow big enough to dive a bit deeper into the darkness to consume bigger, more menacing organisms. As the food gets bigger it will begin to nibble back, and once your character has lost all of the decorative goodies gained by eating the smaller guys, flOw sends you back up a level to build your strength again. Once all depths have been achieved, there is the option of taking on a new form or keeping your current one for the next level. I know what you're thinking, and it really is as boring as it seems.

Control is achieved exclusively with the six axis PS3 controller, meaning that dipping the controller one way or the other translates into movement on the screen. As with every motion controlled game there is a certain ambiguity involved, but since this game requires no precision at all, it isn't a problem. Available for download on the Play Station Network, flOw will set you back about \$10. Although it may not be the next big hit or break any ground, flOw does stick to its guns and does not bother trying to pretend it's anything that it's not. So next time your 8 year old nephew is in town, or you need to help one of your friends come down, plug in and get with the flOw.



Online Chess Kingdoms Konami **PSP**

11.28.06 Board games/fantasy

I'm a bit ashamed to admit that Konami was nice enough to send me this game a year ago, and it wasn't until recently that I actually had the time to bust out Online Chess Kingdoms and give the game a shot. However, on a recent trip I put this game to the test and was surprised to see what Konami has done with the classic game of chess. Besides your typical one or two player modes, there is a ton of environments to play in and even a generic version of the classic board game Risk, in which each battle that takes place is (surprise!) a game of chess. This single player campaign has a whole 'universe at war' backstory that goes along with it, but I'll spare you the epic details of that.

The chess pieces and setting of the board change in each environment. Each new style of piece also has different attacks, so when your rook takes your foe's bishop there's an animation of the attack. These animations get old quick, and there's no way to disable them so get ready to see these little shorts quite often. You can, however, change the screen view to just a very simple chess board layout if you absolutely can't stand to see the animations anymore, but you still have to wait the same amount of time that the animation takes to watch, which is a serious bummer.

Another problem with Online Chess Kingdoms is that you have to pass the PSP back and forth to play; I was really hoping there would be a way to just set the PSP between two players and let one player use the D-pad and the other player use the PS buttons to make their moves, but no such luck! However, with five difficulty levels to choose from and even a 'hint' option, Online Chess Kingdoms provides a very entertaining way to hone your chess skills and share a game anywhere, with

3 out of 5 bishops who despise pawns.



Ninja Gaiden II Team Ninja/Tecmo Xbox 360

06.03.08 Action

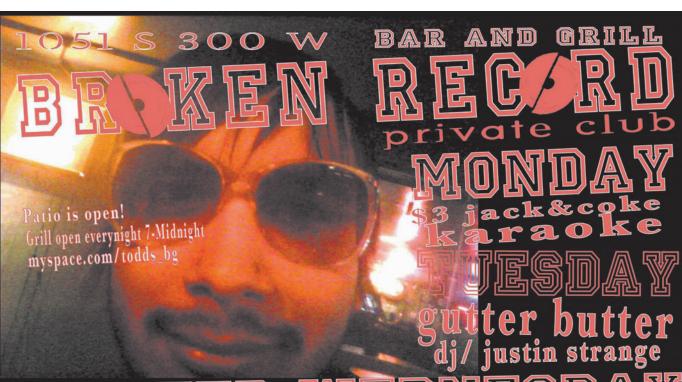
As some of my legions of dedicated readers may remember, I placed Ninja Gaiden II's predecessor, Ninja Gaiden Black, amongst the best games for the original Xbox. Now, three years later, the sequel has finally hit the shelves. And, like a father letting his punk kid drive the car for the first time, I was worried that Team Ninja would meddle too much with all of the things that worked so well before and ruin the fine legacy that is Ninja Gaiden. Well, the car is back in the garage, safe and sound with a full tank of gas and a nice wax job to boot. I'm not telling you that this game is perfect, but it does get the job done in a big way.

First off, this game is not for everyone. If you haven't played any of the previous Ninja Gaiden games, then expect a fairly steep learning curve when you start. The action is super fast, the camera is hard to control and the enemies are more brutal than ever. Once again, Team Ninja has gifted us with oodles of combos to deal death out by the steaming ladleful and an array of weapons that are guaranteed to poke an eye out. Remember when just decapitating enemies seemed gruesome enough? Those days are over, as most battle scenes end up looking like when you put your sister's Barbie collection in the blender.

As I said before, the camera issues have always been bothersome in these games and remain so here. Nothing new or surprising about that; bad camera angles are just a reality in third person games where direction changes and tight environments are abundant. There are also some issues with getting caught on simple environment obstacles which can make parts of the game frustrating. However, don't let a few little problems stop you from nurturing your inner ninja. Ninja Gaiden II rocks audaciously from start to stop; the few little improvements and heaps of proven, bodacious slashing ensure that fans of the series will not be disappointed.

STNG

(62)



Wasted Wednesday

7.2 Hennes Siste Hosts w/ Through Eyes of Carrion
7.9 Matriden, Alabaster Morgue, The Reptillians & XOLOT
7.16 Death Pays & TBB

7.23 SUMMER Bludgeoning Inherit: Disease, Condemned, Amagortis and I. \$7 doors @ 8
7.30 Sirhan Sirhan w/ Locals

TRUE HIP HOP THURSDAYS

FRIDAY NIGHTS

7.4 America Fuck Yeah! Nine Worlds, Black Sheep Wall & TBA
7.11 Cave of Roses w/ through the Eyes of Carrion and Incendiant
7.18 LOOM, Shelter Red & Laughter

7.25 XUR, The Dead See (Pluto Records) & TBA 8.1 Estrago, All time Ending, Chase the Moment

SATURDAY

all day breakfast

with djs DJ:DC & Tom B.

SWMDAY

Vegan and Meat Lovers Brunch

7.13 Eagle Twin, Lewd Acts TBA
7.20 DJ: Flash & Flare

8.2 Ultraviolet Sound & Electric Valentine 7.27 Joey Cougar & the Starfish, Ex Machina w/ Teagarden

Abiku Left & Right **Automation Records** Street: 05.27& 06.24, respectively Abiku = Genghis Tron + Get Hustle + X + Berserk + Coughs

Having enjoyed Abiku's previous release, Location, I was a bit intimidated by the 96-track Left & Right collection of songs. However, this release shows an artistic advancement that places Abiku at the bleeding edge of innovative and original music. If punk music still exists today. Abiku is it-the bizarre and tortured female vocals show an amazing range and emotion that is unparalleled. Additionally, the combination of sounds (electronic drums, analog keyboards, warbling monotone yelping vocals) results in less of a combination of genres than a new genre altogether, something like future-punk. Like all new things, this album will not blow up the charts, but fans of no-wave, proto-punk, grindcore, electro, power-violence and metal should take notice—and if you play music in any of these genres, take a lesson and listen to Abiku. -Ryan

Aborted Strvchnine.213 Century Media Street: 06.19 Aborted = Nile + Suffocation + Skinless

Unless they start harmonizing melodic



choruses, Aborted will always remain one of my death-metal weaknesses. New additions to the genre tend to generally remain uninteresting to me, but these Belgian gentlemen tip-toe the line between brutality and melodic accessibility wonderfully. Hot on the heels of their previous release, Strychnine.213 comes out without slipping a single step, and though there isn't any growth between the two albums, it still delivers just under 40 minutes of very enjoyable metal with all of the familiar themes, tastefully used samples and adept song structures. Though the album could be their most accessible release to date, it also feels a bit heavier and more aggressive than the previous

release. While many old-school fans tout the band's first two albums as their goregrind masterpieces, I do appreciate the direction Aborted has taken, with their ability to include tinges of grinding ferocity in their now slightlymore-accessible style. More great work, as always. -Conor Dow

Alex Moulton

Exodus **Expansion Team Records** Street: 05.27

Alex Moulton = The Whip + Mid-

night Juggernauts + Daft Punk Unlike most of the recent electrodrenched, nonsensical party albums of the last couple years, Alex Moulton has created something more thematically based; namely, romance in outer space. No robots surrounding this love canon; it is full of prophecies, passions and pounding beats of biblical proportions. The cover art by legendary fantasy artists Boris Vallejo and Julie Bell depicts a couple floating through space, leaving a burning city behind for the comfort of a UFO. The music is masterfully crafted, sounding more like the score to an 80s love story than a dance-hall burner. Tack on the peculiarity of Kraftwerk and a little LCD Soundsystem style and you have the schematic for a sexy time. Is this the first modern post-banger album? -Andrew Glassett

Amaseffer Slaves for Life Inside Out Street: 06.24 Amaseffer = epic all the way

How much more epic can you get than creating a massively orchestrated piece of music built on the concept of Moses leading the Israelites out of Jerusalem? That is exactly what Amaseffer has done with this (their first in a trilogy of concept records.) The majority of the tunes are long, with a few shorter interludes; the record plays out like a movie soundtrack. Most of the music is actually orchestrated/synths though there are mighty and big guitar moments with those great falsetto power-metal vocals. With the first listen of the album, I thought, well, this is going to get old fast, but after a few listens, the damn thing grew on me. The orchestration is diverse, full of different atmospheres and sounds, including background moments of people screeching and yelling. This is one record you can't really skip around on the tracks; the album is made to be listened to as a whole or the point behind it will be missed. –Bryer Wharton

Bottle Up & Go These Bones Kill Normal

Street: 06.17 Bottle Up & Go = The Black Keys + Entrance + Murder City Devils

First, I'd like to thank SLUG for giving me albums to review each month; without them I would be lost in an abyss of old mix CDs and bands I've listened to more times than Michael Jackson thinks about little boys. Now I've got something new to put in my player and I love it. In fact, this is just what I was looking for. Bottle Up & Go is the perfect blend of blues and rock. Did The Black Keys knock up a hooker in New York to give birth to this miracle boozy, bluesy band? What makes BU&G even more fun to jam to is that they've got that same guitar personality as The Black Keys plus an insane voice like Spencer Moody of Murder City Devils. This album screams party until dawn, too bad there are only seven tracks that I'm going to have to repeat until the night is over. -Lyuba Basin

The Briggs Come All You Madmen SideOneDummy Records Street: 06.17

The Briggs = Street Dogs + Dropkick Murphys + The Living End Come All You Madmen is the kind of album that reminds me of why I found punk rock so appealing in the first place. Countless bands cite The Clash as an influence and try to evoke the "Spirit of '77," but The Briggs are one of only a few bands out there today who truly recapture the attitude and energy of early punk rock without sounding generic or derivative. From the bootstomping sing-along "Mad Men" to the fist-pumping choruses of "This Is L.A." and "Ship of Fools," The Briggs deliver one of the most fun and listenable albums of straight-up punk rock that I've heard in a long time. The band also expands upon their formula, utilizing horns on "Bloody Minds" and taking a softer approach on "Not Alone" and the great acoustic closer "Molly." Punk rock just doesn't get a whole lot better than this. -Ricky Vigil

CryptopsyThe Unspoken King Century Media Street: 06.24 Cryptopsy = Kataklysm + The Black Dahlia Murder + one of the fastest metal drummers ever

Early on in Cryptopsy career, they were considered one of the top-tier North American death-metal bands with albums Blasphemy Made Flesh and None So Vile. They moved to a more metalcore style when vocalist Lord Worm left the band and Mike DiSalvo joined in. Many fans lost interest quickly with the band's two albums with DiSalvo. Lord Worm returned with the band's Once Was Not album and seemed to



as new ones, but his presence did not last. Now there is a new vocalist and a very different style for Cryptopsy, which undoubtedly will alienate the band's hardcore death-metal followers. Renowned drummer Flo Mounier does an amazing job at what he always does with the speed of his playing and his many tempo changes. However, the new vocalist is bland and sounds like every run-of-the-mill metalcore singer and even worse when he implements his clean singing style. There are moments when the lead guitar sounds amazing and technical as hell; then there are moments that sound like Korn or the growing-in boringness of The Red Chord or The Black Dahlia Murder. To put things simply, fans of the new breed of metalcore or deathcore will enjoy this without end. Fans that hold Blasphemy Made Flesh and None So Vile in their hearts as great death-metal albums will hate this new offering. I understand a band's need to change and progress, but they could have done it differently and better with The Unspoken King. -Bryer Wharton

Dead Sea Effect Those of Us About to Die Salute You

Secret Decoder Street: 07.22 Dead Sea Effect = Ministry Beats trapped in your closet + a hungover Wolf Eyes

By the end of your first listen, you can tell that this band is merely a side project for the two members. Those two members are Peter C. Neusch (Race Against Space) on guitar with Justin Vellucci playing everything else. These dudes just seemed to mash together some strange Duane Denison guitar track with some gutless clicks and clacks in the background and some Brain McMahan spoken word over the top, chopped it up seven different ways and called it an album. These seven songs really could have used some nurturing and compassion. If I would have had it my way, there would have a been a real drummer

pounding his way all **Zach Hill**-style instead of some flimsy Spoonman sounds in the background. A real drumner would have given these songs the will to live, but instead all they do is just wither away. Boo hoo. —Jon Robertson

Dosh Wolves and Wishes Anticon Street: 05.13

Dosh = DJ Shadow + Oval + The Books + (insert genre here)

Anticon has always housed a glorious lineup of underground hip-hop talent (you're welcome, Atmosphere!), but Wolves and Wishes—the umpteenth release by producer extraordinaire Dosh—just might be the collective's greatest moment. Here, Dosh once again uses his unique hip-hop production style as the jump-off point for a journey through samples so vivid and diverse that even Kid Koala will go green with envy. Want jam-band horn section with your beats? Just toss on closing track "Capture the Flag." **Bro**ken Social Scene-styled catharsis with a huge danceable beat behind it? "Bury the Ghost" is your game! It's an album so sprawling and satisfying that you're likely to hear bits of your favorite artist at some point ("That's totally a Four Tet ripoff!" you cry while "Food Cycles" plays), but really those moments are smaller parts of the big picture: Dosh has crafted an astonishing beat festival that's as emotional as it is downright funky. - Evan Sawdey

Double Pumpers Old Gold

Music For Cats Street: 07.15 Double Pumpers = Ya Mom's Busted Ass

Picture yourself hanging at your parents' and all of a sudden they decide to leave, so like some weirdo you decide to go searching through all your parents' personal belongings. Along the way you find some strange sex books and other things that you don't want to remember. One of the things you do remember finding was some ridiculousass pictures of your parents all coked out at some 70s rock show. Well, that picture was probably taken at the Double Pumpers show. This music sounds like a local band that probably plays the same broke-down bar with the same haggard fools (your parents) reliving their glory days while listening to the band play **Deep Purple's** "Smoke On The Water" for the fifty-millionth time. Bogus! -Jon Robertson

The Estranged Static Thoughts Dirtnap Records

Street: 06.10

The Estranged = The Briefs + Heavens + Exploding Hearts + Warsaw
After listening to this album a few times,

I was still undecided about my opinion of it, so I decided to provide both a positive and a negative review for you, the faithful SLUG reader. Some would say that The Estranged's combination of bouncy northwestern pop-punk with the dark ambience of early post-punk is an interesting and exciting new formula. Others would call it entirely derivative and indebted to earlier, better bands.

Some would say the jagged guitar riffs, snotty vocals and steady, creeping beats delivered consistently throughout the album create a lasting, persistent mood. Others would say all the songs kinda sound the same. Some would say The Estranged have a unique sound that merely needs to be more fully developed for them to stand apart from the pack. Others would say Ian Curtis is already influencing enough mediocre bands. Both opinions are probably right. –Ricky Vigil

Flying Lotus Los Angeles

Warp Street: 06.10 Flying Lotus = Dabrye + RZA + Portishead



While making a documentary in Paris about his musical relatives, a taxi driver asked Steven Ellison, a.k.a. Flying Lotus, if he and his crew were musicians. He slumped down in his seat, but great aunt Alice Coltrane spoke up: "Yeah, this guy, he's a musician, too; he thinks he's a filmmaker, though." After a few listens to Los Angeles (and all of his stellar work, for that matter), you notice that Ellison's music is the perfect mix of both, the album title, his hometown, providing the thematic element (something you'll really notice if you've ever spent time in L.A.) to this extraordinary hypercompressed, claustrophobic mélange of samples, broken rhythms and analog loveliness. You hear spooky, foggy nighttime Malibu surf ("Camel"), experience whiffs of Little India's spices and rhythms ("Melt!"), see red-carpet traffic jams ("Golden Diva"), pull down the wrong street at the wrong time ("Riot") and drowsily smile like a tourist in La Brea ("Sleepy Dinosaur"). -Dave

GG Elvis and the TCP Band

Back From the Dead: A Punk Elvis Tribute Mental Records Street: 06.24

Street: 06.24
GG Elvis = Elvis + bands that the man himself would probably have hated

If I was a high-profile movie critic, and this record a high-profile movie, I would give it a sideways thumb. It's just OK. Apparently, the "TCP" in the name stands for "Taking Care of Punk," but if I didn't know better and had to guess, I'd say that it stands for "Totally Crucifying Presley." It's not something that any self-respecting Elvis fan would ever be caught dead listening to.

Likewise, it's not really something that many punks would listen to, either. It was like they understood up front that the demographic this was going to be marketed to (pre-pubescent punkrocker boys) wouldn't have the interest and therefore, the attention span to listen to straight-up Elvis covers. So they basically sing Elvis lyrics to classic punk-rock tracks. One song basically is Black Flag's "Six Pack." "Blue Suede Shoes" has a "Code Blue" breakdown, which is actually pretty entertaining. That could either be because it is actually funny, or because it is laughable. You decide. I wouldn't be able to sleep comfortably tonight if I told you that this was worth buying. However, if you are often around pre-pubescent punk-rocker boys, borrow their copy and have a listen. –Aaron Dav

Grave Dominion VIII Regain Records Street: 06.10

Grave = Entombed (old) + Unleashed + Dismember

Swedish death-metal fiends have strange timing; fellow Swedish deathmetal band Unleashed have released their latest, Hammer Battalion, on the same day as Grave's Dominion VIII hit the stores here in the U.S. That said, there are similarities in each band's music, but Grave take a dirtier road with their trademark gritty down-tuned guitar tones. However, like their peers, the style hasn't evolved or changed much from their early days or their last couple albums. The tempos are still a mix of speedy and slow, guttural violent vocals shredding up the place. Maybe Grave keeps their sound in the same territory because when they did alter it a bit, the fans got pissed. Gotta give the fans what they want, right? I like to call this process the **Deicide** syndrome; said band released record after record that sounded pretty much the same. Did they lose any fans? No. Did they gain? It's pretty likely a few, but there is an inherent safeness in it. You could say well, if a band doesn't change, then they are just rehashing the same thing over and over again. But then how the hell did **AC/DC** become so damn famous? I say if you've got it right once and the fans are satisfied, why reinvent the wheel? It's still brutal as death metal should be and it's still a blast to listen to. -Bryer Wharton

Harvey Milk Life ... The Best Game in Town Hydra Head

Hydra Head Street: 06.05

Harvey Milk = KISS (with integrity) + Black Flag (with maturity) + Melvins (without the giggles)

In the interest of full disclosure, I must admit that I absolutely adore Harvey Milk. Their breakup in the late 90s after *The Pleaser* rended my heartstrings, and their reformation in 2005 to record *Special Wishes* filled me with anxious joy. Of course, when one so loves a band, one is susceptible to the worst kind of disappointment. Well, it is 2008 and I'm extremely pleased to report that Harvey Milk's newest release *Life* ... *The Best Game in Town* not only fulfills my hopes, but maintains their unblemished legacy. The addition of

bassist Joe Preston (Thrones, ex-Melvins, ex-Earth) hasn't altered their winning formula of off-kilter, angular and obtuse pisstakes on the hardest of hard rock. Harvey Milk still splice together orchestral arrangements, morose dirges, fistfuls of classic-rock guitar, and the bleakest, most intelligent lyrics found outside of a John Fante novel. Opening song "Death Goes to the Winner" closes with smeared lyrical snippets from Velvet Underground, giving the classics their firmest kick to the ribs since Black Flag updated "Louie Louie." Buy this album, and then buy the entire Harvey Milk discography. In this reviewer's opinion, they're as good as heavy music gets. -Ben West

Iota Tales Small Stone Recordings Street: 06.10 lota = Torche + Weedeater + Om



Although this is a national CD review, I am quite happy to say that lota are from Utah. What we have here are five fantastic tracks that explore the scopes of space, psychedelic, and stoner rock. Two of these tracks exceed 10 minutes in length, one which more than doubles that, with some totally tasty jam sessions that demand repeated listens at full volume. Not only will fans of older stoner rock appreciate this, but their kids who enjoy the sludgy metal will as well. Each song tends to follow its own path, but all of them guarantee a great deal of spacious fills and trance-inducing movements that will just urge you to lean back farther in your filthy easy chair or press harder on the gas pedal. I fully expect this to be heavy in my rotation all summer long. Set the controls for the heart of the sun. -Conor Dow

Jon Sonnenberg Acoustic Selections Old Man Records Street: 06.24

Jon Sonnenberg = Electronica - Electronics

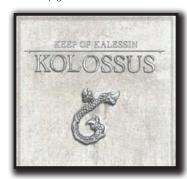
This album is a release of electronically composed songs written by **Jon Sonnenberg** and redone with only acoustic instruments. The feeling of the acoustic touch upon these tracks is an experience for your ears to behold—so technical and yet so simple, without the help of synthesized noise. My favorite track is entitled "D.O.A." because of the subtleties in the rhythm and beats and for the overall effect this song has on my mind. It seems like a wonderful montage song of a road-trip scene or a

very productive art session from a video I have yet to see or is yet to be made. As far as the rest of the songs are concerned, it's all gravy, especially if your usual genre of musical enjoyment is always satisfied by electronic concoctions. Check it out and expand your ear drums to sounds not often seen or felt. —Adam Dorobiala

Keep of Kalessin

Nuclear Blast Street: 06.10 Keep of Kalessin = Behemoth + late era Emperor + a whole different level of metal

The Keep got their start in the late 90s



and have had a successful yet dismal career. Pretty much the only reason the band put out albums and exists today is because of main songwriter Obsidian C. Previous albums, including 2006's Armada, seemed to be run-ofthe mill black metal. This new record, Kolossus, shows a massive progression and distinct change in sound from what the band has been, and all in all, such change is a massively important thing; the band has gone from mediocrity to amazement. There is no definite tag to give The Keep's music, other than dark metal-elements of death, black and progressive metal are prevalent in all tracks. Everything has a big emphasis on songwriting and diversifying the band's playing. You have blastbeat death-metal moments followed by prog-style musicianship with magnificent synth and piano melodies. This style has an edge that I haven't heard in a while; the whole thing is fresh and rejuvenating. Kolossus is without question one of the best releases from Nuclear Blast (aside from the new Testament, of course) this year! -Bryer Wharton

Marduk Nightwing Regain Records Street: 04.30 Marduk = Keyboard-free blood-thirsty Black Metal

The world of black metal has become remarkably popular since the Swedish black-metal beast known as Marduk first spread its filthy wings in 1990. After years of difficult and unstable distribution in the USA, Regain Records has seen fit to reissue what many consider to be Marduk's classic 1998 black-metal full-length, *Nightwing*, with improved artwork, remastered sound, and a bonus live DVD. How does this decade-old slice of black-metal ferocity hold up today in a world glutted with thousands of new black-metal releases? Put simply, it slays. A con-

cept album addressing the legacy of **Vlad Dracul**, a.k.a. "Vlad the Impaler," whose gory deeds inspired the story of Dracula, *Nightwing* is as brutal and ferocious as black metal gets. Honestly, I defy any black metal band to write a more aggressive and memorable song than "Of Hell's Fire." While the grainy live DVD may be a "diehard only" affair, the crisp sound and much-improved graphics make this reissue of *Nightwing* a must-have for budding black-metal fans and experienced veterans alike. Bravo, Regain Records! —*Ben West*

Nefastus Dies Urban Cancer Candlelight USA Street: 06.10 Nefastus Dies = Alchemist + At the Gates

I don't want to resent this band for performing a style of metal that I simply don't care for; Urban Cancer displays some genuine talent and more than adequate musicianship. However, I'm among the admittedly small minority of grouchy, older metal fans that believes At the Gates' landmark album, Slaughter of the Soul, is among the worst things to happen to death metal (along with glossy ProTools production and triggered drums). While Canadians Nefastus Dies are far less guilty of watering down the intentions of the original framers of the death-metal constitution than the legions of sideways haircut-sporting mallcore kids, Urban Cancer still commits many of the same sins, primarily with its abuse of melodic, trebly riffing. While effective in short bursts, each song on Urban Cancer feels overlong, over-reaching while attempting to be epic. Whenever a song begins to build momentum, such as during the sevenplus-minutes-long "None of the Above," its bone-crunching machinery quickly becomes entangled in the song's velevety interludes, and begins to spin its wheels and spew smoke. The overall effect is merely abrasive, rather than truly heavy. -Ben West

Negativland Thigmotactic Seeland Street: 07.08

Negativland - "Is There Any Escape from Noise" = This album; it's easy to listen to!

Keep in mind that this review is written from the perspective of a man who purchased Negativland's Our Favorite Things DVD earlier today. I love them. Negativland has been making noisecollage muzak since 1980. I got turned on to them while reading No Logo. Do you hate advertising? Do you think that those in power can't be trusted? Do you think that anybody can make music? Even you? Culture jamming is the name of Negativland's game and they are still on it! The geniuses behind Dispepsi and Fair Use: The Story of the Letter U and the Numeral 2 are back with a few more points to make, all done with humor, I assure you. They throw Nixon's words right back at him on the first track, "Richard Nixon Died Today." The ninth song, "Influential You," might just be my favorite. Having this CD currently in my possession is the greatest thing that I've gotten from being affiliated with SLUG. I bragged

about it to a friend and he suggested I rip it and seed it. Negativland wouldn't have a problem with that, but **U2**'s label might. Assholes. –*Eric Blair*

NOMO Ghost Rock Ubiquity Street: 06.17 NOMO = Konomo No. 1 + The Heliocentrics

NOMO's previous effort, the brilliant New Tones, relishes in a swaggering "live" shuffle of acoustic percussion, tape-bleed, shimmying horns and lugubrious tempos. This time around, the band tightens up those loose ends-harnessing the rhythms into edited sequences, boosting the tempos, injecting more funk into the mix—and largely eschews the Balinese gamelan-like feel in favor of electric mbiras. Compare and contrast aside, how is it? The prominent horn section is still spot-on and a bit more mature. showcasing virtuosity across the disc, but the draw of this band, that which gives their music a unique, compelling and immediately gratifying personality, has always been the organic, raw nature-the occasional stray note and all. Perhaps these are live jams translated in the studio, but the dancier (more East African than Carl Craig), more mechanical nature is something fans will need to acclimate to. Not worse, not better: just different. Let it stew for a bit. -Dave Madden

Novembers Doom Amid its Hallowed Mirth & Of Sculptured Ivy and Stone Flowers

The End Records Street: 05.27

Novembers Doom = My Dying Bride + Swallow the Sun + Novembre If you're a fan of doom metal, you've

certainly heard a few songs by the illustrious Novembers Doom, who easily contend with many of their European counterparts and have definitely influenced many of the younger doom/death metal acts of today. The End Records have gone ahead and re-released the first two Novembers Doom albums and have included some nice extras as well, including old demo tracks and soft versions of various songs. I think my only complaint is that I prefer the original artwork to the re-tooled versions here. But for the completist who just can't seem to track down an old cassette copy of the Scabs demo, or for those who are new to gloomy offerings from the doom genre, these re-releases are definitely something worth picking up. -Conor

Patti Smith and Kevin Shields

Coral Sea PASK Street: 07.11

Patti Smith & Kevin Shields = Allen Ginsberg + The Velvet Underground In a better world, we would all be

In a better world, we would all be blessed by a Patti Smith elegy upon our deaths. In the one in which we actually exist, though, it takes someone as angelic as photographer Robert Mapplethorpe to inspire such an honor. Mapplethorpe—friend of



Smith and producer of 20th-century iconic American images, including the cover photo of Smith's 1975 debut, Horses-died of AIDS in 1989. Smith published the book Coral Sea in 1997 as a tribute. This album consists of two live recordings of Smith reading that work at separate performances over soundscapes created by My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields. While other artists who flourished in New York City under the umbrella of the beat poets have scuttled into irrelevance with their inability to produce compelling new material, Coral Sea is a bold and accomplished continuation of that tradition, and is essential for anyone who still shudders at the line, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked ..." -Nate Martin

Rage Carved in Stone Locomotive/Nuclear Blast Street: 06.10 Rage = Dream Evil + Freedom Call

 a little less lyrical cheese German power metal troupe Rage have been around for over two decades, and admittedly I've only heard their last album, Speak of the Dead. Just comparing the two, Carved in Stone kicks some butt in comparison. The whole album is just a great guitar showcase with wailing solos and great thrashing-style riffs, which actually set this long-time power metal act above the pack. It's not wimpy at all—except for a ballad track or two, everything is heavy and thick in its guitars. Then there are the vocals; Peter "Peavey" Wagner has an astounding range and lyrical con-

coctions that will get you singing along,

even when you don't quite know the

lyrics. The year 2008 has seen some

the pile and rock on! -Bryer Wharton

great power-metal albums; add this to

Rockabye Baby! Lullaby Renditions of The Pixies

Rockabye Baby! Street: 06.10 Rockabye Baby! = Mike Baiardi + The Pixies – Rock!

Lay your head down, sweet baby. You're getting drowsy off these soothing tunes. Your innocent mind doesn't associate these melodies with what I do: a sweaty **Black Francis**, a mane-a-shakin' **Kim Deal**, a shirtless **David Lovering** bashing on skin and metal and **Joey Santiago** spitting lit cigarettes into a crowd of mangy college kids. My imagination replaces the mellowed harp solo of "Alec Eiffel" with razor-sharp, head-wrenching guitar notes and images of the guy

who stage-dove and lit on my head. And I'm forcing myself to not howl "caribouuuuuuu!" Goo goo, you are my little "Monkey Gone to Heaven," just like the song you're snoring to suggests. The most important thing right now for you, my child, is sleep, and these arrangements, grounded in vibes, glockenspiel, the aforementioned harp (realized by **Mike Baiardi**) and otherwise soft keyboards, will ensure this—and plant the right seeds so you don't later find affect with fucking *High School Musical!—Dave Madden*

Sam Champion Heavenly Bender North Street Records Street Date: 07.15 Sam Champion = Cold War Kids + Mooney Suzuki

Throw some pints of beer at the young kids and see what happens. Really, that's probably how Sam Champion got started, and (if we're lucky) that's how it'll probably end as well. This NYC-bred foursome really wants to write nothing but 60s rock classics, but their continual adherence to convention and formula prevents most of their songs from taking off and going, well, anywhere. Fortunately, there are a few songs that stand out amidst the hackneyed guitar extravaganzas: the "Incense and Peppermints"-affected "Dead Moon' settles for being just a regular pop song (thereby making it sound like the least-forced track on the record) and the very singer-songwritery "Lorraine" actually synthesizes all their influences into a pleasant excursion that doesn't reek of wannabeism. Unfortunately. that's all there is to recommend off of Heavenly Bender, an album that fades from memory only seconds after the disc stops spinning. —Evan Sawdey

Shai Hulud Misanthropy Pure Metal Blade Records Street: 05.27 Shai Hulud = Zombie Apocalypse + Melody

It's been five years since Shai Hulud put out anything new. Most people left them for dead after That Within Blood III Tempered, since Geert Van Der Velde, their second singer, parted ways with the band. The 'Lud is on their third singer and they are trying desperately to make people know that they haven't gone away. Misanthropy Pure is Shai Hulud from top to bottom. Not much has changed in the last 12 years or so with the band. They still play their unique start-stop technical melodic metalcore in the late-90s sense of the word. Although M.P. is technically proficient, the vocals fall flat. New vocalist Matt Mazzali leads the band pretty well, but doesn't show much range. That's what's missing from the new record. Their older material showed more passion; this time around Shai Hulud is more calculated and the vocals are one note. Songs like "Misanthropy Pure" and "Four Earths" are blazing and show a real return to form for Shai Hulud. Misanthropy Pure isn't a disappointment by any means, and it's certainly nice to see a band that's been around this long showing people how it's done, but a little more range in the vocals would seal the deal. -Peter Fryer

Shame Club Come On Small Stone Street: 07.08 Shame Club = Kyuss + KISS + Kick Ass

I was totally expecting this CD to suck on it big time in a lame-ass stonergarage-rock way. Boy oh boy, was I surprised. This damn shit is bad-ass. May the Shame Club live on in glory. This business comes out at you nonstop and beats your face in while you scream for joy. Shame Club does play a fuzzed-out thick bunch of noise, but it's dynamic. It's like if Stone Temple Pilots hated being weird, artsy drug addicts and decided to listen to some good home-style blues and smoke all the weed they could find while hopped up on Pixie Stix and decided to serenade all the dandelions into headbanging their yellow heads off. There is no shame in pimpin' out the Shame Club because they are just too pimp!! -Jon Robertson

Street Dogs State of Grace Hellcat

Street: 07.08

Street Dogs = Stiff Little Fingers + Rose Tattoo + The Clancy Brothers

This is the album, finally the record, that shows who the Street Dogs are, where they come from, and where they're going. It's been coming for awhile, as the band has been releasing nothing but great punk-rock records since their debut with 2002's Savin Hill. Lead singer Mike McColgan put his madefor-punk-rock voice to some of his most personal songs. The second track, "Kevin J O'Toole"—a memorial track to McColgan's uncle, who was a member of the Boston Fire Department, was the inspiration for McColgan to become a fire fighter as well. The "General's Boombox "is a eulogy to another of the band's heroes, Joe Strummer, and the influence can be heard loud and clear on this excellent tune. The battle cry of "Two Angry Kids" takes me straight back to the emotion I felt being a young punk rocker. The last track, "Free," is mellower and is evidence that some of these Dogs own a Bob Dylan record or two, but it's a great way to end this album. State of Grace is everything a great punk record should be and even a little more. I hope all those kids stuck in the street-punk rut pick this up and hear what punk rock can do. -James

Teenage Head Teenage Head With Marky Ramone

Sonic Unyon Records Street: 06.10

Teenage Head = Ramones + Eddie Cochrane + The New York Dolls + The Rolling Stones

After reading up on Teenage Head and listening to their first release in years, I felt embarrassed that I've never heard of them previously. After forming in 1976, T.H. has often been called Canada's answer to the **Ramones**, and remarkably has soared almost completely under the radar here in the US due to various unfortunate circumstances. With their likeness to the Ramones' power pop-punk, it's

only fitting that for this release, **Marky Ramone** would join them and bring his legendary drumming into the mix. T.H. With M.R. consists of re-recorded tracks from previously recorded and released material from T.H. spanning back to their first release, *Teenage Head* (1979), to 1988's *Electric Guitar*. Old hits and fan favorites mixed with Ramone on drums and producer

Daniel Rey (Ramones, Misfits, White Zombie, etc.) at the helm makes this album something special. I recommend checking out Canada's best-kept punkrock secret. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Terror The Damned, the Shamed Century Media Street: 06.10

Terror = Hatebreed + Death Before Dishonor + Tough Guy



Terror is on Century Media now. Weird, I know. But don't fear, the new release is 100% Terror and 100% hardcorefor better or worse. Terror found their formula and is sticking to it. Not much separates The Damned, the Shamed from 2006's Always the Hardway, so if you are familiar with that, you'll be familiar with this one. Terror has always been more of a live band. Recorded, they are decent, but the tunes start to flow together into one big mess of tough-guy vocals, fast guitars and then a breakdown. Vogel shines as a frontman, but that can only be experienced in the confines of a small club. Terror is still one of the better bands to get your faced smashed to, but after awhile, getting your face smashed just doesn't cut it anymore. Terror found their groove and they're sticking with it. It's doubtful they'll ever be able to capture the raw energy and passion from their earlier work and TDTS is an adequate release, but it isn't doing much that's fresh or exciting. -Peter Fryer

Thank You Terrible Two Thrill Jockey Street: 06.15

Thank You = *Drum*'s-era Liars + Aa + Animal Collective

Everyone's bonkers for Baltimore these days, what with Wham City! weirdos exploding from the gritty sound-stages of *The Wire* onto the radars of respectable music critics everywhere. Thank You has leapfrogged alongside citymates **Dan Deacon**, **Ecstatic Sunshine** and **Beach House** onto a significant indie label and has hooked up with a producer whose creds include **TV On the Radio** and **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**. *Terrible Two* is a five-track, 35-minute exhalation of anti-pedantic enthusiasm

with rhythms like jazz tribalism, mathrock guitar repetitions, and an uproar swollen by noisy samples and sounds made by whatever instruments they find lying around. Its songs are epic in scope and change mid-track like a play changing acts. The song titles all allude to procreation ("Embryo Imbroglio," "Pregnant Friends,") and it appears that one of the most musically exciting cities in the country has just given birth ... again. –Nate Martin

Various Artists Delicious Vinyl All-Stars: RMXXOLOGY

Delicious Vinyl Street Date: 07.29 (digital release available now)

RMXXOLOGY = Young MC + Tone Loc + Bmore + Blog House

As the Blog House scene slowly encroaches on our everyday music collection, occasional releases rise above the legal issues to become reality-most often not representing the best remixes around, simply the most licensable. However, Delicious Vinyl is representing some heavy hitters, featuring remixes by **Peaches**, **Hot Chip**, **Mr. Flash** and Diplo. In this release, the overwhelming theme is 90s hip-hop, tightly chopped and blasted to nu-rave proportions with electro-hyphy beats and bmore bpms. Overrall, the CD is an interesting mix, with a few apparent club bangers-Tone Loc's "Wild Thing (Peaches Remix)" and **Young MC's** "Know How (Aaron LaCrate and Debonair Samir Remix)", and a few more forgettable tracks. I am left with the feeling that this compilation is nothing more than a label sampler, left to push the good artists (and not even their best work) along with the bad. That being said, Delicious Vinyl still gets props for pushing rad DJs and creating a great concept compilation. -Ryan Powers

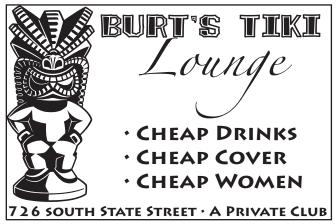
Wold Stratification Profound Lore Records Street: 06.24 Wold = Wrath of the Weak + Ildjarn

+ Gnaw Their Tongues I may not know much, but I do know this: Wold fucking HATES YOU. Here is a two-man band from Canada who has been perfecting their black, dismal noises for nearly 10 years. Violent, dark, and nihilistic, each song buzzes throughout the listener's ear just long enough to lull them into a trance before ripping them away with a quick shifts and adjustment in the formulas. This chaos really works, and the wicked sounds produced here are quite unique in their own right. Though this will most certainly appeal to most of the noise fans, there's many elements of unconventional black metal present as well in atmosphere, production and vocals. Their previous album, Screech Owl, was quite memorable, but Stratification is damn near devastating. I fully expect Wold to burn bright and disturbing for quite some time; I just hope my ears endure long enough to keep up. -Conor Dow











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187 Reasons Mexicanos Can't Cross the Boarder: Undocumented 1971 – 2007

Juan Felipe Herrera

City Lights Publishers [Street: 02.08]

Despite the fact that the Mexican population is growing greater in the U.S. every day, many people choose to remain ignorant of the history of our neighbors from South of the border. After reading Herrera's new book I felt like I had gained a great deal of insight about the experience of living in the U.S. as a Mexican. Herrera compiled over thirty years of "undocuments" consisting of poetry, journal entries and essays, in which he discusses everything from food to freedom marches. Some of his writings are longwinded and repetitious, while others snap to the point with powerful thoughts and imagery. To get the most from this book I'd recommend grabbing a Spanish-English dictionary—it'd be a shame to miss something important just because you don't understand it. —Ben Trentelman.

American Hair Metal

Steven Blush

Feral House [Street: Nov. 2006]

WOW! If you have any illusions that butt-metal bands were into making music for any other reason than taking tons of drugs and getting laid, think again! From the picture of Aqua Net adorning the first page of American Hair Metal to the leopard-spandexed buttocks of **Mike Tramp** of **White Lion** on the last, you will take a rip-roarin' tour through the mid-to-late 80s like you've never before experienced. Welcome to 170 full-color, glossy pages of over-the-top fashion and grandiose quotes from **Warrant**, **Poison**, **Guns N' Roses**, **Ratt**, **Motley Crüe**, **Bon Jovi**, **Kix** and more. Steve Blush, also the author of *American Hardcore*, takes a nostalgic, thumbs-up look back at the hair-metal movement, but puts in some ironic quotes for balance. Don't get me wrong, his irony ain't no *Decline of Western Civilization II*, but his observations on girl bands oversexualizing their acts to get any sort of respect in the scene (**Vixen, Femme Fatale, Poison Dollies**) and the wholesale sexual exploitation of worshipping prepubescent females at concerts everywhere, is definitely poignant. The best page might be the series of press quotes from **Nikki Sixx** between the years 85-90 running the gamut of "I don't do drugs! Why does everyone think I do drugs?" to "Yeah, rehab sucked." That's Mr. Brownstone for ya! *-Rebecca Vernon*

The Forger: An Extraordinary Story of Survival in Wartime Berlin

Cioma Schönhaus

Da Capo Press [Street: 01.07]

Over the years there have emerged countless tales of survival and valor amid Hitler's reign over Germany during World War II. One such story is *The Forger*, a remarkable first-hand account of how Russian-Jew **Cioma Schönhaus** escaped from his hostile home of Berlin in the 1940s and lived to tell the story. With vivid detail and imagery, Schönhaus chronicles his experiences as a graphic artist whom was determined to save himself and as many other Jews seeking salvation from the Nazi party as possible. By forging passports and identification cards, Schönhaus was able to spare many Jews the fate of being sent to concentration camps and even made a pretty good living for himself. The talented and cunning young man did not live the typical life of a Jew in wartime Berlin as he dined in fancy restaurants and occasionally spent nights with a certain German officer's wife. It is no surprise that there is already a film in the works, though I'm not sure how well it is going to adapt to the screen. Regardless, *The Forger* is as inspiring of a story as you will ever read, making it a hard book to put down. *—Michael DeJohn*

The New York Trilogy

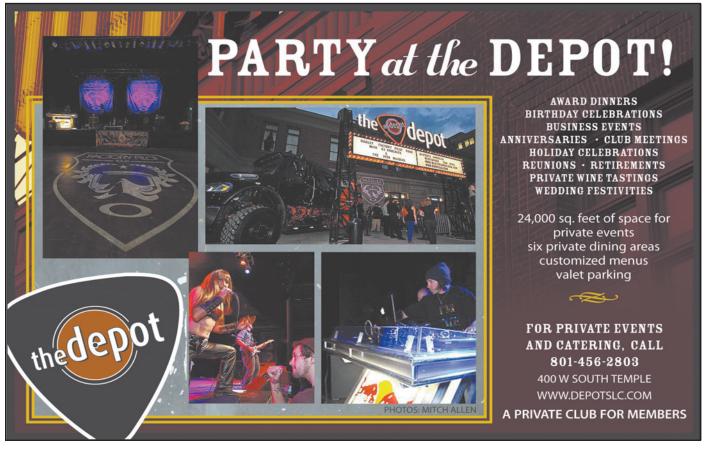
Paul Auster

Penguin Books [Street: March 2006]

City of Glass, Ghosts and The Locked Room all feature such thematic communalities as private eyes, mistaken identities, trailing a mark and guns. In this way, they are identifiable within the oft-depreciated genre of detective fiction. However, with their emphasis on the limited abilities and implications of language, the function of story-telling, and the basic principles of existentialism, Paul Auster takes a formulaic (if not delightful) genre and turns it on its head. While these novellas contain variations on the typical narrative framework of a mystery novel—the summons, the trail, the snag, the breakthrough—the case ostensibly being worked on in an Auster story will probably be abandoned for more universal queries. The identity the protagonist ends up obsessing over is usually his own, the clues being less likely a smoking gun and more likely being a strange turn of phrase. Like Pynchon's The Crying of Lot 49, The New York Trilogy can be viewed as Sam Spade with a dose of Jacques Lacan, Phillip Marlowe visited by Wittgenstein. However, unlike Pynchon, Auster utilizes intertextuality, deconstructionism, and existentialism in way that even the reader unacquainted with continental philosophy can enjoy immensely, without feeling entirely unschooled. -J.R. Boyce

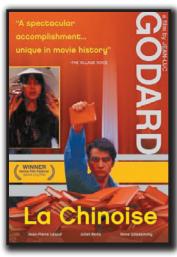






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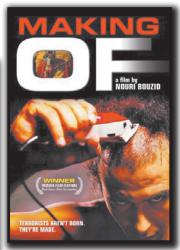
La Chinoise Koch Lorber Films Street: 05.13



As all film students and movie-buffs know. Jean-Luc Goddard is one of. if not THE, master of French cinema. To this day, countless filmmakers "pay homage to" (which is a fancy way of saying "rip off") his unique styles and techniques in order to entertain today's audiences. However, for a director who has a filmography of over 90 films, is it possible/acceptable for the genius to slip up from time to time? Sure, why not? In 1967. Goddard's 24th film. La Chinoise examined the worldwide political movements of Communists. Leninists, Maoists and the Americans' war in Vietnam through the eyes of five middle-class French students who form a Maoist terror cell. While the plot appears captivating, the majority of the first 60-minutes consist of the actors breaking the fourth-wall by speaking directly to the camera or conducting in-depth interviews about their beliefs. It feels like an over-the-top performance vou'd witness at a local coffee shop on poetry night. Don't get me wrong, the message is entrancing. It's the execution that is monotonous. There are a handful of moments that expose Goddard's true artistic power and creativity, but in the end, it falls short of preserving the viewers' expectations -Jimmy Martin

Making Of Koch Lorber Films Street 06.12

It's not everyday you get to witness the rhymes and reasons of individuals who feel they've been chosen by God to detonate themselves in a crowded



market, but director Nouri Bouzid has created a film that accomplishes this specific task in a unique fashion. Making Of chronicles the fictitious story of Bahta (Lotfi Abdelli), an impressionable Tunisian breakdancer who, while searching for his purpose in life, becomes involved with Islamic extremists only to become brainwashed into thinking he's a living martyr. The synopsis alone had me at "Tunisian breakdancer," but Bouzid adds an additional ingredient to his cinematic recipe that separates his creation from other films exploring the subject. Intertwined within the narrative. Bouzid documents actor Abdelli's genuine reactions to the film's message ... even if it occurs in the middle of a scene. As Abdelli questions Bouzid's message and motives, he contemplates his own safety for making a film illustrating fundamentalists. While most filmmakers would toss these clippings in a cheesy behind-the-scenes featurette on their special edition DVD, Bouzid found its message as vital as the narrative. The imaginative storyline and the authentic accounts make this film wade in one's brainpool well after the closing credits. -Jimmy Martin

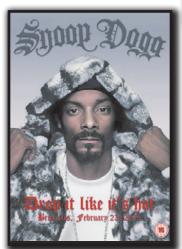
Pete York's Super Drumming Vol. 3 Inakustik

Street: 06.10

In the late 80s people went bonkers for the technical aspects of music. Long gone were the days of rock and roll, and punk was struggling to be edgy or political. Musicians in the 80s were competing with new forms of technology as synths and drum machines were becoming affordable to the general public. It was in this arena that the fusion drummer was born. Emphasis on technicality, but with a rock n' roll

attitude. And thanks to metal and loud rock, the drums were bigger and louder than ever. Super Drumming was a series of on stage performance in the last three years of the 80s by some of the most sought after studio drummers of the time: Bill Bruford, Billy Conham and congo player Nippy Noy. The series also brought in jazz greats Ed Thigpen and the incomparable Louis Bellson for some old school charm. During one stupendous performance, an oscilloscope is connected to a Yamaha RX-11 drum machine and Simon Phillips plays along with the machine for a while but then goes on a tear that leaves the electronics in the dust. This compilation easily crosses into the "so bad it's good" territory 12 paradiddles over. Forget Youtube drum solos, this is the real deal. This is a must have for every drummer, both as a time capsule to see how much drumming has progressed, but also as a good reminder that good technique really can improve drumming style. -Andrew Glassett

Snoop Dogg--Drop It Like It's Hot MVD Visual Street: 07.08



I have no idea why filming in front of a bunch of honkies in Brussels would be better than a Long Beach crowd, but Snoop Dogg did it. This self-styled boss does everything you think he would do. I think Snoop is a little too perma-stoned (is there such a thing?) to try anything new in his performances that differ from his albums. But his uncle **June Bug** (guy's at least 70) dancing on the stage was a nice touch, as was **The Game**. The production is ok: imagine a long Snoop music video with

more visual effects. The best segment

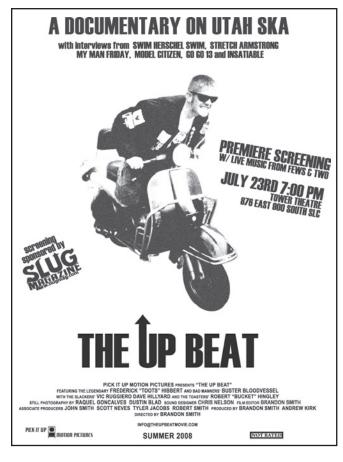
is when one of Snoop's cronies holds up a **2Pac** flag backward for the duration of the Pac tribute song. This DVD will only blow your mind if you light up a blunt when Snoop does at the start and then puff-puff-pass as needed.

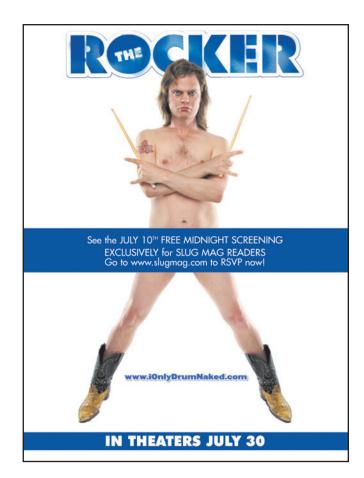
—Jon "JP" Paxton

Ya Heard Me? Buoyant Films Street: 2008



Who would have guessed that turning your ass into a life-sized metronome would help define a region's music movement? Bounce, according to recording artist Mia X, is a distinctive style of music that encompasses a perfect recipe of a little dancehall, a pinch of Miami bass, mixed with a dash of Louisiana jazz and a smidgen of some dirty blues vocals for the lyrics. I bet Martha Stewart never thought of this shit. Directors Matt Miller and Stephen Thomas' documentary Ya Heard Me? transports the audience on a journey to the pioneer days of New Orleans' distinct hip-hop movement and investigates its founding fathers and various features. From the early 1980s to the devastating aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, the film reveals the true essence of the Big Easy with its block parties, underground music labels, homosexual "sissy" rappers and ward loyalties (not so fast President Monson, it's not that type of ward). While the film does explore other topics not as entertaining as those listed above, Ya Heard Me? is gritty, raw and a perfect counterpart for its subject matter. -Jimmy Martin













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Thursday, July 3

Maria Taylor, Jonathan Rice, Nik Freitas - Kilby The Subtle Way, Riots of Eighty - Outer Rim Emily Rose - Addicted Rauber-Prinz Ensemble - Exchange Place Blues Dart - Urban 18 Wheels of Justice - Piper Down

Uprok Hip Hop Night – Hotel Steve Lyman - Tin Angel

Powerglove, Outclassed, Loom, Accidente, Gods Revolver - Burt's

American Dream Weekend Party - Trapp Door

Friday, July 4

Ras Benjamin - Artopia Downtown Brown, Free Press - Burt's Midnight Mass - Gallivan Center Wolfs - Urban Bronwen Beecher - Tin Angel Ask The Dust, Cephalotron, Trebuchet - Kilby America Fuck Yeah! Nine Worlds, Black Sheep Wall - Broken Record B52's - Depot

Saturday, July 5 The Randies, Lost By Reason - Burt's

Joey Taylor, Merridy - Addicted

Gaza, Blues, Black Sheep Wall, Nine Worlds, Reviver Jeremiah Maxey – Pat's Brunch: Shannon Smith - Tin Angel Dinner: Gaylen Young - Tin Angel Open Mic Poetry - Cup Of Joe

The Thin Line, Elephante - Paladium lota, Kingdom of Magic, Kid Madusa – Urban Solar Euphoria, Wintersmith, Bramione - Kilby The Bergs - Johnny's

Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park Beneath The Blackened Sky, Discourse, Ashford, Cave of Roses. 30 Grit Slurry - Avalon

Sunday, July 6

Constantines, Ladyhawk – Urban People's Market - Peace Garden Girl In A Coma - Burt's Dance Discovery - Monk's Fuck the Informer, Sabertooth Snatch - Bar Deluxe Rusted Root, Pete Francis - Depot

Monday, July 7 Underoath - In the Venue

Julian Moon - Alchemy Ghostowne, Caddle, The High Beams - Paladium Los Zafiros - City Library Calico - Washington Square Carter Freeman, Melody Pulsipher, Tyler Forsberg, Muhaw, David Armstrong, Swudgie - Burt's Happy Birthday Lindsay Clark

Tuesday, July 8

I Was Totally Destroying It, The Good Bites, The Hotness - Kilby Filter, Opiate For the Masses - Avalon The Disrepair - Bar Deluxe Frayed Knot String Band - Washington Square Laughter - Burt's Strive Roots - Urban Butch When the Sundanced, Dylan Archer - Monk's

Happy Birthday Cody Hudson-Peterson Happy Birthday Peter Fryer

Wednesday, July 9 Devon Williams, Fox Van Cleef - Kilby

KlezBros - Washington Square Matriden, Alabaster Morgue, The Reptillians, XOLOT - Broken Record The Let Up, Matthew Winters - Addicted The Slow Poisoner, Mean Mollys Trio, Red Top Wolverine Show, All Time Ending - Burt's

Thursday, July 10

Warsaw Poland Bros. - Piper Down DeeJay Aspect, DJ JSJ - Monk's AODL, Lion Dub, Expulsion - Burt's Paperbird - Urban The LBC - Harry O's Paul Borruf - Tin Angel Archille Lauro, Megafaun, Palace of Buddies - Kilby

Uprok Hip Hop Night - Hotel Beneath the Blackened Sky, Within Purgatory, Arzyal,

Abidan, Reservations at Dorsia, Run for Dear Life, Tame the Bear - Outer Rim Llajtayku - Washington Square

Lui Lopez & Trevor Johnson's Birthday Celebration - Trapp Door

The Roots, The Knux – Gallivan

Free Screening for SLUG Reader's: The Rocker - Tower Theater

Dear and the Headlights, Paper Rival, Lungus, Vinyl Williams, This is Anfield, Jahnre - Avalon

Happy Birthday Jaleh Afshar

Friday, July 11

International Jazz Festival - Washington Square Dear Stranger, Paxtin, Avonlee, Poetica, The Hanks Clementine - Alchemy

Forth Yeer Freshman, Bronson, Screaming Condors

The Kap Bros - Pat's

Cave of Roses, Through the Eyes of Carrion, Incendiant - Broken Record

SLUG Localized: Massacre at the Wake, Seperation of Self, ViniA – Urban

Kohabit, Before the Fall, Riots of Eighty, Bring on the Night, Sea Swallowed Us Whole - Outer Rim Eliza Wren - Washington Square Signora, Shark that Got Her, Lexi SaysOK, Dennis, Dear My Dead - Avalon

The Wolfs, Starmy - Monk's

Saturday, July 12

International Jazz Festival - Washington Square Music Inc - Alchemy Altered Apparatus - Hooka Lounge

Brunch: Bob Moss - Tin Angel

X-Kid, The Hooliganz, Triple Ave, 801 Family, DJ True Justice - Paladium

Dinner: Renee Broderick - Tin Angel

Open Mic Poetry - Cup Of Joe

Lenitech Sponsor Me Contest - Rosepark Skatepark Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park

Salt City Shakers vs. FoCo Girls Gone Derby -Olympic Oval

Boys Like Girls, Good Charlotte, Metro Station - Saltair Madraso, Blackhole, Accidente - Burt's

D.I. - Bar Deluxe

Film School, Red Bennies, Furs - Kilby

Woolfe Bell Band - Pat's

Band of Annuals, Will Sartain CD Release, Hello

Kavita – Urban

Belly Dance In Bloom: Blue Lotus Fundraiser -

Angelfelt, Adjacent to Nothing, Empire of the Forgotten, Unknown Anthem - Avalon

Sunday, July 13

International Jazz Festival - Washington Square People's Market - Peace Garden Merch – Addicted Dance Discovery - Monk's Eagle Twin, Lewd Acts - Broken Record

Monday, July 14

The Electric Children, Oh! Wild Birds, Lafarsa - Burt's Red Hot Rock Club - City Creek Happy Birthday Lyuba Basin

Tuesday, July 15

Low, TaughtMe - In the Venue Juice Falcon, Faraway Boys, Chapel of Thieves, Spooky – Burt's Blue Turtle Seduction - Paladium Day Break Ends - Urban Michael Lucarelli - City Creek This World Fair, Barcelona - Kilby Open Mic MC Battle - Monk's

Wednesday, July 16

King Khan & The Shrines, Jacuzzi Boys - Urban The Platte - City Creek Bella Morte, Tragic Black, Daybreak Ends – Burt's Death Pays, TBB – Broken Record Dark Lotus, Haystak - Saltair Vicious Starfish, The Craving, Almost Never, Egan's Theory - Kilby

Thursday, July 17

Gravy Train, Rope or Bullets - Kilby Andrew Bird, Josh Ritter - Gallivan AM Bump - Piper Down Blue Collar Theory, Know It Alls, Six Pence - Urban Uprok Hip Hop Night - Hotel Bad Apples, Verse 1 - Monk's Steve Lyman - Tin Angel Blackout Party - Trapp Door Chris Hough Band - City Creek Dead Ringers - Burt's

Friday, July 18

Rocky Votolato, Colby Stead, Cary Judd - Velour Calico, Not It, Laughter - Monk's The Chop, The Highbeams, Dane & The Villainy, Devilock - Burt's Flobots, Doomtree, P.O.S., Self Expression Music -Birds and Batteries, Joel Taylor - Addicted The Life and Times - Kilby Karen Bayard - Alchemy James Shook - Tin Angel Chaz Prymek - City Creek

Ted Dancin - Urban Reviver, Charged, Catch Your Breath - Artopia LOOM, Shelter Red, Laughter - Broken Record D-Fuse - Hotel

Landscapes of Leslie Thomas - Ken Sander's Gallery Stroll Show: Andy Chase - Signed & Numbered Mad Max - Pat's

DBS IV Release Party - Red Light Books

Gallery Stroll - Downtown SLC

Killbot, Noise Attack, The Willkills, Dubbed - The Outer Rim

Saturday, July 19

Flogging Molly – Saltair Hot Rod Carl, Spooky Deville – Bar Deluxe

The Scream the Prayer Tour - Studio 600

Wisebird - Paladium

Open Mic Poetry - Cup Of Joe Ave Ave, Tiebreaker, Navigator,

Touch Tone - Kilby Kris Zeman - Alchemy

MuddFlap Jackson - Tin Angel

Future of the Ghost, Starmy,

Purrbats - Urban

Hoodoo Blue's Band - Pat's Bomber Babes vs. Death Dealers

- Olympic Oval

Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park Leila Lopez, Courtney Robbins Addicted

Summer of Death: GhettOlympics

Naughty By Nature, Lump Sum, Krisdagong - Teazers DJ Vice - Harry O's

Sunday, July 20

People's Market - Peace Garden Noise Attack, Killbot - Bar Deluxe Dance Discovery - Monk's DJ: Flash & Flare - Broken Record

Monday, July 21

Black Dahlia Murder, Kataklysm, Vader, Cryptopsy, The Faceless, Despised Icon, Aborted, Born of Osiris, Psycroptic, Whitechapel - Avalon Red Rock Rondo - Exchange Place The Luchagors, Swamp Donkey's - Burt's Movement (R)evolution Aftrica - City Library Plan B Theatre's Sixth Annual Fundraiser: And the Banned Played On - The Rose Eve Alaska. The Summer Set - Velour Goldfinger, Less Than Jake, Big D and the Kids Table, Suburban Legends - Saltair

Happy Birthday James Orme

Tuesday, July 22

And the Banned Played On - The Rose Watson Twins, Tim Fite - Urban Soldier's Peace - City Library Taj Weekes, Adowa - Exhange Place School of Rock All-Stars show – Murray Theater The Comrades, The Singularity, Soultree - Burt's

Wednesday, July 23

The Slants, The Hotness, Digital Lov - Burt's The Hornet's Nester Mixer - Artopia The Steepwater Band, The Furs, Silent Sevens -Urban

Cody Sheridan, T.R. Ritchie - Exchange Pat Benatar, Neil Giraldo - Depot Summer Bludgeoning Inherit: Disease, Condemned, Amagortis and I - Broken Record

The Up-Beat Screening with music from Fews & Twos - Tower Theater

Fleet Foxes, The Duchess & the Duke, The Devil



King Khan July 16 at Urban Lounge

Whale - Kilby Court

Thursday, July 24

Salvador Santana - Harry O's De La Soul, The Cool Kids - Gallivan Mormon Day - Piper Down Uprok Hip Hop Night - Hotel Pioneer Playboyz - Tin Angel Minerva, Subrosa - Urban Bomb City, Bloswick - Monk's Hellbound Glory, The UC Swillers - Burt's DJ tomB - Trapp Door Rediscover, Breath Electric, Baumer - Studio 600

Thao & The Get Down Stay Down,- Kilby

Unknown Anthem, Sweater Show - Outer Rim

Friday, July 25 Critical Mass – Gallivan Center

Murphy's Law - Bar Deluxe Frosty Darling Cupcake Social - Frosty Darling Mary Tebbs - Alchemy Dave Dresden, Rod Carrillo, DJ Juggy - Hotel XUR, The Dead See - Broken Record The House of Cards - Pat's Due West - Paladium Bronwen Beecher - Tin Angel Stonefed - Urban Twiliaht Comedy - Monk's The Secret Handshake, Courage Call - Velour Cobra Skulls, Shackleton, Fail to Follow - Burt's Here She Lies, Autamary, Signora, Until Further Notice, Mary May I - Avalon

Saturday, July 26

Three Bad Jacks, Pink Lighnin' – Burt's James Shook – Paladium Open Mic Poetry - Cup Of Joe Aerial & Cirkus, The Pedestrians, Rattle Snake Shake - Vegas Blues 66 - Pat's 5PM: Harry and the Potters, Math the Band, Uncle Monsterface - Kilby 8PM: Jason Anderson - Kilby Aaron Jones - Alchemy

Boris, Torche, Wolves In The Throne Room - Urban JJ Soul Funk - Johnny's

SLUG Booth at Farmer's Market -Pioneer Park

Sunday, July 27

People's Market - Peace Garden Dance Discovery - Monk's Joey Cougar & the Starfish, Ex Machina, Teagarden - Broken Record

Monday, July 28

Skychange - Burt's Zion Tribe - Washington Square Kill Hannah, The Medic Droid, InnerPartySystem, The White Tie Affair – In the Venue The Hush Sound, The Cab, The Morning Light - Avalon

Tuesday, July 29

Full Blown Chaos, Shai Hulud - Boom

The United, Don't Trust Anybody -Burt's

Way Way East Bay - Washington Square

Bridge and Tunnel, The New Frontiers, Paper Rival – Velour Hellfire Villiany - Woodshed

Lucero, Jessica Lea Mayfield, Glossary - Urban

Happy Birthday Shawn Mayer

Wednesday, July 30

DJ/DC's Birthday - Trapp Door Young Livers, Dubbed, L.H.A.W. - Burt's Sirhan Sirhan - Broken Record Back Side Pack - Urban Kairo By Night - Washington Square Swans of Never, So Long Forgotten, The Lionelle, Greenwood - Kilby The Faint - In the Venue Shannon Curtis, Empire of the Forgotten - Addicted

Thursday, July 31 Yonder Mountain String Band, Keller Williams

– Gallivan 6th Annual Halloween in July - Trapp Door The Fully Blown – Monk's Confederate Railroad, Ghostowne - Paladium Samantha Crain & the Midnight Shivers - Urban Team Gina, Vile Blue Shades, Nolens Volens - Kilby Uprok Hip Hop Night - Hotel Red Desert Ramblers - Washington Square Swagger - Piper Down The Forgotten Secret, Beyond All Glory, Merlot, Never Before, Burnt Orange - Avalon

Friday, August 1

GBH, Whole Wheat Bread, Krum Bums - Avalon Secret Chiefs 3, Ether - Paladium Stacey Board Trio - Washington Square Appetite for Deception - Bar Deluxe Jeremy Jay, The Republic Tigers - Kilby Joshua James - Sound Alkaline Trio, American Steel- In the Venue Battle of the Bands - Outer Rim Estrago, All Time Ending, Chase the Moment - Broken Record



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Tuesday 🗸

Upstairs:. Gay 80's night, Live Drag Show 1st Tuesdayof every month!

Downstairs:. Old-school industrial and Gothic \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm \$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$3 sex on the beach

Wednesday

Upstairs: All request Indie, elctroclash, danceparty.

Downstairs:. "Klub Karaoke"

\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies Free until 11pm

\$2 pints, \$6 pitchers, \$4.50 Jager bombs

Thursday

This is the biggest 80's night in the US! **Upstairs:.** 80s New Wave Flashback

Downstairs:. "Sanctuary" Gothic and Darkwave \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after. Ladies free until 11pm \$4 Rockstar vodka

Friday

Upstairs:. "Klub Kulture" Alternative and Techno **Downstairs:.** "Das Maschine" Industrial and EBM \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

Saturday

Upstairs:. "In the Mix" Alternative, Techno & Dance **Downstairs:.** "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic & 80's \$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Sex on the Beach

- JULY 26th

FETISH NIGHT!

This month's theme, Faeries & Fantasy. \$5 dollars. Doors at 8 pm!

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Kilby Court - July Calendar

- 1- The Veronicas
- 3- Maria Taylor, Jonathan Rice, Nik Freitas \$10
- 4- Ask The Dust CD Release, Trebuchet, Cephelotron
- 8- I Was Totally Destroying It, The Good Bites, The Hotness
- 9- Devon Williams, Fox Van Cleef \$8
- 11- BBQ Show w/ Dear Stranger, Paxtin, Poetica, Avonlee, The Hanks
- 12- Film School, Red Bennies, Furs
- 15- This World Fair, Barcelona

17- Gravy Train, Rope or Bullets \$8/10

18- The Life and Times \$8

19- Aye Aye, Tiebreaker, Navigator, Touch Tone



25- Thao & The Get Down Stay Down \$8

and Future of the Chost

- 26- "Unlimited Enthusiasm Expo '08" w/ BBQ from 5pm on EARLY SHOW (5pm): Harry & The Potters, Math The Band, Uncle Monsterface, LATE SHOW (9pm): Jason Anderson \$10 Early, \$8 Late, \$15 for both
- 30- Swans of Never, So Long Forgotten, The Lionelle, Greenwood \$6

All Kilby Court shows start at 7pm unless otherwise noted. Kilby Court is an all ages venue. www.kilbycourt.com

ELSEWHERE:

- 6- Constantines, Ladyhawk @ Urban Lounge* \$8/10
- 12- Will Sartain CD Release, Band of Annuals CD Release, Hello Kavita @ Urban Lounge* \$7
- 15- Low, TaughtMe @ In The Venue \$13/15 7pm
- 16- King Khan & The Shrines, Jacuzzi Boys @ Urban Lounge* \$10

*The Urban Lounge is a private club for memeber 21+ All Urban Lounge shows start at 9pm unless otherwise noted.





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JULY 10 THE ROOTS / THE KNUX JULY 17 ANDREW BIRD / JOSH RITTER JULY 24 DE LA SOUL / THE COOL KIDS JULY 31 YONDER MOUNTAIN STRING BAND / KELLER WILLIAMS AUGUST 7 NADA SURF / TIM FITE AUGUST 14 CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH / DELTA SPIRIT AUGUST 21 BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE / THE BIG SLEEP AUGUST 28 NEKO CASE / CROOKED FINGERS

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