

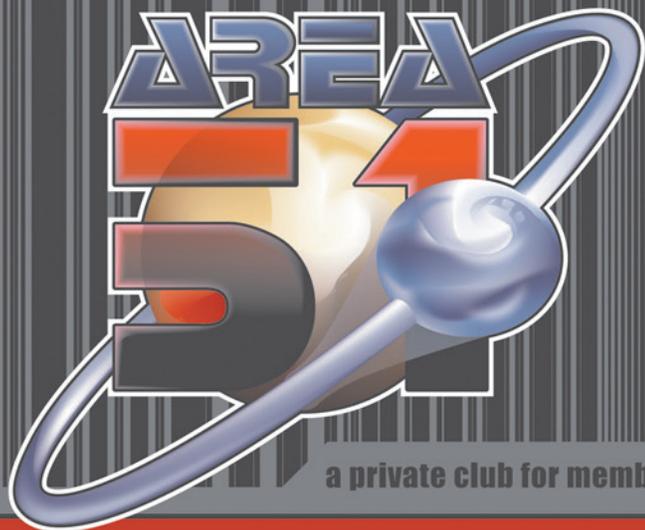
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Contributor Limelight



SAM • MILLANTA

Sam Millanta is *SLUG's* shy and soft-spoken skate photographer. He also is one of the masterminds behind this season's *Summer of Death* skate comps. Sam—a skate veteran of 15 years comes to us from Cedar City, UT. Known by his first grade students as Mr. Millanta, this newlywed holds many titles such as teacher, photographer and cancer survivor. With published photos in *SLAP Magazine*, *Lowcard*, *PinkCrack* and *VICE*, *SLUG* is proud to be another notch on the belt for Sam.

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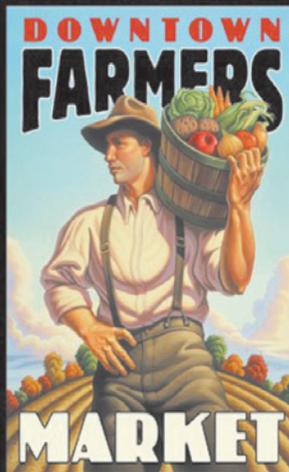
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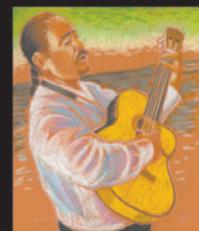
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AREA 51

Alternatively Wired: A 10-Year Anniversary Celebration of Area 51

By Ryan Michael Painter rein@davidbowie.com

While perusing the biography of your typical club owner it is unlikely that you'll find many with a degree in biology and work experience in the fields of genetic engineering and computer programming. You'd be even more hard-pressed to find someone who has to repress his love for such things in order to focus on running a club. **Alan Moss** isn't typical, and then again, his club, *Area 51*, isn't run of the mill either. It is somewhat surprising to learn that *Area 51* is celebrating its 10th anniversary. *Studio 54* only lasted nine years and it catered to the trends of the era. But *Area 51* has stuck to alternative, 80s and has been there to rescue goth/industrial patrons when they found themselves marooned without a venue.

While still in high school, Moss started DJing at church dances before moving on to more traditional stints at *the Ritz* and *DV8*. He also hosted weekly radio program, *Cranial Circuitry* on *KRCL*. In a pre-internet world it was an invaluable service to those who wanted more than to just scratch the surface of dark electronic music. After 15 years of sitting behind the controls, Moss recently turned the show over to *Area 51*'s **DJ Viking** who continues the tradition.

SLUG: How did *Area 51* come into being?

MOSS: I was looking for a building to do a club in and I had the opportunity to come DJ a night at the location *Area 51* is now; it used to be called *The Barbwire*. We got all set up to do the night and we were getting the room organized and everything, and then the lady lost her liquor license. I had wanted to start a club anyway because I had been clubbing or involved in clubs since I was 14 or 15. I was the only one with a decent job so I went for it.

SLUG: What kind of financial obligation was that?

MOSS: It was a big risk; I put everything in my life

on the line to open the club. I still worked my day job because I needed the income help supplement the club until it got going. I was working over 100 hours a week for about 10 months straight and that was really difficult. I would fall asleep driving home. Sometimes I'd sleep [at the club] because I'd be here until three in the morning and then I'd have to be at work at nine in the morning. Plus I was doing the radio show. I was kind of a zombie for the first 10 months. Once that was over, I cut down from 100, 110 hours a week to 80 hours a week and it felt like I was hardly working.

SLUG: What kept you going?

MOSS: If you love what you are doing, it doesn't seem as hard to do it. There aren't a lot of jobs I would work that much for. But since everything I had was invested in the club, if it went out of business, I would have been bankrupt and would have lost my house.

SLUG: And a few months later you were up and running?

MOSS: [When we opened] I only had enough money to do the downstairs level, so we got the downstairs ready and it took off rather quickly because I had been involved mostly with the gothic/industrial scene through concert promotion and DJing for years. So most people, if they didn't know me, they at least might have known who I was. So it was easy to drag everyone over to *Area 51* from *the Ritz*.

SLUG: At what point did you realize that you were going to make it?

MOSS: Halloween of 98' was when we opened the upstairs and it was a phenomenal night. Within a month or so after that I could tell that things were going to be fine and I didn't have to worry so much. A couple months after that I was able to leave the day job and focus on running the club.

SLUG: You started out as a DJ, but I don't remember you DJing at *Area 51*.

MOSS: Once the club started I got so busy trying to handle everything that I wasn't able to DJ. Starting a club ended my DJing career.

SLUG: In the past you did a lot of concerts, but seem to have moved away from live shows. Does it have anything to do with the success of your dance nights?

MOSS: I wish we could do more shows. You

do run into a little bit of trouble on your dance nights because you don't want your loyal dance crowd to come down all the time and find out they have to wait an extra hour or two because it's a band night so we try not to shift it around like that. It really takes dedicated promoters who want to come do shows. I had time for it at one time to try and bring in bands and we've had people throughout the years who have done it. But for the smaller shows like this, it's really hard to make money. I think people think concert promotion is full of money and it can be in certain aspects, but definitely not on smaller shows where it's kind of a labor of love. We've had a lot of dedicated people who have tried to promote things over the years and we're just waiting for the next one to come along. I'd love to do more if I had someone who wanted to do more shows.

SLUG: Not many clubs exist relatively unchanged for 10 years. What is it like to look back on it now?

MOSS: I feel really lucky that that's happened. I've had a lot of great employees and I think we stick to what we do, whereas a lot of clubs try to hop on the latest trends. We kind of have a core philosophy of what we like and we're more of alternative, 80s, underground, industrial and gothic type music. We do play a touch of Top 40, but we try to shy away from it because that's what other clubs try to do.

SLUG: How has club culture changed since you were 14 or 15?

MOSS: I think there's a lot more to do. For me growing up it was either go out to a movie or go to a club. Now they can sit home and play video games, go buy a movie or sit on the Internet, and I think that's affected the club industry a little bit. But for us we're solid and strong, so I guess it hasn't caught up with us yet.

SLUG: You've been known to hang posters for live shows not at Area 51. What kind of relationship do you have with other venues?

MOSS: Of course we compete with other venues, but there are also certain venues we try to help out. So if it's a show that our customers would have an interest in,

we try to let them know about it and, in turn, some of the other venues will hand something out to try and get people to come over here. So when the show is over, we can have an after party here and that works out great. There are some of us that respect each other's clubs and nights, so I won't intentionally start a night just the same as theirs to try and kill them and they won't do the same to me.

SLUG: Running a club in Utah can be a tricky business. Have you ever been involved politically?

MOSS: I mostly sit back, but I got involved once. It was around 2005 and I was kind of soured on the political process; I was naive in the beginning. Basically you can voice what you want, but to really get what you want you pay a lobbyist and a lobbyist goes and gets it done. It sucks that that's the way it has to be and I don't like it that much, but we actually hammered out the dancehall permit because they were going to make all clubs 21 and older and that was kind of a fight, but there were people who understood the importance of it. I think it's actually better to have kids in a club environment because if they aren't in a club environment they'll be at a friend's house totally unsupervised. At least in a club there is security and staff looking after them.

SLUG: What role do you see Area 51 playing over the next 10 years?

MOSS: Hopefully, there will always be someone who wants an alternative to the mainstream, and we'll be there for them.

SLUG: Anything you'd like to say about the 10-year anniversary?

MOSS: I feel really blessed to have had this place for 10 years. It's been a lot of hard work but I've had a lot of a lot of great people who helped out. Not only employees, but customers and other people in different businesses around Salt Lake.

Area 51 celebrates its 10-year anniversary August 19th -23rd. Moss promises to showcase what Area 51 has been over the years with guest DJs from the past, prizes, performance art, a band or two and a few things Moss is keeping secret for a surprise.



Alan Moss, pictured outside his club, Area 51. The dance club celebrates 10 years this month.

Photo: David Newkirk

Pomp and Circumstance



SLC POMP brings Salt Lake fashion to focus

by Ryan Powers ryan@slugmag.com

One would be hard-pressed to find more functional friends with benefits than fashion and blogging—the constant flow of a wide variety of looks and styles from around the world are closely monitored and documented by a tight group of well-known fashion blogs. Both are universally criticized, and allow for the proliferation of terribly misguided creativity. On the bright side, these fashion bloggers can be found wandering the streets of Paris, New York, Harajuku, Milan and everywhere in between, documenting the best-dressed. These blogs provide examples and inspiration for new fashions, unique combinations and upcoming trends. In addition to providing inspiration for those of us still trying to put together an outfit from what's left of the clean laundry, fashion designers can immediately measure the depth of penetration of different looks throughout the world, with blogs basically providing a 'what's hot and what's not' without all of that pesky market research.

For those still trying to figure out how to dress themselves and their loved ones, street fashion blogs highlight the hippest of the hip in every locale—the who's who of looking or dressing great in each locale of interest. Getting multiple features in a high profile blog is a surefire way to get universal praise and criticism from friends and enemies. Depending upon how amazingly creative you think you are, you may benchmark yourself against any number of regional or global fashion authorities.

It is unsurprising that the fashion-forward individuals among us would be familiar with *Fruits* (Japan), *Facehunter* (London/world) and *Prada and Meatballs* (Milan)—but what about Salt Lake? How does a fashion blog function in a small, landlocked, conservative state where fashionable is synonymous with last year's mall looks from Ross? *SLC Pomp*, Salt Lake's most prevalent fashion blog, relies on a clever mix of fashionable youth (i.e. hipsters) and an appreciation for outlandish looks of all types. In addition to this lack of preference for a particular trend, I was surprised by the authenticity and objectivity of the blog postings. The only bias is towards the interesting and new. The only hints of cynicism are firmly layered beneath a seemingly genuine appreciation for lycra bodysuits and elderly women that match everything. The more traditional around-town street fashion makes a regular appearance, as well as high profile fashion shows and design competitions. An appreciation for the art of fashion in all aspects is most definitely mold-breaking, and some of the highlights of the blog are often found in the pictures and commentary of the most eclectic of persons rather than the prettiest.

This approach is far more refreshing than *Vice's* tired "Dos and Don'ts," which, while occasionally hilarious, are little more than a purposeful attempt to fabricate the hipster cookiecutter or poke fun at a poor misguided soul. Ultimately, a comprehensive reading of *SLC Pomp* will leave you with absolutely no idea if a line exists between fashionable and absurd—no doubt inspiring designers and fashionistas to take some chances and creating innovative looks based on the clever mix of vintage, designer and everyday threads.

Compared to the better-known fashion blogs, *SLC Pomp* stands up surprisingly well considering the actuality of the city's street fashion compared to the flagships of fashion around the world. In addition to running the blog, administrators **Marcela** and **Thomas** search from fashion shows to nightclubs to discover the true look of Salt Lake. Sources for anything from custom clothes, local designers and fabric stores are highlighted along with recommendations regarding the application. According to their blog, the focus of what they do is to "document fashion in and around Salt Lake City. We look for people who create their own visual styles." Split between the www.slcpomp.com website, Myspace and a Flickr pool, there is no lack of content. One issue with *SLC Pomp* is that it is a bit disorganized—with street fashion photos strewn across the Myspace site and Flickr pool, and the blog mostly providing commentary on the greater ideas of fashion and design.

"We look for people who create their own visual styles."

After perusing the fashion blogs of the world, I began to watch what everyone was wearing a little more closely. It turns out that no matter where you are, it seems the same percentage of people are truly "fashion blog" worthy. Mind you, these people are often pretty concentrated, whether it be the trendiest neighborhood, hippest club or fashion district of a particular city, but all in all, the per capita remains the same. The underlying purpose of the fashion blog for the rest of us is to highlight the creativity and art of style and design—not merely document the particular fashions of a locale or scene. With the explosion of user-generated content, it was just a matter of time before we had more interesting places to look for fashion tips than the mannequins at the local mall.

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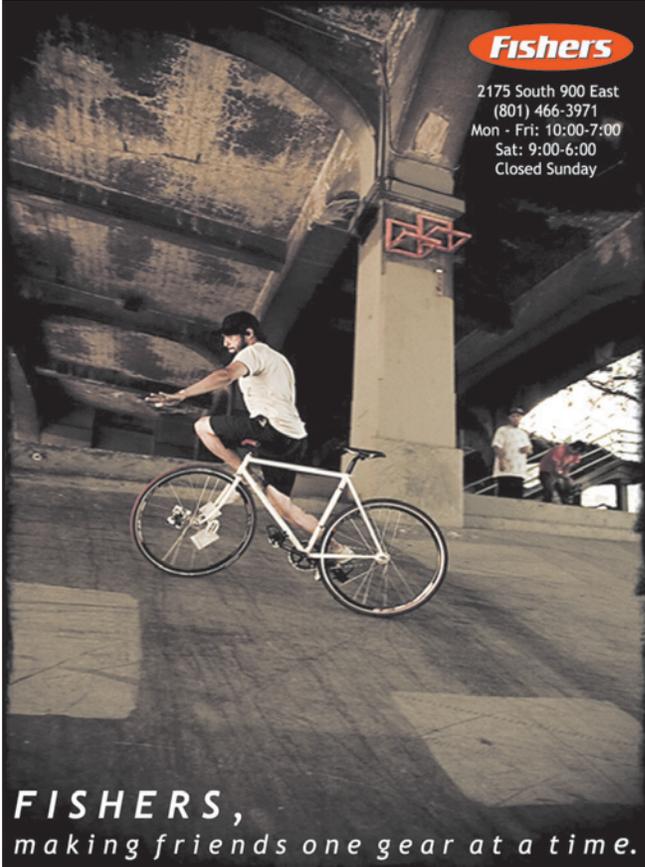
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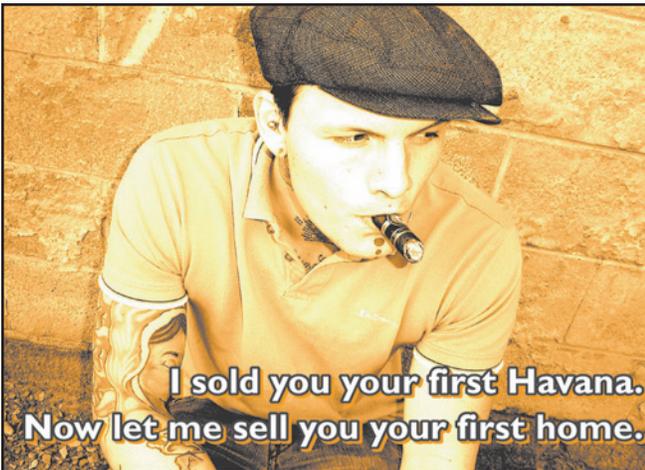
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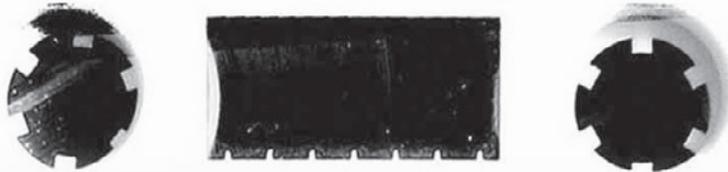
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at home with utahs ghosts

The Midwest Paranormal Conference as a Forum for Paranormal Investigation

By Bryer Wharton
bryer@slugmag.com

Do you believe in ghosts? *The Midwest Paranormal Conference*, taking place at Ogden's notoriously haunted *Union Station* on August 16th, may answer this and other questions such as "where could you go when you pass on?" The science of discovering spirits, ghosts or the paranormal is actively becoming exact and precise in its methods. Although paranormal research is not funded by universities or backed by deep-pocketed corporations, it's taking place all over the globe. Ghost hunters are out gathering evidence, developing and testing theories, using money from their own pockets and spending countless nights in dark and mysterious places. Then they closely examine their evidence, which takes more time than that actually spent gathering it.

Utah is home to a large community of investigators who are uniting to share their evidence and ideas. This collaboration is an idea that **Tom Carr**, chair of the conference, is hoping will catch on. Carr, who has investigated the paranormal for over 20 years, is also the founder of *Wasatch Paranormal*, an investigating team that focuses on teaching the science of paranormal investigation to others. Carr co-founded www.ParanormalUSA.org, a forum where investigators in the US and elsewhere can come to share information and swap theories or ideas. The site is also one of the main sponsors of the conference. Carr also hosts an Internet radio show/podcast with **Russ Larsen** of *Paranormal Utah*, called *Residual Hauntings Live*.

that isn't heard until review of the audio. The other forms of scientific evidence are thermal photographs and video, which can pick up hot or cold signatures that cannot be seen by the naked eye. These types of evidence are a bit harder to capture, but the results can be astounding. It's impressive to catch an entity on film because you can analyze and repeatedly view the ghostly apparitions.

Carr says that there are three classes of people who are interested in the paranormal: "There are the thrill seekers, who typically wind up screaming and running the other way when they encounter something. A ghost hunter will go and experience something but not study it. A paranormal investigator, on the other hand, goes in and says "Wow, what was that?" and tries to figure out every possible way that could have happened — a loud noise, a door closing — then they try to recreate it and figure out logically how it could happen. When they get to the point when there is no logical conclusion we say, okay, that's paranormal."

A more altruistic motivation for paranormal investigating is also to help people in need. Carr's team and others statewide provide free services for people who have strange activity in their homes and are either in distress as a result or are just seeking answers. Carr cites an example from a recent investigation at a family home where the children were distressed. He says that *Wasatch Paranormal* works to teach techniques to regain control of the space in these situations.

Carr hopes to dispel rumors and stereotypes about the paranormal. A common misconception about the paranormal is that many people think all spirits are negative. Carr explains that most activity isn't negative at all, and that the entities or spirits present are just trying to find answers for themselves or the spirit trying to get attention.

Speaking on the history of paranormal studies, Carr says, "Thomas Edison tried to invent a phone to talk to the dead. The Egyptians and the Native Americans have all tried to talk to the dead. That's how long people have been investigating the paranormal. I would say over the last five or six years, more evidence has



Tom Carr, founder of Wasatch Paranormal and chair of The first Midwest Paranormal Conference

been gathered than in the hundreds of years people have been doing it in the past."

Recent technological advances have resulted in sophisticated tools that can help the investigation process. Common equipment used on investigations includes tape and digital recorders, camcorders, night vision, infrared, thermal imaging cameras and electromagnetic field detectors. The most intriguing type of these detectors is the K2 meter, which has a set of lights and when a presence is detected, you can ask yes or no questions and get a response by the blinking of lights. The theory behind the electromagnetic field is that a spirit is made up of pure energy, the higher the field, the more likely something paranormal is going on — but are these tools, some of which are extremely expensive, really necessary to be an investigator?

"For somebody starting out with investigating they don't need cameras, they don't need recorders, the only thing you really need is the desire and the willingness to accept something that is strange and abnormal," says Carr.

Although Carr often advises caution to newcomers, he is worried about the sudden surge of ghost hunters with little to no experience, and is afraid the novices could get hurt. Carr says, "I've done some negative investigations. I'm really worried, that somebody is going to say 'I want to be a ghost hunter'... and they're going to go in [a haunted house] and start provoking and trying to piss an entity off and it's going to cause more issues."

Carr goes on to explain that the conference is set up to be a resource for people not only already involved in investigating, but also for newcomers to find answers and learn how to properly investigate.

The Midwest Paranormal Conference is the first of many paranormal conferences to take place in Utah. Utah's paranormal investigators, and anyone interested in learning more about Utah's ghostly inhabitants, will assemble in a building filled with history and tragedy of its own. Along with the attendees, some interested ghosts will surely be watching, listening and hopefully communicating with those who seek them out.

According to Carr, Utah's paranormal community is one of the largest in the nation, yet Carr says, "Most of the groups here in Utah are very closed-door—they've had a lot of problems." He emphasizes that the conference is an opportunity to expand communication within the Utah community and hopes it will foster a new and more open attitude toward discussion of paranormal topics.

Carr realizes that the general public seems to be more interested in these topics lately, thanks to television shows such as the *Sci-Fi Channel's Ghost Hunters* gaining popularity. "I think since **Jason Hawes** and **Grant Wilson** and *Ghost Hunters* got started on TV, people have become more interested in ghosts. I have always wanted to be in a group or a community that was more open, that shared evidence. I honestly feel like that is our next step." Carr said. The groups have a common goal: finding answers about the paranormal. Carr hopes that the conference will let people open their minds to new ideas.

The conference will feature several speakers. Renowned author specializing in the paranormal, **Rosemary Ellen Guiley**, will talk about "dark shadows," a frequent paranormal occurrence that investigators encounter. **Todd Sheets**, cult indie-horror movie director/producer who runs the Internet forum *Nightwatchers*, will talk about bringing in unity among investigators. **Serenity Moore**, a Salt Lake City-based psychic/medium, will likely arouse debate among investigators, many of whom have strong beliefs that evidence gathered should be collected by scientific means only.

To close out the conference, a drawing will be held—every ticket purchased for the conference enters you in the drawing. The winners will be invited to go on a ghost hunt that night at *Union Station*, lasting until the early hours of the morning with all of the speakers and seasoned paranormal investigators from the conference. There is also a package deal with which any individual who can bring in 20 tickets will be guaranteed a spot on the hunt that night.

"I can almost bet the people that go to this conference will have some paranormal experiences even during the day. I'm excited about it — we're going to have about 450 people in the building pumping up the energy all day talking about ghosts, getting the spirit up and then we're doing the hunt that night until 2-4 o'clock in the morning," Carr says, "I know we're going to catch and see some amazing stuff."

Tickets for the *Midwest Paranormal conference*, Aug. 16th at Ogden's *Union Station*, can be purchased online at www.midwestparacon.com for \$30 a person. Interested vendors can purchase a booth spot for \$30 as well.



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Nine Worlds



Photo: Mitch Allen

Localized

By Andrew Glassett

andrew@slugmag.com

Get your black t-shirt ready, August 8th's *Localized* is going to be a plague-driven experimental metal fest. **Reviver** will open and **Pilot This Plane Down** and **Nine Worlds** will make sure that no ones leaves without transcending space or time. Well maybe space, not time. Either way, *Urban Lounge* (a private club for members) will host, and you would be a complete mooncalf to not experience so much talent for a mere five bucks. In a spirit of reverence, I talked with Pilot and Nine Worlds to figure out what the hell is going on in hell these days.

Alex Johnson – Drums

Josh Hardesty – Guitar/Vocals

Justin Wilson – Bass

Kory Quist – Guitar/Vocals

Friends often make the best band mates, but sometimes they make the worst. Take for example Nine Worlds, a group of musicians that have traveled, fought and esteemed one another for two years. After a recent incident with a pink dildo that forced one of the members out of the band, they have regrouped and have rededicated and refocused their energy into playing the heaviest and darkest music they know how to. They are in their honeymoon phase and seem to have found a sense of Zen. All the skunky-sour diesel doesn't hurt either.

SLUG: Give me a brief history of the band.

NW: Josh and Alex started the band two years ago while Josh was studying music engineering at the *Seattle Art Institute*. When **Paris Green** broke up, Justin decided to join Nine Worlds and moved to Seattle. Nine Worlds went through a few line-up changes while living in Seattle and replaced Tyler with **Donny Miller**. Then in the summer of 2007 Nine Worlds and **XUR** went on a two week west coast tour. This is when they met Kory who played bass in XUR at the time. Josh graduated and

Nine Worlds made the move back to SLC. Back in SLC, Nine Worlds went through another line-up change, teaming up with Kory on guitar and vox, and are now in full force.

SLUG: It seems to be a trend in metal-related music to have a theme or some sort of concept driving the music. What is the concept for your band?

NW: Well, music is art and art is the imitation of life, so I guess you could say that LIFE is the theme of our music. Not to mention that the world around us is going to shit, so I guess a lot of our drive in writing music and lyrics is the failing world that we see everyday. Everybody is fucked, and it's too late to turn back.

SLUG: Why have you chosen to be a musician? Why not express yourself in some other way?

NW: We all grew up with music being a huge part of our lives. Back in the day, we went to shows because we didn't fit in with the jocks or cool kids, we needed our own thing to relate to. Shows and music were the only place we felt comfortable and accepted.

So with that being said, we play music because we have to, it runs through our veins.

SLUG: What is the plan for recording?

NW: We just finished pre-production on a four-song demo with **Andy Patterson**, and we got a few more songs in the works. We hope to to be ready to record a full length next spring, and hopefully it will get picked up by a label.

SLUG: What ties you together as a band?

NW: Living in Seattle for two years was quite the challenge. Five dudes in a shitty two bedroom cockroach-infested apartment. We were broke, working shitty jobs and all the while trying to write, record and tour. Then there are the many tour stories about breaking down in the middle of nowhere, getting into fights with band mates, good shows and making new friends. Couldn't ask for more.

Nine World's demo songs are currently on their myspace (myspace.com/nineworlds). Be prepared for post-metal delicacies, including a chilling clip of the slaying of a false prophet from **There Will Be Blood**.



Matt Wigham – Drums
Jason Weidhauer – Bass
Sean Miller – Guitar/Vocals
Chris Clement – Guitar/Vocals

It seems like bands always have that one short and/or squatty and/or ugly member that just seems to hold everyone back – usually the bass player or the drummer. Not so for Pilot This Plane Down, they are all tall, slim and clean cut. They have jobs and families and are one of the older functioning bands in Salt Lake. There is something special about a band that can keep its original members for more than five years.

Coty Creighton was an original member, but now drifts in and out as he sees fit. He even helped record their latest album *Glory of the World*, which will be released on the night of *Localized*.

SLUG: How has the band dynamic changed over the years?

PTPD: It started out with Chris and me making noise around one a.m. every now and then. It was literally noise – nothing but feedback, breaking things, drums and yelling for an hour straight. It was pretty nutty stuff, but we would record it onto cassette tapes and go home and listen to it over and over again thinking how great it would be to make a band out of it. We asked Matt and Coty, who were playing in another band at the time, and later Jason to come check out what we were doing and see if they wanted to be a part of it. At first, it was totally disorganized and improvisational; Ideas flew around all over the place. We talked about recording soundtracks for independent film and incorporating film or other visual media into our live performances. We really tried to blend as many mediums into what we were doing as we could. At one point we even tried to play our improv mess in real time instead of in musical measures. We all played to a giant digital timer and made changes based on different time intervals. It was a great idea on paper, and utter crap in practice.

Slowly we organized the mess into something more coherent that we could reproduce live and the result was the material we put together when we recorded *Airs* with **Andy Patterson**. It was much more listenable than what we were doing before, but a lot of the improv/noise elements survived in transitioning to that first record.

After *Airs*, the music dynamic became much more conventional. We wrote actual, individual songs instead of the 21-minute jam fest featured on *Airs*.

SLUG: Talk a little about the conceptual aspect to your music.

PTPD: I suppose the main theme of the new record is that life is impermanent, and whether for good or bad, it's always changing. The theme revolves around the story of a civilization that comes to power, spreads itself too thin and eventually collapses.

Dan Christofferson did an amazing job with the artwork, referencing different civilizations that have fallen over the years. There are various other themes and ideas strewn through the album, but there really isn't any message or agenda to it at all. It was intended to be pretty broad so you can walk away from it with whatever you find.

SLUG: What about the themes of decorating or lining objects with bodies and flesh. What would be a good translation of that symbol?

PTPD: I'm not sure that it means anything in particular. I intentionally tried to be as brutal as I could with most of the lyrics, but it was only meant as part of the story, not for the sake of being all gore-metal like Chris said. I actually just referenced different historical figures bent on changing the world in their own image. The imagery of flesh and bodies wasn't really as much symbolic as it was historic. The lyrics aren't meant to be as gore-metal as this question makes it appear.

SLUG: Why have you chosen to be a musician? Why not express yourself in some other way?

PTPD: I don't know if any of us consciously choose to be musicians. I don't even know if we actually are musicians. I think we all just fell into something we enjoyed. Pilot has been nice since we've been able to incorporate other art forms into the music. The new record, for example, will be an enhanced CD that includes video footage that we used to project behind our live performances. There are also some remixes that Coty did of *Airs*, and video clips that go along with those as well.

SLUG: Tell me about Coty's influence on the band. How does his coming and going affect how the band works together?

PTPD: Coty affected us in ways that could not be duplicated. It seems like half of our arrangements are fueled by what Coty does with them. He filled in a lot of the blanks generally found in a 4 piece band. Fortunately, we have been able to keep it together without him and our performance has faced minimal damage. We have a blast.

SLUG: Briefly talk about your relationship with **Exigent Records**.

PTPD: Without Exigent this album would not be. We don't have the money to put into this. **Colby Houghton**, owner/operator of Exigent, has been a long-time friend of Sean's and mine. He was interested in Pilot This Plane Down before we split the first time, when he was just gathering bands for the label. We were honored that after all this time, now that he has some really good music going, he was still interested in us. He's not putting this out for the opportunity to make money. He's into the art of it – which is good, because that's all we'll bring.

August 8th is sure to bring some noise to awaken your sleeping soul and drag you from the depths of your cantankerous filth. Who knows, you just may find that special someone lurking in the dark corners of the *Urban*. Whatever the case, your soul needs this concert as much as **Mark Foley** needs a high speed internet

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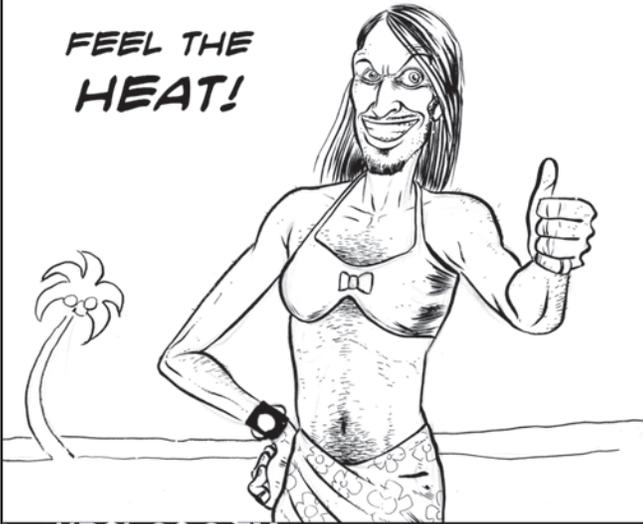
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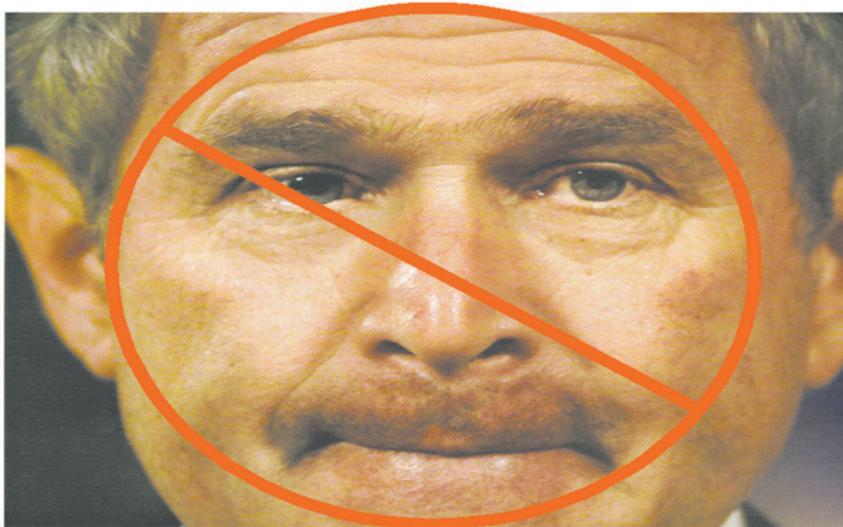
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What a Splendid Morning for a

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Stroll

By JP

jonathanpaxton@gmail.com

What Sunday street spectacle would creep out a Salt Lake City resident—more than any other? If you said “a gay pride parade” then you probably think that a gun rack is an essential car accessory and you’re voting for **McCain**. Speaking of pasty-faced people who speak incoherently and walk stiffly, want to know what would really freak me out? Hordes of zombies stumbling down the street. The 1st Annual **SLC Zombie Walk** is coming August 10th and it will devour you.

A list of qualities for a good zombie walk orchestrator might include childhood dreams of the dead walking and a genuine belief that the Zombocalypse will happen. Enter **Sarvas**, a man who needs only one name, like **Prince** or **Madonna**—a man haunted by visions of zombies since youth. “Zombies were and still are the most frightening thing on earth,” Sarvas says. When he’s not busy surface piercing a tramp stamp on your girlfriend’s back or poking your lip with a shiny stud at the new *Blue Boutique* in Sugarhouse, Sarvas is training for a zombie war...or planning a zombie walk. The virus-like idea was born after he attended his first walk in Portland one year ago. He looked up other walks and said, “Fuck, if Boise, Idaho has one we better have one.”

Sarvas had to answer some of the mysteries in his dreams and eventually turned to the most reliable source: zombie movies. “My favorite zombie movies of all time are the *Return of the Living Dead I* and *II*. *Return of the Living Dead* is a spoof of a zombie movie spoof. The zombies talk, and that’s where the ‘brains’ phrase came from.” Sarvas found that “in the original zombie movies, zombies really didn’t ever eat brains, but those spoofs are where it originated.”

Sarvas hopes that the walk will freak out a few Salt Lake City residents. “If anyone can do

anything in Salt Lake to make people go ‘WTF?’ that’s all I really care about,” Sarvas says, “I definitely want people to be like ‘AAAARGHH! Zombies!’”

But the devilish Sarvas has a smirk lurking behind his smile and eventually he gives up his real motive. “If a bystander falls down and cries. If I can catch that person with my camera as they’re crying.” Sarvas gets misty-eyed for a second and looks into the distance with longing and says, “That would be AWESOME.” This is a man you can trust to deliver a quality zombie experience.

Zombies also need to know how to be convincing and intimidating. The web is the best resource for a zombie trying to claw its way out of your mortal body. Sarvas suggests the *D.I.* as an awesome place to find gear to assist in its emergence. Just rip and splatter your second hand duds. I was wondering what makes for a nice splatter batter and Sarvas, as usual, had the answer: “Two bottles of chocolate syrup and one bottle of strawberry [will give] a sweet blood.” Avoid the eyes though. Apparently fake blood burns like a mother.

The guest list for this event is huge and stands welcoming. Anyone is invited to participate in the festivities as long as they are “respectful to everyone else and dress like a zombie,” Sarvas says. The on-walk transformation is key for a realistic zombie walk. Plan to meet up with friends mid-walk and “turn” them by adding fake blood and raw meat accessories.

Walk participants should meet at 10 a.m. at a specific spot TBA. By 10:30, the walk will commence. Sarvas is hesitant to release to many details out of fear that authorities might get involved. “Anywhere there’s fun... cops will be. Maps won’t come out until a week before,” Sarvas says. For more information about the walk route and the meeting place email slczombiewalk@gmail.com or add them on myspace (www.myspace.com/zombiesinslc).

In preparation for the event Sarvas suggests watching zombie movies and drinking alcoholic or highly caffeinated beverages for 72 hours straight. “Me? Oh, I won’t drink water all weekend long and I’ll get cramps,” he says. To demonstrate, Sarvas channels his inner zombie for 5 seconds and begins to growl.

He definitely knows his material. And he’s willing to sacrifice his body. Can you handle it? Do you think you have what it takes to be the walking dead? Know this: if you don’t have raw meat hanging out of your pants and you’re not smothered in fruity sauce, well, you just aren’t zombie material and you can go be lame somewhere else August 10th. BRAINSSSS!

Photo: Mitch Allen



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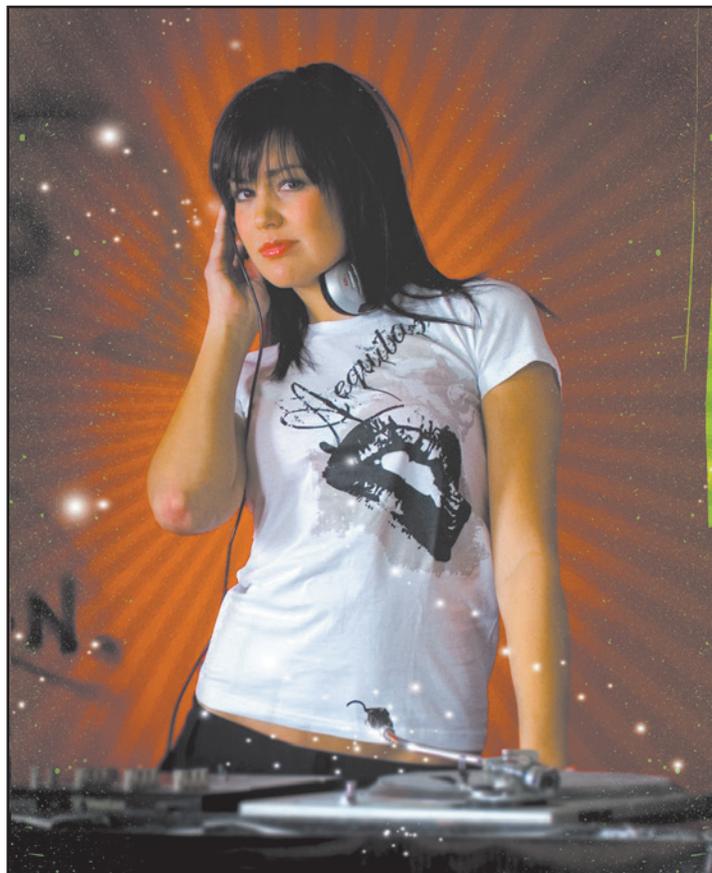
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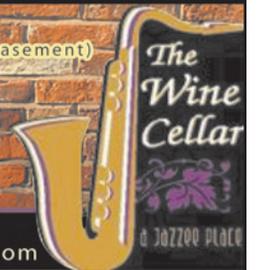
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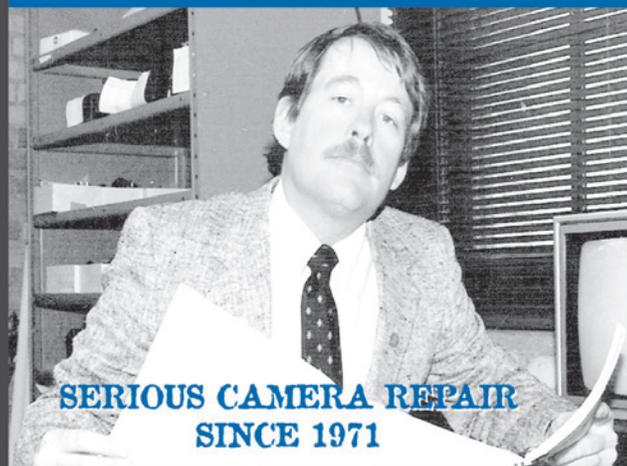
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ASCEND

**Ample Fire Within
is More Than Just a
Clever Play on Words:
An interview with ASCEND**
Interview by Gavin Hoffman

loveyoudead666@hotmail.com

Greg Anderson, mad scientist behind such projects as **Goatsnake** and **SunnO))),** has a history with *SLUG Magazine*. "I picked up a copy of the *SLUG* sometime in 1998 while I was on tour," says Anderson, "and the issue I got just happened to have a review of **Sleep's** *Jerusalem* release." The reviewer not only trashed the record, but caused Anderson's jealousy to flare up. "At that time, no one could get that record. It was only available as a promo through the record label, so I ended up writing to *SLUG* and asking if they'd sell me their copy. I can't remember if I paid for it or not, but they did send it to me." Seems like an interesting tie between Salt Lake City and one of the trailblazers of the independent doom and drone movement in the United States—but that's not Anderson's only tie to Salt Lake.

It's virtually impossible to stay on task when talking with Anderson and his partner-in-crime—Salt Lake City's own **Gentry Densley**—about their current project, ASCEND, without bringing up the duo's other projects. However, when one considers the core of the band are musicians who've played in such outfits as **Engine Kid**, **Goatsnake**, **SunnO))),** **Burial Chamber Trio**, **Iceburn**, **Eagle Twin** and **Form of Rocket**, it's almost understandable. Add some extremely interesting guest musicians in the form of local hero **Andy Patterson**, jazz prodigy **Steve Moore**, and the outright Hungarian weirdness of **Atila Cshiar** to the debut release on Anderson's own **Southern Lord Records**, and it makes for one hell of a listen and an equally interesting conversation.

Densley and Anderson became acquainted way back in the hardcore glory days of the late 1980s. Anderson was a part of hardcore legends **Brotherhood** and Densley a member of **Better Way** and both bands played a show with the **Accused**. Fast-forward a few years and one finds Densley fronting the extraordinarily influential Iceburn and Anderson masterminding his own under-the-radar project, **Engine Kid**. Both bands were signed to California's **Revelation Records**, and both bands were extremely under-promoted by the same due to each band being ... well ... a bit too "weird" for the softy-hardcore masses of the early-and mid-1990s. The relationship between the bands culminated in the release of a split LP by **Revelation**, which was almost criminally overlooked by masses of tough guys, Hare Krishnas and punk purists.

Anderson and Densley had expressed interest in doing a project together as far back as the **Revelation** days, but the two just never really seemed to be in the same place at the same time, and both had their own individual musical directions to focus on. "I tried to plant the seed 5 or 6 years ago," says Andy Patterson, Salt Lake resident and guest musician on the debut ASCEND release. "I'm not taking credit for this pairing at all, but I've known Anderson and Densley for a long time, and I started bugging Densley to pair up with Anderson and see what would

come about." As it happened, it wasn't until midway through 2007—almost 20 years after their first meeting—that the two were finally able to convene in the same place at the same time and with the same directive: to make heavy, beautiful and extremely cerebral music, that most casual listeners would almost inevitably shun.

"I had a ton of different ideas for a name for the project," says Densley. "When we originally convened, the most logical name seemed to be **SunnO)))Burn**, or something to that affect. Eventually, Greg suggested we call it **Ascension**. This was a problem because I was already extremely aware of another little-known band by that name, so we ended up shortening it to 'Ascend'."

"We paid extreme attention to detail with the release – we mixed the entire thing with **Randall Dunn** up in Seattle. We were able to take recordings from Patterson's studio here in Salt Lake as well as the studio we recorded at in Los Angeles to him and we all weeded through everything to make the best record we could."

He's not kidding.

The record plays like a strange sort of doom opera. To a casual music aficionado, it could easily be described as "repellant." To the individual who ultimately seeks a deeper feeling from music than what is shoved down their throat on mass radio, it's a most welcome change of direction. The final product was put together in almost a mad-scientist type of way: it was approached as a creative process as opposed to the recording and regurgitation of pre-written tracks. Instruments on the record vary from Anderson's drone/doom guitars to Densley's almost jazz-like heaviness to trombone and Wurlitzer, adding insane layers to a recording that is as lush and beautiful as anything in the last century. "We just came back from Los Angeles, actually. We recorded some new stuff, and one of the tracks is going to be used as a bonus track on the Japanese release of the record. We did a bunch of stuff down there, and there is a lot more solid vision for the project than there was initially," says Densley. While 'solid' would not necessarily be a word I would personally use to describe a project made up of musicians that are not only up to their armpits in their own projects, let alone people who don't live in the same state (or country in Atilla's case) the end result is amazingly solid-sounding. Not bad for something that essentially arose due to a well-timed vacation.

"Most people might now fully realize how influential Iceburn was to me," relays Anderson. "I had always wanted to do some recording with Gentry, and we finally ended up being able to get together when he came out to Los Angeles on vacation. The initial recording session was really loose ... we were both kind of impressed and surprised with what we came up with during the first session, so we recorded some more at Andy's studio in Salt Lake, and took it up to Seattle to mix it." Patterson expands on Anderson's thought: "The first session in Los Angeles was really interesting and resulted in some great ideas," he says. "When the second Iceburn reunion show happened here in Salt Lake, Greg flew out to see them, and we seized the opportunity to do some more recording at my studio. In the end, we had about two hours worth of material that Greg and

Gentry took up to Seattle with them."

When it comes to the guest musicians featured on the record, both Densley and Anderson have only the highest praise for all involved. "I have so much respect for Gentry and Steve Moore," says Anderson, "I almost felt caveman-like when I played with those two. I know little to nothing about music theory – I can't even read guitar tabs, so playing with individuals who are so insanely talented with music was not only challenging, but it added an amazing aesthetic to the recording."

"Atilla was interesting," adds Densley, speaking of guest vocalist and all-around madman Atilla Cshiar, who's vocals have graced recordings of bands such as **Mayhem**, **Tormentor**, **SunnO)))**, and a wealth of other underground metal do-gooders. "He just kind of showed up in his floor-length leather coat and read a bunch of semi-tabloid magazines that were left lying around by **Adrienne [Davies]**; drummer for **Earth.** But all in all, getting these different and excellent players together for a project is absolutely amazing."

Anderson seems extremely proud of just how new the record sounds to him.

"Whether it's with SunnO))) or any other project I do, I don't want to stagnate; I want to be constantly moving, whether it's going forward or backward. Basically just doing something. With Ascend, we were able to go in a different direction than any of us had gone in before. I mean, we're not trying to do something 'different' just for being different's sake – we're actually pulling influences from a lot of different places and channeling it into Ascend." It's easy to see what he's talking about when the record plays. There are definitely individual performances that are distinguishable, but it's nothing detrimental to the project in any way; quite the opposite, actually. It's a proverbial "breath of fresh air" in the seemingly bogged-down and boring doom/drone genre.

Of course, being a project released on Anderson's own Southern Lord record label is most certainly not a hindrance to the project. It not only brings a sense of immediate viability to the record, but it also brings an almost built-in audience. Anderson does his best to release and distribute music he enjoys personally, and he has US distribution deals with several smaller labels and bands. "I'm a huge fan of most of the stuff Greg releases on the label, so having an opportunity to be a part of that family is a no-brainer," says Densley. "Not only do I get to create art and sound with someone I admire and someone who's a good friend, but I get to have that art released worldwide and I hope people are as happy with the end result as I am."

According to both Densley and Anderson, there are plans to attempt a live Ascend show or two, but nothing has thus far been solidified. "We're going to keep working on the next release, and we really hope to take Ascend to that clichéd and

cheesy "next level," reveals Densley. If the debut release is any indicator, the worldwide drone crowd hasn't come close to experiencing Ascend's full creativity. In a nutshell, this is a release almost 20 years in the making and is worth every second of the wait. One can't ask for something better from these two musical savants than what they have unleashed, so put down the magazine and pick up a copy of Ascend's *Ample Fire Within*. Your ears may not thank you for it, but your brain will.



Photo: Phil Petrocelli

PAT'S BBQ



“... And God Said Let There Be Meat”

By Fred Warbon

warbon@slugmag.com

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As a former vegetarian of 12 years (the last four as a pescatarian), I am still reveling in my recent return to the land of carnivores. Every menu has become a wonderland of murderous choices. Aside from the occasional fine dining spot and ghetto ethnic hole in the wall, most of the meat I eat is a little disappointing. The chicken too dry, the beef too tough or just plain flavorless and pork that tastes rancid. I am not saying that I regret my lifestyle choice. The shit I've been cooking at home for the last nine months has been amazing (the task-masters at *SLUG* won't let me write about my lamb burgers with cayenne and garlic roasted asparagus, or grilled sandwiches on fresh baked sourdough bread with manchego cheese, 2 year aged prosciutto, and drizzled with fireweed honey). I have come to the decision that most restaurants in Salt Lake suck. Lately, I have been considering just eating meat at home and maybe at the occasional upscale place, that is, until I had my first experience with *Pat's BBQ*.

My wife (still an herbivore) was out of town, so a buddy and I took the opportunity to visit one of the meat-only places I want to go to, but can't—because like all married men, I fear the words “Of course you can go without me. I'll be fine at home alone tonight,” which really means, “I don't want to sound like a bitch in front of your friends, but you'd better find someplace I can go too.” We found the place with no problem. It's the first street south of 2100 South on West Temple. When we walked in, we were a little confused as to where to go. The take-out counter was on the right, but it wasn't entirely clear where the dining room was. Within a few moments, we were greeted and told to head down the hall and seat ourselves wherever we pleased. The dining room, dubbed *Howie's Hall* (named for the pig on the logo) was a large open room full of picnic tables and a high ceiling with a stage at the west end for live music. The atmosphere was maybe one step more formal than a large family reunion, with people grabbing their own water

and chatting away with the other groups sharing their large tables. A large and inviting patio is just adjacent to the hall, but we opted for the cooler, air-conditioned interior. **Jeremiah Maxey** was setting up to play the Thursday open mic night. He sounded great and having only one arm made the performance even more amazing. The *Pat's* website has a full calendar of live music.

We grabbed a couple of menus. Daily lunch specials range from a BBQ meatball sandwich (\$8.35) on Mondays to burnt ends (\$9.85) or rib tips (\$8.85) on Fridays. There was also a decent selection of side dishes, including coleslaw, potato salad and mustard greens for \$3, as well as jambalaya for \$3.50. The entrees available were pork ribs (\$3 per bone, \$8 for a quarter rack, \$13 for a rack and \$21.35 for the whole rack) a few sandwiches (\$8.35) and an assortment of two- and three-meat combos for \$13 with your choice of pork ribs, chicken, beef brisket or pulled pork. All entrees come with cornbread and a side. They have a selection of **Budweiser** and **Uinta** beers on tap and in the bottle. Kids items were significantly smaller and only \$6.

I had the three-meat combo with two pork ribs, a piece of chicken and two slices of beef brisket with a side of Creole black beans and rice. My buddy had the combo, too, but got 4 oz of pulled pork instead of the chicken and a side of jambalaya. The food came promptly and looked amazing, smelling of fat and smoke. Sauce was at the table in two squeeze-bottle forms—Sweet Heat in red and House in yellow. I started with the beans and rice and was delighted to find them a bit spicy, but rich and creamy at the same time. It was hard to decide which sauce to use with the pile of flesh on my plate. The Sweet Heat was both perfectly sweet and slightly spicy. I have never tasted anything like it. The House, while somewhat milder, was so rich it filled my whole mouth. The ribs were cooked to perfection and almost melted in my mouth, while the brisket was just dry enough to highlight the char. The chicken was succulent and smoky, and the cornbread was, by far, the best cornbread I have ever had—it needed no butter or honey because it was already sweet and buttery rich. It also had the amazing ability to retain its shape without crumbling each time I grabbed for it.

I managed to finish about half of my meal, which was fine by me because it meant I had more for the next day. While not quite as good leftover, it still did the trick. Needless to say, I am looking forward to the next time I have a chance to grab a bite to eat without my wife. I love dining with her, but I am pretty sure that they put meat in everything (maybe even the cornbread, which could be why it was so good). I don't want it to be all that long before I get back to *Pat's*, my new favorite place to stuff myself silly.

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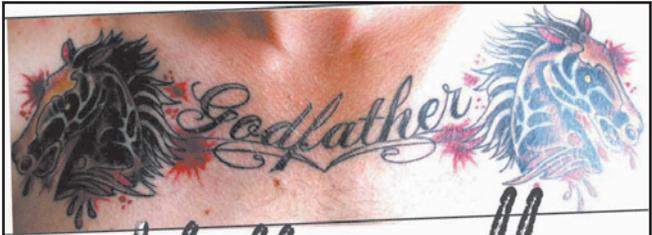
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THE GIRLS' ROOM



By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I got a new job working the door at a local club. I won't say which club because it's really messy in there and a health inspector could be reading this. I'll just say it's more of a venue than a bar, gets loud and sweaty on the weekends, and has some of the fastest bartenders in the west. If you order a Kamikaze there, the barkeep is done making it by the time you finish saying the word "Kamikaze."

Anyway, the other night I was working a show with a large amount of youngsters there – kids just barely 21. I now hate everyone who is 21 – they are so stupid. I won't get into all the stupidity I had to deal with because it will upset me too much, and I don't write so swell when I'm upset. But as far as drinking goes, it was total amateur night at the bar.

That night the crowd swirled together to form an idiot-storm of epic proportions. Not a cloud in the dry summer sky, but it was raining cats and morons inside the bar. One such moron was a young lady, just days past her twenty-first.

I was notified by some girls that this cute, young thing was in the girls' room puking the shit out of herself ... into the sink. Because of my penis, I couldn't just march into the girls' room and drag the dumb, human barf volcano out by the hair, although that was my first inclination.

Apparently this chick was so retarded she didn't even know how to puke. What kind of girl doesn't know how to puke? I thought all girls knew how to puke. But she let her own vomit trickle down the front of her shirt in such careless fashion.

I asked an off-duty employee if he could kick her out of the bar for me because I was trapped at the door sifting through IDs and letting morons in and out of the club. However, the barfy girl wouldn't listen to the off-duty employee because he lacked the authority that drunks acknowledge when one is wearing a nametag. Since I was wearing a nametag, we traded positions and I went and gave Li'l Miss Puke-cakes the most I'm-disappointed-in-you father-face ever and pointed at the door. The front of her shirt was all wet from mopping her own barf off her chest and then her dumbass friend tried to tell me that she didn't throw up, that she just spilled beer on herself.

When we got to the front door, her boyfriend was waiting for her, about to come into the show. She told him that she had just gotten kicked out for spilling beer on herself and then she planted this huge French kiss on the

guy. It was so gross and so funny at the same time – I hope he's reading this right now.

But the whole incident upset me quite a bit. Reason being, it's my job to clean the little girls' room at the end of the night, and it's probably the grossest thing I've ever done for money. I don't get paid extra for unclogging a puke-filled sink, so you can see why I'm upset.

I've worked in other bars before. I've seen other girls' rooms at 2:30 A.M. after people have been partying, so I'm no stranger to puke. But I have never seen a girls' bathroom quite like this one. A disturbing vortex of tampons, toilet paper and graffiti that comes together at the end of the night, creating a grossness I didn't know existed beyond the confines of a bathroom stall.

Each night the mess is a different mystery and now I feel obligated to solve it. I can't be in the women's room during business hours, nor would I want to. But how the hell does a tampon tornado get in there every night?

I've decided that the only way I can figure out the mystery of this girls' room is to study the graffiti on the walls, so I photographed a bunch of it for research purposes. Much like the great archeologist **Indiana Jones** deciphers the mysteries of ancient times through old writings on walls, I am going to study and interpret this graffiti to figure out how the girls' room gets so messy and how I can prevent it.

First off, I used to believe that girls would always go to the bathroom in pairs so that they could gossip about boys or share makeup and cocaine with each other. Now I know that they go to the bathroom in pairs for backup purposes or so that one can destroy the bathroom while the other girl actually uses it.

The first picture I took is writing, done in red lipstick, that says, "Dave Combs is one sexy motherfucker!!" Wrong on both accounts. Dave is neither sexy nor has he ever fucked his mom. Dave is an asshole and proud of it. And when we first showed Dave the statement, he went on a 15-minute rant about how passive-aggressive the statement was. Dave's smart, so I think he's right. This is just a petty attempt by some bar slut to get free drinks.

I also found some graffiti that says, "805 fuck faces." I don't know what that means. Maybe 805 is a crazy girl gang or something.

One of my personal favorite pieces of graffiti in the girls room is in pink marker on top of a toilet paper dispenser saying, "Rabid Bloody Kunt!"



Again, I don't know if that's like, some crazy girl gang, but I think it would make an awesome girl band name.

Does anyone know what B.I.A. stands for? There's some graffiti that says, "Keep yo head up...much love, true thugs for life. B.I.A." with heart-shaped dots instead of periods. This seems a bit too fluffy and sentimental for some true thug shit – entertaining nonetheless.

There is a lot of graffiti in there with the word "Ogden" in it. I like the city of Ogden a lot, but I find this really funny. I know that sometimes gangsters use graffiti to mark their territory, but our bathroom is in Salt Lake. So maybe the bathroom is getting messed up by Ogden chicks who have a vendetta against our toilets for some reason. Like they think Ogden shitters are better than ours?

Probably my favorite piece in the ladies' room is a weird octopus-looking drawing with the words, "Hump it!" written above one of the tentacles. I like this picture because I think it would be really funny if one day a girl humped an octopus. Or if an octopus humped eight girls – it could happen.

Then, in crappy scribbling, we have, "I love Collin W.!" and under it, it's signed, "Heart/the J's" but like a heart shape, not the actual word, "heart." So in case you didn't know, Collin W., the J's love you. I don't really see a point in professing your love in a spot where the target of your affection isn't legally allowed to go. But I guess I don't think the same way the J's do. Or maybe Collin W. is a girl.

Right next to Collin W., some girl writes that she thinks David Law is a god. I don't know who David Law is, but congratulations. You've made the bathroom stall.

I also like the shit talking sequences that go on via bathroom graffiti. I wish the ladies would save this shit for Myspace, but no. A funny one is, "Do you fall in love often?" in white marker, to which a girl writing in green marker replied, "Nope, I'm to smart bitch!" – classic – to which there is a reply to the reply: "its 'TOO' Romance queen!" with an arrow pointing to the grammatical error. There are even copy-editor girl graffiti artists, who woulda thought?

"I am in love with my lesbian sister," is good food for thought while using the rest room. Replied to with, "I am in love with you." Why does love have to be so complicated?

However, not all the petty vandalism is chicks marking their territories. One girl is merely asking for some advice: "I LOVE my BF, but I haven't been single for 7 years...I'm 21. Break up? I want to be single but I want him later." No one has replied to her yet, so I will. You can't have your cake and eat it too, young lady. Barf in the sink and then make out with him – that oughta do the trick.

"I'd fuck life if it had a vagina!" I'll end the article with that one.



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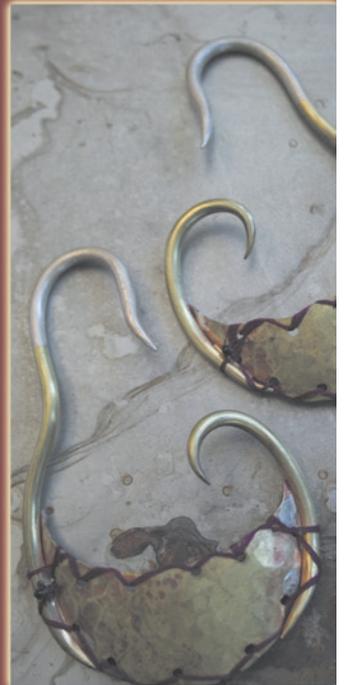
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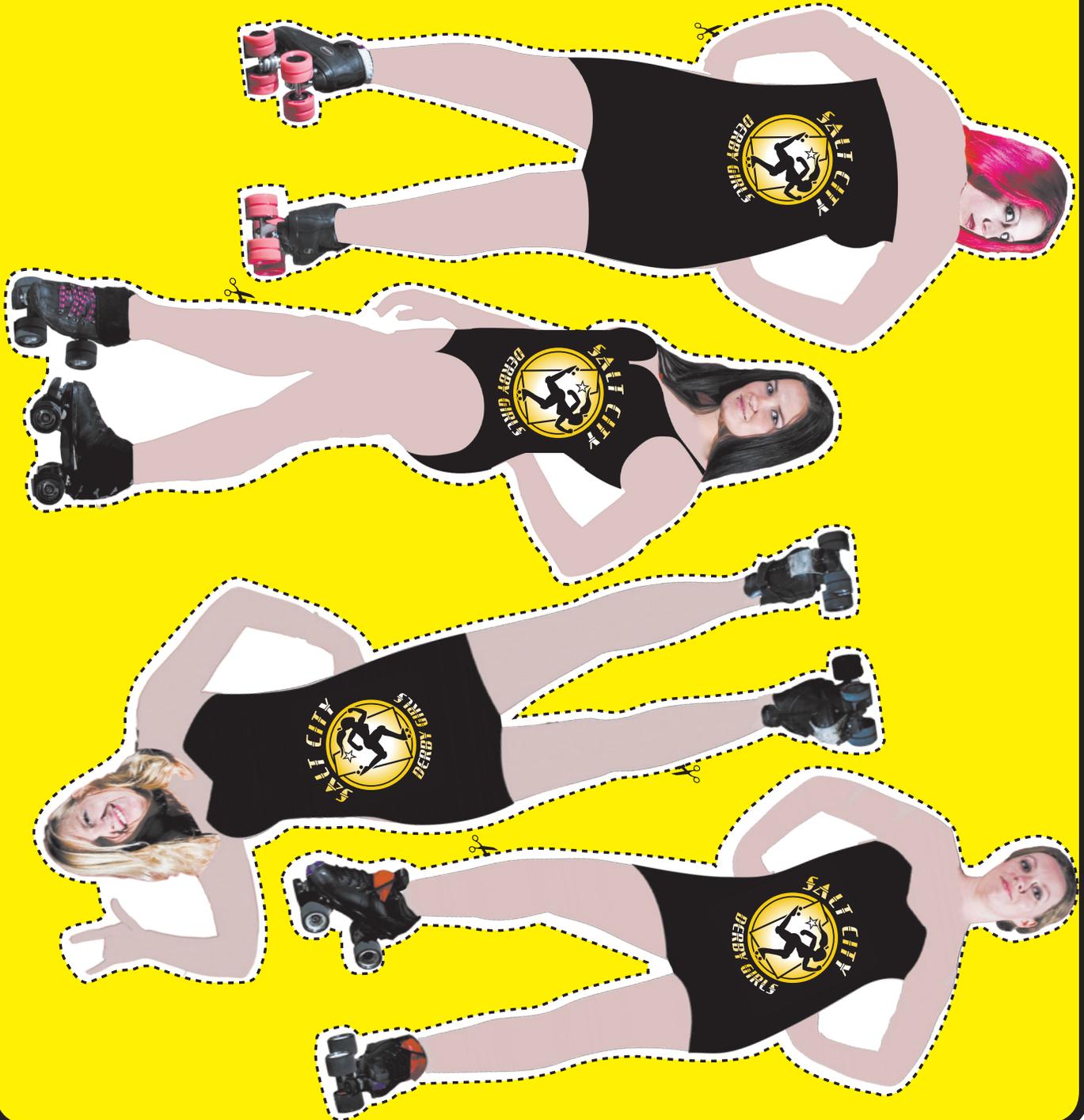
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Derby Dolls

By Kat Kellermeyer

thechickwhopwn3dyou@yahoo.com

August marks the three-year anniversary of Utah's very own roller derby league, the **Salt City Derby Girls**. *SLUG* cornered four of the derby's finest dolls: **Medusa Damage**, **Sassie Lass**, **Dirty Pirate Hooker**, and **Brew HaHa**—to get the skinny on derby in the State of Deseret. Celebrate the SCDG's anniversary at their huge derby bash on Saturday, August 23rd at *The Trapp Door*.





The Goal

Brew Haha

Name: Brew Haha
Number: 801
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Position: Pivot

Her Story: Brew Haha spends every waking moment working for the derby. The mother of the league, Brew credits her father – a former member of the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce – for her business skills. “He helped me a lot when I started the league here in Utah. He gave me sound advice and references that the league still uses to this day.” Running the **Salt City Derby 24/7**, Brew maintains a small booking company on the side and does her best to keep a nine-to-five schedule, even if she never takes a day off. In her spare time Brew plays with two different bands, providing vocals for **XOLOTL** and bass for a derby girl band, the **Derby Misfits**. She also loves shoes and boasts a collection well over 90 pairs.

SLUG: So when was the league started here in Utah?

BH: Around 2005. I had a friend, **Iron Rack**, who skated in Kansas City and when she came back she said, “You know, I really think we need a roller derby league here.” And I felt the same way. I was involved in promotions and stuff, and I really like the growing nightlife here in Salt Lake. SCDG took off in 2006 when we started having bouts. The first public bout we had sold out in four days – a crowd of 500. Even at that time we really didn’t know it was going to get so big. It’s just grown so much since its inception. Although I started the league in all the business aspects, everybody who comes in contact with it just keeps it going. It just keeps getting bigger and bigger. It’s not like any other sport, I would say—there were no basic guidelines or rules. So a lot of the people who have had a direct hand in this have given it new life, given this industry something new that I probably wouldn’t have thought of.

SLUG: They’re calling this a “derby revival.” How is this different from what it used to be?

BH: It totally kills me how everyone thinks it’s a staged thing – it did

start off that way and fighting happened. It wasn’t necessarily staged, but there was a certain strategy to it so you could fuck somebody up. Some of it was fake, but that’s what the original roller derby was. So when you’re looking at something from that angle, thinking, “let’s do roller derby,” you start realizing what it really was and that it didn’t really work out. So why not make it real? Make it *better*? You have to just go with the times.

SLUG: What’s this about a derby convention in Las Vegas?

BH: Yeah, *Roller Con!* My god, it’s crazy. It’s a huge convention in Las Vegas all about roller derby – nothing but roller derby from every aspect. It will be amazing: thousands of derby girls from all over the world all coming to Las Vegas for an entire weekend of seminars, scrimmages and a *lot* of drinking.

SLUG: With the derby suddenly getting more and more attention, where do you expect it to go from here?

BH: I think the best way to really understand is by looking at what’s going on nationally. You’ve got the **WFTDA (Women’s Flat Track Derby Association)** working with the other leagues, and that really is made up of all the girls in 2003 who started this whole foundation. They did it themselves, on their own, with all their different educations and backgrounds. To think about what it’s becoming today – we’ve got leagues from all over the nation, popping up in other parts of the world: England’s got a league, Canada, New Zealand, and so on.

That to me demonstrates how big this thing really is. Yeah you can come to a home game here in Salt Lake and think, “Wow, there are a lot of people here,” but there’s somebody in Germany right now. She’s strapping on skates, going out there and kicking somebody’s ass.

SLUG: It’s gone international?

BH: Yeah, as we’re talking about the goal and the future for derby? I mean, I don’t know. The question what is the WFTDA going to do about it? I mean, it’s no longer just the “United States” – it’s world-wide. Right now we’re at the point where all these leagues are trying to turn this sport into something legitimate, it’s creating a whole new breed of athlete: all these women who

would normally never be in sports are suddenly on a team. Roller derby is something that if you really want to do it, you can. That’s what this whole sport has been based on: if you really want to do this, you can and you will.





The Game

Medusa Damage

Name: Medusa Damage

Number: 424

Role: Treasurer

Teams: Bomber Babes, Shakers All-Stars

Position: Jammer /Blocker

Details: Medusa Damage has been skating since a very young age, and hasn't got off the rink since. This mother of three doesn't describe herself as athletic, but found herself drawn to roller derby through her passion for skating. "I always thought it would be great," she says. "When roller derby was gone, I was really bummed. I always liked roller sports. So when I was at the *Gallivan Center* and I saw the derby girls there, I was sold." An accountant working with local/regional contractors by day, by night Medusa Damage dons her skate gear for the **Salt City Derby Girls**. She says it's the perfect outlet for her mild-mannered job, and she gets to have fun and rough people up in the process.

SLUG: How does roller derby work?

MD: There are five players from each team on the track at any given time. There's the pivot, who controls the pack, three different blockers and then the jammer: the one with the star on her helmet. She scores the points. We all line up, both teams with the pivots and the blockers together and the jammers in the back. When the refs blow the whistle, the pack goes first, then a few seconds later, the jammers join in. The goal is to block the opposing team's jammer, keep her from getting through the pack and to aide your jammer in getting through the pack. And we have to do that in legal ways. We can't just hit each other out; there's no tripping, no elbows. It has to be hip checks, shoulder checks, things like that. And once your jammer gets through the pack, the second time she gets through the pack, she is able to score one point for every person she passes. Once she passes, she also gets points for people who are out [in the penalty box] or on the ground that she's passed. So that's how we score our points.

SLUG: I know there are a lot of rules in the game, and they even get updated from time to time. How do rules change over time?

MD: You know, I think they're progressive. When it

first started out, it was anything goes. You watch roller girls and they're grabbing elbows, they're throwing people down, all that. So it's progressed to keep everyone safe and to help us play a better game. The rules are a bit harder in some areas, but overall it makes total sense.

SLUG: What is the most annoying rule you've come by?

MD: It used to be in the old rules that if you even touched somebody with your hands—or anything, incidentally—it was a minor penalty. When you're in a pack, moving and skating, you touch. It just happens, not that you're meaning to be aggressive or anything. But it was a minor penalty. Fortunately in the new 3.0 rules, they have corrected that so if you're touching someone or doing something like that, it's not a minor penalty unless you change their trajectory or move them in some way. The next most annoying penalty, one that's still around, is elbows. We all do them, sometimes it's a natural part of this— your elbow will pop out just a tad, bump someone by accident, and you'll get called on it. Elbows are still really frustrating, but necessary.

SLUG: So how does the penalty box work?

MD: If you get four minor penalties like elbowing, back blocking – which is if you run in behind someone and move them forward or knock them down in any way.

SLUG: What happens if someone gets tripped?

MD: Tripping is a major penalty, but if you get four minor penalties or one major penalty, you get sent to the box. You'll sit for one minute, and then you'll get to go back out. There can only be two blockers and one jammer in the box at any given time.

SLUG: So jammers can get sent to the box, too?

MD: Yeah. Jammers can get minor penalties for going out of bounds, hands, running into people, stuff like that, and after four minor penalties or one major, they'll get sent to the box as well.





The Gear

Dirty Pirate Hooker

Name: Dirty Pirate Hooker

Number: 80085

Role: Bout Coordinator

Teams: Leave It To Cleavers, Shakers All-Stars

Position: Jammer/Pivot

Her Story: Dirty Pirate Hooker has been with the league for two-and-a-half years, almost since its beginning. She heard about the tryouts and decided to take a stab at it. "I hadn't skated since junior high," Pirate says. "So the night before the tryouts, I went to *Hollywood Connection*. I got me some skates, went out on the rink, and I was just amazed how quickly I picked it all up again. I guess it's kind of like riding a bike." Pirate has watched the league grow from practicing in parking lots to forming a true amateur league. In time, Pirate was adopted into the **Leave it to Cleavers** and is currently the team's co-captain. While the Cleavers' captain (**Miss Disco Bliss**) may be Pirate's "derby wife," Pirate tied the knot for real last October with her husband (who the girls have dubbed **Mr. Fister**). Pirate works as a massage therapist at the *Finnish Touch Day Spa* and on Tuesdays and Fridays moonlights as a bartender for the *Canyon Inn*. Dirty Pirate Hooker sat down with us to talk about the gear that keeps the other girls from getting (badly) injured by her.

SLUG: Where do you get the gear you girls use? Is there a special shop or something?

DPH: No, there's not. Because we're so new, we have to kind of get it where we can. Our coach, **El Brujo**, actually owns a shop called *Skate Now* where a lot of us girls have been buying our wheels and skates, and I've been able to pick up a few things from *Sports Authority*. A lot of us like to go through *Salty Peaks* because they give the derby girls a discount. It's nice because this can get kind of expensive, and you always want to keep

your gear up-to-date. I actually got a knee injury once because I didn't have very good pads. I took a fall and really hurt myself. It happens, but you definitely want to do what you can to prevent it.

SLUG: With the derby just now making a comeback, do you have certified "derby gear" or do you borrow from other sports?

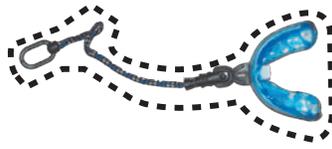
DPH: It's still all from other sports, with one exception. One of the derby girls has actually started making and selling butt-pads: pads on your butt, but specifically made for where you fall in roller derby. I know a few of the girls on my team have them. I haven't tried them out yet. I figure I've got enough padding already.

SLUG: So what other sports does the equipment come from?

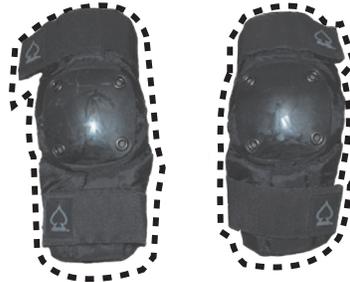
DPH: You know what? I don't even know. All I know is that the shops have them. It probably comes from rollerblading and skateboarding. I don't think it all comes from any one specific sport, and that kind of makes it rough. Fortunately, we only need the things that they are already selling for other sports, rather than anything super-specific, so it's not too hard to find.

SLUG: So what's all the gear you have?

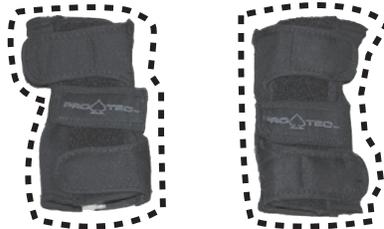
DPH: There's a lot. They really want us all to be safe, so we're required to have a lot of gear. We all have to have a helmet, and our helmets are the ones you tend to see on roller blades and skateboarders. The biker helmets tend to be long and pointy, but ours are the flatter round ones. In addition to our helmets, we have to have a mouth guard and we all wear elbow pads, wrist guards and kneepads. Those are all required for us to compete.



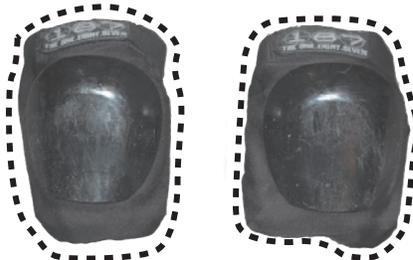
Mouthguard



Elbow pads



Wrist pads





The Girls

Sassie Sass

Name: Sassie Lass

Number: 007

Role: Secretary

Teams: Death Dealers, Shakers All-Stars

Position: Pivot/Blocker

Details: "I've always been kind of a loner," says Sassie. "But roller derby has changed all that." A 10-year belly-dancing veteran, Sassie Lass has danced with several local groups and was one of the founding members of **Blue Lotus**. While taking a break, Sassie went back to school to get her associate's degree and has been working in legal assistance since 1995. After graduation, Sassie found herself looking to pick up a hobby again, maybe belly dancing, but that's when Sassie found the roller derby. "It's amazing to be part of such a great group of girls," she says. "Women from such diverse backgrounds coming together as one – you can spend two hours together and laugh, sweat, cry and hit each other, then go have a drink. I've never experienced that in anything I've done before." It's these girls who Sassie came out to talk to us about.

SLUG: What kind of commitment goes into being a derby girl?

SL: A lot more than I ever thought when I joined. Basically, everything that we are able to do is because of the girls. Right now, the league practices twice a week. Teams generally practice once a week, sometimes more or less depending on the team and the season. Along with that, we require all the girls to be part of a committee. These are what form the league and what actually keeps us going and makes us work.

SLUG: What are the different committees?

SL: We have a bout committee, an interleague committee, a compliance committee, an events committee, sponsorship, media, public relations – the girls can join one and can draw from their backgrounds and experience and help with their different committees.

SLUG: So, you also do all the behind-the-scenes work?

SL: Exactly. When you come to the bout, the girls who are not playing are putting it on. They're selling and taking tickets, helping security, refing and helping take score. Everything that has to be done, we do. Basically the Olympic Oval has an empty rink, we come in, tape down our track, put up our signs and make it home. That's what all the girls are doing when they're not skating.

SLUG: So you guys even have to set up your own rink?

SL: Exactly. We do everything. And what we can't do from within, we rely on volunteers. We have a huge fan base that has been wonderful with volunteering to help in the different areas. That's what makes it all work.

SLUG: So how does one go about becoming a derby girl?

SL: We actually have tryouts coming up in September. All the details will be on the website soon, and will be updated as we get closer. The most important thing right now is to realize that we are looking for girls who already have a basic skating level. On the website there are links that tell you what we are looking for. We also talk about gear and other things for when you first come in for tryouts, and we have open skate sessions. You can come and skate with us and we'll give you pointers so you can know where you're at and what you need to work on before you come to tryouts.

SLUG: One more thing: how does a derby girl go about getting her name?

SL: It's personal preference. There's actually a database nationwide, and your name has to be approved before you can officially use it. There are thousands of names on there right now, and it's getting harder to choose your name. Some girls find it really easy. I found it really difficult. I had to think about it for a while. The name can describe a part of the girl's personality that they want to play up, or maybe just something fun and out of the everyday norm. Being the board secretary, I love it. I mean, we have lots of girls in the league with the same regular name. *Nobody* has the same derby name. And it's kind of a rule that everyone has to go by their derby name. Nobody goes by their regular names, and half the girls here don't even know each other's regular name.



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what moves you

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Fri. Aug. 1: Scripted Apology, Drown Out The Stars, Prosthetic Heads, Grim Prophecy

Sat. Aug. 2: The Mighty Cash Cats Johnny Cash Tribute Band, Wisebird, Osiris

Thu. Aug. 7: Origin, Misery Index, Abysmal Dawn, Incendiant, Through The Eyes Of Carrion

Fri. Aug. 8: Katagory V, Melodramus, Fortitude, Blue Lights

Sat. Aug. 9: Massacre At The Wake, Blood of Saints, State Of Insomnia, GodAwful

Wed. Aug. 13: Redemption, Tragic Black

Fri. Aug. 15: MAIM Corps, SixteenPenny, Such Vengeance, Prizm

Sat. Aug. 16: TBA

Fri. Aug. 22: Y&T, Shadow, Platinum Rose (featuring Charlie Wayne former BulletBoys)

Sat. Aug. 23: Dustys 3rd Annual "PLAN FOR DAMAGE" featuring on the ALL Ages Outdoor Stage!

Also: Separation Of Self, Massacre At The Wake, My Last Breath, Drown Out The Stars, Balance Of Power, Blonde Assassin, 12 Ton Jezus, My Own Time, Vinia, Instinct Of Aggression, Cave Of Roses, Eleventh Hour, Scripted Apology, Prosthetic Heads. Doors at 4:00.

Fri. Aug. 29: Valdur, Lightning Swords Of Death, Cave Of Roses, Through The Eyes Of Carrion

Sat. Aug. 30: Steady Machete CD Release Party, Three Reasons, All Things Ending

Tue. Sept. 16: Saviours

Mondays: Punk Night

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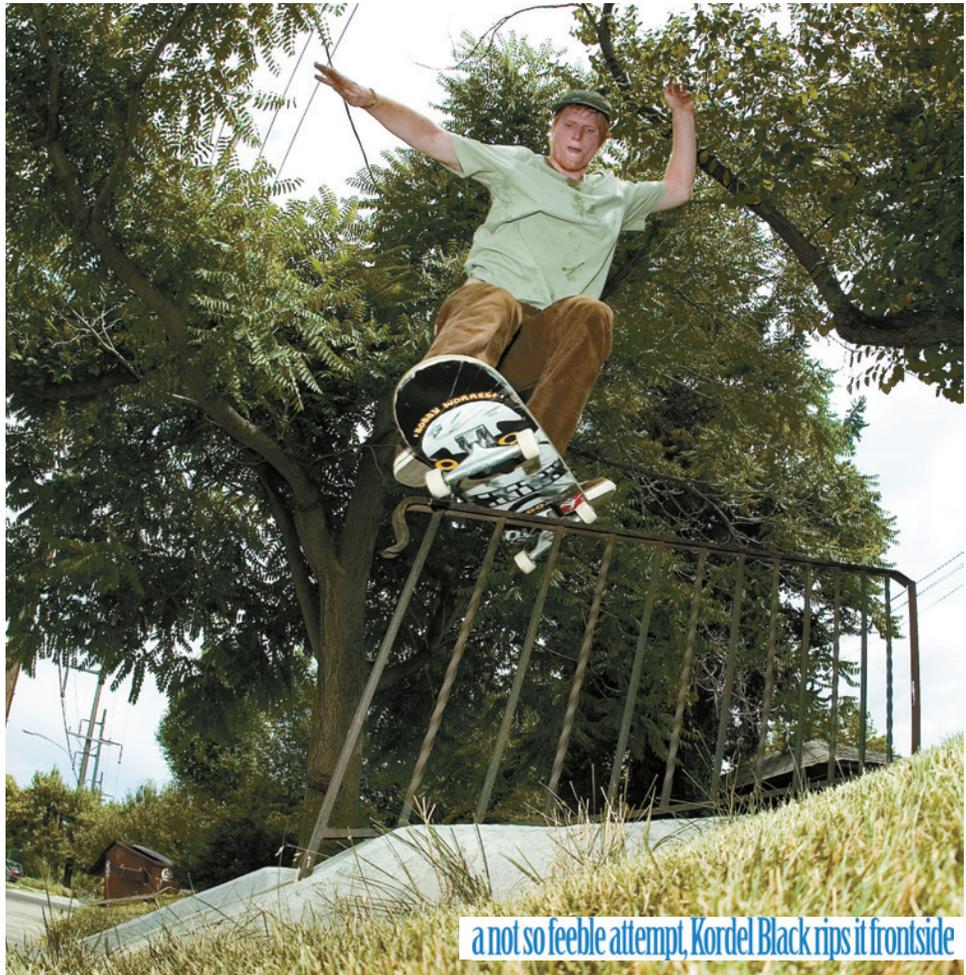
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Words and photos by Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com

a not so feeble attempt, Kordel Black rips it frontside

Welcome to suburbia, where miles upon miles of white vinyl fencing and acres of perfectly groomed emerald green grass outline row after row of dark taupe, taupe, light taupe and grey cookie cutter homes. Mom's Porsche Boxter sits in the garage while dad's Dodge monster truck flaunts his manhood curbside. A handful of tortured souls sneak bong-rips in the basement and hide twelve packs of PBR under the bed plotting their escape from this purgatory of boredom. There is no denying the monotonous life of suburbia. However, is there something more lurking amongst flower boxes and steep driveways—an untapped resource of skatetopia perhaps?

The hunt for suburban spots started while I was living in south Draper. I'd had my fill of 57in HD porn streaming through high speed Internet. Turning the same lines through the local parks was becoming tiresome. I was in need of change. I knew there were spots out there hiding amongst the homes. I rallied some troops and began the search. **Kendall Johnson** was first on the search party. While waiting for Trax to train us up to the University we starting scouring around a back alley. Hidden amongst overgrown vines and dilapidated asphalt we uncovered a gap popping out of someone's driveway over a tree stump and into a steep little bank. A bit of clean up was needed before Kendall could start poppin' and stompin'. He rolled away clean with a solid snap landing deep into the tranny. Unfortunately this new spot came with a toll. Slipping out in the tranny Kendall put his hand down, shredding his palm in the loose gravel.



Milo has ups, what you got Dirty. ?



pop it, point it, stomp it, Kendall stump jump to bank

somedays you have to get shredded to shred

The best part about this mission was how it was going to force everyone look at skating in a different way. You're not going to find perfect 8 stairs, butter benches and Dracula sitting in front of people's homes. **Dirk Hogan** was searching around the corner from our recently discovered gap, contorting his skate brain for something to shred when a seven-stair rail caught his eye. No runway was available for this set and no runway would be needed. Dirk perched up alongside the wall next to the rail and tail pop board slid, back 50, feeble and crooked grinded the rail. Popping onto handrails has enough death factors already, but to literally do it with zero speed is an entire other level of gnarly. The days search mission was a success. It was beer o'clock so we packed it up and took it to the porch.

No matter what time of day it is, skate brains never rest. On one of the many lovely days spent sipping the day away, **Isaiah Beh** spotted a lonely handrail across the street

that was short, tall, mellow and begging to be skated. Isaiah got a trick on it, but I wasn't around to record it. Another man on the search party, **Kordell Black**, would capture the photo on another day.

We had investigated many of the residential areas throughout the avenues, *Liberty Park* and filtering into Sugarhouse. Keeping a keen eye was the key. We wouldn't travel far before finding at least something skateable, be it a rock wallie, drops off of porches or sidewalk bumps from tree roots pushing up sections of concrete. There was almost more to skate in the 'burbs than in the city. Unfortunately just like the city, the 'burbs come with 24/7 security. You think that underpaid mall security gets pissed off while they chase you around the parking lot—try dealing with a home owner walking out front when you are sizing up a spot on their own private property. At least that's what I would expect. We were lucky enough not to have any angry encounters. I think the key is to skate during business hours while all the drones





Taking a break from Sponge Bob and boxed Chardonnay, Dirty, switch fs 180

are busy shuffling away in their cubicles. Nothing feels better than landing tricks quickly and quietly, because it's way easier to land tricks then try them all day.

With so many fun spots already uncovered within such a close proximity I wanted to expand the search further east where there would undoubtedly be some goods hidden amongst the neighborhoods near the

mountains base. I wasn't very familiar with the area and needed a guide. Who better than Dirt Mcgirt himself. When I called **Sean Hadley** up to tell him what I was looking for, he already had spots in mind. I love Dirty, but fuck he is the ultimate lagger every time we try and go skate. He has to do his laundry first, then shower after its done and watch four hours of Sponge Bob while drinking boxed wine and **Jager**. While Dirty dicked around, **Milo** (Dirt's dog) had this spot he had been trying to come up on for some time. Milo and I trotted over to this double overhead wood fence and he boosted over it with ease and perfect form. Done and done, what up now Dirty? Your doggy got pops what you got? Not one to be outdone we rolled over a tall drop into a steep driveway. Fresh out of the shower with no warm up, Dirty was already carcass-hucking down this drop. Dirty ain't no stranger to danger and some blood was shed before he rolled away smooth with a switch 180.

It was time for our search party to take a break. Suburbia spans the valley and offers an almost infinite amount of land to explore. The nearly limitless boundaries of suburbia offer the freedom to adventure anywhere. Getting out of the city to shred some new ground keeps skating fresh and gets your mind thinking. There is no way of knowing what you'll stumble upon until you get out and start exploring. Elementary schools and churches nestled amongst the homes are good places to search out ledges, stair sets and rails. Also remember to hunt through the numerous beige megaplex shopping centers popping up throughout the valley. In-between homes and down the back streets is where you'll find the most inventive spots. It takes some work to uncover these suburban treasures, they are well hidden. Drive slow homies and keep your eagle eyes peeled.



run ups for suckers...



tail pop to crooks and feeble, Dirk Hogan



product reviews

Osiris Shoes

The Bronx

www.osirisshoes.com

High tops are really rad, no joke. They skate amazing and keep you locked into your kicks like Kevin Garnett does dunks over the Los Angeles Lakers' whole bench. **Osiris** has a pair that will make you want to skate high tops exclusively for the rest of your skateboarding days. The Bronx is a classically styled, comfortable shoe with steez points for miles. The colorway I received (mustard, white and red) are the bees' knees when it comes to style points and not only do they look cool, they're actually quite a good pair of skateboard shoes. The sole on them is super durable and I hardly noticed them wearing down at all the entire time I skated them. The one setback in their design is the fact that they don't breathe very well to keep your feet cool and they end up on fire by the end of your session. Although overall, you might as well have hot feet so that when you go from your skateboard to the dance party to the next adventure you are always the hottest one on the block. Word. Peace. Love. – Adam Dorobiala



Material Things

C.R.E.A.M. Beanie

www.myspace.com/mthae-dear

I know it's summertime, and I know you must be wondering who in the hell wears a beanie in the middle of hundred-degree weather. Well, the truth is that geniuses wear beanies in the summer to keep their mind warm and ready for action in any situation. Plus, when you take it off after a while it looks like you just came from the hair salon. The hat I received was built custom for my dome (colorway, size and style) as yours can be too, depending on the selection of yarn in stock.

Kordell Black ain't no bitch when it comes to making a hat that makes you wonder if it really is separate from your head at any given point. Handmade with a needle and some string is the only way to go if you want a quality



beanie, none of this "loom" shit. Peep the myspace page for availability and head on over to **Autumn Garage**, **Broken**, **Ten** and soon enough **Blindside** will carry his lids, so go and support these local places and people whenever you can. – Adam Dorobiala

Film Por Vida!

Mute #2

www.lulu.com

Once again, **Jai Tanju** has made an excellent paperback to please the eyes of millions with his newest release *Mute #2*. Filled with wonderful off peak moments in the skateboard photographer's life, it has an eclectic mix of images from

Matt Price, **Louie Barletta**, **Dave Swift** and all the way to (one of SLUG's very own photo masters) **Sam Milianta**. Besides the photos, one of my personal favorite parts of the book are the intro quotes before the handheld art show continues on to snapshots of modern times. Every facet of life is photographed in this book spanning from backyard pool skate sessions to portraits of friends waiting to skate the next spot. Find this book and help Mr. Tanju keep helping others with their photography careers by buying a copy. Your money will be well spent. – Adam Dorobiala



Quiksilver

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for walking with water everywhere you go. **Quiksilver** also has sunglasses, backpacks, etc., basically if you can think of it they probably have it. Shoots bruddah, just cruise. – Adam Dorobiala



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SUMMER OF DEATH

Ghettolympics
 By **Dave Amador**
 petperpanhandler@slugmag.com

daisy dukes, bad thoughts, 20 dudes with video cameras, 30 dudes with regular cameras (myself included), video camera on crane set-up (definitely going the extra mile—thanks **Brian Baade**), teenagers smoking many cigarettes next to the *The Truth* booth, lots of sunglasses (these make my face sweat), beer run, people I haven't seen in a long while (**Ben Dickerson**), good parking lot surface (thanks to *Big Deluxe Tattoo*), really long red hair (**Oliver Buchanan**), plaid shorts with striped shirts (this combo makes my eyes hurt), maybe some track marks on some kids arm, mullet haircut from hell, neon green shirt, neon pink shirt, two hot dogs in one hamburger bun, good judging (**Big-E, Dave Van, Tully, Helen Wade, PANDA and Greg** from *Union Shop*), tight and tripped out events like timed height escalating hippy jump hurdles, longest power slide (this pretty much killed any one's wheels that were willing to participate), open obstacle jam session, my favorite event the board chuck it's kind of like the shot-put, but for losers (**Jonathan Jackson** almost took **Jason Gianchetta's** head straight off), general chaos, *SLUG* Staff holding it down, **Dank Squad**



The Ghettolympics in a nutshell: 105° on the asphalt, 96° in the shade (just like the song), great turnout, original concept, heaps of friendly competition, serious tricks getting busted, girls with water-misters, *Red Bull* and *Red Bull Light*, beers, friends, no foes, hot dogs, hamburgers, hip-hop disc jockey (thanks again **DJ SUPeRB, Mike Brown** as the M.C. (humorous chap isn't he?), *Fox News, PCTV*, clean people cleaning up after dirty people, cool parents, matching shop team t-shirts, early teen girls wearing bikinis and unzipped





booth (the goods-you should really hook a brother up with some nice t-shirts size large please), good obstacle construction, good vibrations and just plain good in general.

Special thanks goes to all the sponsors and to all the heads for making this scene happen. Here' a list of how shit went down, check the inter-web for some footy. See you next month until then skate tuff and eat monkey muffins.



Final Tallies:

17 and under

Not 17 and under

- 1. **Daniel Roman**
- 2. **Morgan Coulington**
- 3. **Brandon Aguayo**

- 1. **Isaiah Beh**
- 2. **Kevin Emerson**
(East Coast Flavor)
- 3. **Brody Penrod**

Longest Powerslide 17 and under
Dylan Halverson

Longest Powerslide by not a kid **Dani Cerezini** (Not the kid who rides for *Blind*)

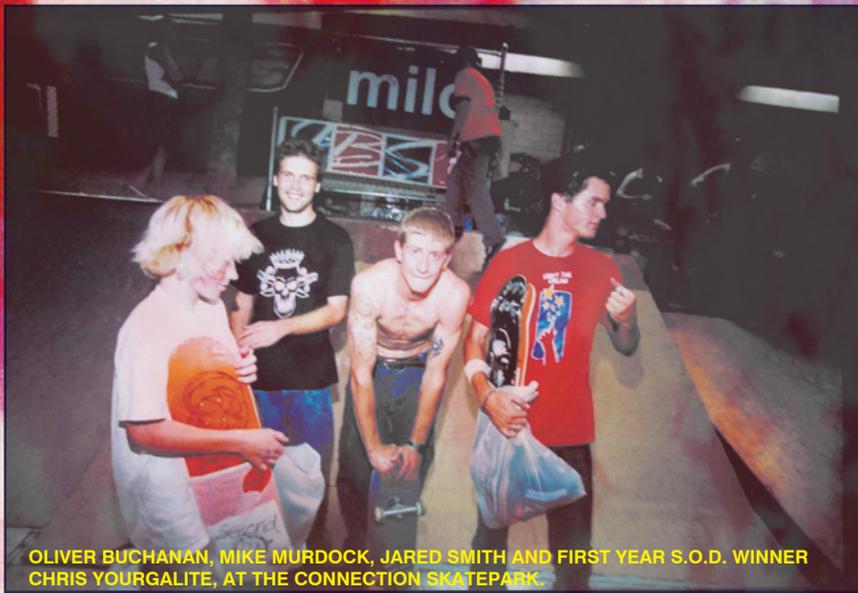
Hippie Hurdle 17 and under
Morgan Coulington (overall destroyer for the day)

Hippie Hurdle winner
Jon Hoganson

Board Chucker Winner
Everyone who entered this event lost in the long run because it's never cool to chuck your board
(Nash Saxton should've won).

See you at teh next comp on August 23rd!





OLIVER BUCHANAN, MIKE MURDOCK, JARED SMITH AND FIRST YEAR S.O.D. WINNER CHRIS YOURGALITE, AT THE CONNECTION SKATEPARK



JARED SMITH (A.K.A. SNUGGLES) LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF S.O.D. SINCE DAY ONE. YOU TOO, COULD HAVE A COOL NICKNAME IF YOU SLEET WITH YOUR BOARD ON ROADTRIPS.

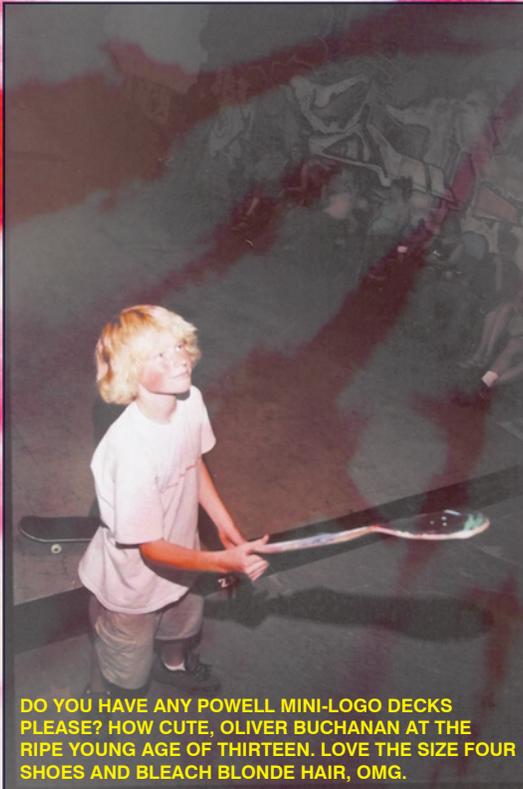
S.O.D. Retrospective:

What a Long Strange Trip it's Been

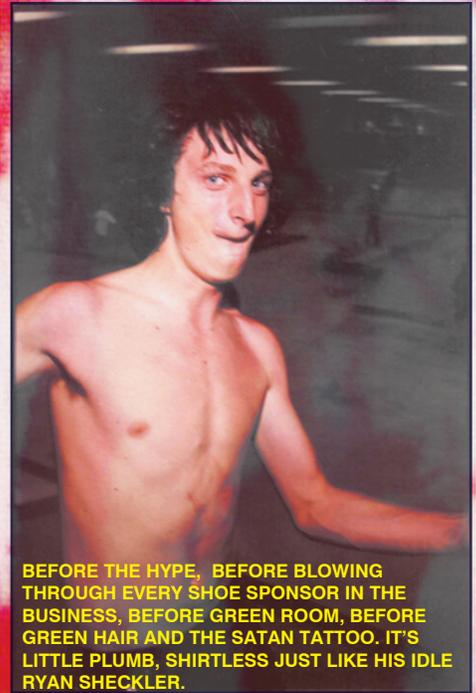
By Dave Amador peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Photos: Bryan Meyers

Damn, *SLUG Mag* has been holding down the S.O.D. (*Summer of Death*) contest series for eight years straight now. That's probably longer than most of you fools have even been shredding for. Throughout those years the faces, styles, tricks and contest formats have changed quite a bit, and always for the better. There has been one constant factor that has never gotten old—we have always had fun. Speaking of getting old, a lot of the competitors have grown up over the past eight years in front of our eyes. Some have gone on to the stardom of professional skateboarding, a handful of you have become recognized amateurs, a few have moved onto mature adult life (we salute you) and some are no longer with us. With all that said lets look forward to another eight years of chaos and destruction. Remember, we own this and no one else can have it.



DO YOU HAVE ANY POWELL MINI-LOGO DECKS PLEASE? HOW CUTE, OLIVER BUCHANAN AT THE RIPE YOUNG AGE OF THIRTEEN. LOVE THE SIZE FOUR SHOES AND BLEACH BLONDE HAIR, OMG.



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Absinthe Films

The Joy of Snowboarding By Helen Wade hwade1981@hotmail.com

Get ready for *Ready*—Absinthe Films' new project that features some of the best snowboarders in the business. This year Absinthe will kick off its third year of *The Sphere of Influence Tour*. This tour will make its way through 21 major cities, with Salt Lake City being the first banger stop! So seriously... get ready. You'll be left astounded and we may even have to peel you out of the theater—the riding is going to be that good.

Ready features some of the best riders in the world including: **Nicolas Muller, Gigi Ruf, Kevin Pearce, MFM, JP Solberg, Romain deMarchi, Scotty Lago, Mikey Leblanc**, big mountain: **Jeremy Jones, Annie Boulanger, Keegan Valaika, Matt Beardmore, Matty Ryan, Wolfgang Nyvelt** and many more. The riders and filmers traveled the world finding new and unique obstacles to ride down, jump on, slappy tap change up out of and whirly bird over.

This tour is unlike any other snowboard film premier to date. In its third year now, *The Sphere of Influence Tour* is here to not only blow your mind, but to educate it about being environmentally responsible as well. For every *Sphere of Influence* ticket sold, Absinthe will donate \$1 to the *Protect Our Winters* organization and another \$1 to a local non-profit in each city that the tour makes a stop in—so feel good about spending your money on this premier ticket.

I was lucky enough to chat with two of the best riders out there, Mikey Leblanc and Annie Boulanger. Leblanc has been part of the Absinthe crew for over three years now. Boulanger, the only female involved, has been filming with them for two years. In these interviews, we talked about traveling, filming and their take on the environment, not makeup or boys.

Annie Boulange

SLUG: How long have been snowboarding?

AB: Since 94'. 14 years.

SLUG: What mountain is your home?

AB: Whistler/ Backcomb

SLUG: Who are your sponsors?

AB: Nike, Salomon, DAKine, Anon, Eesa, Whistler/blackcomb, lfound and Empire shop.

SLUG: How has your riding changed since you started?

AB: I used to ride the small icy hills of Québec, so I rode the icy jumps and iced yellow slick half pipes. Then I started competing in big air contests and half pipe. I wanted to continue down that path, but found

SLUG: How have your injuries helped and hurt your riding? Do you feel any of your injuries were a blessing in disguise?

AB: When you're pro, the worst thing in the world is an injury. That's your enemy. I've lost a few seasons to blown-out knees and bruised heels. I took that time to reflect, learn from mistakes and read a lot. I think that being an athlete really pushes you to your limit and brings up your fears. If you want to come back strong, you have to confront them and deal with the psychological side of the sport too.

SLUG: What do you get out of being a professional snowboarder? You bring the crap out of anything put in front of you. Do you feel satisfied where you're at right now or do you want to keep on pushing to the next level?

AB: I feel so lucky to have had the chance to travel and see the world, to meet so many different people and learn about their mentalities. I believe that's the best way to educate yourself. Get out of your little bubble and explore what's out there. Snowboarding has also taken me to surfing, my new love. On the snowboard side, I always want to progress and learn. I'm never really satisfied, that's what keeps it interesting and fun.

SLUG: What riders do you look up to or that influence you to keep pushing yourself to the next level?

AB: Gigi, Devon Walsh, Nicolas, Romain, Wolle, DCP, Jake Blauvelt, Austin, Eero E & N, Bjorn Leines, MFR.... so many....

SLUG: When did you start filming with the Absinthe crew?

AB: Two seasons ago.

SLUG: What is it like being the only girl involved? How is filming? Do they push you, or do they let you have more of a voice?

AB: Well riding with those guys makes you realize how bad you are compared to them... that's for sure. I love working with Absinthe. They're awesome. The guys are super cool and push me, but sometimes it's hard cause the jumps are massive so I try to find something else to hit. I also find that I have a hard time speaking up, cause the guys should deserve more attention than me since they are better. I'm working on that part...

SLUG: Who are your regular filming buddies?

AB: This year my crew varied between Romain, JP, Matt B, Wolle and **Markus K.**

SLUG: Absinthe is promoting environmental education and awareness. How do you think the environment is looking right now?

AB: If you travel to overpopulated third world countries you realize how far the world is from



Photo: Joshua Smith

Annie Boulange

it hard when I moved to Whistler because it kept dumping all the time. The park was always buried, so I had to learn to free ride instead. It took me a while to like it as much as the park, but now powder is pretty much the reason I ride.

recycling and being aware of what's going on. That's even scarier than what you see around here with the glaciers melting and everyone driving full size vehicles.

SLUG: How do you think snowboarding both positively and negatively affects the environment?

AB: I haven't seen the positive side, besides some happy people. The negative list gets long if you really think about it. Driving to the hill, running the chairs, cutting trees... that's without considering everything that went into producing your gear in China or some other over populated country with no regulations and that wax that you just scraped off your board.

SLUG: What about snowmobiling? I know they get people to incredible places, but how important do you think they are for the future of snowboarding and the environment?

AB: Yeah, burn gas, lots of it, get the shot, get it done! Are there any positive questions here? Like on make-up and boys?

SLUG: Alright to a lighter note what was the best part of filming...any good stories?

AB: Like **Marie France** would say: "One life". It's been amazing. We stress and complain about shots and sponsors sometimes, but only because we feel pressure at times. The Absinthe guys are funny and a blast to hang with.

Mikey Leblanc

SLUG: How long have you been in the bus? Who are your sponsors?

ML: 24 years. *Ride, DVS, Matix Holden* and *Milo Sport*.

SLUG: When did you get involved with Absinthe?

ML: I was riding/filming with **Shane** six or seven years, but had no parts in the Absinthe Films. I think about three years ago is when I legitimately was in the Absinthe Films.

SLUG: How has it been filming with them?

ML: Ideal for where I am at right now with my riding. I mean Absinthe made the best movie last year, and ever, in my opinion. I love being involved. There is no pressure in filming, they let us dictate 100% of our riding. We do what we want. It is relaxed and portrays true riding, not dictated riding.

SLUG: Who are you generally filming/riding with?

ML: Last year for city trips it was mainly, **Matty Ryan, Justin Bennee, Kale, Keegan Valaika, J2** and **Andy Wright** is generally there snapping photos. For big mountain filming I love riding with **MFM** and **Gigi Ruff**. I pretty much ride with a dream crew in every part.

SLUG: What were the major trips this filming year?

ML: When we did city filming we went to Toronto, Montreal and Buffalo, NY. They were a lot of fun because these were cities that not many people had been to. We had to really explore and find things

to do. Nothing was really mapped out for us. This is what is great about Absinthe, they let us take chances and go to new places. There is the risk of not getting 100 shots, but there is the pleasure of getting different and more unique shots. I mean we were filming on streets other crews don't even know are around ...

SLUG: Absinthe is really involved with being environmentally aware and promoting environmental education. What are your feelings with where we're headed, environmentally?

ML: Undoubtedly, we need to at least admit that we are fucking shit up. You know if you rolled up to your bank and realized you are -100 dollars you're fucked, below empty. That's how the world is right now. We are screwed on many levels, but there are 1 million things we can do to fix things and slowly bring the globe together.

SLUG: How do you think snowboarding positively and negatively affects the environment?

ML: No matter what you do period you affect

the animal's habitat. However on the positive, snowboarding is getting people outside. If you have a nice day on the mountain you will come back down and probably be nicer to people around you, which I consider eco-friendly. If snowboarding is making you happy, then you will want to return the favor and make others around you happy.

SLUG: How do you feel about snowmobiling?

It is used a lot in the sport, but is it absolutely necessary?

ML: It's 100% horrible. They do get you to places to make epic movies and I do own one, but I rarely use it, and it wouldn't bother me if I never had to again. Maybe they could create fixed gears for snow? Or since all these kids are riding fixed gears now they should be able to hike up no problem.

SLUG: Where are you living now?

ML: I live in Portland, OR almost full-time. I do have a house in SLC so I come back for the winters.

SLUG: I hear when you are in Salt Lake you go the *Kanzeon Zen Center* and your Zen Master is **Roshi**? The funny thing is I garden for Roshi.

ML: Really!

SLUG: Yeah, I love his garden. It's my favorite out of the gardens I take care of.

ML: Well, I bet there is a lot of good Karma coming from that place!

SLUG: How has learning the art of Zen Buddhism helped your snowboarding?

ML: It has helped my snowboarding so much. It changes your way of thinking. You become more aware of your thoughts, how you perceive the world. I love snowboarding, it absolutely saved my life and gave me confidence. As a pro you go through gnarly stages with money and sponsors. Through these stages you almost lose the joy of snowboarding. Going to the *Zen Center* has allowed me to find that joy again and helps me be aware of when I am caught up in all that negative nonsense.

SLUG: What do you want the youngins that are watching you get to out of your riding style?

ML: Take away whatever they want. The kids should find their own style, don't do what everyone else does. It's good to be inspired by films and the pros, but just don't copy it. There are so many options in life to be creative and find your own niche. Snowboarding allows people to know they are capable of standing on their own two feet. It gives people courage and confidence to do things on their own. Since snowboarding is such an individual sport, people need that push to get out there. Try new things, share your experiences with others and show people the joy they can receive out of snowboarding.

If you have been living under a boulder field for the past few months and have not yet seen the teaser for *Ready* then visit:

www.sphereofinfluencetour.com



Photo: Joshua Smith

Mikey Leblanc

the environment. Let's face it, the snow industry makes products that are bad, but there are options to become an eco-friendlier company. As for snowboarding affecting the environment, we definitely have a negative impact. We are in

If you feel inspired to start becoming more involved in saving the world, visit and support the following sites:

www.protectourwinters.org

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GALLERY STROLL

GALLERY-GALLERY-GALLERY-STROLL-STROLL-STROLL-

Gallery Stroll
By **Mariah Mann-Mellus** mariah@slugmag.com

Camilla Taylor knows the fundamentals of putting on a successful print exchange, making her latest show, *Secret*, an irresistible stop on August 15th's *Gallery Stroll*. It will be presented by the *Kayo Gallery* at 177 East 300 South in downtown Salt Lake with a public artists' reception held from 6-9 P.M.

With a laundry list of artist including **Trent Call, Claire Taylor, Cein Watson, Camilla Taylor, Stephanie Carrico, Steve Jansen, Clyde Ashby, Catherine Mataisz, Veera Kasicharernvat, Amber Heaton, Mary Toscano, Cara Despain, Emily Johndrow, Stephanie Dykes, Dylan McManus** and **Erin Esplin**, patrons are bound to find a perfect and inexpensive addition to their art collection.

Using a standard format, all the participants made a selected number of prints to exchange among other artists and several to be sold at the gallery. Available for \$20 apiece, collecting from even the well-established artists becomes an affordable reality.

Staying with one format makes for clean lines and offers everyone an even playing field. The format becomes a comforting structure to house even the wildest interpretations.

"So far, I don't know how risky, or risqué, people are going to get with their prints," Camilla says. "There have been promises of illicit sexual content, and humiliating revelations, but we'll see who follows through."

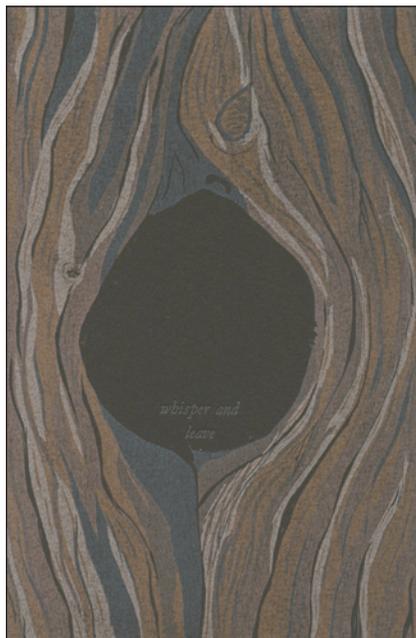
After relocating some years ago, Camilla now resides in Los Angeles but has yet to find the niche of jaw-dropping print-makers the good old SLC has to offer. "Last year, I tried doing a dual exhibit, having the show open the same time in Salt Lake City and in Phoenix. It seemed like a good idea, but the Salt Lake City artists dwarfed the Phoenix artists in amount and quality. I couldn't find many people who were both artists and experienced in printmaking in other cities like I could in SLC."

Not all gallery openings take place during the monthly *Gallery Stroll*. Offering highbrow art, **The Utah Art Alliance** will feature *Defining Moments* by **Sonya Dinsdale**, open September 2nd-September 27th with an artists' reception Friday, September 5th.

Defining Moments consist of colorful, abstract, two-dimensional mixed-media works depicting the rollercoaster of human emotions. It is a testament to the therapy of creating art to reflect and move forward through life's challenges.

Sonya relates the images to themes of unrequited love, the triumph of the human spirit over personal terror and the exuberance of a sunny day in April.

The Utah Arts Alliance is located 127 South Main and will be open Tuesday through Friday 4-8 P.M. and Saturdays from 1-5 P.M. Free on-street parking is available after 6P.M. If you have an upcoming gallery/art studio event, contact me at mariah@slugmag.com Submission must be received by the 10th of the month prior. Go out and support local art!



Color reduction relief print, "Whisper and Leave" by Amber Heaton.

BEER

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Bru Review

Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

When it comes to wit bier, everyone's first thought is *Blue Moon*. But, because I have a palate that refuses to digest fecal matter and rotting fruit, I felt the need to produce a line-up of reviews of decent Belgian wits that are locally grown and actually taste like they should. Light in body, your typical wit bier is hazy (due to the wheat and the unfiltered brewing process) and packs some aromatics of fresh oranges, coriander and a blend of spices left to the brewers discretion. Although the concept of brewing Belgian beers in Utah is a slow growing revolution, the wit bier is a perfect place to start for beginners getting into drinking this style of brew.

Squatter's Wit Bier

Brewery: Utah Brewers Cooperative

/ Squatters

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$14.99

Serving Style: Summer Sampler Pack

Rating: ****

Description: With a very light, hazy-yellow pour, this brew is packed with carbonation and a nice fluffy white head. Lighter in aromatics than your standard wit, this one still surprised me with a combination of lemon/orange zest, yeasty notes and a fair amount of coriander. The palate of this brew only complements the aromatics, but finishes with a pleasant amount of malts and bitterness to polish it off.

Overview: "The Brohas of Brew" the Cooperative have yet to produce a beer that I would not drink. Working outdoors in the 100° weather of this desert we call home, this could not be better thirst quencher. In comparison to their recent batches of this brew, this is the best to date. While I would like a bit more spice in the finish, this beer could not be any better for the casual and the hedonistic drinker to enjoy.

Where to Find: Found on tap at most *Squatters* locations, almost every grocery store and of course, the lovely *Utah Beer Store*.

Rype

Brewery: Four + Brewing / Uinta Brewing Company

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$7.99

Serving Style: 12 oz bottle / Six-Pack

Rating: ***½

Description: The newest brew out of the Four + Brewing Company has hit just in time for the summer season. This brew pours crystal clear with a nice foamy head. I know you are thinking... "but Tyler, I thought you said wits were unfiltered and hazy?" Well fuck you, the boys over at Uinta, in their genius, decided that filtering their wit would help ease you out of your shitty drinking habits of *Blue Moon*. With a decent amount of carbonation, this wit gives off the least bit of orange, coriander and caramel malts with a nice malty dry finish.

Overview: The brewers over at *Uinta* have put this brew through more changes than the *Book of Mormon* to meet your needs. So, if you are looking for a well-brewed alternative to supporting massive brewing corporations (fuckinpieceofshit *Blue Moon*), start drinking some *Rype*! Also, for some non-drunken rants on this brew, tune into some local "Home Brewing Perspective" podcasts to listen to their "what are you drinking" segments. <http://www.homebrewingperspectives.com>

Where to Find: Find it on tap over at the *Uinta Brewing Company* and six-packs are scattered throughout the valley's grocery stores.

Bee Sting Wit

Brewery: Hoppers

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$3.75

Serving Style: Pint

Rating: ***

Description: Pouring a very light yellow, this wit is rich in coriander aroma and mixed with a touch of tart-bitter oranges. The flavor is a malty complex of bitter oranges, grassy hops and a mouthful of carbonation. The overall finish really just makes you want more.

Overview: A decent brew from Hoppers, this beer is something to look forward to next summer. I wish I could have given you a brew you could get immediately, but be sure to throw this guy on your radar for its next go-around. This brew may be full on carbonation, but a touch watery in body/taste so I was "forced" to drink multiples to get a complete grasp.

Where to Find: This beer is only found on tap at *Hoppers Bar & Grill* in the early summer.

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36 Grit Slurry

Demo

Self-Released
Street: 08.05

36 Grit Slurry = Sneaking up on your grandparents and scaring them

This band's name makes no sense to me, but I give them a big ol' thumbs up "Welcome to Gotham" style for being creative and whacky. If **Alice In Chains** still made albums and stuck to their early '90s sound, this would be what their new album would sound like. The riffage on this record is intense and tight—it locks you in and the lyrics are flat out amazing. I'm excited to check them out live at **The Avalon** Aug. 4. —*Jon Robertson*

iAndale!

Self-Titled

Pseudo Recordings
Street: 06.07

iAndale! = Yeah Yeah Yeahs + Pretty Girls Make Graves + The Wolfs



After years of teasing and torturing with a single-track acting as the only officially released material, iAndale! have finally released a full-length album. Although the wait was long, the self-titled album lives up to the precedent set by "Hit the Ground," the track featured on *DBS II*. The album opens with the infectious and hard-hitting "Walk Away" and only gets better from there. The chuggy guitars and laughable lyrics featured on "Fucking Tourettes" lead quite nicely into the mellow verses and addictive chorus of "I Liked You Better When." Two of my favorite tracks were "Unforgiving Sky" and "Messed Up," but really any

way you add it up all 10 tracks on this album are delicious. Bravo, iAndale! —*Jeanette Moses*

Ask The Dust

Try. Fail. Trust.

Self-Released
Street: 06.26

Ask The Dust = Coheed & Cambria + Death By Stereo + a cello

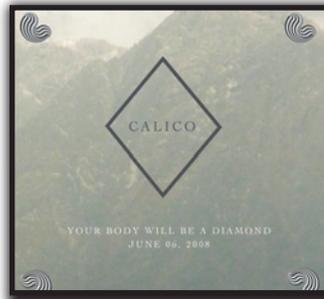
On the surface, Ask The Dust might appear to be another vanilla-bland rock band playing vanilla bland tunes, but you'd be dead wrong, if you stuck with this assumption. The thing that sets this group apart is their use of a cello as one of their leading instruments, rather than just a supporting character in the group. The songs are quite good and original enough to give their band a distinctive enough style to stand out among the pack of rock/metal here in the valley. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

Calico

Black Pyramid

Self-Released
Street: 07.01

Calico = Vincent Gallo + Valley of the Giants + Vetiver



Oh Calico, how do you infatuate me? Let me recount our days. Just as your opening song begins—silently we grew stronger and my heart beat loud like the ringing of a triangle. Vibrations from your percussion and low keys transcended me into a great high. There the sounds steadied as we lay next to one another, "In the Sun." Naked, not holding hands, for our "Hands are Sand" and as useless as our hearts. We listened while birds chirped and flapped around a

"Black Pyramid." My heart and ears pulsed with Calico's psychedelic tones staggering through the sky, where we spent most of our time—nine erotic minutes—only to be forced into the spaciousness of "Heaven" by soft chords from an acoustic guitar and relaxing rhythms of a keyboard. Your quickening pace increased my "Bloodflow" with your **Thom Yorke** vocals. Like stolen, shining "Diamonds," I am impressed by such a luminous performance of troubadours who generate heat to such musical endeavors (**Brownham, Chanticleer the Clever Cowboy**). Sadly, Calico, you do not love me in return. I should feel alone, but your bleak honesty fills any empty space. —*Jennifer Nielsen*

The Devil Whale

Like Paraders

Self-Released
Street: 04.10

The Devil Whale = Palomino + Aqualung



The Devil Whale gets my vote for the best serenading band in Utah. I can already see girls and boys getting weak at the knees. This is one of those bands that can appeal to everyone because the music is so personal. **Brinton Jones** must have some connections with the man upstairs because he has definitely been blessed with some heavenly vocals. In fact, this whole album is blessed. Each instrument fits together so well that it's hard to detect a single flaw. It's the perfect blend of pop, folk and rock, something you can cry to, laugh to and dance to. I think their promise in the track "Turn around the car," "I

will let you down, but not tonight" needs to be rephrased. The Devil Whale won't let us down, not tonight or ever if they keep coming up with music like this. —*Lyuba Basin*

Jeremy Spence

Pieces

Self-Released
Street: 10.16.2007

Jeremy Spence = Dashboard Confessional + a pimping press kit

Anyone touting a press kit that hints they sounds like Coldplay better be packing a lot of heat to back it up. Unfortunately, after listening through this album three times, I couldn't even hear a hint of Chris Martin, let alone any trace of a Euro-pop influence. The saddest part is that somewhere inside this collection is a great song dying to get out. Unfortunately, all that manages to come across is a monotone collection of whiny pop ballads and lyrics that barely rate as contrived and cliché. There are a few moments where Spence gets it. On the tracks where he shifts away from rock and goes acoustic, you can see an almost **Damien Rice**-like potential. It's just not here yet. Teenage girls will no doubt eat this up, but that's about it. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

My Own Time

Rise From the Downfall

Self-Released
Street: 06.21

My Own Time = Otep + Crisis + Walls of Jericho + Kittie



From the ashes of **Oxido Republica** come *My Own Time*, a very different machine than Oxido. The obvious highlight of this five-track demo is **Karla "Agony" Olivia's** vocals. There is a great amount of energy behind her lyrics, and it just feels like she is singing from her own pain, when nowadays many female singers scream just because they can. *Agony* has a **Karyn Crisis** vibe behind her, but she maintains her own style and strength. The music is rooted in groove metal, but there is plenty of thrashing moments and moody melodic portions setting the tone for a dark set of recordings. On some tracks, the guitars falter and seem to lack a bit of intensity, but the guys hit it right on the head with their song "Pain Lulls Me to Sleep," the most technical-sounding track of the demo. It's also the most moving. The production sound for a demo is for the most part excellent. The drum sound gets lost in the mix at times, but it has a tape-recorded quality to it that gives the songs a gritty and harsh tone. I'd honestly listen to *My Own Time* over anything that Otep or Kittie have released. The band has true promise in all aspects. *-Bryer Wharton*

Purr Bats

And The Cows Came Home In Pirouette

Self-Released

Street: 02.27

Purr Bats = Devo + Ouija Boards + Sego Lilly bulbs



Anyone who's ever picked up an album by Purr Bats knows the sort of insanity they're getting into, but for those unfamiliar, let me try to explain: imagine a much more twisted version of Devo, blending a folk-western style into a techno-rock hybrid. Add in near psychotic, well-layered lyrics and you'll have a good idea of what Purr Bats are all about. *And The Cows Came Home In Pirouette* is more than worth a listen before

these guys release their fifth album later this year. *-Kat Kellermeyer*

Salt Town Greasers

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 06.14

Salt Town Greasers = Dave Alvin + Southern Culture on the Skids + The Irish Brothers

I can't tell if these folks are trying to create an eclectic sound or if they just can't make up their minds up on what to play. Country, punk, psycho and rockabilly all find their way into the mix, but with little thought as to how to play these genres well. This is an alright band that is going to play lots of fun shows around town maybe get to open up for someone like **Reverend Horton Heat**, but beyond that, they're just going to be that local band that everyone sees a bunch of times. And hey, there's not a damn thing wrong with that. At least there out there making some noise. I don't want to discourage anybody here because every city needs a couple bands like this to represent us as far as rockin' good times go. Anybody remember the **Salt City Bandits** from a couple years back? They were the same deal as these guys, and not just because they both have salt in their names, but because they're a good rock 'n roll band that doesn't care whether they make history or not. *-James Orme*

Team Mom

Self-Titled

Leaky Roof Studios

Street: 04.18

Team Mom = Cerveris + Weezer

I was not prepared to be so pleasantly surprised. This album is darn good. With a surge in the indie-pop scene as of late, Team Mom is a welcome addition, bringing new-age alternative with a twist of '60s folk electric guitar and swing-jazz drums. That doesn't mean they don't have an edge, however. As you listen to the album and hear how they approach each different song, you'll quickly realize Team Mom is no one trick pony. The tunes are catchy enough that the album's opening song, "Rabbit In Red," was stuck in my head for two days after listening for the review. While they're not reinventing the genre, they sure are doing a fine job working it. *-Kat Kellermeyer*

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GAME REVIEWS

GAME - REVIEWS - GAME - REVIEWS - GAME - REVIEWS - GAME



Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter 2

Ubisoft Paris
PC/Xbox 360/PS3
03.06.2007

The *Ghost Recon* game series initially came out in 2001, and only perpetuated my infatuation with tactical military combat. **Red Storm Entertainment** had already won my heart previously with their fantastic *Rainbow Six* series, and while the outdoors world of *Ghost Recon* was a tad more simplistic, it had some unique aspects to it. Unfortunately, this is where the happy story ends for me. I've been in a battered-wife relationship with the series ever since. Ubisoft has stepped in and changed things... drastically, and I'm continually pouty about this. Mainly my complaint is that too many console "shooter" games make me feel like I'm being spoon fed information, game tips, and help from the game itself to progress further with little effort on my part. *GRAW2* is certainly a culprit of this offense as well, but I can honestly say I'd probably like this game if it didn't pretend to be part of the game series I initially loved many years ago.

You can still choose your team members to join you on missions and issue them orders on the field of battle, but much of it feels automated, and the artificial intelligence takes on certain liberties that, I suppose, one could pass off as "features." When moving through the linear topography from checkpoint to checkpoint, you don't really have to watch your own ass, and the only consequence of the game is being forced to start over at an auto-save checkpoint. This really destroys any potential long-term strategy and replaces it with canned, on-the-fly motions that a player can go through to achieve the objectives. Perhaps my complaints are convoluted, maybe even frivolous, but my point is that I dislike being lead to believe I'm accomplishing something in a video game when I'm actually just going through the motions and letting the automatic game scripts do their job for me.

This isn't a bad game at its core, in fact, there are spots where it is rather fun. But at the end of the day, it delivers little challenge, reward or replay value. —*Conor Dow*

2.5 out of 5 infidels



Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots

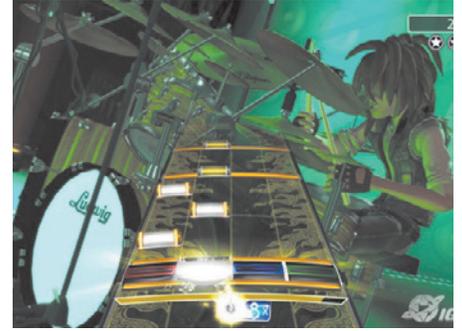
Konami/Kojima Productions
PS3
06.12.2008

A franchise twenty-one years in the making, *MGS* has always been one of the most progressive series in gaming. Once again, *MGS* has changed the face of the medium forever with Kojima's epic conclusion: *Guns of the Patriots*. "War is to the 21st century what oil was to the 20th: the pillar that supports the global economy." Kojima starts off the game with this concept and builds from there. The player takes control of Solid Snake, sent on one last mission to save humanity, but of course things are never that simple.

Still a stealth game at its core, *MSG4* introduces two new action element to the series: the Drebin system, and the Psyche meters. Whereas previous games had players collect weapons as the game progressed, the Drebin system allows Snake to purchase and upgrade weapons at any time. While this does allow a certain FPS element, the player will quickly learn that they have to balance stealth and action gameplay. Combat takes its toll on Old Snake, both mind and body. Too much combat, and Snake won't be able to fight as well. However, spikes can occur when the stress is too much, giving the player combat bonuses and damage reductions, but after the firefight, it can leave the player's levels looking poor. This brings a new strategic element of combat balance to the game and works brilliantly. The boss battles are epic, introducing a whole new troop of baddies, the B&B corps, and bringing back some old favorites.

Fans of the series will have a lot of questions they want answered, and Kojima answers them. If you've heard the rumors about hour-long cutscenes, you've heard right. Fortunately for you, you probably won't mind this time around. No boring codec sequences here. Almost the entire story is told through gorgeous, beautifully orchestrated cutscenes. Kojima has made more than a game; he's made a masterpiece. —*Kat Kellermeyer*

5 out of 5 Microsoft gamers who wish they had PS3s



Rock Band

Harmonix
Wii
6.22.2008

In the months leading up to Wii's release, it was revealed that it wouldn't be in direct competition with **Sony** and **Microsoft's** machines. You may have forgotten this fact, what with Wii selling like it was going out of production tomorrow, but, the fact remains. And if you need a reminder, pick up *Rock Band*. If you're unfamiliar with *Rock Band*, it's a rhythm game in which you and 3 friends, with the use of the included plastic instruments and microphone, form a (cover) band and dominate the world with your (read: other bands') badass sounds. This game was probably never meant to be on Wii and the removal of many key features certainly suggests this. But it's still *Rock Band*, so it's still fun, but be warned that it is a terribly gimped version of the game. First off, there is no downloadable content. This means that you're stuck with the same tracks for good. Or at least until they release the *Rock Band Track Pack*, a \$30 stand-alone disc which will include 20 more songs. But who wants to pay \$30 when you really only want 2 or 3 songs? They did include 5 tracks exclusive to this version, as well as a few other songs that appear as DLC on other versions. These are nice features if you are stuck with this version, but there is really no substitute for being able to pick which songs you want to purchase. Also noticeably absent from this version of the game is the ability to create your own character, online multiplayer, and World Tour mode. This version isn't without its high points, however. The hardware that ships with the Wii version is far superior to the other versions' hardware. The drums are quieter as well as sturdier, and the guitars are wireless right out of the box. But keep in mind that you will be stuck purchasing another guitar if you want the full experience. Your existing *Guitar Hero III* guitar for Wii will not work with this game. So, if Wii is your only console, *Rock Band* will surely be a hit for you. If not, I suggest you grab this one on another, more capable system. —*Aaron Day*

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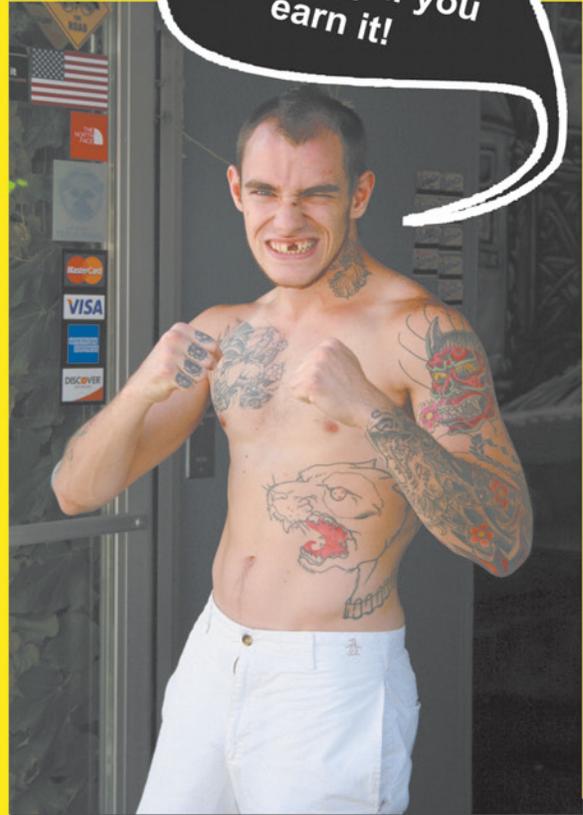
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CD REVIEWS

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Aesop Rock *None Shall Pass Instrumentals & Acapellas*

Definitive Jux
Street: 06.02

Aesop Rock = Blockhead + The Dead Poets Society

This project came to be as a re-release of Aesop's bargin' album of 2007, *None Shall Pass*. It's a two-part album that brings the instrumentals to you first, followed by the drone sound of a capella versions of the tracks featuring the not-too-soothing voice of Aesop Rock. The instrumentals are what really set this album off for me. The collection of instrumental tracks are produced by hip hop all-stars Aesop himself, **E-I-P**, **Rob Sonic** and of course, the mighty Blockhead. The instrumentals consist of ultra-jazzy, groovin' beats intertwined with the scratch wizardry of **DJ Big Wiz**. Full of soulful tracks with breaks that make you want to relax in that red velvet chair sippin' on some double malt. The a capellas are interesting, but not entirely my forte. They give me a very anxious feeling as I am constantly waiting for the beat to drop that never comes. I would have to say the instrumental section of this album is a must-have for any connoisseur, but I could do without the a capella versions. —Mike Reff

APSE *Spirit*

ATP

Street: 07.07
APSE = Sigur Rós + Mogwai + cavernous drones

Even in this day and age of mass media, sometimes a gem slips through the cracks. Case in point: APSE's *Spirit*. Originally released in 2006, *Spirit* has been re-released with bonus tracks by the kind souls at ATP and I couldn't be more pleased. In *Spirit* are obvious comparisons to Sigur Rós, but don't mistake APSE as a group of imitators. Certainly the vocals, high pitched and buried within the wall of sound, is similar, but the more aggressive rhythms, tone and roaming bass lines lean towards a **Bill Laswell** and/or **Jah Wobble** production with a little darkness and something sinister thrown in for variation. Fans of drone rock à la **The Warlocks** and post-rock wonders **Mono** should also take note. Highly recommended. —ryan michael painter

Arkona *Ot Serdtsa K Nebu*

Napalm Records
Street: 07.29

Arkona = Falkenbach + Korpikalanen + Russian flair

These days, with folk/pagan metal becoming an increasingly popular genre and bands that pretty much started

the scene being copied massively by other bands, creating your own niche and style in the folk/pagan genre can be tough. However, it isn't tough for Russian veteran folk/pagan metal act Arkona with *Ot Serdtsa K Nebu*, the band's fourth full-length. Listeners are taken to another time and place; the record has this underlying atmosphere that many other artists strive to achieve but fail at. Just listening to this album at times conjures up images of old, almost as if the music was created centuries ago. The balance between folk/acoustic styles (utilizing a plethora of instruments while some synthesized all sound earthy and very organic) amongst the heavy, almost black-metal-style riffing is a sure treat for metal fans thirsting for something much more diverse than you average fare stuck in certain genre tags. This record is full of beautiful melodic passages, full-on ethnicity with brutality in emotions that any artist would bend over backwards to acquire; the entire album is a listening experience that will send your senses to higher realms. Definitely take this trip! —Bryer Wharton

Braindead *No Consequences*

Burn Bridges

Street: 06.24

Braindead = Ambitions + Miles

Away + Dag Nasty

Melodic hardcore has become such a



bloated genre lately that for a band to elbow its way to the front seems like an almost impossible task. Hopefully, Braindead will be able to maneuver through the throngs of calculated and overblown acts to the front of the crowd. Passion isn't something that just comes along with octave guitar riffs and melodic interludes; it's earned and it's sincere. Braindead are sincere and take their time. Some songs have minute-plus outros of excellent melodic and spacey guitar work which provide a respite from vocalist Chris Lynch's assault. Others are singeing in their punk-rock firestorm. There is some occasional singing thrown in, and usually that's cheesy, but with Braindead, it's

more Dag Nasty or **Minor Threat** than it is Top 40. This Philadelphia quintet has hit the passionate hardcore nail on the head; hopefully, the kids will be able to sift through the detritus and find this gem. —Peter Fryer

The Curse of Company *Leo Magnets Joins a Gang*

Dangerbird Records

Street 07.22

The Curse of Company = Eulogies

+ Silversun Pickups – publicity

This band has got something going for them. Unlike the similar artists I mentioned above, The Curse of Company has a more experimental and mysterious sound. This alone will exempt them from being overplayed at trendy coffee shops and Sub-Urban Outfitters unlike other bands on their record label. With the combination of smooth vocals similar to **Kate Moss** when she featured in **Primal Scream's** "Some Velvet Morning" and the even smoother collection of keys and electric guitar on tracks like "Any Day" and "I Have a Simple Life," you just can't go wrong. However, any good album can go rotten if you've got it running through the speakers 39,387,953 times a day (I'm just estimating). Moderation, anyone? If at all possible, I'd like to keep this one my own secret so that the big corps can't get a hold of it and use it to sell their cars and shoes. —Lyuba Basin

Dead Heart Bloom *Fall In*

KEI Records

Street: 07.29

Dead Heart Bloom = David Bowie + Pink Floyd + Echo and the Bunnymen

It's not as bad as it sounds. The combination of the vocal style of **Bowie** with ethereal touches of **Floyd** make for some interesting songs. Skip the first track of this EP. It almost put me to sleep, not in the good way (like heroin). The last four songs keep the same theme as the rest of the disc, but get better as the disc winds down. They've got strings, piano, deep lyrics and an understanding of music lacking in other, younger groups. This genre isn't usually my top pick, but Dead Heart Bloom does a nice job of it. If they can pull off an expressive live show, I'd say this is a band to expect stellar things from in the future. Unfortunately, they're based in NY and they're mainly on the East Coast right now. —Jon "JP" Paxton

The Dead Science *Villainaire*

Constellation

Street: 08.02

The Dead Science = Coco Rosie

+ Rufus Wainwright + The Mars

Volta *lite*

I have a theory about why bands put

the word "Dead" in their title (this rule excludes the **Dead Kennedys**) and The Dead Science do not buck that trend. Singer **Sam Mickens** plays the dramatic singer well, with every pitch change emanating from his mouth. The term *vibrato* does not do it justice: warble does. I mean, warble in a good way, like **Rufus Wainwright** with an even bigger emotive pedal. It is pretty experimental: what sounds like a full string section and nicely placed jazz guitar combine in a surreal place where you'd expect to see water nymphs sucking men's souls from their foreheads. Dead Science also don't hesitate to throw in noise and reversed tape at points. This is music I had to listen to a few times and ease into (like anal sex, ahem, I've heard). Aw fuck it, this album IS EXACTLY LIKE ANAL. —Jon "JP" Paxton

Delta Spirit *Ode to Sunshine*

Rounder Records

Street: 08.26

Delta Spirit = Cold War Kids + The Shys + Whiskey + Boots

It's about time Delta Spirit makes even the slightest ripple in the music world. Finally, they come out with a full-length album that actually makes it out of California. It's been a while since I've heard boots hit the floors, and I'm glad they will be starting the beat. Their track, "People C'mon," is sure to make you clap your hands, grab a tambourine and sing along until your voice gives out. But *Ode to Sunshine* isn't just noise; it also gives us mellow, acoustic love songs. Oh wait, is this a tear coming from my eye? This album is the anthem leading the passionate rockers who grab inspiration from classic legends. Is it so wrong to say a band sounds a little like **the Beatles**? Like that could ever be a bad thing. —Lyuba Basin (Gallivan Center 08.14)

Earlilmart *Hymn And Her*

Major Domo/Shout! Factory

Street: 07.01

Earlilmart = Elliot Smith + Ivy Aaron Espinoza and Ariana Murray return with another album that mixes wistful vocals with warm melodic instrumentals producing a lovely dream-pop record that drifts along like a lazy summer day. This is both *Hymn and Her's* greatest strength and ultimately, its overwhelming weakness. The only real variation of style comes when Ariana takes on lead vocals, but the mood never shifts as time slurs along like a pleasant daydream; kind in the moment, but it never really gets you anywhere. —ryan michael painter

Equilibrium *Sagas*

Nuclear Blast Records

Street: 06.27

Equilibrium = Wintersun + Windir + Turisas

Despite having only one other full album under their belts, Germany's **Equilibrium** quickly gained the respect of metal fans for their adept mix of folk, power, and Viking metal, all tastefully spread over the flexible black-metal style. Though Sagas has a slightly cleaner production value compared to 2005's *Turis Fratyr*, it doesn't waste any time when delivering 79 full minutes of stunning, absolutely epic songwriting. What's amazing to me about this album is that it quite literally has something for everyone who enjoys metal without compromising any artistic integrity, nor crossing the invisible line into "power-metal cheese." It simply melds the aforementioned styles together perfectly and has many catchy and beautiful tracks which keep me coming back for more. The album also features **Ulrich Herkenhoff** on the panpipes, who can be more notably heard on the score for **The Lord of the Rings—Return of the King**. You can bet your Viking runestones that this album will be on my top albums of 2008. —*Conor Dow*

Fat Skeleton EP

Independent

Street: 08.12

Fat Skeleton = MC 900 Foot Jesus + Pink Floyd + with a twist of lemon

Alright, here's the deal—if you want to chill and listen to some creepy tunes with a bit of **Danny Elfman** mixed in, **Fat Skeleton** is the band for you. If you like **XTC** mixed with the new songs from **High on Fire**'s latest disc, then **Fat Skeleton** totally wants to take you out for a nice seafood dinner and never call you back. I have to say that the vocals and the keyboards/synthesizer definitely add an intriguing element to this dark music. My favorite aspect of this band is the vocals. **J. Esinger** and **C. Pratt** are totally sneaking up on you, sexual predator style, and whispering in your ear. Come to think it, that sounds like a secret fantasy come true. **Fat Skeleton**, you can take me out to dinner any time. —*Jon Robertson*

The Gaslight Anthem

The '59 Sound

Side One Dummy

Street: 08.19

The Gaslight Anthem = Bruce Springsteen + The Killers + The Loved Ones + The Draft

Almost never is it possible to be completely sold on a band or album you've never heard within 45 seconds of the first track. However, don't be surprised if this happens when putting in **The Gaslight Anthem**'s latest, *The '59 Sound*. For a band whose inception is only close to three years ago, TGA have found a sound so prolific this early on in their career that it makes you wonder/hope there is more to come. Mindblowing tracks like *Great Expectations* and *The '59 Sound* (the first two songs on the album), cause salivating and a craving for more and thankfully, each of the rest offer the same excitement. This record is a great addition to a small but great back catalogue (yes, I checked out prior stuff after falling in love with

this album), and sets some great expectations for what lies in the future for these NJ boys. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Gentlemen Auction House

Alphabet Graveyard

Street: 08.18

Emergency Umbrella Records Gentlemen Auction House = The Polyphonic Spree + Arcade Fire on SSRI's

These guys, and one girl (seven total), are as poppy as your nephew on Jolt Cola. That being said, the songs aren't that bad and do the job of exploring the multi-vocalist/instrumentalist wave of right now. The bridges are some of the best parts; well done, incorporating varied rhythms and plenty o' organ. This band is pleasantly pleasing at everything they do. It was pleasing in the way that makes me want to wash myself bloody 'til I'm cleansed of the pop-demons. Think **Baby Jesus** on a cross for pumice stones and Band-Aids. Somewhere a model binged on a bunch of indie and chamber-pop albums, then discreetly went to the powder room and made **Gentlemen Auction House**'s latest. A label rep must have knocked on the door, perhaps expecting a rail of pearly decadence, only to discover his latest band in the sink and a passed-out bulimic. —*Jon "JP" Paxton*

Helvetia

Headless Machine of the Heart

The Static Cult Label

Street 07.20

Helvetia = Viva Voce + Mew

Helvetia has joined my collection of tunes that I choose for late nights staring at the ceiling in a "daze." For



those who don't know me too well, that means that I give this band five stars and total stoner credibility. Even if you aren't into that kind of thing, listening to this album will put you in a spiraling abyss of pure enjoyment, without the feeling of nausea or dizziness. However, these guys aren't just midnight music for the induced. Put on a pair of blue blockers and take a mini road trip; before you know it, you've forgotten that you have bills to pay and your girlfriend's being a nasty bitch. Isn't that what we've all been looking for this summer? *Headless Machine of the Heart* is musical morphine for the mind, and it's hard not to get addicted. —*Lyuba Basin*

Krisiun

Southern Storm

Century Media

Street: 08.05

Krisiun = your head + a blender + the purée button

There have been a multitude of great death-metal releases thus far this year, although none so far have truly blown me away. Yes, we've had new records from the top-tier of Swedish death metal, **Unleashed**, **Dismember**, and **Grave**. American efforts haven't been really strong, mostly deathcore, with the exception of a new **Decide** album. However, none of them compare to the latest from Brazil's **Krisiun**. From the first track in, you are in uncharted territory here for the band and the genre alike. To best describe this latest offering from these Brazilian masters of metal, I'd say it's a fair mix of the unbridled and relentless speed of the band's early albums, although the album does conjure fond memories of the great *Conquerors of Armageddon*, then some of the groove of the band's last full-lengths, *Assasination* and *Works of Carnage*. That said, when you didn't think death metal could get any more brutal, along comes this album. Riddled with technicality unseen from **Krisiun**, amongst the speed and great riff creation there is an astounding display of guitar leads and solos. Acclaimed for being one of the fastest death-metal bands in existence, they live up to those expectations. It's almost as if when they went to mix the record, somebody hit the fast-forward switch accidentally. This is a definite album-of-the-year contender and a breath of new life into the death-metal scene for 2008. —*Bryer Wharton*

Left to Vanish

Versus the Throne

Lifeforce Records

Street: 07.22

Left to Vanish = Bloodhasbeenshed + A Life Once Lost + Between the Buried and Me

Jug Jug Jug. Jug Jug Jug. That makes up about 75 percent of this album. It's pretty straightforward, extreme metal-core death stuff that the kids are going wild about these days. It's the other 25 percent that really counts, when it comes down to it. So, how does **Left to Vanish** fare? Since they are obviously not trying to reinvent the wheel, they are doing pretty well. There are some catchy melodic interludes and some quirky guitar riffs and vocal change-ups thrown into the mix to make things a little more interesting. It's apparent that they are aware of the conventions of this genre and are trying at least a little bit to reach beyond that. **Left to Vanish** isn't treading new ground, but the ground they are treading they tread competently and without as much monotony as their peers. Plus, the artwork on the album is pretty badass. —*Peter Fryer*

Lindstrøm

Where You Go I Go Too

Smalltown Supersound

Street: 08.18

Lindstrøm = M83 + The Field + Mannheim Steamroller

Patience: something that has been lacking from the latter days of electronic

beats. Lindstrøm, i.e., **Hans-Peter Lindstrøm**, probably never drinks coffee or does meth or does anything the kids do these days to speed up their life. I'm guessing it's due to the slow sunrise on winter days in Oslo, or maybe he's just one chill bro who knows that slow and steady wins the race. *Where You Go I Go Too* contains three tracks expanding across 55 minutes of psychedelic post-electronic landscapes. The chord changes are surprisingly traditional, even new-age sounding, but with an indie-electronic edge. There is nothing surprising or jolting about the orchestration, but it is definitely consistent and intoxicating. Like standing on a moving walkway for hours at a time. —*Andrew Glassett*

Loxly

Flashlights EP

Self-released

Street: 08.05

Loxly = Belaire + more testosterone + AM Syndicate

It's always a pleasure to hear another Austin band that pleases me the way bands like **Explosions in the Sky** do. However, these guys are nothing like **Explosions in the Sky**. I'm not even sure why I just compared the two. However, this band is pretty awesome. **Loxly** started out as the solo project of Cody Round, a Waco native who recorded lo-fi tracks in his home with keyboards and various samples. These experiments eventually turned into a record that was released in 2003. Fast-forward 8 years from the humble beginnings to now and you've got a 5 piece collective based in Austin that creates pop pieces that strikingly incorporate sinister lyrics that aren't expected. What I'm trying to say is I wasn't expecting to hear songs about carnivores and poison by these guys. **Ground**'s unique voice really sets this band apart from others of the like. I really enjoyed this EP, which gives a taste of their next LP slated for a later time. —*Tom Carbone Jr.*

Maniqui Lazer

I Learn Everything on TV

Soundsister

Street: 08.15

ML = Chinese Stars + Agape + XBXR

The modern sound of punk that has been festering for years in San Diego inside the likes of **The Locust**, **The Plot to Blow Up The Eiffel Tower**, and **31G Records**' roster has found its way past customs and infected Mexico's **Maniqui Lazer**. Three seemingly pleasant boys now succumb to fits of screaming, dancing, and demolishing electronic instruments to a catchy drumbeat. Once exhausted, they twiddle knobs on keyboards to create sparse instrumentals here and there, which all descend into confusion. At its apex, the disease turns the boys into suave killers. They charm and sexify their victims with cryptic, spoken lyrics, then slice them to bits with a knife pulled from behind the bass guitar's neck, while the music blasts into cacophony and the crowd burns down the building. —*Nate Martin*

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

Have Another Ball!
Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 07.08
Me First = The World's Worst/Best Cover Band

This album is dumb. Of course, if you've heard any of the past output of Me First and the Gimme Gimmes, you already knew that. Billed as Me First's "Unearthed A-Sides Album," *Have Another Ball!* is just a whole lot more of the same. Again, if you've heard more than one Me First song, you probably already knew that. If you've ever wondered what crappy songs by John Denver, Neil Diamond, and Barry Manilow would sound like if played by a mid-'90s pop-punk band (and who hasn't?) then this is the album for you! While sped-up cover versions of "Only the Good Die Young" and "Coming to America" are entertaining once or twice, it seems like this joke of a super-group (featuring members of NOFX, Lagwagon, and Swingin' Utters) should be putting their efforts towards something equally dumb, but more original and entertaining. —Ricky Vigil

Michael Dean Dameron & Thee Loyal Bastards

Bad Days Ahead
In Music We Trust

Street: 08.12
Michael Dean Dameron & Thee Loyal Bastards = Drive-By Truckers + I Can Lick any SOB in the House + more ass-kickin'

Michael Dean Dameron, also known as the frontman of I Can Lick any SOB in the House, has unleashed *Bad Days Ahead*, his solo follow-up to *Perfect Day for a Funeral*. This is admittedly my first listening pleasure for any of his material and it's great fun. Mike D.'s songwriting is fluid and the mix of rocking songs and ballad-type tunes is well balanced. His lyrics for every song tell a story and are poetic for a county/blues/rock musician, which means they're pretty damn poetic, in a sense. There is nothing abnormally deep about them, they're just simple and pleasing. His voice alone croons and weaves intricate styles, and the diverse playing and wide array of instruments make for something that any musician would love to conquer. I could easily listen to this album all day, and in fact, today I have been. It's just a blast—soothing or just relaxing yet fully rocking. Immerse yourself in Dameron's melodies, grab a PBR on a hot day and chill. —Bryer Wharton

Nico Muhly

Mothertongue

Brassland
Street: 07.22
Nico Muhly = John Adams + Robert Ashley + Michael Daugherty

You can usually anticipate the quality of talent by the thickness of an artist's press packet; Nico Muhly's is huge and he namedrops like a pro (i.e., Antony, Philip Glass, Björk and her husband). Certainly, the music of this Juilliard graduate with a string of commissions "that would be notable for a composer twice his age" is technically fascinating, but there are two glaring problems: He falls into the category of "trained com-

poser gets sick of Schoenberg, writes tonally with lots of pop hints, finds favor with people with 1) money 2) enough brain meat to have opinions 3) a desire for something different, but not too different)". Worse though, Muhly treads in nearly the exact steps of the previous guys who fit this bill during the past 40 years (see above-mentioned artists) by churning out an imitative remix of Down Town Minimalism meets Ashley-esque opera. Wearing your influences on your sleeve is one thing, but come on, man. —Dave Madden

Perhapst

Perhapst
In Music We Trust

Street: 08.19

Perhapst = Cat Stevens (just a hint in the vocals) + Elliot Smith + indie rock + indie pop + tinges of alt county

Decemberists (and former Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks, Elliot Smith) drummer John Moen emerges from behind the drums for his solo debut with the self-titled *Perhapst*, and perhaps this record will win your heart over the way it has mine. Each of the 11 tracks has a different vibe; some rousing, some solemn, some whimsical, exuberant, carefree and earthy, while others combine elements of each within a single song. Moen's vocals hit on many of the same levels as the instrumentation of the songs, creating individuality for each, yet binding them all together by the same token of originality and uniqueness. Some of the catchiest and most infectious tracks include "Quote," "Blue Year," "Incense Cone," "Alamand," "Borless One" and "Aren't You Glowing." *Perhapst* is a layered album, with much to be discovered and appreciated in each listen; that being said, I'd recommend listening on repeat for the first several plays. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Polysics

We Ate the Machine

MySpace Records

Street: 08.19

Polysics = Devo + Poison + Electric Eel Shock

Haha, MySpace Records. Did you see that Pennywise is now on MySpace records? I guess things change when there are mortgages and child support to pay. Lucky for us, Polysics is a good fit for MySpace, mostly because they aren't from the U.S. and because they could possibly be a freakin' machine. I'm sure Tom saw them in concert and just had to tie that one down. Their live show is completely mesmerizing, but may not help with the stereotype that Japanese people are computers walking around. This album sounds like a PC that wishes he was born a MAC but can't change, so instead is rebelling by listening to punk rock. I am also surprised with how much Polysics have incorporated metal into their sound. The music is ridiculous/fatuous, but for some reason, gives me goose bumps. Maybe not the best album to be listening to on a day-to-day basis, but their live show is an absolute must. —Andrew Glassett

Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band

The Whole Fam Damnily

Side One Dummy

Street 08.05

Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band = Charley Patton + Mississippi John Hurt

To start off, how many bands do you know of that use a washboard and can actually get away with it? I can name one, and I bet you've got none. Now with that in mind, travel to the deep ol' South with me and I'll show you The Rev and his Big Damn Band. I have never wanted to take down a bottle of moonshine and chew some tobacco as bad as I did after listening to this album. With a track titled "Your Cousin's on COPS," you're probably thinking this is an album for the hicks, but you're horribly mistaken. *The Whole Fam Damnily* is a true-blue authentic Southern blues album compacted with soul and innovation. If it wasn't for watching this band perform live, I would have never been turned on to the old sound. Hallelujah to you, Reverend Peyton, hallelujah to you! —Lyuba Basin

Romans

All Those Wrists

Black Market Activities

Street: 06.10

Romans = Converge + Coalesce + Isis

Back when I was in high school, it was quite trendy to try and sound like Converge (*Petitioning the Empty Sky/When Forever Comes Crashing* era). But lately, I haven't really heard that comparison. (Who could've tried to sound like *You Fail Me* or *No Heroes* anyway?) Instead, it seems like heavy music has kind of split into two camps: you are Myspace chug/revival/melodic or you are doing something out in left field. Romans are trying to take elements from some of those left field/unique bands and throw them on top of convention. For the most part, it works pretty well for them. There are some sludgy and melodic parts, some modern punked-up Converge-esque pieces and then some more typical metalcore syncopated sounds. It all works fairly well; it just doesn't grab interest the way it should. My other gripe with the album is the recording sometimes sounds like it was filtered through a tin can. However, with a little more polish, this band could be going truly unique places. —Peter Fryer

The Rotted

Get Dead or Die Trying

Metal Blade Records

Street: 06.30

The Rotted = Gorerotted + Prostitute Disfigurement

First, Gorerotted became a bit less brutal; now they've decided to change their name to The Rotted and move toward a new direction. Full of play-on song titles and a good helping of fairly melodic death metal, The Rotted don't exactly disappoint me with this release. Oh sure, they aren't the goregrind band they used to be, but I think I like the fact that they've moved beyond that one-trick pony, even if it's just over to a different pony. The lineup is still the same, including John Pyres of the "decent Cradle of Filth era," who I'm convinced is responsible for a great deal of their solid songwriting. All but

two instrumental songs are filled with fast-tempo, aggressive death metal that won't exactly make waves in the scene, but doesn't feel like it's trying to re-live the glory days again. If you want a solid 40 minutes of relentless no-brainer metal, this is a decent release. —Conor Dow

Scar Symmetry

Holographic Universe

Nuclear Blast

Street: 07.08

Scar Symmetry = Soilwork + Mercenary + Strapping Young Lad

First impressions: Scar Symmetry sound a hell of a lot like what Soilwork has been doing their last few albums, although the prog metal vibe is much stronger and prevalent. *Holographic Universe*, like the band's other records, is nothing to get blown away by, but it's nothing to shake off as an imitator or something lackluster. When the band is in prog metal mode, the music soars and the clean vocals have a great range; it's just when there is this sort of death growl singing when things run into mediocrity. Also, the rehash factor is big on this record. A few songs in, it seems as if you've run into the same melody before. Even guitar solos start to sound the same after a while, which suggests a lack of sturdy songwriting or just plain old ideas. It's troubling to see what audience Scar Symmetry is trying to tap into; modern melodic death metal fans will stick to Soilwork and In Flames, and as far as prog metal fans go, I think the most death growls they can stand in their music is most likely in Mercenary. Weaknesses aside, the record is entertaining for an occasional listen; repeated ones will tire any seasoned metal fan out quickly. —Bryer Wharton

The Shaky Hands

Lunglight

Holocene Music and Kill Rock Stars

Street Date: 09.09

The Shaky Hands = Kings of Leon + Clap Your Hands Say Yeah + The Who

This indie-rock, jangle-pop album is the lovechild of Kings of Leon's *Because of the Times* and Clap Your Hands Say Yeah's *Some Loud Thunder*. It's the perfect album to throw on when you're cruising up the canyon for a summer hike or while you're drinking a beer on the porch. Although it's been said that *Lunglight* is "darker" than their previously released self-titled debut album, it seems that they've merely developed a more rock n' roll feel instead of that sugarcoated, smile-while-you're-dancing-but-don't-really-think-about-what-you're-listening-to type of music. Granted, it's not an extremely innovative album—The Who went there with *My Generation* over 40 years ago and Kings of Leon has been doing it since 2003—but that's not to say that it isn't worth listening to. True, the guitar riffs and drum beats are pretty repetitive, but this makes their songs catchy rather than annoying. The vibe is good and these guys have really come a long way since their last album. Listen to the tracks "Loosen Up" and "We Are Young" for an especially groovy time. —Erin Kelleher

Sieges Even Playgrounds

Inside Out
Street: 07.29

Sieges Even = Rush + Fates Warning + Dream Theater

Well, this live album from longtime progressive metal band Sieges Even is the first music I've ever heard from the band. This fact makes the live aspect of the record hard to judge. The music is highly jazz inspired in its bass lines especially. With that fact, one can only speculate that a live album would bring massive amounts of room for improvisation from the original sounds of the songs. The live element, however, seems to be missing. The crowd noise is next to nothing; usually you just hear it with song beginnings and endings. The music, however, is tight and enjoyable, although if you have no desire or interest in prog metal, you'd really have no interest in actually hearing this. At times, the lyrical direction runs into Christian realms, which I don't think is intentional, but it reminds me a lot of listening to those cheesy upbeat Christian rock bands. Basically, the highlight of this live record is the incredible and technically proficient bass lines; other than that, it sounds like a hell of a lot of other progressive bands and can wear thin rather quickly. I'd have to say this album is definitely a fan-only record.
—Bryer Wharton

The Slow Poisoner Roadside Altar

Rocktopus
Street: 07.01

The Slow Poisoner = David Bowie (Little Bit) + Ghostwriter + the Pine Hill Haints

The one-man band is an anomaly to me. More of a performance art piece than musical act, it's rarely done well, and I do have to say that The Slow Poisoner got my blood up when I saw his gothic vaudevillian flair. Accompanying the CD is a press kit full of cartoons and comics which intrigue the hell out of me. Caulked full of headless chickens and one-eyed skulls, not to mention ads for the Poisoner's own miracle tonic, made with pure Egyptian oil. After perusing all this, I get to the actual music, and I have to say, what a letdown. Not that there aren't some odd goodies like the song "Eye Hand of the Carolinas," which made me ponder the twisted mind that created such a tune, and the blues folk track "TB Blues," which evokes a strange, sad atmosphere. But so many of these songs are weird for the sake of being weird and never really get around to pulling the listener in. I do have to say that actual production is better the any other one-man-band record I've heard, but once again, that's the problem: with just a guitar and a kick drum, there's very little subtle nuances to grab you. Maybe the Poisoner's live show is better. With a style he's created which is all his own I can't imagine you'd ever see anything like it—like I said, I think this is more of a performance-piece thing.
—James Orme

Telepathique Last Time on Earth

The Control Group
Street: 08.05

Telepathique = Stereo Total + M.I.A. + breakbeats

The comparison to Stereo Total is uncanny; guy DJ, woman singer, keyboard-driven, culturally tinged electro-pop. Telepathique is from Brazil, Stereo Total is from Germany, and both sound as if they have come from France in the late 90s. I wouldn't necessarily say they sound dated; the tiniest infusion of Brazilian rhythm makes Telepathique stand out amongst the onslaught of electronic beat music. This is the best kind of bedroom album, accompanied by the sweat and frustration of using a space that isn't a proper studio but making it sound like it is. The two members of Telepathique aren't newcomers by any stretch—Erico Theobaldo (aka DJ Periferico) remixed a song for Brazilian cult film *City of God*. Thankfully, there is no child violence on this release, only a sweet breakbeat refreshment from a genre that has gone the way of the banger.
—Andrew Glassett

Tilly And The Wall O

Team Love Records
Street: 06.17

Tilly And The Wall = Tegan & Sara + Yeah Yeah Yeahs + Shirley Temple

O sounds more like **The Yeah Yeah Yeahs** or **Peaches** than Tilly and the Wall. The band hasn't changed their optimistic attitude and it worked in their favor. Even though the album contains more aggressive tracks than their previous efforts, Tilly And The Wall maintain an innocent approach to indie rock. Tracks like "Jumbler" and "Dust Me Off" show off their ability to write catchy hooks and fun melodies. This album makes it obvious why they tour with **CSS** and **Lightspeed Champion**.
—Cody Hudson

Valient Thorr Immortalizer

Volcom
Street: 08.05

Valient Thorr = Holy Shit!!

Oh my God, these dudes are classic. Ha!! It's like the epitome of what **Guitar Hero 4** is going to be. I can't believe people make music like this and that other people buy into this shit. It's astounding. This sounds like a commercial for a **Black Sabbath** disrespect-athon. There are so many classic heavy-metal rock bands out now like this and they all sound exactly the same. One day, Jesus Christ is going to come back and bust all these doofy-ass bands right in the face for being lame-o. The most entertaining thing about Valient Thorr is the booklet with some sweet pics of five hairy, sweaty dudes grinding and getting all caveman on each other on stage. Foolishness!! —Jon Robertson

Whitechapel This is Exile

Metal Blade
Street: 07.08

Whitechapel = Cephalic Carnage + Carnifex + The Black Dahlia Murder Frankly, I'm surprised Whitechapel has had time to record a new record. Since the band made their debut on Metal Blade records last year, they have pretty much been touring relentlessly.

So what is different in a year for the band? Well, the technicality in the music has increased. The band still plays deathcore fast and furious. The new tunes are just as fast as the old and in fact more brutal, with help from a thicker production sound and likely a year's worth of experience. Thankfully, Whitechapel does what they do well and don't fully fade into obscurity in the realm of other deathcore and metalcore bands; the sound comes off as fresh despite a vocal performance that sounds oh-so-familiar in comparison to many other artists. The guitar work and songwriting, especially in the riff department, has gotten much better than before; the guys' live shows must be that much more entertaining to watch. Congrats guys, on getting better, not worse, successfully smacking the sophomore syndrome in the face.
—Bryer Wharton

Wire Object 47

Pink Flag
Street: 07.15

Wire = Post-punk originators

While the majority of reunions are artistically disappointing and quickly become sticky sweet-nostalgia exercises, Wire return with their second full-length post-break-up album and remind us that it's never too late for a second stroke of genius. Call *Object 47* Wire's pop record; as such, it took a couple listens before I could get my head around it, but my patience was rewarded. Opening track "One of Us" is an absolute classic; **Colin Newman** has rarely sounded better. Closing track "All Fours" also proves there's still some venom left. Sadly, it should be noted that guitarist **Bruce Gilbert** appears nowhere, making this the first proper Wire album without all of the original members (some may recall the **Wire** project when drummer **Robert Gotobed** gave his job to a drum machine before returning as **Robert Grey** in 1999). Gilbert's absence is notable in that throbbing bass lines dominate the majority of the album, with guitars playing second fiddle, and the album lacks any epic sonic experimentation that tended to sneak into Wire's previous work (much like 2007's *Read & Burn 03 EP* where Gilbert was also mostly absent). —Ryan Michael Painter

Various Artists The Reprogramming Project

Plastic Sound Supply

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Street: 07.15
The Reprogramming Project = Space Time Continuum + newer Scoren

You can't churn out lazy IDM and expect anyone to care anymore—this isn't 2001! Yes, following the "crisp beats/chimes/glitch" formula will assuredly earn you a slot on some iTunes Internet station and loads of Burning Men/Women fans that just discovered that you can dance to this genre, but if you want to convince the real fans, you need to innovate. This compilation gathers three Denver-based artists who offer originals and collaborative remixes, music best compared to pioneers **Plaid** (with whom they have worked) and **Bola**. The problem is that the trio (**Wayne Winters, CacheFlow** and **Scaffolding**) have nothing to offer but a predictable cliché of the abovementioned formula, cyberpunk samples, lackluster strings, bleeps and stuff that sounded fresh before 5000 laptop musicians did the same thing. New art usually happens at the beginning and end of a particular era: I guess IDM isn't waving goodbye yet.
—Dave Madden

Various Artists Solos in Stereo II

Solos
Street: 07.15

Solos in Stereo II = Keak Da Sneak + Madlib + cLOUDDEAD

Solos in Stereo II is the latest compilation from Bay Area label Solos, a collective with as much in common with Anticon as it does with Oakland's Sick Wid It Records, or southern neighbors Stones Throw, or further east at Ghostly—you get the picture. **Javelin's** "I'm a Kidputer" stomps like an **RZA** instrumental geared for **ODB** during his surf phase; **Roche, Pugslee Atomz** and **Wes Restless** cruise over a piano and chipmunk voice beat like **Snoop** meets **Isaac Hayes** on "Only When I Dream"; CB Radio pops and locks to the influence of **Kid 606** and Brazilian disco; Roche returns once again with **Livingston Gains** who rhymes about **Ian Curtis**, then spits "I've lost control, again" to a steaming, distorted crump beat; "Conscience Observer" finds **Jovian** and **10z** bouncing in a six foot' of crisp hats, snaps and flute loops. Solos is further proof that **Afrika Bambaataa** continues to mess with the fluoride in Oakland's water supply.
—Dave Madden

BOOKS ALOUD

BOOKS - BOOKS - BOOKS - A LOUD - A LOUD - A LOUD -

Bomb The Suburbs
William Upksi Wimsatt
 Soft Skull Press/Counterpoint
 [Street: 4.15.08]

Originally published in 1994, *Bomb The Suburbs* is a collection of hip hop articles written to defend and define a culture transitioning out of what was then a means of political statement into the watered down commercial version of hip hop culture we see today. Wimsatt writes articulately and intelligently about a subject that he obviously knows a great deal. Wimsatt tackles racial issues, graph safety and method, and discusses hip hop music as a genre. Motivated by suburban development, the blatant separation of classes, and an overall disregard for inner-city dwellers, Wimsatt calls for a strike on the suburban lifestyle. Not asking for the literal "bombing" of the suburban neighborhoods that surround the outskirts of any large city, "Bomb the suburbs means let's celebrate the city.... Let's stop fucking up the ghetto. Let's start defending it and making it work for us."
 —Ben Trentelman

Jim Goad's Gigantic Book of Sex
 Jim Goad
 Feral House Publishing [Street: Aug. 2007]

Jim Goad presents everything you could possibly ever want to know (and even some things you would probably be better off not knowing) about everyone's favorite taboo time-killer in this book. *Jim Goad's Gigantic Book of Sex* lives up to its name and then some. There are articles, essays and even amusing images all about sex. The book is divided into four sections: fake, real, personal and opinion, and Goad fleshes out each section nicely. I laughed, grimaced in disgust and even learned a few things while perusing this book. Don't look to this book for advice on how to woo members of the opposite sex, but casually leaving the thing out on your coffee table at your next party will spark up a conversation and may even get you laid.
 —Jeanette Moses

My Mother Wears Combat Boots: A Parenting Guide for the Rest of Us
 Jessica Mills
 AK Press [Street: 12.2007]

This book covers such a broad range—birth to age 5—that it is best appreciated as a starting point rather than specific advice. Let's focus on the positives first: it started as a collection of columns from *Maximum Rock n' Roll*, and the chapters that focus specifically on being a musician and a parent are probably what set this book apart from other parenting books. Two other chapters stand out: one on setting up a cooperative childcare group, and the second on setting up an alternative preschool. Most of the remaining chapters are a pretty standard mix of childcare advice and memoir. The author is honest about her shortcomings when ideals and reality clash, but she's still as preachy as some of the other "mainstream" parenting guides, if not more so. I have two main gripes: first, for all her talk about parents sharing the load equally (and even encouraging women to strike at home if it's not equal), we never see how she and her partner work as a team. For all but one chapter, it's just mom and daughter with no sight of dad. Second, there's a lot of talk about letting children be who they are and not forcing them to be what you want them to be, but still she refuses to buy the frilly dresses her daughter loves so much. She acknowledges the hypocrisy, but only budges the tiniest bit. In all, like many musicians, the book's not bad, but it's not nearly as good as it thinks it is.
 —Heidi Bennett

Wave's demise. Not simply for those who know the difference between "No Wave" and "New Wave", the eye candy and history lessons make for an illuminating, universally appealing document.
 —Dave Madden

Plays From Behind the Zion Curtain

Various Authors
 Juniper Press [Street: 2008]
 This collection of plays written by local playwrights and originally produced by **Plan-B Theater Company** is a convenient reminder of all that is humorous, interesting, ironic, and devastating about living in the west, and Utah in particular. The writers take on such issues as down winders, inconsistencies in political policies, homosexuality in a conservative community, and local ghost stories—some enjoy more success than others in this endeavor, but all with the neighborhood flare that makes us proud of our local talent and theater companies like Plan-B. The real gems of the collection are *Exposed* by **Mary Dickson**, *Facing East* by **Carol Lynn Pearson**, and *Lavender & Exile* by **Matthew Ivan Bennett**. This is the first collection of full-length, original plays published by any Utah theatre company. The collection was released fittingly in conjunction with SLAM's fifth birthday where two of the plays had their Genesis. If you have a knack for proofreading, this may not be the book for you. It is riddled with typos. However, overall, this book is acknowledgment of our talented local artists.
 —Kate Crawford

Photo Art: Photography in the 21st Century
 Edited by **Uta Grosenick** and **Thomas Seeling**
 Aperture Foundation [Street: June 2008]

As more and more companies discontinue production of specialty film and family-owned photo shops are forced to close their doors, all signs seem to point to fine-art photography becoming obsolete. And honestly, in an age where almost anyone can afford a digital SLR camera, this book couldn't come at a better time. This mammoth-sized release from Aperture features a few pieces from over 100 of the most impressive contemporary photographers. The book gives you a nice visual sampling of their work without being overwhelming. Also included are descriptions that make one crave to see more. The list of "amazing" would take up far to many pages, but **Wangechi Mutu**, **Valerie Belin**, **Luc Delahaye** and **Alec Soth** were some of my favorites. Grab this mini-encyclopedia and get ready to be inspired.
 —Jeanette Moses

No Wave: Post-Punk. Underground. New York. 1976-1980
 Thurston Moore and Byron Coley
 Abrams Image [Street: 06.01]

1970's New York: a time of polemic filth and fury with displaced art kids crashing head first into the detritus to form bands without which we would have no **Rapture**, **LCD Soundsystem** or (insert any name here). Framed around this incredible collection of black & whites are interviews (conducted by the Thurston Moore and writer/editor/et cetera Byron Coley) with artists deep in the thick of said scene (i.e. **James Chance**, **Glen Branca**, **Ikue Mori**, **Robert Quine** and the ever-verbose **Lydia Lunch**), club owners, iconic groupies and passers-by, including **Brian Eno** who gives his perspective on the immortal Eno "produced" *No New York* compilation. Having been active participants during this era, the authors do a spectacular job of detailing the tenuous camaraderie, insular tension and the seeds of No

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DVD REVIEWS

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Afterimage: The Art of 337 The Dada Factory Street: 06.20

Although the beloved 337 building was torn down months ago, fans of the project can relive the experience while watching *Afterimage: The Art of 337*. This documentary includes in-depth interviews with artists who worked on the building, building owner and project planner **Adam Price**, and those who came to visit *Project 337*. The documentary covers everything from the beginning stages of the project to the building's demolition in April. Also included is over an hour of bonus montage footage of all of the art included in the building—just in case you didn't get a chance to check the shit out during the two weeks 337 was open to the public. Pick up a copy of this gem at **The Salt Lake Art Center** for only \$15, and while you're there be sure to peep *Present Tense: A Post 337 Project*, an exhibit containing work by 25 of the artists involved with the original 337 *Project*. Although only a vacant lot stands where the brightly colored 337 *Project* exploded onto the scene, and the eco-friendly work/living spaces have yet to be built, this DVD captures just how incredible the project was and will continue to be. —*Jeanette Moses*

Chop Shop Koch Lorber Films Street: 07.08

This is the story of the street savvy Alejandro, a young boy, and his sister trying to make it in the big city. He tries living and working in a chop shop, stealing hubcaps and purses, and watching his sister sink into seedy prostitution rings. From the get go it is clear that things just aren't going Alejandro's way, and as the movie progresses you hope that things will improve. As soon as things start to look up, there is inevitably a problem waiting to derail whatever progress has been made. Directed by **Ramin Bahrani**, Chop Shop is filmed in the familiar style that you almost expect from a movie about street-savvy adolescents (like **Larry Clark's Kids**) there is a lot of handheld camera work and cool looking shots of random inner city action like pit bulls barking and people fighting. If you don't get too weepy during depressing movies, or if you dig kids saying bad words, this is well worth your time. —*Ben Trentelman*

Control Weinstein Company Street: 06.03.08

Ian Curtis' suicide on the eve of **Joy Division's** first American tour has always had a mythic quality. It begged for exploration and explanation while becoming the subject of multiple

books and was often rumored to being adapted for a film by various movie studios over the past few years. Based on the book *Touching from a Distance* by **Deborah Curtis**, Ian's wife, the **Anton Corbijn**-directed *Control* should alleviate any fears Joy Division fans may have had about Ian Curtis' story being mutilated by Hollywood. Buoyed by striking cinematography, outstanding performances and a script that aptly reveals the struggles of brilliant madness while mapping the difficult, determined rise of one of the more important bands inspired by the revelatory attitude of British punk rock *Control* comes highly recommended. —*Ryan Michael Painter*

Joy Division Weinstein Company Street: 06.17.08

In theory **Grant Gee's** documentary about the "rise and fall" of Joy Division would make the perfect companion piece to Anton Corbijn's film. Unfortunately *Joy Division*, despite involvement from the majority of the principle characters (Deborah Curtis is noticeably absent) takes a fascinating story and makes an unwatchable mess of it. The interviews are spliced, paused and mutilated to the point where you can't remember if the film is talking about Manchester, the band or some other tangent. There are intrusive images that are to suggest atmosphere, but off as disjointed epistles. Were it not for the occasional archival footage from various live performances I might not have made it through the entire feature. Thankfully, as a bonus, the filmmakers have included an additional hour of interviews that hint towards what could have been if style hadn't commandeered the story. —*Ryan Michael Painter*

Lamb of God Walk in Hell With Me Epic Records Street: 07.01

According to the press release and Web page for this two-disc, five-and-a-half-hour DVD, the justification for its creation is that fans wanted to know how **Lamb of God** spend the 22 and one half hours of the day they're not on stage. But it's difficult for me to imagine that even the most dedicated fan will be able to make it through more than an hour of this insipid, self congratulatory tripe. I haven't paid attention to Lamb of God since they changed their name from **Burn the Priest** and leaped out of the DIY circuit a decade ago, and I didn't think much of them then. But if you believe the press release, Lamb of God is now "the biggest band in metal." The genre is much worse off than I thought if that's true, because Lamb of God is

a perfect example of the current uninspired hybrid of glossy, groove-based metal and "foodcourt mallcore" I've yet had the misfortune of hearing. What truly takes the cake, however, is that this is their fucking THIRD DVD! Hey, if you want to watch a bunch of aspiring rock stars whine about playing on borrowed equipment in Australia while their grotesquely untrimmed goatees wag, be my guest. But I'd urge you to put some fiber in your Heavy Metal diet and use the cash you'd spend on this two-disk exercise in masturbation to buy the new album by Japan's **Coffins** instead. —*Ben West*

LOVE Story Start Productions Street: 07.21

The story of **Arthur Lee** and **Love** is shrouded in obscurity. This may be because they never had a hit song. It may also be that they never toured outside of California. Still, it could be because they were one of the first racially-integrated bands in rock history, at a time when people were still nervous about such details. The reality is that it was probably all of these things—coupled with Lee's erratic behavior and the band's increasing troubles with heroin. Still, it is hard to keep a good band down, especially one that sounds like a punk version of **the Byrds**. This film does much to bring Love's story into the light. They were the first band signed to Elektra records, paving the way for later Sunset Strip bands like **the Doors**. They were the house band for Del-Fi records, were selling out LA clubs on a nightly basis and exuded a sort of ambition that inspired both **Jimi Hendrix** and **Jim Morrison**. All of that would ultimately make the film watchable, but the documentary's true strength is in its treasure trove of interviews. Several members of Love, including the late Arthur Lee, are given a considerable amount of screen time. We are walked through the band's history—from their formation in high school, to their masterpiece recording *Forever Changes*, to the additions that would ultimately lead to their demise. LOVE Story is a fantastic film that recounts the tale of one of psych-rock's most overlooked bands. —*James Bennett*

Noriko's Dinner Table Facets Video Street: 05.27

Sion Sono's sequel to his 2002 cult-classic, *Suicide Club*, veers from the traditional methods of story continuations and obtains the ability to stand alone as a solo venture. Modestly interweaving the plots and actions of its graphic predecessor, *Noriko's Dinner Table* tracks the ultimate breakdown of the Shimabara family's lives. When

Noriko (Kazue Fukiishi) decides she has outgrown her small town of Toyokawa, she is persuaded by her online friend to runaway to Tokyo and start over, however, she soon finds herself brainwashed and working for a "family rental" service. Saddened yet interested in her sister Noriko's disappearance, Yuka (**Yuriko Yoshitaka**) follows suit and soon discovers the same ill fate. In the end, it's up to their journalist father (**Ken Mitsuishi**) to locate his two daughters in a city of 13 million residents. With a running time of 159 minutes, it's hard not to give this film some grief in the editing department. I'm sure Sono felt the film had a lot to say...it didn't. In reality, with accurate pacing, the film could be told in two hours or less, although, there is a lot of great content within the miles of unnecessary celluloid. The fact that 90% of the film is told through narration is something you'll never see in American cinema. The voyeuristic sensation as though you're reading someone's diary completely encompasses the viewer into the characters' distorted mind-set. Providing you're primed to mold a couch cushion around your dimpled ass for three hours, and realize this is not the blood-fest that is *Suicide Club*, you should be good to go. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Rocker Twentieth Century-Fox In Theaters 07.30

Remember when Tommy Lee was kicked out of Mötley Crüe, but years later joined forces with three Mickey Mouse Club Mouseketeers and they all became pop-rock legends? No? Maybe it was a dream I had, or it's the central idea to Peter Cattaneo's *The Rocker*. Starring Rainn Wilson (*The Office*) and an array of other NBC sitcom personalities, the classic down and out story follows Robert "Fish" Fishman (Wilson) and his aging dream of making it into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Granted, there are a lot of laugh-out-loud moments (a good majority delivered by Jason Sudeikis' role as the band's manager... "John Lennon is rolling in his grave to hide the boner you just gave him."), but there are also too many dull scenes to keep the audience fully engaged. One minute it feels like you're watching *Superbad*, the next it's the last five minutes of an episode of *Full House* (remember when the cheesy music starts playing after Michelle had learned a lesson?). Don't get me wrong; overall, the good outweighs the bad. Wilson makes a great transfer from television to the big-screen, so it'll be interesting to see if his future projects contain more adult humor (fingers crossed) or if he'll be stereotyped into the Disney-brand giggles. —*Jimmy Martin*

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AUG 1 **ACROSS THE UNIVERSE**

Director Julie Taymor 133 min. PG-13
Gritty, whimsical and highly theatrical, *Across the Universe* is a fanciful trip back to the 60's with Beatle's music and the generation of love.

AUG 8 **SPIRITED AWAY**

Director Hayao Miyazaki 125 min. PG
An impressive animated classic, winner of a 2003 Oscar tells the hero's tale of Chihiro as she battles gods and spells to save herself and her parents.

AUG 15 **BREAD AND TULIPS (PANE E TULIPANI)**

Director Silvio Soldini 116 min. PG-13
A charming romantic comedy about a young housewife, who finds her independence and freedom as she embarks on a vacation from her family and begins a love affair with Venice.

AUG 22 **BRIDE AND PREJUDICE**

Director Gurinder Chadha 107 min. PG-13
A classic romance not just retold, but reinvented in a new globally connected world. *BRIDE AND PREJUDICE* puts an entirely different spin on Jane Austen's story of spirited courtship Bollywood-style...

AUG 29 **THE YEAR MY PARENTS WENT ON VACATION**

Director Cao Hamburger 110 min. PG
While the country focuses its attention on the epic 1970 World Cup soccer tournament. 12 year-old Mauro's world expands when his activist parents are forced underground and their plan to shield their son by leaving him with his grandfather goes awry.

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- WED. 13TH.....THE DIRTY DOZEN
BRASS BAND
- FRI. 15TH.....SON VOLT
W/BOBBY BARE JR.
- SAT. 16TH.....JAMES SHOOK
CD RELEASE PARTY
- MON. 25TH.....THE SWEET REVENGE

SEPTEMBER

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OF CROWDED HOUSE
- SAT. 13TH.....SUPER DIAMOND
- TUE. 16TH.....EVERLAST
W/ THE LORDZ
- SAT. 20TH.....VOODOO DARLINGS
- THU. 25TH.....DAVID ALLEN COE
- TUE. 30TH.....KILLOLA
W/THE ACTION DESIGN

OCTOBER

- FRI. 17TH.....FLOATER
- MON. 27TH.....FELICE BROTHERS

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THE INVERSION TRAWLER

MURGATROID: THE DISEMBODIED FLAPPER
Filed by Oom

Apparently we've got ourselves a spirit guide of sorts. Aunt Leona brought us the news in full dramatic Leona-excito-flutter. Her white Chrysler Le Baron convertible screeched to a halt in front of our house, and we heard the rapid and distinctive click-click-click of her open-toed heels along our front walk as she hurried to our front door. Boo and I were sitting in our side garden, just out of view of the front walk, so I called out, "Ahoy there Aunt Leona." At this we heard her pause momentarily and then resume towards us across the uneven and staggered paving stones of our xeriscaped yard. The first thing we saw of her were her long, red press-on nails held up and out for balance. This was followed quickly by her particularly fluffy hair-do, her shoulder pads and her glowing "i-have-juicy-news" smile.

As soon as she set eyes on us she breathily exclaimed, "Oh pets. You've been chosen!" Boo and I looked at each other with slight apprehension of what Aunt Leona had in

it a lot more difficult to drown herself than she'd expected, due to the saltiness of the water. I guess she just wouldn't sink, and after walking forever into the lake, she got only knee deep. Sweet Petutti, can you imagine? How frustrating for her! Funny for us though. In the end she had to kneel down and actually, ya know, hold her head under the water. What finally did her in was that she suddenly viewed the situation with clarity and involuntarily laughed while her head was submerged. She inhaled a billion brine shrimp and croaked."

Aunt Leona's wide smile never wavered or dimmed once as she told us this extraordinary and somewhat gruesome tale. And still she went on, "So Murgatroid has been wafting about and wandering these parts ever since. She liked your show and you two in particular. She's sort of, ya know, attached herself to you guys. She could be here right now!" Leona turned towards an empty lawn chair and said, "Hey there Murgy, how's it goin'? I once



Illustrator: Craig Sechrist

store for us this time. Boo cautiously inquired "Chosen for what?" Leona didn't miss a beat, "for guidance, ya know, from a spirit. Alfredo says this spirit is totally into the idea of guiding you guys." Alfredo is Aunt Leona's own spirit guide who appears to her in the form of a messy plate of spaghetti marinara. It can be a bit unnerving when Aunt Leona suddenly starts chatting away, or sometimes even arguing with empty space, in public. Leona continued, "This spirit is Murgatroid. Alfredo is acquainted with her and had invited her along to see the show you guys played at that kill-the-bees place." Leona is referring to the local all ages venue *Kilby Court* and a show our band **The Weeping Giblets** recently played there with **Couscous Caboose** and **The Soup-Gone-Wrongs**.

"So this Murgatroid spirit lady is a dead flapper from the 1920s. Alfredo says that Murgatroid was all hot for **Rudolph Valentino** back in the day, and that when Rudy V. suddenly croaked it in like 1926 or something, Murgatroid was all, ya know, grief stricken so she hopped a train and traveled across the country to the Great Salt Lake and just, ya know, drowned herself in it." Leona has a great talent for delivering enormously long run-on sentences in a single breath. She continued, "This Murgatroid had read that Rudolph and his exotic wife who was actually from Salt Lake City would swim in the lake on secret visits to Utah. Apparently, when Murgatroid got to the lake she found

dressed up as a flapper for Halloween... it was fabulous." Without pause, Leona turned back to Boo and me and continued, "only thing is, ya know, since Murgatroid is a suicide she can't be an official spirit guide. The official guild-thingy of spirit guides wouldn't allow such a thing. Alfredo says that there's a new movement of renegade spirits doing some sort of guerilla spirit guiding ... kinda DIY punk-rock style guiding totally outside the official league of spirit guides. So you guys can't, ya know, let on that it was Alfredo who introduced you to Murgatroid or he could get some sort of spirit guide demerits or something." As usual with Aunt Leona, Boo and I hadn't had a chance to get a word in edgewise. During a rare pause, Boo asked in disbelief, "are you being serious Leona?"

Leona was off again - "Totally! Alfredo says you can find the old newspapers and everything that have headlines like 'Unidentified Exotic Pulled From Lake.' I bet you could find them in the library archives. He says Murgatroid will be contacting you soon. Has she already? Have you heard any unexplainable charleston music or anything like that?"

That bizarre encounter with Aunt Leona was a few days ago. So far neither Boo nor I have heard even a peep from the disembodied flapper.

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DAILY CALENDAR

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Friday, August 1

Irony Man, Old Timer – *Burt's*
 Stacey Board Trio – *Washington Square*
 GBH, Whole Wheat Bread, Krum Burns – *Avalon*
 Secret Chiefs 3, Ether – *Paladium*
 Appetite for Deception – *Bar Deluxe*
 Monarch, Killing Carolyn, ECS – *Liquid Joe's*
 Jeremy Jay, The Republic Tigers, Grizzly
 Pspector, Dead Horse Point – *Kilby*
 The Silence of the Lambs – *Tower*
 The Crystal Method, John Vibe, DJ Juggy
 – *Hotel*
 Millionaires, Hypercrush – *Boom Va*
 Across the Universe – *Pioneer Park*
 Scripted Apology, Drown Out The Stars,
 Prosthetic Heads, Grim Prophecy – *Club*
Vegas

Sunday, August 3

Infusion – *Alchemy*
 The Ides O' Soul – *Pat's*
Jam Jam and Lindsay's Going Away Party
 Appetite for Deception, Swamp Donkeys – *Bar*
Deluxe
 Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel*
 Joshua James – *Sound*
 Junior League Care Fair – *Horizonte*
 Alkaline Trio, American Steel – *In the Venue*
 Battle of the Bands – *Outer Rim*
 Estrago, All Time Ending, Chase the Moment
 – *Trapp*

Saturday, August 2

Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
 Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Finch, Foxy Shazam,
 Tickle Me Pink – *Avalon*
 Bitter: Sweet, La Farsa, Steady Machete –
Urban
 Son Ambulance, Return to Sender, Almost
 Brothers – *Kilby*
 The Mighty Cash Cats Johnny Cash Tribute
 Band, Wisebird, Osiris – *Club Vegas*

Down Right Blues – *Pat's*
 The Silence of the Lambs – *Tower*
 Black & White, Second Sun, Filo & Peri, Juliotti,
 DJ:K – *Rail*
 Brunch: Lion Fish Trio – *Tin Angel*
 Ultraviolet Sound, Electric Valentine – *Trapp*
Door
 Dinner: Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel*
 Darren Thornley, The Bergs – *Johnny's*
 Junior League Care Fair – *Horizonte*
 Poetry Reading – *Cup of Joe*
 Ghostowne, Dub Reed, Mobile Homiez, Brock
 Peterson Band – *Paladium*
 The Ergs!, Punchback, Bombs & Beating
 Hearts, Vancetti Crime, The Mooks – *Artopia*
 Skirt, The Wolfs, The Rubes, Bring Your Guns
 – *Burt's*

Monday, August 4

The Dwarves, Thunderfirst – *Bar Deluxe*
Sunday, August 3
 The Cute Lepers, The Powerchords, Avenue
 Rose – *Kilby*
 The Sundae Shuffle All Women Bike Ride
 – *Gallivan*
Monday, August 4
 Saving Able, Revelation Theory, Dreadnought,
 30 Grit Slurry – *Avalon*
 The Buckle Busters – *City Creek Park*
 Cute is What We Aim For – *In the Venue*
 Guttermouth – *Bar Deluxe*
 Chris Issak, Sharon Little – *Depot*
 The Front, Shackleton, Resistor Radio – *Burt's*
 Audrye Sessions, Andy Martin, Danny Wildcard
 – *Kilby*

Tuesday, August 5

In the Pocket – *City Creek Park*
 Mr. Nicholes, Arc One – *Johnny's*
 Jennifer Batten – *Addicted*
 Shattered Faith, Hasbeens, Die Shuman
 Bruder, Bloodworm – *Burt's*

Wednesday, August 6

Future of Food – *Ft. Douglas Post*
 Rehab, Heavy Mojo, DJ Chri Chris – *Avalon*
 Travis Tritt – *Depot*
 Chase Pagan, Michael Gross & the Statuettes,
 Ben Johnson, Ask For the Future – *Kilby*
 Kill Whitney Dead, Carnifex, The
 Demonstration, With Faith or Flames, Life
 Ruiner – *Boom Va*
 Mickey and the Motor Cars – *Bar Deluxe*
 Talking to Terrorists – *Black Box Theatre*
 My Gay Husband, DJ Taylor – *W Lounge*
 Skychange, The Craving, Twain and Win
 – *Liquid Joe's*
 Adam Marsland, Pokey LaFarge, The Naked
 Eyes, Sons of Nothing – *Burt's*
 Charley Simmons – *City Creek Park*
 Labcoat – *Johnny's*

Thursday, August 7

Origin, Misery Index, Abysmal Dawn – *Vegas*
 Nada Surf, Tim Fite – *Gallivan*
 The AKAs, The Frantic, Hotness – *Kilby*
 Talking to Terrorists – *Black Box Theatre*
 Fail to Follow, With Arms Raised, Wrong
 Around – *Burt's*
 Haun's Mill Massacre – *City Creek Park*
 Manic Hispanic – *Bar Deluxe*
 Origin, Misery Index, Abysmal Dawn,
 Incendiant, Through The Eyes Carrion – *Club*
Vegas
 Zach Parrish – *Tin Angel*
 Know Your Roots – *Piper Down*

Friday, August 8

Crescent Moon String Band – *City Creek Park*
 Baked Beats – *Star Bar*
 Marcy – *Cup Of Joe*
 Katagory V, Melodramus, Fortitude, Blue
 Lights – *Club Vegas*
 Talking to Terrorists – *Black Box Theatre*
 Labyrinth – *Tower*
 Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*
 FEM Benefit – *Trapp Door*
 Three Reasons, Kevin Burdick, Gorgeous
 Hussies, Jake Jacobson – *Liquid Joe's*
 House of OM Tour: Colette, Andy Caldwell,
 DJ Heather A Benefit for Stand Strong Again
 – *Elevate*
 .357 String Band – *Bar Deluxe*
 Spirited Away – *Pioneer Park*
 Mad Max & Sick Cyrus, Dub Entertainment,
 Padrino, Small Town Hustlers – *Boom Va*
 Eric Church – *Paladium*
 Trebuchet – *Boing!*
 Drop Dead Julio – *Brewskis*
 Uncle Uncanny's Music Festival – *Wind Walker*
Guest Ranch
 Tragic Black, Cavedoll – *Kilby*
 Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
 Garratt Wilkin, The Parrotheads – *Depot*
 The Blare, Eric Openshaw Band, The Desert,
 A Cassandra Utterance, Burnt Orange, Gloves
 for a Tiger, Ex Machina, Lex Hart – *Avalon*
 Entice the Band, Melon Robotics, Broke City
 – *Burt's*

SLUG Localized: Pilot This Lane Down, Nine Worlds, Reviver – Urban

Saturday, August 9

Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
 Poetry Reading – *Cup of Joe*
 Takt Funk Groove – *Johnny's*
 Massacre At The Wake, Blood Of Saints, State
 Of Insomnia, GodAwful – *Club Vegas*
 Labyrinth – *Tower*
 Master Shredder – *Trapp Door*
 Roney and Hall – *Tin Angel*
 Amadan – *Republican*
 Boomsticks – *Pat's*
 Mesa Drive, Jackie Camobell, Ask the Future,
 Emme Packer, Swans of Never – *Avalon*
 Mon Marie, Vinyl Williams, The Gorgeous
 Hussies, Black Hens – *Kilby*
 Utah County Swillers – *Bar Deluxe*
 Kottonmouth Kings, Tech N9ne, {hed} p.e.,
 Sen Dog, X clan – *Saltair*
 Matt Pryor, Chris Conley, Joel Pack – *Burt's*
Sunday, August 10
 Birthday Suits, Fuck the Informer – *Burt's*
Zombie Walk – TBA

The Sundae Shuffle All Women Bike Ride
 – *Gallivan*

Monday, August 11

Aphrodesia – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 The Rising Blues Tour: Gino Matteo, Sherman
 Robinson, Miss Blues – *Paladium*
 Prismatic – *Burt's*
 Neighborhood Stars, Kaiser Cartel, Coyote
 Hoods – *Kilby*
 The Hand that Bleeds, Monster Sized
 Monsters – *Artopia*

Tuesday, August 12

The Black Hens – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Vicious Starfish – *Burt's*
 Langhorne Slim, Dead Horse Point – *Urban*
 Dynamite Rocket, Illegal Beagle, Spontaneous
 Kenny – *Kilby*
Wednesday, August 13
 FX Bandits, Portugal The Man, Kay Kay
 and his Weathered Underground, The
 Skaficionados – *Avalon*
 We Feed the World – *Ft. Douglas Post*
 Rebels Advocate, All Systems Fall – *Burt's*
 Redemption, Tragic Black – *Club Vegas*
 PMR – *Johnny's*
 Movement Forum – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Nolens Volens – *W Lounge*
 Greensky Bluegrass – *Star Bar*
 The Dirty Dozen Brass Band – *Paladium*
 Horse Feathers, Narwhal Crisis, Navigator, The
 See Through Boy – *Kilby*
 American Hit Men, Ravenhurst, Novaburn
 – *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, August 14

Flash Cabbage – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Bob Log III, Scott H. Biram, Left Lane Cruiser,
 Bob Moss – *Bar Deluxe*
 Slough Feg, Kingdom of Magic – *Burt's*
 Talking to Terrorists – *Alpine Playhouse*
 Dirty Vespuccis, Counteractive – *Artopia*
 Steve Lyman – *Tin Angel*
 Master Shredder – *Trapp Door*
 Great Lake Swimmers, Team Mom, Paul
 Jacobsen, The Madison Arm – *Kilby*
 EOTO – *Star Bar*
 Kate Voegele – *In the Venue*
 Anthony Green, Good Old War, Person L
 – *Avalon*

Happy Birthday Jeanette Moses

Slightly Stoopid, Pepper, Sly and Robbie –
Saltair
 Clap Your Hands and Say Yeah, Delta Spirit
 – *Gallivan*
 AM Bump – *Piper Down*
Friday, August 15
 Gene Sartain & Friends – *Exchange Place*
Plaza
 Dr. Strangelove – *Tower*
 Oh! Wild Birds, Maybelle's Musicbox – *Burt's*
 Bueno Ave String Band – *Tin Angel*
 Talking to Terrorists – *Alpine Playhouse*
 MAIM Corps, SixteenPenny, Such Vengeance,
 Prizm – *Club Vegas*
 Gods Revolver – *Trapp Door*
 Karen Bayard – *Alchemy*
Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC
 Bread and Tulips – *Pioneer Park*
 Sabotage, Megatank – *Liquid Joe's*
 Ivoryline, There For Tomorrow, Take the
 Crown, This is My Escape, Vinyl Williams
 – *Avalon*
 Joshua Radin – *In the Venue*
 The Lab Dogs – *Pat's*
 Azryal, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, Within
 Purgatory, Beneath the Blackened Sky, Tame
 the Bear, Last of the Bloodline – *Outer Rim*
 Son Volt, Bobby Bare Jr. – *Paladium*
 Red Bennies, Ether, Vile Blue Shades – *Kilby*
 This Time Tomorrow, The Meadows, xVictimsx,
 One Clean Life – *Artopia*

Saturday, August 16

Farmer's Market – *Pioneer Park*
 Southery – *Kilby*
 LadyLand Music Festival – *Saltair*
 Dr. Strangelove – *Tower*
 The Vitals – *Pat's*
 Drunken Spelling Bee – *Trapp Door*

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FASTER PUSSYCAT, LA GUNS, BANG TANGO, DIRTY LOVEGUNS	AUG 17	SUN	TIX 18/20
SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB	AUG 25	MON	TIX 7/10
JUCIFER WITH TOP DEAD CELEBRITY	SEPT 7	SUN	TIX 7/10

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DAILY CALENDAR

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Devil's Cuntry CD Release, Rockin' Rob - *City Limits*
 Talking to Terrorists - *Alpine Playhouse*
 Paul Boruff - *Tin Angel*
 Leave It to Cleavers vs. Death Dealers - *Olympic Oval*
 Cholula - *Johnny's*
 James Shook - *Paladium*
 Hieroglyphics, Blue Scholars, Knobody, Musab, Prince Ali - *Urban*
 Slippery Kittens Anniversary Party - *Bar Deluxe*
 Spencer Nielsen - *Tony's*
 Chaotic Awakening, The Theme for a Murder, Signora, Never Before - *Avalon*
 Black Eyes & Neckties, iAndale!, God's Revolver, Nurse Sherry - *Burt's*
Sunday, August 17
 Faster Pussycat, LA Guns, Bang Tango - *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Jeremy Wilkins
 Rob Drabkin - *Woodshed*
 Poetry Reading - *Cup of Joe*
 These United States - *Kilby*
 The Sundae Shuffle All Women Bike Ride - *Gallivan*
Monday, August 18
 Natalie Portman's Shaved Head, Steady Machete, The Kristian Head Project - *Velour*
 Green Room Rockers, Dubbed - *Burt's*
 Koufax, The Lionelle, Standing Solo - *Kilby*
 HURT, Monarch, Dreadnought, Cave of Roses - *Avalon*
 Wasatch Music Coaching Academy Rock Bands - *Washington Square*
Tuesday, August 19
 Gross National Product - *Washington Square*
 Skychange - *Burt's*
 T-Beck, Dr. Ill - *Johnny's*
 Forth Year Freshman - *Bar Deluxe*
 John Nemeth - *Pat's*
 80s music by DJ Radar, Vanessa Saphron and the Family Jewels - *Area 51*
 Wummin, Ken Critchfield's Seraphim - *Kilby*
Wednesday, August 20
 Radio Rhythm Makers - *Washington Square*
 Grim Prophecy, 6:1, Gear 77 - *Liquid Joe's*
 Giant, I Hear Sirens, Theta Naught, CJ Boyd - *Kilby*
 LMFAO - *W Lounge*
 Labcoat - *Johnny's*
Transmission, Indie and Electro with DJ Radar and DJ D/C, God's Revolver - Area 51
Happy Birthday Adam Dorobiala
 The Avett Brothers - *Depot*
 Turdus Musicus, Underminer, Poetica, The Logan, Audio Sequence - *Burt's*
Thursday, August 21
 Broken Social Scene, The Big Sleep - *Gallivan*
 Digital Lov - *Washington Square*
 Swagger - *Piper Down*
 Castaway Party - *Trapp Door*
 80s Flashback with DJ Darren Weight - *Area 51*
 Bob Moss - *Tin Angel*

Immortal Technique, DJ GI Joe, Diabolic, The Circle - *In the Venue*
 Drop Dead Julio - *Bogeyes*
Friday, August 22
 Blue Sunshine Soul - *Washington Square*
 Nine Worlds, Iota, Kingdom of Magic - *Trapp Door*
 Bride and Prejudice - *Pioneer Park*
 Brian Thuber & Will Lovell - *Alchery*
 Y&T Shadow, Platinum Rose (featuring Charlie Wayne former Bulletboys) - *Club Vegas*
 No Quarter - *Teazers*
 The Area 51 Anthology by DJ Jeremiah - *Area 51*
 NAS, DJ Green Lantern, Jay Electronica - *Harry O's*
 The Polaroid's - *Pat's*
 A Clockwork Orange - *Tower*
 Caroline - *Cup of Joe*
 Royal Bliss - *Liquid Joe's*
 Blue Root - *Tin Angel*
 Blackbird Raum, Di Nigunim, The 9/11s, Bombs and Beating Hearts - *Boing!*
 Super Hero, Illegal Beagle, Spontaneous Kennie, Viewers Like You, Suburban Bordumb - *Avalon*
 Head Like a Kite, Trebuchet, Bring Your Guns, The Mooks - *Kilby*
 Big Sandy and the Fly Rite Boys - *Bar Deluxe*
 Joe Purdy, Meiko, Jay Nash, The Low Stars - *Velour*
 Free Press, Miles Beyond - *Burt's*
Saturday, August 23
 Tribal Fusion Workshop - *Suzanne's School of Dance*
 Soggy Bone - *Tony's*
 And Embers Rose, Visions of Infinity, Breaux, Dead Wife By Knife, Bring on the Night, Chelsie Grin - *Avalon*
 Peach Pit - *Trapp Door*
 A Clockwork Orange - *Tower*
 Dusty's 2nd Annual "Plan For Damage Show" - *Club Vegas*
 Carnivale - *Area 51*
 Blues 66 - *Pat's*
 Acoustic All-Stars - *Star Bar*
 Wonderland - *In the Venue*
Summer of Death: SLUG Summer Detention - www.summerofdeath.com for details
 Pilot This Plane Down, Form of Rocket, Loom, Gaza - *Kilby*



Thurs. 8/28
Neko Case
FREE SHOW
The Gallivan Center

GG Elvis - *Burt's*
 Brunch: Shannon Smith - *Tin Angel*
 Salt City Derby Girls 3rd Birthday Party - *Trapp*
 Dinner: Kris Zeman - *Tin Angel*
 Drop Dead Julio - *City Club*
 Cake Boutique Grand Opening - 1635 *Redstone Center*
 Holding Out - *Pat's*
Friday, August 29
 John Flanders, Double Helix - *Exchange Place Plaza*
 The Mayfire, Astra Heights, Monte Negro - *Burt's*
 Holding Out - *Pat's*
Griffinstock 08: God's Revolver, iAndale!, The Devil Whale - Westminster College
 The Hotness - *Trapp Door*
 Valdur, Lightning Swords Of Death, Cave Of Roses, Through The Eyes Of Carrion - *Club Vegas*
 The Year My Parents Went on Vacation - *Pioneer Park*
 Drop Dead Julio - *Liquid Joe's*
 The Coast, Blue Sunshine Soul, Shadow Moses, Neon Trees - *Kilby*
 Goonies - *Tower*
 Lion Fish Trio - *Tin Angel*
 Heart, Play Radio Play, The Graduate, Rookie of the Year - *Murray Theater*
Farmer's Market - Pioneer Park Sunday, August 24
 Blind Boys of Alabama - *Park City Jazz Festival*
 Ice Cube - *Depot*
 Louis Logic, The Let Go, Mindstate - *Urban*
 Summer Oasis - *Hookah Lounge*
 The Sundae Shuffle All Women Bike Ride - *Gallivan*
 Acoustic All-Starts - *Star Bar*
 Poetry Reading - *Cup of Joe*
Monday, August 25
 Skeleton Witch, Old Timer - *Burt's*
 The Future of the Ghost - *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Slim Cessena's Auto Club - *Bar Deluxe*
 The Sweet Revenge - *Paladium*
 The Octopus Project, Indian Jewlery - *Urban*
Tuesday, August 26
 Danger Mouth - *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Rhinoceros, Tamerlane, Cool Your Jets, Reflect - *Artopia*
 Georgetlife, Blowski, Simon Eleven - *Liquid Joe's*
 Roma, Drew Latta - *Johnny's*
 Cringe: Purge - *Sam Weller's*
Wednesday, August 27
 Junta Deville - *Exchange Place Plaza*
 I.O.U.S.A. - *City Library*
 Jim Bianco - *Burt's*
 DJ Balance, D*tox, Miles - *W Lounge*
 Banner Pilot - *Artopia*
 Laura Gibson, The Sweater Friends - *Kilby*
 Takt - *Johnny's*
 Showbread, Oceana, Kiro, Rosematter, Lexi SayOK, Shark That Got Her - *Avalon*
Thursday, August 28 Neko Case, Crooked Fingers - *Gallivan*
 Xilow Jazz Quartet - *Exchange Place Plaza*

Thunderfist, Dallas Alice - *Burt's*
 Shutter Shade Party - *Trapp Door*
 Steve Lyman - *Tin Angel*
Friday, August 29
 John Flanders, Double Helix - *Exchange Place Plaza*
 The Mayfire, Astra Heights, Monte Negro - *Burt's*
 Holding Out - *Pat's*
Griffinstock 08: God's Revolver, iAndale!, The Devil Whale - Westminster College
 The Hotness - *Trapp Door*
 Valdur, Lightning Swords Of Death, Cave Of Roses, Through The Eyes Of Carrion - *Club Vegas*
 The Year My Parents Went on Vacation - *Pioneer Park*
 Drop Dead Julio - *Liquid Joe's*
 The Coast, Blue Sunshine Soul, Shadow Moses, Neon Trees - *Kilby*
 Goonies - *Tower*
 Lion Fish Trio - *Tin Angel*
 GZA - *Urban*
Saturday, August 30
 Farmer's Market - *Pioneer Park*
 Xavier Rudd - *Depot*
 Goonies - *Tower*
 Brunch: Roney and Hall - *Tin Angel*
 SCDG Shakers vs. Reno Battle Born Derby Demons - *Olympic Oval*
 Dinner: Mudflapp Johnson - *Tin Angel*
 White Light White Heat - *Trapp Door*
 Steady Machete CD Release Party, Three Seasons, All Things Ending - *Club Vegas*
 Labcoat - *Johnny's*
 Kris Zeman - *Alchery*
 Jana Hunter, Lesser Gonzalez Alvarez, Stag Hare, Chaz Prymek - *Kilby*
 Fire SLC - *In the Venue*
 Shearwater, Wye Oak, Band of Annuals - *Urban*
Sunday, August 31
 Eric McFadden Trio - *Burt's*
 Poetry Reading - *Cup of Joe*
 The Sundae Shuffle All Women Bike Ride - *Gallivan*
Monday, September 1
 Happy Labor Day - *Wear some White*
Tuesday, September 2
 Gram Rabbit - *Burt's*
Wednesday, September 3
 The Gunshy - *Kilby*
 Taylor, D*tox, Miles - *W Lounge*
 Ratatat - *In the Venue*
Thursday, September 4
 Jim Finn of Crowded House - *Paladium*
 Mt. Earie, Guitorchestra, Vanessa Shuput - *Kilby*
 Small Town Sinners - *Piper Down*
Friday, September 5
 Brokencyde, School Boy Humor, Lets Get It, Vogue in the Movement, Lexi SayOK - *Avalon*
 Darker My Love - *Kilby*
 Sonya Dinsdale Art Show - *Utah Arts Alliance*

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Labyrinth
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Dr. Strangelove
Aug. 15th & 16th

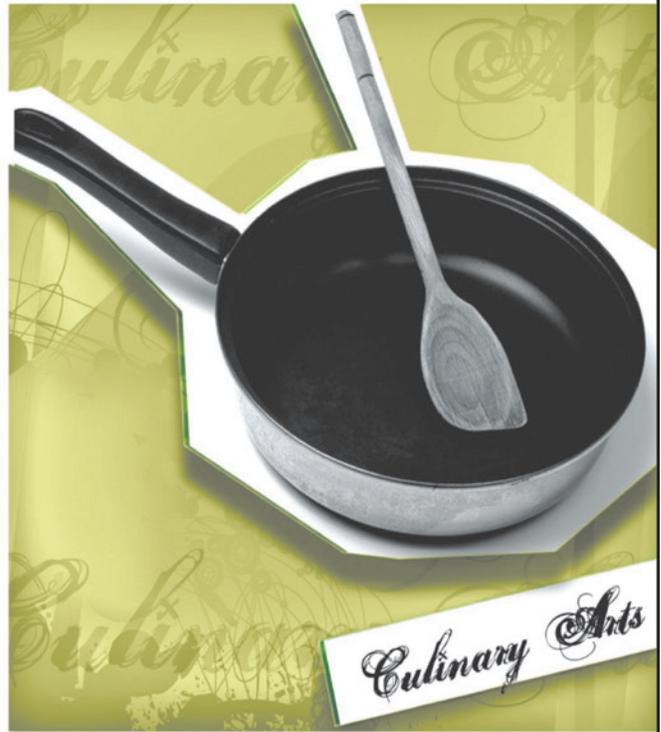


A Clockwork Orange
sponsored by: **SLUG**
Aug. 22nd & 23rd



Goonies
Aug. 29th & 30th

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Kilby Court

August Calendar

- 1- Jeremy Jay, The Republic Tigers, Grizzly Prospector, Dead Horse Point
- 2- Son Ambulance, Return to Sender, Almost Brothers
- 3- The Cute Lepers, The Powerchords, Avenue Rose
- 4- Audrye Sessions, Andy Martin, Danny Wildcard
- 6- Chase Pagan, Michael Gross & The Statuettes, Ben Johnson, Ask For The Future
- 7- The A.K.A.s, The Frantic, Hotness
- 8- Tragic Black, Cavedoll
- 9- Mon Marie, Vinyl Williams, The Gorgeous Hussies, Black Hens
- 11- Neighborhood Stars, Kaiser Cartel, Coyote Hoods
- 12- Dynamite Rocket, Illegal Beagle, Spontaneous Kenny
- 13- Horse Feathers, Narwhal Crisis, Navigator, The See Through Boy
- 14- Great Lake Swimmers, Team Mom, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm
- 15- Red Bennies, Vile Blue Shades, Ether
- 16- Southerly
- 17- These United States
- 18- Koufax, The Lionelle, Standing Solo
- 19- Wummin, Ken Critchfield's Seraphim
- 20- Giant, I Hear Sirens, Theta Naught, CJ Boyd
- 22- Head Like a Kite, Trebuchet, Bring Your Guns The Mooks
- 23- Pilot This Plane Down, Form of Rocket, Gaza Loom
- 27- Laura Gibson, The Sweater Friends

- 29- The Coast, Blue Sunshine Soul, Shadow Moses, Neon Trees
- 30- Jana Hunter, Lesser Gonzalez Alvarez, Chaz Prymek Stag Hare

THE PALADIUM (21+):

- 1- Secret Cheifs 3, Ether

URBAN LOUNGE (21+):

- 12- Langhorne Slim, Dead Horse Point
- 16- Hieroglyphics, Blue Scholars, Prince Ali, Musab, Knobody
- 24- Louis Logic, The Let Go, Mindstate
- 25- Octopus Project, Indian Jewelry
- 29- GZA
- 30- Shearwater, Wye Oak, Band of Annuals

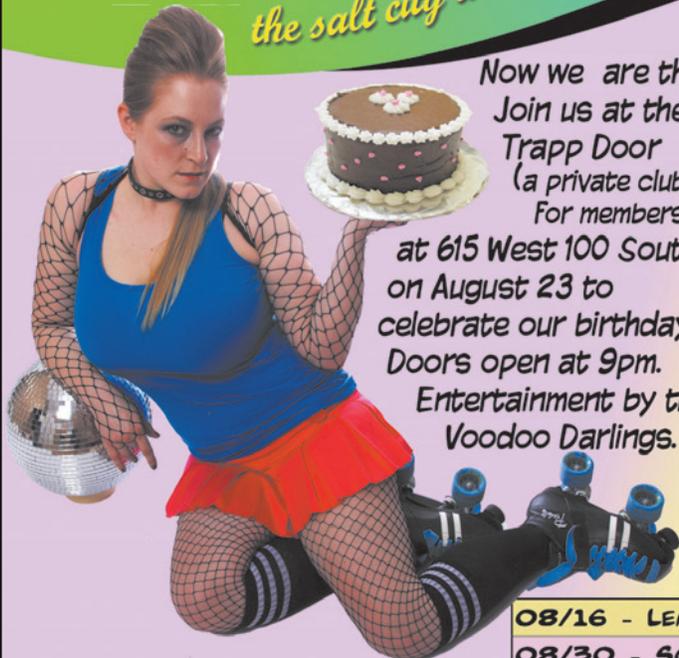
IN THE VENUE:

- 21- Immortal Technique

For more information about times and prices go to www.kilbycourt.com



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Now we are three!
Join us at the
Trapp Door
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for members)
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celebrate our birthday!
Doors open at 9pm.
Entertainment by the
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Don't miss the next two awesome
Salt City Derby Girls' bouts!

August 16: The Death Dealers
vs The Leave it to Cleavers

August 30: SCDG's Salt City Shakers All-Stars
vs The Reno Battle Born Derby Demons

Both games are at the Utah Olympic Oval
(5662 S 4800 W).

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The Bayou (a private club
for members) and online.

Full details at slcderby.com.

08/16 - LEAVE IT TO CLEAVERS VS DEATH DEALERS

08/30 - SCDG'S SHAKERS VS. RENO BATTLE BORN DERBY DEMONS

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