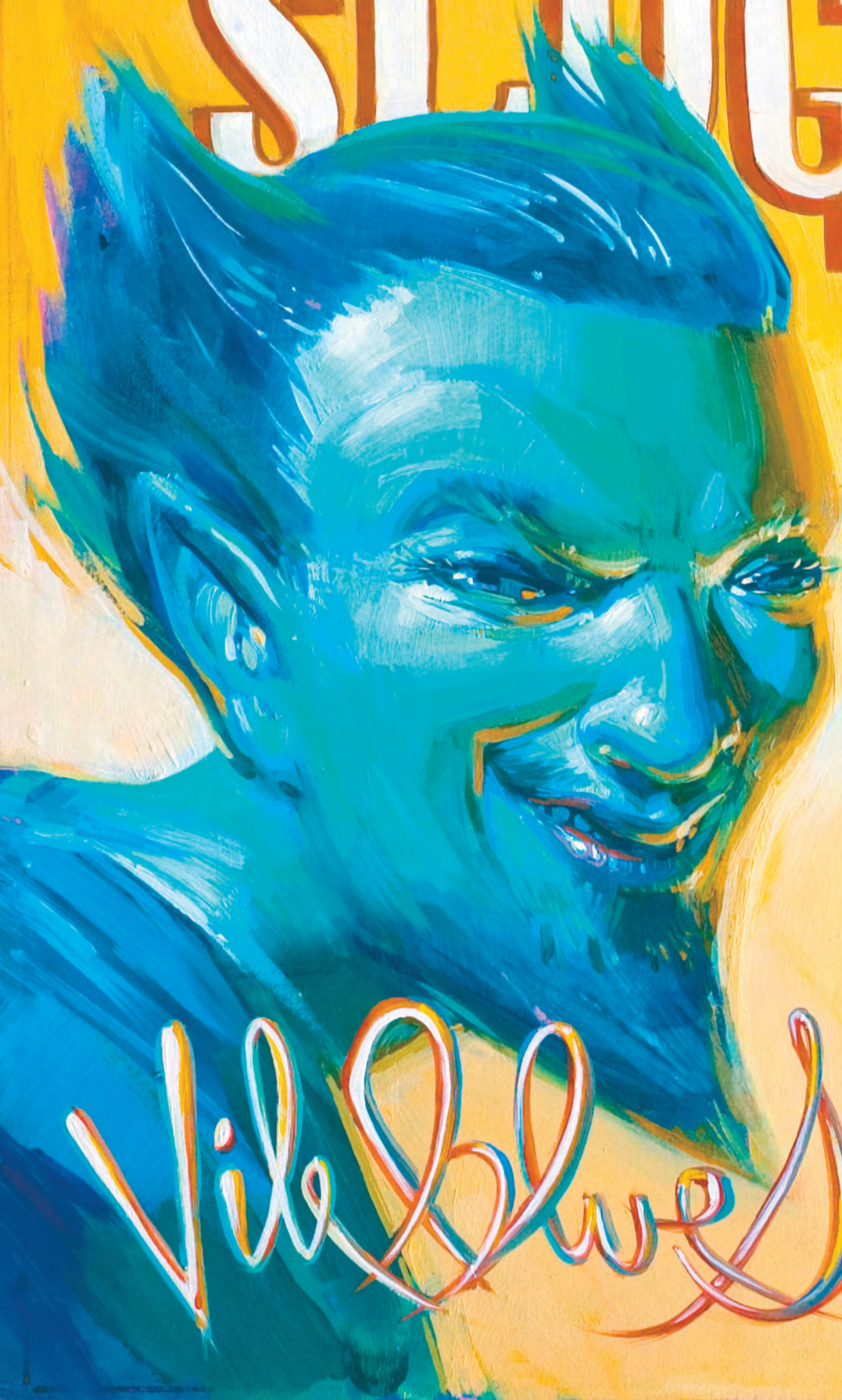


# SLUG

ALWAYS FREE  
Vol. 19  
Issue #227  
September 2008  
slugmag.com



Vile Blue Shades





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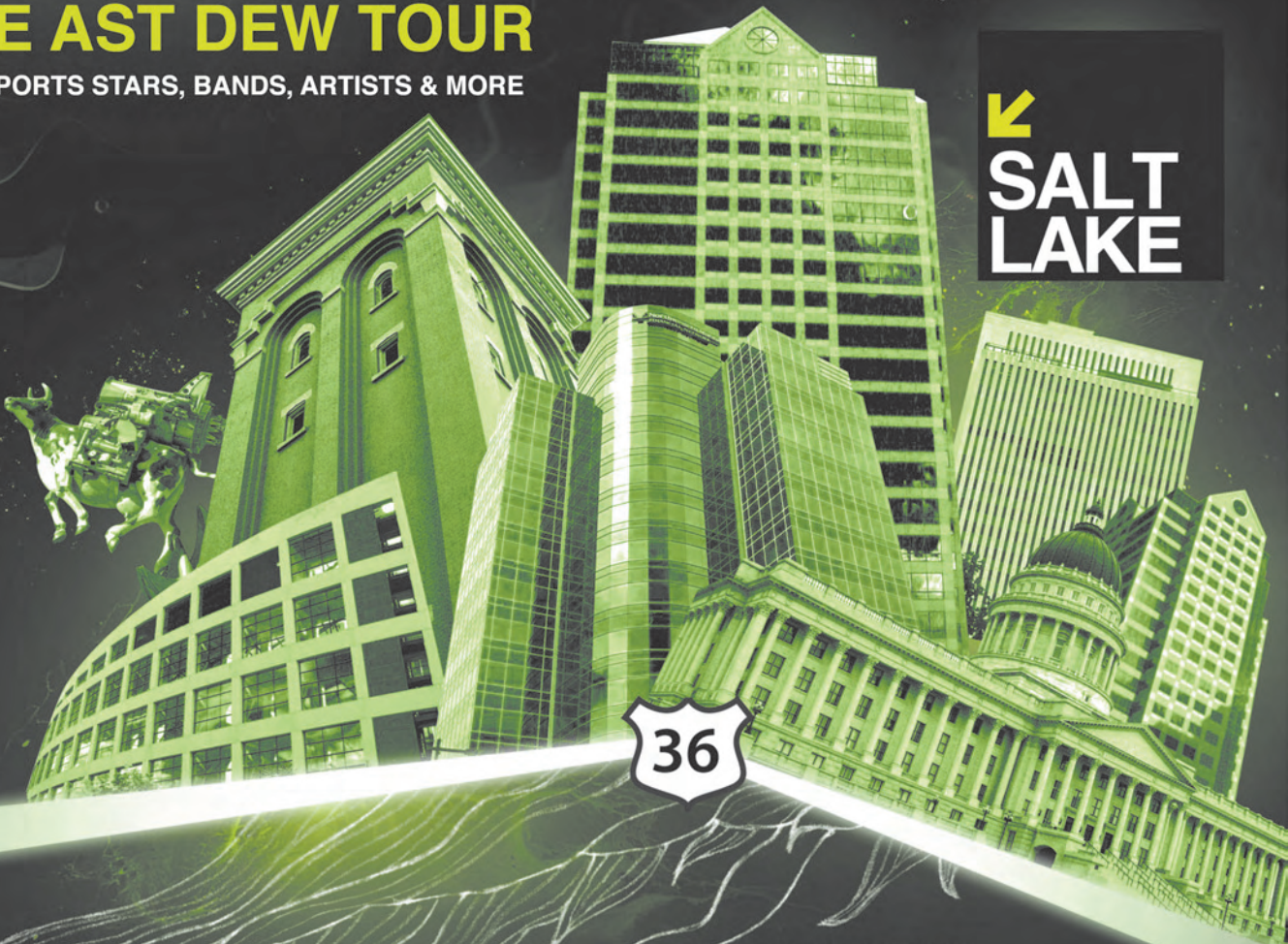
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# SLUG

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**Copy Editing Team:** Jeanette Moses, Rebecca Vernon, Blake McGillis, Nick Parker, Ricky Vigil, Mary Enge, Andrew Glassett.

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**Cover Painting:**

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**Designers:** Todd Powelson, Kent Farrington, Somerset Bevans, Cristina Gunn, Jaleh Afshar, Lionel Williams.

**Website Design:** Kate O'Connor  
**Illustrator:** Craig Secrist, Manuel Aguilar.

**Photographers:** Chris Swainston, Ruby Johnson, David Newkirk, Katie Panzer, Mitch Allen, Kealan Shilling, Dave Brewer, Sam Milianta.

**Ad Sales:**

Angela Brown:

[sales@slugmag.com](mailto:sales@slugmag.com)

Meghann Griggs:

[meg@slugmag.com](mailto:meg@slugmag.com)

Robin Brown

[robin@slugmag.com](mailto:robin@slugmag.com)

Mike Brown

[mikebrown@slugmag.com](mailto:mikebrown@slugmag.com)

Ischa Buchanan

[ischa@slugmag.com](mailto:ischa@slugmag.com)

**Marketing & Sales Manager:**

Meghann Griggs

**Marketing:** Robin Brown, Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette Moses, Lyuba Basin, Britta Carlson, Jessica Davis.

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## Contributor Limelight



## SRI WHIPPLE • Artist

Sri Whipple is one of Salt Lake's most progressive visual artists. **The Wolves, Accidente, Vile Blue Shades** and many other local musicians have sought out Whipple for his transgendered themes and phallic illustrations. Sri was one of the many local artists to legally cover the 337 Project with their own take on street art. This fall shows in San Francisco and Berlin will display his work as part of **The Oyster Pirate Group**, an art collaboration Whipple participates. Checkout Sri and his artist brethren at: [captaincaptain.org](http://captaincaptain.org). September's issue is the third SLUG Magazine cover Whipple has designed.

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# DEAR DICKHEADS

DEAR - DICKHEADS - DEAR - DICKHEADS - DEAR

Dear Dckheads,

You guys are a badass magazine. You're chock full of locally-produce literary goodness and local ads that help keep SLC more like a farmer's market and less like a Wal-Mart.

But I have a bone to pick with you... You say the word Fuck too much.

Admittedly, no other word expresses so well the angst and frustration that normal people like you and I feel from being repressed by a theocratic society. But in the Ska issue (#235), it looked like the word was being tossed around with such carelessness that it was in danger of losing its precious meaning.

It's a sad day when you build up a tolerance to Fuck, and then have to fucking use it in-between every other fucking wordfuck just for shock value. Therefore, I present to you a challenge: to go an entire issue without dropping one F-bomb. You can call it the No-Fuck issue. So how about it, SLUG?

Let's take a Fuck detox and let our precious word regain some of its glorious meaning, and only use it when it's absolutely necessary.  
 -Nick Mostert

Dear Dickheads,

Thank you so much for mags. I owe ya big time! At this time I must ask that you send no more. I am being released and will most likely be heading to Reno N.V. (It seems they want a piece of my ass as well.) But I will be back to the Great Salt City. ("The Lake" as known by us cons.) And back on the scene.

I would be willing to repay your kindness in any way. Such as volunteering for any grunt work you might have. Or just paying the \$15 subscription price. Whatever. I love this city and I love your mag. Way to keep it real! Anyway, I just wanted to let you know not to send anymore. Now, to all you dickheads out there. You know who you are! I've payed my debt to this great state for possession of a controlled substance and felony fleeing. So get off my ass! Remember, judge not lest ye be judged. Blah, blah, blah! And so forth, and so on. Peace out!

The Utah Outlaw

P.S. Thanx again! And Fuck U.D.C!

**Dear Utah Outlaw,**  
**No grunt work needed, just tell your friends, cell mates and enemies about SLUG Magazine and that they can get their own year long subscription to the mag for a measly \$15. And unlike the book American Hardcore, we have yet to be banned from any prison system for objectionable material—the prison guards must not be reading Mike Brown's column eh? Good luck in Reno dude. Stay away from those controlled substances.**

Love,  
 SLUG Magazine  
 xo

**Dear Noobie Nick,**  
 Have you ever read a book by anyone besides Henry Rollins? Since when did the word fuck ever hold "precious meaning" as you call it? To say fuck is more like a grunt, a reflex, that's uncalculated and reactionary. It is like spitting on the pavement. Do you follow people around and censor them for spitting on the pavement and soiling the delicate message of a wad of snot and saliva pervading the pavement? Read a fucking book man. There are plenty of overused, worthy words to save, like shit, bitch and cunt.





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with Special Guest **Andrea Johnston**,

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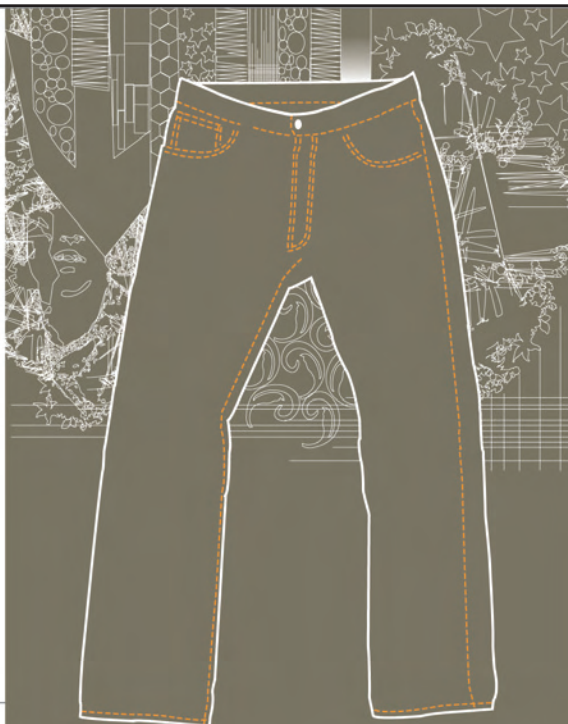
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# LETTER FROM LETTER-FROM-THE-EDITOR-LETTER-FROM-THE THE EDITOR LETTER-FROM-THE-EDITOR-LETTER-FROM



I first met **Sean Henefer** when he was playing guitar in legendary SLC punk band, **The Corleones**. It was February of 2003 and I had recently booked the band to play *SLUG Magazine's* 14th anniversary party. After the event, I followed his local music career over the next few years with longtime collaborator and singer, **Ryan Jensen**. The two friends eventually quit the Corleones and began a new Salt Lake music project called **Vile Blue Shades**.

Soon after Vile's musical conception, Sean walked out on the project—leaving the SLC music scene to pursue a college degree. Over the years I lost track of Sean until last month, when I received an email from a mutual friend explaining that he had cancer. His medical bills had topped \$30,000

I decided it was time to pay him a visit and see how he was coping. I met Sean at his house and began interviewing him for a new podcast series *SLUG* is working on with *UtahFreeMedia.org*. Our first episode is themed around Sean, his past role in SLC's music scene, his new visual art projects and current fight with cancer.

Sean Henefer has follicular lymphoma cancer. The average age of a person with this type of cancer is 65 years old. Sean is 31. His oncologist told him that only 10% of people with this particular type of cancer survive. Since his initial

diagnosis in May, Sean has undergone numerous tests, radiation therapy and major surgery to remove the cancer in his neck lymph nodes.

The second Friday of each month is *SLUG Magazine's* local music showcase, *Localized*. We interview two established bands, pair them with an up-and-coming act as the opener and book the gig at a club. This month's *Localized* is a benefit show for Sean Henefer. Comedian **Travis Bird**, **Fuck the Informer** and **Vile Blue Shades** will play.

Over the next two months, friends and local businesses are pulling together resources to raise money for Sean's plight. If you or someone you know would like to get involved, please email: [Contact@KeepSeanAlive](mailto:Contact@KeepSeanAlive).

## September Benefit Shows for Sean Henefer:

### September 12th

*SLUG's Localized Benefit Show*: Travis Bird, Fuck The Informer and Vile Blue Shades at *The Urban Lounge*. All proceeds from the evening go directly to Sean.

### September 19th

"Portraits" by Sean Henefer at *Café Niché* (300 South 800 East), *Gallery Stroll*, 6-9p.m.

### September 27th

BBQ fundraiser. RSVP required [Contact@KeepSeanAlive](mailto:Contact@KeepSeanAlive)

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**THE INVERSION  
TRAWLER**

An Audience with Murgatroid  
Filed by Boo

Our spirit guide, Murgatroid, actually exists. The universe is totally different then it was before.

Aunt Leona often tells us how she was an extra in the early 1980s film *Footloose* but had almost all her scenes cut from the final version. She'll say, "I even had a line that I shouted at **Kevin Bacon** at the old *Hi-Spot* restaurant in Provo. I had to shout it like 19 times, and they still cut it!" She always tells us that **Sara Jessica Parker** borrowed her hair clip and never gave it back.

Even though the only bit of Leona that made it into the movie was a quick glimpse of the back of her hair-do in a lunchroom scene, Aunt L. will hold a *Footloose* party every year in which everybody sings along and dances, sort of a more dweeby version of the *Rocky Horror* experience. And after all, it was through her *Footloose* adventure that she met the producer who took her to Hollywood and launched her career as a TV shop-from-your-sofa clothing and jewelry model.

Oom and I attended the most recent of these parties. Oom sang along and danced, while I caught myself grinding my teeth. At one point Oom jumped up and announced "Oh, I gotta pee" and skipped off to the bathroom. We could hear him still singing and dancing around. Suddenly he went silent and after about five seconds he let out a scream—that sounded like the caterwaul of a fighting cat—followed by his flying return to the TV room where we were all sitting. He leaped over the sofa, crash landed into the TV stand, and scurried into a small space between the love seat and the wall. He looked straight at Aunt Leona and screamed, "There's a see-through flapper in there!"

We all just stared at him and it took a few moments for all of us to process what Oom had just done and said. Leona was first, squealing out, "Murgatroid! Really? Is she in my bathroom?" She launched herself off her perch and to her bathroom in a single bound. Leona ripped back the shower curtain and called out, "Where? Where is she?" I froze at



Illustration: Craig Secret

the door. Sitting on the toilet, lid down, was a semi transparent woman in elegant 1920s fashion watching bemused as Leona flurried around the bathroom. The woman looked at me, smiled and said, "I have never once called myself or even considered myself a Flapper. I am, or was, an independent and modern woman. For my time anyway." Then she laughed a warm, intelligent laugh and motioned towards Leona who was almost crawling into the vanity beneath her sink and calling out, "Where, Oom?"


Oom wouldn't reply and I just stayed frozen and staring at this ghost. Murgatroid turned back towards me and said, "So anyway, hello Boudica, I'm Murgatroid. I liked your band—disgusting name, but I get the point. Well done." Like Oom, I couldn't reply. Murgatroid continued, "Don't worry. I let Oomingmak do his business in private. I waited until he was washing his hands before I came in and introduced myself." She chuckled, "I tried to break the ice with some small talk about that silly film, but he whirled around and looked at me in horror. I thought I'd offended him...he does seem to like it so. Then he just let out that peculiar noise and was gone in a flash. I hope he doesn't hate me. So, this is the deal. I know Leona let you know about me. Alfredo, her spirit guide and I are on friendly terms and socialize to an extent. I'm not actually an official spirit guide so I don't have to follow the spirit guide rules. Having said that, I must assure you that I will always respect your privacy. I will never lurk about invisible and I will never appear unasked for, unless it's an issue of some urgency."

At this point, I realized that Aunt Leona had gone silent. She'd finally paused long enough to see that I was staring intently at the toilet. Everybody at the party (except for Oom) was now surrounding me, crammed into the bathroom doorframe, and also staring at the toilet. Murgatroid nodded in their direction and said, "They don't see me. I'm letting only you and Oom see and hear me for the moment. For being invisible, it seems I've caused quite a scene. Maybe I'd better go for now and meet up with you two at a more convenient time. Ta Ta." With that, Murgatroid vanished.




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C. GUNN



# HARDCORE

## STILL PISSING OFF THE PEOPLE IN CHARGE

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com

The hardcore movement may have ended over two decades ago, but it's still doing what it initially set out to do—piss off the authorities. **Steven Blush's** book, *American Hardcore*, was banned from the Colorado Prison System on June 25, 2008 for "advocating hatred of law enforcement and other races," depicting violence and anarchy and for having the potential to "antagonize and rile up the general population." This isn't the first time that those in charge have tried to censor the history of hardcore. Blush took the time to discuss hardcore and how it feels to join the ranks of the banned.

**SLUG:** What motivated you to write *American Hardcore*?

**Blush:** I was very heavily involved in the DC hardcore punk explosion. As a teenager, I booked bands like **Black Flag**, **Minor Threat**, **Circle Jerks** and the **DKs**—most of them crashed on my couch. It was a self-sufficient universe that changed the [music] world.

Fast-forward ten years, to the indie-rock explosion and new punk revival. Everyone's talking DIY and name-dropping about what hardcore was all about. I was astounded at how wrong people had the story. I was so infuriated from what I saw, that I decided to take the situation into my own hands. Five years later came the *American Hardcore* book. Five years after that came the film. Finally, the history has been told properly, and the pioneers have received their due.

**SLUG:** Were you surprised to hear that your book was banned from the Colorado Prison systems?

**Blush:** I know that I wrote an intense book, but yes, I was a bit surprised by the ban. You'd think that within a culture of prison gangs and mass murderers that my book would be the least of their worries. Having said that, I'm stoked to see establishment types still upset by hardcore. The HC scene was all about pushing boundaries, and now it's been reduced to another fashion statement. Hardcore was never about fashion, it was all about intensity—and the fierce reaction by the Colorado authorities reminds me of why I got into this stuff in the first place.

**SLUG:** The majority of the banned content was illustrations taken from record covers—do you think that these "violent images" were taken out of context?

**Blush:** I don't believe the images were taken out of context because in their day, all of these photos, drawings and graphics were intended to provoke and

horrify. That was the whole point of hardcore, to shake up mainstream complacency—musically, visually and socially. Twenty-five years later, the world has changed, but not that much. Not nearly enough.

**SLUG:** According to the official evaluation & appeal form posted on [http://feralhouse.com/fh\\_blog/](http://feralhouse.com/fh_blog/) the portion of the book that was banned due to "advocating hatred of law enforcement" corresponded with the chapter about **Millions of Dead Cops**—what is your opinion on this?

### AMERICAN HARDCORE A Tribal History by Steven Blush



**Blush:** I feel that "hatred of law enforcement" was a big part of the hardcore mindset. As a hardcore show promoter, I can't tell you how many times the cops fucked with us just because of the way we looked. In retrospect, it seems as if the cops were out to shut down this youth movement before it started. Thankfully they failed because you can't kill an idea. My feeling is that MDC was a zeitgeist personified by a band.

**SLUG:** Do you feel that the chapter regarding police brutality in the early 80s was a realistic portrayal of what was going on?

**Blush:** Yes I do. When it came to hardcore in the early 80s, the cops were assholes. Today, cops have tattoos and mohawks and go to **Social D** concerts. From working on the book and film, I can comfortably state that most people involved in the early hardcore scene still maintain a healthy disrespect for authority figures. That's a major difference between today's scene and the original pioneers. When was the last time the cops stormed an all-ages show?

**SLUG:** Do you think prisoners should have the right to continue to read *American Hardcore*?

**Blush:** Prisoners do not deserve full equal rights. It's something they forfeit when convicted for their crimes. But as the prison authorities do allow Saudi-funded, virulently anti-American, Black Muslim reading material into prisons—I'd submit that *American Hardcore* is low on their list of concerns.

**SLUG:** What is your opinion about people who want to censor historical information like the history contained in *American Hardcore*?

**Blush:** The rock world censored this information for 20 years. Hardcore was always too ugly and [contained too much] male-energy for the politically correct types at *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, et al. Now they all act like they were onto it all along. Do you really wanna know what I think of these people? I don't have enough time to vent.

An expanded second edition of *American Hardcore* will be released in Fall 2009 from *Feral House Publishing*. While the boys in the big house in Colorado won't get the chance to read it, hopefully you will.



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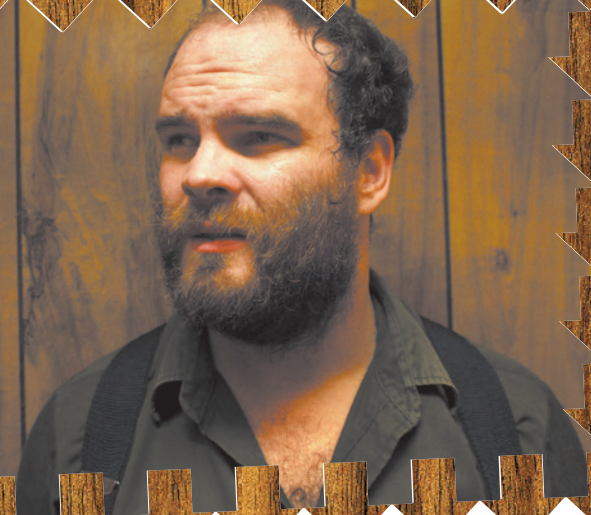
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# Themes of a Recurring Musical Event



By Andrew Glassett

[andrew@slugmag.com](mailto:andrew@slugmag.com)

It makes sense that the members of **Pattern Is Movement** are obsessed with burritos. There are several different elements that go into making a burrito special, but a good tortilla is top priority. A traditional burrito contains rice, beans and some kind of meat. What happens when other cultural influences are added? Is it still a burrito? Burritos are also the food of choice for many chronic culture seekers. All of these things might be related to the sound of the band, but drummer **Chris Ward** doesn't seem too concerned about the implications of quantities or cultural line crossing. For a group of Christian-raised, hip-hop inspired book nerds, Pattern Is Movement's sound is somewhat inexplicable. Their influences range from mid-western religious mysticism to complex and prolific classical music to barbershop quartets in a sea of gypsies. Their music is masterfully arranged and performed—and in the exact quantities necessary for a delicious auditory experience.

**SLUG:** What is the significance of the name Pattern Is Movement? Also, what moves you?

**CW:** We lifted the name from a **T.S. Elliot** poem. Everyone in the band liked it and thought it helped describe what we going after at the time (this would be 2002).

I would agree that it related to our math-like tendencies when we had three guitarists, but we left some of those math-like tendencies behind and when employed, we try to disguise them. Maybe we should be called *Pattern was Movement*?

What moves me is any song by **Otis Redding**. My question is, why aren't there more bands listening to him as their number one influence? He is a genius.

**SLUG:** Your previous album was recorded at **John Vanderslice's Tiny Telephone** studio in San Francisco. What was that like?

**CW:** We recorded *Stowaway* in 2005 at *Tiny Telephone*. It was such a great experience for the whole band. It was the first time we had ever recorded in a professional studio and it really taught us so much in such a short amount of time. We also loved recording a record in San Francisco. The weather was amazing as well as the burritos.

**SLUG:** How did the recording process differ on your newest album *All Together*?

**CW:** We used the same engineer from *Stowaway*, but we did it at his studio in Monroe, NC. That was a much different experience than *Stowaway*.

because we were out in the woods and we lacked the accoutrement that San Francisco afforded, namely, burritos. We also recorded onto the same medium, analog tape, and we think the results were stellar. Our engineer, **Scott [Solter]**, is amazing with tape and he makes you feel like your using pro-tools with his ease of skill with editing tape and such.

**SLUG:** How does your hip-hop background influence your music?

**CW:** Both **Andrew [Thiboldeaux]**, vocals and keys] and I became friends at the tender age of around 13 and 14. We both were raised in very religious households (see: *Jesus Camp*) and we would go on religious retreats. On this one retreat, we both got talking and released we loved **Dr. Dre's The Chronic**. We discussed it a bit and decided to form a hip-hop group. Our goal was to create a Christian hip-hop record that would be inspired by *The Chronic* without the chronic. We have since moved on from Christ inspired records, but we still love hip-hop.

**SLUG:** How has the band's dynamic changed since losing one of your members? What changes have you had to make to perform live?

**CW:** It was tough when our guitarist, **Corey Duncan**, left the band. We were not sure how to approach Pattern Is Movement as a two-piece. However, when Andrew came to me with new tunes (sans guitar arrangement), I was very motivated by them and he made it very apparent that a two-piece could work. At first, it was a bit shaky live, but just a couple of shows in, friends were telling us that it was the best version they had seen. We feel like the dynamic of two people is easily translated to a crowd and furthermore, our long history as friends and musicians really comes out when it's just the two of us.

**SLUG:** Describe some your non-musical influences. Why is rhythm so appealing to you?

**CW:** I have never answered the question with this answer, but here it goes: I really enjoy comedy. From early on, my dad impressed upon me that comedy was king. I listened to comedy albums while I went to sleep. My favorites were **Flip Wilson** and **Bill Cosby**. I also watched a lot of *SNL* as well anything **Mel Brooks** was associated with. While I was making Christian hip-hop, we as a family, would watch the *Simpsons* and *In Living Color* with one caveat: when the fly girls came on to dance the channel had to be changed.

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**By Lyuba Basin**

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Disagreements in bands occur often—this is undeniable. Some disagreements end with the band splitting up. But in the case of **Centro-Matic**, a common argument about the direction they were going spawned an additional project called **South San Gabriel**. **Will Johnson**—singer/songwriter of both bands, gave me the insight as to how and why it works for these Texas Natives.

The core members of Centro-Matic include Johnson, **Matt Pence**, **Mark Hedman** and **Scott Danbom**—they have been together for over a decade. Eight years ago the band started playing tug o' war with different musical styles. Some members, such as Pence, were pulling for the rock n' roll sets, while Johnson wanted a more spacious and subdued sound. The decision didn't end with black eyes and broken guitars though, as Centro-Matic rounded up a few more members to create the laid back, mellow sound of South San Gabriel. SSG became the separate, collective band with a revolving door membership in place.

These days, SSG includes the four core members of Centro-Matic with the addition of **Matt Stoessel**, **Bryan VanDivier**, **Jeffrey Barnes**, **Robert Gomez**, **Buffi Jacobs**, **Tamara Cauble**, **David Pierce** and **James Driscoll**. It varies from three members to sometimes nine, depending on who is around at the time.

"It takes a lot less people to make a lot more noise," Johnson says when comparing the two. The four members of Centro-Matic create a sound that gets people energized. It's got faster drumbeats and louder guitar made specifically to get the crowd dancing and clapping along. But that all changes when they are in SSG mode. The larger posse attracts attention equally, but with a subtle, hypnotic method. Johnson's simple, lyrically focused melodies come out more fluently in SSG, accompanied by a variety of instruments such as clarinet, saxophone, flute, cello, violin and trombone.

Fitting all of SSG and their instruments on a big stage would be difficult, fitting them on a small stage would be almost impossible...almost. At one point during a SSG set at **SXSW**, the stage wasn't big enough for all the members to fit. Johnson had a friend from Brooklyn playing that night and a friend from Denton. "Neither of them had met each other. They looked up half way through the set and didn't even realize they were in the band together. It's that kind of spontaneous risk that keeps things interesting," Johnson says.

The risk taking ideology comes from their roots in Texas. Johnson gets his inspiration from the diverse geography and culture of what the locals call **The Golden Triangle**, the area in between Denton, Dallas and Fort Worth. The region is a cool college town that is independent business friendly with a strong music community. The bands there are unpretentious instead of competitive. They all work together and learn from each other by collaboration and support. Risk in The Golden Triangle is encouraged and celebrated.

Inspiration for creating music also comes from traveling. Johnson refers to this as "soaking up the life juice and refueling." Whether it's the small, solitary trips he takes where he writes for four days straight, or on tour with the band, he finds ideas for his two bands in other cities, and other cultures. When not on tour, the members reside all over the state—some live in Denton, some in Dallas and others in Austin. Johnson believes the distance between the members has a lot to do with their ability to work as a team. Without the pressure of constantly being together, practicing and recording, there are less disagreements that could spark another project or end the current two. "When we're on, we're truly on. When we're off, everyone kind of scatters...it keeps it good, it seems to streamline the efficiency," he says.

The efficient work comes out of Pence's studio, **The Echo Lab**. Unlike some other studios in the middle of giant cities, The Echo Lab is located in the woods of Denton, just 10 minutes away from the city. According to Johnson the studio is equipped with a band apartment, back porch, BBQ grill and a BB gun—for personal therapy use only. He describes it as a rustic scene where the band can really put their attention on recording with no distractions.

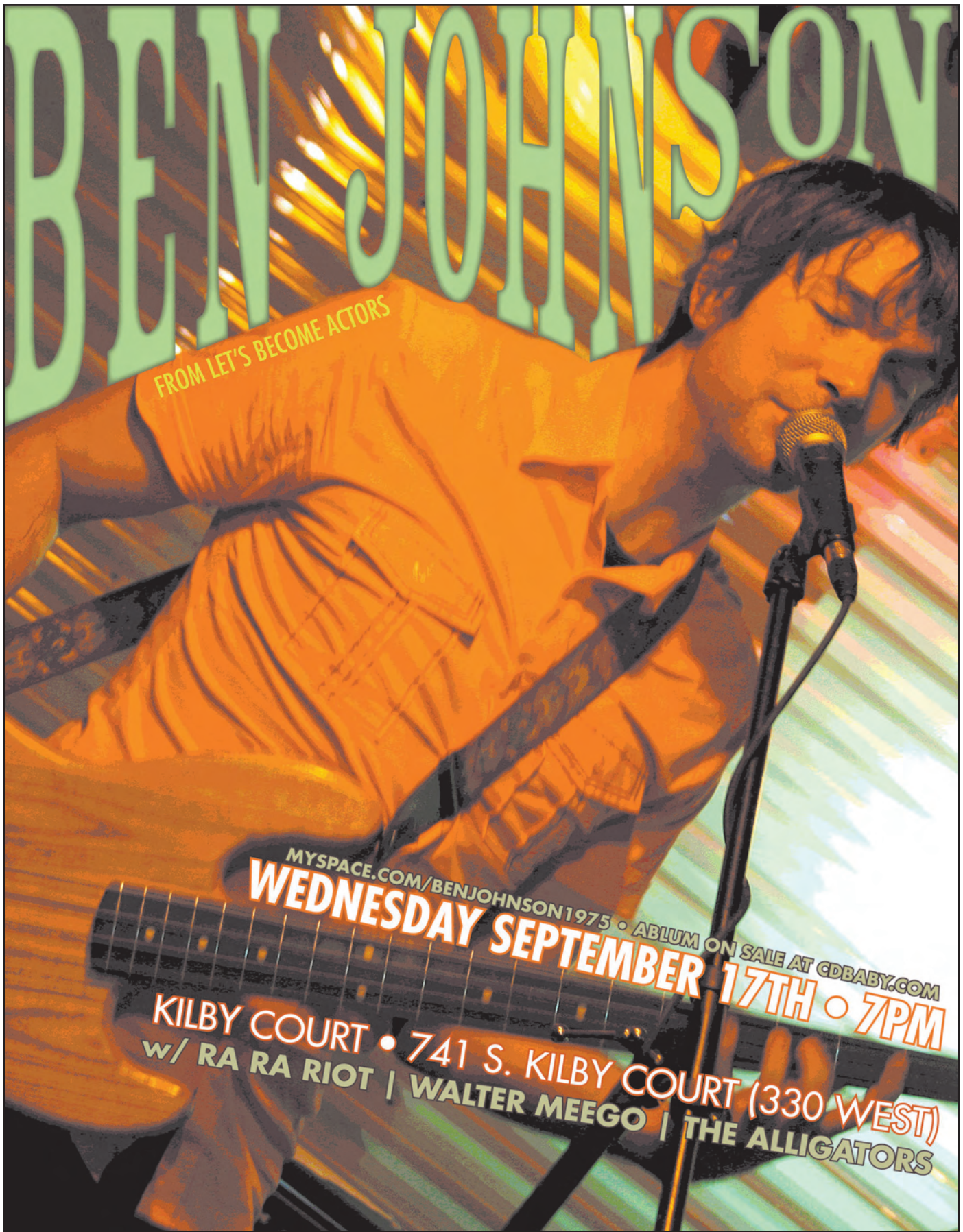
For Johnson and crew, recording is something they have mastered. Decisions about which band should develop each song is democratic. For the most part, Johnson writes the song with a direction in mind and if a track feels on the fence, the band members cast a vote on where that song will fall. The recording process is very focused and no one gets confused on which group is doing the work. When it comes to performing, however, it takes a little bit more time to adjust.

Although veterans to the music business, Centro-Matic and South San Gabriel had never been on tour together until just a few months ago in Europe. The three-and-half-week European escapade helped the group reach their extremes. It took about a week for the group to get adjusted to performing together. South San Gabriel opens and after a 15-20 minute break, Centro-Matic hits the stage. The process between sets is more complicated than in most acts. They have to "really shift gears emotionally and sonically," says Johnson. "At first, I was worried the crowd might feel we were putting them on...it made us work harder to illustrate the difference," he says.

With no roadies on call, the band has to do a lot within those 15 minutes. Loading, unloading, sound check, taking down a cold one, changing the mood, losing some members and turning up the rock. Not only does the band refocus, the crowd seems to get more rambunctious as well.

After warming up in Europe, Centro-Matic and South San Gabriel are ready to show the states what they've got. Their first double tour in the states comes hand in hand with their first double album, *Dual Hawks*, which features both bands. The tour starts Aug. 29 and comes to Salt Lake City on Sept. 8 at **Urban Lounge**.





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# Pre-Tour Beat-Off

By Mike Brown

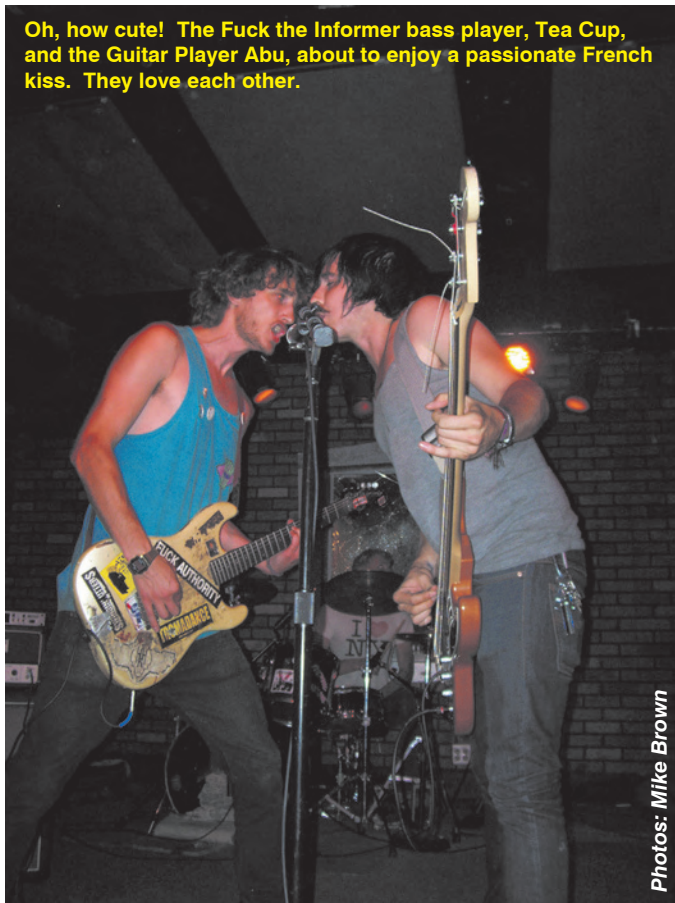
mikebrown@slugmag.com

It had been a while since I've been on a legit band tour. My last band, **The Fucktards**, was pretty much incapable of touring due to a lack of a descent child molester van. We also pretty much started that band as an excuse to get free booze at local bars and to see how many girls we could make cry. I personally made seven different girls cry on lyrical content alone. Mission accomplished, Fucktards!

So when I got the opportunity to go on tour with local punk posers **Fuck The Informer**, I jumped in the van faster than humming birds can fuck. Boy, was I excited!

The last tour I went on was with dirty skateboard boys. But touring with a band is not too much different. I definitely have a ritual for when I go on any sort of tour. My ritual starts with what I call the **Pre-Tour Beat-Off** ... and it's exactly what you think it is.

Oh, how cute! **The Fuck the Informer** bass player, **Tea Cup**, and the Guitar Player **Abu**, about to enjoy a passionate French kiss. They love each other.



Photos: Mike Brown

When you are on the road, you never know when and where your next Masturbatorium is going to present itself, so it's important to release the demons at the last possible moment before you hit the road. Ask any heterosexual man that has been trapped in a hot white capsule (aka the tour van), and if they are being honest they will tell you that going 70 mph through a desert has a strange way of giving you a massive boner.

Also, don't ever count on getting laid on tour. A lot of bands recruit a resident tour slayer, and his job is to hump a grenade so the rest of the band can crash for free on the chick's kitchen floor. The tour slayer might as well be a motel key with a heartbeat, and isn't always a safe guarantee. We had none such slayer on the Fuck The Informer tour.

Even if there was some tour trim on this particular adventure, I shall refrain from publishing it in *SLUG*. Not because it might be embarrassing (I relish embarrassing this particular band), but more because of the golden rule of any tour: WHAT HAPPENS ON TOUR STAYS ON TOUR. Except for the shit I'm about to write about.

Allow me to digress to my pre-tour rituals. After my pre-tour beat-off, I pack my bags. I always travel way too lightly. One time I went to Seattle for a week with two pairs of socks, one pair of undies, a skateboard and a blanket (not Kidding). Packing light makes for a better adventure.

Or if you are like **Abu**, the lead singer of Fuck The Informer, you can do the alternative of packing light, which is to just lose all your shit on the tour. Like your key to the van, your drivers license, your credit cards. At numerous points in the tour, Abu was so fucked up he just kept saying, "You guys just think for me, K?" As we were sneaking him in and out of different bars that wouldn't card us, I kept thinking that the only thing Abu didn't lose on this tour was his virginity. He left that long ago in Salt Lake.

Side note: I left my virginity in a motel in Boise, Idaho. I'm bringing this up because we drove past the motel on our way to Portland, and I was like, "Hey guys check out that *Best Western!*"

Anyway, we officially started tour in Portland, Ore. I've been to Portland a couple times and man, if you think the hipsters and hippies here are annoying, just spend the weekend in that shit hole and get back to me. I've never seen so many fixed-gear fucks swerving in and out of tie-dyed retards. That whole city is truly one huge cultural disaster.

But the show FTI (they hate that acronym) played there was awesome. It was at this super seedy bar called the **Jolly Inn** that had no stage and was filled with bums milking the happy hour when we pulled up. One particular bum offered me and **Tea Cup** (FTI's bassist) LSD as soon as we walked in. I instantly knew this was our kind of place.

The show was with legendary hardcore band **MDC**, which stands for Millions of Dead Cops, probably the best band name ever. And if you don't know who these guys are, then fuck you in your face. I have no idea why MDC resides in the city of losers known as Portland, but they are by far the coolest thing this town has to offer.

After being asked for a spare cigarette and a dollar by hippies one to many





Dick Snot layen down the law, right before he lays down a bunch of his own piss all over his cell phone rendering it useless.

times, we packed the hot white travel capsule and headed south to San Francisco. The show there was at some local hotspot called *The Bottom of the Hill*. FTI played last and the band that played before them, **Farticus**, made everyone in the crowd who wasn't affiliated with FTI leave. I kinda liked that because it was a classic Fucktards move, but not too cool for the touring band. Oh well, FTI rocked it anyway, like they were playing **CBGB's** in 1979.

After the show, we had an off day in SF so we decided to test our intoxication thresholds for the night. My threshold testing started by me ditching the band to hang out with my buddy, Jake. He's my one friend I have left from drug rehab and now he's a lawyer. But he still throws down drugs every now and then like the criminals he defends.

This was one of those nights. Jake and I left the bar smashed and stumbled our way back to his apartment. We met up with Jake's roommate who is a graphic designer by day and an amateur pharmacist. He gave us some Adderall to snort so we chopped that shit up and turned our boogers blue. Funny thing about legal speed, the people who actually need it don't like taking it and the people who don't need it, like me and Jake, end up loving it.

I don't know if the Adderall had any effect, but we killed a 12-pack while sitting atop a hill in SF talking about guy stuff. Jake also lives on the most ghetto block of the mission, so on the way back I asked him if we could buy some crack to make for a better tour story. Jake said, "Fuck just buying crack, lets SMOKE some crack!"

On the walk back to his apartment we came up with our game plan on how to score some rock. We had to find just the right street pusher and we

weren't going to spend more than \$5. Unfortunately everyone we asked wanted \$40 for some rocks and I was on a tour budget. Oh well, maybe next time.

While I was snorting Adderall and trying to buy crack, **Dick Snot**, the FTI drummer was busy pissing his pants. Dick Snot has one of the most deadly blackout/pass out combos of any drunk I've ever met. And when the band got to the apartment they were staying at, the host, Matty, specifically asked Dick Snot to not piss his pants and not drink so much.

Matty jokingly said that he would break Dick Snot's arm if he cracked another one of his beers, to which Dick Snot replied, "Why don't you go ahead and try," while cracking another one of Matty's beers.

Matty then woke up around 6:30 a.m. to get a drink of water only to find Dick Snot encompassed in the odor of his own urine flipping over the guest futon, surrounded in a pile of his own beers. Matty then tried to hand Dick Snot a towel and asked him to just clean up the mess. Dick Snot responded by cracking the last of Matty's beers while aiming a dark, sinister laugh at him.

Jokes on Dick Snot though, when he pissed his pants his phone absorbed a certain amount of not-so-mellow yellow and rendered itself useless. Ha!

Other shit happened on tour as well, but I don't have the word count to write about it. So I'll end it by going over my last tour ritual—the Post-Tour Beat-Off. And let me tell you, nothing beats a good tour except for a good Post-Tour Beat-Off. The End.

Fuck The Informer play *SLUG's Localized* Friday Sept., 12 at the *Urban Lounge*. All proceeds benefit Sean Henefer.





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# SLC TALL BIKES

## The Chain Reaction

By **Chelsea Babbish**

cbabbish@gmail.com

When it comes to the freak bike/mutant bike/franken bike genre, tall bikes are king. A freak bike is any bicycle that isn't a normal bicycle and was built for fun. Most commonly they are made from recycled bicycle parts and include swing bikes, tall bikes and choppers to name just a few. Lately tall bike sightings in Salt Lake City are becoming more frequent.

Tall bikes date back to the late 1800s. The most famous model, the *Giraffe Lamplighter's* bicycle, was built in 1898 by *Record Manufacturing Company*. Its seat was over seven feet tall, and was used daily by lamplighters to light gas street lamps in Chicago and New York City. From the early 1900s up to the early 1970s, tall bikes were common in many large cities in the USA and Europe. In these places the tall bike was used in parades, circuses and even for casual uses and speed. The actual production on tall bikes seemed to fizzle out shortly after gas lamps were replaced with electric ones and the smaller modern bicycle started to become more practical. In the 70s and 80s, tall bikes became something made at home for fun. As sleek new technology in bicycles became the norm, the tall bike became less common eventually to the point of practical extinction.

The tall bike's recent popularity, however, was kick-started by the **Black Label Bike Club** in Minneapolis, Minn. Black Label, started by **Jacob Houle** and **Per Hanson** in 1992, was the first official outlaw bicycle club with their best known chapter in New York City. Their DIY tall bikes were an immediate hit with industrious and light-hearted cyclists around the country and spurred many other freak-bike clubs such as

**SCUL** in Massachusetts, **Rat Patrol** in Chicago, **Dead Baby Bikes** in Seattle and **C.h.u.n.k. 666** in Portland and New York City. This summer a group of freak-bike enthusiasts have been riding in organized rides right here in Salt Lake City.

Currently without a name of their own, but riding with others from the **Salt Lake City Bicycle Brigade**, this SLC group of freak bikers are just in it for the DIY fun. **Kemmer Evans**, a Sandy

they built a new tall bike together for Hidalgo and he hasn't looked back. The chain reaction has just continued with Hidalgo. "When I let other people ride it they have fun and that's the main thing. That's what we do," he says.

For Evans and the others, the DIY spirit involved in building tall bikes is a party all on its own. "There are so many ways you can pull from waste: exercise bikes, furniture... almost anything can work," says Evans. The basic tall bike is made by welding two or more bike frames together. "I used two mountain bike frames and kept most of the mountain bike components," says Hidalgo.

Once the frames are attached, the drive train is extended to meet it's new elevated demands. Hidalgo explains: "The chain is fixed to one gear, but it still has a free wheel." One of the greatest challenges of riding a tall bike is the fact that you can't just put your foot down and stop for a period of time. Hidalgo has become a pro in the few months he's had a tall bike. "To stop I just hop off, but to slow down I do have a front break." Once mounted, the tall bike rides remarkably like a normal bicycle, but the general public does not treat it like one.

"When I rode my ten-speed around people

would honk at me, yell at me to get out of the way or tell me to ride on the sidewalk. When I'm riding my tall bike people actually cheer me on and give me the right of way," Hidalgo says. He, along with Polichette and many of the others, actually commute to work (sometimes over two miles daily) on tall bikes. They also ride in SLC cycling events and Hidalgo even entered an ally cat style bike race on his and didn't come in last!

When he's out riding, many people ask about Hidalgo's bike and he enjoys explaining it. "When people ask about it and if they can ride it I completely stop and help them ride it. They're always totally amazed." Evans says: "Sometimes people want a practical reason for riding a tall bike. I mean, there really isn't one. It's just about fun."

To ride with other freak bike enthusiasts and join in on the fun, keep an eye on <http://www.saltcycle.com> where most of the planned rides are posted.

Photos: Sam Miliana



resident and pioneer of the SLC tall bike group, started building tall bikes for just that reason. "I think that something that is that much fun and doesn't really cost anything will just keep catching on. The bikes are recycled and the welder is borrowed," he says. Reasons for getting into tall bikes are similar across the board. "I had to be a part of it," says **Mark Polichette**, who moved to SLC for work and school. Polichette built his tall bike after meeting Evans and riding his. "After riding Kemmer's bike and seeing the bikes he built I had to build one to show him up," he says. **Emeliniano Hidalgo**, a SLC local and more recent tall bike convert, got into riding tall bikes after Polichette let him ride his. "I was scared to ride it at first, but once I got it I didn't want to stop," says Hidalgo. Earlier this summer



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# Princess Kennedy

Hello *SLUG* readers. I am your **Princess Kennedy**. I have recently relocated to SLC from California where I've devoted the last 12 years of my life to the ever-evolving club scene. I was involved in not only the San Francisco and L.A. scenes, but also in most of the large cities in the U.S. and Europe. Once, while at a Dutch hot spot, shortly after dropping a tab of X, my host informed me that the **Princess of Japan** wanted an introduction. As she came closer I could feel the drug making me nauseous. My only escape was to turn and throw up in my purse. Most nights in Amsterdam were like that, and my Dutch clubbing experience became kind of a blur.

It tickles me absolutely fuchsia to be given the chance by *SLUG* to lend my voice of experience and share a little night culture, both hither and yon, as seen through my heavily lashed eyes. My purpose is to expose the darker side, the underbelly, the backstage, the DJ booth and that swirling pulsating mosh we politely call the dance floor—as told by me, a ferocious, hot, tranny mess.

On a recent trip to San Francisco I found myself reflecting on the differences between big city nightlife and our own social standing. In such a diverse and chaotic world, where do we stand? What do we need in order to grow? And finally where are we going? Can we justify tolerating our peers that say they hate Utah and wish they were somewhere else? I say, grow a set already and get away from your mommy then. Does bitching every week about the liquor laws get you through the day? It's a moot point. We've been living with it for years. Nothing is going to change soon. Unless you're in NYC or Las Vegas, liquor laws, last calls and alcohol content are very similar throughout the county. Unless you plan on joining the coalition to change it, SHUT THE FUCK UP and have a drink! Pour me one while you're at it. What I write is simply an observation. It's for the bar patron, owner, promoter and DJ alike. Just my opinion of what I observe. Take it at face value.

The most common thing my friends say when visiting me here is how "cute" it is. Cute, huh? Not fierce or amazing, but I'll take it. They see shops, galleries, fagadasheries and most creature comforts you'd find in any other metropolitan city. What surprises them most are the unfiltered freaks walking the streets. With such a strong conservative set you're bound to have the extreme opposite. SLC has the largest number of tattooed and pierced people than any other city I've been to. We're a defiant culture that refuses to be defined by worldly perception. We go at it with a sledgehammer approach. Not only will I tat my body, but my face too! I won't be happy until I can get my fists thru my earlobes. "Very creative and artsy set," my 80 year-old Mormon mother would say. There are a lot of people marching to the beat of a different DJ.

Salt Lake has an unusually large amount of artistic young people. A trip down the TV dial reveals that every reality dance, singing, sewing or cooking show is sporting the latest Mormon inspiration. We must face the fact that no matter how much we may hate our upbringing, it has made us what we are today—a large group of talented freaks with something to prove to the world, or at least to our stupid friends in a dark bar.

We literally have a handful of dance clubs to choose from here, albeit more than we've had to choose from in the past. The mega



hos and bros scene at the Ho-tel (Bro-tel?) and none of us would go there anyway, so enough about them. Then there is the houseariffic/hipster clan at the W. The "lounge" is a surprise any night of the week, but still has the house music edge and sadly we're one of the last cities to have people still attending. If you're still DJing house music, then you are like my sister who has had the same haircut since 1982 and still thinks it's hot. There is also the underage and goth damage set at Area 51. Cute as it may be, Area 51 has two—count them two—80s parties in one week. Is it still that cool or somehow even cooler again? 90s parties started five years ago in NY. The constantly changing and schizophrenic **Trapp Door** has the biggest party in town thrown by the fabulously arrogant **DJ/DC**. The clique and drag party "Gossip" at **Sound** grows cliquier week after week. The boys at **Bliss** are trying very hard to bring you what no one else has: VIP tables, bottle service and the hottest staff around. Come to their party conference Sodom and Gomorrah weekend to see what the hubbub is about. The person throwing the hands-down best party in town is **Justin Strange** and his filth-fest, **Gutter Butter**. Best music, best crowd and by far the best attitude. He does it for the right reason, the people... and it shows.

Let's talk about what club owner/promoters need to do to advance the scene. I challenge all promoters to raise the bar. Make your club better than the rest. If you've always wanted to have a "night" then by all means get out there and do it. And remember to be nice on your way up because you'll run into the same people on your way back down. Some of the hottest things going on in the club scene today are clubs within clubs, roving clubs, monthly clubs in small spaces and cyber clubbing (which will be my next article). We need club royalty, go-go dancers and drink tickets. I don't fucking care if it's illegal, I spend too much time being hot to have to buy drinks. We need less drag queen lip-synchers and more performance artists. Hell, I'll come to your club and fart in a mic and guarantee a better response. Think outside the box. Bubble-blowing midgets. Sod your dance floor. Get a trapeze artist. Do anything other than the obvious tiredness of a man in a dress giving you fierce **Kelly Clarkson**. Lastly... get online. Paris, Berlin and LA have the best nightlife in the world right now. See what they're doing and steal every idea you can. We're in a significant time of change. Tomorrow, Salt Lake will be the mecca of nightlife. Do you want to help the change, or stay five years behind everyone else? Come on people—join the club revolution!



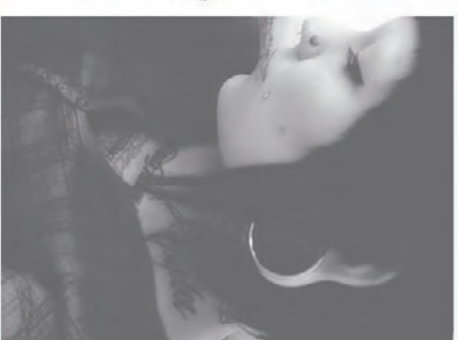


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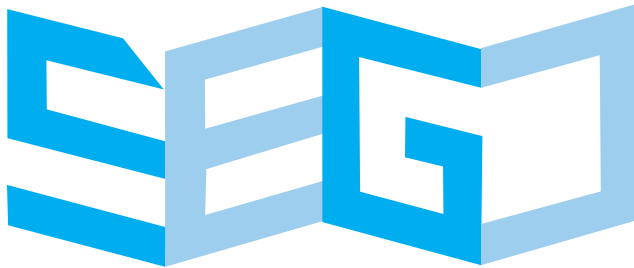
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# Big Art in Little Provo:



## Festival Breeds New Culture in Utah Valley

**Collin H. Smith**

[collinhs@gmail.com](mailto:collinhs@gmail.com)

A major shift is happening in Utah Valley. Provo is breaking out of its conventional mold. Culture, art and music are spewing from the guts of this traditionally Zoobie-centric town. On Sept. 26 and 27 the **Sego Festival** will bring some 60 Utah bands, with an additional 50 sculptors, painters and video artists together in downtown Provo. This is expected to be the largest locally sponsored music and art events in the state of Utah.

Expecting roughly 7,000 attendees in two days, the Sego Festival kicks off at 7 p.m. to midnight Friday night (1st N and 1st W in Provo) and continues at 12 p.m. to midnight Saturday (the Castle Theater in the State Mental Hospital). For an event that is only in its third year, it has drastically changed the scene and perception of culture in Happy Valley. Since last September, More than 100 volunteers have gathered to work out the logistics of putting on such a massive event. From executive director to stagehand, there are two things that drive all this goodwill—the love of great local music and the pride of Utah County. In the vacuum created by the constant coming and going of BYU and UVU students, a movement has developed to bring to Provo what everyone else is leaving Provo to get—exciting music and culture.

**Maht Paulos**, Sego Festival founder, is a man with big ideas. He and wife **Liz Lightfoot** could be any hip couple in Williamsburg, Brooklyn running their own boutique, touring with a band or creating art. Instead, they have chosen to invest in Provo—committed to staying in their hometown. Together, they hope to build what is glaringly absent—alternative culture.

"When I was in high school, my friends and I wanted to have a community experience," Paulos says. "We wanted to go downtown and be a part of a thriving scene—an experience like Portland or New York."

Now in their mid-20s, Paulos and Lightfoot are looking to create that experience. In December of 2007, Paulos and Lightfoot opened Coal Umbrella (with the help of local artists **Jessie** and **Trevor Huish**), a boutique with vintage and modified clothing, vinyl and trinkets. It doubles as a gallery for local artists and is a participant of Provo's monthly gallery stroll.

Paulos credits the fruition of *Coal Umbrella* to the ballsy way artists **Ryan** and **Becky Neely** opened **Mode Boutique** in Provo in 2006. The couple met while on a trip to New York with their art class at **Utah Valley University** (then

UVSC). With savvy business sense, a killer aesthetic and incredible talent, the couple saw potential in Provo. Since then, their business example has inspired others to follow Mode's lead.

"We try to create the spaces that we wish were here," Ryan says. "We feel passionately about giving this." Without irony, Becky says, "It allows everyone else to do what we want to do."

*Mode* began exhibiting local artists in December 2007 and have shown nine consecutive shows since. Between running *Mode* and working as a director of Provo Gallery Stroll, Becky was surprised that she found the time to produce work for the first show at the **Sego Art Center** (located at 169 N. University Ave). The gallery is a permanent fixture for the **Sego Art Foundation**, with a full season of exhibitions. Garnering acclaim from many news organizations in Utah, the gallery is steadily growing under the Head Curator and Manager **Jason Metcalf**.

Paulos gives credit to longtime Provo music scenester **Cory Fox** for his ability to revitalize the local music scene in Utah Valley throughout the '90s with key roles at **Johnny B's**, **Rhapsody** and as manager of **Clover** and **Muse**. Though he detests business, Fox opened **Velour** completely on his own dime



Drew Danbury circa 2006 Photo: Courtesy of Sego Arts Festival





Chad Reynold's of Return to Sender gazes at the crown during the first Sego Festival, 2006. Photo: Drew Taylor

because there was a dearth of venues for local bands to play and be heard. He recognized that if great musicians were going to come out of Provo, they had to have somewhere to cut their teeth and get their first break. Countless bands have already held their first shows at Velour. Local Provo artist **Ryan Neely** says, "Velour is a breeding ground for creativity; artists musicians, people who want a good city."

What Fox has done (and continues to do) for Provo's live music scene, Paulos hopes to do for the art community. Using his desire to showcase Provo's artistic and musical talent, Paulos and **Matt Gifford** put together the first Sego Festival in the summer of 2006.

The keyword for the third annual Sego Festival is "cohesion." As director of the festival, **Amalia Smith** is committed to making this an integrated art event. Planned as backdrops for the six music stages are five 12x6 canvases, each painted by a different local artist. Once night falls, video art created specifically for the event will be projected onto the stages and performers. Turrets and small rooms dot the grounds, each planned for a collaboration of art and music. For example, one room will be specifically designated for electronic/noise/dance music.

Signaling a huge advancement in the prominence of this year's festival, artists and musicians had to apply and were selected by a jury. There will be 50 local vendors participating alongside booths of political and non-profit organizations. There are a number of invited participants including Salt Lake based art collective **Project 337**, headed by **Adam Price**. Graphic designers will display posters of the performing bands—each designed individually for them. Artists will make dioramas of their favorite bands to be placed at local businesses. Video artists will create 30-second footage that, as a unique art piece, will be a commercial for the festival and then screened at the event. Advertising will combine traditional posters with a guerilla art marketing campaign to increase visibility throughout the area.

There have been many obstacles in creating and generating contemporary art and music in Utah Valley. In response to the setbacks, Paulos and cohorts have found opportunities to push the envelope and build what others deemed periphery. There is a growing trend throughout the valley to create a scene that is closer to home. The Sego Festival is the apex of this movement and the turning point for music and culture in Utah County. The struggle to remain local is hard in any market as larger cities lure away many of the truly talented. A still small voice has been whispering to these committed valley-ites, "if you build it, they will come."



By Fred Worbon  
worbon@slugmag.com

Just so you know, I hate Oktoberfest at Snowbird. Every September, possibly while high, I get this idiotic idea that it might be fun to drive up the canyon, walk a mile through a parking lot, pass a handful of crap-ass craft booths that I see every week at the Farmer's Market, stand in line for an hour to pay \$5 for a pint of the same Uinta or Squatters beer I have sitting in the fridge at home, and then stand in another hour-long line for some cafeteria-style knock-off of German food. By the time I see the error I've made heading up there, I am too tipsy to bother with any hiking, too drunk to buy any more beer, and ready to put a gun to my head if I hear "THE FUCKING CHICKEN DANCE ONE MORE TIME!!!!" And to top it all off, I have to get behind the wheel of a car and navigate it down the hill with 5000 other assholes who have had twice what I had to drink. A big white tent, hash browns smashed flat as an attempt to make potato pancakes, a bad alpine slide, and booths selling hemp bracelets is not a way to pay our respects to our Eastern European ancestors and friends.

With the upcoming **Oktoberfest** celebration, I decided I would do my best to point people to a place that served true Eastern European fair and beer that would please even the pickiest of German immigrants. The Bohemian Brewery occupies a log cabin-style building that has housed a number of restaurants and a ski rental place. I was convinced that the location was cursed because nothing seemed to last more than a year or so there. It's kind of an awkward location, being just off State Street on 7200 South, surrounded by other dining gems like Hooters and Arctic Circle. When they opened in 2002, I figured this would just be another lost cause ... until I went there for the first time and realized I had found a place run by people with an almost fanatical approach to brewing beer. I figured they would be so anal and stubborn that they would refuse to fail. It helped that the food was good, too. Six years later, it's still on my list of one the few places in the south end of the valley that

I like to frequent. For all you old mod kids out there, the Bohemian also has an amazing collection of vintage scooters on their second floor for the public to peruse. The people at the Bohemian take their

beer seriously. They are one of a handful of breweries in the US that brew only lagered beer to the standard of the German purity law, which means it's true German beer. They keep their selection slim but delicious, offering only four brews: The Czech Pilsner, crisp and refreshing; The

Viennese Lager, rich and hoppy with a full body and clean finish; The Bavarian Weis, a traditional German wheat beer that is fruity and smooth; and my favorite, The Cherry Bock, a dark lager that is both malty and slightly bitter, but still lively with a hint of cocoa.

The menu is a mix of pub-style food and traditional Czechoslovakian dishes. It has a decent selection of starters including chicken wings (\$8), pub-style calamari (\$9), and a roasted garlic bulb (\$6) with toast points and a tomato basil tapenade. There are a handful of soups and salads (\$4-\$10) a number of sandwiches including a garlic burger (\$8) and what could be the best B.L.T (\$7) I've ever had on homemade rye with a house aioli. Entrees include pilsner-battered halibut and chips (\$14), a goulash (\$11) with beef chunks in a sweet paprika sauce served with bread dumplings, a good selection of brick-oven pizza (\$12-14), and schnitzel (\$14).

On my most recent visit, we opted for a seat on the patio—a shady spot on the west side of the building with a pergola overgrown with hops. We started with an order of garlic fries (\$5). I ordered the pirogies and bratwurst (\$13) with a pint of the Viennese Lager, as the menu suggested. My dinner was a behemoth plate of two large brats, succulent and rich, with pastry pockets stuffed with dill-seasoned potatoes and cheese and sweet sauerkraut with smoked bacon. My wife opted for the Provencal (\$12), a pizza with fresh tomato, goat cheese, olives, roasted garlic, fresh basil, onions and mushrooms and a pint of The Weis. For dessert, we got the fresh raspberry dumplings (\$5) with a vanilla cream sauce. We left feeling full and content, our bellies warmed by great beer and good food.

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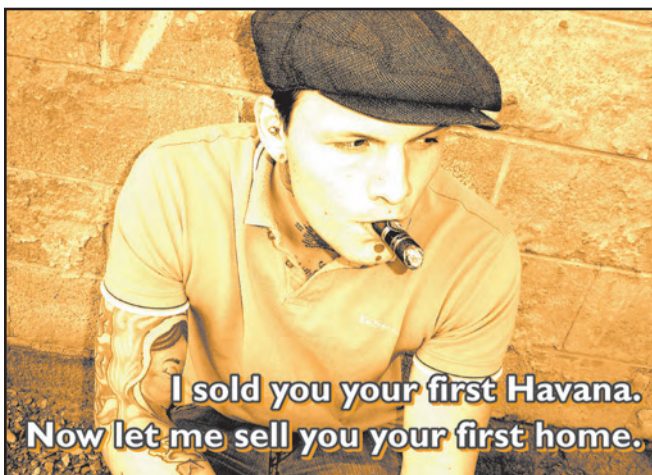
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# All Over You:

## The New Pedestrian In Town By Brian Kubarycz

If you have attended recent gallery strolls, you may have been an unwitting—and perhaps unwilling—participant in modern dance. Since February, **Corinne Cappelletti** has been leading a team of investigators known as the **New Pedestrian** on monthly tours of Salt Lake City. Clad in white union suits and equipped with individual headlamps, these free-ranging researchers make downtown their laboratory.

A graduate student in modern dance, Cappelletti also studied anthropology and was trained in film, design, narrative theory and installation design. She also dances and choreographs with local performance group **GoGo Vertigoat**. Through multiple disciplines, she examines not only human bodily movement, but also its ritual significance and its engagement with social contexts. The New Pedestrian apprehends Salt Lake City as a quasi-archeological dig site composed of multiple layers of cultural memory. "My interest is in place-formation and place-identity," Cappelletti says. "Main Street is a setting where we continually construct a public self."

Cappelletti's states that she is inspired by anthropologists **Clifford Geertz** and **Victor Turner**. Turner's notion of "liminality" shifts attention away from the presumed centers of cultural life, directing it instead onto points of contact between groups, borders between the inside and outside of social spaces, moments of communication and role reversal between performer and audience. "Turner emphasizes the role of the participant-observer, that there must be empathy between observer and observed," Cappelletti says.

All of the dancing is "site-specific" for Cappelletti. Each piece is a singular individual, a "third space"—neither ours nor theirs—which comes into being only when performed in a unique location. Cappelletti's work is theoretical and experimental, not merely because it looks different, but because it manipulates and studies emergent situations. "Theory for me means planning and practice is what happens when planning intersects with lived life," she says.

Downtown Salt Lake (especially in its current disarray) first appealed to Cappelletti because it was a city with an identity crisis. "It seemed to be an 'empty city' without pedestrian traffic," she says. Cappelletti's work emerged as a reaction to this crisis. The New Pedestrian began because the community needed to reflect in a moment of major transition.

Is the New Pedestrian a family, a tribe, a clan, a band or a pack? "We are a breed," Cappelletti says, which rhymes well her sense that the New Pedestrian is in fact Salt Lake City's creature. Demographically diverse, the group seems bound by the very question of its

own identity. Once a month their presence announces to the community, "We are here. But why have you summoned us?" And it asks, "Who do you need us to be?"

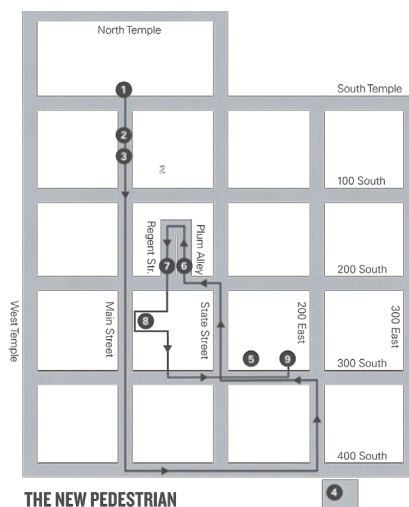
Before each performance, the New Pedestrian works out an "improvisation score." This includes mapping movements between bodies, plotting the general direction of total movement, setting up limitations and controls and allotting space for improvisation and chance. "Each site on our route involves a new score, a new set of directions and expectations created by a different dancer," Cappelletti says, "We use a lot of if/then situations: someone stares at us while on a cell phone, we all pretend to talk back." Scores include set responses to cat calls and other unplannables, as well as walking movements designed to hold together the "flock." The dancers chain these elements into longer sets, though the constant "scrambling" and "shuffling" of elements inevitably lead to chaos and requires the leader to "call flock" (bring the group to order again).

Sidewalk culture is a two-way street, and the New Pedestrian's provocation of unforeseeable events has elicited a wide variety of responses. Cappelletti enthuses when describing the New Pedestrian's popularity with kids on **Library Square**. In the business district, however, reactions have been more hostile. Once, a corporate type, infuriated at being taken over by the New Pedestrian, lashed out at the dancers, striking one in the chest with his brief case. "Yet we never set out to offend anyone," Cappelletti insists. Certain dancers are even trained in conflict management. Apparently, not all of Salt Lake has learned that being "called out" doesn't need to lead to fighting. It can also lead to dance. God willing, the New Pedestrian can teach us how.



## THE NEW PEDESTRIAN

The New Pedestrian performance artist troupe tours downtown Salt Lake City every Friday evening during Gallery Stroll. Their lively interactions with historical sites and hot-spots bring keen awareness to the city's cultural values, controversies, quirks, and current issues.



### THE NEW PEDESTRIAN Performance Route

1. Temple Square
2. Skybridge (proposed location)
3. TRAX
4. Library Square
5. Broadway Centre Cinema
6. Plum Alley
7. Regent Street
8. Gallivan Center - Water Wall
9. Red Light Books



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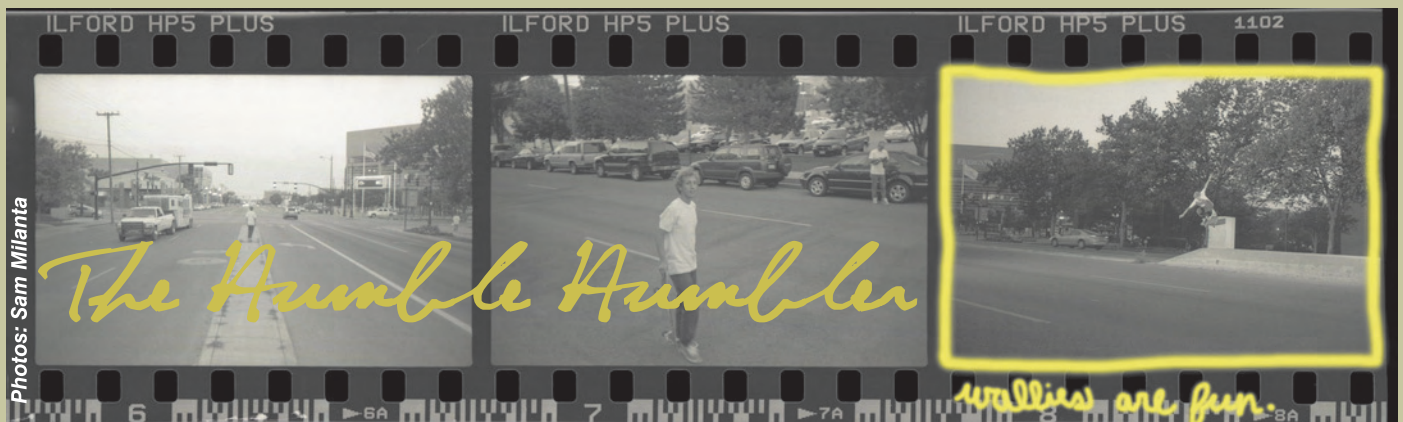
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# Jovi "The Behemoth" Bathemuss



Photos: Sam Milanta

By Adam Dorobiala  
adam@slugmag.com

**Jovi Bathemuss** is often overlooked in the Salt Lake skate scene. He's 20 and already on his way to being a skateboarding powerhouse. If you haven't seen his footage in the *Triple T* videos by **Tim Melonakos**, you should check them out ASAP. I spent a day at *BC Surf & Sport*, where he runs board orders, PR for the shop and projects his happy go lucky attitude towards everyone that comes in.

**SLUG:** It seems like you have a lot on your palette these days with all your progress in the industry. What's on the horizon for you?

**Jovi:** Not much. Just work for now as school starts at the end of the month. I don't know if you know that I just moved out to Sugar House (the address is top secret for now) with **Austin John** and some other friends. There are seven of us living in a huge house.

**SLUG:** Whoa, how's that?

**Jovi:** It's good. There are probably only three people home at a time. It's awesome.

**SLUG:** That does sound quite amazing. With all those people in the house to help out, another *Triple T* video should be quite an easy process?

**Jovi:** Oh yeah, well he [Tim Melonakos] actually just got surgery and is in Michigan for another week, but we will definitely make another.

**SLUG:** Yeah the music selection is proper, and it seems like everyone put in a fair share of good skateboarding.

**Jovi:** I'm glad you liked it. We had fun making it. Have you seen this video [*Turd Life*] yet?

**SLUG:** Nah, what is it?

**Jovi:** It is pretty awesome, **Kyle Camarillo** filmed most of it. Its got this guy named **Andrew Pearl** in it who is way rad and a bunch of other really good people too [Jerry Hsu, Louie Barletta, Chris Haslam].

**SLUG:** That's a good lineup. Speaking of lineups, how long has **Jaime Craig** been flowing you with the new lineups from *ES Footwear*?

**Jovi:** Lets see ... a little over a year now. He is so awesome, he called me the other day and was like, 'I haven't talked to you forever. It has been a while since I sent you some shoes. So what's going on?' and I just let him know what I like. In fact I just sent him some photos, but I always feel weird calling people and asking for stuff.

**SLUG:** C'mon you serious? You rip pretty hard, I'm pretty sure I have seen you get vertical many times.

**Jovi:** (Laughs)

**SLUG:** So what other companies are supporting you besides Jaime and *ES* right now?

**Jovi:** That's pretty much it. **Tim** at *DLXSF* has been hooking up boards lately too.

**SLUG:** That's pretty killer.

**Jovi:** Yeah I know, if you go to *DLXSF*'s website, on the "if you didn't already know" section, there is a photo of me doing a wallie off of that median thing downtown. I'm pretty psyched on it.

**SLUG:** What's the word on some new spots?

**Jovi:** Weber has some good spots. I don't know, there are so many spots here. Every night we go bomb the *U* and 800 South whenever we can.

Right then the interview had to come to an end because Jovi's eagle eye spotted some customers off in the distance. Jovi is a one-of-a-kind truly genuine person whose love for skateboarding goes way beyond his words. Soon he'll probably be jetting around the world to shred every nation's hotspot.





tail.  
(37) SLUG



## Check it out!

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**Fri. Sept. 5:** Rattlesnake Shake, The Krypled, Truce, Grim Prophecy, Season Of Change

**Sat. Sept. 6:** Royal Bliss, Drop Dead Julio, Three Reasons

**Fri. Sept. 12:** Super So Far CD Release Party with Monarch and The Street

**Sat. Sept. 13:** Such Vengeance, Six, Walking Corps Syndrome, Ixxion, Fluck's Capacitor

**Tue. Sept. 16:** Saviours, Xur, tba

**Wed. Sept. 17:** Impaled, Phobia, Kill The Client, Illogacist, Maruta, Pazatzu, Iconoclast Contra

**Fri. Sept. 19:** Irony Man, Rattlesnake Shake, Kiss Thiss

**Sat. Sept. 20:** Ladies Night! No Cover! Maim Corps, Prosthetic Heads, Drown Out The Stars, My Own Time, Vinia, Stonecreep

**Fri. Sept. 26:** Warewolf Afro, tba

**Sat. Sept. 27:**  
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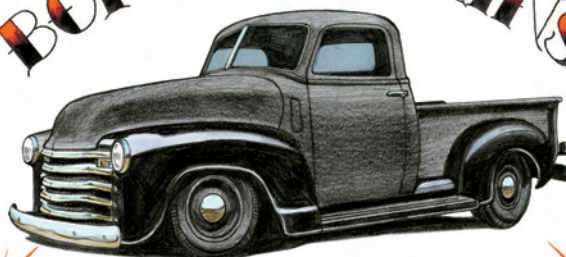
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# THE COMPLETE AND UTTER HISTORY OF *Vile Blue Shades*

By Nate Martin  
nathancmartin@gmail.com

"If it's a sample of John Thursday she's after, his head is already up. I lay her skirt up to her belly and slip her pants down..."

~*Under the Roofs of Paris*, Henry Miller

Around the time the U.S. army dragged a Unibomber-esque Saddam Hussein mumbling from his rat hole in central Iraq, one would occasionally encounter **Ryan Jensen** wandering the wintry streets of downtown Salt Lake City wearing a solid blue T-shirt with the word "VILE" embroidered in stark black letters where a miniature polo player might otherwise go. Jensen was often drunk, but a common theme among many of his distracted conversations in late 2003 was a new project he was planning—something as epic in scope as it would be baffling in content—called Vile Blue Shades.

His initial idea was to create a doppelganger band of his then-current project, **The Corleones**, which would consist of the same members but play art rock instead of punk. When none of the other Corleones were interested and the band seemed to be twitching out the last nerve spasms of its generally self-destructive lifespan, Jensen elicited the help of **Joe Guile** and **Dan Rose**, whose schedules had been recently freed by the break-up of their band, **The Cronies**. The germ began to grow, but slowly.

If not for Jensen's fortitude, the project would have been stillborn. He, Rose and Guile had grand aspirations and wanted more people to take part, but soliciting membership proved difficult. "We'd sensationalize it," said Guile. "We'd be drunk at the bar and be like, 'Hey, we're starting something new that no one's ever heard,' and everybody was like, 'Yeah, great, cool. Good luck.'"

The earliest Shades demos, which the original members presented to prospective players, were not exactly accessible. **Eli Morrison**, an occasional Shades guitarist and integral behind-the-scenes man, said, "On the original tracks, Ryan played all the instruments, sung, and done everything himself. It was cool, except he doesn't know how to play any instruments at all, except for tambourine. So he played drums and guitars and everything, and just because he didn't know what he was doing, it made for some really odd, crazy, strange stuff."

But the believers came. Jensen, Guile and Rose recorded a demo that would later become the band's first official release, *Dark Wizard*. They used it to recruit guitarist **Shane Asbridge** (**I Am Electric**, **Lazerfang**) bassist **Chris Murphy**, and guitarist **Justin Wyatt** (**The Corleones**). At this point, the group was less of a band than an idea—one that involved an open-door policy under which anyone who wanted to could play, and the conceptualization of three records: a Dungeons and Dragons record (*Dark Wizard*), a drinking record (*Bottle of Pain*), and a sex record (*John Thursday's California Adventure*).

The band obeyed a demanding practice schedule—9 a.m. on Sunday mornings at the Moroccan—and

membership began to boom.

"We'd make recordings and demos, and we'd invite people in on them," Asbridge said. "People were coming in and out while we practiced—they'd come in and get their guitar, and maybe if we were doing something they would sit and make some noise, and then before you knew it, they started showing up on a regular basis."

Asbridge invited **Dan Thomas**, drummer for the **Red Bennies** and **Tolchock Trio**, to join the band in 2005. "I don't think Shane had told anyone that he had asked me to play," Thomas said. "I showed up at the Moroccan one day and a few of the guys were wondering what I was doing there."

Morrison, who also plays guitar in **The Wolfs** and **Ether**, experienced a similarly casual initiation into the band: "I told them, 'I'm totally hooked on *Dark Wizard*. You guys have to let me play with you.' I was blown away because their answer was 'That's fine. We don't care.' That really took me aback, because I was used to an answer to a question like that being 'yes' or 'no.' So I was like, 'Well, that's cool. I guess if you guys don't care, I guess I'll be there.'"

A slew of members accumulated. Jensen's open-door policy, which he intended to encourage people to come and go, only worked half way.

"Nobody left," he said. "The revolving door just sort of stopped and everybody piled in."

The group topped out at 13 musicians before they began firing people. Today, it consists of eight permanent players and two alternates, all of whom are men, and dancer **Meg Charlier**—whose estrogen, according to Jensen, is potent enough to counterbalance 10 times the testosterone.

With a lineup larger than a manageable orgy, Vile Blue Shades rumbled onto the scene. Writer Coleman Motley of the now-defunct *Gray Matter* Magazine reported in April 2005 that "Vile Blue Shades have got scenesters, shut-ins, pansies, hard-asses, girls, boys, transsexuals, and everyone else who knows their ass from their elbow paying attention, whether they want to or not." By this time, the Shades had officially released *Dark Wizard* and recorded *Bottle of Pain* and *Obleaske of the Orb*, which came out in spring and summer 2005, respectively. They accepted invitations to play live from any promoter or oddball charity event that approached them, provided music for the soundtrack to the 2005 documentary *This Divided State*, and infected the western US with mini-tours whenever a dozen separate work schedules permitted. In May 2006, they put out *We're Here, We're High*, the band's first proper full-scale release.

"The problem," Morrison said, "was that the band had put out these records, but they had only issued them in really, really low numbers of copies: 30, 20, a dozen. The editions were



preposterously low on those early titles. Like the *Dark Wizard* thing—it was awesome. It came with this 28-page book and all this stuff, but they only made somewhere between 25 and 30 of those records."

Morrison, a venerable veteran of facilitating local releases, took it upon himself to gather and combine the Shades' three early albums, have them remastered, and re-release them in conjunction with **Pseudo Recordings** in fall 2007. That disc, called *Triple Threat*, was the last anyone had seen of a Vile Blue Shades record ... until now.

Sometime in October, depending upon an array of confounding factors, Missoula, Mont., -based record label **Wantage USA** will release a vinyl LP (with digital downloads) of the long-awaited Vile Blue Shades sex record, *John Thursday: California Adventure*.

The majority of the album's music is imbued with funky dance grooves. Eerie, airy ditties are interspersed throughout the A-side, but the second half consists almost entirely of tracks that will sexify the listenership as much as freak people out.

Jensen said composing the lyrics for an entire album about sex forced him out of his comfort zone—the realm of personal, debauched experience from which he has drawn material for the entirety of his vocalist career. For *John Thursday*, he had to create.

"When I wrote *Bottle of Pain*," he said, "I wasn't trying to make up something. It was almost like diary writing. But when I was doing *John Thursday*, I was seriously trying to come up with fiction. I don't have enough sexual experience to fill a fucking record. Are you kidding me? I'd have herpes by now."

For coital inspiration, Jensen turned to one of the most intensely pornographic pieces of literature from the 20th century: Henry Miller's *Under the Roofs of Paris*. The novel is essentially one long jaunt through brothels and bars in the French capital. It's guided by "John Thursday," the name by which the book's narrator refers to his own penis as he describes the vulgar and abnormal penetration of dozens of Parisian women and their daughters. Jensen said his choice to portray sex in his lyrics as something profane was the result of a familiar Utah upbringing under which everything sexual is unspeakable and downright dirty.

"If it's dirty, why exclude the dirt?" he said. "Sex is bad? Guess what else is bad: I'm going to stick it in your asshole. But don't worry. I'm going to take it real slow. Oh. My. God."

The process of creating *John Thursday* accorded to the all-too-common Salt Lake City trend of taking forever. Initial recording began in early 2007 with former Shades guitarist and longtime Shades producer **Jeremy Smith**. It came to an abrupt halt, however, when

Smith, according to several band members, chucked his audio-recording equipment out a three-story window. The band regrouped and approached local producer extraordinaire **Jud Powell**, whose meticulous methods delayed the record's release dramatically, but also made it the best-sounding Shades effort to date.

Enemies of the Shades complain that the group is a glorified hippie jam band in denial. While the concept behind *John Thursday*'s music involved funky grooviliiousness from the get-go, members scoff at claims that its sound defines them, and are planning a full-frontal onslaught of weirdness in their new material to silence the naysayers.

"The whole idea for *John Thursday* was that it would be a dance album," Asbridge said. "Now we have to get our weird back. We will. That's in our nature. It was more out of our nature to do more funky stuff."

The band's proclivity for the bizarre is a natural sum of its parts. Its founding fathers are all outcasts—addicted, as Jensen would say, to chaos. These tormented-poet types have attracted established musicians who lend their considerable talents to the Vile vision, but lead otherwise normal lives. This dichotomy—between the freaks and the players—fuels the Vile Blue Shades machine.

"Even when [the original members] are not as in control as they could be, everybody else in the group is loyal to them," Thomas said. "It's almost like working for a president's administration—you're going to be in some department doing something, and you may not have oversight directly from the Oval Office, but you're going to adhere to a certain set of principles and ideas that would be consistent with what they want to do."

Armed with a new album, a new record deal, and under the banner of "Bringing back the weird," Vile Blue Shades marches into the future. One part concept, one part chaos, the swarthy 11-part apparatus will storm the experimental frontier and vanquish its foes: the normal, the boring, the benign. The secret to victory, however, lies not in grand designs or ideals, but in the quirky little nuggets that exist inside all of us.

"The only way to create original art is to just be yourself," Jensen said. "There's no one else like you, ever in existence. You are you. That's what I mean by bringing back the weird—just doing something your own. There's nothing more weird than being yourself."

Vile Blue Shades will headline *SLUG Magazine's Localized* on Friday, September 12th at the *Urban Lounge*. Fuck The Informer and comedian Travis Bird open the show. All proceeds benefit Sean Henefer.



VBS, Utah Art's Festival June 2008.  
Photo: Ryan Powers





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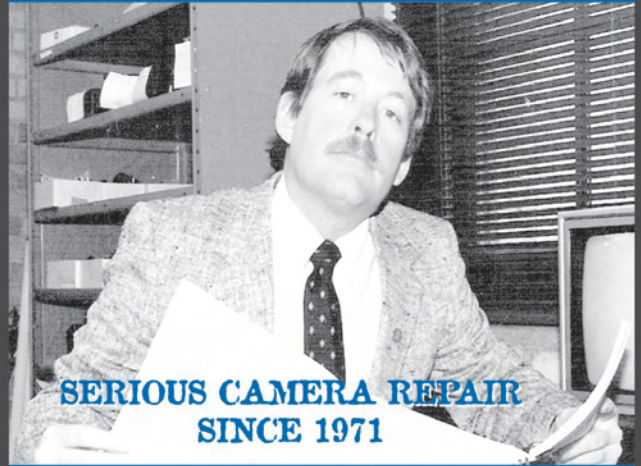
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# product reviews

## Freebord

Haze 83

[www.freebord.com](http://www.freebord.com)



Photos: Adam Dorobiala

Much respect goes out to the newest type of ride out in the streets. The *Freebord* is exactly that. This skateboard-type device is exactly like a snowboard, but runs on cement instead. It has two customizable caster wheels that pivot side to side, as well as gigantic trucks on the outside of those that are used like the edges of a snowboard during a sweetly made slash through pow (technical gnar gnar term, meaning soft snow or powder). What a coincidence that *Freebord* is based out of San Francisco where there are hills everywhere, but no snow. So forget your \$700 lift pass and move to San Francisco to get your swerve on. – Adam Dorobiala

## Volcom Clothing

Button Fly Chinos

[www.volcom.com](http://www.volcom.com)

I awoke. Slowly my eyes focus. I take inventory: two shoes, one sock, torn off-white underwear, and *Volcom* Button Fly Chinos. These polyester/cotton blend pants are really comfortable. As soon as I put them on I want to skate in them. They come in all sorts of colors, plaids and stripes. As I ollied over the potholes in front of my eyes I wondered how pants so wonderful and comfortable could even exist. They're just that good. – Brodie Sampson

## 5Boro Skateboards

Cinco Barrios Skateboard Deck

[www.5boro.com](http://www.5boro.com)



Photos: Sam Milianta

Let's start by admitting I'm very biased in writing this review. *5boro* is, in my opinion, one of the few successful "grass roots" skateboard companies out there. I've always liked *5boro* and this board is no exception. This board has it all: nice, clean shape, just the right amount of concave and a great graphic. It's a bit on the wide side, but still flips great too. I took this board for a spin in my neighborhood as soon as I set it up and had a great time. My dog loves this board almost as much as I do. – Sam Milianta



## Sweet September Board Give Away



By Dave Amador

[peterpanhandler@slugmag.com](mailto:peterpanhandler@slugmag.com)

**Mark White** and our friends over at *Dwindle Distribution* have shitloads (boxes) of love for Salt Lake City. They decided one of you piss ants should have a new *Almost* board and a *DARKSTAR* t-shirt. All you have to do is be the first one to correctly answer these three questions:

1. Who is the former *Powell Peralta* prodigy and pro-skater who runs *DARKSTAR*? Hint: He can do switch 540s on mini-ramps no problem (backside and frontside) he also has the same first name as **Wyatt**'s big brother in the movie *Weird Science*.
2. Should **Adam Dyet** cut off all of his hair? Hint: That shit takes like a half bottle of shampoo to clean.
3. Who is the newest *DARKSTAR* professional rider? Hint: He is from Compton, Calif. and has been shot in a drive-by shooting (he was an innocent bystander of course)

Send your answers to my e-mail address above with your name and telephone number. Winner will be announced in next month's issue. Losers and those with incorrect answers will be shot on sight. Peace fools!





# Backyard Bliss



Words by Chris Swainston  
 BW photos by Adam Dorobiala  
 Color photos by Chris Swainston  
[chris@slugmag.com](mailto:chris@slugmag.com)

First things first—crack a beer. When skating a mini ramp, having a frosty beverage in hand is almost as essential as a board. The session doesn't feel right without one, it keeps you loose and smooth. Just sip it and rip it, then grab another.

Salt Lake City has always been riddled with mini ramps. They're just as much a part of the skate scene as street skating. You have to search them out just the same as any street spot, it isn't always your best friend who builds one. Sometimes there is security to deal with. However, you won't need to plead and bribe the guy for one more try. A simple 12 pack will keep you skating all night. Equitable to a good street spot, once word of a

proper mini gets out, everyone wants to skate it. The owner becomes the skate world's best friend. Everyone around them turns into a slobbery doe-eyed-puppy begging for a turn on the ramp. I've been daydreaming of having a backyard mini ramp since grade school, when all I did was hide TWS behind my biology book and play Tech-Deck skate in English class. It's the ultimate in limitless fun sitting right outside your door.

The best part about a mini is that no two ramps are ever the same. Some have kinks in the tranny, extensions, channel gaps, wall rides or little sections of pool coping. Each ramp offers a unique ride. **Andrew Wilson** used to have a three-foot mini sitting in his front room (now that's what I call a home entertainment center) and nestled into a small Sandy garage there was another three-foot mini with barely enough room to crouch from hitting your head. I think **Jason Gianchetta** has had three mini ramps in

Perfectly poised Ben Gustafson, frontside rocks





his skate lifetime, one of which was actually an eight-foot half pipe covered in plywood only, no masonite. Needless to say, that ramp didn't see much shralping from me. **JP Walker** has a precious five-foot gem sitting in his backyard. I've been fortunate enough to shralp it, but I've never even met the guy. That's some serious generosity, letting people unknowingly skate your ramp when you're probably not even in the country. One of the all-time best mini ramps the Salt Lake Valley has ever had was the *Binary* ramp. Even though the ramp was a part of a skate park, for many of us (especially for those living down south) it was like a backyard mini where the doors were always open for a skate session. If they weren't, we just unlocked them ourselves and threw a party. Some damn fine after hours sessions went down at that place by leaving

the back door ajar. **Brock Harris** is a good man for putting up with all of our breaking and entering just to get a couple extra hours of shredding in.

Enjoy it while you got it because nothing lasts forever. Ramps come and go as often as spots around the city get capped. Utah's fierce weather conditions are murder to any ramp. Brutal desert sun bakes the wood all summer long. When winter comes around snow, sleet, ice and rain will penetrate deep into the skeletal structure, warping and rotting the wood. Resurfacing a ramp and patching holes costs a pretty penny and takes precious time. A large tarp will help protect the ramp through the harsh winter season and surfacing a ramp with *Skatelite* rather than masonite, is probably the best protection for an outdoor ramp. But at



*Caleb Orton gets a bean plant at 2a.m. after 10 hours of skating the trash pit and enough beer to drown an elephant.*



*(above) King of the castle Tully Flynn, aka Ramp Monster, sits atop his throne awaiting his next victim. (left) Very few have the skills to make back rocks look this good. Dave gets tricky on the extension of this black pearl.*





*Kordel Black splashing  
in from the high dive*



**Crack a beer...  
just sip it  
and rip it,  
then grab  
another.**



*Hession session fs melon slash*



*Backyard things. Josiah Bell  
tail pops from the tin roof over  
Eric Hest*



*tunes*

*cool dude*

*C. Com fs board*

around \$150 a sheet, *Skatelite* isn't exactly the most cost effective option. The cheapest way around repairs is to just skate the ramp as is. If there is a blow out in the tranny you can crack front-side ollies over it, you might as well turn the hole into a bonus feature right? A friend of mine once had the sketchiest mini of all time crammed into his backyard. Coming in at about 12 feet wide, three feet tall and 10 feet across, it was more like two Jersey barriers sitting face-to-face than a mini ramp. There were huge holes in the transition and half the deck never got finished, so it was nice and treacherous when you slipped out and fell inside the ramp. Nevertheless, we always skated the thing and had a damn fun time doing it.

When it comes down to it, having a mini ramp is the ultimate pipe dream. From the very beginning when you can barely tic-tac and kick turn you start dreaming about having your own mini ramp. Every time you step foot into a new backyard that imagination skate brain takes over. Staring blankly at a wide open space only results in visions of building a mini from the ground up ... put it next to the garage and roll in off the roof, nose pick the fence, wall ride the tree, fuck it turn the entire yard into a mini ramp snake run. Everyone fantasizes about building one, but few ever make that fantasy a reality. For those determined few their backyard sessions are what dreams are made of. If you haven't had the chance to drop in on one of Salt Lake City's many exceptional mini ramps, maybe its time to start building your own.





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## **I Ride Park City Film Premier Review** **By Helen Wade** [hwade1981@hotmail.com](mailto:hwade1981@hotmail.com)

*I Ride Park City* had its world debut Tuesday, Aug. 26 at the bottom of Park City's town lift. It was a gathering of pros, bros, some hos, kids, parents, the rest of the snowboard community plus one drunken two stepping river dancer. I arrived to the screening area around 8p.m. with my friends **Chris Swainston** and **Cody Comrie**, aka **Lil' Coco**. We found a spot in the back and avoided the monotonous conversations about how the summer has been going and where we will be riding this season. If we had arrived a little earlier we could have stood in line and gotten some autographs from some of the *Park City All-Stars* – unfortunately we didn't. Saddened that we couldn't get our t-shirts signed by **Shaun White**, **Drew Fuller**, **Heikki Sorsa**, **Erin Comstock**, **Scotty Arnold**, **Stevie Bell** and some of the other pros we went to the back and drank our sadness away. Around 9:30p.m. the flick started, I had to stand on my chair to get a view. The opening shot was Shaun White slaying the half pipe.

*I Ride Park City* is a film by **Jim Mangan** and features some of the world's top riders. There were some of the biggest boosts out of the pipe by Shaun White, creative and on point rail tricks from Stevie Bell and **Aaron Bittner** and one foot and no foot tricks by Heikki Sorsa. The filming and editing was amazing—Mangan was able to get helicopter shots, follow cams, pocket shots, poacher shots, sniper shots and about nine other angles of all the riders. The riding was impressive, but not innovative. *I Ride Park City* is a park video, so after about the tenth shot on the same jump it gets a little tiresome. With the resources that Park City has, I wished they would have been a bit more creative with their jump set up. There were some interesting set ups in the movie, but nothing that I haven't seen before. I really liked the quarter pipe transfer set up and the jump over the cabin, but I feel that there could have been more. There were a few 'pow' shots, but we all know Park City is not known for their amazing backcountry. Ultimately, *I Ride Park City* is a great park video, but it just wasn't unique.

**Heikki Sorsa** (Above) and **Drew Fuller** (Below), demonstrate their steeze on PCMR's well-manicured jumps during the filming of *I Ride Park City*. Photos courtesy of PCMR.





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# Summer Detention

By Adam Dorobiala  
adam@slugmag.com

So many stories could (and will) be told about what happened on this fine day, but what matters most is truth. If you were there, you got to see miracles unfold before your eyes. If you weren't, then I guess you should have entered. We all had fun – we all skated smart-wise and all are definitely part of the revolution. The captions will tell you everything you need to know. Talk to the guides. Recognize that this is how we do it in SLC and right here is why we went back to school, back to detention, but most importantly, back to what skateboarding is all about: the only opponent is within. Welcome to the future ... now.



Skate it how you see it. A young Moses Sanchez look-a-like front 180s over the 8-rail. -C.Swainst photo-



The last stop turned into quite the spectacle. Some 40+ people gathered around to watch kids carcass-huck the 8-rail. -Sullivan photo-



Kevin did some amazing tricks without much thought at all. This is about as casual as you can get for switch F/S heelflip. -Sam Milianta-



Five guides (**Isaiah Beh, Tully Flynn, Kendall Johnson, Eric Hess, Dave Law**) each took seven kids on a downhill journey through the U of U, sessioning three undisclosed spots. This flat gap was the first stop. Hopefully everyone got some high-speed warm up 'cause this is no short leap. Check the dirt scattered across the landing from those who needed one extra push. **Justin Wallace** (above) had the speed, flying high with a kickflip melon. **Brody Penrod** (left) reaches out for the catch on a 360 flip and **Kevin Hutson** (below) gets a N.B.D. (never been done) nollie inward heelflip. -Weston Colton photo-



Its just not street skating if the cops don't show up. Mid bench session, everyone scatters to evade campus police. -Sean Sullivan photo-







Brody Penrod got beastly on this handrail. I heard somebody ask him later what he did and he said he didn't really land anything. Pictures don't lie. -Sam Milianta-



Skateboarding has always been about progression and pushing boundaries; that's why we took it to the streets – keeping it rugged and raw. No permits, no permission, just skateboarding. (below) this little homie pushes his own limits, boardsliding the biggest rail he's ever jumped. -C. Swainst photo-



After all the groups finished skating all the spots, their guides rolled them over to 2nd south for a hill bomb into the city and the afterparty at Fice. Product flew high, the BBQ sizzled and game after game of skate flicked away to the beats of DJ SUPERb. -Adam Dorobiala photos-



nollie flip back 50 the bench  
nollie inward heel the gap  
nollie 5.0 the rail  
3rd place?

All the spots were thoroughly sessioned, everyone scattered like roaches in the light when the boppers tried to roll on us, blood was shed, bones were broken, new tricks were stomped. We pushed the limits in all directions. Keep shredding the streets, SLC. We'll see you next summer for another *Summer of Death*.

- Golden Boy: Kevin Federson
- Steely Dan: Brodie Penrod
- Snake Rider: Kevin Hutson
- Trickster: Kevin Hutson
- Bone Crusher: Jon Hoganson



Anyone who witnessed the technical skills of **Kevin Federson** at the benchline knows he's on the gravy train to success. -Sean Sullivan photo-



Spill the blood – a judge and a guide rep their scars and road rash with passion. -Sam Milianta photo-



# An Extended Stay In the Subconscious:

## A Week Long Deja Vu

By Adam Dorobiala

adam@slugmag.com

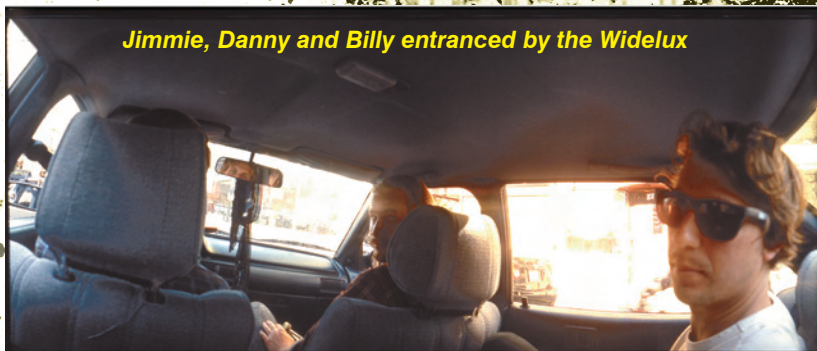
San Francisco is one of the meccas of the skateboarding world. I was lucky enough to stay in the Mission District for a week with some good family and got to skate some of the most amazing spots the city has to offer. It's a place where good things are always happening and is filled with some of the kindest hearts ever (which is probably why **Bob Marley** called it *Rainbow Country*).

It was worth every moment, even with the nineteen-hour train ride to get there. Seriously, *Amtrak* knows how to have a good time while traveling. Anywho, here are some photos of experiences I got to see while I was lapsed out astral-wise from Salt Lake.



Mellow Jay, Blunted

Photos: Adam Dorobiala



Jimmie, Danny and Billy entranced by the Widelux



Jimmie cold chillin between spots



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# BELLYOGRAPHY

BELLYOGRAPHY-BELLYOGRAPHY-BELLYOGRAPHY-BELLY



## Bellyography: JAMILLA

By Astara

The red rocks of Moab are alive with the sounds of Middle Eastern drums, dancing, zils and zagareets. It's all because of one amazing, energetic and creative woman, Jamilla. The fourth annual *Tribal Sands, Belly Dance and Drum Festival* runs September 19-23, in Moab, and it is rapidly becoming the belly dancing event of the summer! This year's performers include **Kami Liddle, Anita of Fat Chance, Amy Sigel of Unmata, Fvorboda of Dragomi**, and music from **What It Is** from Texas and **Azul Salvaje** from Canada.

"I want *Tribal Sands* to be more than just performances and workshops. I want it to be an opportunity for dancers to get together and talk, laugh and relax. A retreat. I want it to be a retreat where everyone has fun," Jamilla says.

The granddaughter of a Spanish Basque gypsy, Jamilla's love of organic dance comes naturally and genetically. Originally trained in classical ballet, she was hooked on Middle Eastern dance after watching her sister belly dance. Jamilla moved to San Francisco to study with **Jamila Salimpour**, and later saw Fat Chance and studied with **Carolena Nerricchio**.

"I love the cues and transitions of Fat Chance. I like to fuse it with other dance style moves. I have things to say through my dancing. I express myself through dance. Dancing is my form of prayer."

While going to school and living in Logan in 1997, she started a troupe called **Mountain Veils**. Jamilla moved to Moab and started **Desert Veils** in 1999. Today they are a very successful and popular dance troupe throughout Utah and Colorado. Jamilla is the director, choreographer, costume designer and seamstress of Desert Veils.

"I started Desert Veils in 1999, and I still have my original members, like **Jana Wilson**. You know who is going to take their dancing seriously, because when you are dancing at this level, you have to be serious. I teach two classes a week, and I have mothers, daughters and grandmothers all together as students," she says.

Jamilla is truly a child of nature. She responds instinctively to the natural forms and energy of the desert, where she creates most of her choreography. She is inspired and creatively energized by the landscape around Moab. It isn't unusual to see her dancing amongst the red rocks at sunset.

"Some of us don't write or sing, but through our bodies we can tell the truth of our lives. Belly dancing is a way to tell our stories and the stories of our ancestors. Even if you are in a troupe with 20 other women, you can still tell your own story. Every undulation, every body wave is a new page to pass on to daughters and granddaughters. I want to make people think and feel. I want them to feel the ancient sisters dancing through us. I want my audience to know that we are all in this together," she says.

Find out more about Desert Veils and Jamilla at [www.desertveils.org](http://www.desertveils.org). For information regarding *Tribal Sands*, visit <http://www.desertveils.org/2008festival.htm>.

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# GALLERY STROLL

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

## September Gallery Stroll

By **Mariah Mann Mellus**

[mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:mariah@slugmag.com)

It's funny how you can feel summer ending—the temperature cools, a swift breeze reminds us that leaves are changing and will soon fall to the ground and fall and winter ale goes on sale. In Utah we host **Oktoberfest** in August—another reminder that if you blink you can miss a whole season.

This month's Gallery Stroll picks are inspired by the past, present and future.

Artist **Garrett Loesch** looks to the future and leaves all his formal training behind in search of lost things waiting to be found on his daily journeys. "It's hard to pinpoint what inspires someone to do something—I've been doing a lot more walking lately, which has been a real eye opener. I have always embraced the unknown, and wandering is a little extension of that," he says. On his daily walk-a-about, random objects whose capacity and purpose do not unfold until further inspection and contemplation inspire Loesch. Leaving inspirational materials up to fate can make for a synergetic experience. "My thoughts have been focused on being humble and listening for my brain to realize the moment." Look for something old, something new, something...you know what I mean. In more general terms, look for a new purpose in everything with Loesch's found object assemblages at *nobrow Coffee* (311 E Broadway) on September 19th.

Somewhere between the past and present, in the corners of my dusty and sometimes rambling mind, I have realized why fall is so exciting during Gallery Stroll. I can now enter some of my favorite galleries without a sweat rag, but even more importantly, it's the biannual *Equinox Show* at *Poor Yorick*. Local artists and *Poor Yorick* landlords **Brad** and **Tracy Slauch** have been sweeping out the dust bunnies and challenging artists to put down the brush, clean up the paint and invite the public to view the fruit of their summer labor. With live music, hearty refreshments, open access to over thirty local artists and no cover charge, there is absolutely no reason to miss it. The studio will open on Friday, September 26 from 6pm – 10pm and Saturday, September 27 from 1pm -5pm. *Poor Yorick* is located on 126 W Crystal Ave. (2550 S).

Now to the present—*Present Tense* that is. If you haven't already seen the *Present Tense: Post 337 Project* show featuring the work of over 25 of the original 140 artists who worked on the 337 building, then you are missing a piece of Salt Lake history. Building owners **Adam** and **Dessi Price**'s gift of temporary space to local artists hosted nearly 10,000 people in its original six days. It united 140 artists, arranged the post 337 show and made the name 337 Project synonymous with Utah's urban art scene. It is inspiring and I haven't even touched on the video documenting the original building and its demolition. Come and feel the energy first hand. The show is hosted at the *Salt Lake Arts Center* (20 West Temple) and closes on September 27th. For more information about the show and corresponding film times visit [slartscenter.org](http://slartscenter.org).

For you artists waiting to be discovered in the future, *The Utah Arts Council* is accepting applications for the 2009 *Visual Arts Fellowship Program* until Thursday, September 18, 2008. This competition annually awards two \$10,000 fellowships to Utah artists in order to encourage artistic development and the advancement of their careers. Artists working in crafts, drawing, mixed media, painting, photography, printmaking and sculpture are eligible. Artists working in media outside the above listed categories may still be eligible and are encouraged to consult the Utah Arts Council Visual Arts program. For application materials and questions regarding the fellowship program, contact **Lila Abersold** at 801-533-3581 or [labersold@utah.gov](mailto:labersold@utah.gov). Information can also be found online at: [arts.utah.gov](http://arts.utah.gov).

Don't wait for art to find you, go out and find it!



# BEER

BEER-BEER-BEER-

# REVIEWS

REVIEWS-REVIEWS-REVIEWS-RE

By Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com



It's already September and slowly getting colder. I'm not about to break into a full, stout-drinking frenzy, but I will drink its closely related brother, the porter. Historically, the stout and the porter were known as the same thing. The darker version was thought as a "stout porter," which has slowly been bastardized over time to be known just as a stout. But in that bastardization, we have been able

to develop some unique variations to the style—giving us some pretty gnarly beers. The standard porter is a light brown to dark brown in color, often with ruby highlights. Much like the flavor, the aroma is malt-forward with roast, chocolate and some caramel, nutty, toffee-like characteristics.

## King's Peak Porter

**Brewery:** Uinta

**Abv:** 4%

**Average Price:** \$7.99 / Six-Pack

**Serving Style:** 12 oz Bottle

**Rating:** \*\*\*\*½

**Description:** *Kings Peak* pours a deep brown with amber highlights and a thin, off-white head. There is a deeply roasted taste with hints of chocolate, coffee and soft hop bitterness. This brew finishes quite dry.

**Overview:** Named after *King's Peak* (the highest point in the state of Utah), this beer has stood its ground in numerous competitions. Although it's been entered as a schwarzbier, this brew is versatile and good for almost any occasion. For those of you who enjoy drinking beer while eating, let me recommend that this guy goes great with most grilled meals and German cuisine.

**Where to Find:** It's commonly found at most grocery stores in sixers, on tap at *The Bayou* and is proudly served at SLC Derby events.

## Polygamy Porter

**Brewery:** Utah Brewers Cooperative / Wasatch Beers

**Abv:** 4%

**Average Price:** \$7.99 / Six-Pack

**Serving Style:** 12 oz Bottle

**Rating:** \*\*\* ½

**Description:** A dark pour with ruby hints, this guy puts off a decent, pillow-like head with some soft lacing around your glass. The aroma is ample in your typical roast with a touch of coffee and caramel/chocolate poking their way through. The taste supplies a prominent amount of roasted malts coupled with light chocolate and caramel. This beer has a lighter body and dry finish.

**Overview:** I don't think it would be appropriate to do a porter review without including *Polygamy Porter*. This flagship beer for *Wasatch Beers* has been time-tested and people keep asking for more. Not to go unnoticed, this brew recently took two major awards. It received silver medals in the brown porter category by the *World Beer Cup* and the *North American Brewers Association*. All in all, I suggest giving this classic brew a shot.

**Where to Find:** It's found at almost every grocery store and has made its way into *The Bayou* and *Wasatch Pub*.

## Rockwell Porter

**Brewery:** Hoppers Bar &

**Grill**

**Abv:** 4%

**Average Price:** \$ 3.75/Pint

**Serving Style:** On Tap

**Rating:** \*\*\*

**Description:** This brew pours a deep brownish color and puts off a soft creamy head. Aromatics of roast with a blend of toffee and chocolate ease you into a mouthful of a pretty decent brew. With a malty backbone, this guy has the qualities of your standard porter—roast, chocolate and toffee. It finishes dry and is a touch stronger in body than I expected.

**Overview:** This beer is another decent brew from the fellas at Hoppers. This beer is a quality prospect if you are looking for something true to the style. This guy would go killer with any barbeque dish or a dessert if you are feelin' crazy. I wish I had one in my hand right now.

**Where to Find:** This beer can only be found on tap at *Hoppers Bar & Grill*.

Here's a little tip for you craft brew drinkers that enjoy supporting the local beer scene. In the upcoming months, breweries will be getting prepped for their entrances in the Great American Beer Festival. What that means for you is that you need to get your ass down to all of our finest breweries and catch a sampling of limited release brews only available to us Utahns.

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# LOCAL REVIEWS

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## Ask For The Future

### Another Love EP

Self-Released

Street: 07.11

Ask For The Future = Fountains Of Wayne + The Starting Line

Sure it might sound like another radio-rock album that is not worth your time, but hear me out on this one—it's good. Ask For The Future may be a pop/rock band, but they're a damn fine pop/rock band. Former **Larusso** front man **Sam Sorenson** founded the band and has really found his niche in this new project. The group has a much more mature sound and even finds time to poke fun at their emo counter-parts when they sing "Oy, oy, sensitive boys!" They're fun, catchy and—something becoming increasingly rare in the genre—smart. This EP is a blast. I can't wait to get my hands on a full-length album. —Kat Kellermeyer

## Chaz Prymek

### Bicycles & Breakfast

Self-Released

Street: 08.01

Chaz Prymek = Iron & Wine - vocals + Andres Segovia

*Bicycles and Breakfast* is a followup to Prymek's *Everything Is Wrong*, *Everything Is Fine*, and is music to my ears. Prymek could not have chosen a better title to describe the pleasant feeling that overcame me when I leaned back, closed my eyes and listened. It's the little things that make this album really tick, like the shattering glass in the background of "To Kill A Man With Two J's In His Name" intermingled with trumpets and of course, the prominent guitar that sweeps over everything toward the end of the song. Like the former album, *Bicycles and Breakfast* is mainly instrumental, except for the "secret" track of the album. Another bonus is that each album cover is unique and hand-drawn, so no two covers are alike. *Bicycles & Breakfast* enters a new realm of experimentation and beauty that's not easy to find these days. —Erin Kelleher

## Elizabethan Report

### Hola May

Self-Released

Street: 03.08

Elizabethan Report = The Chili Peppers' Guitar + The Strokes

When I first hunted down Elizabethan Report on the Internet, I was impressed by the band's uninhibited and energetic stage presence. Even when I wasn't sure their sound was really my bag, I knew I'd have a blast at one of their shows. On their five-track EP, the mixture of fast funk, stand-up-and-jump rock and various noise-making devices (think trashcan lids and toy pianos) could have easily yielded a discordant



mish-mash. But these Provo natives aren't sneezing all these sounds together at random. The various influences are tightly wound together and produce an intentional feeling of something loose and hectic. I make it sound complicated, but it's not. It's feverish, protean stuff done well. Guitarist **Spencer Petersen** cites **Primus** and **The Strokes** among his musical influences, but I say his riffs smack of older, less melodic **Chili Peppers**. Either way, the band's melodies are great – lively and catchy without drowning out the lyrics or percussion elements. They're committed to the sound, and their energy and enthusiasm definitely grows on you. Elizabethan Report was recently selected to play at the **NAMU Festival** in Pittsburgh, alongside **Bob Dylan** and **The Roots**. This is a big deal for any local band, and I wish them the best of luck. —Jesse Hawlish

## Josh Waldron

### The Night I Died

Self-Released

Street: Fall 2008

Josh Waldron = Goo Goo Dolls + Keith Urban + DDT + Ringside + Nickleback + Garth Brooks + Steven Segal

I'm no psychologist, but it seems that Josh Waldron may suffer from multiple personality disorder. This album flip-flops more times than **Cybil**. First he thinks he's in a mariachi band and before you know it, he's part of the **Goo Goo Dolls**. I leave the room for one minute, come back, and he's **Garth Brooks**. Am I still listening to the same album? I think I even heard a little from an 80s Russian band my dad used to play. I ran out of room trying to list and keep track of the many sounds (and personalities) Waldron threw at me. It's good to have variety, but for God's sake, keep it consistent. Okay, so maybe there is one consistent aspect of this album. It's Waldron's wispy, harsh, "I'm trying to sound deep and passionate" voice. —Lyuba Basin

## Kill Everyone Now

November 2007 Recordings  
Self-Released

Street: 11.26.07

Kill Everyone Now = Eugene Hütz + The Sonics

I enjoy the occasional garage recording as much as the next **SLUG** staffer, and listening to Kill Everyone Now's tracks remind me of just why I appreciate most start-out rock bands and their growth that occurs early on. This duo takes the DIY ethic seriously, and it shows. They also use a bit of Portuguese in their lyrics, which is notable, and their lyricist, **Felipe Bueno** has an accent that transfers well to audio. When dealing with garage recordings, we ultimately face the nastiness and importance of a click track. Note to this local band's drummer—unless you're **Neil Peart**, you need a click. Note to this local band's singer—ultimately, there is only so much protesting about "art" that can be made when your medium is constricted by vocals peaking out with every other word. Book some studio time, dudes. —JP

## Madraso/Blackhole

### Split 7"

Pseudo Recordings

Street: 07.08

Madraso + Blackhole = Just pick the damned thing up, already.



Now *this* is a welcome listening experience. SLC's Blackhole and Portland's Madraso each offer up one song on this bit of vinyl heaven (the one they sent me was on clear orange wax).

Reviewing 7" is kind of sucks because they're so short, so I'll keep this review the same. A perfect pairing of awesome no-bullshit rock bands, Madraso's "Daisy Cutter" harkens back to heavy rock offerings of the late 80s and early 90s, but without being even remotely close to a ripoff. Plus, they bring their own brand of "heavy." Blackhole's "81s" is an awesome two-bass attack, heavy enough to give you a bangover, but groovy enough to hit the bong. All in all, a worthwhile release. —Gavin Hoffman

## Monorchist

### DQ'D

Self-Released

Street: 09.03

Monorchist = The Gits + Skint

You have to give respect to Monorchist. This band drops straight-up garage rock that is so unpretentious and unpolished that it sounds like you're right in the middle of one of their band practices. Hating on it is next to impossible. The female vocals provided by **Kourtney Farnsworth** are (hands down) the most impressive part of the band's radical sound. This recording is raw. The album artwork features colorful illustrations by Tony Poulsen. The dog show entry form included in the CD booklet is a nice touch. Had this band existed back in the early 90s, they would have ruled the world. —Jon Robertson

## Negative Charge

### Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 04.01

Negative Charge = Endless Struggle + The Fictions + The Unseen



Although Negative Charge have been together (in some form or another) since 2005, it's probably a good thing that they waited until now to release their debut album. After opening for many decent punk bands here in SLC (**Street Brats**, **Lower Class Brats**, **Funerel Dress**, **GBH**, **The Casualties**, etc.) and a plethora of lineup changes,



Negative Charge finally seem to have perfected their sound. Not bad for a band who was resurrected from the ashes of other SLC street punk bands that are long gone. **Andy Patterson** recorded the band's debut release and the sound quality is superb. However, like many punk bands, the real power of the music is found in the live performance. That being said, out-of-state fans should rejoice for their ability to pick up a street punk album that doesn't suffer from the pitfalls of DIY recording. (*In the Venue 09.17, Burt's 09.25*) —*Jeanette Moses*

## Sheepriزر

### **My Big House** 100 Zero Records

Street: April 2008

**Sheepriزر = Bob Log – slide guitar & vocals + Pelican – all sound production + Stevie Vai**

I will always have a deep admiration for multi-instrument musicians. **Sheepriزر** is a pretty standard hard rock setup by a man known as **Butt Socrates**, consisting of basic distorted guitars, drums and no vocals. Therein is my problem. After the first few tracks, you get the general idea and can probably figure out how the rest of the album will flow. Aside from the last song, which deviates greatly from the formula, there aren't any surprises or, frankly, any interesting moments. The song structures are fairly standard, and all of the songs desperately need something more than what is delivered here, whether it is vocals, or just some actual exploration. DIY releases at their core are endearing and exactly what rock and roll should be—that is why I love them. Unfortunately, this really feels like a set of raw guitar tracks for a drummer to lay down the beats for a recording except the drum tracks are there too. Mr. Butt Socrates, you have the potential to do much, much better. —*Conor Dow*

## The Smash Brothas

### **Bout Damn Time**

Self-Released

Street: 08.07

**The Smash Brothas = Swollen Members + Jedi Mind Tricks + Aquemini-era Outkast**

Hip Hop is not dead in Utah. Reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated. The crews around here should start paying attention, or at least start buying beats from the laundry list of producers and DJs that The Smash Brothas utilize on their latest release. These songs are not only varied in their style (ranging from slow, down tempo jams to excited sample-heavy bangers), but they have competent rhymes as well. Insightful tracks like "More Moes," a track about people who eat "green Jell-O with carrots" and who "control the schools, control the media, business or religion cuz it's getting much greedier" delivers some scathing criticism of the popular culture in the area. "Rappers" is another notable track that educates by breaking down the nomenclature behind "rappers" and "MCs." And if you don't know the difference, perhaps the Brothas can school you. —*JP*

## Some Beasts

### **Self-Titled**

Self-released

Street: 04.01

**Some Beasts = Caspian + Akron/Family — vocalists + organic sounds**

A nostalgic tinkering of an orchestral kind, this album is bursting with delectable sounds. From tambourines to pots and pans to castanets to delayed acoustic guitars, the music is extremely varied and colorful. The energy that is channeled throughout the album is of such a marvelous kind that it's almost hard to believe. Although it is an instrumental work, each song's title gives the listener just enough of an idea to make each track a picturesque little world of its own. From the damp, rainy perception that "Some Days Are Wet And Green" produces to the feeling of lounging near the French Riviera in "In Tangier," the listener is taken on a mindful journey that encompasses more senses than just that of hearing. This album seems to have appeared out of nowhere one early-spring afternoon when Some Beasts' only member, **Jordan Badger**, decided to self-release this splashy whirlwind before jetting off to unknown territories. —*Erin Kelleher*

## The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle

### **3 Dreams**

American West Freedom Society Press

Street: 06.03

**The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle = Eliane Radigue + Zeljko McMullen**



**Michael Biggs'**

(aka The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle) music requires patience, but that patience is rewarded with intrigue. Divided into three movements, Biggs starts the set with "Room (Dream)," a fairly grumbling, sometimes explosive, sub-frequency driven mix of oscillated gestures and reedy snippets. As the piece progresses, Biggs guides his bass tones into a solemn, yet surging, ostinato (sounding much like a gear-shifting vehicle) before pulling the floor out and exposing even lower rumbles. Softer still, "City Dream" just occasionally wiggles, tremolo guitars striking at intervals to break up the stirring room noise. For the aptly named "Valley Dream," Biggs creates a pastoral blend of just-before-the-dawn, field-recorded ambience with his clarinet set on feedback delay, carefully calling his ensemble home in the distance as the disc dies out. It's a terrific balance of organics and mechanics. —*Dave Madden*



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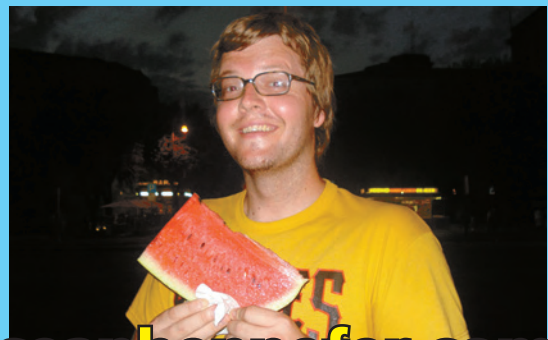
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**SEPT 10 • TAXI TO THE DARK SIDE • 7pm**  
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# GAME REVIEWS

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



## Guitar Hero Mobile

Activision/Hands-on Mobile  
12.20.07

We love rhythm games, don't we? Whether it's *Rock Band* or *Guitar Hero*, we've got it on every system it comes on, every sequel and every available song downloadable online. Life is good. But wouldn't it be better if you could take it with you? All the glory of *Guitar Hero* available at your fingertips, anytime, anywhere, on your cell phone? Sounds too good to be true? Well, you'd be right.

The game boasts that it has fifteen tracks, all taken from the game, and will continue to add three songs to your phone each month! It boasts that this newest port has stayed true to the source material and brings you the best mobile experience yet. So I finish the download, settle into my chair and get ready to rock out on my phone. That's where everything goes south. I pick my character, but unlike *Guitar Hero*, this version of Judy Nails is a single animation that just repeats itself over and over. That's okay, I can overlook this. I decide to play through on easy, get the feel for the game on my Blackberry. I select a track by **Santana**, and get ready for the song to start. Then the music starts to play.

Then it dawns on me: I'm listening to a poorly contrived midi version of "Black Magic Woman," and playing notes that barely go along with the rhythm of the annoying beeping coming out of my phone. Whatever. Medium difficulty will at least be fun. Wrong. Even on the billion-keyed phones of the day, the game is tied down to a three-key set that a monkey could master within two minutes. But even with all these flaws, you won't be able to put it down. If you can stomach all the short-comings here, you'll probably end up liking this game. Even if you don't like it, you'll still play it. I mean, it is *Guitar Hero*. —Kat Kellermeyer

2 out of 5 poorly-placed "Star Power" buttons



## Lost: Via Domus

Ubisoft Montreal  
PC, Xbox 360, PS3  
02.26.2008

Anyone addicted to the television equivalent of meth known as *Lost* is going through some serious off-season withdrawals. Fortunately for you, the producers decided to develop the video game *Lost: Via Domus* instead of getting a head start on a script for season five. Finally you can fill that void in your life. Well, sort of.

For all its good intentions, *Via Domus* goes the way of most movie/TV game translations. Any gamer knows this never ends well. You play as an 815 crash survivor who has lost his memory, and what's worse, he's being harassed by some guy who wants him dead. All your favorite characters from the show are here, but as pretty as they look, you might as well be talking to a cardboard cutout. The gameplay and controls are clearly designed to be accessible to non-gamers, which is what makes this so damn frustrating: it's not accessible. Most of the time you'll want to hit something with your controller. The gameplay is static and repetitive to boot.

On the plus side, Losties can visit all their favorite places from the show, from the *Black Rock* to the *Hatch*. You'll even get to face off against the smoke monster and a ghost girl from our nameless hero's past, both of which deliver more than their share of "Oh, shit!" moments. Additionally, the storyline is everything you'd expect from the series. While it won't tell you where they moved the island, you'll get some interesting information. If you're really paying attention, you might even end up with some answers. And, of course, it wouldn't be *Lost* without an ending that makes you feel like someone just raped your brain. Definitely worth a play if you're a *Lost* fan with a lot of patience, but non-Losties won't be missing much. —Kat Kellermeyer

2 out of 5 time-traveling bunnies



## S.T.A.L.K.E.R.: Shadow of Chernobyl

GSC Game World  
PC  
03.20.2007

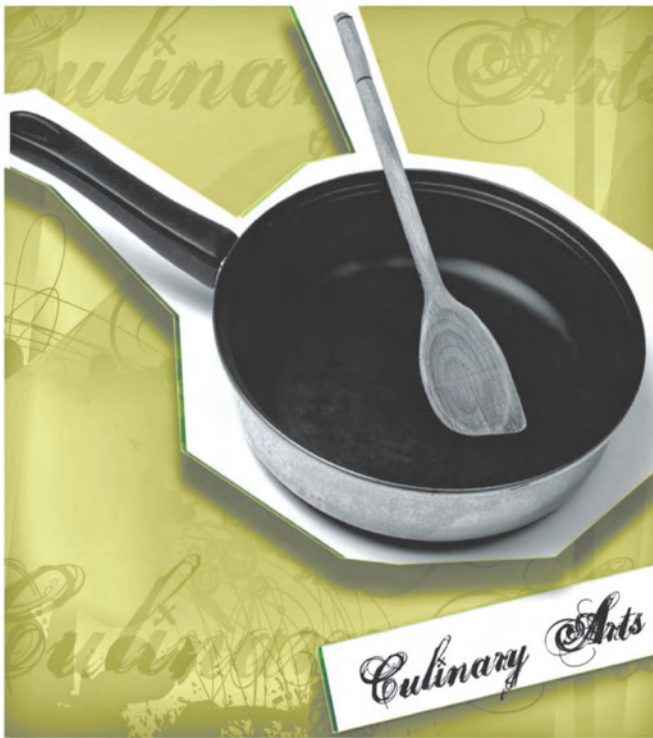
My interest in *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* was sparked by my love of post-apocalyptic scenarios and because the game takes place in the urban explorer's wet dream, *Chernobyl*. Here you have the opportunity to explore 30 square kilometers of the famed northern Ukrainian zone where the *Chernobyl Nuclear Power Plant* famously exploded in April of 1986. The city of Prypiat remains dilapidated and abandoned, the Red Forest is still thriving with radiation, resulting in dangerous mutants who lurk about, and it is up to you to explore the area, discover your identity and survive. The game has several types of enemies to be wary of, the aforementioned mutants and zombies, as well as the Ukrainian military and several factions of treasure hunters, bandits and mercenaries. You can befriend and work with some factions, while others will be your sworn enemies until the end.

The combat is fairly standard for FPS, and though it starts off rather slowly, eventually you'll find a semi-automatic weapon and can be just as deadly as your foes. Later, you can also fight along whichever faction you befriend, and go toe-to-toe against the opposition, which makes for good play as well as a high potential to find fantastic weaponry and armor. Though this game is a "sandbox" First Person Shooter, it has many RPG elements as well. As mentioned earlier, you can explore a large portion of the *Chernobyl* area, and with exploration comes item gathering, weapon upgrading and artifact finding. Artifacts and items can be traded for money or other items.

This game has some minor bugs, and is a bit of a diamond in the rough until you install the patch updates. If you're a fan of FPS games with RPG elements such as *Deus Ex*, *System Shock* or even *Bioshock*, *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* just may be right up your alley. Since the developing group is from Ukraine themselves, you'll be hard pressed to find another *Chernobyl* experience that is at all comparable. The follow up, *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.: Clear Sky* comes out this fall and promises to be just as fantastic as the original. —Conor Dow

4.5 out of 5 radiated mutants





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# CD REVIEWS

## CD-REVIEWS-CD-REVIEWS-CD-REVIEWS-CD

### 31Knots Worried Well Polyvinyl Records Street: 08.19

**31Knots = Portugal. The Man + Of Montreal + DragonForce - the fantasy metal**

This album possesses a few good aspects, but as a whole, it falls short. The songs start off quite well but drift into uneven chaos by the time they're finished. Even if you're a fan of the band and their former albums, this one doesn't live up to them. It seems like 31Knots worry more about their image than the music they're trying to play. The piano pieces and guitar riffs trickled throughout this album do make it an interesting listen, and sometimes the off-key vocals really work ("Strange Kicks" is a perfect example of that), but for the most part, the album is jerky and lacking in overall elements. —*Erin Kelleher*

### The Acacia Strain Continent Prosthetic Records Street: 08.19

**The Acacia Strain = Bloodhasbeen-shed + The Red Chord + Meshuggah**

The Acacia Strain is one of those bands that I've known is out there, but never really gave a shot—kind of like the fascination with *Battlestar Galactica*. I gave *Battlestar* a shot last year and I'm currently making my way through season three. So, did the Acacia Strain have the same effect? For playing a style of music that is overdone these days (the much maligned deathcore), they aren't bad. The downtuned guitars are bass-ment heavy and their tongue-in-cheek lyrical content is worth the read. What's funnier than a dead baby joke? How about a metaphorical one like, "I want the world to have my rape baby so when it's born I can strangle it to death." I'm going to have to try that one out at Thanksgiving dinner. As it stands, The Acacia Strain distinguish themselves from the rest of the deathcore pack, if not by much. It's not as violently stirring as I had hoped, but it'll do for a tough-guy arms-crossed slow nod/headbang. —*Peter Fryer*

### Alias Resurgam Anticon Street: 08.26

**Alias = Boards of Canada + Odd Nosdam + Four Tet**

Alias's work follows the sample-heavy, drum-machined (note the title "I Heart Drum Machines"), bit-reduced formula of hip-hop, and though he's also known for producing harder stuff for the likes of **Sage Francis**, here he prefers to package it all with a lighter, sometimes fey (à la his work with **Tarsier**) approach, dropping tripped-out folk guitar and softer sounds as well as crunchy snares into his MPC. He counterposes

every big-beat ("New to a Few") and spry "dance" track ("Well Water" with **Why?**) with pulpy pieces such as the spacious, piano-driven "Weathering" (Featuring **The One AM Radio**) and a droning, otherworldly radio transmission on "Place of No More Choices." For all the **Public Enemy** and **Wu-Tang** you listen to all week, it's nice to put on something that incorporates the same elements but does so at a languid pace, just to refuel or take a break on a foggy morning. —*Dave Madden*

### Anathema Hindsight Peaceville Street: 08.19

**Anathema = acoustic doom**

Anathema started out as one heavy doom metal band 18 years ago. The UK act morphed their sound probably in the biggest direction to a more melodic yet still gloom-filled material with 1998's *Alternative 4*. The fact that the band is coming out with *Hindsight*, a semi-acoustic album utilizing material from a good portion of Anathema's



career, is a bit strange, since the band's last two records, *A Fine Day to Exit* and *A Natural Disaster*, used plenty of acoustic guitars and orchestral and piano arrangements. *Hindsight* is more of a restructuring of some of the newer songs, but then again, the older songs that did have fair portions of electric sounds have morphed into something different and astonishingly beautiful. There is one exclusive original track, "Unchained (Tales of the Unexpected)," which breathes life into the album and offers something refreshingly different and wondrously woven and full of strong emotions. There is also the classic "Fragile Dreams," "Angelica," and "Inner Silence." We've all heard bands go acoustic or semi-acoustic and fail miserably; i.e., **The Gathering**, but the sound fits Anathema's current style—the **Cavanagh** brothers that make up the majority of the band came to bat with this record and hit a grand slam. **Daniel**'s voice continues to be one of the most prolific in the melodic rock realm. The UK band showed long ago that they were more than a heavy guitar-based doom-metal band and

were full of depth; *Hindsight* just reinforces the fact. Tans and newcomers will undoubtedly love this record the same as the rest. I know if I ever need a moment to relax and wallow in my doubt and despair, Anathema will be there. —*Bryer Wharton*

### Anima The Daily Grind Metal Blade Street: 09.02

**Anima = Dead to Fall + Despised Icon + With Blood Comes Cleansing**

When it comes to Anima, you've heard this one before—many, many times before. Anima is metal with a tinge of hardcore, with that super low-end bass boom before the breakdown, the growled and screamed vocals and the death-metal-inspired guitar lines. How do you describe mediocrity? How do you describe the feeling of driving a Ford Taurus? Anima is decent at what they do, especially for all of them being about high-school age, but that's probably the most unique characteristic of this release. This CD will get you to that place where death metal and karate-kick breakdowns meet, but isn't going to do much else. The songs all follow a pretty standard formula, with little in the way of innovation. There was no lyric sheet, and obviously, the lyrics were nigh impossible to make out, save two words: "Expensive Jeeeeeaaans." Not often can one laugh in the face of death, but now I have. —*Peter Fryer*

### Bahimiron Southern Nihilizm Moribund Records Street: 08.12

**Bahimiron = Corpus Christii + To Scale the Throne**

Texas gave birth to **David Koresh**, **Charles Whitman**, and hosted the assassination of **John F. Kennedy**. Out among this bleak, unforgiving landscape lies a little town known as **Houston**, which is home to **Bahimiron**. Though this is their first release on a "major" black metal label, the band has been putting out limited releases regularly for nearly seven years—most notably, a split with Finland's **Sargeist** in 2006. The music in this release is your fairly standard hateful black metal, which apparently was recorded live. The writing is adept, but truthfully, the most memorable thing about this band is their semi-apparent fascination with whiskey and violent American culture. While this may not be a terrible release, it really doesn't do anything but fill various stereotypes that have been pounded into black and pink gut-shit for the past many, many years—sort of like Texas. —*Conor Dow*

**Blessed by a Broken Heart**  
**Pedal to the Metal**  
**Century Media**  
**Street: 09.02**  
**Blessed by a Broken Heart =**

### Avenged Sevenfold + Journey In an honorable reference to **Homer Simpson**, I've heard bands suck

before, but *Blessed by a Broken Heart* are the suckiest bunch of sucks that ever sucked. My friends and I suffered through multiple listens of this album just for you and now I'm not quite sure what to do with the disc—it's not even a worthy coaster for a frosty brew. I am not really quite sure what the band is trying to do with their sound, but it comes off as highly annoying. The Montreal act tries to create some fun metal anthems, mixing in really bad 80s style keyboards, then tossing in some hardcore moments, then—oh yes, it gets worse—clean singing that makes you want to take the singer out in the street and hang him from a tree by his toenails, and finally, tons and tons of lavish guitar soloing that doesn't fit anything going on with the music at all. The mix is terrible as well, the rhythm section is virtually unnoticeable at times and when you can hear what's going on, it's completely pointless. Oh yeah, the lyrics—you'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll want to ram a Q-tip in your ear. "Move Your Body," boasts the chorus, of "Throw your hands up like you just don't care/Move your body to the beat"; "Show Me What You Got" screams out, "So take your best shot/Show me what you got/Is that all you got?" I heard what you got, *Blessed by a Broken Heart*, and I pray that the music world will ignore it and not find it camp or fun like you're trying to be. I know some bands that would gladly show you what they've got and bash a guitar over your head. —*Bryer Wharton*

### Bumtech Beware of D-G Self-Release Street: 09.09

**Bumtech = New Wave circa 2006**

While I wish I could tell you that Bumtech were able to channel **Devo** and the **B-52's** effectively, the truth is that they come off as the opening band that think they're far more clever than they really are. Surely geek-rock fans deserve something more intelligent, subversive or blindly fun than this collection of mindless drivel. But wait! At least there's "1000 Days" and "Waiting," which sounds like a **Lush** outtake and "Out of Range," which throws in some **R.E.M.**, but hey, that's progress. If they jettisoned the unwitty witticisms and set their sights on dream pop, they might actually have something. —*ryan michael painter*

### Chrome Division Booze, Broads and Beelzebub Nuclear Blast Street: 08.05

**Chrome Division = Motorhead + ZZ Top + Clutch + Norwegian flair**  
When I first came across Chrome Division with their 2006 debut, *Doomsday Rock N' Roll*, I was pleasantly sur-



prised. The band consists of **Shagrath** playing the rhythm guitar and contributing some vocals. Shagrath is best known for being the vocalist of one of Norway's biggest metal bands, **Dimmu Borgir**. The surprise was the fact that Shagrath was a part of the reason the band came to be; out of his and his buddies' love for old-school rock à la Motörhead, ZZ Top and **AC/DC**. While I enjoyed *Doomsday Rock N' Roll*, this record puts that one to bed and then some. The thing is basically just plain fun; not really intended to be all that serious; there are a ton of "biker rock" bands that wish they could come up with songs this raucous and fun. The guitars shred through you like an old cleaver hacking and hacking away on a cutting board with a broken whiskey bottle, until you're bloodied, bruised and running around doing things you would only do when you're inebriated beyond all perception. Every track hear is worth a sing-along, and the vocalist **Eddie Guz of The Carburetors** sounds like he's swallowed a bunch of razor blades. Production is slick without losing any of that gritty down-and-dirty stuff that a rock n' roll band should portray. This piece of music is filled with groove where guitar riffs and bass lines go hand in hand, and a wealth of howl-at-the-moon type guitar solos. The album title describes it all; I'm ready to hop on my bicycle with "Raven Black Cadillac" blaring from a boom box and pretend I'm a leather-clad big-bearded biker dude. —Bryer Wharton

## Cock Sparrer True To Yourself 7"

**TKO Records**

**Street: 08.19**

**Cock Sparrer = The Clash + Cockney Rejects**

Although it has been 30 years since Cock Sparrer crashed onto the punk scene and became some of the firsts in the oil movement, they've still got it. Side A of this 7" features "True to Yourself," a teaser from their upcoming album *Here We Stand*, which will be released later this year by **TKO**. The song is a catchy anthem that sounds as if it could have been written in the same era as many of the tracks on *Shock Troops*. Side B—a live version of the classic "Chip On My Shoulder"—is the real treat of this 7", though. The recording quality on this one is crisp and no band member overpowers the rest. Fingers crossed that Cock Sparrer can maintain their classic sound on their upcoming release without sounding like they're simply going through the same motions over and over again —Jeanette Moses

## The Dark Romantics Heartbreaker

**Lujo**

**Street: 09.09**

**The Dark Romantics = dark-sound-ing dance poop!!**

The Dark Romantics sound exactly like every middle-aged dance glam-goth rock band. I's crap! Just because you make it dark and moody still doesn't make it good. There are way too many bands that have a sound exactly like the sound of the Dark Romantics. This shit was cool in, like, 2004—get over it, ya losers. I wonder how long it is going to take for this whole dance-glam electro-rock fad to die out. Between this kind of music and emocore, it's enough to make me lose faith in music all together. A pointer to bands like The Dark

Romantics—incorporate some different influences, original sounds and quite acting like cookie-cutting sheep. Played out!! —Jon Robertson

## Deerhunter Microcastle

**Kranky**

**Street: 09.02**

**Deerhunter = The nicest, dirtiest, sleaziest, most gentle person you will ever meet**

Deerhunter are currently on tour opening up for **Nine Inch Nails** and on first finding this out, I looked the band up expecting to hear some gnarliness; instead I was pleasantly surprised to find some filthy-sounding pop music. This band is so drenched in reverb they sound like they're hanging out in the sewer. Deerhunter's musical compositions are mixed with cotton-candy choruses and sing-along vocal melodies while simultaneously containing dirty industrial noise and distortion. *Microcastle* sounds like bubblegum that you picked up off the street and started chewing. The band is opening up for Nine Inch Nails Sept. 3 at the E-Center and I hope they are as cool live as they are on CD. —Jon Robertson

## Dethbox Oofda!!!

**Self-Released**

**Street: 09.08**

**Dethbox = Some Girls + Gorilla Biscuits**



Littleton, Col., locals Dethbox appear to be a musically educated bunch fueled by punk-rock roots. They have a comedy-esque play on grind hardcore/punk, which you wouldn't unmask unless you did some research. Titles like "slumpadump" and "xcatfartsx" are of their 19 songs. Between Dethbox's track names and **Myspace** page, it's clear these dudes are all about being zany. The goofy metal/punk commodity usually bothers me; I usually just don't think it's funny. However, Dethbox has planned their small amount of time well and the comedy is not overbearing because it doesn't come through in the music itself. With speedy drums and crunchy guitars, Dethbox's sound has a **Black Flag** punk-era feel to it intersected by hardcore. The total time on the album is 8.3 minutes, with the longest song in at one minute six seconds. In the age of "thinking green," use Dethbox for your body-friendly chemical fix. —Nicole Dumas

## Duchess Says Anthologie des 3 Perchoirs

**Alien8**

**Street: 09.02**

**Duchess Says = DNA + early Devo + The Vanishing**

Now that the circa 2000 generation of

so-called no-wavers found favor with major labels and can afford slicker production, you might ask "who will fill these shoes?" Taking it back to the beginning; Montréal's Duchess Says is here now, spitting on your trust fund and in your Pro Tools rig, bouncing and sweating like East Village kids circa 1980. DS begins "Ccut Up" with a subtle imitation of **Rush's** "Tom Sawyer," then slinks into overdriven bass guitar, analog stabs, sci-fi leads and singer Annie-C's fusion of shouts and synthesized **Mariah Carey** high notes (the cool ones); "A Century Old" groans under how-low-can-you-go bass, a chugging backbeat, echoey vocals, shrieks and organ lines eviler than anything in the early-middle **Siouxsie** oeuvre. Nodding to their influences while adding enough of their own dynamic flavor, Duchess Says takes their music (and careers, hopefully) far beyond the usual disposable spasticity of the genre. —Dave Madden

## The Empty Mirror Overwhelm

**Landowner**

**Street: 09.09**

**The Empty Mirror = Kayo Dot + The White Strips + Marcy Playground** OK, here is the deal with the Empty Mirrors. If **Nirvana** was really lame and contrived and played directionless, non-driving grunge pop, you would have half the songs on *Overwhelm*. For the other half, you would have to imagine a completely bland **Toby Driver** acting like a complete putz and writing some cheeseball lyrics. This is two crappy albums all rolled up into one sweet-ass piece of shit. This album is so inconsistent I feel like all five members specialize in being bi-polar all the time. So I totally recommend picking up this album if you would like to torture yourself with passionless, contrived psychedelic mood music or if you're into your 40-year-old uncle's grunge band. Either way, you're in for some serious musical abuse. —Jon Robertson

## Growing All the Way

**The Social Registry**

**Street: 09.09**

**Growing = Black Dice + Panda Bear** This sounds *exactly* like Black Dice.

Surely you've heard Black Dice's recent collection of B-sides, *Load Blown*. Don't file the previous declaratives as negative; I'm simply stating a fact. This sounds like the essence of Black Dice. The real story here is how they think they can get away with it. *All the Way* is a solid collection of atmospheric growling electronics sounds. It is much more focused than their previous release, *Vision Swim*. I can say that their music is much more meditative and less abrupt than Black Dice, slowly revealing itself in six-minute segments. Maybe this album is more focused because it is the first without a proper drummer. It reminds me of another band that came into its own once they went without a drum kit—I'll give you one guess on what band that could be. —Andrew Glassett

## H2O

**CBGB OMFUG Masters: Live**

**MVD Audio**

**Street: 07.08**

**H2O = Bouncing Souls + Strung Out**

This live CD exploded through my stereo a few moments into "Family Tree"

and the next 44 minutes were as close as one can get to experiencing an actual show. Recorded live at *CBGB's* on August 19, 2002, and not suffering from the pitfalls of many live CDs, this release's sound quality is stellar and the rowdy crowd rarely overpowers the members of the band. However, the feedback, small talk between songs and handful of times you hear members of the crowd singing into the mic recreates a live H2O performance. "Thicker than Water" and "Guilty by Association" were some of my favorite tracks on the album. The release ends almost as suddenly as it began and left me wanting more. Ultimately, this live CD was the perfect tease to get ready for the band's performance with Rancid later this month. (*In the Venue*: 09.17) —Jeanette Moses

## Head on Collision Ritual Sacrifice

**Beer City Records**

**Street: 08.05**

**Head on Collision = Slayer + Exodus**

Head on Collision's debut album came a few decades too late; I can see that if this album was released in say, '84, it might be considered classic. Now it comes off as complete Slayer worship; funny how things change with time. So many bands have come and gone that play music that sound the exact same as Slayer. If you don't mind that fact and like music played really fast, with wailing guitar solos and a vocalist that sings as fast as he can about nothing other than violence, then by all means meet this collision head-on. The whole thing has an almost bad cover-band feel to it; yeah, the songs are original material, but the riff structure and pretty much everything else sounds like so much I've heard before from the thrash world. Admittedly, sometimes that actually works if the songwriting is decent, but this is not the case with *Ritual Sacrifice*; everything just melds into one big festering pot of stinky cabbage, not to mention some of the solos sound like they could've come from a group of 15-year olds' garage heavy-metal band. —Bryer Wharton

## Human Host Exploding Demon

**MT6**

**Street: 09.26**

**Human Host = Monster Mash**

Picture a costumed Halloween dance party under the sea with the majority of the patrons being evil sea creatures and sea monsters similar to the monster from **The Creature from the Black Lagoon**. Everyone at the party is buggin' out to a live band fronted by Aquaman, who is dressed up as **Cedric Bixlar-Zavala** from **Mars Volta** and backed by **SpongeBob** and other **Bikini Bottom** characters who are dressed up as **Ministry** and **Sonic Youth**. Someone has spiked the punch with LSD. The party is doing fine and everybody's acid trip is being good to them until Aquaman and The Bikini Bottom Band play a cover of the fifth track off this album, "Alien Fire/Birth Cycle," and everybody goes fucking bananas and tears each other apart. Imagine this and you might have an idea of what Human Host sounds like. —Jon Robertson



## Into Eternity *The Incurable Tragedy*

Century Media

Street: 09.02

**Into Eternity = "extreme progressive metal"**

Into Eternity is one of those bands that have received critical acclaim worldwide, but have never really gained as much respect in the metal community. It may be because they're too progressive for extreme metal fans and too extreme for the progressive fans; but if you've heard Into Eternity and that is the case, get off your metal rocker and open up your ears because the band is hands-down amazing. With one listen of *The Incurable Tragedy*, you'll have cold steel running through your veins; this sucker is metal through and through. Be it the classic influence with falsetto vocals screaming to their utmost glory, or the blasting riffs full of groove and violent speed with growled vocals, or the melodic guitar work and wicked soloing and clean singing, it's all so damned great. Whereas past albums came off as a bit disjointed and kind of threw listeners around in a stupor, this one is balanced within the styles infused together. The technical prowess displayed on this record just builds and builds. One of the main songwriters and founding members

**Tim Roth** wrote the record as an outlet to deal with his grief of losing close family members to cancer. Those emotions and feelings push through in the music; it's a metal album about death and tragedy, but it's in no way emo, and it's not morbid. Tt times it's just pissed the hell off and at times it's as if the band is screaming "why?" over and over again. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Karl Blau

*Nature's Got Away*

K Records

Street: 09.23

**Karl Blau = Mt. Eerie + The Microphones**

Karl Blau, an integral part of the collective based in Olympia, WA has released another full-length that sticks to what he does best—unconventional songwriting. The first few tracks are basic little jams with guitars and drums. Blau's lyrics are, as usual, stunning and the delivery is spectacular. The last half of the album is equally great. "2 Becomes 1" is one of the best tracks I've heard this year, and I'm constantly humming it hours after I listen. If you haven't heard Blau before, think of someone that would collaborate with **Phil Eleftrum** and, and you'll get a pretty good idea of this guy. Definitely check him out. —*Tom Carbone Jr.*

## Makeout Party *Lenghts and Limits*

Make Music Collective

Street: 09.16

**Makeout Party = Sigur Rós and Minus the Bear doing it while Braid watches**

Not to be confused with the fruit-bowl action of Anaheim's **The Makeout Party**, this is the New Jersey version known just as Makeout Party, which is definitely the better of the two. This whole album has a very complex yet organic vibe, at times sounding like

**The Get Up Kids** trying to math rock out and at other times sounding like a younger hipper version of **Built To Spill**. The highlight of the album is the

second track, "Back To Your Ways," which has a sound that is chill yet awesome, kind of like those big yellow, red and orange popsicles that the creepy ice-cream man used to sell to you. If the Makeout Party asked me to make out with them, I would seriously consider it, as long as they promised to sign my chest. —*Jon Robertson*

## The May Fire *The List*

Rock Whores Recordings

Street: 08.05

**The May Fire = Patti Smith + The Pixies + Sonic Youth + Donita Sparks and the Stellar Moments**

As third in a trilogy of self-released and self-recorded EPs over the space of a year or so, The May Fire's *The List*, is proof that in this time of instant superstardom, there are still DIY bands that start from the ground up and work hard to reach their goals. These three EPs come after already releasing the full-length debut *Right and Wrong* in the not-so-distant 2006, once more showing their valiant work ethic. Is it all worth it, though? Well ... that depends on what stance you take. Is their work on *The List* groundbreaking and new? No, it's not. Is it good? Yes, it is. Just because there's nothing overwhelmingly original about The May Fire's sound doesn't mean that they don't create their noise in a way that is original to them. Make sense? Their indie-laced rock n' roll is catchy and familiar-sounding enough to keep you wanting more ... enough said. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

## Motörhead

*Motorizer*

SPV

Street: 08.26

**Motörhead = iconic godly metal!**

Everyone's favorite metal band (if they're not one of your favorites, you have problems) have another classic album on their hands with *Motorizer*. The record is the 24th album recorded by **Lemmy & Co.** and it's straight-up Motörhead. The album actually reminds me a lot of one of my favorite Motörhead records, *Bastards*—the songs embody that classic feel with many that are extremely catchy. While Motörhead have always stayed true to their sound, they've always left room to try out new things and different sounds. I loved the last two albums, *Kiss of Death* and *Inferno*, but *Motorizer* tops them both in pure infectious nature. Many fair-weather fans think of Motörhead as just output by Lemmy, but the



band has been a solid three-piece for quite a while now, with **Mikkey Dee** on drums and **Phil Campbell** playing guitar. The guys definitely hit a groove

with this album, each playing at their best. Lemmy's bass seems a bit more prevalent than on the last records and his lyrics are fantastic. "Runaround Man," and "Rock Out" are surefire classics musically and lyrically for the mighty Motörhead. If there was any question as to Motörhead's integrity and the respect they've gained, this record will only answer it further that Motörhead are far beyond legendary. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Ol' Cheeky Bastards *Bag O' Tricks*

Vagrant Records

Street: 08.03

**Ol' Cheeky Bastards = The Pogues + Filthy Thieving Bastards + Joe Strummer**

Ol' Cheeky Bastards, although kind of an obvious name for a Celtic punk-influenced rock band, is a perfect name for this group of mainly two men who play this wonderfully interesting music. Celtic punk is nothing new and plenty of bands like **The Tossers** or the very popular **Flogging Molly** are already out there, but OCB aren't content to just churn out some watered-down version of what's already worked—they expand on the idea and bring in some interesting ideas ... like two instrumentals that show these boys can play their instruments, and the song "Church of the Holy Spook," which uses element of gospel music to make it jump. These guys have a winner here because they didn't worry about the right mix of punk and Celtic folk, they just worry about using whatever they could to make a good record. —*James Orme*

## The Psyke Project

*Apnea*

Lifeforce Records

Street: 08.08

**The Psyke Project = Boring mish-mash ripoff of decent bands**

As soon as I saw this fucking thing was on Lifeforce, I immediately wanted to trash it. I am so goddamned sick of the kind of cookie-cutter "metal" this label seems to excel in vomiting up that before I even listened to this release, I was trying to think up new and exciting ways to utterly destroy it. Then I read the release sheet: these guys apparently are trying to mix **Neurosis**, **Will Haven**, **Converge**, and early **Isis** "while applying their own unique approach." Mission. Fucking. Failed. Sorry guys, but detuning your guitars and trying to figure out how to meld D-Beat punk rock and metalcore just doesn't work for you. Can someone please give me something interesting to review? —*Gavin Hoffman*

## Rafter

*Sweaty Magic*

Asthmatic Kitty Records

Street: 09.09

**Rafter = Presets + Michael Jackson + !!!**

*Sweaty Magic* kicks off with glitchy **Jock Jams** equally cheesy and experimental—confusingly mixed to focus on bleeps and orchestra hits instead of the beat or bass line. Shortly thereafter, this mix starts to make sense—Rafter isn't out to make the next big dance album. In all courts, this is one of the first legitimate indie-pop albums, with catchy hooks, straightforward song builds, and perfectly simple lyrics. *Sweaty Magic* justifies itself with its exciting diversity

and dichotomy between the electronica and singer-songwriter vocals that are well written and sung. Take a lesson from Rafter kids—although we all like those neat sound effects and glitches, they work even better if you can actually write a song around them. —*Ryan Powers*

## Serena-Maneesh

*S-M Backwards*

Smalltown Supersound

Street 09.23

**Serena-Maneesh = My Bloody Valentine + Spacemen 3**

The other side of the world has a lot to offer—for example, this double album from Norway's Serena-Maneesh. Two for one! I wish I could get that type of deal every time I bought a pack of smokes. These re-released tracks are the perfect blend of mystery and shoe-gaze. There is something super alluring about the hardly understandable vocals that seem to be one with the instruments. Even with melodic harmonies, Serena-Maneesh is a band that is as tough as nails—not something for swoopy bangs and *Nightmare Before Christmas* tees. Both albums stay balanced, with a combination of mellow tracks and ones filled with heavy-duty noise. With that kind of variety, this double-whammy has a life span in the stereo far larger than most. You can count on *S-M Backwards* to not fall into early retirement. —*Lyuba Basin*

## Shogu Tokumaru

*Exit*

Almost Gold Recording

Street: 09.02

**Shogu Tokumaru = Cornelius + M. Ward + Hayao Miyazaki**

He wears his influences on his sleeve but doesn't seem to mind. Tokumaru is a home studio musician, performing and tracking everything himself. Although this is not a new concept, he was very successful in making the music sound like it was recorded not only in a proper studio, but possibly a studio buried within an enchanted forest. On the outset, this may appear to be predictable modern folk music, but it is put through the prism of Japanese oneirology and anime. The result is something unexpected and wonderful. Lyrically, Tokumaru draws heavily from his dream journal and sings about "Green Rain" and "Future Umbrellas." There is a lot of tricky guitar plucking weaving its way through familiar chord progressions and interpretations heavily influenced by the **Beatles** and the **Beach Boys**. Sonically, this is an album of tremendous variety and harmony. —*Andrew Glassett*

## Sic Fucks

*CBGB OMFUG Masters:*

*Live October 13, 2006 The Bowery Collection*

MVD

Street: 08.05

**Sic Fucks = Fear + The Dictators - anything good about those bands**

For a label that tends to half-ass everything they do, MVD's *CBGB Masters* series was actually going pretty well. Releases from **The Queers**, **H2O** and **The Toasters** may not have been incredible, but they were at least entertaining collections for die-hard fans. So, how could MVD fuck up this no-brainer of a series? Enter the Sic Fucks: a band



more known in the late 70s for selling hair dye (*Manic Panic* in particular) than for making music. As far as I can tell, this is the only official release by the band, and I'm not exactly clamoring for more. Predictable crappy tunes like "St. Louis Sucks" and "Fags on Acid" are bad enough, but where the band truly fails is on their nightmarish, summer-camp sing-along version of "Blitzkrieg Bop." Seriously, how do you fuck up a **Ramones** song? This one should've stayed in the vault. —*Ricky Vigil*

## Static Thought *The Motive for Movement* Hellcat

Street: 09.09

Static Thought = The Unseen + Societys Parasites + Black Flag

For a while, Hellcat was nothing more than a **Rancid** clone factory (I'm looking at you, **Time Again** and **Left Alone**!) and it transformed from one of my favorite labels to one I just didn't care about. However, it seems those days have passed, and though Static Thought may not be the harbinger for the second coming of Hellcat's glory days, they've definitely put out a solid street-punk record with *The Motive for Movement*. The Unseen's influence on this band is apparent, especially on "Vindication," with its anthemic chorus and wailing guitar, and "The Reason I Breathe" sounds more than a little like Black Flag. Album closer "Conquest of Saints" is the standout track, featuring a creepy acoustic intro that gives way to the album's most explosive and exciting track. This album's no masterpiece, but it's loud, fast and fun, and sometimes that's all punk rock needs to be. (*Avalon*: 09.23) —*Ricky Vigil*

## The Stills *Oceans Will Rise* Canvas Media / Arts & Crafts Street: 08.19

The Stills = The Postal Service + Placebo + The Police in their early years

Experimental pop music has never been a favorite of mine, but then again, I've never heard it turn out this well. *Oceans Will Rise* is a multi-dimensional album with many layers. Some of the songs, specifically the first track, "Don't Talk Down," are impossible to listen to without swaying back and forth and having the urge to get up and dance. Others, like the last song, "Statue of Sirens," are slower, more contemplative pieces that are perfect for listening to on your iPod when you're riding on the subway (or *Trax*) or while you're doing things around home on a rainy afternoon. The lyrics are thoughtful throughout and, although the instrumentals tend to be a bit repetitive, the vocals are always fresh and varied. *Oceans* is a big step up from the band's previous, less innovative albums. Have a listen and you just might find yourself longing for another couple of rounds. —*Erin Kelleher*

## TAB the Band *Long Weekend* North Street Records

Street: 08.12

TAB the Band = Aerosmith + Deep Purple + The Kinks

TAB the Band's sound immediately brings an early Aerosmith to mind. In fact, I hear a lot of classic rock in these guys, and surprising, it's pretty enjoy-

able for what it is. Their debut album was highly acclaimed by critics all over the place, and I'm pretty sure *Long Weekend* will follow suit, appealing to modern rock fans and classic rock fans alike. These guys are noisy, but not so much to turn away novice listeners. Catchy riffs abound, and my favorite track, "Where She Was on Monday," actually lays off the heavy guitars and places a bit more emphasis on vocals and bass. Pick this up if you're an Aerosmith fanboy, or if you're a little disappointed with the modern rock scene today. These guys are sure to please. —*Tom Carbone Jr.*

## Templars *Out of the Darkness 7"* TKO Records

Street: 08.19

Templars = Cockney Rejects + The Clash + Agent Orange

Although neither song on this 7" is particularly infectious, this release did give me a craving to hear more from a band that I never properly took the time to investigate when I was younger. Both songs featured on this 7" are brand new efforts from the band. "Weighed Down," featured on the B-side, was by far my favorite track, even with its abrupt ending. It's hard to imagine kids that have never heard of the Templars eating this one up, but longtime fans will probably take interest in the new material. And now it's time to play the waiting game to see if either of these brand new songs will end up on an upcoming album. —*Jeanette Moses*

## This or the Apocalypse *Monuments* Lifeforce

Street: 09.16

This or the Apocalypse = August Burns Red + Shai Hulud + Misery Signals

I call for a widespread organic music movement similar to the organic foods movement (if one can call it that). I call for recordings by bands that haven't Pro-Tooled and compressed the hell out of their sound until it becomes a processed music product. Until that day comes, we will end up with the musical equivalent of Jimmy Dean Sausage. This or the Apocalypse will need to drastically change if they are going to get the organic seal of approval. While they are technically proficient recorded, it's so canned that all of the feeling and rawness afforded by a more natural recording is lost. This is another in a long string of passionate metalcore releases that ape the sounds of Shai Hulud but contain little of the interesting song structure or passion. The vocals on this album are good and are one aspect that does stand out. This should satisfy anyone looking for a technical emotional metalcore record. But, as with Jimmy Dean Sausage, a little goes a long way. (09.27 *Studio 600*) —*Peter Fryer*

## Tindersticks *The Hungry Saw* Constellation Records

Street 09.16

Tindersticks = Tchaikovsky + Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I learn over and over again you can't judge a book by its cover, or a band by its band name or an album by the silly little picture of a saw going through a heart. I was expecting nothing more

than a sad little boy crying about how high school is rough and how his heart is broken (the saw through heart, maybe?). I have never in my life been so happy to be mistaken. To my surprise, a deep voice came bolting out of the speakers, accompanied by what seemed to be a whole orchestra filled with strings, wings and all sorts of things. Though it wouldn't be a personal pick, I was easily impressed with the romanticism that came from this album. Like the saying goes, you don't have to agree to appreciate. Plus it's always good to freshen your ears with something on a whole different plane. —*Lyuba Basin*

## Trigger the Bloodshed *Purgation* Metal Blade

Street: 08.19

Trigger the Bloodshed = Six Feet Under + Deicide + Dismember

Seventeen songs in less than 40 minutes—that's what Trigger the Bloodshed deliver with their debut originally released on **Rising Records** now getting a bigger release treatment with Metal Blade. The band has a simplistic tone to their gritty death metal, based mostly in blasting than anything else, although moments of technicality and groove step in on occasion. There are also filler moments, at least some would consider them such, though they do set a nice dark, foreboding atmosphere for the hate-spewing tracks. Trigger the Bloodshed aren't out to deliver something new, though they do like to carry forth some old-school sounds: a mix of European and American death metal. The UK band does what they do quite well and when the leads or strange guitar tones are going, they really excel. There is great promise in this simplistic yet brutal band; it may take some time to wander in the bloody waters the band has crafted, but once you adjust, you'll be feeling nice and comfy in a violent sort of way. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Tussle *Cream Cuts* Smalltown Supersound Street: 08.26

Tussle = Outhud + Chromatics

If a gigantic robot ate me and there was a party in its cavernous pre-digestion chamber, there's a good chance that *Cream Cuts* would be the last music I heard before the metal beast's synthetic stomach acids dissolved my body into energy and waste. High-pitched tones swirl atop straightforward dance beats and kitschy synths at irregular intervals — they swell and flux, dissipate into what sound like echo chambers, and drop off until all one hears is what might be a mechanical heartbeat before a steady, stylish buildup brings the whole song back to a pinnacle of gastro-intensity. Tussle is on the way up—the four-piece amalgam of electronic and traditional players has toured with **YACHT** and **Hot Chip**, and the latter's singer collaborated on one of *Cream Cuts*' tracks. Watch for Tussle to begin to infiltrate SLC hipster parties as soon as those fools learn what's good for them. —*Nate Martin*

## Varghokhargasmal *Drowned in Lakes* tUMULT

Street: 07.01

Varghokhargasmal = Burzum (post-imprisonment) + Ulver (the folk album) + Super Mario Brothers

I'll make you a guarantee: If you've ever cracked the covers of any issue of *Guitar Player* magazine, downloaded a **Steve Vai** tablature, or even nodded your head along to a **Dream Theater** song, you will absolutely despise Varghokhargasmal with every fiber of your guitar-choad soul. Shit, if you've even raved about the start-stop technicality of **Terrorizer** or the grandeur of **Deathspell Omega**, you might be wise to avoid this marvelous slab of jaw-droppingly clumsy folkish metal. Although "Drowned In Lakes" is decorated with all the trappings appropriate to a black metal album (misty naturescape, aggressively jagged band logo, scaly dragon whose fiery breath becomes an ouroboros), what awaits the listener is much more akin to Burzum's *Daudi Baldrs* or Ulver's *Kveldssanger*. Meaning that those expecting music appropriate to beer-swilling and teeth-gnashing will be sorely disappointed by *Drowned in Lakes*. Varghokhargasmal is bound to be despised by metal purists and defended by ironic hipster retards like myself. Step outside yourself for a minute and take a chance on a charming and blissfully clumsy novelty. —*Ben West*

## Young Widows *Old Wounds*

Temporary Residence

Street: 09.01

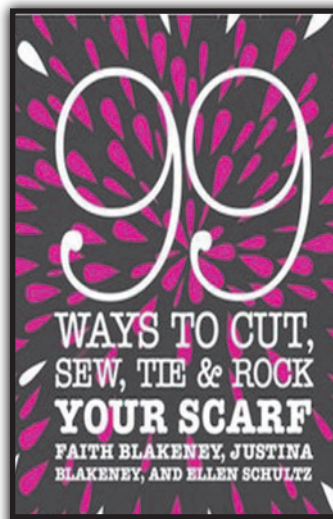
Young Widows = Fugazi + Rabbit Ears



Despite the thoughtful craftsmanship, varied song structures, and top-notch production on Young Widows' second release, it sounds about as fresh as ... well, an old, crusted-over wound. Widows, which is three-quarters of former Louisville hot-shot noise four-piece **Breather Resist**, has taken a turn to the stoney side, and *Old Wounds* will most likely appeal to thirtysomethings who took enough acid during the 90s that their brains stopped developing at the apex of their **Jesus Lizard** phase. Even the drums sound fuzzed out, and the often-repetitive lyrics cover drugs and rock n' roll with none of the poetics of **Craig Finn** or **Nick Cave**. Widows' up-tempo tracks succeed most and resemble something like a muddled **Murder City Devils**, but these all inevitably descend into reverb jam sessions. It's surprising such a progressive label as Temporary Residence would release something that sounds so tired. —*Nate Martin*



# BOOKS



## **99 Ways to Cut, Sew, Tie & Rock Your Scarf**

**Faith Blakeney, Justina Blakeney and Ellen Schultz**  
Potter Craft [Street: 03.04]

Welcome to episode three of creative ways to recycle your old clothing into something fresh and fun. From the three crafty ladies who brought the world *99 Ways to Cut, Sew, Trim and Tie Your T-shirt into Something Special* and *99 Ways to Cut, Sew, and Deck Out Your Denim* comes a book with 99 different ways to do something with an old scarf. Although some of the patterns contained in this series of books are a little hit or miss, the scarf book misses more often than not. As always, the directions are easy enough that anyone could follow them, but the real bummer is that many of the included ways to rock your scarf just aren't that innovative or cute. There are a few hits – I was a big fan of the winter handkerchief skirt – but I think the reconstruction of clothing may be better suited for heartier fabrics like t-shirts and denim. Call me old-fashioned, but ultimately, I'd rather rock my scarves in my hair or around my neck than as an ill-fitting dress or a flimsy bikini bottom. –Jeanette Moses

## **All That's Left**

**Jack Hirschman**  
City Lights Foundation  
[Street: 04.15]

Political poet and revolutionary, Jack Hirschman is from an older school of dissent. The poems collected in *All That's Left* showcase his tenure as poet laureate of San Francisco, with a small selection pulled from a few of his fifty-odd volumes of political street-verse. Hirschman's reputation aside, enjoyment of this book of poetry depends largely on the reader's relationship with headline issues of the past few years. But to be fair, enjoyment isn't

exactly the point here. Subjects span Katrina and Virginia Tech, our war, our parents' war and their parents' war, and the verse is deliberately blatant and unflinching. The majority of the poems are invested in the truth of things, much more than their beauty. I've always been pretty bad at current events, and these poems were either too simply stated to affect me, or they referenced names and details I didn't understand. If you're poorly informed or a little apathetic about today's global humanitarian issues (be honest now), then do not expect *All That's Left* to generate much inspiration. However, if you've picketed in the last week, or you're an informed and compassionate individual, then Hirschman is your man. The first chapter is an interesting transcription of an autobiographical inauguration speech, but all in all this volume of lyrical street corner politics is most readily appreciated by the previously involved.

–Jesse Hawlish

## **Architecture of Authority** **John MacArthur and Richard Ross**

Aperture [Street: 09.01]

Richard Ross moves the reader through socializing environments, from the kindergarten classroom to confessional. I was reminded of the anxious feelings waiting on the hard fiberglass chairs to see the principle in the linoleum clad hallway and of longing to be the line-leader. Ross's images play to our suspicion that authoritative architecture is used to dominate and control. However, he mixes in shots of the *United Nations General Assembly Room*, which made me reconsider the idea that authority is inherently negative. What Ross presents is a narrative of unchecked control. His few shots of religious and court buildings are ambiguous – much good is done through constitutional rule of law and religious organizations. Once Ross gets to *Abu Ghraib*, however, we understand that there is nothing ambiguous in the use of control to break down the potentially innocent. This is not what government or religion intends to do, but architecture reinforces authority, which too often controls and subordinates.

–Collin Smith

## **The Fashion Book** **Editors of Phaidon Press** Phaidon [Street: 06.03]

**Jared Gold** once said, "Fashion is a dangerous mistress." My question would be, is she a whore too? Check out your local Kohl's department store and you can find something made by **Vera Wang**. Or maybe even something designed by **Zac Posen** at Target? Like most great art forms – it eventually becomes available to the masses. There is a trickle-down effect on all sides of a prostitute of this nature, including the books that catalogue the art in

# ALoud

question. Many fashion books have been released that are very similar to this one. They try to be all-inclusive encyclopedias of the history of fashion. An obvious coffee table book, the selected articles are very well notated and informational. My complaint is the pressing of the book as a paperback does not carry the weight of the original hardbound edition. I can't help but feel this is a shoddy knock-off of the original. –Andrew Glassett

## **Tokyo**

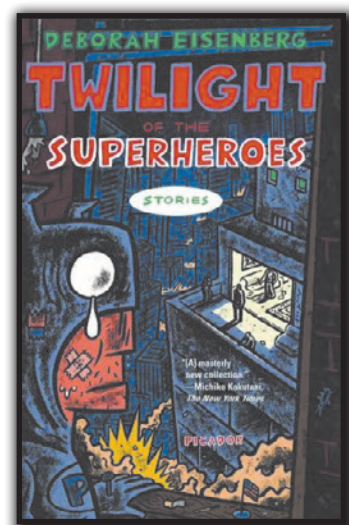
**Takashi Homma**  
Aperture [Street: 05.2008]

Placid, detached and isolated – Takashi Homma's pictures of Tokyo seem sterile and distant as they show booming industry and steady growth. His collection of photographs (taken over a 10-year span) shows a city that he seems to hate but can't get enough of. Opening with pictures of Denny's, McDonalds and other "American" institutions, Homma's pictures show a Japan that could just as easily be Minnesota. Is this a critique of globalization? Tokyo starts to resemble the sadly familiar, hegemonic and self-destructive commercial system. Homma allows the viewer to be perplexed by these unanchored locations. But he is captivated by the youth culture that embraces these global companies. The images of condo developments stand stark, naked. The youth wear the clothes that every television program tells them they should. Everything that Homma captures looks more "American" than any place I have visited in these United States. Turning the camera on his home, himself and his daughter, Homma seems to offer hope in this dull dystopia. The intimacy of these final shots contrast sharply with his images of the exterior world. But there is a small joke here, it's not his daughter or his home. So what is he hoping for? Is artificial the new real? I think he is showing that to have any sense of purpose or place in this franchised life, we have to embrace the artificial world, make it our own and define ourselves with the tools we have.

–Collin Smith

## **Twilight of the Superheroes** **Deborah Eisenberg** Picador [Street: 02.01.07]

In terms of pure aesthetic, Deborah Eisenberg is probably one of the finest prose writers currently at work. Her best sentences feel like baskets of carefully hand-picked words, modestly wrapped around the most oddly captivating notions and left on your front porch, as if to say "Here. Ponder whether or not dogs have to fight sadness as tirelessly as humans. Enjoy!" On that level, Eisenberg's collection of short stories, *Twilight of the Superheroes*, is an ultimate success. However, it must also be said that if a flaw exists in the work, it is character development. Apathetically



navigating their way through very unassuming plots, Eisenberg's protagonists seem more like props than people, blank canvases on which to paint pretty pictures. But both her acumen with words and the concepts those words explore more than redeem the flatness of her heroes, making *Twilight* ultimately enjoyable and worth reading at least twice. (*Hard Boiled Book Club*, Sam Weller's Sept. 30) –JR Boyce

## **Beer in the Beehive: A History of Brewing in Utah** [Second Edition]

**Del Vance**  
Dream Garden Press [Street: 08.01]

With a surprising amount of sales of the original *Beer in the Beehive*, this new edition is only a complement on Vances's original. Much like the first edition, this book introduces you to the prolific history of brewing in Utah, the sheer ridiculous nature of Utah's liquor laws and the church that is controlling them. Moreover, the second edition of *Beer in the Beehive* has provided more emphasis on the status of the ongoing battle of prohibition still present in the U.S. and the religious zealots that are promoting it. Also included are more photographs of artifacts and information that Vance has obtained since the release of the first edition. The second edition even mentions of Vance's forthcoming pub, The Beehive Pub. With the in depth knowledge of quality beers and breweries that we've produced in the bee(r)hive state, this book is killer for any beer lover, Utahan anarchist or veteran of the Utah beer drinking scene. Cheers. –Tyler Makmell



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 8th Centromatic, South San Gabriel, Cub Country  
 9th Broken Silence, TBA (Hip Hop)  
 10th Rootz Underground, The Body, Blues Dart  
 11th Three Reasons, Megatank, Nova Burn  
 12th SLUG Localized: Vile Blue Shades, Fuck The Informer, Travis Bird: a benefit for Sean Henefer  
 13th Sweatshop Union, Synthesis, Scenic Byway  
 14th Time To Talk Tween Tunes: Coyote Hoods, Ether Orchestra, Glinting Gems  
 15th Eek-A-Mouse, MBAR  
 16th Motif Onyx, All Time Ending, Triggers & Slips  
 17th SLAJO  
 18th The Devil Whale TOUR SEND OFF!, Black Hens, Dead Horse Point  
 19th Pagan Dead, The Boomsticks, Tragic Black  
 20th Mike Sartain CD RELEASE  
 21st People Under the Stairs, Mindstate, Blue Collar Theory  
 22nd Living Legends, The Bayliens, Grayskul

23rd Shearing Pinx, Agape, Trouble on the Prairie  
 24th Mr Gnome, The Good Bites  
 25th Mystical Spatula, Drodna, La Farsa  
 26th Dr Dog, Hacienda, Marcus Bentley & The Deseret Drifters  
 27th Vicious Starfish, The Craving, Wynn & Twain  
 28th Stephen Kellogg & The Sixers, Donny Bonelli & The Kites  
 30th WHY?, Bart Davenport  
 Oct. 2nd Laughter CD Release, Subrosa  
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 20th Legendary Pink Dots  
 Nov. 8th Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks



**Sept. 18th The Devil Whale**  
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# DVD REVIEWS

DVD-REVIEWS-DVD-REVIEWS-DVD-REVIEWS-DVD

## The Dali Dimension: Decoding The Mind Of A Genius

Dalinet

Street: 08.05

Anyone who enjoys art, be it modern, post modern, pop art, fauvism, or any other of the many "ism's" out there knows how much of an influence **Salvador Dali** has been on the world of art, but not many people know what a positive influence he has also made in the world of science. This DVD goes even deeper into the man's mind with interviews with close friends and acquaintances, accompanied by clips of Dali speaking about all the random thoughts that would leak from his mind onto the canvas. Most people thought he was just eccentric, but he was quite learned in science. In the interviews with scientists who had the privilege to meet and discuss things with Dali, it seems as if they are taken aback by his knowledge of new concepts and ideas in the scientific world. This is just one more example that art is the way to all understanding. —*Adam Dorobila*

## High Times Presents: The 20th Anniversary Cannabis Cup

MVD Visual

Street: 09.05

The Stoner Superbowl. Marijuana fantasy camp. It started 20 years ago with a dozen or so people gathering in Amsterdam to share their most recent strain of cannabis. Still held in Amsterdam, it has recently exploded into a five-day event celebrating one of the most talked about substances in the world. There are 3,000 judges and several thousand spectators who converge to experience the brotherhood of the bud. The movie explains the "pot-litics" of the event and how the bigger companies give out the most pot for free and in turn get the most votes. Luckily, there is somewhat of a check and balance system in the blind judging of the Seed Company Cup, in which a small group of the cup's organizers decide who has the best pot. This is the most coveted prize, and smaller companies often steal the win from the larger conglomerates. The judges vote in the categories of appearance, smell, taste and the high. They sit in a room and smoke continuously for 24 hours until there is a clear winner. Redman was there to perform, and did his best to out-smoke everyone (which he quite possibly did). In the end, the hype for this event is probably fueled more by the fact that this is one of the only places in the world where this kind of thing is possible. Nonetheless, it really is a Mecca that religious stoners should aspire to visit at least once in their lives. —*Andrew Glassett*

## Iggy & the Stooges: Escaped Maniacs

MVD Visual

Street: 07.08



Close your eyes and you might be fooled into thinking this show is an early '70s Stooges set. The performance quality is as raw as ever – Iggy howling over the treble-heavy explosions and shrieks behind him. Open up your eyes and you see a few more pounds, minimal stage violence and even the replacement bassist, the legendary **Mike Watt** (who knows these songs by working for years with brothers **Scott** and **Ron Asheton**), looking old. Though admittedly a "for the money" show, you won't notice the bad blood just under the surface of this shaky reunion as the band tears through their compact-yet-fabulous repertoire (minus "Search and Destroy," sadly). More interesting, however, is the hour-long, unedited interview with Pop by a nervous **Tracy Landecker**. An amiable Iggy discusses the early days, quotes **Marshall McLuhan**, dishes dirt on *Velvet Goldmine* producer **Michael Stipe** and stands up midway to pop his back, shout a curse word and ask "how much time do we have left?" Badass. —*Dave Madden*

## Lower Class Brats: This is Real

TKO Records

Street: 07.22

This DVD is a far cry from what I expected. *This is Real* promises a glimpse into the life of a touring punk-rock band and that the film was 13-years in the making. Unfortunately, this "documentary" should be labeled as what it actually is: a concert DVD that features candid moments of band members between every song or two. All of the live footage appears to have been shot during the same show and the brief band interviews between songs are about what you could expect from four punk rock dudes. As far as a live con-

cert DVD goes, it's not bad. The band plays many crowd favorites like "Safety Pinned and Sick," "Who Writes Your Rules" and "PSYCHO." Fortunately, the video footage and sound quality doesn't detract from the performance. The DVD comes with a bunch of extras and a CD that features a handful of demos. My favorite was a short excerpt from an actual documentary called *Just Like Clockwork*. Ultimately, this DVD isn't bad, but it's not as good as it makes itself out to be. (09.23 *Avalon*) —*Jeanette Moses*

## Punk's Not Dead Aberration Films and Red Rover Films

Street: 08.11

One of the most cliché phrases is "Punk's not dead." When uttered the majority of the time, it starts arguments of different social classes of punk: past, present and future (if there is a future, right?). After the first 10 minutes of **Susan Dynner's** documentary, it is evident that not only is she a talented filmmaker, but in many ways punk isn't dead and never will be. Sure, the underground isn't what it was in the early days, but so what? Through innumerable interviews and footage from an incalculable amount of people and bands, including but not limited to **The Adicts, The Damned, UK Subs, Rancid, Social Distortion, Green Day, Minor Threat, Black Flag, and The Ramones**, Dynner creates a journey from past to present and makes her audience a believer in the punk rock ethos of DIY and the true spirit of punk rock, regardless of who's bringing it. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

## Satatango Facets Video

Street: 07.22

Holy shit! Why would anyone initially think that making a seven-and-a-half-hour film is a good idea? I don't think I'll ever gain the feeling back in my left ass cheek. **Bela Tarr's** *Satatango* ranks #20 on the all-time longest movies list (#1 is **Zhang Shichuan's** *The Burning of the Red Lotus Temple* at 27 hours in length). Based on **László Krasznahorkai's** novel – which you could probably read in the same amount of time it takes to watch the film – *Satatango* surveys the inhabitants of a small village as they are tricked into leaving their settlement by former locals who were once thought to be dead. Granted, the humdrum plot isn't what drives the strength of this film. The tone and cinematography make it stand out as a striking artistic achievement. There's a recent study on the average shot lengths (ASL) in current films and how they continue to decline as the attention spans of young viewers dwindle – thanks, MTV. While several recent films have an ASL of 2-3 seconds, Tarr is

known for shots lasting several minutes. Instead of attempting to register 20 images per minute, Tarr forces the viewer to register, analyze and remember one illustration at a time. It's an experience you won't soon forget. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Witman Boys Facets Video

Street: 08.26

When I think of the pacing and dialogue of **János Szász's** *The Witman Boys*, the first words that come to mind are "monotonous" and "lethargic." However, there is much more than meets the eye in this 1997 tale of two boys coping with the loss of their father. Cinematographer **Tibor Máthé** captures an eerily elegant turn-of-the-century Hungary with a significant use of firelight and natural resources, which in turn creates the greatest reason for viewing the film. While witnessing the disturbing actions of **János (Alpár Fogarasi)** and **Ernő (Szabolcs Gergely)**, one may question what their own reaction would be to the death of a parent. Would you sit in a ball and cry? Murder defenseless animals in your attic? Make out with prostitutes at the local brothel? In the case of the Witmans, it's a big "yes"...well, minus the crying like a bitch part. Szász's film blends the worlds of childhood simplicity and adult wisdom through the eyes of adolescents who walk a fine line between both. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Work Series: Musician Facets

Street: 2007

Long before **Michael Moore** made documentary films by taking an oversized check into a corporate headquarters to protest wages, documentaries looked more like this one—slow, honest and without many voice-overs. Though many prefer the MTV-style of documentary filmmaking, there's something to be said about a film with a story compelling enough to be told without bells or whistles. Part of a series about people and their jobs, *Musician* follows **Ken Vandermark**, a man who makes his living playing avant-garde improv jazz. And while this seems a little thin on the surface, the hour-long film is fascinating. We are shown how many ensembles Vandermark records with, how many deplorable club dates and tours he has to do and how much time he has to spend practicing to remain on the top of his game. The film can be hard to watch, as it strips away the mystique that surrounds a career in music. But at the same time, it is mesmerizing, as we are shown how hard someone has to work if they want to earn a living doing what they enjoy. It is entertaining and empowering, spectacular and mundane, amusing and redemptive. This movie is required viewing for those wanting a career in music. —*James Bennett*





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- SEPT. 18TH : "GAG WEAR" DEBUT CLOTHING SHOWCASE FEATURING THE STYLINGS OF JAGGED EDGE SALON
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## Friday

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years of Area 51

**Downstairs:** "Club Hardware" Goth and Industrial  
\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Kamikazes, \$2 Coronas

## Saturday

**Upstairs:** "Rhythm Wreck" Alternative, Techno & Dance

**Downstairs:** "Subculture" Industrial, Gothic & 80's  
\$3 before 10pm, \$5 after 10pm, \$3 Sex on the Beach

## • Sept 10th

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# DAILY CALENDAR

DAILY-CALENDAR-DAILY-CALENDAR-DAILY-CALENDAR-DAILY

## Friday, September 5

Brokencyde, School Boy Humor, CoVendetta, Lets Get It, Vogue in the Movement, Lexi SayOK – *Avalon*  
Inverse, The Beginning at Last, Sidedish, Confidence the Killer – *X Room*  
Tyrone Wells, Jason Reeves – *Velour*  
Blueroot – *The Fifth*  
Mean Molly's Trio – *Brewskies*  
Renee Broderick – *Tin Angel*  
Darker My Love, The Furs, Laserfang – *Kilby*  
The Ides O' Soul – *Pat's*  
Outside Society, Scripted Apology, Buddha Pie – *Outer Rim*  
Sabotage, Stereotype, Funk & Gonzo – *Liquid Joe's*  
Tolchock Trio CD Release, Ted Dancin' – *Urban*  
Due West, Hot Country Nights – *Harry O's*  
CunninLynguists – *Aperture*  
Rattlesnake Shake, The Krypled, Truce, Grim Prophecy, Ediphonic – *Club Vegas*  
Irony Man, Nurse Sherry – *Burt's*  
From Factory to Forest – *Contemporary Design and Art Gallery*  
Sonya Dinsdale Art Show – *Utah Arts Alliance*  
Illegal Beagle, Talking Bombs, The Dead City Dregs, The Play Dead Movement – *Artopia*  
**Happy Birthday James Bennett**

## Saturday, September 6

Doomstock: Iota, Deer Creek, Work Horse, Old Timer – *Burt's*  
Tolchock Trio CD Release, Patterstats, The Lionelle – *Kilby*  
Jessy Jamze's Bday Party – *Trapp Door*  
Brunch: Derek Wright – *Tin Angel*  
Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*  
**Avenues Street Fair – Avenues**  
Darren Thornley and the Bergs – *Johnny's*  
Duffy Kane Jazz & Bleus Band – *Sandtrap*  
Kate Ledouce, The Soul Terminators – *Bar Deluxe*  
Uprok Night – *Orange*  
Dinner: Pioneer Playboyz – *Tin Angel*  
Blues on First – *Bayou*  
The Kap Bros Band – *American Legion*  
Roller Derby: Bomber Babes vs. Sisters of No Mercy – *Olympic Oval*  
Roller Derby After Party – *Point After*  
Form of Rocket, The Future of the Ghost, Red Bennies – *Urban*  
Royal Bliss, Drop Dead Julio, Three Reasons – *Club Vegas*  
Adam Freeland, Brian Blurr, Loki – *In the Venue*  
Red Rock Rondo's Zion Canyon Song Cycle CD Release – *Rose Wagner*  
**SLUG Magazine Farmers Market Booth – Pioneer Park**  
The Royal Tees – *Woodshed*  
A Cassandra Utterance, Calm Before

the Crash, Kristian Heald Project – *Avalon*

## Sunday, September 7

Inked in Blood, Take It Back, My Epic – *Why Sound*  
Eat Local Food Swap – *People's Market*  
Legendary Porch Pounders – *Sandtrap*  
LAHPAH Fest – *Gallivan*  
Jucifer, Top Dead Celebrity – *Bar Deluxe*  
The Dirty Hearts, The Hotness, Sex on the Run – *Urban*

## Monday, September 8

Centro-Matic: South San Gabriel, Cub Country – *Urban*  
The Contra, Hard Luck, Ryun – *Burt's*  
Matt Pless, Joey Taylor – *Addicted*  
The Blues Devils Blues Reveue & Jam – *Zanzibar*  
Colour Revolt, Atherton, Paul Jacobsen, The Madison Arm – *Solid Ground*  
Critical Condition in Spanish – *Sorenson Unity Center*  
Uprok Night – *Kristauf's*  
Women in Cages: Black Momma, White Momma and the Big Doll House – *Red Light Books*

## Tuesday, September 9

Night Marchers, Danger Hailstorm – *Burt's*  
For Today, Dr. Acula, With Dead Hands Rising – *Why Sound*  
Mean Molly's Trio, Fake Problems, Look Mexico, Cobra Van Cleef, Bernicious Knid – *Woodshed*  
Broken Silence – *Urban*

## Wednesday, September 10

**Happy Birthday Dave Madden**  
Terror, Death Before Dishonor, The Warriors, CDC, Trapped Under Ice – *Club Sound*  
Flash Cabbage, Lionfish, Ediphonic – *Burt's*  
Fundraiser for Cary Wichmann – *Area 51*  
Rose Funeral, The Breathing Process, Red I Fight, Years Spent Cold – *Why Sound*  
Seriously Evan – *Outer Rim*  
Taxi to the Dark Side – *City Library*  
Rootz Underground, The Body, Blues Dart – *Urban*  
The Hellfire Villainy, Grimmway, Kiss Me Kill Me, ODS – *Liquid Joe's*  
Body of War – *Post Theatre*  
**SLUG Night w/ DJ Radar – Area 51**

## Thursday, September 11

Under the Drone, Such Vengeance, SKINT – *Burt's*  
DJ/DC vs Master Shredder Battle – *Trapp Door*  
Terri Clark – *Paladium*  
Uprok Night – *Hotel*  
Know Ur Roots – *Piper Down*

Paul Thorn – *Pat's*  
Dew Tour – *fuel.tv*  
Lion Fish Trio – *Tin Angel*  
Three Reasons, Megatank, Nova Burn – *Urban*  
Nick Jaina, Blitzen Trapper, The Black Hens – *Kilby*  
4-Play Concert Series: Postcards Home, Elizabethan Report, From Eden, Murly – *Avalon*

## Friday, September 12

The Rosewood Thieves, Vicious Starfish, The Craving – *Burt's*  
A Flatline Tragedy, The Beginning at Last – *Why Sound*  
The Kap Bros – *Pat's*  
Drew Danburry CD Release, Will Sartain, Seve vs, Evan, Michael Gross & the Statuettes – *Kilby*  
Funk Schwa – *Woodshed*  
The Heyday, Mesa Drive, Ask for the Future – *Solid Ground*  
Dew Tour – *fuel.tv*  
Vinyl Williams, Discourse, Scripted Apology, Ask the Dust, I Am You From the Future, Fox Van Cleef, Gloves For a Tiger – *Avalon*  
Sabotage, Send No Flowers, Megatank – *Liquid Joe's*  
Super So Far CD Release, Monarch, The Street – *Club Vegas*  
Audra Connelly – *Tin Angel*  
**SLUG Localized benefit for Sean Hennefer: Vile Blue Shades, Fuck the Informer and Travis Bird – Urban**  
The Ting Tings – *W Lounge*  
Numbskull – *Trapp Door*  
BT – *Harry O's*  
Hermione – *Outer Rim*  
**Cringe Open Mic – Sam Weller's**

## Saturday, September 13

TV on the Radio, Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson – *In the Venue*  
Sweatshop Union, Synthesis, Scenic Byway – *Urban*  
Into the Storm, Loom, Top Dead Celebrity, Collin Creek – *Burt's*  
Super Diamond – *Paladium*  
Dew Tour – *fuel.tv*  
Uprok Night – *Orange*  
RVCA after party – *W Lounge*  
Blueroot – *Pat's*  
Such Vengeance, Six, Walking Corps Syndrome, Ixion, Fluck's Capacitor – *Club Vegas*  
Labcoat – *Johnny's*  
Brighten, A Novel From, Larusso, The is Anfield – *Solid Ground*  
Arsenic Addition – *Outer Rim*  
Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel*  
E for Explosion, The Send, Pompeii – *Boom Va*  
Drive A, Thunder Mistress, Geppetto – *Avalon*  
Good Times Tattoo Customer Appreciation Party – *Trapp Door*  
Point Junction WA, The Dutchess & the Duke – *Kilby*  
Drop Dead Julio – *Club Allure*

Pagan Pride Festival – *Murray Park*  
**Monolith Festival – Red Rocks Amphitheater**

Utah Youth Service Marathon Kick off Event – *Utah State Capitol*  
Drew Danbury, RuRu, Seve vs Evan, The Alligators – *Muse Music*

## Sunday, September 14

Foals – *Kilby*  
Dew Tour – *fuel.tv*  
Eat Local Food Swap – *People's Market*  
Coyote Hoods, Ether Orchestra, Glinting Gems – *Urban*  
Roller Derby Tryouts – *Hollywood Connection*  
**Monolith Festival – Red Rocks Amphitheater**

## Monday, September 15

CSS, Tilly & the Wall, SSION – *In the Venue*  
Ninjas Wit' Attitude: Revenge of the Ninja and Ninja III The Dominate – *Red Light Books*  
People's Market Closing Potluck & Food Exchange – *TBA*  
Tokyo Police Club – *Urban Outfitters*  
Git Some, Gods Revolver, XUR, Bloodworm – *Burt's*  
Eek A Mouse, Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson – *Urban*  
Iron Ladies of Liberia – *City Library*  
Uprok Night – *Kristauf's*  
Skinworks Daytime Classes Start – *Skinworks*

## Tuesday, September 16

Rancid, Less Than Jake, The Playdead Movement – *In the Venue*  
Staci Grimm, Trashy and the Kid, Corvid, Tragic Black – *Burt's*  
Everlast, The Lordz – *Paladium*  
Saviours, Xur – *Club Vegas*  
Specially Designed for Commercial Radio, Headpeace – *Artopia*  
Cameron McGill, The Devil Whale, The Platte – *Kilby*  
Critical Condition – *City Library*  
Motif Onyx, All Time Ending, Triggers & Slips – *Urban*  
Bleed the Sky, Gigan, The Destro – *X Room*  
**Happy Birthday Jessica Davis**

## Wednesday, September 17

**SLUG Night w/ DJ Radar – Area 51**  
Rancid, H2O, Negative Charge – *In the Venue*  
SLAJO – *Urban*  
Impaled, Phobia, Kill the Client, Illogistic, Maruta, Pazatzu, Iconoclast Contra – *Club Vegas*  
Reel Rock Film Tour – *Tower Theater*  
Pray the Devil Back to Hell – *Westminster*  
Subrosa, Spork – *Burt's*  
Ra Ra Riot, Walter Meego, The Alligators, Ben Johnson – *Kilby*  
Impaled, Phobia, Kill the Client, Illogistic, Maruta – *Why Sound*



# DAILY CALENDAR

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## Thursday, September 18

Neon Trees, The Hotness, Location  
Location – *Burt's*  
Gag Wear Debut Clothing Showcase  
– *Trapp Door*  
Roney and Hall – *Tin Angel*  
Matisyahu, Brother Ali – *U of U*  
The Devil Whale, Black Hens, Dead  
Horse Point – *Urban*  
Katharine Coles – *Ken Sander's*  
Geoff Tate – *Depot*  
Acoustic Open Mic Night w/ Jeremiah  
Maxey – *Pat's*  
Ex Machina, Mary May – *Kilby*  
Uprok Night – *Hotel*  
Dave's Birthday Party – *Piper Down*

## Friday, September 19

The Rocket Summer – *In the Venue*  
Spindrift, Furs, Tiny Lights, The  
Comedown – *Burt's*  
Say Hi, Jukebox the Ghost, The  
Lionelle, Lord Mandrake – *Kilby*  
Lion Fish Trio – *Tin Angel*  
Green Desert Festival – *Eureka UT*  
Pagan Dead, The Boomsticks, Tragic  
Black – *Urban*  
Halfway to St. Paddy's Day Party  
– *Piper Down*  
Sean Hennefer Art Show: "Portraits"  
– *Café Niche*  
Blues 66 – *Pat's*  
Fashion Stroll – *Broadway*  
**Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC**  
Death of Field... Greeting from Los  
Angeles – *Signed and Numbered*  
Irony Man, Rattlesnake Shake, Kiss  
This – *Club Vegas*  
Kiss Me Kill Me – *Avalon*  
Green Desert Festival – *Eureka UT*  
Hemicuda featuring Karen Cuda,  
Thunderfist, Top Dead Celebrity  
– *Bar Deluxe*  
Boomsnake, Snuffalufagus, Asher in  
the Rye, Scarlet Lace – *Solid Ground*  
Manik Push Project – *Fice*

## Saturday, September 20

The Dead Science – *Kilby*  
Voodoo Darlings Burlesque  
– *Paladium*  
Screaming Condors, Killbot – *Burt's*  
Fall into Autumn Party – *Trapp Door*  
Mike Sartain CD Release – *Urban*  
Erin Haley – *Tin Angel*  
The Legendary Porch Pounders  
– *Pat's*  
Maim Corps, Prosthetic Heads,  
Drown Out the Stars, My Own Time,  
Vinia,  
Stonecreep – *Club Vegas*  
Green Desert Festival – *Eureka UT*  
Taxt – *Johnny's*  
Uprok Night – *Orange*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Sunday, September 21

The Donkeys – *Kilby*  
Green Desert Festival – *Eureka UT*  
People Under the Stairs, Mindstate,  
Blue Collar Theory – *Urban*

Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Monday, September 22

Elasto Elias – *Sheraton*  
Living Legends, The Bayliens,  
Grayskul – *Urban*  
Russ Meyer Night: Faster Pussycat  
Kill! Kill! And Common Log Cabin  
– *Red Light Books*  
The Reign of Kindo, Jet Lag Gemini,  
Buffalo Milk, The Water's Deep Here  
– *Burt's*  
Lindsey Buckingham – *Depot*  
Love Like Fire – *Kilby*



## Throwrag 9/23 Avalon

Radiothon – *KRCL*  
Uprok Night – *Kristauf's*

## Tuesday, September 23

The Dirty Devil Race to Hell Tour:  
Throw Rag, Lower Class Brats, Roger  
Miret and the Disasters, The Heart  
Attacks, Viva Hate – *Avalon*  
Taxi to the Dark Side – *City Library*  
August Burns Red, A Skylit Drive,  
Greeley Estates, Sky Eats Airplane,  
This or the Apocalypse – *Studio 600*  
Paxtin, Cromwell, The Anix  
– *Solid Ground*  
The Naked Eyes, The Auto Pirates,  
Hotel le Motel – *Kilby*  
Paper Mache – *Why Sound*  
Beatlejuiced, Wrong Around, Slim  
Chance & His Playboys – *Burt's*  
Foreigner – *Depot*  
Shearing Pinx, Agape, Trouble on the  
Prairie – *Urban*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Wednesday, September 24

We Shot the Moon, The Summer Set,  
Mercy Mercedes, Just for the Record,  
Season's Extreme – *Avalon*  
Pattern is Movement – *Kilby*  
Mr. Gnome, The Good Bites,  
Birthquake – *Urban*  
Paper Mache – *Muse Music*  
Steve Aoki – *W Lounge*  
Edmushi, Fuck the Informer, All

Systems Fail – *Burt's*

## SLUG Night w/ DJ Radar – Area 51

Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Thursday, September 25

TSOL, The Hollow Points, Negative  
Charge – *Burt's*  
David Allen Coe – *Paladium*  
Uprok Night – *Hotel*  
Acoustic Open Mic Night with  
Jeremiah Maxey – *Pat's*  
Water in the Southwest – *Post Theater*  
Cash – *Tin Angel*  
Tower – *Rose Wagner*

Martini Jazz Party – *Piper*  
*Down*  
Mason's Birthday with  
the Neon Trees – *Trapp*  
*Door*

Mystical Spatula,  
Drodna, La Farsa  
– *Urban*  
Up Beat Screening with  
Stretch Armstrong, My  
Man Friday – *Music*  
*School*  
American Me, CDC,  
Ambush, Blood Stands  
Still – *Why Sound*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Friday, September 26

Dr. Dog, Hacienda,  
Marcus Bentley & the  
Desert Drifters, Hacienda  
– *Urban*  
Die Monster Die – *Burt's*  
Lagwagon, MXPX, Only

Crime and Tat – *In the Venue*  
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*  
Tower – *Rose Wagner*

Catherine, Sever Your Ties, Athens  
– *Solid Ground*  
Sego Festival – *100 N. University*  
*Avenue, Provo*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*  
Warewolf Afro – *Club Vegas*  
Deadbolt, Pink Lighnin – *Bar Deluxe*  
Blackhounds, The Tangerines,  
Standing Solo, All Time Ending, Burnt  
Orange – *Avalon*  
Danger Hailstorm, Tolchock Trio –  
*Trapp Door*  
Teton Gravity Research Movie  
Premiere Party – *Harry O's*

## Saturday, September 27

X96 Big Ass Show – *USANA*  
Bad Weather California, Future of the  
Ghost – *Kilby*  
Brunch: Derek Wright – *Tin Angel*  
Sego Festival – *Rock Castle*  
*Amptheater*  
NineTail, My Last Breath, Balance of  
Power, Massacre at the Wake,  
Separation of Self – *Club Vegas*  
Tower – *Rose Wagner*  
Uprok Night – *Orange*  
Dinner: Vapor Trails – *Tin Angel*  
The Radio Rhythm Makers, Oh! Wild  
Birds – *Burt's*  
Ming and Ping – *Fice*

Sean Hennefer Fundraiser BBQ

– *contact@keepseanalive.com*  
Vicious Starfish, The Craving, Twain &  
Wynn – *Urban*  
Bleeding Through & Black Tide –  
*Saltair*  
Music Trivia Quiz show – *Trapp Door*  
Hoodoo Blues – *Pat's*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*

## Sunday, September 28

Stephen Kellogg & the Sixers, Donny  
Bonelli & the Kites – *Urban*  
Radiothon – *KRCL*  
Night of the Immortals, The  
Cruxshadows, Ayria, Iscintilla  
– *Area 51*

## Monday, September 29

The Bop Kings – *Burt's*  
Uprok Night – *Kristauf's*  
I Wrestled a Bear Once, A Horrible  
Night to Have a Curse, Dead Wife  
By Knife, Bring on the Night, Sea  
Swallowed Us Whole, Kalinne  
– *Avalon*  
High Places, Ponytail – *Kilby*  
Chicago 10 – *City Library*  
Bluesapalooza – *Pat's*  
Samurai Sinema: Shogun Assassin  
and Honzo the Razor  
– *Red Light Books*

## Tuesday, September 30

Bermondsey Joyriders, The  
Insurgency – *Burt's*  
Why?, Restiform Bodies – *Kilby*  
Killola, The Action Design – *Paladium*  
**Hard Boiled Book Club**  
– *Sam Weller's*  
Robert Cray – *Depot*  
Why?, Bart Davenport – *Urban*  
Eat Skull, Kidneys and Half Hong  
Kong – *Red Light Books*

## Wednesday, October 1

Supervillians, Melon Robotics, Funk &  
Gonzo – *Burt's*  
Hyper Crush – *W Lounge*  
Tesla – *Depot*  
**SLUG Night w/ DJ Radar – Area 51**

## Thursday, October 2

Cold War Kids – *In the Venue*  
Flow – *Post Theater*  
We Are Every Day – *Rose Wagner*  
Warsaw Poland Brothers  
– *Piper Down*  
The Ed Forman Show, Levi Rounds  
– *Burt's*  
Laughter CD Release, Subrosa  
– *Urban*  
Uprok Night – *Hotel*

## Friday, October 3

Margot and the Nuclear So & So's,  
David Vandervelde – *Kilby*  
Awesome Color – *Urban*  
Armin Van Buuren – *Harry O's*  
The Naked Eyes – *Burt's*  
We Are Every Day – *Rose Wagner*



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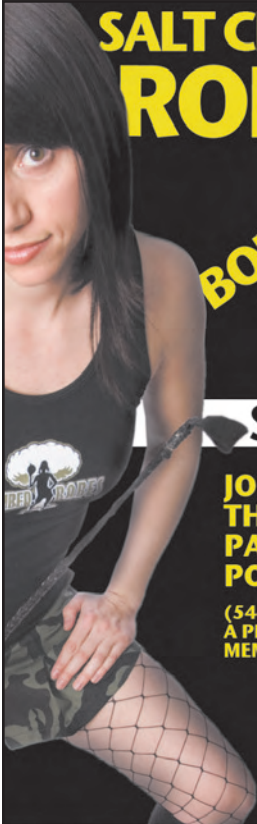
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# Kilby Court · September Shows

2- Stiletto Formal, Kinch, Until Further Notice \$7  
 3- The Gunshy \$7  
 4- Mt. Eerie, Vanessa Shupit, Navigator \$8/10  
 5- Darker My Love \$8  
 6- Tolchock Trio CD Release \$6  
 9- Mean Molly's Trio \$6  
 9- Fake Problems, Look Mexico, Cobra Skulls  
 11- Blitzzen Trapper, Nick Jaina, The Black Hens \$8/10  
 12- Drew Danburry CD Realease, Will Sartain, Seve vs. Evan, Michael Gross & Statuettes \$7  
 13- Point Juncture WA, The Dutchess & The Duke \$7  
 14- Foals \$10/12  
 16- Cameron McGill, The Devil Whale, The Platte \$6  
 17- Ra Ra Riot, Walter Meego, The Alligators, Ben Johnson \$8/10  
 18- Ex Machina, Mary May \$6  
 19- Say Hi, Jukebox The Ghost, Lord Mandrake, The Lionelle  
 20- The Dead Science \$8  
 21- The Donkeys  
 24- Pattern Is Movement \$7  
 27- Bad Weather California, Future of The Ghost  
 29- High Places, Ponytail \$8  
 30- Why?, Restiform Bodies \$10/12  
 All Shows at 7pm. [kilbycourt.com](http://kilbycourt.com)



**URBAN LOUNGE SHOWS: (21+)**  
 8- Centro-Matic, South San Gabriel, Cub Country \$8/10  
 13- Sweatshop Union, Synthesis, Scenic Byway \$10/12  
 22- Living Legends, Grayskul, The Bayliens \$15/17  
 24- Mr. Gnome, Birthquake, The Good Bites \$7  
 26- Dr. Dog, Marcus Bentley & The Desert Drifters, Hacienda \$12  
 30- Why?, Bart Davenport \$10/12  
 All shows at 9pm unless otherwise noted

**IN THE VENUE SHOWS:**  
 3- Ratatat, Panther, E\*Rock \$15 7pm  
 15- CSS, Tilly And The Wall, Ssion \$15/17 7pm

**UPCOMING OCTOBER SHOWS:**  
 2- Cold War Kids,  
 4- Silver Jews, Monotix  
 9- Deerhoof, Experimental Dental School, Coconut  
 15- Evangelicals  
 16- Fleet Foxes, Frank Fairfield  
 28- Diplo, Abe Vigoda, Telepathe, Blaqstarr



# FICE

## PRESENTS



 **MING & PING**

September 27  
Info at Fice  
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September 19  
Art Show  
Manik Push Project



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