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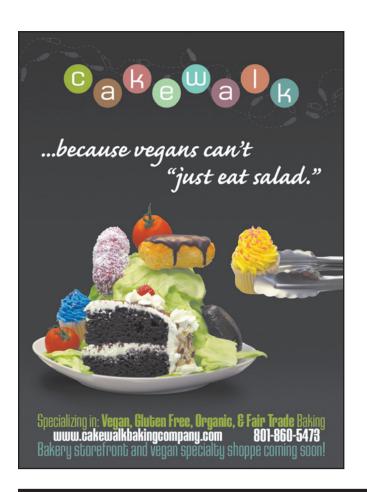
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Contributor Limelight



Richy Vigil . Office Coordinator

Although he is the newest member of the SLUG office Staff, Ricky Vigil has been writing for the magazine for over two years. Vigil splits his time between the United States Postal Service and reviewing ska and punk music for the mag. Ricky recently penned his first cover story for SLUG (June 08) about the local ska scene and a documentary movie called The Up Beat. Vigil is a man of many surprises like his secret crush on Gwen Stefani and love of science fiction novels. The self proclaimed "only non-Mormon ska fan" is currently studying English at the University of Utah.





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Dear Dickheads,

This town sucks!

After a long day of slaving away at my keyboard I decided to take a break and go downtown, have a brew, and unwind.

I went to the pub I could find near the Tracks station where I got off, ripe with anticipation, eager to absorb some local color.

As I walked into said club, eager to soak up said color, a semi-burly gentlemen grabbed me by the arm and said, "you a member?" Shocked, and frankly a little violated, I said nooo... but I have a member. He was like, "you have to be a member to get in." Again I retorted, "I have a member. Doesn't that count?" He was like, "do you have a membership card?" I said no. He said, "sorry, you have to be

So I got back on Tracks, went back home, pulled out my giant rubber dick costume from last Halloween and put it on. I then re-boarded Tracks, returned to the club and began walking in. Again I was grabbed, but not by the arm this time since they forgot to put arm holes in the costume - I digress. Anyhow, again he asks, "are you a member?" To which I respond, "YES, I am now!" He was like, "let's see your membership card." I said, "I wasn't issued one when I bought the suit." He was like, "sorry, I can't let you in".

I then said, "you know, I don't get out much, so take it for what it's worth, but you're totally the big-

gest dick I've seen in at least the last, say, ten minutes, and quite possibly the last ten years! Have YOU got a member-ship card!?" ...Dickhead.

Why must I be disallowed adulthood so?

-James Mellor

Dear James,

That semi-burly doorman should've let you in just because you're so damn witty! I bet no one in the history of the English language has so cleverly spun someone else's seemingly innocent words into a risqué reference to genitalia! Kudos! In the future, I recommend bringing a dictionary with you whenever you think you might have to make an immature pun that other people might not understand. If you just stick to that one joke, though, I recommend wearing that super-classy penis costume all the time. Better yet, forget the penis costume! Arm yourself with the dictionary and try out that hilarious member joke out on all of the semi-burly bar doormen in town. If they don't get it, just drop your pants and hand them the dictionary! They'll be so paralyzed by laughter that they won't even care that you're violating all kinds of laws and public health codes. Not only will they know that you're a mature adult capable of handling the effects of alcohol, they'll probably even let you into the bar for free!

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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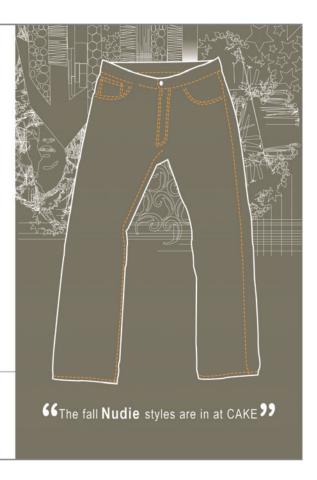
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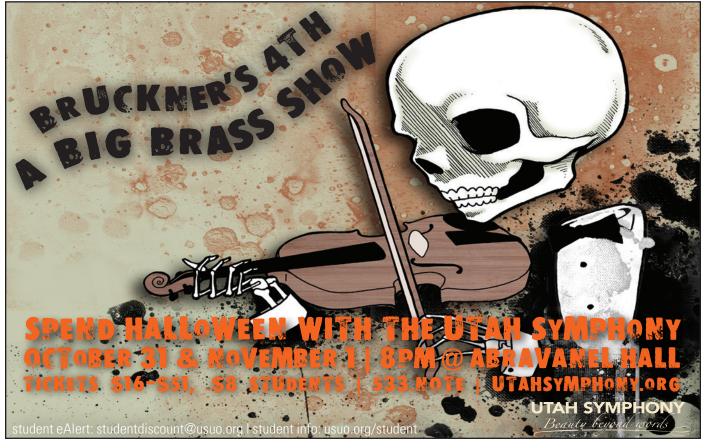
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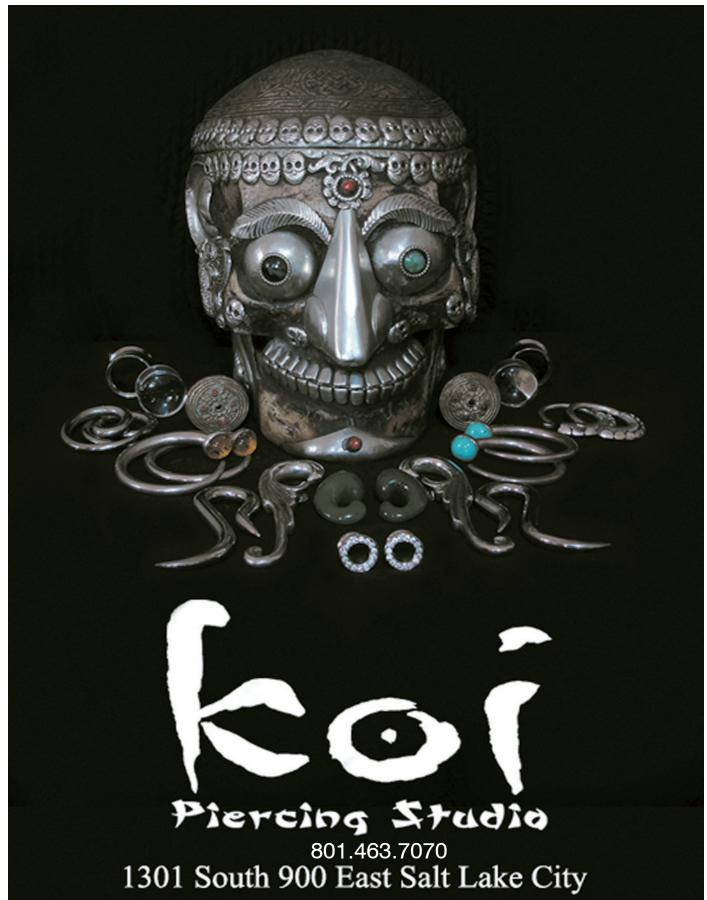
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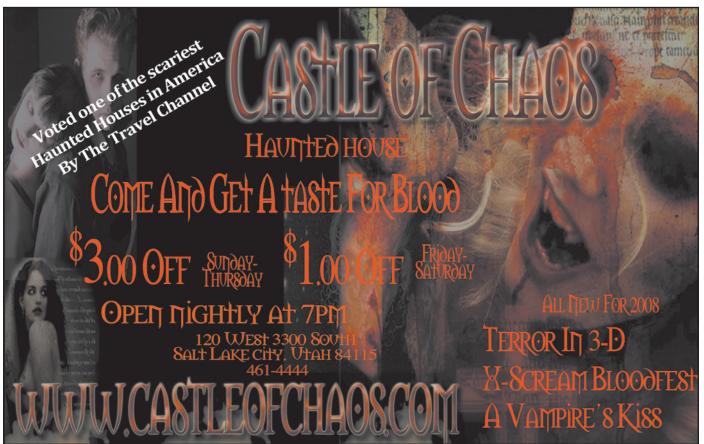




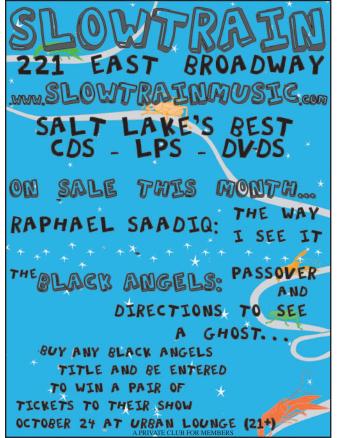














Filed by Oom

Cue spooky theme music, we've really gone through the looking glass. Concerning the supernatural or the paranormal, Boo and I have always operated with the somewhat patronizing attitude of, "Cool, weirdness and weirdos. We love it!"

Having recently discovered that Boo and I are either suffering from the same bonkers hallucination, or we really do have a flapper-renegade-spirit-guide named Murgatroid who drowned herself in The Great Salt Lake from grief over the sudden death of Rudolph Valentino ... we've been feeling a bit uh... delicate. It seems the foundations on which we built our reasoning have experienced liquefaction and our ideas about the world have sunk or gone wonky. Into this environment has blown Aunty Delila and her daughter - our cousin Tempest.

Aunt Delila is one of the five Dripdry sisters which includes our mother, Aunt Leona, and Aunt Kate. There is also Aunt Charity who lives in New York City and describes herself as a "CORPORATE POWER BITCH." We rarely see Aunt Charity because her career is her life and she always seems to be swooping down on smaller companies and sucking the blood out of them. Delila is a force of (super) nature. She's the most intelligent, energetic, humorous, caring, vibrant and beautiful person on the planet. She's even more glamorous than Aunt Leona, but in a more golden-age-of-Hollywood way. She's always laughing – even at bad news! Everybody loves her, or envies her and on the rare occasion that somebody attempts to insult her, she'll quickly but gently put that person in their place and then laugh and laugh and laugh.

So a few nights ago, Boo and I were out-cold asleep. It was 3 a.m. Our bedroom doors face each other across a narrow hallway. Suddenly and loudly, our doors were thrown open and a wailing

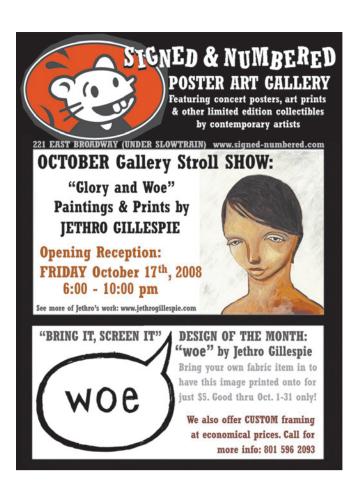


Illustrator: Craig Secrist

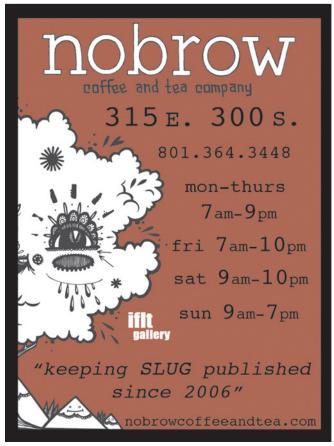
sing-song of a voice yelled out, "WHO DO I LOVE SO MUCH IT MAKES MY BUTTHOLE SING OPERA?!" There in the hallway was Delila. I could see through my murky, sleep-covered eyes that she had our little brother, Foulkswrath, in her arms and was administering to him the all-over-non-stop-kissy-kissy-torture. From across the hall I heard the wet-cat wail of Boo exclaiming, "Oh sweet Jesus Don't tell me about your butthole." Delila erupted into laughter, launched herself into Boo's room and pounced upon the bed. To the loud cacophony of squeaking bed springs, screeching Boo and Foulkswarth, kissy noises, and laughing Delila saying things like "rise and shine you lazy loafer, Delila is here and she wants a WARM WELCOME!" I dragged myself out of bed. When I started across the hall toward the melee in Boo's room, I discovered that something was lurking down at the end near the stairs. It was draped in an oversized hoodie looking like a phantom monk. It was wearing sunglasses and a pout. It was Delila's 18-year-old daughter and our cousin, Tempest. I said "Howdy, Tempest" and she replied with a nod and a mumbled, "Heya"

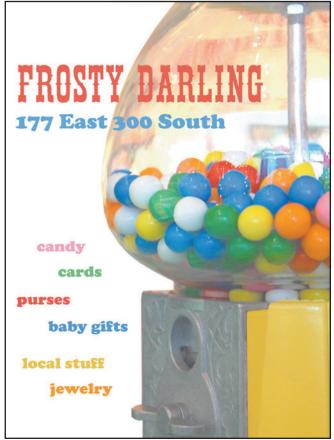
Delila has homes all over the world but lives mainly in London. She started traveling the world soon after emancipating herself at age 16 (I say emancipating herself because she didn't bother with the legalities of it). She just said, "I'm going. See ya later," and went. She's had three husbands, including a famous music producer, an industrialist billionaire, and some sort of British Aristocrat vaguely related to the Royal Family. The aristocrat guy is the father of Tempest and the head honcho of a monster company having to do with public utilities or something. In the three divorces and with her own shrewd business sense, Delila pulled together vast wealth. She probably really is richer than the Queen as the British tabloids like to suggest. Being Delila, she's also stayed on excellent terms with all of her ex-husbands. Tempest, who we've met only twice before, is apparently THE huge pop-star of the moment in the UK and most of Europe. She's known as Tempest X and recently won one of those horrible TV choose-your-pop-star-by-paying-lots-of-money-to-call-and-vote type scams. She can actually sing, but the music she's pushed to make is boring and soulless and more about her look than her singing abilities. Boo has told her as much, and I'd guess that might have something to do with Tempest's lurking at the end of the hall and keeping her distance.

The next morning, Aunt Delila filled us in on the reason for her surprise visit. This is how she put it: "I know that the gossip press is all part of the business for Tempest, and I know she's a big girl and can take care of herself, but it was just getting to be too much. That self-serving, publicity-seeking turd is going to wake up with a bad home perm once I get ahold of his few remaining follicles –ah ha ha ha' (she's talking about a politician who was photographed at a party once with Tempest and then promptly had his PP people construct a sensational tale of illicit affair around the photo. The papers ate it up, the politician saw his ratings go up – wife and all, and Tempest sold a trillion more CDs and hit the top of the charts again). The press was hounding Tempest so badly that even she was starting to crack up. Delila has always been absolutely discreet about her private life and the media has never guessed that she comes from Utah. She likes to let them guess and assume about her background, saying it's all very My Fair Ladyish. She's been given Boston-area origins with connections to the Kennedys. Delila decided that Tempest needed a break and some perspective, so she virtually kidnapped her and whisked her away to Salt Lake City where they'd never be found. And nobody here knows or cares who the hell Tempest X is.









Ufe on a stringStraight up and down with Dale Myrberg

By Aaron Day pure.gamerbilly@gmail.com

The rigors of day-to-day life tend to extinguish the flames of youth and creativity in most people. Society dictates that when you reach a certain age, you are no longer allowed to do what once, in youth, made you happy. People who have managed to resist this truly are few and far between. **Dale Myrberg**, a Utah native, is one of these people. "I'm the epitome of the old guy who grew up to be a kid," he says. Recently, I got the opportunity to kick back with Myberg. We threw some yo-yos, he knocked quarters off of some ears and shared with me his philosophy on life and his opinion on the current state of yo.

Yo-yoing is a big part of life for Myberg and he is a big part of yo-yoing. He is 66 years old and has been yo-yoing for over 60 of those years. He started just like all the other kids, trading small time tricks locally. However, the supernatural yo beings had a different plan for Myrberg. They endowed him with the capacity to learn the long-hidden secrets of yo. Before too long, Myberg was capable of performing advanced tricks that even **Duncan** demonstrators struggled with. When Myberg was 13-years-old, he was hired by **Duncan** as a demonstrator for a dollar an hour. Myberg took a break from yo-yoing during high school. "I didn't think it was the cool thing to do at South High. I shouldn't have ever done it," he says. Other than that short hiatus, he has been throwing like crazy and has never looked back

Thus began Myberg's monumental yo-yoing career. In 1995, he was among the first of three to be named a National Yo-yo Master. In 1996, he won the World's Yoyo Contest, earning the title of World Yo-yo Champion. That same year, Myberg set six benchmark yo-yoing world records. Five of them have since been broken (though, not with fixed-axle yo-yos, much to his chagrin) but one, outside loops, still stands to this day. In 2001, he was awarded National Yo-yo Grand Master status, a title that is held by only three other people worldwide. In addition to all of that, he also had a lot to do with getting Bandai to buy into a distribution deal with Yomega, effectively creating the biggest yo-yo fad the world has ever known. "I always wanted to go to Japan for some reason. When that opportunity came up, I went over there with promoters from Hawaii, Alan Nagao and Alex Garcia, and we promoted yo-yo. He got Bandai toys to buy onto it, and that was the beginning of the biggest yo-yo fad in the world," he said. That's right: That means you have Myberg to thank for the second coming of the yo-yo craze.

Dale's wife is **Sue Myrberg**, and she's a trooper. She helped develop certain elements of Myberg's show and has traveled with him to competitions and other events all over the world. "She's been around this for 34 years," he says. "Sometimes, she gets a little bored with it. But she's been a very great supporter to me. It's not all bad for her, though. I think she's had a lot of fun at it. She went on the Japan trips. It was really fun to be able to have something like this to share with my wife and for her to come with me and share her joy with me

on these trips," he says. It's clear that she is invaluable to him and that he is very grateful to have her.

In 2004, Myberg was diagnosed with cancer. His morale was at an all-time low, but he managed to survive. Shortly after, the yo-yo community really started recognizing Myberg for his life-long contributions to yoyoing. In 2005, he was inducted into the Yo-Yo Hall of Fame. Some of his hall-of-fame cohorts include Donald Duncan Sr., legendary Duncan Demonstrators Gus Somera, Pedro Flores and Linda Singpiel, as well as Tom Kuhn, father of the ball-bearing yo-yo. Without the contributions of these men and women, yo-yoing would simply not be what it is today. In 2005, he was given the yo-yo lifetime achievement award. "That boosted my morale a lot. I thought, 'Wow, these guys think so much of me.' These things gave me drive and energy to be positive and to move forward," he says. The fact that the yo-yoing community showed such sincere appreciation for a lifetime of dedication validated Myberg and provided him a major morale boost in a seriously difficult time of his life.

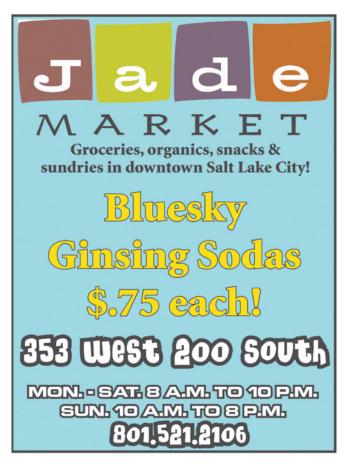
Myberg's live show is all based on goal setting. He starts with the gravity pull (making the yo-yo go down and come back up) and demonstrates steps along the way necessary to performing advanced tricks like "Shoot the Moon" and a complicated string trick routine. It more or less embodies his philosophy on life. That is, believe that you can do anything and keep trying until you do it. "We're not going to accomplish everything that we set goals for in life, but always do the best you can," he says. It's easy to see how he applies this to his life. At his show, if he misses a trick, you'll hear Myberg say something like, "You get three tries. Nobody's perfect." That's just how he has lived life, and it certainly encompasses more than yo-yoing.

Yo-yoing has taken Myberg all over the world. He has been on TV in **Inkley's** commercials and appeared in music videos for **Clint Daniels** and **The Osmonds**. Of all the places in the world that Myberg has performed, he says that *Oktoberfest* at *Snowbird* is his favorite. This year marked his 21st year performing at the event. "It's my favorite place in the whole world to perform. It's right in my own back yard. I absolutely love it." I've seen Myrberg perform quite a few shows there and witnessed people become so mesmerized that they forget to clap and smiles are permanently fixed on their faces as they watch. I think it's safe to say that Myberg is a local favorite as well.

He will tell you that he is a true product of a misspent youth. Whether that's true or not, Myberg is one of a kind. He has gone through some dark times. He has battled (and defeated) cancer and deals with other personal hardships on a daily basis. Despite all of his struggles, he has maintained an absolutely positive outlook on life. We Utahns are lucky to have him and so is the yo-yoing world. Without people like Myberg, yo-yoing would most likely be a thing of the past.

You can check out some videos of Dale Myrberg in action at *slugmag.com*.









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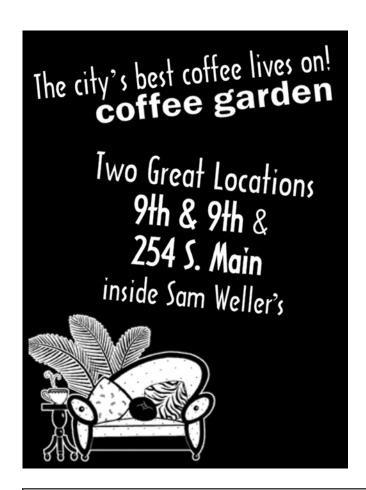


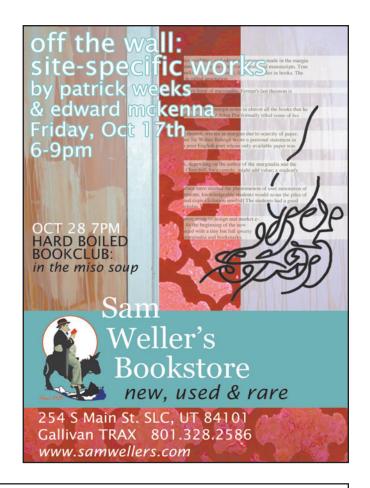






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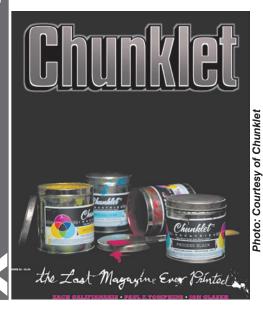
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HENRY OWINGS

The Last Magazine Publisher







By James Bennett

bennett.james.m@gmail.com

It has been a hell of a couple of years for independent media. Mainstay indie labels like **Lookout** and **Touch & Go** have barely been scraping by, and last year marked the final issue of the stalwart music magazine, *Punk Planet*. Lagging sales and poor business sense led to the collapse of much of the distribution network that was once so strong that places as culturally void as *Tower Records* could still manage to carry an issue of *Hit List* and a vinyl copy of the latest **Sub Pop** record. And while many have used this drought as an excuse to lay down their arms and retreat, Atlanta's **Henry Owings** is still firing away—and God help you if you find yourself in his crosshairs. As the publisher and writer of *Chunklet Magazine*, a tell-it-like-it-is chronicle of the music industry, Owings has been calling people on their shit for fifteen years now. With the latest issue of the magazine hitting store shelves in late September, a new book and several record releases in the works, the *Chunklet* empire is set to take over the world. *SLUG* chatted with Owings about his new projects, and how it is that he manages to stay afloat in the competitive world of printed media.

It is true that Chunklet Magazine is prone to the same distribution woes and bullshit as any other publication. Where Chunklet differs, though, is in its reliance on the talents of very few people—and almost no advertising—to get by. The bulk of every issue, the newest being number twenty since its debut fifteen years ago, is written and compiled by Owings, on his own time and at his own pace. And where single issues of the publication have sold as many as 12,000 copies, the latest few have been more along the lines of 4,000. Owings predicts a similar fate for the newest issue, mostly because he's limited by the same death of distribution that killed Punk Planet. "In the last few years a lot of the distribution network has dried up," he says. "Punk Planet had to stop because they couldn't get any of their distributors to pay them." What's more, many of these same ma-and-pop distro firms have gone belly up while owing Chunklet money. Owings wouldn't give me a clear figure as to how much he was out, however, he confided that "it is enough to buy a really nice car." Chunklet is insulated a little from the effects of deadbeat debtors simply because the magazine goes to press so infrequently. Still, continuing to press forward takes a lot of balls. And Owings and company continue to press on - a sometimes lone voice crying foul in the independent magazine community. Issue twenty promises to be an especially brutal tome - with pages of content featuring interviews with Paul F. Tomkins, Zach Galifianakis and

Subliminal Frequencies. There are also features involving Owings' obsession with the sport of Whirlyball (playing matches against touring bands as diverse as **Arcade Fire, The Shins**, and **Mogwai**) and the normal stabs at comedy, calling out assholes and keeping people honest. In short, content as thick as a diner milkshake—free from any trace of soft-serve.

Finishing issue twenty would have been enough reason to pat Mr. Owings on the back, but it is only the tip of the multi-faceted iceberg. September also marked the release of the *Rock Bible*, a religious guidebook of sorts for the music world. Released through *Quirk Books*, and written with drummer **Brian Teasley**, this rock and roll Torah is a good example of the uncompromising nature of Owings's work. "I was offered a large sum of money for the book, but only if I made a bunch of changes," he says. The first publishing offer came with the requirements of a paperback release, a different title and the removal of all artwork. "I had a very specific idea of what I wanted the book to look like. It had to look like an actual bible. I wanted it to be leather-bound and to have illustrations." Quirk ended up as the publisher because their vision of the book matched exactly what Owings wanted right down to the page marking ribbon. The result is a volume of unholy scripture, sure to make even the most diehard metal-head laugh at his **Dio**-lovin' self. One more notch on *Chunklet*'s bedpost of brilliance.

Another aspect of Owings' assault on the music world lies in his championing of quality music, and his attempts to make that music available to others. To get people to support his local scene, Owings started putting on local band showcases where audience members had to buy a local compilation from an Atlanta-area store in order to gain access to the show. He also inked a deal with French Kiss Records to release the latest Les Savy Fav record on vinyl (four different colors). He also worked with Athens, Georgia legends Harvey Milk to re-press much of their back catalog. And now, coinciding with the release of the new issue of Chunklet, Owings is putting out a split 7-inch record featuring Ted Leo and the Pharmacists and comedian Zach Galifianakis. It seems like the good news just keeps coming. And all of this adds up to prove one thing: when a man makes his living pushing his opinions on the world, he's a lot more successful when his judgment is sound.

For info on where to buy all things Chunklet, and to read one of the best music-related blogs on the net, go to chunklet.com

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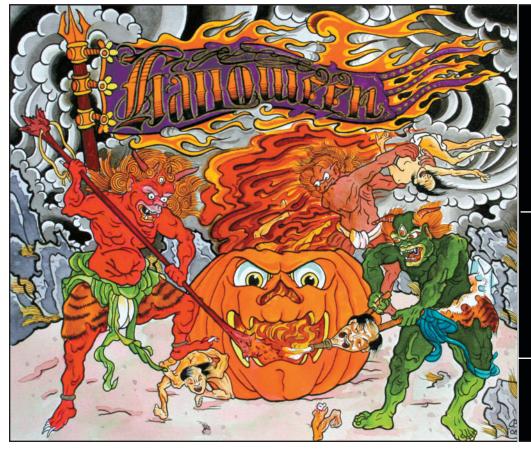
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Finally, a Local Podcast Worth a Damn by Ricky Vigil

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In a world corrupted by stuffy, pretentious professional movie critics, two men are bringing

movie criticism back to the streets: Adam Palcher and Adam Sherlock are A DAMN PODCAST. Each week, the Adams ("Adam," "A DAMN," get it?) send their impassioned, insightful and often hilarious film-related rants and raves into internetland for the world to consume. Palcher and Sherlock, who are both veterans of the Salt Lake music scene, have been embraced not only by the local community (their podcast is sponsored by Brewvies and recently received City Weekly's "Best Local Podcast" Arty Award) but by listeners from all around the world. I recently had the

chance to talk to Palcher and Sherlock about their podcast as well as podcasts and movie criticism in general.

With the advent of the internet, the media has been put directly into the public's hands. Websites run by movie fans such as Ain't it Cool News hold just as much sway over public opinion as established critics like Roger Ebert. Sherlock said, "The internet changed everything - It put everyone on a level playing field, so now people can read what professional movie critics and uber-nerds and just normal people think about movies." Even more recently, the availability of cheap video and audio recording technology has allowed normal people to create their own media, whether they be videos posted to YouTube or their own personal radio shows in the form of podcasts. Sherlock said, "The ultimate selling point of the podcast is that it's really just people shooting from the hip and speaking their minds without being censored by anyone."

is usually considered a classic in some sense (The Departed, Apocalypse Now) and one that is part of a "Film Festival" that runs for several weeks (westerns and the films of Terrence Madlick are recent categories). Each episode also features a Top 5 list (a concept both Adams admit was stolen from High Fidelity) relevant to the film being reviewed (i.e. "Top 5 Time Travel Films" during the Donnie Darko episode).

One of the most notable things about A DAMN PODCAST is that the hosts choose to cover a wide spectrum of movies from various genres and time periods. Alongside the aforementioned classics, the duo has also covered recent flicks like The Dark Knight and Tropic Thunder, as well as some not-so-classic titles. Sherlock explained, "Whenever one of us says something completely asinine or completely off-topic, the other one assigns them a punishment review like Theodore Rex or Death Bed: The Bed that Eats People." The combination of classic films, current films and crappy films has definitely made A DAMN PODCAST one of the most unique movie podcasts out there in terms of the material covered, but it's

definitely a formula that works. Palcher said. "We were worried about being timely relevant, but the movies we pick are generally well-loved and a lot of them have a built-in, devoted fanbase - it's like people are starved for the conversations we're having on the podcast because they're not getting them in real life anymore."

There's no denying that A DAMN PODCAST wouldn't work without the chemistry between Palcher and Sherlock. The two know enough about what makes a good movie to get their listeners to think harder hurled not only towards each host to the other make the conversations fell just like those you could be having with your own friends. The balance between casual

about their favorite flicks, but the jokes and insults the movies but also from 12 conversation and serious criticism that the Adams strike is just perfect enough to hold the listeners

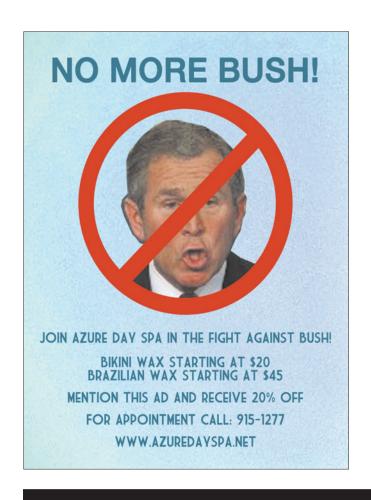
attention for an hour and a half, remaining insightful and funny throughout each episode. Palcher summed it all up pretty well by saying, "We basically just bullshit for an hour and a half."

You can check out new episodes A DAMN PODCAST weekly at adamnpodcast.com or subscribe via iTunes.



Both Palcher and Sherlock

started listening to podcasts to pass time at work, and both soon become avid fans of the medium. Sherlock said, "We've always liked to talk shit on movies, and since we both listen to podcasts all day at work, it seemed like a natural move for us to make our own podcast." Palcher holds a film degree and serves as one of SLUG's DVD reviewers, but he was quick to point out, "Most of our experience comes from just sitting around and watching a ton of movies together." Sherlock added, "We used to live together and we'd watch movies and talk about movies all the time, so all we're doing now is re-creating that and recording it for other people to listen to." Each episode of A DAMN PODCAST focuses on two different films: a main film that







Knoitalls

Localized By JP

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Salt Lake has seldom been brought to tears or violence by a Localized showcase, but it may very well happen this time around. October comes with a hardon for this month's Localized at Urban Lounge with some hip hop acts, for once. Local acts Knoitalls, The Bad Apples and Kinnetik will be on display showcasing their vocal wares. As usual it will be on the second Friday of the month (Oct. 10) and its only \$5. It's a steal of a deal considering the sheer quality of band for your buck. Peep "the skinny" below.

Knoitalls: Johnny Utah – MC Facts – MC

SLC's Knoitalls could be one of the rare acts who actually live up to their name. These cats aren't slouches and back up whatever shit they need to talk with facts. They're not "gangsta" MCs with "gats." They're just some genuine talent from Salt Lake carving a niche Johnny Utah

and **Facts** "not Fax, assholes," make up this team that have been collaborating for about five years. Both of them have been concocting cyphers since their early teens, sometimes when it wasn't all that popular. "I was only one of five people in Utah County that rapped," says Facts. The mid-90s were not too friendly toward white kids trying to shake the **Vanilla Ice** image he says.

The duo first appreciated each other's stripes performing within various groups in the early double-ots: Facts was in **The Agents** and Johnny in **Broken Silence**, until reciprocal mix-tape spots were suggested to each other. "He has really smooth skin

Patiri Photography Photo: . 12

and dresses real nice," Johnny says when asked how he got interested in Facts. All joking aside, Johnny says that they wrote a tight 16-bar song in less than two hours during their first collaboration and "the chemistry was really good." Thus, The Knoitalls began their combined quest for more insight to earn their moniker.

The Knoitalls are balls deep in the process of mastering their latest LP *Kiss The Ring*: continually fighting the stereotypes of "where from" and "what" makes an MC, and have no qualms about representing Utah to the fullest. Their new lyrics are peppered with Salt Lake references and both think the concept that "the city by the salty lake has no talent" is outmoded

in the extreme. "From the national standpoint there's still a stigma. You have to win their respect. I did an MTV MC battle and the hip hop guy judging was shocked I was from Utah. When he heard me rap, he was like 'Oh, wow.' Because hip hop is more judgmental than other kinds of music, it can be tough," Facts says.

Both MCs are still involved in other projects and struggle to juggle families, multiple jobs and the constant hunt for beats. Both dudes rep the ideal of the "hardworking MC" well. I tracked down Facts on a Friday cutting a track with **Dusk** from Mindstate and Brisk (Johnny's favorite producer in SLC) at the boards. Facts had his work and personal phones constantly buzzing as he meticulously laid down verses and a hook for two songs. With no notes and no preparation for the second track, Brisk dug up a work-in-project for some spontaneous polishing. It was impressive.

Heads up: The new release from Knoitalls could be out next week. "More or less,

the project's done," Facts says, and they're waiting for a solid date that will be sooner than later. Check their MySpace, www.myspace.com/theknoitalls. The LP may very well be available at the Localized show. And these MCs want the audience to bring high expectations to Urban. "We have a tendency to get a little rowdy on stage," Facts says. Sometimes, bar management has had to intercede. "If nothing else, you're going to see two guys using every inch of the stage," he finishes.

"You won't leave a Knoitalls show saying you weren't entertained. If anything, you're going to see two assholes running around stage, spilling beers, kicking speakers and jumping into crowds," Johnny quarantees.

Sex Male	Color White
Place Seven 11	Date 10/1/08
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County	State Utah
Sentence Expires: Up	on Death
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The Bad Apples: Sir Louis Wildamiss – MC MC Mike Booth – MC/Producer

In a small space (close to 9th and 9th) in Salt Lake City sits Bad Apples headquarters and home of **Penalty Box Records**. The group consists of MC **Sir Louis Wildamiss** and producer/MC **Mike Booth**. When I joined up with Booth at his studio, he was deep in deliberation regarding track listing and order for the latest Bad Apples release, *How Ya Like Dem Apples, Part 1*. It's an album rooted in traditional rap/hip hop staples evoking a good time and showcasing some very decent local talent, like **Pace Won, Ben Grim, Verse1** and many others.

The Bad Apples represent more of a collective, something akin to San Francisco's **Quannum Records** collaborative where MCs and DJs guest and star in similar hip hop projects. Penalty Box Records has that same West Coast collaborative energy rushing through all of its artists and projects. Penalty Box is the brainchild of Mike Booth, Las Vegas native and former graff writer, who punishes in the box with headknockin' beats and handles promotions for the outfit.

"We did the first album and we didn't think it was going to do anything, but it created a buzz here and elsewhere," Booth said. "And the next album is about capturing our live show." Songs that have been Bad Apple's fan favorites, here and elsewhere are being slated for the LP as of this writing and are set for the Oct. 10. Localized, at the latest, for a release date. Don't doubt the reach of the steadily growing Apples fanbase, either. Booth broadcasts a global weekly radio program from **SLCC** to garner support, is active on social networking sites and has this philosophy on the group's upcoming tour: "All you need to hit is Salt Lake, Idaho, Colorado, Portland then Seattle, then you have your region." From there, he plans to conquer the rest of the US one juicy bite at a time.



Such an effort would have been impossible years ago, in terms of making a huge impact in other markets, but technology friendly Penalty Box loves the new music distribution model. "It gives everyone a chance. We're playing on a level field," Mike says. Unfortunately and fortunately, "It's still all money based. You have to have huge dollars to play with the big boys," Mike says. "But I can hit as many people as **Universal**, it just may take five years to do it."

If you're not schooled on the local hip hop, you're not alone. Here's your primer. Mike can list, quite easily, a number of local artists he respects: "You've got The Knoitalls, Mindstate, **Adverse**, Brisk, **Hades**, all these cats that we're working with. When you stack it up versus other places like Boston, pound for pound we've got better MCs here."

Mike is interested in other artists in Salt Lake, more than just those on his label, and showcases them in the radio program. He sometimes feels like playing some old **Ice-T** or some **Too Short** among the local acts he plays. They'd love to get some more listener support as well. "Hopefully we'll get enough listeners to get some calls and generate an audience," says Hades, another Penalty Box artist who happened to be kicking it, Support local artists and get insight into some more obscure hip hop at https://weekendrapup.mypodcast.com. I scoped a recent podcast of the program and found Knoitalls' MC Facts kicking it with Booth in the studio, Small Lake City at it again.

"We need enough people to recognize everywhere else that their is a lot of great talent here that seems untapped," Booth said. That would be where the local fan base would come in [that's you]. See if the **Penalty Box** hype is real this October at *Localized*.

On Friday, October 10th the Bad Apples, Knoitalls and Kinnetick will all be at the *Urban Lounge* and so should you. Don't forget the date on this one (its happened to the best of us, but this is not one to miss). Cover is \$5 and please don't bring your kid sister, this is a private club. See you in October.





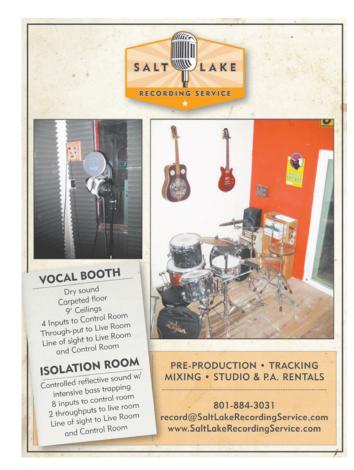
















The genre evolved from then-new genres like heavy metal and thrash and built upon punk-influenced bands like **Bathory** and **Venom**. Soon after, the second wave of black metal was spawned in the form of bands like **Burzum**, **Emperor** and **Mayhem**. These bands in particular struck a chord with hordes of teenagers, drawn to their cathartic expression and using it as a way to rebel against their Christian upbringings. Years of media-hyped terror ran rampant throughout many European countries as churches were torched to the ground and murders and suicides were committed in the name of black metal. The plague of black metal spread throughout the world, and quickly became an art form that is both renowned and notorious among metal fans and concerned parents alike.

Black metal as we know it today takes on many forms, sub-genres and styles. Though most contemporary bands deviate from the traditional formula, others not only hold true to their roots, but truly believe that what they are doing is simultaneously an artistic medium, a form of ritual worship and tribute to the left-hand path. The bands have evolved not only visually, but also musically, creating not simply albums full of songs, but music that is packed with symbolism, metaphysical and theological concepts, and artistic purpose.

Sweden's Watain are one of these bands. Formed in 1998, the band released two demos, an EP and a live album before finally releasing their first full length album, Rabid Death's Curse two years later. The album put them on the map and they soon found themselves playing shows with such bands as Rotting Christ, Antaeus, Mutilation and Dark Funeral. Since then, Watain have only grown more notorious through several more releases, relentless touring and an alliance with an illustrious, yet exclusive, collective, known as Norma Evangelium Diaboli - a label which houses notable and respected bands such as Deathspell Omega and Katharsis. Bands which are part of this fellowship are known not only for their influential approach to black metal music, but also the particular focus that is attributed to their overall artistic display, aurally, visually and otherwise. It is clear that just as much thought and effort go into the band's visual aesthetic and lyrical content as their songwriting. "Watain is not limited by the regular band idea where the music is the only thing that matters—our art extends far beyond such shallow thinking. A 'band' is far too restricted of a concept to let the fiery horrors of our being roam freely. I'd rather see Watain as a temple of rich artistic expression which has no concrete boundaries in shape or form,"

Erik Danielsson (bass, vocals) says. This expression is apparent upon witnessing their live performances, liner notes, artwork, website, and even logos prominently displayed to represent the band's purpose. "There is nothing that is done in connection to Watain without a complete etymology behind it; all symbols we take use of have a vast depth beneath them," Danielsson says. A specific example of this symbolism would be the use of a logo that portrays a fierce wolf on their website and items of merchandise. "To speak briefly about the exoteric meaning of the wolf-sigil, the wolf's head is the symbol of the Black Metal Militia, a Watainian presentation of the spiritual war which is fought in Malkuth by each Satanist, something which the wolf corresponds perfectly to. Because the wolf is

After being put on hold in 1997 due to a murder conviction, the influential **Dissection** reformed for a short period in 2004 and two Watain members participated in its rebirth. Sethlans Teitan (live guitar) was officially part of the band, and participated in the creation of their long awaited album Reinkaos, while Erik Danielsson played bass for live sessions and Watain as a whole performed as the opening act for this tour. "When Jon [Nödtveidt] started to get regular permission to leave jail over weekends, we started to acquaint through Set who was rehearsing with them. We developed a good communication and the offer for the support position on the tour came very naturally." Because Dissection was a band that shared the same ideas and belief systems as Watain, the bands collaborated successfully in many ways. "Working with such a hardened, yet charismatic, personality such as Jon's was extremely inspiring and I developed a lot from that in many ways. I can still sense the thickness of magic in the air and that breathtaking feeling that something monumental was happening. It was a great honor for us to do the tour with Dissection in their most glorious days, and deeply inspirational on many planes. It was by far the best and most powerful tour we've ever done,

Danielsson says. Dissection came to a sudden end when frontman Jon Nödtveidt committed suicide on August 16, 2006. He was found in his apartment with a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

> Watain are infamous for their live shows, which are said to accurately portray the chaos and madness from their recorded works. While much of their performance showcases some of the expected theatrics, none of it is without purpose or reason. While not everyone will appreciate the experience Watain are working to display, Danielsson assures that it won't be just another dog and pony show. "The fires of damnation can both illuminate and burn. Those who dare to take part of the performance and open their hearts to let the Devil in or out are in for a transformation, of what kind is for their inner selves to work out. Count on some heavy fucking black metal artillery of a most sinister kind.

Watain's devotion to their beliefs and artistic craft are synonymous with each other. Without one, there very well may not be the other,. "Imagine a gospel choir praising Christ, but not believing in one single word. I don't think they would get that many churches swinging. Black metal that sends chills

down the spine and puts you in a different state of mind does so because the energies are real and come upon you. You cannot create such energy out of a mind as sinister as a white sheet of paper. In order to portray true darkness, you must experience it first," Danielsson says. With this mindset, there is something to be said about a band such as Watain playing in the state of Utah. There are a great many similarities between us and Sweden when it comes to the government pulling from the same pockets as the church. "The graves are beginning to open, and no prayer will ever be able to close them shut. I hope the Christians come and try to stop us. They should feel desperate. For just as we, they know that the Devil always prevails." Watain are performing their black metal ritual at *The Urban Lounge* on Tuesday, Oct. 14th.



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Princess Second Story Rennedy

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Five years ago, my friends **DJ Adrian** and the **Mysterious D** approached me to be a constituent in their newest passion—mashups. Since then, they have successfully built an empire based on their status as the first and best bastard-pop DJs in America. Their party *Bootie* is a worldwide roving club in cities like L.A., NYC, Paris, Munich, Mexico, Tokyo and most recently, *Second Life*. At this point you may be asking yourself, "Where the fuck is *Second Life*?" Allow me to explain.

I damned Second Life a year and a half ago when my twin sister **Jordan** ditched my 30th b-day party to go clubbing there or meet a new BF or whatever. I didn't really care much cause I have no interest in all that dungeons and drag queens shit. Secondlife. com states that "Second Life" is a 3-D virtual world created by its residents. Since opening to the public in 2003, it has grown

explosively and today is inhabited by millions of residents from around the globe."

Basically it's a total dork-wad roleplaying game that goes way over my pretty head. It's a social networking tool kind of like MySpace. Essentially, you're living in a 3-D environment with an interactive world in real time. At last count there was an overall population of 15,139,552 with 50,000 people online at any given time. The land is divided into islands such as Information Island, which, incidentally, had some of the best librarians I've ever come across. The community is dotted with restaurants non-profits political protests, a university with an impressive academic enclave, real-estate agents, hookers, lawyers, strippers and doctors. I suggest going to YouTube and checking out the birth of an avatar. There's just a bevy of things to spend money on, too. If I wanted my avatar to have my signature flowing blonde locks, I'd have to pay real money for that shit. The marketplace currently supports millions of U.S. dollars in monthly transactions. This commerce is handled with the inworld unit of trade, the Linden Dollar, which can be converted to U.S. dollars at several thriving online Linden Dollar exchanges. In fact, a woman in Asia named Anshent Chung is the first person to become a multi millionaire in real life from her real-estate

SECOND® LIFE



A digital diva dances her little virtual life away in Second Life

ventures in SL and other such online community developments.

Let's get back to clubbing. Getting started can be quite confusing. You create an avatar (a digital representation of a user in a virtual reality site) and are deployed on an island. Unless you're the computer geek type, you'll never make it off. So I chose to ride along with my twin since she was already established. There are hundreds, if not

thousands, of clubs to choose from—gay, straight, sex, strip, jazz, reggae, techno, industrial, fetish, and my favorite, the disabled persons dance club created by **Simon Stevens** of Canterbury, England. In real life, he is challenged with cerebral palsy. His avatar still lives in a wheel chair and sports a helmet. Apparently fear of a head injury is a big concern in *SL*, too. His nightclub, called *Wheelies*, celebrates our handi-capable avatars. The club names are the best; *Qatar*, *Ambrosia*, *Glam-Scum*, *Solaris* and of course the aforementioned *Bootie*.

"The weird thing is we've never actually been to Bootie Second Life, because we're always doing Bootie (in our initial life) at the same time," says DJ Adrian. The Bootie party in San Francisco is Web-casted live with streaming audio into the Bootie Second Life party so the two parties happen simultaneously, with the same audio. "I know this, which is why I try to give little shout-outs on the microphone—usually at the end of the night—to all the Web cast listeners and people dancing in Bootie Second Life. It's like this strange little phantom cyberspace mash-up party that I can't see,

but that I know is happening without us! **Miss Cyberpink** (aka **Amanda**), always does the opening mash-up DJ set in *Second Life* before the club in San Francisco opens. She's really been the one instrumental in keeping *Bootie* alive in *SL*," DJ Adrian says.

Other DJs, like **Nexeus Fatale**, work not only at his nightclub *The High*, but freelances other gigs DJing primary life-based *SL* parties for *The L Word*, *H&R Block* and *CSI: NY* and others

Thoroughly confused? Well, here is my simple solution. SLUG and a host of local club icons will be throwing a monthly club night. For one year I will delve into the world of nightclubbing on this earth and beyond to bring you what I think is the hottest stuff in the scene. The first step (there will be 12) will be the acceptance of a future that you cannot change. Simply called First Life, it will have a '90s theme with DJ Rainbow Tay and will be hosted by Gorgeous Jared Gomez. This party will be simulcast in Second Life by live video feed and reversed into the nightclub so we can witness the hot avatar action that shows up to our club there. I'm sure that's never been done here before.

In this world with war, recession, disaster and a bleak political outlook, I get it. We need escapism whereever

we can find it. For me, I'll continue to be a man in a dress, cause honey, I can barely keep this life from unraveling at its haute couture seams.

Party info: Thursday, Oct. 24th, *Bliss Night Club*. Guest list 'til 11 pm. For more info and guest list: *myspace.com/theprincesskennedy*



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By Tia Martinez

redlightbookslc@hotmail.com

If you don't know who John Wiese is, let me catch you up to speed. He's a badass artist and musician from LA. His ongoing projects include **LHD** and **Sissy**

Spacek, but he is also known for his collaborations with many artists, including Wolf Eyes, Merzbow, Smegma, Kevin Drumm, Cattle Decapitation and C. Spencer Yeh. He is also an accomplished solo artist. He has toured extensively throughout the world, covering Europe, Scandinavia and Australia as a member of Sunn O))) and the UK as part of the Free Noise Tour (which also featured Evan Parker and C. Spencer Yeh among others). Although Wiese has released albums on a variety of international labels, he often releases work on his own label, Helicopter. I was lucky enough to talk with John Wiese about his music as well as his upcoming show in Salt Lake City.

SLUG: Have you played in SLC before?

JW: I've never played in SLC before, but in the mid/early '90s I was traveling with this hardcore band that played there and was amazed at the violence and extremity of the scene there at that time. Lots of not-so-subtle straight edge and vegan tattoos.

SLUG: Is this a solo tour for you? JW: Yeah, it's about 45 shows in two months across most of the US. I'll mostly be in Europe next year, so I figured this is my chance to get around before I go.

SLUG: Do you prefer playing all ages shows or bars? **JW**: Bars are not very ideal for anything that requires some thought/appreciation/consideration. I find myself mostly at all ages venues.

SLUG: Can you describe your current project and what to expect at the show?

JW: Lately my style has been live-input processing of voice, electronics and tape. It's non-loop based, but there is a sense of repetition and rhythm.

SLUG: Any other upcoming projects that you are working n?

JW: I'm always working on recordings, and have some albums coming up with Evan Parker, Aaron Dilloway, C. Spencer Yeh, and Steven O'Malley. In November I'll be spending two weeks at Art At Tokyo Tech as a visiting artist, and I'll be touring Europe starting in January.

SLUG: Have you ever been sabotaged by sound guys due to the noise in your performance?

JW: It's happened before! A soundman can be your best friend or worst enemy. The best sound I've ever experienced was in Australia while on tour with Sunn O))). During soundcheck we were doing individual levels and couldn't believe the absolutely devastating bass and volume. I walked back to the sound booth and there was a very, very irate Australia guy screaming at people from the venue, "Get the fuck away from this desk! I'm

running sound, not you. Don't fucking tell me what to do!" After the show we found out he had just broken up with his wife.

John Wiese will be playing at *The Urban Lounge* on Sunday, Oct. 5th at 10p.m.



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Over the summer my brother Ian Wade, his friend Sam Knopp and I all loaded in to my car for a little Girl Talk. It took us 2,000 miles, one dead bird, three strip clubs and one flat tire, but we got there safely. Why did we drive 2,000 miles for a little Girl Talk? We had heard about a huge block party on Capitol Hill in Seattle and knew that was going to be the best place for Girl Talk.

We arrived in Seattle weathered, but not worn. We put our dancing shoes on and had a full hour of nonstop Girl Talk, Girl Talk, aka

Gregg Gillis, is one of the best music producers and hosts an incredibly wild dance party. I couldn't keep this Girl Talk all to myself, so here you go. I was able to catch Gillis on a two-week hiatus and catch up with him about his tour and his music.

If you are still craving more Girl Talk, don't fret. Gregg Gillis will be blessing us Oct. 30 at *In the Venue*. Get your dance moves dialed because it will be one party you cannot miss.

SLUG: I heard you were in a noise band called The Joysticks. Was that where your music career began? GT: The Joysticks were a band in high school. We were electronic experimental, abrasive; the band was almost borderline-focused on the performance arts. We didn't focus on practicing or creating music at home; it was all just preparation for a live show. It was just me being 16 and getting on stage lighting off fireworks and watching people clear room space. Then I started VIP Blow Jobs as a side project around 2003-04 with some friends of mine who did computer music to form a rock band. We based it around the fact that two of my friends had grown their hair out in the course of a year and we looked like we should be in a rock band. So we started and we got one of the guys' 10-year-old brother to play drums for us. We only had one show and it was fantastic for me

SLUG: When did the Girl Talk project begin?

GT: Girl Talk began in 2000, so it existed before VIP Blowjobs. I graduated high school and I was moving away from all my friends and the band so we were forced to break up. I had dabbled in sampling music while I was in The Joysticks and was a fan of people that re-contextualize popmusic. So when I went to college and got a computer, I decided I wanted to start a project based around collaging top-40 music together.



SLUG: Do you consider yourself a DJ, or do you define your music in a different way?

GT: I consider my music a production. The people I looked up to were John

Oswald, Kid 606 and Negative Land who all do sound collage, but were never considered DJs -it's all based around cutting and pasting pop music. For the first four years and the first couple of albums, nobody ever referred to me as a DJ. I never played in dance clubs and I never played with other DJs. I never spun records. I don't know how to beat-match

records, and I always performed with bands in more performance-style venues. My goal [is] to make new music out of pre-existing media. I don't want to play songs, I want to make songs. I never wanted to be a DJ. I want to be a producer who focuses on samples.

SLUG: How do you distinguish yourself from people who only do mash-ups? GT: I like the [idea] of [mash-ups]. I got into my first band because it was interesting and exciting. You didn't need formalized training to make experimental electronic [music]. You can just pick up a keyboard and get a computer program. Anybody can do it. I am a big fan of raw expression and unhinged musical ideas. I specifically stuck with a similar aesthetic over the years of trying to have things as tightly edited as possible while still being listenable. I want it to be challenging and complicatedly structuralized, but still accessible. At this point, I'm not trying to be different than anybody else out there, I'm just trying to make music that I enjoy.

SLUG: The New York Times stated that you are a lawsuit waiting to happen. How do you get around all the legal sampling laws?

GT: There is some doctrine in the United States Copy Write law called Fair Use and it allows people to sample music, films and other media without permission if the work falls under a certain criteria. They look to see if the new work is transformative and how it impacts the original material's public perception. [My label] Illegal Art and I both feel the work I am doing is transformative and it is not negatively impacting potential sales of the existing work. To me, if you are in any band you really can't exist without any influence. 'The Lawsuit Waiting to Happen' seems a little bit over-dramatic to me. It is a risky area, putting this sort of thing out, but at the same time we have done four albums [in] eight years. I have heard from a lot of labels and the artists I have



sampled and they have been very supportive of what I do. We are moving into an era where people are used to interacting with the media they consume. You know every picture that's on the Internet has a bunch of collages and every kid can take it to Photoshop and reprocess videos on YouTube. I think we are moving into an era where that's a lot more common.

SLUG: What programs do you use to create your music?

GT: I use two programs: Adobe Audition to make loops to make beats and I use Audio Mulch to perform live. In a live setting, hundreds of loops are constantly going and I am triggering and manipulating them in real time.

SLUG: How many computers do you go through in a year?

GT: In 2007, I went through three computers. This year I bought a Panasonic Toughbook, which is one of those computers they supposedly use in the military. They're supposed to be waterproof and unbreakable and I haven't officially broken it yet. I had a show a month ago where I fell on top of it and cracked the back panel, but it kept working throughout the show. I definitely give my public endorsement to the Panasonic Toughbook, which hasn't failed me yet.

SLUG: How long does it take to get an album done? **GT**: The last two albums have taken me both about two years each. Typically, it takes about a year and half of performing live shows and generating new ideas in the live setting and, after that it takes about three to six months to really sit down and generate an album.

SLUG: How do you pick which samples will go on the record?

GT: It's weird, I mean I can sit down this week and may sample 20 songs. I choose what to sample by whatever I am listening to. You can play any song and there is probably some piece of it I feel I can work with. And then I will sit down and just try out a whole bunch of things and then maybe something will come together. Most of the decision-making process comes from live shows. And when I come up with something new and I introduce it to a live set, I will play it and I may feel a certain way about it. It probably sounds a lot different to me on a loudspeaker with the crowd screaming and dancing than it does on my headphones. The audience will give me a certain reaction to it as well. All of that influences me. So by the time I go to record, most of the core ideas are already done. On the new album there are over 300 samples and it's not like I sit down one day and say 'ok I will make those in to an album.' I sample thousands and thousands of songs and only three hundred make the album. I almost feel slightly removed from the decision-making process. Certain things just sound good and it may not even be the songs I wanted to sample, but they really worked in my ears.

SLUG: Where is the best place to get all of the music you have out?

GT: The easiest and cheapest place to access all of it is www.illegalart.net. Illegal Art has been the place that has released all my music over the years. The new album is offered as a pay-what-you-want download.

SLUG: I heard you were going to name your most recent album *Death Sucks*, but changed it to *Feed the Animals*, due to blow up props and live shows. What's the story behind the name?

GT: Death Sucks was the initial idea, but I was on tour with a friend and talking to him about it and he thought the title was too negative. But you know death doesn't potentially suck if it's an outlet to another world. I was into how bratty that sounded, but we decided that Feed the Animals was more fitting. On the last tour we had these inflatables and a good friend of mine,

Andrew, Strauser would take them out and set them up. The crowd would just devour them—people were really excited to dance and party and go nuts. Andrew kept talking about how he would bring out the inflatables and how filling them up was the beginning of feeding the animals and the rest of the show was me providing food for these people to let loose and get insane.

SLUG: So my little brother and I drove out to the Capitol Hill Block Party in Seattle to see you. Your live shows are pretty incredible. What is it like for you being on the other side of the table?

GT: I used to play shows with dead, uninterested crowds. Recently, since people have gotten more into the record, they come out ready to get insane. The shows vary; I am there every night to get crazy, ready to have a good time, which I always do. Each show varies. Capitol Hill Block Party was outside during the day and very different from a typical club show in a compressed area. How interactive the audience is depends on the style of the room, but over the past years there are ups and downs of every show. I am ready to take it to the next level with every show, and I am kind of dependent on the crowd if they are ready to go there with me.

SLUG: You start your shows pretty much fully clothed and most of the time you are left in your skivvies. How does that happen?

GT: During the early shows, when I was playing to like 50 people in some bar on a Wednesday night, there was not much to watch with some guy just clicking the mouse. So during the early shows I got used to stripping down to push off a house party sort of energy. I want people to loosen up and have fun. I just got into a habit of stripping down. Since the shows have gotten bigger, I feel more pressure to visually entertain as well. I have done this for such a long time that I am used to stripping down. Sometimes other people start taking off their clothes and that gets me fired up.

SLUG: You are about to start a month-long tour. Are you ready for it?

GT: This tour will be interesting. I travel by myself for most of the year, but this tour is like a month long, so I will have a crew. I think things will be organized to a level that I am not typically used to. I am employing a bunch of my friends to hang out with me. I have a friend doing sound, a couple helping out with stage, a guy doing projected visuals and all the other bands that are on the tour are personal friends of mine.

SLUG: Your show here is a day before Halloween. Do you expect people to arrive in costume? Are you going to be in costume?

GT: That would be great. I will definitely be kicking some Halloween-style tunes. Halloween is my favorite holiday. Oct. 30 in Pittsburgh is traditionally known as devils night and that is the night you go out and egg houses and stuff like that. I love Halloween, and people should definitely come out in costume.

SLUG: For someone who has not seen a Girl Talk show live, what should they expect to see in SLC? **GT**: I always like how bare bones the shows usually are. Since it is usually just me and the computer, we can all totally focus on partying. I would never want to have a laser light show or anything that people would be mesmerized by. I'll have people there engaging the audience and helping me out. I think all of the shows fall between a rock concert and a dance club; it is a very compressed party. You have an hour to get nuts with it. I am very proud of all the shows I have done in the past, but I am just trying to kick it up a notch if possible.

Come check out the party that Girl Talk will bring on Thursday, Oct. 30 at *In the Venue*.

Reviewed by Fred Worborn Sept. 9, 2008 and Sept. 16, 2008.

I love sushi! I crave it constantly. I might even consider killing my own mother for a plate of sashimi! It is like my kryptonite: I become powerless in its presence. My stomach seems to have no bottom when I am seated at a sushi bar. I have even tried eating full meals before going out with friends to a sushi bar to stifle my appetite and still find myself with a bill of over \$100. If sushi eaters anonymous existed, I would likely be found regularly at meetings talking about my recent relapse and maybe the time I lost my apartment or job because of my habit. I'm pretty sure that it would be cause for divorce if my wife wasn't also a fan of Japanese food.

There are quite a few decent places to gorge one's self on nigiri and maki rolls here in Salt Lake, but nothing comes close to *Takashi* when it comes to freshness, quality of fish, creativity or service. This might be due to the fact that the owner and head chef **Takshi Gibo** and his wife **Tamara** are always around and tending to the place. Service is the only thing that I have ever heard criticized there, or more accurately the G-Star hipsters that both work at and frequent the place. In my experience, the service has always been top notch, but that could always be because I am one of those skinnypant-wearing, track-bike-riding, tattooed douche-bags. So, it's obvious that this review is not entirely unbiased, but to be fair, I did make two separate visits this last month and tried to be as objective as possible.

flesh of the fish was delicate and mild with just a hint of smoke to the flavor, but it's the flash-fried skeletal remains that I love. They're crisp and rich, almost creamy, with a hint of something roasty, almost like coffee, but not as bitter. The ponzu ads a sour saltiness that lingers on the breath. I followed this with a nigiri order of sea trout (\$5.50), a beautiful bright orange fish with white striping. It had the texture of cream cheese and was sweet and rich. After that, I quickly made myself scarce so that the staff could get on with prep for that evening's dinner.

The following week, I returned in the evening with my wife. We decided to head over early because there is usually a good, long wait if you arrive after 6 p.m. This time, we opted for a seat in the dining room rather than the bar and after looking the menu over for a moment, my wife and I decided to do something we had never done in the four years we have been frequenting Takashi-we decided to order from the dinner menu instead of the sushi menu. After some deliberation, I decided on the ridiculously tender flank steak (\$18.50)—that's their name for it, not mine. My wife ordered the veggie sampler (\$16), and an appetizer from the Dine-O-Round menu of kabocha soup made with Japanese pumpkin and crème fraiche that, after tasting, I hope becomes a regular offering. It tasted like Thanksgiving, all roasty and sweet. The food was exceptional; my steak came with seven-spice rub and Asian pesto on the side. It was cooked to a mediumrare perfection, near bloody in the center with a nice char around the edge and so tender that I could cut it with my chopsticks. The spice was nice, but not overwhelming and it tasted of smoke and BBQ. The small, firmly packed

patty of BBQ rice and tempura green beans that accompanied the meal were also quite nice The veggie plate consisted of a miso arilled eggplant, agedashi tofu tempura vegetables and edamame. It is a great option for vegetarians who are not interested in the many veggie rolls offered on the sushi menu. One of my favorite things about Takashi is the fact that they are one of just a few Japanese restaurants in the country that offers real grated



Tommy Nguyen & Takashi Gibo proudly display a plate of Aji Sashimi.

My first visit was on a Tuesday afternoon at about 1:45 p.m., 15 minutes before the end of their 11:30-2:00 lunch. I was seated at the bar in front of chefs Ryan Maning and Tony Rivera, and being a regular, I was greeted warmly rather than being scorned for being a last minute customer. When seated at the bar I usually take the opportunity to talk to the chefs about which fish is particularly good and order based on recommendation instead of off the menu. I started with a glass of Momokawa Pearl sake, a roughly filtered drink served chilled that is creamy in texture and slightly sweet, with a bowl of miso soup (\$2). Tony recommended the nigiri tombo (\$5.25), a Hawaiian tuna that's not always available. It had a distinct lemon flavor that turned into a strong, but pleasant, fishy taste. Ryan then served up a sashimi plate of aji (MP), a Spanish mackerel served with the edible crunchy carcass of the fish next to the raw meat with a side of the house ponzu dipping sauce. The

wassabi root (by request only) a sweeter, slightly less spicy option that tastes more of seaweed than battery acid that most of us have come to associate with that green horseradish stuff next to the pickled ginger on our plates. A few other can't-miss menu items are the wok-tossed asparagus small plate (\$9), T&T roll tempura fried and served with hotter than hell sauce, and the near famous hakozushi (\$13.95), also known as "the box." This roll is almost beyond description. As I said in the title, if you don't like this place, you can piss off, because I have never found anything but perfection there.

Takashi 18 West Market Street, Salt Lake City, Ut, 84104 801.746.1804

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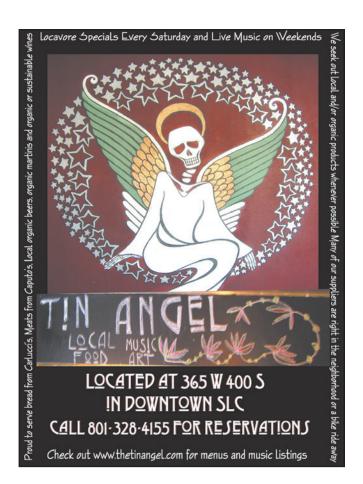
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Zine Reviews October 2008 By Patricia Bateman

Patricia@slugmag.com

A Complete Lack of Motivation Salty Hobo Records



Far be it from me to piss on a locally-produced zine ... oh, who the fuck am I kidding? A Complete Lack of Motivation (way to undersell it) is a half-assed comic zine drawn in quarters by **Robin Banks** (pages 1-14), Diego Brito (15-21), **Steve Thueson** (22-27) and **Gary Hurst** (28-40). Banks puts forth the most skilled artwork and storytelling; his panels flow logically and the shorts based around being an SLC vegan straight-edger actually have some humor and sentiment – two things you rarely get from an SLC vegan straight-edger (don't bother to write; I don't care). Then it's on to Brito's retarded "Mooky! The sXe Vegan Raccoon" and a dull creep into stream-of-no-consciousness drivel and shaky penciling. Maybe a fat, juicy hamburger would steady your hands (remember: don't write, don't care).

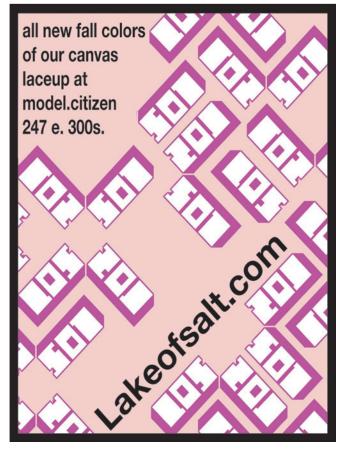
Not Your Mother's Meatloaf SexEdComicProject.blogspot.com

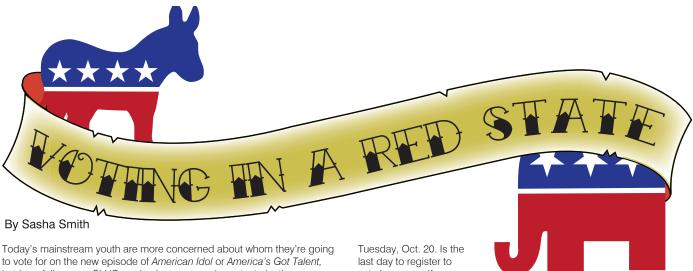


With a better title, Virginia's Not Your Mother's Meatloaf: A Sex Education Comic Book could become part of elementary and high school (and in Utah, college) curriculums. Oh, and if this were an alternate-universe, America where we taught young-uns about how their bodies work instead of just leaving the messy details up to Jesus and his next chosen Republican administration ... shit, is it November yet? Zine compiler Liza Bley and several snappy artists interpret body image, boobs, penises, vaginas, menstruation, gynecology, condoms, masturbation, homosexuality and relationships (what?), and there's even a special closing chapter all about drunken hookups (probably of the most interest to SLUG readers and, well, staffers). It's entertaining, brutally frank, and even educational, so of course it'll never work in this universe.









Today's mainstream youth are more concerned about whom they're going to vote for on the new episode of *American Idol* or *America's Got Talent*, but hopefully you, a *SLUG* reader, have a more important election on your mind. Despite Utah's track record of the Republican Party consuming all of our electoral votes, *SLUG* polled three local business owners with three not-so-simple questions regarding the upcoming Presidential Election. We at *SLUG*, hope that you will not use Utah's dominant political affiliation as an excuse for silencing your voice this November.

Tuesday, Oct. 20. Is the last day to register to vote in-person. If you plan to register to vote via mail your registration must

be post marked by Tuesday, Oct 6. For detailed information about getting registered in the state of Utah please visit *leaveyourprint.com* or *clerk.slco.org/index*.

Kestrel Liedtke

Co-owner of *Tin Angel Café* with husband/head cook **Jerry Liedtke** and **Robin Fairchild**Holds a B.S. in Anthropology from the University of Utah

Holds a B.S. in Anthropology from the University of Utah Mother of two thetinangel.com

SLUG: Party Affiliation?

KL: I am a Liberal Democrat (with a tendency to vote Green in Utah) because I see it as the party with the most regard for people. I want to live in an inclusive society rather than an exclusive one. I feel that social issues are the most important. I also feel that they are (or can be) the guiding force in most other issues of importance. Foreign relations, the economy, national defense and taxes can all be seen as social issues. I am generally suspicious of people who enter into politics. I see a desire to tell people what to do as a personality flaw.

SLUG: Who are you going to vote for? **KL:** I am a supporter of **Barack Obama**.

SLUG: Why

KL: He appears to be a candidate with a working moral compass who got into politics not out of a desire to control people, but out of a desire to raise them up. I like that he worked hard in school and got a very impressive law degree. I like that he paid for his schooling using merit-based scholarships and working. If you've ever applied for a scholarship you know how tedious it can be and I like the idea of a man leading our country who had to sit down like a normal person and apply himself. Obama didn't come from a wealthy family, nor did he marry into one. This is a major reason he rates so high in my book. He used his law degree to help people when he graduated rather than going directly into politics. This is another credit to his character. I said before that I am suspicious of politicians generally and I continue to question whether Obama is genuinely as selfless as he appears, but the alternative, Mccain, unquestionably epitomizes the things I distrust and dislike about government. I am excited that this election has brought us more diverse choices than past ones have. As a business owner, I am concerned about higher taxes and the economy in general. But I am willing to participate in high taxes as a way of bringing more people into the middle class. I use the knowledge I gained from my degree daily, especially in the business I'm in. Anthropology is the study of humans and I emphasized the study of diversity among humans in my course work. I looked at racial differences and gender based differences and at differences based on social and class structure. I also studied what commonalities humans share, despite genetic and social and class based differences. I am glad I got the degree I did because it changed my worldview. I tend to look at people's commonalities rather than differences now. I see my family, my friends, my business, my community, my nation and myself as belonging to and participating in a global culture. I see my actions and decisions (and those of the people around me) as not just important on a global stage, but also as to what makes the world

the place that it is. I see America as increasingly divided on many levels. The haves and have nots are moving further from one another. Democrats, Republicans, Independents and Greens are finding more differences and less common ground. People are viewing the world in terms of divisions. These divisions are creating a feeling of separation and isolation in Americans and in the world. We focus on illegal immigration and how to keep the borders safe, rather than how we can aid in building our neighbor's economy so they won't be so desperate to come here.



Phil Sherburne

Founder and former owner of Kilby Court.

Currently owns the poster art gallery Signed & Numbered with his partner and the mother of his three children,

Leia Bell.

signed-numbered.com

SLUG: Party Affiliation **PS:** None at all.

SLUG: Who are you going to vote for?

PS: Barack Obama

SLUG: Why?

PS: I'm voting for Obama because I have three young boys and I'd love to see them grow up. **McCain** is absolutely reckless, as is evident by his pick of **Sarah Palin** for Vice President. Imagine that pair in control of the United States military and its

enormous nuclear arsenal. As a father, that is absolutely terrifying. Listen to McCain talk about "winning" the war on terrorism, and it's clear that this is a guy who has not yet come to terms with the new world that we live in-this is not WWII. There is not a terrorist leader (including Osama Bin Laden) that can be captured and forced into surrender that would cause all the other terrorists to admit defeat and join our team. You cannot "win" this war against terrorists with more tanks and troops and 500-pound bombs; you just create more terrorists. Barack Obama understands that. John McCain does not and never will. And Sarah Palin—she just thinks that our war with Iraq is "the will of God" and that soon God will zap her and all her friends up in the rapture, so to heck with it. That is her foreign policy, and I'm pretty sure that is why her handlers are not letting her talk to the media much. I am an independent/ moderate voter, so I disagree with quite a few of Obama's ideas, just like I disagree with quite a few of McCain's ideas. I also agree with each of them in some ways. For me, the choice is really about which candidate can actually put America back on track, which candidate will send the message to the world that America is not an imperialistic nation of greedy rednecks bent on blowing everyone else up and exploiting their resources and which candidate will give my kids a better chance at growing up in a nation that is not terminally at war? It will take a long time for the damage that has been done to be repaired, but if America can elect Barack Obama this election, that will at least be the first step in the right direction.



Dennis Nazari

Owner of Salty Peaks Snowboard Shop, Established 1987 saltypeaks.com

SLUG: Party Affiliation?

DN: Independent. I'm not a democrat and not a republican. I'm an American and I want my country back!

SLUG: Who are you going to vote for?

DN: It would be easier to tell you who I won't be voting for. It's very hard for me to think about voting for a member of the council on foreign relations like **Obama** or **McCain** because they are both committed to the globalization of the world or the **New World Order**, which will increase illegal immigration in this country and give amnesty to those who are here illegally. It will also further diminish our sovereignty as

a nation. The council on foreign relations, also known as the political establishment, has had a firm grip on the political process in this country for decades. With the help of the media [they have] framed the issues we as Americans are allowed to hear about from candidates.Don't you wonder why we don't hear about illegal immigration or the national debt? I would look to a third party candidate like **Ron Paul, Ralph Nader** or **Bob Barr**, but if any of them had a chance to get into the White House the establishment would assassinate them before they got there. If you are voting for the lesser of two evils, you're still voting for evil.

SLUG: Why?

DN: I doubt you have enough space to get into the whole deal, but If you don't know about the council on foreign relations and their involvement in globalizing the world you should take some time out of your busy day to do some research. You might even wonder how I know months before the election that McCain will be your next president! As scary as that sounds I'm calling it now! I can only hope im wrong!



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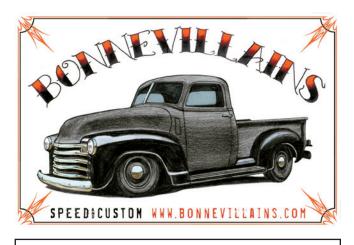
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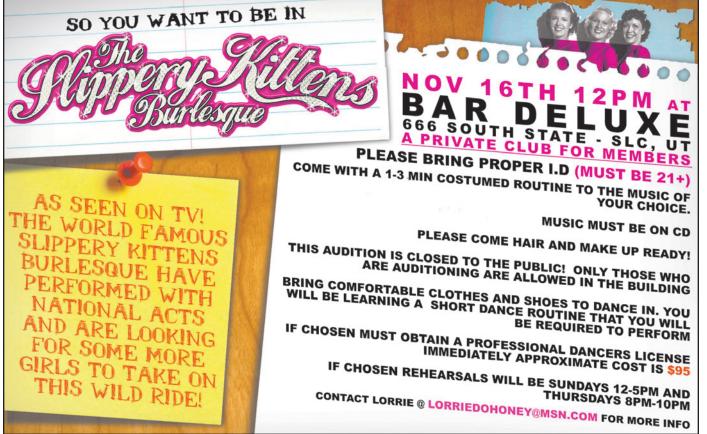


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As Big Deluxe celebrates its 10th Anniversary this fall, owner and founder, Rich Dohoney, sat down with SLUG to talk about the history and legacy of the Big Deluxe empire. As an accomplished and nationally recognized artist, Rich D gave his first tattoo at the age of 13 in a friend's living room. He did his first real studio tattoo 16 years ago at 20 years old (working under Don Brouse) at ASI Tattoo and after a six-year stint at ASI, Rich D. seized the opportunity to create his own shop. In 1998, Big Deluxe was born. Although the management side was never his dream, he now enjoys all aspects of owning the shop, but his true passion is tattooing. "Some days, it is hard to be the boss, to make shit run," Rich says, "but it is what it is, I never expected to have two shops. I always expected to have a studio, some place in the mountains where I could do what I want. But I realized real quick that's not how you support a family. I have had some good opportunities drop in my lap and I took advantage of them." Despite owning two SLC tattoo shops and the live music venue, Bar Deluxe, Rich D still tattoos five days a week, and is currently booked out for over a year.

apprentice survives the challenge of working at Big Deluxe, but it is undeniable that some of the most remarkable Salt Lake artists began their tattooing careers at Rich D's shop. Over the years, some have moved out of states, to other studios or left to open their own shops. "There are certain ethics, and a lot of yelling, that you learn from the old timers." Rich says regarding his training technique, "I coupled that with my love for art. I like to feel that I have the ability to see art in certain people even if they haven't quite brought it to the surface. I've been pretty lucky with a lot of apprentices, but any apprentice that has worked at Big Deluxe worked very hard for where they are today. It is definitely not a 'free skate' around here. It's a lot of work." Once an apprentice makes it through the hoops and becomes an artist, Rich D encourages his artists to travel and keeps a few simple rules around the shop. "Get here on time, be nice to customers

and do nice work. I try to think back. If I were working for somebody else, what would make me happy. I try to keep open ears to what the ailments are," he says.

Salt Lake Tattoo Style

Imagine, if you will, the largest guy you know - in every sense of the word – bearudainaly enterina a bar in a strange city wearing the shortest of shorts and a spaghetti strap top, asking to be bought drinks by an impossibly-even-larger man. Now this may sound like a bad dream, or a bizarre fantasy, but it is actually one of the practical jokes engineered by Rich D for one of his apprentices. One infamous Bia Deluxe tradition involves Rich D taking his employees out to drink and buying all of them rounds. If someone can't keep the alcohol down or turns a drink away after accepting the challenge, they are subjected to any number of humiliating acts. In the past, apprentices who couldn't keep up have had to dress up in a G-String and streak a tattoo convention, parade down the street in a 10-yearold's dragon costume and even wear an Irish school girl outfit while delivering pizza to other tattoo shops around the valley.

Antics and Apprentices

Rich D attributes Salt Lake's diverse tattoo community to the variety of local artists' that combine technique with personal style. "It is not so much that SLC holds a style different from other places, but that we take a lot of styles from other places. For example:

the East Coast, has a lot of black and gray, or France, where island work is really big. I try to grasp all of these different styles and understand them, cultivate them, and make them my own. There are a lot of great artists in Salt Lake, and they get that from other great artists."

On the Job

After sixteen years of experience Rich D doesn't mess up on tattoos anymore, but does admit that in his early years it did occasionally occur. "It would never be so bad, but there have been moments where I've definitely cornered myself," he says. Rich assures that these types of mistakes were often so minor a customer would never have even noticed. Rookies (who have noticeably lower hourly

rates and are artists in their first two years of tattooing) usually make the mistakes. Customers are made aware that an apprentice is tattooing them and a more experienced artist backs up the apprentice, in case one of them gets in trouble.

Dealing with unhappy clients with homemade tattoos or poor experiences from other shops is a completely different story. "Most of the time it is a technical cover up, but once there was this woman who came in, she was a bit eclectic [which is] a nice way of saying she was fucking crazy," Rich says, "She wanted the Planter's peanut guy with boobs and a muff. A week later, she came in and complained that the Planter's peanut guy had boobs and a muff ... so they had to deal with it ..."

Other eccentric clients include a man that had a winged angel god tattoo with a penis that had been done at another shop. "He came in to Big Deluxe upset, claiming that the other shop did not make the dick nearly big enough. It is pretty funny to ask someone how big they want their angel-god-dick," Rich says. "There is not much more that could catch me off quard. I've seen the elephant penis, and one of the guys here has a tattoo of a cat on his asshole. The mouth is the asshole, and above the tattoo it says, 'always talking shit.'"

Music, Art and Tattoos

Rich D's art is inspired by the world around him. Everything from people's facial expressions, music and all types of movement influences his work. The link between underground music and tattooing is blurry, but absolute. It's clear that music inspires some of the intricate and bright pieces that litter Rich D's portfolio and his business decisions. In March 2007 Rich D opened the doors

to Bar Deluxe. The bar boasts a packed schedule, cheap drinks, is a hot spot for local talent and has hosted The Murder Junkies, Murphys Law, The Dwarves, David Allan Coe and many other national acts. Rich is a music enthusiast and has had opportunities to tattoo many of [Steineckert] from Rancid comes in – he is my boy. I'll let him come in low key so he isn't bothered. I did Dickie [Barrett] from the Bosstones for free and the guy left me a \$400 dollar tip! Great guy," Rich says. The earth nature of most of the musicians; it was cool to see the connection between artists in decidedly distinct mediums.

his favorite musicians. "I'm a groupie. I really respect some of these guys, I would tattoo some of them for free. I am into the music scene, Brandon beautiful thing about underground music is the accessibility and down to New Beginnings



Rich Dohoney Outside of the new Big Deluxe Building, 662 S. State Street.

Rich D opened the doors to the newest Big Deluxe location on 662 S State St. after being forced to vacate the old 4th south location. "Two months after re-signing a lease at the 4th south location," Rich remarks, "I get a letter from the GSA – the federal government that they want to turn that whole block into a parking lot. The letter was the official 90 day notice," Rich says. The new shop is next door to Bar Deluxe and right down the street from the original Big Deluxe on 662 S. State St. The monopolistic presence and bright neon sides make a noticeable dent in the dilapidated storefronts that dot State Street. Although it required vision, the new shop is now up and running. Their old building still stands on 4th south, but it is only a matter of time before that building and Port O'Call, are torn down to make room for yet another downtown parking lot.

On September 10th

Although the details are still in the works. expect some massive celebration plans for the Bia Deluxe 10th anniversary.



NOW YOU CAN'T EVEN SKATE IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN BACKYARDS

4.5.21. Sporting Ramps. No person shall build or use nor shall any person cause, allow,or permit anyone to build or allow anyone to use any skateboard, roller blade, bicycle,or snowboard ramp or half-pipe or similar configuration within 800 feet of a dwelling, except within facilities that have been designated for such use by government entity.

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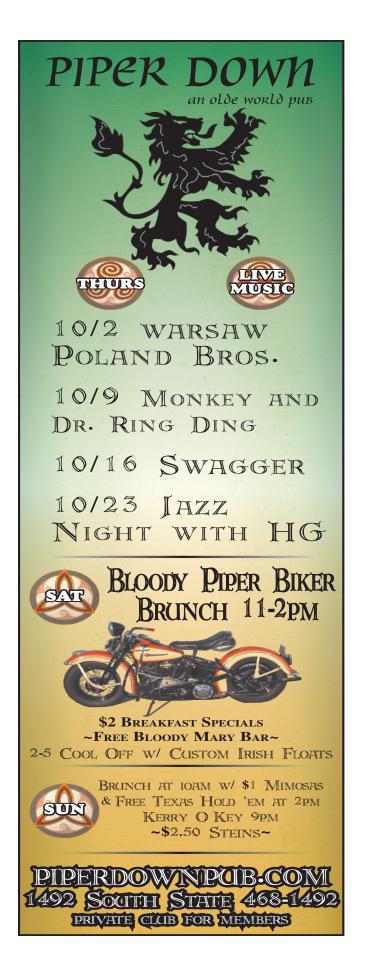
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SATURDAY Morning • 10/25 - Doug Fabrizio and **Phil Donahue** interview taped for broadcast

SATURDAY Afternoon - Frontline Producer and Director of politically charged films "The Choice" and "Bush's War", Michael Kirk

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43) SLUG

Word Association: Lyriconomics with Kordell Black



Pole jam, keepin' it left foot forward, but that's not the point

Anyone who has spent any sort of time with **Kordell Black** knows he is lyrically gifted in the art of rhyme speak, so what better way to conduct his interview than by showcasing his ability to rap on spot? Not only does he blow up the mic, he also fuckin' rips on a skateboard, so that's a bonus.

Kordell has a conversation with himself.

(Play a simple background beat on your stereo before reading this)

What's your name? It's Kordell.

How you doin'? I'm doin' well.

What's that scab? Shit, I fell.

Material Things? Shit's fo' sale.

Ryan Sheckler? Gettin' stale.

Where you workin'? Work at **Dan Jones**.

What you do there?

Makin' calls on the damn phone

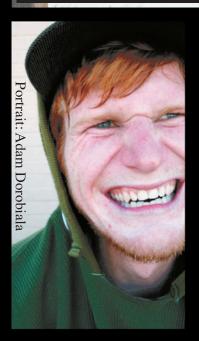
Makin' money?

Gotta get some!

How tall are you?
Think I'm six foot one.

Where you livin'? With the parents.

Words By: Chauncy Peppertooth Photos By: Chris Swainston chris@slugmag.com



Why is that?
Shit, I can't afford rent

Cheap bastard?
True statement.

Does it suck? Nah, I gots da basement.

You really like it?
Yeah it's amazing

Where you grow at?
Salt Lake City.

So you love it? It's the titties.

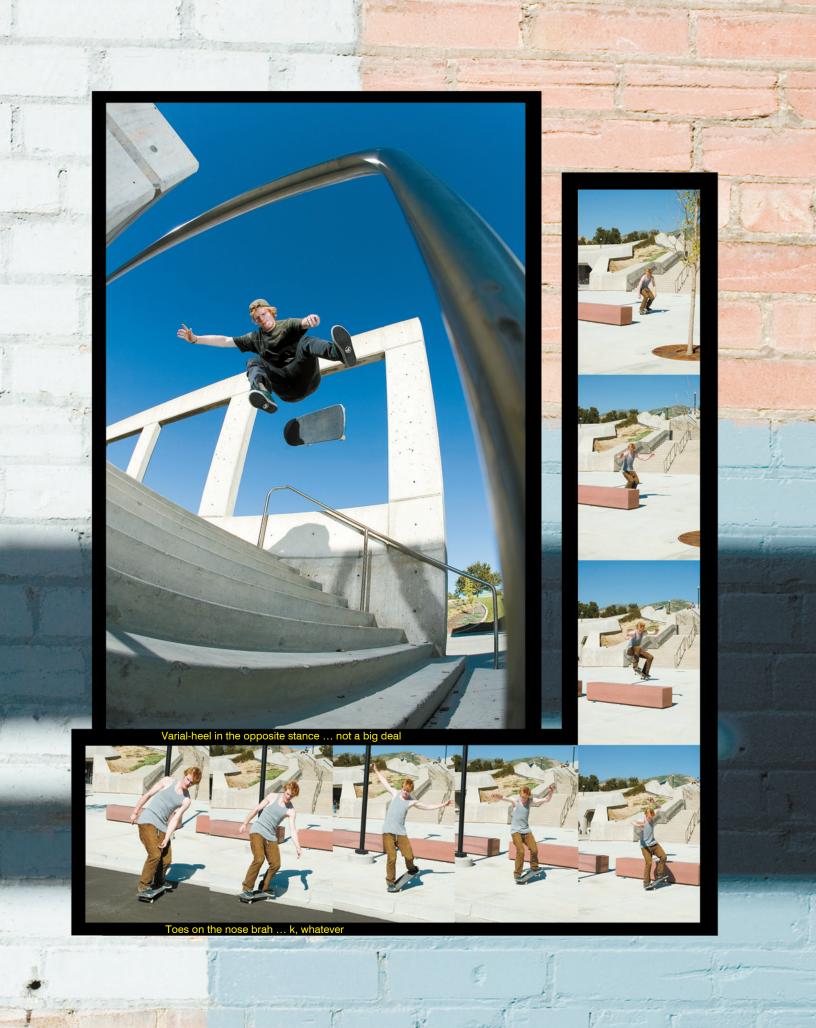
What about the winter?
Shoot, it's shitty.

How's abouts are you in school? You know I ain't a fool.

Where you goin"
The U of U.

So you enjoy it? Yeah, I guess it's cool.







Skateboards

Super Awesome Package www.forestskateboards.com

Fabrizio Santos recently started his own company, Forest Skateboards, and let me tell you, this guy knows how to make a vision come to life. All the art on the decks and shirts is simply amazing, not to mention the quality of the actual products themselves. They hooked it up fat, with a bunch of goodies ranging from fast-as-wind bearings all the way to a street cruiser board that can keep on keeping on over most road/ alleyway debris. The shirts are super comfortable and stylish, and there is no reason why you shouldn't already have seen or heard about this company. The boards offer a proper shape for any skateboarding mastermind while the graphics themselves only add to the energy that these 7-ply wonder machines exude. Go check the website out and hope that local shops will be carrying their products soon. - Adam Dorobiala

Lake Of Salt Shoes LOS Canvas Lace-ups www.lakeofsalt.com



Patrick Munger has steeped into some plush new canvas slip-ons with his company Lake Of Salt. Munger takes that quintessential canvas slip-on that everyone desires and hand dyes every pair into a stylish array of custom colors. Not every size is available in every color, making each shoe a somewhat limited edition. In dire need of a good ninja shoe, Patrick helped me come up on a pair from Model Citizen. I immediately started putting them to the test. Comfort was a go right

breathable canvas loosely covers your foot allowing air to circulate

through the shoe to help keep your foot dry and stankonia free. No more than 10 minutes went by with these shoes on my feet before a glamorous brunette walked by and said, "Nice shoes." Clearly these shoes have major style points. It was time for a little durability test by trudging through mountain streams and dirt trails with man's best friend. Soaked and covered in dirt, all it took to bring these shoes back to life was a rinse and a sundry. A couple of hours later and the shoes were back in action and better than before. The water helped them stretch out to fit perfectly around my foot. The little bits of dirt that didn't wash out gave them that slightly weathered, I've been around the block look. Comfortable, chic, long-lasting, limited edition and local Lake of Salt shoes are where it's at for canvas slips. Check out what colors Patrick Munger is dying up for this fall at www.lakeofsalt.com. - Chris Swainston

Design By Diamond V Photo shirt

www.designbydiamond.com



This 100% combed cotton tee is light and comfortable. The V-neck cut will give you extra style points with the ladies, especially if you've got a macho man patch of chest hair to flaunt. At first, the fit was a bit wide-set for my liking, but after a machine wash in cold/warm water and low tumble dry it shrank down to a better fit. The print design is a chic collection of old-school cameras tumbling down the front of the shirt. Rather than an itchy, obnoxious cloth tag, Design By Diamond has taken that extra step to print the washing label on the inside of the shirt. A printed washing label isn't the only extra step that has been taken, as every shirt you see has been designed, printed, drawn or photographed by the hands of Nicholas D'Amico (the main brain behind Design By Diamond) himself. Check out what other graphics Design by Diamond has been drawing up at www.designbydiamond.com. - Chris Swainston

Etsy/ Thefullspectrum Dark Chocolate Pelican Tee www.thefullspectrum.etsy.com

Everyone likes dark chocolate, so it was an obvious choice to make a tee in that color with a gigantic pelican in full flying mode on it. I really like the position

of the graphic on this tee, which is not so blatantly obvious but also not too obscure. The graphics are hand printed via hand stretched screen and pure force, no screen-printing machines at all. Not only does *Thefullspectrum* make men's clothes, but **Sonya Evans** also has women's dresses and tees that are just as snazzy with a whole line of baby clothes to boot. I highly recommend checking out the website and helping support local artists that are helping art for the sake of art in Utah. – *Adam Dorobiala*

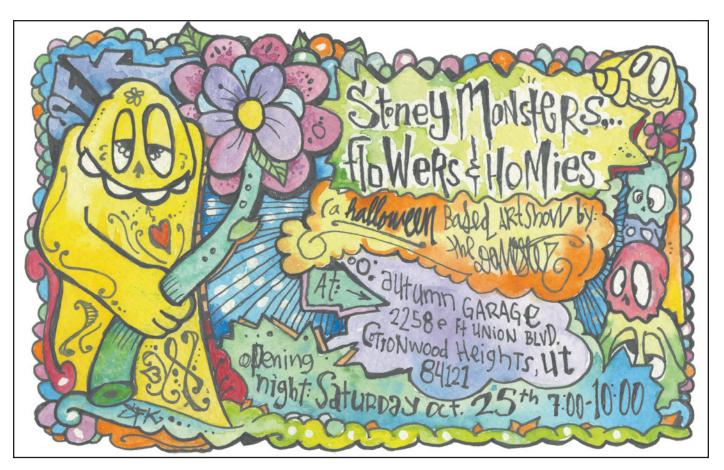
Sevenfold Skateboards Ever-Upward deck

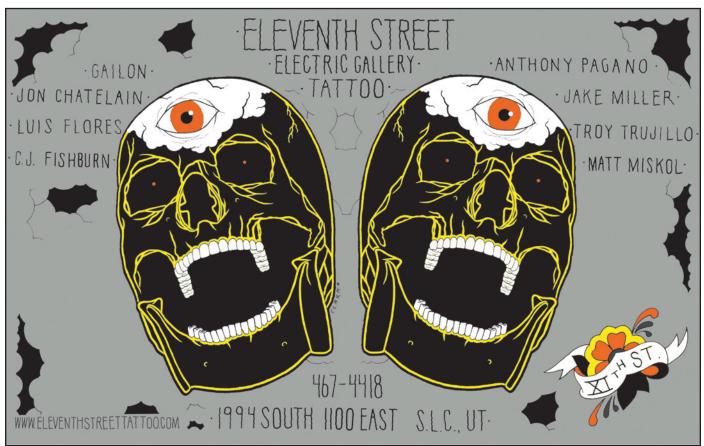
www.sevenfoldskateboards.com

Sevenfold is a fairly fresh company that started in 2001. Based in the southeast, they use that oh-so-nice crisp Canadian maple for their boards, none of that brittle Chinese birch bullshit. Sitting under my feet gripped and ready to rip is the New York Ever Upward board, part of a new series designed by Alex Picard. Weighing in at 7 3/4in x 31 3/8in. and the graphic art is so cool I almost wanted to hang it on my wall rather than skate it. That is no life for a board to live, so I put it to the test. The test is simple: you push around for a second, wiggle your toes and feel the concave, then



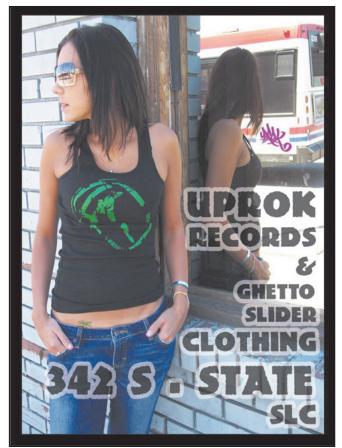
snap a kickflip. Everything you need to know about a board can be found in a kickflip. This deck passed with flying colors, giving me that nice loud crack off the concrete and slapping right to my feet. Nothing more was needed: the wood is good. Check www. sevenfoldskateboards.com to see what more goodies they have to offer. – Chris Swainston















two chicks at the same time.

Dirk Hogan: Half Hulk, Half Dundee, All Hogan. By Adam Dorobiala adam@slugmag.com Photos by Chris Swainston

chris@slugmag.com

Dirk Hogan recently stopped by our house in the hopes of getting some footage we had filmed for Roger Skateboards' "Roger of the Month" giveaway that they do on a regular basis. Michael Sieben (if you don't know who this guy is I already feel bad for you) and Stacey Lowery started Roger Skateboards after the short-lived Bueno Skateboards failed to impress the masses. They have no team, and if you want to send them footage you can become their "Roger of the Month," meaning for one whole month you get the benefit of being on a legit skate team. Pretty good idea if you ask me and Dirk is one of those kids who definitely has the potential to become the next ROTM (acronyms are radical). We got to talking and what better way to help him with his ROTM chances than to give him an interview to send those guys. Let's all cross our fingers as you read this so Dirk becomes the ROTM this coming month and gets to "Smile Forever" with Roger and Company.

SLUG: I have been seeing a lot of you lately, it seems like things are going pretty well for you right now. What are you doing for work?

Dirk: I'm actually unemployed right new and just spend most of my time skateboarding with **Brooks**.

SLUG: Sounds like a good time, have you been filming anything lately? **Dirk:** Only what Brooks and I film of each other. We just carry around a backpack and go skate, and when we see something we want footage on, someone pulls out the camera and plays director. I think that's the best way to get footage.





kickflip from a path less traveled



(ABOVE) keeping it classy, foot plant a three flat mansion gap

SLUG: That sounds way stellar, especially the hike up to it. Do you have any more plans for skate trips before winter comes?

Dirk: Only ideas of where to go. I really want to get out to Buffalo, New York.

SLUG: Me too, that place is such an untapped resource of skate spots.

Dirk: I know, that's why I want to get out there, plus I know a few people from *Sunday* [a local skate shop in Buffalo] who I can crash with for the time I'm out there.

SLUG: That's badass, I think I might just have to join you when you go. All right, enough of this interview already, so I will ask one more question. Where do see yourself in six months from know?

Dirk: Easy answer, with two chicks at the same time.

We ended up skating until the sun went down and headed back to the house to see the photos. Everyone wondered what to do next. We wanted to eat and celebrate the session, the photos and a great day of company, but none of us could decide where to go. Suddenly, Dirk yelled out, "Old Spagnetti Factory," and whipped out gift certificates for one free entrée for everyone in the clan. Talk about kindness. Not only does he show us random fun spots to skate, he also takes us out to dinner to end the session. If he doesn't make ROTM, don't know what to think about the skateboard industry.





rait: Adam Dorobial

"I'm gonna skate things I want to see get skated"





Absinthe Films Release READY

By Sully doublecabmelongrab@gmail.com

On Sat, Aug 30 at *Tower Theater, Absinthe Films* became the first snow-porn production company of the season to premier their new movie *READY*. While not x-rated, nearly everybody who packed the *Tower Theatre* that night left feeling like they had just had some sort of crazy drunken sex with a stranger that they thought they recognized from somewhere.

Why do I compare it to a hot one-night stand? The film was an absolute orgy of snowboarding, one could even call it the kama sutra version of a shred video. There was so much sick shredding going on in the video that it was hard for my little brain to keep up. I wanted to press rewind on at least seven separate occasions. From the grimlest urban riding to dirty dancing in deep powder, this video has something to wet the thirst of any snowboarder.

Akin to bending someone over and making them grab their ankles, **Jeremy Jones** stepped to the biggest lines ever ridden and literally made them beg

for mercy, which alone makes this video worth whatever MILO is charging this year. Further adding to the spank value of READY, moustache rocking SLC local Cale Zima and Laguna Beach pretty boy Keegan Valaika formed an odd couple, but nonetheless tag teamed urban features all over America and Canada. Both Keegan and Cale destroyed everything they touched and in the process earned the respect of friends, strangers, people who know nothing about snowboarding and seasoned veterans of the industry. Nicolas Muller was the true snow-porn starlet of the night, appearing multiple times during the course of the movie and voraciously tearing apart everything the base of his board trushed.

Other notable mentions go out to the bodily-fluid-draining performances of **Wolle Nyvelt, Romain De Marchi, JP Solberg** (still kills it!), **Bjorn Leines** and **Scotty Lago**.

The only issue I found was that the movie ran a little long. In the age of Internet fueled two-second attention spans, anything over half an hour is too long for a snowboard video. I'm not sure how I feel about the length of the video, but I think that a lot of good shredding could have been lost on audience members whose attention spans ran out.



If It Weren't for Scumbags and Snowboards I'd Have No Friends At All – Part 1:"The Boned Age" Soldiers of the Frozen Battlefield

By Shawn Mayer shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

Summer is over. The kids are going back to school, the skate parks aren't as crowded and the temperatures are dropping. Shit we even saw some brief snowfall. Speaking of snow, those of us that are here for the winter that Utah is infamous for, the end of summer marks another special time: premiere season! After sweating out three long, hot months of summer, we finally get a taste of what this winter has in store for us. Thanks to *Grenade Gloves* we can rest assured that another crazy season is just around the corner.

On September 15, the Grenerds and their band of hooligans rolled into downtown SLC to showcase their latest cinematic guffaw. Notice I didn't say where? That's because I was pissed that the door chick tried to charge me five bucks to watch my sweatshirt and the bartenders over charged my credit card, but I don't want to be an asshole so I'll leave the location out for now. The newest addition to the Grenerds' library is titled The Boned Age, a spoof on the 80s cult classic The Stoned Age (which I highly recommend). Like their past efforts, this video is packed with some of the best riders out there (some not as famous as others) absolutely killing it! Set to a soundtrack that breaks away from electro-pop and sticks with the raw shit (punk/metal) and broken up into skits that are funny even without the background references, this video is bound to be a yearly favorite. I noticed there is one slight change in this compared to those of the past: the rider's are going bigger then ever (holy method! You'll see it!).

After being pleasured visually, the crowd turned to the bar and the booze went fast. The rest of my night consisted of double to triple fisting, low fives and pounds (what's up with the double hand greeting?) blur, fuzz, random conversations and some shitty pictures!

Don't forget to pick the video up at your local snowboard shop. It should be there by the time you read this.





By Jonathan Livingston

So everybody knows the *Toyota AST Dew Tour* was in town just a minute ago and our own hometown hero, **Adam Dyet**, was able to do his thing on his home turf. His qualifying run was flawless, but unfortunately his finals runs were not quite up to par for "Try it Dyet" and he ended up placing eleventh. Oh well, next year is always around the bend. **Kendall Johnson** and another local SLC skater were featured in a *Fuel TV* spot for the tour that aired on *NBC* mid September. Hopefully, *Salty Peak's* owner **Dennis Nazari** doesn't back out of the TV coverage credit promised for these two team riders.

In other news, **Jared Smith** got **Evel Knievel** on his ramp and tried to hop from the roof of the garage to the transition, which is a good 12+ feet on top of the already five foot tranny. He ended up going to the doctor to get his ankles checked out and it turns out he already had multiple fractures that he didn't even know about, what a hard ass. Unfortunately, he will be in a boot for the next two-four weeks.

Sean Hadley a.k.a. **Dirty**, is completely available and is now on the prowl for some poon tang. Ladies, if you have a valid drivers license that shows you're over 18, be on the look out for "Ol' Dirt McGirt" to be asking you to buy him a drink before he tries to get you out of that green space suit so you can show him your fat ass.

On an extremely ridiculous side note, the Salt Lake Valley Health Department passed an ordinance/law banning backyard miniramps in Salt Lake and outlying areas. Bollocks to that, what are they gonna do next, outlaw basketball courts in major parks and have everyone connected to their 50 inch plasma screen TVs via tracking anklets? What the fuck is the world coming to when public safety officers are telling you that you that you can't make any noise above the level of masturbating to scrambled porn? Health department? Sounds more like a "stay inside and make your lazy fat ass even lazier" department. Go online to www.SLCMiniramp.com and sign the petition to make being outside fun again. That's all the news for now, but if you have any other stuff that's untold or needs telling, email peterpanhandler@ slugmag.com to get him to do the talking for you.



O.K. It's October: Board Give Away

By: Dave Amador

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com



Trick or treat scumbags? This month I'm upping the product ante since only one person replied to last month's trivia questions. I guess people don't like free shit anymore, or kids nowadays just might not have any skate knowledge. Either way, I'm giving away a *DARKSTAR* board and a pair of *Skullcandy* G.I. headphones, which come in rasta colors (since that's what's so hot and trendy again). Just send your answers to the trivia questions to my e-mail address above. Congratulations to **Brook Seely** for winning the trivia give away. Don't hesitate to enter again because I don't play by any rules.

- 1. Which way does Rodney Mullen skate naturally? Hint: all of his current ads are of him skating opposite of his natural stance. Damn he's insane!
- 2. Who did Ryan Sheckler skate for before his current board sponsor of Plan-B? Hint: Mr. mini-ramp and manual master rides for said company.
- 3. What concrete destroyer skates for Skullcandy that resides in sunny San Diego? Hint he also rides for VOX and Anti-Hero and constantly lurks out at Washington Street?
- I'm practically giving you guys the answers here.



MINI RAMP BAN UPDATE



By Brian Baade yo@skateutah.com

It's amazing what can happen when people sit down at a table and actually talk. On September 29th a small group of local skaters and ramp owners met at a coffee shop with the powers that be from the Salt Lake Valley Health Department to discuss the ramp debacle that is Regulation 4.5.21.

Shortly after word got out about the recent ban on ramps SLVHD Executive Director, Gary Edwards, extended the proverbial olive branch to the local skate scene and asked for a few of us to meet up and share our input. Even though the normal public notices were put out, the SLC skate community was pretty much left in the dark on this one. Unless you are a regular reader of the daily paper classifieds with a fondness for the public notice section, you probably missed out as well.

Local ramp owner Nick Hale was the first unluckily recipient of the first letter from the SLVHD informing him his ramp was in violation and started the seciminiramp.com website. After seeing a poster for it, we did some research and immediately put it up on the skateutah site; simultaneously Jeremy Jones informed Burton and DVS, the Celtek folks put it out there in interweb land and so on and

Gary Edwards' office contacted myself at skateutah.com asking for input so we organized a small meeting with some local ramp owners to get their input on the matter. Nick Hale, Ashley Bloxham, Tyson Bowerbank,

his mom Kim Bowerbank and myself sat down with Edwards and Environmental Health Director, Royal DeLegge to work on some sort of compromise on the new law.

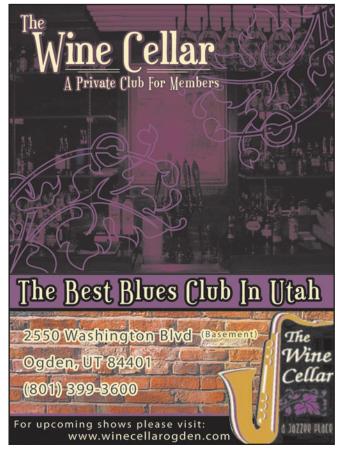
Instead of having to go in immediately on the defense, I'm sure I'm not the only one who was slightly surprised to be met by two public officials genuinely open and interested in what we had to say. Hale and Bloxham shared their concerns as homeowners and professionals with ramps who felt sighted by the law and the Bowerbank's spoke as a concerned mom and an up-and-comer with a potential career in skating. Edwards and DeLegge let us know that with the enormity of the noise ordinance, the sporting ramps clause didn't get the due attention it deserved and needs to be reworked.

Long story short, by the time you read this Edwards will be recommending to the board that the regulation get suspended until April 2009 at which time it is either removed or reworded in a manner that allows ramps to fall under the same noise ordinance guidelines as other backyard activities. At the same meeting, I will have addressed the board on that it's time skating is recognized as a legitimate sport in Utah and needs to be treated as such.

So for now your ramps are safe, I know it sounds like a sappy happy ending but sometimes that's what happens when both sides simply sit down and talk as people. Now maybe if we can do something about the crap contractors they keep hiring to build parks in SLC ...









Mondays

FOOTBALL!!! with \$2.00 cocktails

Tuesdays

Nico Caliente w/ V2 Events & Special Guests. \$2 and \$3 Stiens and \$3.50 Jager Bombs

Wednesdays

Live local bands with \$2.00 PBR's

Oct,1 Chase (Funk, soul, hip-hop)

Oct,8 Mike Huerta (Acoustic)

Oct, 15 Elephante

Oct, 22 Them Changes

Oct, 29 Elephante

Thursday

Live Texas Hold 'Em @8pm \$2.50 Stiens of Amberbock and Budlight \$2.50 Slices

Friday |

Nico Caliente w/ V2 Events and Steez, Spinning your favorite 80's and hip-hop. \$4.00 24oz Heineken Keg Cans

Saterday |

Poker at 2pm

live music by: Oct, 4. Darren Thornley and the Bergs

Oct,11. Blueroot

Oct, 18. Trent Thornley and Jackie Campbell

Oct,25. Form of Rocket and Will Cum

Sundays

Live Texas Hold 'Em @ 8pm \$2.50 Stiens of Amberbock and Budlight \$2.50 Slices \$3.00 Mimosas

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October's Gallery Stroll by Mariah Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

On the third night of October all the ghosts and goblins head out to the street strolling for blood, and the sweat of local artists. Tricks and treats await those who dare venture out on Friday the 17th, also known as THE GALLERY STROLL!!

Carolyn Pryor



Carolyn Pryor (Skull Girl) is far from spooky despite her choice of subject matter. Like a story from *Tales from the Crypt*, skulls began manifesting themselves in Caroyln's life. Just as this call from beyond was being dialed, friends Jason and Vanessa of *Alchemy Coffee* got on board with the inducement, and began a whole logo and marketing plan using a rendition of one of her skulls and Skull Girl was born. Carolyn's skulls and skull related art merchandise have become wildly popular due in part to the spirited way she represents the skeleton. "It's challenging but I've tried to make skeletons friendly, loving and happy. We're all hanging out with one," Carolyn iokes.

Not just for Halloween, Carolyn related to me the little known fact that skeletons are the third most collected item according to the *Antiques Roadshow*, and you know those people see a lot of collections. If you are looking to start a collection or just want to see a happy skeleton, the stars have aligned for you this gallery stroll. Carolyn will have two shows simultaneously, one at *Alchemy Coffee* on 390 East and 1700 South and one at *Charley Hafen Gallery* located at 900 East and 1411 South. These two shows will have completely different art but the same theme: *LIFE-DEATH-LOVE*.

Lily Griggs





Ah, to be young again! The world is new and you can aspire to do anything, including having your own public art show at the age of 7. That is, of course, if your name is **Lily Griggs**. *Lily's Art Show* as it's so eloquently titled will consist of polaroids and acrylic paintings. This feisty young woman wants to go to Disneyland and nothing including budgetary restrictions is going to stop her. Show opens Friday October 17th in the back hallway of *nobrow Coffee* (300 South 315 East), which from this day forward will be referred to as the new location of *Disorderly House*.

BLOOD, SWEAT and HEART that's what you'll find every Salt Lake Gallery Stroll. Support Local Art!



Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell tyler@slugmag.com

In the coming months, the Utah Brewers are getting prepped for The Great American Beer Festival. And no, this is not a pabst-smear campaign of shitty beer, expect only the best. The Great American Beer Festival is an annual gathering of 45,000+ beer enthusiasts at Colorado's Convention Center in a celebration of brewing and the hard work that has gone into perfecting its art. Further, the GABF is host to one of the largest brew competitions in the world. Thus making the coming months a beer nerds inebriated wet dream. Here is the lineup for some of our local brews being sent off with high hopes.

Fifth Element

Brewery: Squatters

Abv: 6.25%

Average Price: \$14.50



Serving Style: 750ml Bottle Rating: ****1/2

Description: This long awaited beer or should I say piece of art, pours light hazy yellow with killer carbonation. Leaving a turbo head reminiscent of champagne, the aroma is a surprisingly complex blend of everything right in a farmhouse/saison. There is a dominant funk that can only be described as barnyard goodness, some tropic-like fruit, a Belgian malt backbone and an oaky-tartness finish. The taste is mutlibased with a strong malt dominance, yeast complex, and a proper blend of spice to finish with a dry-tart zang.

Overview: Holy shit pabst-man! This beer has broken the style of your typical saison, and launched itself into an oak aged sour ale. Being a major fan of anything soured, I am stoked to see anything else Jenny Talley has to throw at us. I wish I could go on more about this brew, but let's just say that if you miss out on it, you will regret it.

Where to Find: This brew is only found at the Squatter's Downtown location for a limited time

Organic Zwickelbier Brewery: RedRock

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$4.50/Pint Serving Style: On Tap Rating: ****1/2

Description: This brew comes off the

tap into your pint as light hav to pale straw in color. With a dense, creamery white head, the aromatics are a pleasant noble (German) hop character with grassiness and a subdued malty background. This guy hits your palate with that killer noble hop bitterness with a touch of hay and earth notes that linger to finish fairly dry.

Overview: Winning a gold at last year's GABF this brew comes back to us with a point to prove, the guys at RedRock are fuckin' amazing at what they do, and they are not going anywhere. This is another one of my favorites to see on tap over at RedRock, and I highly recommend it.

Where to Find: Only found on tap at RedRock locations (rotating release).

Lil Pips Mild Ale Brewery: Hoppers Bar & Grill

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$3.75/Pint Serving Style: On Tap

Rating:

Description: Pouring off the tap like a killer session beer should. Pips Mild Ale is deep brown in colour with ruby highlights and a thin receding off-tan head. With a solid aroma of sweet dextrins, next to no hop aroma, and a firm roasted barley backbone, this beer is simple to drink and simple to enjoy. Leaving a decent amount of roast in your mouth as it finishes, it could not go down any smoother with that soft

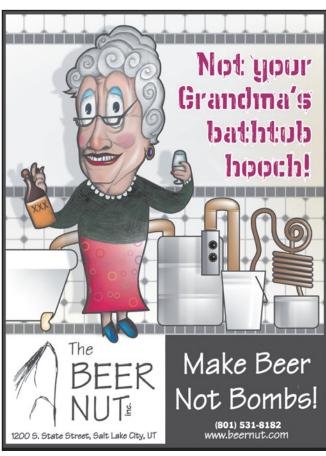


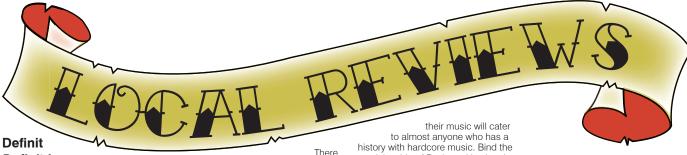
rounded malt on the tongue.

Overview: Another gold medal winner at last years GABF it seems that this guy is back for more. In the craft brewing industry the mild ale is pinnacle of all session beers that you can have a couple of and still be sane. Wait? What? Drinking not to get ... drunk. Holy shit folks, it's a killer concept. And with Lil Pips Mild Ale to ease you into this newly profound concept you are heading nowhere but up.

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







Definit Is Not Here

Self-Released Street: 04.11 Definit= Gym Class Heroes + **Brother Ali**



The many chapters of Definit's life have provided a wide array of experiences from which he constructs sincere rhymes. On this album he delves into religion, family drama, overdoses and the road to sobriety. As a sober member of the hip-hop community. you might assume that he'd be a little preachy, bur Definit rhymes about his experiences and his decisions, not about what anybody else should do. He turns to a variety of genres when sampling. The most beautifully composed, as well as my favorite track, "Far from Away," contains pristine samples from Carol King's "So Far Away." Whether or not you can relate to the lyrics on this song, the beat will set you at ease. Track six, "Awake," takes the listener through the mind of an addict choosing between life and death. While his music and rhyme styles reflect traditional hip-hop, his topics and themes advocate selfrealization and dealing with personal struggles. Despite his contradicting dual personalities, Definit's creative production makes this album worth a

listen. -SUPeRB

iO Dear Sarcasm! **Everybody Loves Leftovers** Self Released Street: 07.08

ODS = The Angsted + The Adolescents

One of the coolest things about punk rock is that anyone can make it. However, since anyone can make punk rock, chances are someone has already said whatever you have to say. ODS have plenty to say, and they say it loud, fast and hard, but it just doesn't stand out from the pack.

are a lot of lyrical cliches crammed into this brief EP ("the only future we have is the one we make," "actions speak louder than words," etc.) and the vocalists tend to go overboard on their delivery. It's not all bad though, as there definitely are some original lyrics (the chorus of "First Day of Winter") and when the band shows some restraint and eases up on the chugging guitars and lightning-fast tempos, their songs are a lot more interesting and entertaining. ODS definitely have some potential, but they need a lot of polish.

-Ricky Vigil

Opey Tailor Redheaded Stepchild Self-Released

Street: 10.7 Opey Tailor= Twiztid + Eminem + Necro

Opey Tailor's been known to spit variations of gangster rap and even love songs and on his latest album he's got G-NO of 801INT producing the tracks. Though Opey got his name from people who used to clown on his resemblance to the redheaded, Andy Griffith Show character, Opey Taylor, he's more like the Dennis the Menace of rap and only cares about his "I don't give a fuck" image. As an unsigned artist, he's free to express themes like "lovin' fat chicks" and make controversial songs like "Fuck Ricky Martin." It becomes hard to take Opey seriously when he refers to himself as "Ogden's Walking Venereal Disease" but he proves himself as a serious artist on "Kill Me," a song about how the record industry profits off of artists who have died. Opev references O.D.B., Mac Dre, 2Pac, and Kurt Cobain as artists whose record sales skyrocketed after their demise. Opey T. is another reason why many people are offended by rap music. –SUPeRB

Reviver Versificator Exigent Street: 07.08 Reviver= Ensign+Will Haven+The

Maybe I don't spend enough time in the community because Reviver had totally passed me by before I heard their debut album Versificator. They are yet another talented addition to the Exigent Records roster. Reviver members have been in previous local bands such as Cherem and Cool Your Jets making the band seasoned hardcore veterans. The versatility in

musicianship of Reviver with wizardfingers Andy Patterson's recording/mixing and you have the tools necessary to be pleased. I haven't been amped on this style of music in a while, but those of you still agile enough for the amount of energy that oozes from Reviver's veins shall be ready to pump your fist, get your mosh on and possibly do a finger point! - Nicole Dumas

SubRosa

Strega I Hate Records Street: 03.15 SubRosa = Gallhammer + Jarboe + PJ Harvey



When I first heard about SubRosa, I noticed their influences were made up of bands that I would drive, or have driven, hundreds of miles to see, Naturally, I was intrigued. Not only is the band a unique entity among the local scene, but they're not exactly comparable to bands globally. With an all female lineup, these ladies deliver gloom and disdain in an extremely appealing package. The lyrics read subtly enough to be interpreted in several ways and are sang with a ton of despair and woe. Think of a Gustave Doré style carving where Israelites are cowering in the desert under their cloaks, hiding from a higher power-yeah, THAT kind of woe. The songs are of traditional length and structure, but the album is not without surprises such as in "Go Down Moses" or the very addictive "Isaac." The songs primarily consist of down-tuned guitars and cymbal heavy drumming that carries much of the momentum with tasteful use of haunting violin contributing to the vocal melodies. This is still a rather "ugly" record but the feminine aspect of it creates such an attractive listen amidst a style generally dripping with testosterone. If music which makes you scowl is appealing, I cannot recom-

mend this enough. -Conor Dow

TaughtMe Lady

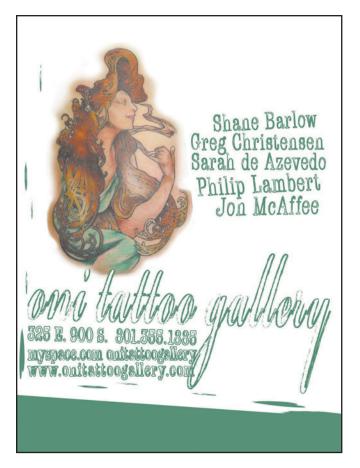
Kilby Records (domestic) & OWN Records (foreign) 09 01

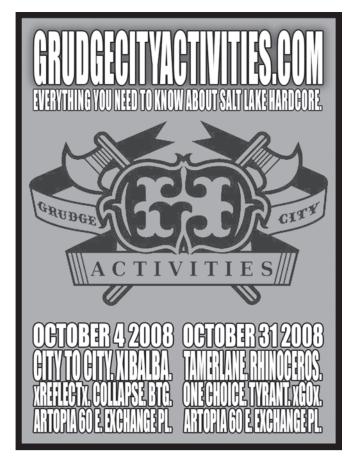
TaughtMe = Built to Spill + Peter & The Wolf + Anthony Green

It starts with a bang and ends with bangs and bells. A story unfolds throughout this earthy-electro album, and it's one you'll want to pay close attention to. At times it's quiet, other times it'll shout at you. There's a dreamlike quality present throughout that makes you feel as if you're drifting out to sea in a small paddle boat. You're anxious for what awaits, but still, there's a calm that wraps itself around you. At least that's sort of how it went for me the first time I listened to the album. TaughtMe's vocalist provides a diverse performance, whether he's singing alone or backed up by other vocalists, as on the song "Lady." Apart from the vocals and lyrics, it's the overall synthesizing quality that sets it apart from others of its genre although I'm not exactly sure if Lady falls under just one musical category. It's an eclectic album you can listen to while drifting off to sleep or with eyes wide open, and I suggest you do one, if not both, of those two things. -Erin Kelleher (Urban Lounge: 10.03)

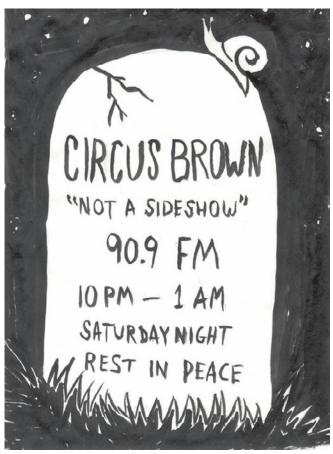
Tolchock Trio Abalone Skeletone Exumbrella Street 09 05 T3 = My Bloody Valentine + Sonic Youth + Jeff Tweedy

As difficult as it is for an outsider to pin down exactly what Tolchock Trio sounds like, it is comforting to know that a similar problem may exist among the band itself. The liner notes mention that this album, the third full length by a band that doesn't take the number three too seriously, has been in the works since the summer of 2006 (bordering on geologic time for local music). While the final product may not sound like it took two years to churn out, this is a good thing. Abalone Skeltone is comfortable, in the same way that an endless Velvet Underground jam surrounds you with the idea that everything will be all right. The album is immediate in its execution, and the players (as many as seven on one track) wander between musical and vocal roles quite easily. This is not only one of the best local discs this year, it's is also better than most national releases. Who knew that Salt Lake had the chops to turn indie psychedelia on its head? -James Bennett











Brown

mikebrown@ slugmag.com

This month has been kind of boring. I went to the Mountain Dew Tour to interview Bob Burnquist and to try to find Ryan Sheckler to make him cry. But it should have been called the Bob Boring-quist Interview at the Mountain Dew Bore. It was so lame. Sure that guy can do the loop switch, but he was a terrible interview subject. If you really wanna know what he's about just pick up any other shitty local media publication and there you go. X-streeeme sports have officially become X-streemly dull, kind of like a butter knife factory.

Mike Brown and Bob Burnq uist, shootin, the shit.

So without anything else to write about I thought I'd share a bunch of random shit that's been going through my brain today. No particular order or reason, but this is just some shit I've been thinking about lately.

Have you ever been ambushed by the Planned Parenthood people at a show? They will show up at different bars from time to time and do everything short of putting a condom on your dick for you in order to stop babies and diseases. God bless them. But the last time they tried to ambush me with a Ziploc baggy full of baby blockers I just said to the girl, "Oh, no thanks, I don't need those. I've had a vasectomy." Boy did she get upset. She obviously didn't get my sarcasm, but I took the condom kit anyway. Then I got to thinking, the faster AIDS spreads, the faster they might find a cure. I wanted to tell her this, but she looked busy. I really didn't want the condoms. It just reminded me of how much I'm not getting laid these days and she had just inadvertently reminded me. Jerk.

The SLUG editor taught me a new strategy when a bum is about to ask you for a dollar. Ask them first, it really throws them off their game. This might seem cruel, but it's not. After thinking about it for a bit I realized that I'm broke, and in debt and that I have no health insurance. So I totally need a dollar. And who better to ask than a bum? I know he has a dollar because I just saw someone else give him one. I'm gonna make more zines with mine and he's just gonna buy drugs ... who would you rather give a dollar? Here's my pay pal account: HYPERLINK "mailto:mgb90210@ gmail.com" mgb90210@gmail.com you can e-mail me a dollar.

I started working the door at the local venue with all the coolest shows and it's amazing how many friends I gain when a good show is in town. I'm getting texts from people I don't hear from until their favorite band is playing. Come on people, come hang out with me during Talk Tween Tunes on Sunday nights, that is actually the funnest night there, prove your friendship on a Sunday and I might actually let you in on a Friday, but none of this fair-weather-friend type shit, you are just like the Jazz fans that only like the team when they make the play offs, and yes I am using my position at SLUG to call you who vou are.

Speaking of the Jazz, I've come up with a good way to measure how much someone actually likes the team, basketball and general. Being a true Jazz fan isn't necessarily about how much you like the Jazz, it's more about how much you hate the Lakers and Manu Ginobili

Since the Juggalo article came out I've received a small amount of Juggalo merchandise from some friends thinking that I'm in to it. Although I have nothing personal against Juggalos, I feel I need to let it be known that any Juggalo merch

I receive is going on ebay. Fair warning. Vintage Jazz

merch goes in my personal collection.

I totally won an Artie this month from the City Weekly for the Leviathan #9. I was actually pretty hyped on that, I've never won an award for anything I've written before. I got to go to an Artie party and drink free booze and pick up my award. When I asked for my award they said that they broke it. I told them that it was OK and almost more fitting for the Leviathan to have a broken award. Then they told me that they didn't actually have it and that I'd have to pick it up from the City Weekly office later. So I ended up stealing a bottle of wine (on a dare of course) and the bottle got broken later that night at the party. I didn't break the bottle. I'm not gonna say who did break the bottle I stole because I think she works for the City Weekly. But I had fun regardless and consider me and the City Weekly even/steven, you break my award, I break your

My buddy Stu just got me ripped. I love righting stoned. Wait ... writing. Thanks Stu!

Salt Lake County just passed an ordinance that has banned back yard mini ramps. So now all these people I know that are lucky (or rich) enough to have a back yard ramp want me to sign some stupid petition to try to fight this futility. Which is funny to me, some of the emails I got were from people who never ever gave me permission to skate their ramp. So I guess I'm supposed to sign a petition to not skate in someone else's back yard? Got it.

Just got the new updated SLUG writer's bible, which tells us not to plagiarize, how to spell gooder and what words and phrases not to use. Here's a whole paragraph made up of words and phrases I'm not supposed to use: Back to the drawing board, with my execution-style closure. Chock full of dire straits. This poster boy of predawn darkness sent shockwaves when he squared off into whatever has become the general consensus. Until next month ...









Abney Park Lost Horizons Independent Street: 10.14

Abney Park = Stabbing Westward + Gravity Kills + Skeleton Key + Gypsies

Yarr!! Abnev Park is apparently jumping on the new artistic musical movement known as steampunk and this album is totally about pirates. Upon listening to this album, I got so excited about the pirate concept, that I went and got a hack saw and chopped half my leg off and jammed a pool cue into it so I could truly appreciate the swashbuckling that was going down on these 11 tracks. I was totally hopscotching around on my new peg leg and bugging out to my industrial pirate soundtrack when suddenly I collapsed from a loss of blood and during my last moments of consciousness I was treated with the final track, "The Ballad of Captain Robert," a real traditional sailor song. Now that I'm back from the hospital, I miss my leg but, it was totally worth it for my one night of bootysnatchin' and eye-patch-wearin'. Thar be good Abney Park!! – Jon Robertson

All Shall Perish Awaken the Dreamers Nuclear Blast Street: 09.16 All Shall Perish = Arsis + A Life Once Lost + Suffocation



As I popped this one in the CD player, I thought to myself, "Great, another metal/hardcore hybrid; just what the world needs." That sentiment was probably correct, but I have to say that All Shall Perish have put together a solid record. There are a few aspects that save this release from the doldrums of metal/death/hardcore mediocrity. First of all, the songs change up pretty frequently. There are still the all-tooprevalent breakdowns, but when the band takes the time to slow it down and showcase their unique riffs and lead guitar work, it sets them apart. Not every song is blazing fast, either,

which is an asset and builds some much-needed tension for territory that is all too often about the punchline and not the lead-up. It's nice to see a band pushing the boundaries of an otherwise easily pigeonholed genre. Granted, this is not a perfect release, but it is good, and if you are feeling the itch to get something in this genre, this won't disappoint. -Peter Fryer

BB King One Kind Favor

Geffen

Street: 08.26 BB King = the Mississippi Delta + humidity + cotton



The blues is constantly being watered down by white folks. Seriously—songs about hardship and sorrow shouldn't be covered by long-haired Caucasians for a Disney Channel special (I'm talking to you, **Johnny Lang**). It is enough to make an old bluesman hang up his hat for good. Thank God BB King had the presence of mind to take us home again. On One Kind Favor, King takes us back to the very beginning, covering songs that he remembers from his youth. Blues standards by "Blind" Lemon Jefferson, Lonnie Johnson and John Lee Hooker, filtered through the King experience, remind us of how much more power this genre of music has when it is nursed along by someone who has had ample historical reason to hang his head. And while the disc is a solid blues effort from start to finish, the song "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" seems especially appropriate, considering King just celebrated his 83rd birthday. Blues this heartbreaking is intensified with the BB King treatment. It makes you wonder why he ever stooped so low as to have played with Eric Clapton. Fuck Eric Clapton. –James Bennett

Our Way (Tahka-Tahka) Stereophonic Street 10.01 The Barry Sisters = the Carpenters + Burt Bacharach + Yentl

Stereophonic is a strange record label. Where some labels are unintentionally non-profit, these guys routinely lose money on purpose—for the sole reason of getting forgotten music into the hands of the public. Enter the Barry Sisters, a pair of Bronx-based siblings from the 70s that made a career out of something called "Jewish Jazz." This disc is a re-issue of a 1973 release, on which Claire and Merna Barry do Yiddish language versions of contemporary pop songs. And where pairing a sloppy German dialect with a Frank Sinatra classic or a Bacharach/ David composition may not seem like a wise choice, the end result is actually quite listenable. Sure it's kitschy, and sure it's dumb, but this is exactly the kind of thing that should be reissued. It is unique, odd and perfect for your upcoming Hanukkah celebration. Let this be a clarion call to record labels: let the Billy Joel stuff stay out of print, and comb your archives for something this special. -James Bennett

Brother Von Doom Relentless Deathcote Records Street: 10.14

Street: 10.14 Brother Von Doom = Behemoth + The Black Dahlia Murder

This album is everything I enjoy about modern melodic death metal. Though there's plenty of hooks and catchy melodies here, they all feel a bit subdued and not simply there to make all of the songs catchy. This, to me, is one big sign of good guitar-writing in this style because they don't make the rest of the band take a back seat to the phallic wailing of the six strings. Another thing I appreciate about this album is there are no breakdowns or melodic vocals. Far too many bands these days are taking that direction to get their shirts on the shelves of Hot Topic, but so far, Brother Von Doom is clearly just here to slay. The vocals are lower than your typical death metal band to give it a somewhat familiar Behemoth sound, which isn't a bad thing at all. This album certainly isn't going to change the world, but it may just crack my car speakers. -Conor Dow

Dignity Project Destiny Napalm Records Street: 09.23

Dignity = Europe + Nightingale Former drummer Roland Navratil, of the widely popular female-fronted symphonic power-metal act Edenbridge, left the band after five studio albums to form Dignity in 2006. He then entered the studio in early 2008 to make *Project*



Destiny. The band's music hearkens back to the day of those oh-so-cheesy synth-oriented hard-rock bands, but they do it with a touch and style which comes off as fresh and modern-sounding. The guitar melodies displayed on the album are massive and terrifically infectious. The time it took to find one of the key components of the band, vocalist Jake E, was well worth the effort because of his range and overall emotional singing quality. The synths are intricate; one wouldn't think melodic hard rock could have so many layers, but Dignity will leave you rocking out while dissecting those layers and constantly finding something new in the music. - Bryer Wharton

Eban Schletter



Witching Hour Oglio Music Street: 09.30 Eban Schletter = John Waters + Frakenstein + Mike Patton

Eban Schetter decided it was time to get his crucible fire going and cook up a collection of gothic/Halloween-inspired songs to bring a little more ghoulishness to the season. Witching Hour is really silly and I find it enjoyable to listen to only when I'm doing something completely unrelated to its content. Like when I'm driving through Starbucks and **Daamen Krall** sings, "Send your chill through the murky

night to whistle across the tombs." Or watching dog walkers in the park while listening to comedian **Paul F. Tompkins** sing about an evil devil doll who chases and eventually kills him. This album is all kitsch, fog and witches. I suddenly want some candy corn. —*Andrew Glassett*

Evergrey
Torn
SPV
Street: 09.23
Evergrey = Mercenary + Brainstorm
+ Symphorce



Evergrey put the power in power metal? Well, that's somewhat true. Rife with heavy guitars, "Broken Wings" sets the pace on *Torn*, plundering you into a guitar-filled symphony for the senses. I missed the band's last release, but listened to Inner Circle quite a bit. The differences are subtle; the band plays with a dark edge with keyboards a-plenty and concoctions of catchy songs. I highly doubt Torn will alienate any of the band's fans, but it won't really bring any non-prog/power folk to the fold. The singing is an acquired taste and after multiple listens, it can come off as one-dimensional even though it really isn't quite. Evergrey is just one of those artists that require listening to in small doses. The real quality with Torn is in its heavy, low-end guitars mixed with the melodic style of the rhythm: thick, even brutal in some senses. -Bryer Wharton

Frances All The While Gigantic Music Street: 10.21 Frances = Camera Obscura + Elliott Smith + Autolux + Stavinsky

Close your eyes while you're listening to this album and at times you'll feel like you're flying high in the magical car on Chitty Chitty Bang Bang or spinning round and round like a colorful toy top. All The While is an explosion of instrumentals—literally. Technically, the album falls into the "pop" category, but the orchestra of woodwinds, tubas, glockenspiels, bells, drums, and pianos tend to make the listener rethink their whole idea of what pop really is, or, for that matter, what any genre is. This album is a whimsical journey that waltzes through endless new musical territories. It's hard to believe that this is the talented band's first full-length album, but perhaps that's because the bandleader, Paul Hogan, was too busy achieving his Doctorate of music. This debut is a mystical, wonderful first attempt reminiscent of happy, haunting childhood reveries. -Erin Kelleher

The Girls Yes No Yes No Yes No Dirtnap Records Street: 09.16

The Girls= The Cars + The Ramones + The Moving Units

Everything about this album got on my nerves. I will start with the vocals, though. I am not exactly sure what kind of accent the lead singer, **Shannon Brown**, is trying to replicate, but it sounds like a bad **Johnny Rotten** impression. I am pretty sure he only changed keys twice. Also, somebody needs to inform guitarist **Vas Kumar** that a guitar can be used for more than just fifth chords. This is what it would sound like if **Ric Ocasek** had gone deaf at 19 but decided to still pursue a career in the music industry. If you can dance to this synth-soaked mess, you deserve an award. —*Cody Hudson*

Grails Doomsdayer's Holiday Temporary Residence Street: 10.07 Grails = Led Zepplin + Kyuss + The Crusade's



Doomsdayer's Holiday brings the heaviness. Grails never stop putting out good music. Grails music is the best evil devil-worshipping psychedelic avant-garde folk metal that I have ever heard in my life and that's saying a lot. Listening to this album is like experiencing a treacherous adventure through Satan's desert and getting the shit beat out of you by the sand, the wind and the crazy dehydrated hallucinations of sandworms just like the ones off Beetlejuice. You dodge all the sandworms and evil Arabian violin players and finally the end of your journey arrives. "Acid Rain," a tropical miragé theme song, begins playing and you finally get a drink of water. Grails plays vivid music and they can bury me in their brand of progressive metal sand all they want. I dig it. - Jon Robertson

Hackneyed Death Prevails Nuclear Blast Street: 09.02 Hackneyed = Carnifex + Six Feet Under + gurgles + the same chord over and over again

These German phenoms aren't even of age to buy alcohol or tobacco in the US, but age doesn't matter. Hackneyed's debut has moments that shine, although those moments are for the most part, ruined by a horrible, triggered drum sound. Most of the album's nine tracks are highly grooveoriented and mid-paced—deathcore with breakdown-sounding riffs. It's cool



the first few times you hear it—then you start wanting more speed or technicality. I think the guys, who you can tell are talented, were going for a fresher, more modern death metal sound, but sheesh, it's really hard to claim this record as death metal. Then again, I'm a cynical purist bastard. Ugh, and the vocals ... welcome to generic death metal guttural land. I'm left to keep scratching my head on this one; maybe these teens will learn a thing or two and realize the old school is still mighty cool. —Bryer Wharton

High Places High Places Thrill Jockey Street: 09.23 High Places = Panda Bear + The Blow + Psapp



What do you get when you cross a bassoon performance major and a lithography teacher? That isn't a joke-that's the duo Mary Pearson and Rob Barber, a.k.a. High Places, a pair whose seemingly disparate influences yield a very interesting result of melodic lyricism and blotchy, coloring-outside-thelines collage work. Pearson's vocals. offering subject matter that often reads as childlike and nursery rhyme-esque, meet a barrage of panned hand drums and kitchen sink percussion, murky samples (the soaring counter-melody from **Kate Bush's** "Woman's Work" is cleverly integrated into the broke-down drum n' bass of "From Stardust to Sentience"), island-meets-hip-hop dubby rhythms (i.e., steel drums, marimba) and delayed psychedelics, a perfect complement to keep the record away from saccharine sweetness "Fun" is not always the most positive descriptive, but that's what goes through your head during these 10 tracks; they must have been as enjoyable to make as they are to listen to. -Dave Madden

Holy Hail Independent Pleasure Club Kanine Records

Street: 11.11 Holy Hail = Le Tigre + a more modern ABBA + a speed-induced New Order

Holy Hail is gritty, screeching, bizarre, and in your face, and I'm still not sure whether I love it or abhor it. IPC is definitely danceable, but it's not bubblegum pop or your average electronica outfit. Although, speaking of outfits, this band seems like some effectual hipster handpicked these four out of an Urban Outfitters in New York City, stuffed some tabs of ecstasy down their throats and told them to play, dance, and sing. However, these enlivening cats have got something to say. There are heavy lyrical topics at hand, such as Hurricane Katrina and other national atrocities. But believe me, these dark topics don't take away from the groove. Whether these guys really mean what they're writing about or they're just trying to dig their own niche in the music industry, they're certainly making a buzz. I'm sure we'll see them popping up in Nylon Magazine one of these days. Until then, keep dancing. -Érin Kelleher

Holy Moses Agony of Death

Street: 10.07 Holy Moses = Destruction +

Kreator + Sodom



Generally, there're two types of thrash metal: American and German, Holv Moses is German, been around since roughly 1980, accomplishing that same punishing speed as Destruction. Agony of Death does not relent or give you any breathing room whatsoever, except in the song intros. Holy Moses has one of the most famous female metal screamers ever, outdoing any woman new to the scene—the mighty Sabina Classen. She screams from her gut about all things violent and mentally anguished. Whereas some of Holv Moses's later albums sort of lacked a certain "zaz," Agony of Death is a full-on assault of pure, unbridled, oldschool thrash. The production remains clean and clear, though sometimes when a song starts with a single guitar, it sounds like everyone's favorite thrash record from 1983. The band is heading to North America next year, and I can just picture the madness of circle pits enveloping the clubs they'll trash. Brver Wharton

Holy Sons Decline of the West Partisan Records

Partisan Record Street: 10.14

Holy Sons = Beck (Sea Change) + Deerhunter + Neil Young + a slice of the Meat Puppets

Holy Sons is composed of only one guy and that guy is the drummer for Grails and OM, the one, the only, Emil Amos. Amos has been releasing recordings under the name of Holy Sons since 2001, and if you are looking for some intelligent acoustic art, Holy Sons is exactly what you need. Amos seems to be all about making good music. Decline of the West is no exception. All the songs are their own little head trip. Every song is based around a somber acoustic vibe, but it's all the extra sound blips and samples Amos puts into his albums that makes this business special. Favorite track is "Song from the Conscience." Emil Amos is my hero. -Jon Robertson

Howlin' Houndog Loud and Live (in the studio)

Vagrant Street: 09.2008 Howlin' Houndog = Howlin' Wolf (no relation) + Scott H. Birham

This rockin', stompin' bluesman from Seattle gets down and dirty with his blues. Songs about trains, whiskey and regret are plentiful on this record. This ain't the watered-down blues Eric Clapton's been peddling - this also ain't just a copy of the original stuff, although it pays plenty of homage to the old boys like **Lead Belly** and **Robert** Johnson. What's so great about this record is that Houndog has interpreted the blues for himself - not for an audience, but just for his personal joy. Tons of different musicians show up to make their mark on this record as well: Chris Morda's slide guitar work is essential to the sound of these Seattle blues. The vocals are a little hard to get through-Houndog seems to think his character and personality will more than make up for what his throat lacks in melody-but for the most part he does just that. Hey, after all, everyone can sing the blues. -James Orme

Iced Earth The Crucible of Man (Something Wicked, Part 2) SPV

Street: 09.09 lced Earth = classic apocalyptic metal

The Crucible of Man, part 2 of the Something Wicked concept release, is astoundingly different from part 1, Framing Armageddon, (released last year)—and material for both records was written at the same time. I've always been somewhat of a fair-weather fan of Iced Earth; I still believe their third full-length, Burnt Offerings, cannot be topped, although 2001's Horror Show was fantastic in its theatrics and epic scale. The new effort has grown on me in leaps in bounds. Maybe it's the fact that longtime Iced Earth singer Matt Barlow returned to the fold, replacing Tim "Ripper," Owens, who, though a great classic metal vocalist, never really fit with Iced Earth's sound. Matt was

one of the big reasons I listened to Iced

classic/power-metal singer, full of range and conviction. The Crucible of Man

Earth at all - the man is an amazing

is sincerely darker than anything the band has done since Horror Show. It's massively epic, filled with beautifully mesmerizing guitar work. This is a return to classic form for the band and I'm sure I'm not the only fan whose interest in leed Earth is renewed, in all their sci-fi fantasy story-telling brilliantly powerful metal! — Bryer Wharton



Katra Beast Within Napalm Records Street: 08.29

Katra = Nightwish + Within Temptation, etc.

I often struggle with a slight bias in my mind when I see a band who has their generically attractive (or not) female vocalist on the cover of every album they release. So far, **Katra** is one of the bands who are guilty of this, right along with **Within Temptation**, **Midnattsol**,

Epica, Leaves Eyes, and countless others. It's as common as seeing lense flare on album artwork of artists signed to No Limit Records, but I think it mostly annoys me because it is a huge, obvious sign of what to expect, and I've never been wrong. It's basically just more mid-tempo metal and hard rock with ethereal keyboard work and operatic female vocals spread over a light gothic or fantasy setting. I don't mind some Nightwish at times, but all of the copycats who just fit themselves right in that niche can stop now, and Katra is no exception. –Conor Dow



King Tuff Was Dead The Colonel Records Street: 10.07 King Tuff = The Furs + Tyrannosaurus Rex

At first listen, I was sure that a new and local Furs album had secretly replaced King Tuff. The only things that convinced me it hadn't was the CD cover and the fact that the Furs don't have a new album out. As I continued to listen,

the resemblance of the two bands was incredible. The same strained **Marc Bolan**-esque vocals, the same upbeat tempo, and the same fuzzy guitar, except King Tuff is like the cute twin who joined the cheerleading squad and won Prom Queen, while the Furs hung out behind the bleachers to drink beer. Was Dead is an album that displays all the characteristics of powerpop. It's bubbly, quick, and sure to start a dance party, and though I cringe at some of the more sugarcoated songs such as "A Pretty Dress," the record was 38.1 minutes of enjoyment overall. —Lyuba Basin



Lagwagon

I Think My Older Brother Used to Listen to Lagwagon Fat Wreck Chords Street: 08.19

Lagwagon = Yet another 90s punk band past their prime

Over the last few years, Lagwagon frontman Joey Cape has proven that he is capable of escaping the confines of mid-level pop-punk through his various side-projects. Cape's increasingly introspective lyrical style, as featured in Bad Astronaut, even found its way into the last couple of Lagwagon albums, providing a stark contrast to the band's earlier, juvenile output. However, too much introspection can make any band sound boring, and this EP is undoubt-edly boring. Even when the band is trying to have fun, as in the bouncy intro to opener "B Side," Cape's subdued delivery brings things down. It's a good song, but it just doesn't feel enough like Lagwagon. In fact, none of these songs really feel like Lagwagon. I'm all for musicians evolving and honing their craft, but sometimes side projects should stay on the side in the name of fun. –Ricky Vigil

Metal Church This Present Wasteland SPV Street: 09.23

Metal Church = Dio + Judas Priest + Iron Maiden

So what if Metal Church was never as popular as Maiden, Judas Priest and Dio? The fact that a band born in the early 80s that suffered numerous lineup changes and a breakup can still play fantastic music is definitely metal through and through. The songs crafted for this album rarely tire, are full of the band's trademark potent political content and are full of diverse sounds and so many headbanging moments that satisfaction is guaranteed. "War Never

Won" is a definite record highlight, with thunderous riffs and a rhythm only a band born in the heavy-metal 80s could have created, plus some nifty melodic portions and, very importantly, Ronny Munroe's ultra-high Halford-like falsetto screams. Wasteland captures that classic metal sound that made Metal Church popular back in the day and frankly, is the band's best effort in years. So my friends, kneel down, put your heads up high and give offering to this Metal Church. –Bryer Wharton

The Mint Chicks Crazy? Yes! Dumb? No! Milan Records Street: 10.21

The Mint Chicks = The Futureheads + The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower + Be Your Own Pet

Before hearing this album, the only music I had heard from New Zealand came from Flight of the Conchords. I really like Flight of the Conchords, and since they parody music popular in New Zealand, it stands to reason that I would really like popular music from New Zealand, right? Well, maybe not. That's not to say that this is a bad album, but it definitely has problems. The band can't decide whether they want to write pop songs with a postpunk influence or post-punk songs with a pop influence. Sometimes the fusion of these styles works ("Funeral Day," "Back on Crack") but most of the songs are a mess. Take "Walking Off a Cliff Again:" it starts as a fast, fun pop song, but inexplicably gives way to heavy distortion that stops dead in its own tracks. When the songs work they're good, but they don't work often enough. -Ricky Vigil



Of Montreal Skeletal Lamping

Polyvinyl Street: 10.07

Of Montreal = Michael Jackson + Prince - molestation and creepy mustache

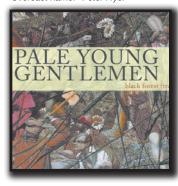
Lead singer Kevin Barnes is a muthafucking headline and he bets you don't even know it. This album is similar to last year's Hissing Fauna, Are You The Destroyer? brimming with infected dance grooves, but instead of singing happily about this cold, depressing world, Of Montreal delves deep into their own sexuality. Whether singing about being a slut, a black she-male, a prude, a romantic or just being sick of sucking the dick of this cruel city, Barnes' vocals are intoxicating. They express to the listener that no matter how dark, complex or different our sex lives and fantasies may seem to others, each of us has beautiful and unique psyches that we can't or shouldn't let

society dictate or extinguish. (Murray Super Theater: 11.17) – Cinnamon Brown

Overcast Reborn to Kill Again Metal Blade Street: 8.19

Overcast = Shadows Fall + Killswitch Engage + Starkweather

I've been a fan of Overcast since high school, so I was curious to see what the story was with Reborn to Kill Again, since Overcast disbanded 10 years ago. Many people might not be familiar with Overcast, but they probably are familiar with the two major bands they spawned: Shadows Fall (vocalist Brian Fair) and Killswitch Engage (bassist Mike D'Antonio). Overcast was at the forefront of metalcore, which was a much different beast in the 90s than it is now. This album is comprised of all new recordings of old material, plus two new songs. It draws heavily from Fight Ambition to Kill, but contains material from all of their releases. Personally, I liked the urgency and darker feel of the original releases, but isn't that how it goes most of the time? In any case, this band should appeal to hardcore and metal fans alike and is a good introduction to Overcast and a worthwhile purchase, even if it does seem a little bit like the band is trying to use their current fame to capitalize on the Overcast name. -Peter Fryer



Pale Young Gentlemen Black Forest (Tra La La) Science of Sound

Street: 10.07
Pale Young Gentlemen= Andrew
Bird + Beirut + DeVotchKa

Ever wonder what it would have sounded like if Andrew Bird would have collaborated with **Gogol Bordello** on the Everything Is Illuminated sound-track? Wonder no longer. Even when Black Forest (Tra La La) slows down, it will make you want to throw on a sweater vest, grab a partner and waltz. The faster stuff sounds like **A Hawk and a Hacksaw** found a vocalist, while the slower stuff hearkens back to early **Arcade Fire**. Hopefully they take advantage of the gypsy-folk genre's popularity before Beirut releases another album for everyone with an ironic moustache to rave about. –Cody Hudson

Quintron and Miss Pussycat Too Thirsty 4 Love

Street: 10.14 Quintron = Magas + RL Burnside + Hawnay Troof + Bayou Billy

The fourth track on Too Thirsty 4 Love is called "The Boss Wants to Party with You." You know who the boss is? Quintron is the fucking boss. His tenth album is replete with more mindblowing gems than a gypsy carnival. Its production credits include "snake wrangler," and they're not joking. Quintron is an iconoclast inventor par excellence: Whether he's building his own instrument hybrids like light-activated drum machines, finding ghetto-rig solutions to electrical problems in his New Orleans venue, the Spellcaster Lodge, which was ravaged by Katrina, or crafting the most contagiously catchy numbers you've ever witnessed slither out of the swamp, everything Quintron touches turns new and magic. He and his puppeteer mistress, Miss Pussycat, take their bizarre show to the road in support of Too Thirsty 4 Love this fall, but, as of this writing, their Salt Lake City date remains "venue TBA." I pity the city that neglects to provide for the mighty Mr. Quintron. (TBA: 10.21) –Nate Martin



Reflection When Shadows Fall Cruz Del Sur Music Street: 09.26 Reflection = Candlemass + Iced Farth

Germany's Reflection, if you had to categorize, would have to be prog/ power, although the band should probably be labeled "epic metal." The picture painted by these guys is massive - some tracks are drearily slow. in the doom-metal range, but with a singer that yells out at the top of his lungs. Think Candlemass, but without the stoner/Black Sabbath vibe; with more of a **Bruce Dickinson-**type voice at the helm. Then there are mid-paced tunes that just plunder and have these underlying riffs that build down as they build up, escalating things in strange crescendos of full-on heavy metal riffing. The atmosphere is plenty full, with sweeping keyboards in tune with the whole epic feel. The record, while slow to mid-paced, doesn't descend your soul into the depths, but is glorious and battle-worthy. When the album is done, you'll be ready to bust out your broadsword, scream, "By the power of Grayskull," and charge into any fight. –Bryer Wharton

Religious Knives The Door Ecstatic Peace Street: 10.14 RK = Faust + Beach House + Neptune Religious Knives is a band that never made it out of the basement. Not to say they're not good enough to play shows, get label deals or record albums with the help of **Thurston Moore**—they simply sound permanently accustomed to dark, cramped urban depths, where they spend their days and nights (who knows what time it is down here!), fashioning together layers of mantric rhythms, drones and slow melodies that are at once sinister and inspiring. Vocals bordering on death rattles repeat lines that seem more of a threat upon each utterance, while industrial Kraut-style tunes brew in the background, sloshing up and out of the experiment pot. Organs flutter ghostily in and around pounding bass lines and drums, and fuzzy guitar riffs and plucks insist themselves into songs at intermittent intervals. The Door instills a sense of psychedelic uneasiness in its listeners, more than a few of who will be grateful Religious Knives never spent much time in the sun. -Nate Martin



The Sea and Cake Car Alarm

Thrill Jockey Records Street: 10.21

The Sea and Cake = Unwed Sailor + Belle & Sebastian + Minus the Bear

Go happy and get lucky. This album is airy, light, and definitely new. These guys have been around the block a time or two-eight times, to be exact. This is The Sea and Cake's eighth full-length album, and it doesn't disappoint. The music fuses all of its aspects together with ease and doesn't feel forced or too experimental. They've outstepped the boundaries that they previously set, but it doesn't seem like they're trying to reestablish themselves as an entirely new band. The music reflects the changes they have undergone both as individuals and as a group, a group that is willing to take chances and throw some new ideas around. In all truth, I don't think that this album lives up to some of their others, like 2000's Oui or 2003's One Bedroom, but still, it's a successful experiment and a great go for it being their eighth stint in the studio. -Erin Kelleher

Simon Bookish Everything/Everything

Street: 10.28

Simon Bookish = Roxy Music + 1971 David Bowie + 1977 David Bowie

Simon Bookish calls this a "big band cycle about science and information," commenting on the subjects at a rate

similar to taking an encyclopedia pill (a play on "the flood of information"). Bookish's proper, quaint accent gives weight to his lyrics while his boundless Eno-meets-Broadway ensemble gives further proof of his mad scientist nature. Like the Luther Burger, this idea is so horribly wrong, and I can imagine that listeners either worship or vehemently loathe and boo Bookish offstage as he opens for, say, Franz Ferdinand (he remixed their "Michael"). However, those who spent a long time acclimating to the abovementioned artists, slowly learning to not skip over "Oh! You Pretty Things" in favor of the more immediate "Rebel Rebel" and finding beauty in Bryan Ferry's uncontrollable warble on "If There Is Something," will stop the snickering and soon appreciate what a brave (but cracked) individual could release an album such as this. - Dave Madden

Talkdemonic Eyes At Half Mast Arena Rock Recordings

Street: 09.16 Talkdemonic = Album Leaf + Pattern Is Movement

The simplest things often require the most effort to perfect. You are likely to fail more often than you succeed. Bless the flowers and the weeds, my birds and bees. From an outsider's position, Talkdemonic might seem like a clusterfuck of clichés-folk music combined with subtle electronics is no more refreshing than a stuck pig. Thank the Lord Almighty that Talkdemonic side-stepped a lot of trite references by incorporating a little more mind than heart-using methodology to get through their various ins and outs rather than the blind stabbings of emotion. It isn't all brain and math though, there is wonder and awe in their songs, as well as a bit of straight-ahead rock n' roll. Points to them for incorporating violin. drum kit. Rhodes and banio in a futuristic way while still remembering the past. –Andrew Glassett

Uli Jon Roth Under a Dark Sky

Street: 09.23

Uli Jon Roth = hard rock symphony Before listening to this album, about a I knew about German guitar virtuoso Uli Jon Roth is that he replaced Michael Schenker's position in the Scorpions in 1973. Uli's bio states he left the Scorpions in '78, formed his own band called **Electric Sun**, then started making custom guitars in the 80s and has been experimenting with hard-rock compositions ever since. Under a Dark Sky is the first release in a series called Symphonic Legends. I've never really heard anything quite like Under a Dark Sky. It's classic rock guitar melded with all forms of classical music. The soundscapes are brilliant, the orchestration is, in fact, orchestration, and not keyboard-generated, which adds further depth. Everything has been arranged to a T. The last track of the album, "Tanz in Die Dammerung," has 12 parts and is one long fantastic rock journey. If you're tired of listening to the same old hits from your favorite classic bands, then look to Uli Jon Roth—you will find something entirely different, intriguing; just sheer listening amazement. -Bryer Wharton



A Crossroads: Between a Rock and My Parents'

Kate T. Williamson **Princeton Architectural** [Street: 05.08]

ve enjoyed a slice of the graphic novel pie in my day, but it didn't taste anything like this book. At a Crossroads is about Kate, a college grad who returns home expecting to visit her parents for the summer, and ends up living with them for two years. Thrilling synopsis, right? I know. There's no twist either: no enemy, no showdown or even an outward conflict. So, while this book is very simple, it's the kind of simple that was Princeton educated. It's the kind of slow, dreamy narration that lets you forget all the hard work and craft that created it. Watch Kate go through her day: small conflicts followed by small pleasant solutions. Ahhhh. Williamson's watercolors are neat and clean and surprisingly expressive for their simplicity. A good quiet read. - Jesse Hawlish

Beer in the Beehive: A History of Brewing in Utah [Second Edition] Del Vance

Dream Garden Press [Street: Pioneer Day]

After selling out of Vance's first print, this second edition of *Beer in the* Beehive is a compliment to 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 provides 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. There is also a little mention of Vance's forthcoming pub, The Beerhive 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, Utahn anarchist or veteran of the Utah beer drinking scene. Cheers. -Tyler Makmell

Butt Shot - Stowies ov a **Bod Teechow (An Occult** Naturalist of the Feminine) **Pete Xeros**

Self-Published [Street: 01.08]

Forget the confusing title and the malfunctioning mechanics. Forget the meandering narrative structure, which

reads like a bothersome bus mate. The problem with Butt Shot is its protagonist. Good characters are real people inexplicable, contradictory, neither unabashedly loved nor thoroughly despised. They can behave themselves or stand bloody and savage, but no one is one thing 24/7. Hell, even **Jesus** tipped over tables and stole corn. But Xeros - a nice guy, I'm sure - recounts his adventures as a saintly pre-school teacher in a manner that indicates a closet stuffed with "Humanitarian of the Year" plaques. He forays occasionally into strip clubs or bars, in a weak attempt to complicate himself; yet the St. Elmo's Fire around his head still blazes brighter than any neon sleaze. Such flat characterization makes disbelief too heavy to suspend, and exacerbates an already clunky book. Ultimately, this book is too much Heart of Gold, not enough Hooker. -JR Boyce

Disaster and Resistance: Comics and Landscapes for the 21st Century Seth Tobocman

AK Press [Street: 07.08]

Man's tendency to screw over his fellow man is probably the most widely accepted trend in the history of human existence. So much shit is so painfully fucking wrong in this world that the weight of today's and yesterday's atrocities can feel completely overwhelming. If you agree with me, then political activist Seth Tobocman has this to say to you: "Pal, you are a spineless bed-wetter. What makes you think we have time to be overwhelmed? Huh? And then he'll poke you in the chest a few times. Tobocman's swift visual storytelling is never shy or ambiguous. He sticks your face right in the shit and says, "See. Smells like shit, doesn't it? This isn't a bad thing: one often sees clearer with a face full of shit. The good people who voluntarily confront the shit, however, are equally important to Tobocman's agenda. His robust, active images reveal the unpublicized MLK Jr.s, Ghandis and Rosa Parks' of the 21st century. Disaster and Resistance rediscovers 9/11, Katrina and all the major shit shows of our generation with startling intensity. Woven into each current event is a story of the people who wake up every day and tirelessly shovel the shit with the hope that there might be a little less shit around here tomorrow. If this book can impel the laziest liberal ever (me) to want to reach for his shovel, then it can make you feel something too. - Jesse Hawlish

In the Miso Soup Ryu Murakami Penguin [Street 01.03]

Perhaps more than any other genre, the thriller carries the potential to

adrenaline to course through the blood. The protagonist's safety/demise is, by proxy, the reader's safety/demise, which requires heavy investment. This doesn't often occur - unfortunately, most "thrillers" are actually grotesque images strung together by poor structure and juvenile writing. However, Ryu Murakmi's tale of sex guide Kenji and his murderous American client Frank is well-paced, elegantly simple and as sublimely horrific as the death of a Catholic martyr. Murakmi writes in a way that allows him to pad the climax with 60 pages of resolution and still engage the reader. While the translation from Japanese to English sometimes creates slight awkwardness in the text, it is easily forgiven when confronted with Murakami's easy-going antagonist who holds our attention as aptly as he holds our hero hostage. (Hard Boiled Book Club at Sam Weller's, Oct. 28th) -JR Bovce

Nicaragua June 1978 -**July 1979** Susan Meiselas **Aperture**

[Street: September 2008]

The images held within the pages of this book are astounding. They often left me wondering how in the hell Meiselas managed to capture them without becoming a casualty of the civil war she was documenting. Originally published in 1981, the photographs in this book document the combustible state of Nicaragua from June 1978- July 1979. Luckily, they never glorify the violence that they depict. Some of the images containéd within are almost surreal. "Cuesta del Plomo" is almost paradise like with its green rolling hills and bright blue skies, except that the location was regularly used by the National Guard to assassinate citizens, and the remains of a blown up body consume the lower half of the photograph. Then there is the image of a Sandinista hurling a Molotov cocktail over the walls of the National Guard's headquarters that made me wonder how Meiselas was so lucky to capture that precise moment. These photos show the violence on both sides but never seem to make a statement as to which side was right. It's as amazing as it is horrifying. - Jeanette Moses

Things Grandchildren Should Know Mark Oliver Everett **Thomas Dunne Books** [Street 10.08]

What is it about memoirs? It seems that every person out there has to explain to us how their good for nothing childhood has made them into the fabulous and amazing person they are today. Sure, I may have dabbled in some "feel sorry for me" story telling myself, but I would never go out of my way to write a whole novel about it. Now if I was the front

midnineties band

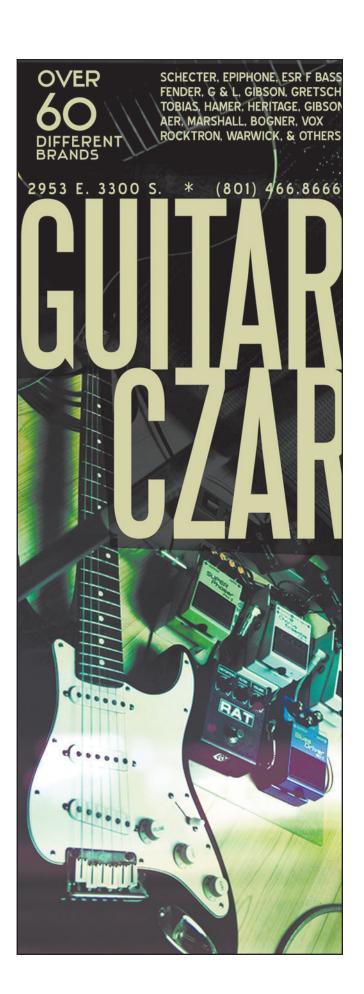
Eels I would think it was necessary for the public to know about my unfortunate teenage angst that led me to my fame... Yeah, right. The story starts off a tear-jerking description of a lonely boy who found his father (who of course he never really got to know) dead. His sister is a suicidal drug addict and his mom is just the most amazing person you have ever met. Should I go on, or do we all know how it ends from there? My unsympathetic view doesn't just come from the fact that Everett followed step by step the recipe on "How to Make a Memoir" (no, that doesn't really exist). Additionally, between every misfortune he mentions, Everett name drops a few producers, a few big celebrities, record labels and oh, best of all.. lyrics to some of his most "precious" songs. This all seems a little fishy, as though he's trying to prove to us that, yes, he really does matter. Everett also likes to make the point that his music is far more progressive and unique than anything of his contemporaries. I smell a pretentious musician who misses his fifteen minutes of fame. -Lvuba Basin

War Is Only Half The Story: The Aftermath Project Volume 1

Jim Goldberg, Wolf Bowig et al **Aperture**

[Street: June 2008]

Is it possible to be classic and contemporary? Because that's the only way I can describe the photography of Jim Goldberg. Goldberg's had his own style of photography since way back when (the 70s) and even his old stuff looks good today. Goldberg's style, for those unfamiliar, is classified as documentary photography. However, Goldberg is attracted to other mediums such as writing and collage. He tends to have his subjects write notes or draw on the actual photograph. For example, one photograph in this book has the words "My life is sick because of what they did to me" written on it (in Russian, actually). Being a fan of Mr. Goldberg, I was excited to review this book, but, I was a little let down. Sure, there are a lot of good photos in here from his recent project about Eastern European migration, The New Europeans. But most of those photos were also in that free magazine that RVCA clothing produces, so I'd already seen them. Also, Jim Goldberg only had a small section of the book. The rest of the book was littered with what looked to me like student work. Don't get me wrong, this book has some good photographs in it, especially if you like documentary photography or social commentary photography. However, if you're buying t because you're a fan of Jim Goldberg, I would suggest you wait until his next book project, The New Europeans, comes out. -Sam Milianta





rook·er·y (rook´êr-i), *n.* [*pl.* rookeries (-iz)] I. a breeding place or colony of ideas. 2. a breeding place or colony of other gregarious animals or birds, such as seals, penguins, etc. 3. a building or group of buildings that are old and dilapidated and house many people; tenement house or tenement district. 4. bookbinding, custom letterpress and design.

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After Reading **Focus Features** In Theaters: 09.12

After riding the wave of their four Academy Award-winning masterpiece, No Country for Old Men, the Coen Brothers return to the grind with a deliberately moronic tale of personal trainers, government officials, and a misplaced CD containing secret "shit" roaming the streets of Washington D.C. Overflowing with an all-star cast (George Clooney Frances McDormand, Brad Pitt, and **John Malkovich**), it's obvious after directing the sinister film that is *No* County, the Coens and crew wanted to create something simplistic yet fun with a smidgen of maliciousness. Think of a Raising Arizona and Fargo hybrid: one minute you're face aches from laughing, the next, you're terrified to the core. However, Burn falls just short of a solid cinematic jab. As is the case with many films featuring ensemble casts, no one significantly stands out among the crowd to keep the already minimal plot moving forward, but don't let that keep you from viewing the film. There are few filmmakers who consistently entertain audiences (sometimes more than others) with every project they helm, and the Coen Brothers once again reach this desired ambition with their twelfth feature. - Jimmy Martin

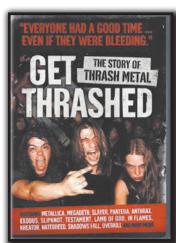
Clutch Full Fathom Five: Audio Field Recordings 2007-2008 DVD/CD

Weathermaker Music Street: 09.16

If you're not familiar with Clutch, then it's your loss I'm not explaining it. This came as a treat to me since the last time I saw the guys they were supporting their Pure Rock Fury record seven years ago. The DVD contains a wealth of newer songs I've never seen live. The odd thing about this DVD is that it encompasses five different shows from four different locations filmed in '07 and '08, but if you didn't know and you don't have a keen eye (they do change their clothing but the stages look the same), vou would think it's all one show. The sound recording for all the songs is the exact same, featuring great quality and fan noise comes in and showcases Clutch's ability to jam, an essential portion of their live show. The song selection is hefty and diverse, although it's missing quite a few older songs that made me fall in love with Clutch like "A Shogun Named Marcus." In a live sense Clutch are kind of like Slayer: once you've seen them, you've pretty much seen them. That's not a bad thing, just a fact. They play it straight no frills, no fancy lighting, just the music. The whole

band is energetic and fun to watch and this DVD showcases the fact. -Bryer Wharton

Get Thrashed: The Story of Thrash Metal Lightyear Entertainment Street: 09.16



In 1986 I was 13 and Metallica was more important to me than school, God, or family. I wore white hightops, ripped the knees out of my jeans, sewed a back patch onto my denim jacket, and spent lunch leaning against a locker blasting Bonded by Blood through headphones. I feel uniquely qualified to review Get Thrashed: an entertaining, if overly nostalgic and somewhat threadbare docmentary. The usual gang of idiots are well represented: Megadeth's Dave Mustaine and his mushroomcloud sized ego, Anthrax's Scott Ian with his disgusting pubic yak tail of a goatee, members of **Overkill**, **Exodus**. Slayer and various Europeans, all churning out stories about the good old days and tossing meaningless compliments at each other in the well-established VH1/MTV documentary style. Largely favoring this soundbite-oversubstance approach, Get Thrashed is certainly not the comprehensive history one might hope for. Rather, its more a collection of the reminiscence of whichever friends and touring bands the Bay Area-centric filmmakers could get in front of a camera. How else do you explain the inordinate amount of time spent on Exodus (who had only one good album) and the near-complete omission of Metal Church? Another almost unforgivable omission is the lack of credit given to album cover artist Ed Repka, who created covers for Megadeth, Evildead and Nuclear Assault and has become the go-to guy for all

we get 20 minutes of Hirax's Katon leering at the camera and dominating a traffic cone. Hirax warrants barely a mention in the documentary, so why does Katon get so much screentime? Probably because he was willing to be filmed. Rent this one and watch it with your dirthead buddies and a 12 pack. You'll get plenty of shits-n-giggles pointing out how badly everyone has aged, including yourself.-Ben West

Ghost Town DreamWorks In Theaters 09.19

Let's be honest: the concept of an individual having the ability to converse with the dead in order to complete their "unfinished business" isn't the most unique. Robert Downey Jr. did the talking in Heart and Souls, Whoopi Goldberg chit-chatted it up in *Ghost*, and Haley Joel Osment lent a hand in *The Sixth Sense*. It's been done. However, this genre's condition went from critical to satisfactory once comedic genius Ricky Gervais (creator of The Office and Extras) took the reins in *Ghost Town*. Gérvais stars as Bertram Pincus, an anti-social dentist who doesn't hate crow, just the people in them. During a routine examination, Pincus flatlines for seven minutes then revives with his new ability. Once discovered by Manhattan's deceased, in rolls Frank Herlihy (Greg Kinnear) and his request to stop his widow's (**Téa Leoni**) approaching wedding. Gervais' distinctive dry deadpan humor and brilliant timing adds an element to the film that no other actor could replicate and no writer could anticipate. While the underlying message to live life as a compassionate person is pounded into the viewers' head a few times too many, director David Koepp succeeds with his first shot at the comedy genre. –Jimmy Martin

Hatebreed Live Dominance DVD **Koch Records** Street: 09 02

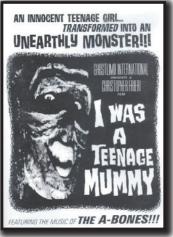
Loaded with enough throat-kicking aggression to start a revolution, Hatebreed's first official DVD. Live Dominance, is just that: live dominance. The DVD is filmed from a sold out show at Harpo's in Detroit and the quality of the filming is quite impressive. It's very fluid and crisp, except for the pit cameras that capture the absolute insanity and chaos of a Hatebreed show. The sound quality is unbelievable and makes it feel like you are right there enjoying the action. The band run through an hour-plus setlist featuring a wide variety of songs, including several from their first record, inter-mixed with Jamey Jasta working the crowd into an absolute frenzy. Aside from the actual concert disc, there is a second disc containing six live songs

between shows in NY and CT, tattoo gallery and other goodies as well as a two-part documentary on the band entitled "Behind the Hate." -Jeremy C.

I Was A Teenage Mummy **Ghost Limb Films**

Street: N/A

This movie has camp written all over



it. Every stereotype you can think of is picking on the Egyptian exchange student, Ray, who decides to get revenge by turning the head cheerleader into a Mummy, thereby picking off the jocks, greasers and anyone else in the way with shotty gore that Rob Bottin could be proud of. There has got to be a cult out there for this stuff but I for one am not part of it. Maybe some of the Troma buffs would be into this, as it's over 40 years old and is an apparent spoof of the genre, but I just can't get into it. At the very least you can laugh at the stupidity but I guess that's why this genre was invented in the first place -Adam Palcher

Lakeview Terrace Screen Gems

In Theaters 09.18

I always wanted to see what would happen if Tim "The Tool Man" Taylor and his neighbor, Wilson, went into psychotic rampages and tried to kill each other on an episode of *Home* Improvement. Thanks to director Neil LaBute and Samuel L. Jackson, no more sleepless nights of pondering for me! Jackson is Abel Turner, a widowedfather and disturbed LAPD officer who's hell bent on forcing his new interracial neighbors out of town because...well... he's racist...and he hates discarded cigarette butts in his lawn. That's it. That's the plot. The entire film relies of

Jackson's infamous shouting, a barrage of childish tomfoolery (my favorite word) between homeowners, and three comedic lines of dialogue. **David Loughery** and Howard Korder's script attempts to spotlight the issue of racial prejudice in America, but instead it's a formulaic, lackluster tale with characters no one could care about. With its straight out of film school cinematography, horrific overacting, and substandard editing (there's no need for 20 seconds of jogging footage to establish someone exercising), the only thing keeping this shoddy production from premiering on my DVD player at home are the prayers that Mr. Jackson's cult following will fill the seats. —Jimmy Martin

Man on Wire Magnolia Pictures In Theatres 08.29

If you though the greatest heist movie included a Vegas vault, Mini Coopers, or a lumpy heap of Marlon Brando perched in a sauna, you'd be absolutely wrong. What you may not know is that the crème de la crème of cinema capers includes a bow and arrow, two structures reaching 1,368 ft. high, and a French tightrope walked. Oh, and it's a true story. Director James Marsh brilliantly mixes documented footage and still photographs with updated dra-matizations to reveal the seat-gripping tale of Philippe Petit's audacious yet unauthorized feat of tightrope walking between the World Trade Center rooftops. Marsh and Petit are first-class storytellers and envelope the audience in a story you never want to end. The collection of archived photos leaning over the Towers' rooftops implant of feeling of vertigo that only adds to the thrill of being caught red-handed. Your heart will race, skip beats, and completely stop as Petit and friends reveal how they pulled off "the artistic crime of the century." It's no wonder why the cast and crew walked away from the 2008 Sundance Film Festival with the Grand Jury and Audience Awards for Best Documentary. - Jimmy Martin

Suidakra 13 Years of Celtic Wartunes DVD/CD Weeken (SDV)

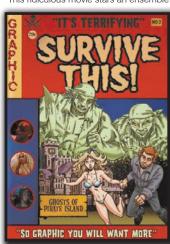
Wacken/SPV Street: 10.07

Going into this mainly DVD experience from Suidakra I had no clue who the band was, other than they were from Germany but lyrically focus on Celtic themes. The music is a diverse array of dark metal with pagan and folk influences, even some bagpipes. The material included on the DVD/CD is massive: there is a live show recorded at the Wacken Open Air, which features eight songs, an acoustic set (my favorite part) filmed in Germany, which includes nine songs, and a CD of 17 tracks. Here's the key point as to why this release is a massive success not only for fans but also for newcomers: there is very little rehash. In a total of 36 cuts of material only a select few are repeated on the release and they're only repeated once. Other big name bands that release DVD/CD packages that made up of three discs with the same damn songs should take a since no one wants to watch/listen to the same damn thing again. Suidakra did a great job with this package, which is finely produced camera wise and audio-wise. Ultimately this is a bunch of bang for your buck, it

turned me into a fan. -Bryer Wharton

Survive This Regain Records Street: 7/08/2008

This ridiculous movie stars an ensemble



that includes an adult film star, a Playboy playmate, a member of Hatebreed. a member of Wu-Tang Clan, The Naked Cowboy and a Jerky Boy. If that's not enough to get you uninterested, the barrage of naked tits this movie throws at you is quite impressive. Don't get me wrong I'm all for pointless nudity, but I felt like a 14 yer old in my parents' basement with nothing but a pause button, undies at my ankles and a fresh bottle of baby oil. Save your Lubriderm fellas, this waste of time includes terrible everything. Though you don't expect much from the beginning, the camp and boobs alone cannot hold its \$12 production value. This is true straight-tovideo, pay-per-view from the early '90s, if that is your shtick, than God help you. Survive This? I dare you. -Adam Palcher

Flash of Genius Universal Pictures In Theaters 10.03

"Let me immerse you in the legend of Bob Kearns, the man who invented the intermittent windshield wiper. Wait, where are you going?" I have a sneaking suspicion that producers Gary Barber and Roger Birnbaum had several similar reactions as they attempted to pitch Flash of Genius to various Hollywood executives. The film exposes the true story of Bob Kearns (Greg Kinnear) and his prolonged legal battle against the Ford Motor Company for stealing his renovation to the windshield wiper. The first 45 minutes of the film feels well-crafted and compelling, but rapidly descends into mediocrity destined for the Hallmark Channel. It's apparent that first-time director, but veteran producer, Marc Abraham requires additional training for his new-found position. After witnessing numerous shots running much longer than usual, it feels as though he forgot to shoot various angles in order to keep the audience constantly engaged. The acting is respectable with impressive performances from Kinnear and Alan Alda, but in the spectrum of other remarkable courtroom accounts (The People vs. Larry Flynt) it fails to leave a lasting impression. - Jimmy Martin













Bellyography: Mayyadah By Astara

Mayyadah is Logan's answer to the energy crisis. Hot! Hot! Hot! Brimming with natural talent, an obvious sense of humor and enviable stage presence, Mayyadah is a force to contend with. Egyptian cabaret being her medium, she can be effortlessly soft and luscious one minute, then hand you a drum solo that will take your breath away. Mayyadah knows how to connect with her audience. From the moment she takes the floor, she takes the audience for a thrill ride. And what a ride it is! I'm pretty sure that Logan is several degrees hotter every time Mayyadah is dancing.

Born and raised in Logan, Mayyadah stumbled onto belly dancing while attending *USU* in 2003. She saw a flyer for a belly dancing class, and as she says, "I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I had literally no dance background, and I had never seen any belly dancing anywhere. I just decided that it was different, and I wanted to do it. From the first class, there was an instant attraction. I love it all—the costumes, music, isolations, fluidity, the movement and it's female friendly."

Mayyadah was asked to join **Ziva** right after her first semester session ended. She danced with them for a year, and then **Sumra** recruited her for *Shazadi*. "It was quite a hurdle to transform me into a dancer, said Mayyadah. "I had always wanted to dance, and I had found the perfect venue. Egyptian cabaret is truly my thing. I feel so lucky to have evolved as a dancer with an organization that was already building its legacy."

The belly dancer is very grateful of her peers and mentors. "I want to sincerely thank **Shems**, Sumra, **Kinza** and **Shimmering Sands School of Dances**, said Mayyadah. "With their high-quality instruction and faith in my abilities, they have helped me to become the dancer I am today. Being a member of Shazadi has provided invaluable opportunities for me to travel and to study with dancers like **Ansuya**, **Virginia**, **Aziza** and **Sahra**."

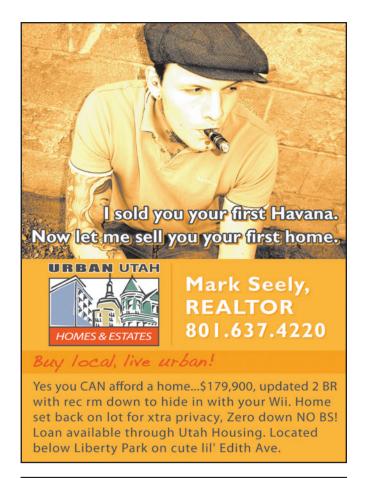
Sticking with the same theme isn't in the cards for Mayyadah. "I am passionate about Middle Eastern music. However, I have been experimenting with indie rock and finding new inspiration for choreography," said Mayyadah. *Thia's Halloween show* is so much fun because I get to break that out. I want to bring a more western approach to the dance and place some videos on YouTube. It might broaden people's awareness regarding bellydancing."

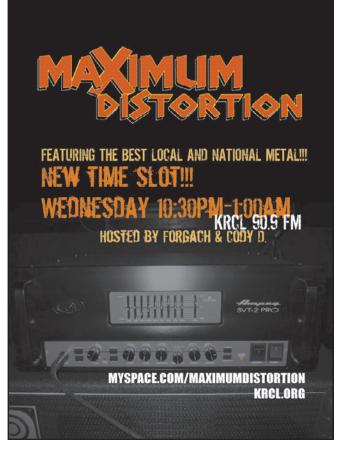
Last year at *Thia's Halloween Bash*, Mayyadah performed the hit of the evening, belly dancing as **Axel Rose** to "Welcome to the Jungle." She has a video of this dance on YouTube.

"I love Utah's dance community. Everyone is so nice. I love getting together with all the dancers. It can get lonely in Logan. I have been inspired and influenced by **Stephanie**'s brilliance, **Amina**'s flair, **Amanda**'s technique, **Shahravar**'s effortless grace and unique style and **Thia**, who seems to do everything and anything. She is so amazing.

For more info regarding Mayyadah and Shazadi, go to www.myspace.com/moon_face, or http://www.usu.edu/shimmy/shazadi.htm.









October 3

Margot and the Nuclear So & So's, David Vandervelde

Taught Me CD Release, Awesome Color, Tolchock Trio- Urban King Kobras, One Man Short, Donnie Bonelli - Muse

'So Loudly I Heard the Silent Voice' Opening Reception - Utah Arts Alliance The Devil's Cuntr, Such Vengeance, Soothsayer - Lehi Rider's Club Drop Dead Julio, Split, Two Daze Gone Liquid Joe's

Armin Van Buuren - Harry O's Derek Wright - Tin Angel And Embers Rise, Rise of Athena, Cylus, Ashford, The Theme for a Murder, Dethrone The Sovereign Avalon

Down Right Blue - Pat's No Quarter - Depot 337 Urban Gallery Unveiling – 1050 W 500 S

The Naked Eyes - Burt's We Are Every Day - Rose Wagner Surprise Classic Monster Movie - Tower Chase - Johnny's

Saturday, October 4

Xibalba, City to City, xReflectx, Collapse, BTG - Artopia Silver Jews. Monotonix - Urban Brunch: Shannon Smith - Tin Angel Dinner: Jim Bone - Tin Angel Good Karma - Pat's The Pink Spiders - The Electric Theatre Exposure Project Film Premier – Trapp

Allred - Velour Daren Thornley & the Bergs - Johnny's Purist - Muse

FEM Fest: Grrls Gone Radical - Library Square

Metal... The Next Generation w/ Truce, Killbot, Dead Vessel - Burt's Surprise Classic Monster Movie - Tower The Loved Ones, Jackson United, Beat Union, Swans of Never - Kilby Salt City Shakers vs Sin City Rollergirls – Salt Palace

Happy Birthday Helen Wade SLUG Mag Farmers Market - Pioneer Park

Sunday, October 5

John Wiese, All Systems Fail, The Invaders - Urban Babe Hannon, Kristen Marlow -Alchemy We The People Art & Music Festival -

Boom Boom Kid, xDrug Shitx, Bullshit Authority, Digna Y Rebelde, Azon - Artopia

Monday, October 6

Small Town Sinners - Piper Down We Are Wolves, Tragic Black - Urban Due de Argento, Suspiria & Deep Red – Red Liaht

Nikki Costa - In the Venue Voter Registration Must be

Postmarked and Mailed

A Cursive Memory, Until Further Notice, Maurice - Kilby

School, Coconut - Urban James Belliston - Muse Pinpoint SLC - UtahFM.org Dr Ring Ding, Monkey – Piper Down Steve Lyman - Tin Angel Mischievious Party - Trapp Door Matt Lewis, Andrew Norsworthy, Jared Woods - Velour Patagonia Wild & Scenic Environmental Film Fest w/ music by The Radio Rhythm Makers - Brewvies Star Fuckers, Ben Johnson - Kilby

Love You Long Time, Seve vs. Evan. The Brobecks - Velour Nurse Sherri, Negative Charge, Top Dead Celebrity - Burt's Ken Critchfield. Seraphim. Joel Taylor. Adam Dorious - Addicted Last Laugh Stand Up - Muse Feel Good Patrol, Scenic Byway, 14 Days From Forever - Kilby Vile Blue Shades CD Release, Future of the Ghost, Birthquake - Urban The Exorcist - Tower

Sunday, October 12

Time to Talk Tween Tunes - Urban Fuck Yes!!!, Paul Baribeau, Contrast, xDrug Shitx, Murdock - Artopia

Monday, October 13

Cappadona, Mindstate, Scenic Byway, Frank Lofty - Urban American Hitmen - Burt's Dance Floor Massacre, Promise me the Moon, Azrayl, Adelphia - Outer Rim Veneral Horror, Videodrome & Scanners – Red Light

The Crystal Antlers, Kid Theodore, John Henry - Kilby

The Stiletto Formal, Man Without Wax, Steady Machete, To the Death - Muse Happy Birthday JP

Tuesday, October 14

Hands - Solid Ground Watain, Withered, Book of Black Earth, Black Seas of Infinity - Urban Matt Foley Group - Muse Genghis Tron, Black Cobra, Yip Yip, Annabelle Lee, Behold the Moon, Dethrone the Sovereign - Avalon The Wanteds, Seve vs. Evan, Steady Machete - Kilby

Wednesday, October 15

Mountain High, Red Bennies - Urban Elephante - Johnny's The Pink Spiders - Studio 600 Brandon Sanderson - Sam Weller's The Physics of Meaning, Somber Party – Velour

Them Jeans - W Lounge Evangelicals, Parenthetical Girls, Laserfang, Navigator - Kilby

Thursday, October 16

Swagger - Piper Down Pinpoint SLC - UtahFM.org Cash aka Utah Slim - Tin Angel Fleet Foxes, Frank Fairfield - In the Venue

Boss Appreciation Day: Thanks for Killing it Angela Brown! - SLUG Staff

DJ Viva La Lance, Bright Noise's D Toxx, Icon Award Night - Trapp Door Streetlight Manifesto, The AKA's, The Swellers, Fear Nuttin Band, Super Hero



PRIZE COUNTRY 10/24 BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE

Tuesday, October 7

A Place to Bury Strangers, Sian Alice Group, Laserfang - Urban It's Not a Airplane, Travis Vick -Addicted Jory Woodis Quartet - Muse Akimbo, Iota, Top Dead Celebrity, Intimachine - Kilby

Wednesday, October 8 Skuds, All Systems Fail - Red Light Mike Huerta – Johnny's

Anberlin - Saltair

Audrye Sessions - Sho-Sushi Kate Ledeuce and the Soul Terminators, John Henry, Jeremiah Maxey Band -Rurt's Gangi, Rainbow Arabia, Palace of Buddies - Urban Shaun Barrowes - Velour Neva Dinova, McCarthy Trenching, The Spooky Moon - Kilby 3 Reasons, Emoshea, Atilast - Liquid Joe's In Aviate, The Stiletto FGormal, ManWithoutWax - Why Sound? Roksteady, Flash & Flare Mix Tape Release Party - W Lounge

Friday, October 10

Street Dogs, Time Again - Club Sound Kris Zeman - Tin Angel Flash Cabbage - Alchemy After Midnight, Forgotten Charity, Crossing Columbia - Velour Royal Bliss - Liquid Joe's Forever Inclined, Ready Set Verb, The State of Mind, Aure - Muse The StranGerz, Calm Before the Crash, Arienette, Horses - Avalon The Wolfebell Band - Pat's Brightwood, Jonathan Stark, Mary May I, Presented in Technicolor - Solid Ground The Exorcist - Tower Woven, Cavedoll, La Farsa - Kilby

Saturday, October 11

Pendulum - Murray Theater Protest the Hero. Unearth. The Acacia Strain, Gwen Stacy, Whitechapel -Lazy magnet, Pro Bro Dog - Red Light Mischevious Halloween Runway Showcase - Trapp Door The Legendary Porch Pounders - Pat's The Tedronai Project, The Calendar Event, Garrett - Artopia

– Avalon

Eek-A-Mouse, Irieites, Babylon Down _ Urhan

Panic at the Disco, Dashboard Confessional, Plain White T's - E Center Pablo, RuRu, Paul Jacobson, Madison Arms - Muse Whitney Olsen, Crossing Columbia,

Forgotten Charity - Kilby Sherwood, The Pink Spiders, Barcelona, Reign of Kindo - Velour

Friday, October 17

Sinthese, Shades of Grey, Funk & Gonzo - Urban Hwy 89 - Pat's Shannon Smith - Tin Angel Off the Wall: Site Specific Works by Patrick Weeks & Edward Mckenna - Sam Weller's

Gallery Stroll - Downtown SLC Julian Cardona & Charles Bowden -

Ken Sanders Jahnre, A Decent Animal, Spencer

Russell, Rotten Musicians CD Release

The Dead Show III - Red Light Hymns, La Farsa, Gloves for a Tiger, I Am You From the Future - Avalon Knuckledragger, Rebellious Cause, The Hasbeens, Fatal Error - Artopia Jay Wride - Muse Jon Peter Lewis, Isaac Hayden - Velour

Carrie - Tower

Saturday, October 18

Sonyo Kitchell & The Slip, John Shannon - Urban The Vitals - Pat's Trent Thornley, Jackie Campbell Johnny's Kris Zeman - Alchemy The Mountain Goats, Kaki King - In the The Suburban Legends, MC Lars -Avalon

Derek Wright, Rick Gerber - Tin Angel Shannon Curtis, Joel Taylor, Adam

Dorius - Addicted Quasi-Steller Radio - Muse

An October Evening - Masonic Temple

Rotten Musicians CD Release w/ Purr Bats - Kilby

Mathematics Et Cetera - Velour Carrie - Tower

Madame Butterfly - Capitol Theater Bomber Babes vs Leave it to Cleavers Salt Palace

Happy Birthday Paul Butterfield

Sunday, October 19

Time to Talk Tween Tunes - Urban

Monday, October 20

Legendary Pink Dots - Urban The Prowler & New York Ripper - Red Light

Lionfish, Cambriah - Burt's Last Day to Register to Vote in Person

Swagger - Piper Down Happy Birthday Aaron Day

Tuesday, October 21

Quintron & Miss Pussycat, Golden Triangles - Urban Beatlejuiced, Tired Life - Burt's Russ Balli - Muse

Cobra Starship, Forever the Sickest Kids, Hit the Lights, Sing it Loud Avalon

The Notwish, Jel, Odd Nosdam - In the

Wednesday, October 22

Send No Flowers, Belly of the Whale, A Pack of Wolves, Broken Silence - Kilby The Devil's Cuntr, Shackleton, Cutthroat Shamrock - Burt's

Jolie Holland, Herman Dune - Urban Against Me!, Ted Leo and the Pharmacists, Future of the Left - In the

Think Fast!, Murdock, Reviver - Artopia Maylene and the Sons of Disaster, A Satanic Lullaby, Showbread, Confide, Attack Attack!, Here She Lies - Avalon Them Changes - Johnny's Roksteady Flash & Flare – W Lounge

Thursday, October 23

Happy Birthday Nicole Dumas Reel Rock Film Tour – Reed Auditorium Chuck Ragan, Tim Barry, Ben Nichols, Jon Snodgrass, Austin Lucas - In the Venue

The Fly – Tower

Saturday, October 25

Monster Block Party - Gallivan Yelle - Urban Radio Hour: Frankestein - Rose Wagner Cary Judd - Velour Patrick Thomas and Jesse Morris - Tin Angel

DC Riders - Pat's Asobi Seksu - Kilbv Form of Rocket, Will Crum - Johnny's Night of the Living Dance Party - Trapp Door

Norma Jean, Haste the Day, The Showdown, My Children My Bride -Avalon

The Fly - Tower

Sunday, October 26

Time to Talk Tween Tunes - Urban Dan Wheldon - Woodshed



AN OCTOBER EVENING 10/18 MASONIC TEMPLE

Evolution Exposed - Trapp Door Pinpoint SLC - UtahFM.org Steve Lyman - Tin Angel

First Life Party Hosted by Princess Kennedy - Bliss

Labcoat, Hotel Le Motel, Blues Dart – Urban

Katie Brandeburg – Muse The hanks, I Hear Sirens - Kilby Jazz Martini Night featuring HG - Piper

Four Year Strong, I Am the Avalanche, This is Hell, A Loss of Words - Avalon

Friday, October 24

Black Angels, The Strange Boys, Furs Urban

Blues 66 - Pat's

Radio Hour: Frankestein - Rose Wagner Pascale Goodrich-Black, Mojave, Joey Taylor – Addicted

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Anybody Killa, Axe Murder Boyz, Boondox - Avalon Sleeping at Last, A Cassandra Utterance - Solid Ground

Adding Machines - Muse TaughtMe, Uzi & Ari, The Silver Desert

Bronwen Beecher the Fiddle Preacher Tin Angel

Radio Hour: Frankestein - Rose Wagner

Monday, October 27

The Re-animator & Day of the Dead - Red Light The Expendables, Rebelution, OPM – Avalon

Weird Horror Movie Night - Velour MC Mooseknuckle - Burt's Steve Lyman, Joshua Payne, John Henry - Kilby

Broadway After Dark Costume Party -Model Citizen

Tuesday, October 28

Parts & Labor, Pierced Arrows, Trouble on the Prairie - Urban Diplo, Abe Vigoda, Telepathe, Blaqstarr - Kilby Alexis Munoa - Muse

Hard Boiled Book Club - Sam Weller's Michale Graves - Bar Deluxe Wolves in the Throne Room, Nine Worlds - Burt's Fear Before, Estrago, I Am The Ocean,

Wednesday, October 29

The Recovery - In the Venue

Missy Higgins, Joshua Raddin - In the Venue

Taskmaster, Brutophilia, Coastal, Rusalka – Red Light 30h!3, Inner Party System, The Chain Gang on 1974 - Avalon Black Hens, Dead Horse Point, Kathryn Cowles - Urban Elephante - Johnny's Roksteady Flash & Flare - W Lounge IAO Project Fundraiser – Kilby Death on the Dancefloor: Classixx, Hot Noise - Club Sound Happy Birthday Stephanie Smith

Thursday, October 30

Girl Talk After Party - Urban Pinpoint SLC - UtahFM.org Sea Swallowed Us Whole, Fire on the Plains, Faus, Bring on the Night - Muse Hallow's Eve Karoke Spooktacular Raffle Jamboree - Burt's Chance Lewis, A Film in the Ballroom, Vanishing Act - Velour Girl Talk, The Death Set, CS KiD TRONiK - In the Venue Kris Zeman - Tin Angel Rocky Horror Picture Show - Tower Happy Birthday JR Boyce

Friday, October 31

Martin Sexton - Depot Jim Bone -Pat's Redman, Method Man - Murray **Amphitheater** Radio Hour: Frankestein - Rose Wagner Derek Wright - Tin Angel Vaude-Evil: A Carnal Carnival - Trapp Ted Dancin,' Starmy CD Release, Wolfs Urban Lost Art Tattoo Customer Appreciation Party - Orange Monkey Grinder Halloween – Velour Tamerlane, Rhinoceros, One Choice, Tyrant, xGOx - Artopia Rocky Horror Picture Show - Tower Halloween Bash - Area 51

Saturday, November 1

Dia De Los Muertos Party - Artopia Senses Fail - In the Venue Monorchist - Mo's Bombs and Beating Hearts, Dubbed, Murder Majesty, Talking Bombs – Boing! Band of Annuals, Puddle Mountain Rambles, Devil Whale - Urban Rocky Horror Picture Show - Tower Bruckner's 4th Big Brass Show Abravanel Hall

Heaven & Hell - Area 51 Sunday, November 2

Do your Laundry - Mom's House

Monday, November 3

Copeland, LoveDrug, Lydia, Lights -Avalon

Tuesday, November 4

King Khan - Urban

Wednesday, November 5 Eagles of Death Metal - Urban

Thursday, November 6

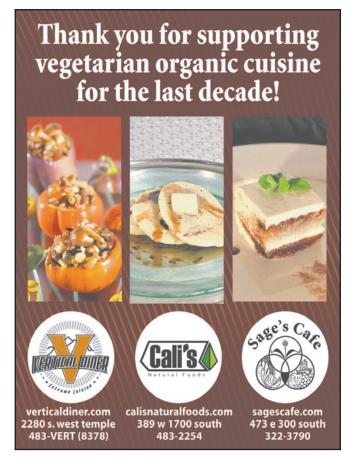
Crooked Fingers - Urban Pinpoint SLC - UtahFM.org

Friday, November 7

Hellbound Glory - Burt's Last Laugh Stand Up - Muse

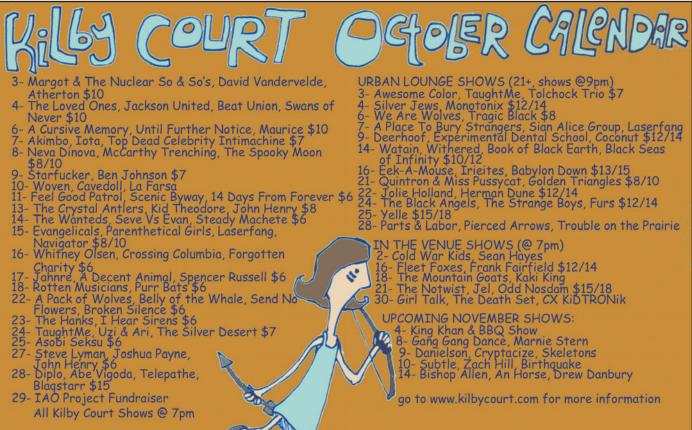
FightTheUgly.com

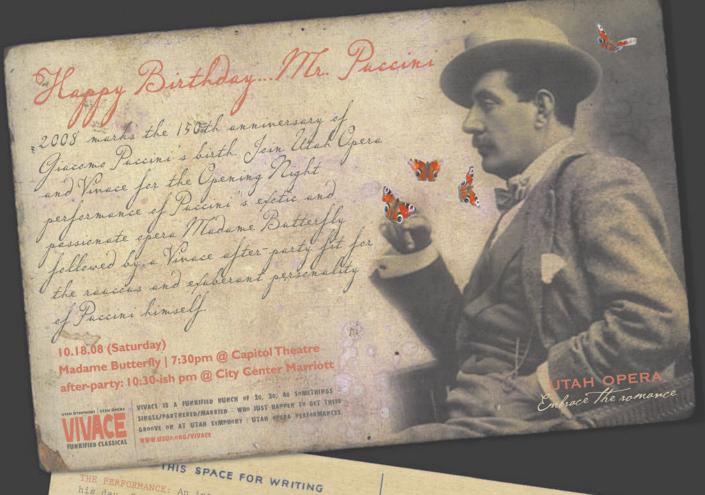










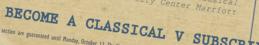


HE PERFORMANCE: An international celebrity in his day, Puccini described himself as a "mighty hunter of wild fowl, opera libretti, and attractive women" and reflected that hunter instinct and passion (minus the birds of course) in his famous operas including Madame Butterfly. La Bohéme, and Tosca. Utah Opera presents his exotic and tragic masterpiece Madame Butterfly on October 18th. Join Vivace for a night of romance,

HE AFTER-PARTY: Experience Opening Night at Utah Opera with fellow Vivace members, the cast/crew of Madame Butterfly, and members of the Utah Symphony at the City Center Marriott. The after party features the first-ever Utah Opera Costume Showcase of its up-and-coming designers as well as delicious Asian inspired culinary creations such as dessert sushi created by Chef Gert Boer. Cash bar. The City Center Marriott is located at 220 South Main, Salt Lake City.

Vivace tickets are \$30, \$15 for students | web: arttix.org phone: 801.533.NOTE (6683) | promo code vivace

Vivace is also invited to an elegant Asian themed Vivace is also invited to an elegant Asian-themed pre-performance dinner at the City Center Marriott. Dinner tickets are \$75, \$60 for Utah Opera or Classical V subscribers. Free parking at the City Costor Manufacture. Drinner tickets are \$73, \$60 for Utan Opera or Classical V subscribers, Free parking at the City Center Marriott for dinner attendees.





ZIONS BANK

BECOME A CLASSICAL V SUBSCRIBER: www.myusuo.org/vivace 'The Virace price and section are guaranteed until Monday, October 13. The Virace student price is not available online. If you are a Gaspical V or Utah Opera subscriber, and already have tickets to the October 18th performance, call 801.869,9017 for your after-party pass.

October 24 - November 2 World Premiere by Matthew Ivan Bennett





Studio Theatre @ the Rose 355-ARTS | planbtheatre.org

Mary Shelley's horror classic adapted for radio is our 4th annual RADIO HOUR. Featuring Tobin Atkinson, Doug Fabrizio, Jay Perry, Teresa Sanderson, a whole lotta live sound effects and live music by Dave Evanoff. You are our live studio audience!













BROADCAST LIVE ON KUER AND XM SATELLITE RADIO ON HALLOWEEN!