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Magazine

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Volume 19
issue #239
Nov. 2008
SLUGMAG.com

- Starkweather -
- Mike Murdock -
- Henry Rollins -

FICE



MIKEY AITKEN

Recently, Mike Aitken was in a severe BMX accident. Mike is a professional rider and in his line of work he is not eligible for health insurance.

Benefit Group Art Show Gallery Stroll, Fri., Nov. 21st. 7 PM

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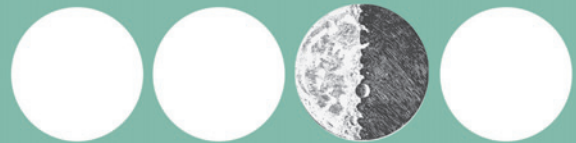
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SLUG MAG

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Contributor Limelight



Todd Powelson • Graphic Artist

Visual artist Todd Powelson began serving his *SLUG* time over a year ago. Since then, Powelson has designed progressive ad campaigns for numerous local businesses in the magazine. Drawing inspiration from his most recent fine art series, *Dreams for Schmidt*, Powelson incorporates watercolor and oil painting techniques into his graphic art. A graduate of *Provo College* with an *Associates in Graphic Design*, his current clients include *Transfusion Hype* dance group, where his artwork was intertwined with their fall program. Powelson has a darker side to his sunny disposition with his secret love of zombies, belly dancing babes and mermen. Check out Todd's portfolio at: toddpowelson.com or simply flip through the pages of your favorite local mag.



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The Fully Blown

Dear TFB,

Maybe it's time to get a little more proactive. Sending bitchy emails via MySpace doesn't really count as a good marketing tactic. We can't actually cover you unless you're doing something that deserves coverage. Ever think of sending us an album to review? Or even easier, show dates for our Daily Calendar? There—two simple ways to grace the pages of SLUG Mag.

xoxo,
SLUG

Dear Dickheads,

Holy moly. Did it take you all four months since that zine was submitted to conjure up that sparkling little paragraph? 5 full (actually, run-on) sentences! Could you just not think of anything else clever to say about the other two cartoonists? I'm sure there's something else about a hamburger you could've said. Next time, look for someone with an Abercrombie shirt and a visor on and ask them. They're full of wit too. The sentence you used to review my section was just sad. Are you really so insecure in your stance on veganism or straight edge that you can't see past it to give a full compliment?

Love,

Robin Banks

Dear Robin,

As you already know, Patricia doesn't care and didn't want you to write, but the rest of us at SLUG love to get letters. Let me remind you of the first rule when submitting something to SLUG Mag—never expect us to say anything nice. If you wanted your ass kissed maybe you should talk to whoever is in charge of the Arty Awards at City Weekly. It might be good to give Mike Brown's Leviathan some healthy competition.

Hugs and Kisses,
SLUG

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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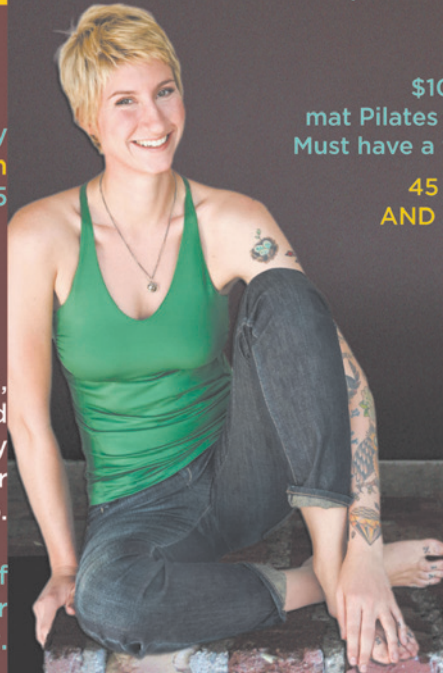
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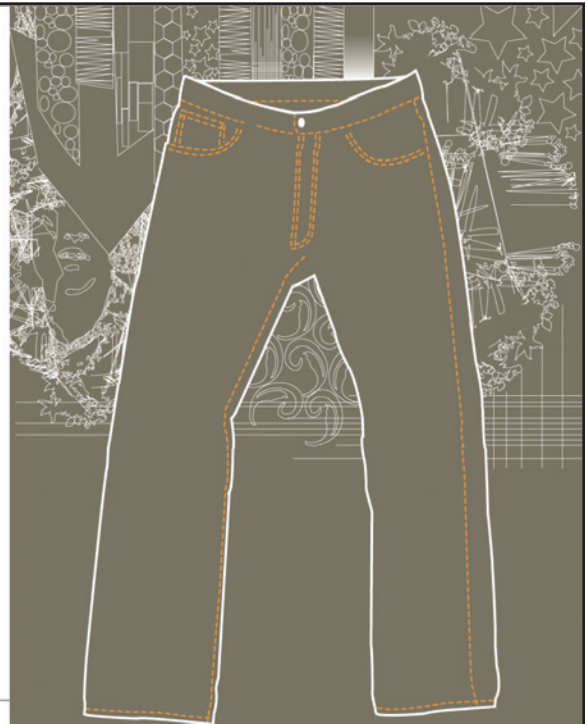
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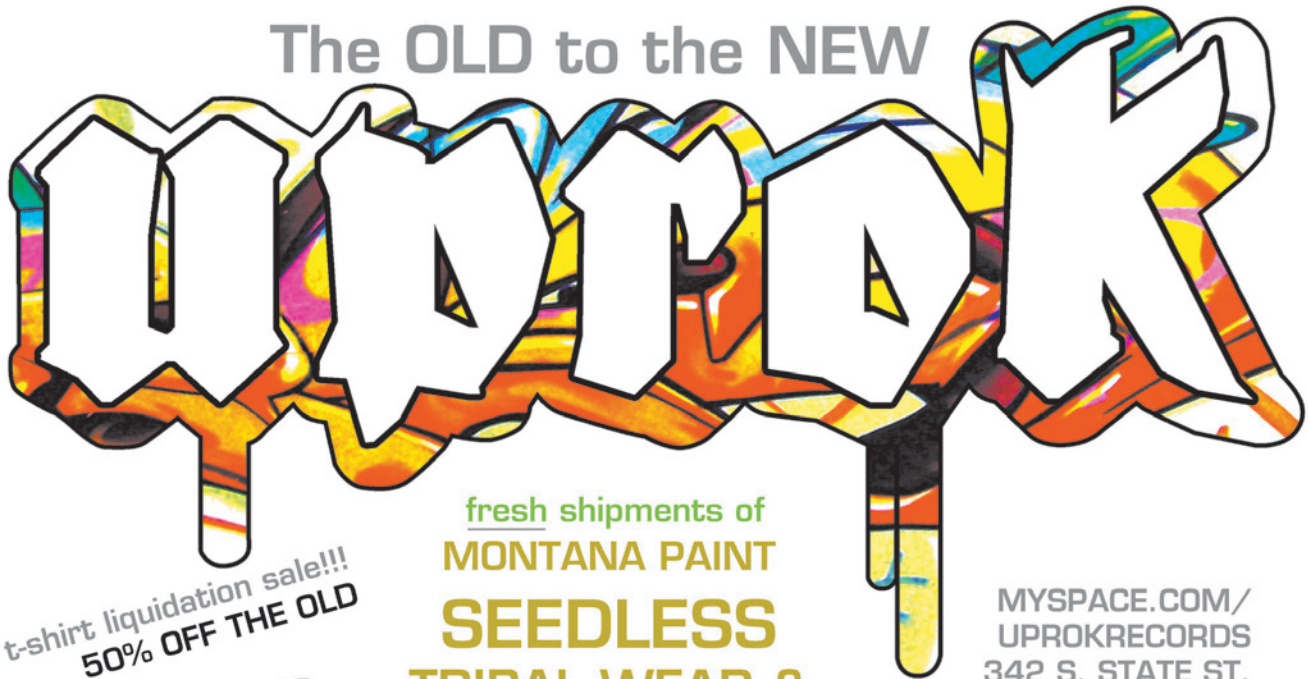
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THROUGH THE EYES OF CARRION



Photo By: Ruby Johnson

**Kyle Brown - Guitar,
Vocals, Lyrics**
Josh Lauscher - Drums
Cam Nash - Bass

I constantly try to get a handle on the majority of local metal bands, scenes and styles. The fact that I come across bands I haven't heard of all the time is a testament to the massive number of bands in Utah. I had no idea that **Through the Eyes of Carrion** has been around for roughly a decade.

Kyle Brown, founding member of the band, has kept things going through the typical line-up turmoil. Drummer Josh Lauscher joined a few years ago, but exact dates weren't exactly remembered.

The newest member, Cam Nash, joined roughly a year ago. "Friends kept telling me about Kyle, this long-haired, flip flop-wearing, banjo-picking metal-head, and they all compared me to him, even though he's far superior to me musically," says Nash, who also plays bass in Cave of Roses. Nash will be taking double duty for this month's *Localized* show.

The band started as black metal and has evolved throughout the years into what the guys called "bladerthrash." Roughly one-and-a-half years ago, the band released their debut full length *The Passing* through *Blackmetal.com*, a mail-order website that doubles as an independent label. The band states that the best way to experience their current sound is to see them live. TTEOC are hard at work in the studio, and have plans to release a new record in March.

Localized

By Bryer Wharton

bryer@slugmag.com

There isn't much of a better way to start preparing for the holidays like a visceral, extreme metal show. Nothing screams cheery feelings and togetherness like angry music. Well, not really, but if the holidays aren't your friend, sweat it out in a pit this November with **Cave of Roses**, **Through the Eyes of Carrion** and **A Horrible Night to Have A Curse**. This month's *Localized* will transpire at *The Cell Block* on 1051 South and 300 West. As always, *SLUG's Localized* is the second Friday of the month (Nov. 14) and five bones will get you in to witness the merry metal mayhem.

"It's not black metal, it's not death metal and it's not thrash. It doesn't really fit a genre, so we're not adhering to anyone's scene. It's kind of a dark death metal with doom,"

Brown says.

"It's psychedelic metal, that's what I'd call it. Stuff that when you listen to it you'd want to pop a Xanax and drink a couple beers," says Nash.

Brown describes the crowd's attempts to mosh to the band's music as "like playing red light green light with a retard."

"We definitely try to stray from the black metal scene. The music is good, but there is a lot of repetitiveness in it. The whole Satan, God sort of thing and corpse paint is overlaid and a joke," Lauscher says.

The lyrical direction of the band is clear, though. Brown is inspired by misanthropy and the aspects of society and humanity, that he despises.

They don't like to be stuck with a certain label tag or scene association. Nash jokes and describes the band as "flip-flop metal," and says that they "highly endorse smoking marijuana."

Brown says, "We kind of take an anti-social direction in [our live show] too. We don't tend to say too much to the crowd. We're more or less there to play our music and let the audience enjoy it for themselves."

Dare to come see the current creative process of metal scene veterans Through the Eyes of Carrion and Cave of Roses with A Horrible Night to Have A Curse at *The Cell Block* on Nov. 14. A \$5 cover gets you in.

Photo By: Ruby Johnson

Cave of Roses

Drz – Drums

Rhett – Vocals, Guitar

Cam Nash – Bass

Skuller – Ivory

When it comes to local metal, anyone remotely in touch with the scene can acknowledge the fact that there is a separation between genres. Certain bands won't play with each other or even recognize another band as "true metal." **Cave of Roses**, who have been playing the scene for close to seven years, know this and are quick to express their thoughts. They hope that by being open they can help bridge gaps and bring the scene together despite the musical and personal beliefs contained within.

"We could give a shit about the attitude that you're supposed to have in metal, that you have to be black as fuck or metal as fuck. I think we're a band that just likes to play and not have to worry about the style. We could care less about the attitude – it's more about the music," bassist Cam Nash says.

Like any band that has been playing for an extended period of time, changed lineups or switched things around, the band's sound has evolved. "When Cave of Roses first started, it was more of a thrash band. When we made the lineup switches, we kind of changed our style toward using a lot of different influences. There is the Swedish style, American [and] even hardcore," vocalist and guitarist Rhett says.

Cave of Roses may seem picky about what they want to officially release to fans and the metal world. In their existence, they have only released two official demos, and no full-lengths. The band gives plenty of reasons for this, but, with a solid lineup, their confidence in the music is growing. "I think we're finally getting to the point where we're getting to release the full-length," Nash says. "Our writing is

becoming more satisfying. We hope to have a full-length out by September of 2009."

"We're not the kind of band that will write eight songs and just put them out. When we started, we were a three-piece. It's taken some time to get in the groove of our roles in the band," Rhett says.


The band explains the fact that playing metal is easy, but playing it well is a challenge. Rhett breaks this ideology down by saying: "You could pick up and play a three-chord country song, or a three chord metal song easily. Playing a good song well is all about how serious you take the music and how much of your influences you put into your music. Not just one."

"Metal is much more complicated and intensive than any other form of popular music right now – you have to be on your game to play metal well," Nash says.

The band also notes that much of their writing process is being able to play the riff you hear in your own head.

"I think metal is the ultimate form of music," says Rhett. "It infuses classical, rock and blues, and just about everything you can think of."

The guys place a big emphasis on musicianship and the fact that they don't rely on any image to get their intensity across. Drz reminisces about a time when two crowd members approached him after a show and said, "Dude it felt like Satan was in the room when you were playing. It was metal, it was crazy."



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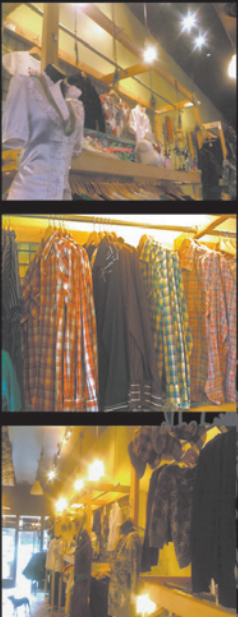
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ASR-001: The Coming on - Masquerade at the Firefly Ball - CDR Run of 50 (2004)
 ASR-002: We Are! Seagulls - Crazy Magpie - CDR Run of 50 (2005)
 ASR-003: Paper Cranes - Peter Panda & the Paper Cranium - CDR Run of 50 (2005)
 ASR-004: Melvin Duane, Jr. - Hey Camcorder! You're Easy! - CDR Run of 50 (2005)
 ASR-005: We Are Seagulls - We Are Doomed - 2 CDRs Run of 50 (2005)
 ASR-006: Hew Mun - Live at a Basketball Court - CDR Run of 30 (2006)
 ASR-007: Joaquin McCloud - Shannon Sossamon - CDR Run of 50 (2006)
 ASR-008: Paper Cranes - Escape to Wicked Mountain - CD Run of 1000 (2006)
 ASR-009: Paper Cranes - Remixes - CDR Run of 50 (2006)
 ASR-010: We Are Seagulls - This is My Airport in D - CDR Run of 50 (2006)
 ASR-011: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle - Terror in Twelve Parts - CDR Run of 50 (2006)
 ASR-012: We Are Seagulls - Silent Heart Violin School 1 - A Flutter of Wings - CDR Run of 30 (2006)

ASR-013: We Are Seagulls - Silent Heart Violin School 2 - I Breathe Hair - CDR Run of 30 (2006)
 ASR-014: The Grizzly Prospector - These Are Songs. - CDR Run of 50 (2006)
 ASR-015: Michael Biggs / Matthew Munn - BATS - CDR Run of 30 (2007)
 ASR-016: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle / Stag Hare - Mean Girls / Th' Fheather Dust Work Songg - Cassette Run of 30 (2007)
 ASR-017: Hew Mun - Scintillated Garble - CDR Run of 30 (2008)
 ASR-018: Stag Hare - Ahspen (re-issue) - CDR Run of 100 (2008)
 ASR-019: Navigator - Throwing Tongues - CDR Run of 100 (2007)
 ASR-015: Michael Biggs / Matthew Munn - BATS (Reissue) - CDR Run of 100 (2008)
 ASR-020: Aye Aye - Saint Delay and the Golden God - CDR Run of 100 (2008)
 ASR-021: WoO - Come Blue - CDR Run of 200 (2008)
 ASR-022: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle - The Moon - CDR Run of 200 (2008)
 ASR-023: Stag Hare - Black Medicine Music - CD Run of 1000 (2008)
 ASR-024: Sly Aye - Congregation EP - CDR Run of 50 (2008)
 ASR-025: WYLD WYZRDZ - We Are Everyone - CDR Run of 100 (2008)
 ASV-001: Paper Cranes & the Doom Machine - Live in Provo DVD - DVDR Run of 50 (2008)

A. Star Recordings & Magic Goat Music

A. STAR
Owner/Founder: Michael Biggs & Garrick Arthur
Year Established: 2004
Current artists: Stag Hare, The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle, Hew Mun, Sly Aye, WYLD

WYZRDZ, The Grizzly Prospector, Paper Cranes collective, Mothers of Sons
Number of releases to date: 26
National Distribution: None
Is Roster Available on iTunes? No
Number of albums sold: Unsure, but at least 500
Website: astar-recs.net

Collective Mindset of Selfishness: A. Star Recordings, American West Free Society Press, Magic Goat Music By Andrew Glassett andrew@slugmag.com

The swagger of the self-proclaimed artist abounds in Kaysville. I'm still unclear what it is about that area of Utah, that sits between Ogden and Salt Lake, which allows it to produce so many prolific musicians. I have a feeling it may have to do with its isolation and the oppression of suburban sprawl. The members of **A. Star Recordings** (ASR), **American West Freedom Society** (AWFS) and **Magic Goat Music** (MGM) are bonafide weirdos, but the best kind of weirdos.

The major question these labels should be asked is about the mass quantity of albums produced (20+ this year alone). Unlike the majority of labels, they seem to have no discretion when it comes to what they choose to release. Instead of promoting a few albums and hosting large release parties to sell as many records as possible, it appears that they choose to release whatever comes their way. Ultimately, these guys don't really care if anyone listens to what they are producing. They produce the music for their own benefit and enjoyment. Their attitude about creating is obvious—the more the better.

SLUG: Why did your label start? What is your label like?

Michael Biggs (ASR, AWFS): When I was in high school, I'd hear people talk about having their own record labels, and I thought that it would be really cool to have my own record label, although I had no idea what you were supposed to do. The band I was in recorded an EP and instead of just releasing it with no name on it (like I had done in the past), I made up a record label called "Anti-Star." That probably would have been the end of it, but when **Garrick [Arthur]** made his first **We Are Seagulls** album, he decided to put Anti-Star on it, and it turned into a record label. After the first six releases, we shortened the name to A. Star, because the name Anti-Star sounded too much like we were trying to be punk rock. Until 2007 the label was a venue for Garrick's and my music, but more of our friends had stuff to put out, and we were all inspiring each other to make lots of good music. The main people actively involved with A. Star are (alphabetically): **Andrew Alba**, Garrick Arthur, Michael Biggs, **Skylar Hitchcox**, **Braden J. McKenna**, **Matthew J. Munn** and **Parker Yates**. We all help each other out with everything—recording, playing and putting stuff together. We tend to think of A. Star as more of a community

MAGIC GOAT MUSIC

Owner/Founder: Braden J McKenna
Year Established: 2004
Current artists: Navigator, WYLD WYZRDZ, Mothers of Sons, Sparks and Spools, Wyerd Children, Dark Sea of Awareness, etc ...
Number of releases to date: 22 (12 Physical, 10 Digital)
National Distribution: None
Is Roster Available on iTunes? No
Number of albums sold: Unsure
Website: magicgoatmusic.com

than a label, and our music has branched out to other labels like American West Freedom Society Press and Magic Goat Music. We still don't really know the business side of what record labels are supposed to do, but gradually we've learned enough to do most of what we want to do.

Braden McKenna (MGM): Magic Goat is whatever I feel like. It's something I started in high school in 2004 when I lived in Washington to put out CD-Rs. I resurrected it at the beginning of 2008 because I know way too many people making rad music. The focus was initially on free digital releases (we have released 10 free digital albums this year so far).

SLUG: What are your guidelines for releases?

MB: We pretty much put out our friends' stuff. I think most of the good indie labels are like that. We are friends, so we're on similar pages. We aren't competing against each other, we inspire each other. Although there are a variety of styles, we're coming from similar mindsets and the music groups together well. Quality is self-regulating. I think it would be a mistake to try to build a label out of some arbitrary sense of quality. I think only the artist knows when something is ready to put out. We're not trying to put anything on the map. We don't care what is commercially viable. We are in it for the art.

BM: Magic Goat is pretty low key, so no one is officially on or off the label. Some of my favorite bands that have released on Magic Goat this year are **Mothers of Sons**, **Sparks and Spools** and **Dark Sea of Awareness** (from Florida). I guess what makes the label unique is we have been releasing a lot of music in a short amount of time. We've put out an EP or LP every month digitally for free this year, plus the three physical releases. While I plan to start putting out more physical stuff, the free digital albums will still be finding frequent updates. Plus we have comics, and really what more could you want from a label than poorly drawn web comics!?

Upcoming Releases:

ASR-026: Wite Nite - Self-Titled - CDR Run of 100 (2008)

AWFS Press:

AWFS-001: Stag Hare - Ahspen - CDR Run of 30 (in individually hand painted envelopes) (2007)

AWFS-002: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle- TV Static - CDR Run of 20 (2007)

AWFS-003: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle- A Capella - CDR Run of 20 (2007)

AWFS-004: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle- Nephelocentric Moods - CDR Run of 30 (2007)

AWFS-005: Navigator - Chinese in Love 3" - 3" CDR Run of 30 (2008)

AWFS-006: The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle- 3 Dreams - CDR Run of 30 (2008)

AWFS-007: Stag Hare - Liite Being Traveler 3"- 3" CDR Run of 50 (2008)

AWFS-008: WYLD WYZRDZ - Beach Party Forever! - Digital Format Only (2008)

Magic Goat Music

MGM-001: Great Ghosts - EP (2004)

MGM-002: Wizard Kill -

All Up in Here (2004)

MGM-003: Sing Bird Sing -

My Mouth Can Dance Like Strings (2004)

MGM-004: Tiger Shout - EP (2004)

MGM-005: Braden J McKenna -

G:C: and The Mighty Oak Tree (2005)

MGM-006: Sing Bird Sing -

Child Raise Your Hands High (2005)

MGM-007: People; Person; Monster! - Things (2005)

MGM-008: Braden J McKenna -

Monsters and Trees (2005)

MGM-009: Navigator - Not Traps, Poison or

Guns Could Catch the Old Wise One (2007)

MGM-010: Paper Cranes and the Iron Eagles

- Self-Titled CDR, Run of 30 (2008)

MGM-011: Navigator - Throwing Tongues

CDR, run of 100 (2008)

MGM-012: Navigator - Songs for Mei and

Satsuki CDR, run of 100 (2008)

Upcoming Releases:

MGM-013: Navigator - Bad Childen (2009)

MGM-014: WYLD WYZRDZ - Light Upon

Light, Wave upon wave (2009)

Digital Releases:

MGM:DMS-001: Paper Cranes and the Iron Eagles - Self-Titled (2008)

MGM:DMS-002: Navigator -

Loop Dreams: Volume One (2008)

MGM:DMS-003: See Through Boy -

Welcome Home Earth (2008)

MGM:DMS-004: Aye Aye - Treas Dance Fo

Trish and She Dance Lyke Dis (2008)

MGM:DMS-005: WYLD WYZRDZ -

MZG WVZ (2008)

MGM:DMS-006: Mothers of Songs -

Dances Alone, Dances With Ghosts (2008)

MGM:DMS-007: Sparks and Spools - Monkey,

Airplane, Rocket: ¿Usted Dormia? (2008)

MGM:DMS-008: Sakryd Dagger -

All Seeing High (2008)

MGM:DMS-009: Navigator -

Nuckle Sandwiches: Vol 1 (2008)

MGM:DMS-010: Dark Sea of Awareness -

Self-Titled (2008)

Upcoming Digital Releases:

MGM:DMS-011: WYLD WYZRDZ -

Earth Tones (Nov/2008)

MGM:DMS-012: Sing Bird Sing -

Under Golden Light (Dec/2008)

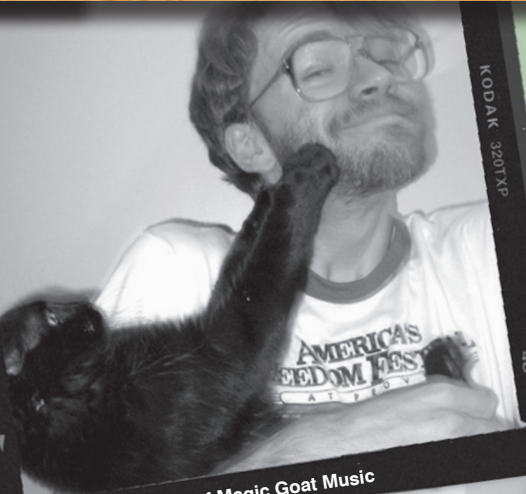
SLUG: What are your goals as a label? What is your motivation?

MB: We are more worried about helping the individual artists than the label itself. We want the label to help meet individual artists' goals. That being said, I would like to get to the point where there is enough interest in our music that we can put everything out on vinyl and break even. Also, I'd like to put out other kinds of things like DVDs and books. The business side of A. Star is probably the weakest side—we would probably be making a lot more money right now if we were good at advertising. We are hoping that eventually word will spread and more people will know about us without us having to force it.

BM: I don't think there are any official goals for what Magic Goat Music will become—I just want it to evolve naturally. It would be really nice if the label could get to the point where I'd be able to put out vinyl at runs of 500 and actually get money back. I'm not really planning on getting the money back from the vinyl—I just want to hear myself on wax. Pretty selfish, I guess. Aside from music, a few of my friends and I, on a not-so regular basis, post comics. I also plan to sell some of my friends' visual art from the site. For now, the label is just a creative outlet. Hopefully, people will be able to enjoy the music we put out.

The energy created by these labels is infectious and has no sign of slowing down. Check out Astar-recs.blogspot.com and Magicgoatmusic.com for a continuous barrage of sound art.

magic goat
A. Star



Braden Mc Kenna of Magic Goat Music



Affiliates of A. Star Recordings
From Left to R: Garrick Arthur, Mathew J. Munn and Michael Biggs

Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Discography:

8ctopus

OCTO-001: Vile Blue Shades - Ballz 2 the Wall - CDR Edition of 100 (2006)
 OCTO-002: Red Bennies - Announcing Demos - CDR Edition of 50 (2006)
 OCTO-003: Bleed Yellow - Self-Titled - CDR Edition of 50 (2006)
 OCTO-004: Polestar - Self-Titled - CDR Edition of 50 (2006)
 OCTO-005: Jealous - Self-Titled - CDR EP Edition of 50 (2006)
 OCTO-006: Various Artists - Posters Project - CDR Edition of 150 (2006)
 OCTO-007: KNVZ - Self-Titled - CDR Edition of 100 (2006)
 OCTO-008: Vile Blue Shades - CDR Edition of 50 (2006)
 OCTO-009: Blackhole - Self-Titled - CD Edition of 1000 (2007)
 OCTO-010: Morrison/Bury/Smith - The Blue Door - CDR Edition of 25 (2007)

OCTO-011: Kqwiet - Sleep - CDR Edition of 25 (2007)
 OCTO-012: Various Artist - S.L.C. RULES - CD Edition of 1000 (2007)
 OCTO-013: Wolfs - Death Themes - CDR Edition of 187 (2007)
 OCTO-014: Wolfs - Awful Offal - CDR EP Edition of 100 (2007)
 OCTO-015: Vile Blue Shades - Triple Threat! - CD Edition of 1000 (2007)
 OCTO-016: Ketamine Kurtainz - Self-Titled - CDR EP Edition of 50 (2007)
 OCTO-017: Various Artists - SLUG Mag Presents: Death by Salt III - 12" Vinyl LP Edition of 1000 (2007)
 OCTO-018: Pink Lightnin' - Self-Titled - CDR Edition of 200 (2008)
 OCTO-019: Mystified - Major Fog - CDR Edition of 100 (2008)
 OCTO-020: Eyes and Ears - Howl at the Moon/Slave Wage - 7" Vinyl Record Edition of 250 (2008)



Photo by: Ruby Johnson

8ctopus Records

Owner/Founder: Eli Morrison

Year Established: 2006

Current artists: The Wolfs, Vile Blue Shades, Red Bennies, Blackhole, Pink Lightnin', Eyes and Ears, Mystified, Ketamine Kurtainz

Number of releases to date: 20

National Distribution: None, other than own website.

Is Roster Available on iTunes? The Wolfs and Blackhole only

Number of albums sold to date: Around 2,000

Website: 8ctopusrecords.com

By Ryan Powers

ryan@slugmag.com

Slinging some of the more legitimate "out there" shit since 2006, **8ctopus Records** tends to keep the focus local. Their roster features artists such as **Vile Blue Shades** and owner/operator **Eli Morrison's** own project, **The Wolfs**. The label also co-released **SLUG's** *Death by Salt III* local comp on vinyl last December. The label serves as an online distributor for local labels like **Red Light**, **Pseudo** and **Feroz**, but also for international releases in the experimental field from **Extreme Music**. Recently, 8ctopus geographically expanded their own catalog by releasing *Howl at the Moon/Slave Wage*, a 7" from Denver's **Eyes and Ears**.

SLUG: What led you to start 8ctopus?

Eli Morrison: I had all this cool stuff sitting on my desk that was, for one reason or another, un-releasable on a legitimate label. So I thought, 'Fuck it—I'll just put this stuff out, and I'll just plan on eating the cost.' Luckily, I have a couple of day jobs that allow me to do this.

SLUG: What is the point? Why put out such esoteric and underground records?

EM: Good question. I wonder what the fuck I'm doing all the time! I guess I just want people to be able to hear some cool stuff that otherwise wouldn't come out.

SLUG: Does 8ctopus have a distinct sound or genre?

EM: I don't fit any specific marketing niche or genre of music, and I don't really care. We carry stuff relative to the punk/underground scene, as well as stuff in the experimental/noise/ambient field. If it's different, I'll probably like it.

SLUG: What makes a group an 8ctopus Records type of group?

EM: It's gotta be NON-commercially motivated, underground, artsy-type shit. Go ahead. Surprise me.

SLUG: What are the plans for 8ctopus in the future?

EM: The label continues to define itself out of necessity. I am still taking things one record at a time, and I hope we can pull through and do justice to each release. Right now, we have no impending releases, because there's nothing hot on my desk.

SLUG: How do your own musical endeavors work with the label?

EM: If nobody else wants to, or is able to release a recording, and it's good, I'll put it out myself. I still work with a number of other labels to issue my own material, when possible.

SLUG: How does 8ctopus support local music?

EM: I issue records that would otherwise go unheard. I also distribute

all the coolest local shit online at 8ctopusrecords.com. This year we've had orders from Russia, Poland, Japan, you name it. Had one last week from Greece!

SLUG: With the current status of the music industry and the economy in general, do you think smaller labels will make a comeback?

EM: I would certainly hope so. I think 'gain ground' is even more appropriate than 'comeback.' The underground has always been there, and we're largely unaffected by the comings and goings in 'The Industry,' as it were. Every time I see something that makes me wanna puke, I just take a deep breath, and remind myself that it has nothing to do with me.

SLUG: What releases are you most proud of?

EM: **Red Bennies' Announcing Demos**, **Ketamine Kurtainz**, and **The Wolfs' Death Theme**. I think all three of these came out really nice.

SLUG: I noticed 8ctopus' current catalog mostly includes the 8ctopus releases and local acts. What happened to the distribution catalog?

EM: I'm not carrying as much of the international stuff right now—there hasn't been much demand for it. This could change as some more killer releases come out. **Terminal Sound System** was really good—it kills me that nobody's ever heard it.

SLUG: Do you have your eye on any local artists out there now?

EM: My plate is pretty clean at the moment, but I always try to keep my ear to the ground.

Putting out records with little to no hope of recouping the cost may not seem like the best business model. However, it's this freedom to focus solely on the validity of the art is what places 8ctopus Records in the same category as other mind-blowing underground labels in cities across the country. Like **Load Records** from Providence, R.I.—the label that brought us **Lightning Bolt**, **USAISAMONSTER** and **Coughs**—or **Gravity Records**, the early 90s San Diego label that introduced the world to **Angel Hair**, **The VSS**, **Antioch Arrow** and even **Black Dice**. For individuals desperate to hear a wide variety of music that challenges conventions in a meaningful way, Morrison's label is doing society a huge favor. Making these releases available to the public is a phenomenal contribution to the proliferation of artistically valid music in Salt Lake, and a testament to Morrison's passion for music as an art.



Discography: Exigent Records

EXIG-001: Gaza - East - CDR (2004)

EXIG-002: Day Of Less -
Day Of Less - East - CDR (2005)

EXIG-003: Novelists - So Be It - CDR (2006)

EXIG-004: Lost In The Fire -
Lost In The Fire - CDR (2006)

EXIG-005: Sweet Jesus -
Sweet Jesus - CDR (2006)

EXIG-006: Glacial - Glacial - CDR (2006)

EXIG-007: Prize Country -
Lottery Of Recognition - CDR (2007)

EXIG-008: Loom - Angler - CDR (2007)

EXIG-009: Bird Eater - Utah - CDR (2007)

EXIG-010: XUR/Michigan -
By The Beard Of Zeus - CDR (2007)

EXIG-011: Microtia -
Distance Is Oval - CDR (2007)

EXIG-012: Gods Revolver -
Little Black Horse... - CDR (2007)

EXIG-013: Medea -
We Alone Define Our Distance - CDR (2007)

EXIG-014: Loom/Prize Country -
Clutches 10"LP/CD Edition of 500 (2008)

EXIG-015: Top Dead Celebrity -
Top Dead Celebrity - CDR (2008)

EXIG-016: Diesto - Isle Of Marauder -
CDR (2008)

EXIG-017: Accidente - Exotic Payday -
CDR (2008)

EXIG-018: Reviver - Versificator -
CDR (2008/2009)

EXIG-019: Pilot This Plane Down -
Glory Of The World - CDR (2008/2009)

EXIG-020: Pilot This Plane Down -
AIRS - CDR (Remaster; Digital) (2008)



Photo by: Ruby Johnson

Exigent Records

Owner/Founder: Colby Houghton

Year Established: 2004

Current artists: Gaza, Prize Country, Loom,
Bird Eater, Microtia, Gods Revolver, Medea,
Diesto, Accidente, Top Dead Celebrity, Cosm,
ESP, Ether, Pilot, Reviver and Bird Eater,

Number of releases to date: 20

National Distribution? Yes. Through Sony Red

Is Roster Available on iTunes? Yes

Number of albums sold to date: 8,000 +

Website: exigentrecords.com and myspace.com/exigentrecords

A Delicate Balance: Exigent Records Finds its Groove

By Jesse Hawlish
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Colby Houghton, father of two and T-Mobile employee by day, is no stranger to the business behind owning a record label. Colby's brainchild, **Exigent Records**, has seen substantial national success with **GAZA**, **Loom**, **Prize Country** and a gamut of successful and up-and-coming regional bands. What began as a helping hand to Houghton's friends' bands quickly grew into a healthy regional label with four years and 19 albums at its back. With around 15,000 albums sold to date, you could say Exigent is doing just fine. "When I was a teenager," Colby recalls, "my dad told me: 'You know, if you really want to rebel, if you really want to get to corporate America, you have to become corporate America and break it from the inside out.'" The essence of this advice—that it's best to play by the rules, but only until you get what you want—lays the foundation for Exigent's philosophy. "To me, it's ultimately about the real value of music, the real value of art—doing things more for the art and music than for the business."

Exigent Records has always had this admirable conviction. "[We're always] looking at how we can do things differently and still be successful," Houghton says. "Salt Lake's an amazing place and I think, based on the culture here, that there's a lot of untapped ambitions and amazing art and music, and any label looking to support that can always find it." Colby isn't in it for the money, and neither are his bands or fans. The mission statement on Exigent's *Myspace* puts it best, asking its readers: "How do you currently support art? Your rebellion is confused by suburbs and downloads; but we fight for so much more—PUNK ROCK is a *mentality*—a movement of influence—a state of mind. Not your haircut."

Maybe you can build a record label with nice ideas alone, but you can't keep one running that way, so Exigent's release process has been "more traditional for the last few years, just to get the exposure." And they got it: "I mean, there was a year's time there where I put out like twelve records. You have to build credibility somewhere," Houghton says, "and now that we have that credibility, I can turn around and say, 'Okay, well the focus hasn't changed, but now we have the leeway to do it in a more creative way.'"

Steering away from mainstream record label practices has always been Exigent's mantra. The most notable step in this direction is a number of limited-edition vinyl releases, printed at about 200 copies

each, that are set to drop within the year, including **Ether's** first cut in over six years. While far from bankable in a strictly commercial sense, vinyl records are something "that people are super interested in," Houghton says. The appeal of these collectibles is their artistic content, both visual and auditory, and just the way one feels in your hands—it's a physical presence that music is losing in our digital world. Houghton's also looking into some digital-only releases for www.exigentrecords.com, which already streams every Exigent album for free.

Exigent is known for its diverse roster of genre-defying artists, and they plan on pushing their own boundaries even further with upcoming releases. "I've been working with **COSM**, and an artist who goes by **ESP**. They've both been in the works for over a year and they'll finally drop next year. They both delve into a sort of dark hip-hop, which will be a huge switch for the label." Also on the horizon is volume two of the label's compilation CD *The Sound of Colors Breathing*. The compilations are one track from each of a selection of Exigent bands and Houghton's aiming for a spring '09 release.

With bands from so many different genres of rock music, and two hip-hop artists on their way, Exigent is definitely an eclectic label. How to draw the line is an easy decision for Houghton: "In terms of limiting myself to a genre: not going to happen. Do I think 'country' is going to work on the label? No, not going to work. However, am I going to restrict that opportunity if it somehow made sense? Absolutely not."

"The one thing I'm really proud of with Exigent is that no [two] bands on Exigent are the same, [yet] every single Exigent band goes together," Houghton says. It's a delicate balance, really: teetering between uniformity, mainstream business, anarchy and penniless bohemian ideals, hoping to land on creative substance and remain a label that can afford to stick to its maxims. The future of Exigent definitely looks bright, in a dark, heavy, thrashing sort of way.



Discography: Kilby Records

KR-001: Red Bennies -
Red Bennies (Reissue)- CDR (2008)

KR-002: Mike Sartain -
The Camelot Sessions- CDR (2008)

KR-003: Will Sartain-
Beep - CDR (2008)

KR-005: Band Of Annuals -
Repondez - CDR (2008)

KR-006: Will Sartain -
Bash Your Face In - CDR (2008)

KR-007: Band of Annuals -
Let Me Live - CDR (2008)

KR-008: The Future of the Ghost -
Freak Out - CDR (2008)

KR-009: Taughtme - Lady - CDR (2008)

Upcoming Releases:

KR-010: Will Sartain -
Automatic Body

KR-004: Beard of Solitude -
Beard of Solitude - CDR

Owner/Founder: Will Sartain and Lance Saunders
Year Established: 2008
Current artists: Band of Annuals, TaughtMe, Beard of Solitude, Red Bennies, Mike Sartain, The Future of the Ghost, and Will Sartain

Number of releases to date: Eight

National Distribution: None.
Just radio distro for now

Is Roster Available on iTunes? A roster under Kilby Records is not available, but some of the bands like BOA and TaughtMe have their own rosters available.

Number of albums sold: "A healthy amount," according to Saunders. Over 2,000 BOA albums have sold thus far.

Website: myspace.com/kilbycourt with a link for Kilby Records.

Kilby Records

Kilby Records: What it Really Comes Down to Is the Music by Erin Kelleher

ejk0726@westminstercollege.edu

Will Sartain and **Lance Saunders** lead busy lives. Three years ago, they established a production management company, *S&S Presents*. On Jan. 1 of this year, the two purchased *Kilby Court* from its previous owner, **Phil Sherburne**, and have managed the venue ever since. On Oct. 1, Sartain took over *The Urban Lounge* and is currently running the 21+ bar and venue alongside **Chris Wright**. Saunders is a member of the local hip-hop ensemble **Deadbeats** and a contributor to *SLUG*. To top it all off, the two are running their own record label, **Kilby Records**, which became official on the same day that they took over *Kilby Court*. The label currently represents six bands: **Band of Annuals**, **TaughtMe**, **Beard of Solitude**, **Red Bennies**, **Mike Sartain** (brother of Will Sartain) and **The Future of the Ghost**, which features Sartain as a member. Two of Sartain's solo albums, *Bash Your Face In* and *Beep!*, have been released on the label and his *Automatic Body* EP will be released by Kilby Records on Dec. 6. "Every band is a different dynamic and requires different things. The ones that are touring have completely different needs than the bands who aren't touring and are re-releasing albums through the label," Saunders says. "Take the Red Bennies album. That was originally released almost 10 years ago [June 27th, 1999]. We re-released it because, musically, we thought it was a very important album. We wanted a younger generation to hear it."

The idea of starting a label first came to Sartain while he and Saunders were on a road trip last summer. "We were working really hard and booking a lot of big shows [with *S&S Presents*]. If we have no overhead and if we made any money, then what else are we going to do with it? We're two young, single guys. We want to put the money we make into the community to make it a better place for everyone," Sartain says. Saunders explained that they wanted to start a label that wasn't just local, but one that was an expansive national label that people in Salt Lake City could be proud of. "Really, it's not a money making business, nor is it about Will or myself," Saunders says. "All the money that's made through *Kilby Court*, *Urban* and *S&S Presents* goes into the label and to supporting the bands. It's outlandish to want to make money in this business—it's about the bands and their music and the hope that they can inspire and influence others the same way they have for us."

The initial goal of the label was to create compilations from established national bands that Saunders and Sartain would pay for and oversee the creation of. "The idea was for us to pay for well-known bands to come to Salt Lake and record a couple of songs for a compilation or an EP, but we gave it some thought and decided that the best thing to be doing was to focus on the bands that are swimming in the talent pool of Salt Lake City," Saunders says. "In some ways, it's a little bit of a failure because I wanted to do more."

As a label, Kilby Records is committed to doing everything they can for the bands they represent. They are associated with local record store *Slowtrain* who builds websites for the bands. All the label's releases are available for purchase in the store and online at slowtrainmusic.com. *Slowtrain* is also associated with the **Alliance of Independent Music Stores**, and because of that they are able to get a band's album into listening stations in places outside of Utah. "Band of Annuals are in listening stations in Kansas City and Seattle because of AIMS," said Saunders. "And in return, *Slowtrain* puts a local band from Kansas City or Seattle into their listening stations." Saunders has also physically taken albums from bands on the label into record stores throughout the country when he was on tour with Band of Annuals. "I'd take a band's bio, press sheet, and album into a store and ask them to listen to it. It works well with the bands that are touring, because I could just say, 'Hey, this band is amazing and they're playing up the street tonight,' and most of the time they'd listen to the albums and come to the show and start selling their albums in the store."

Financially, Saunders and Sartain come to the aid of a band when they're in distress. They wired money to Band of Annuals twice during their most recent tour because their van had broken down. They also have radio distribution for the bands, especially those that are touring, and keep a record of how often the bands are getting played. Currently, over 300 radio stations are playing Band of Annuals, and they're working on getting them on the radio in Canada and Australia. "Our goal was to get a full catalog and then try to get distribution from each release after that. Our idea was to put full press and radio stuff into each record and take it seriously like any old release," Sartain says. Saunders credits the bands as being the ones who gain the press through. "Thus far, press promotion has pretty much taken care of itself. It sort of falls into place after people have heard the bands," Saunders says.

Their future plans for digital distribution are simple: find an outlet with the ability to deliver physical and downloadable musical works for sale through online services including *iTunes*, *emusic.com*, *Amazon*, *PureVolume.com*, *OtherMusic.com*, *Beatport*, *Bleep* and other digital

providers. The challenge is finding an outlet that offers all these things. For these guys, what it really comes down to is the music. They are genuine and diligent. They've chosen to remain a local label because they want to do as much as they can for the bands they represent without having to compromise anything that's necessary to help them. Ultimately, they realize that there is real talent right here, and they want people throughout the country to realize that too. As far as future plans go, they're looking at the big picture. "We want our label to have a hand in getting the bands that we all enjoy as a community the recognition that they really deserve. These bands have inspired us, and they have moved us, along with many others, to create something new," Saunders said. "It's not just about the label, it's not just about the bands, and it's definitely not about the money. It's all encompassing. It's a chance to make Salt Lake City a better place for music. We want people to acknowledge how amazing this place is musically." Saunders couldn't have said it better.

Kilby Records



photo by: Sam Milienta

From Left to R: Lance Saunders & Will Sartain

Kilby Records

Discography: Pseudo Recordings

PR-001: Erosion - Coma - 3 Song E.P. 7 inch (colored vinyl only) (2003)
 PR-002: Cosm - 6 Song E.P. - CD (2003)
 PR-003: Cosm - Fast Way To Go - 12 inch E.P. (vinyl only) (2004)
 PR-004: Erosion - No One Can Hear You Scream - CD (2003)
 PR-005: Wolfs - I Want More - 7inch (colored vinyl only) (2003)
 PR-006: Cosm - Fast Way To Go - CD Single (2004) OUT OF PRINT
 PR-007: Red Bennies - Walk Right In - (colored vinyl only) (2004)
 PR-008: Wolfs - Lights Out +4 - CD E.P. (2004)
 PR-009: Wolfs - The Wolfs - Full length CD (2005)

PR-010: Blackhole - Blackhole - Full Length CD (2006) (Co-released with 8ctopus Records)
 PR-011: Cosm - Microphone Boutique - CD EP (2006)
 PR-012: Vile Blue Shades - Triple Threat- CD (2007) (Co-released with 8ctopus Records)
 PR-013: iANDALE! - S/T - Full Length CD (2008)
 PR-014: Danger Hailstorm - One - Full Length CD (2008) (Released on Pseudo Recordings, even though Pop Sweatshop is listed)
 PR-015 Blackhole/Madraso (from Seattle) Split 7 inch (vinyl only) (2008)

Owner/Founder: Ryan Workman
Year Established: 2002

Current artists: Wolfs, Red Bennies, Black Hole, iANDALE!, Danger Hailstorm, Madraso, Vile Blue Shades

Number of releases to date: 15

National Distribution: CDBaby.com, interpunk.com, as well as directly through pseudo recordings (and 8ctopus records with certain releases)-most is direct mail order from Ryan's house.

Is Roster Available on itunes?: No, but you will find most (if not all) of the catalog online for download by the end of the year.

Number of albums sold: Just shy of a thousand locally and abroad.

Website: pseudorecordings.com

Pseudo Recordings

Music Is Not A Commodity, It's an Art. Pseudo Recordings Gets Deep on Our Asses

by JP

jonathanpaxton@gmail.com

Maintaining anything in the local music scene can be tough for most people. Bands come and go with members in various states of faltering dedication to their music. Labels spring up for a release or two then pass on just as quickly as they arrived. Pseudo Recordings is a rare entity in such a scene—it's still around after six years. Pseudo has featured some of the most talented and diverse bands Salt Lake City has ever seen, including **The Red Bennies**, **Cosm**, **iAndale!**, **Erosion** and **The Vile Blue Shades**. Several more acts round out the roster of label affiliations, amounting to 15 total releases.

Some labels specialize in a niche or at least think they do, but Pseudo Recordings' owner and operator **Ryan Workman** has never been one to be constrained. "I don't want it to have a set sound. Some labels, that's what they build their roster around: a certain style of music. But the scene here is not a certain style of music and I want it to be representative of that."

Looking at the long list of artists affiliated with Pseudo Recordings, including Seattle-based **Madraso** and local groups **Danger Hailstorm**, **Cavedoll**, **Blackhole**, and **The Wolfs**, one can see that diversity is a factor. "I'd like to say it's deliberate," Workman jokingly adds. Still, he says "a lot of the bands have been on the louder side, whether it's rock and roll, punk rock, garage rock—whatever the current buzz term is. At the same time, I worked with Cosm, which is totally west of center."

Because Workman is a musician himself (he played in local act **Mayberry**), he knows more than most about what makes a good label work. "If you're just some schmuck who comes off the street with a few bucks and says, 'I want to produce your band,' but you've not played in a band you're not going to know the recording process, you're not going to know rehearsals versus shows. You'll be just another profiteer," Workman says.

He continues, "If anything you're just going to see it as a commodity. And from a musician's point of view, you're seeing it more for the art and the music involved. You realize that 'I helped get it into the hands of the people.' These guys [musicians] created it. These guys wrote

the songs. And I helped get it to the public. And you feel good about that because you have to feel good about the music. You can't throw money at a pile of garbage and expect it to make money. You have to really want it to succeed." He concludes, "If it was a money making venture, though, I would have given it up a long time ago."

Though he has already found success with the label, Workman is still interested in expanding the Pseudo sound. "I would be willing to approach anything from avant-garde to acoustic. Throw in some alt-country or go the other direction with extreme noise or metal. There's no reason I shouldn't." From his track record there isn't a reason he shouldn't try, regardless of the style *en vogue* locally. "I've been doing it for five years and I'm not planning on giving up. I've been frustrated and I've also been really excited about stuff. As long as I feel that what I'm doing is considered a contribution to the local scene, I'll still do it."

Keeping artists happy is of great importance to Pseudo's continued existence as well, and the key to that is communication. "Because I'm a small operation, who else are they going to talk to? They're going to talk to me." Even though running the label solo can be difficult for Workman, he still says, "I try as hard as I can to be the one at the shows selling the merch. Not some guy with a box of CDs he doesn't worry about." He clearly embraces the DIY mentality.

Current releases to check out from Pseudo include the iAndale! Debut, made of eco-friendly packaging from recycled materials, down to the soda bottle plastic tray, a Vile Blue Shades *8ctopus Records* split release entitled *Triple Threat* and Danger Hailstorm's first release, *One*.

Workman has done his part to keep the local scene alive, but ultimately, the future of the scene isn't in the hands of the labels or the bands, but the fans. "I think what the scene needs, if anything, is a little bit more support from the people. Not for the sake of spending money at a bar, but to give their moral support in-person for the band. Just being there. Listening to the local bands, it's vital."



Photo by: Sam Millanta



RYAN WORKMAN

Discography: Red Light Sounds

RLS-001: Gudgeguh - Self-Titled - CD & Cassette EP (2007)
 RLS-002: Dead Yeti - Sky Burial - CD (2007)
 RLS-003: Night Terror - Primitive Reaction - CD EP (2007)
 RLS-004: I Hate Girls With Bruises - First Night - CD Run of 20 (2007)
 RLS-005: Ghastly Hatchling - Writhe - CD+VHS Run of 17 (2007)
 RLS-006: Night Terror - Dog: T tribute to Makoto Aida - Cassette EP (2007)
 RLS-007: Cloud Kiva - Self-Titled - DOUBLE Cassette Box Run of 10 (2007)
 RLS-008: Expulsion - Self-Titled - CD & Cassette Demo (2008)

RLS-009: Dirty Uncle Davey - Space Drones for Evil Knievel - CD Run of 13 (2008)
 RLS-010: Mystified - Major Fog - CD Run of 50 (2008)

Upcoming Releases:

RLS-011: Leviathan Zine #10 - CD Run of 100 (Dec/2008)
 RLS-012: Sonic Disorder / Night Terror - Split Cassette Single (Dec/2008)
 RLS-013: Eagle Twin / Night Terror - Split 7" Run of 200 (Dec/2008)



Photo by: Dave Brewer

Red Light Sounds

Owners/Founders: Jared Russell and Tia Martinez.

Year Established: 2007

Current artists: N/A

(not the "official" home of any single artist)
Number of releases to date: 10

National Distribution: Ebullition Records, 8ctopus Records.

Is Roster Available on iTunes? No.

Number of albums sold: N/A (limited runs thus far).

Website: myspace.com/fuckingredlightsound

You won't hear this stuff in Amsterdam: This is Salt Lake City's Red Light Sounds.

by Gavin Hoffman
reignforever666@gmail.com

What seems like every indie kid's dream—running a record shop, which spawns into a record label—is actually **Jared Russell** and **Tia Martinez**'s reality. After opening Salt Lake City's *Red Light Books* in March of 2007, the natural progression was to begin releasing music the duo enjoyed. The initial idea, releasing live recordings made at quasi-illegal punk, noise, and metal shows held at the record shop itself, evolved into something much more. **Red Light Sounds** was officially launched in autumn of 2007.

Red Light Sounds is the audio extension of the store itself. Not just anything is sold at the shop, and likewise, not just anything is released on the label. The label is extremely artist-oriented, and enjoys its status as somewhat of a "cult" label, even with only 10 releases under their belt. Oh, sure, they aren't exactly **Interscope**, but 10 releases in roughly a year all financed by a fledgling label specializing in very extreme forms of music is quite a feat. Beginning with the **Gudgeguh** EP CD-R, the label has made something of a habit of releasing "non-official" and almost antiquated forms of music, gradually evolving from CD-Rs to cassettes to CDs and VHS tapes. This might sound like something anyone enthralled with the darker side of music could do with a few extra bucks and some time, but it's not exactly that simple. Quite a bit of thought and production have gone into their releases, and the fruits of their labor are beginning to pay off, as the label will be releasing the heavily anticipated **Eagle Twin/Night Terror** split 7" in December 2008. The label isn't showing any signs of slowing down, with 12 further releases planned within the next year by such varied bands as **Black Seas of Infinity**, **AODL**, **Night Terror**, and your humble narrator's own **Invaders**. Red Light's releases thus far have fairly limited runs, and most feature artwork by a few of Salt Lake's local artists, such as **Sri Whipple** and **Eli Morrison**. Not too shabby for a small mom-and-pop label that specializes in noise and extreme metal, and it brings a further sense of viability to what Russell and Martinez are doing.

It's impossible to question the motives of Russell and Martinez in terms of their sheer dedication to their shop and their label. Few people would even consider attempting to run a book/music shop in conjunction with working regular day jobs and raising a family. They


do it simply because they love it. Harkening back to their original idea of releasing live recordings done in the store, the couple has seen firsthand bands that they consider to be the pinnacle of extreme music in Utah, but who weren't exactly receiving the appreciation they deserved. Your run-of-the-mill record buyer would almost undoubtedly not appreciate such an act such as **Black Seas of Infinity**. They would almost definitely either disregard it as nothing of any valid musical consequence, or, more likely, turn it off immediately in terror. **Night Terror** isn't going to be appearing on MTV any time soon, and you will never find their releases at **Best Buy**. **Ghastly Hatchling** would most likely be regarded as pornography, bordering on material that should be outright banned in most countries. But let's face it—this type of music is best described as one of the only honest forms of "punk rock" left, from the anti-establishment vibe of the music, to the do-it-yourself packaging and release.

Though the record label is receiving a lot of attention, none of that interest would exist without *Red Light Books*. While offering everything from comic books to extreme underground metal, the shop has also showcased several live shows. Unfortunately for the shop and the bands that have played there, a few individuals inadvertently helped draw the ire of some of the neighbors, resulting in calls to the police and the fire marshal, but this may be a blessing in disguise. Russell and Martinez are in the process of moving *Red Light Books* into the basement of the *Guthrie Building* on 200 South, which will be able to host shows without interference, and, although not as big, will be able to afford them the luxury of having more money to pump into their releases, and will more directly showcase the vision for the shop that both hold. Until the move is finalized, *Red Light Books* is located at 179 East and 300 South, and the label can be contacted by e-mailing redlightsound@hotmail.com. Do yourself a favor and support them. It's rare to see a label or shop, much less both, offer such worthy material here in our fair Salt Lake City.



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November 7th Three Reasons, Aeon Ghosts, Triggers & Slips	23rd Time To Talk Tween Tunes + Party Bus (Brian Butler & Halley Moulton)
8th Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks, The Future of the Ghost	24th Hacienda, Brothers & Sisters, The Comedown, The Good Bites
9th Time To Talk Tween Tunes + Matthew & The Arrogant Sea	25th Oh Wild Birds, Baak Gwai, Trouble On the Prairie, Silver Desert
10th Subtle, Zach Hill of Hella, Birthquake	26th TBA
11th Ulysses, Mat Calder	28th Ted Dancin' Thanksgiving! Vile Blue Shades
12th Mike Brown Releases the New Leviathan, Ted Dancin', Fuck the Informer	29th Dub Trio, Funk Fu, Funk & Gonzo
13th Sole & The Skyriider Band, DeadBeats	30th Mac Lethal
14th Mighty Underdogs (Gift of Gab, Lateef the Truth Speaker, and Headnodic), Zion I, Blue Scholars	Coming in December: Babylon Down presents Roots & Culture Night every Monday
15th My Brightest Diamond, Clare & The Reasons, O'Death	5th Starmy & Will Sartain CD Release
16th Pale Young Gentleman, Flash Cabbage	6th Afro Omega CD Release
17th Skychange, Passive	
18th Darker My Love, The Strange Boys, Eulogies, Laserfang	
19th Synthesis, Broken Silence, The Strangers	
20th Castor & Pollution CD Release, Brian Oakley's Experimental Project	
21st Jeremy Egnik (of Sunny Day Real Estate)	
22nd Grace Potter	



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Discography:

Northplatte Records

NPR-001: Joshua James -
B-Sides It's Dark Outside - CD (2006)
NPR-002: RuRu - Elizabeth - CD (2008)
NPR-003: Southern War -
Self-Titled - CD EP (2006)
NPR-004: Joshua James -
Fields & Floods - CD (2007)
NPR-005: Joshua James -
The Sun is Always Brighter - CD/LP
(2007)

Upcoming Releases:

NPR-006: Desert Noises -
Self-Titled EP - CD (2009)
NPR-007: William James & The
Underground Railroad - CD (2009)
NPR-008: Vibrant Sound -
Self-Titled - CD (2009)
NPR-009: Joshua James -
Build Me This - CD/LP (2009)



Photo by: Jessie Huish

Northplatte Records

Owner/Founder: Joshua James and McKay Stevens

Year Established: 2006

Current artists: Joshua James, McKay Stevens, RuRu, Desert Noises, William James & the Underground Railroad, Brandon White, Southern War, The Vibrant Sound

Number of releases to date: Four
National Distribution: ADA

Is Roster Available on iTunes?: Yes

Number of albums sold: 28,000

Website: northplatterrecords.com, myspace.com/northplatterrecords

Northplatte Records: Provo Proves People Wrong By Lyuba Basin

lyuba@slugmag.com

There are a few common stereotypes that Utah citizens face: 1. We're all Mormon. 2. Our beer is non-alcoholic and 3. Everyone is a polygamist. **Brigham Young** has cursed us with an image that's been hard to shake. However, inside our beehive bubble we have our own judging going on as well. You mention to some city-slicker that you're from Provo, it's more than likely they just stamped you as a small-town prude. The only things we Salt Lakers expect to come out of Provo are blonde babies, *BYU* graduates and return missionaries. It just takes a few down-to-earth guys with a common interest to prove us wrong.

Joshua James and **McKay Stevens** are two not-so-average Joes who are helping to create the counterculture scene in Provo. They met through mutual friends and because of their love of skateboarding and music found themselves the masterminds behind Provo's local record label **Northplatte Records**. Alongside underground hotspot venue *Velour*, Northplatte is creating hype in the outskirts of the big city. The idea grew from casually playing shows and writing songs together, then one day they decided to make something more happen.

"We used to play around with our own independent label," Stevens says. Unfortunately, a hip-hop label took the original name, **Underground Railroad Records**. Northplatte was the next name they settled on, which is the name of the city in Nebraska where James grew up. Things began to get serious about three years ago when James' musical career started to take off and he was faced with the decision to find a label to back him. James had a DIY attitude and decided to test the waters on his own, but not without the help of Stevens. "The major label system, for how much they give back, is not really worth it. It seems you can do it yourself now-a-days," James says.

Northplatte's roster features the label's masterminds (James and Stevens), **RuRu** (whose new album was mixed by former **Ben Harper** and **Kooks** collaborator **Todd Burke**) and the more alternative **Desert Noises**. They are currently also in the process of producing releases by new artists **William James & the Underground Railroad**, **Brandon White**, **Southern War** and **The Vibrant Sound**. The Northplatte roster features a variety of genres,

from folk-pop (James and RuRu) to hip-hop (Stevens' experiment) and **Band of Horses**-esque indie-rock (from *Desert Noises*). As a label, Northplatte has released three albums from James: *The Sun is Always Brighter*, *Fields and Floods*, a Christmas record, a B-Sides collection as well as RuRu's *Elizabeth*. Albums by Stevens and *Desert Noises* will be released later this winter. All recording is done in James' home-based studio where he works full time.

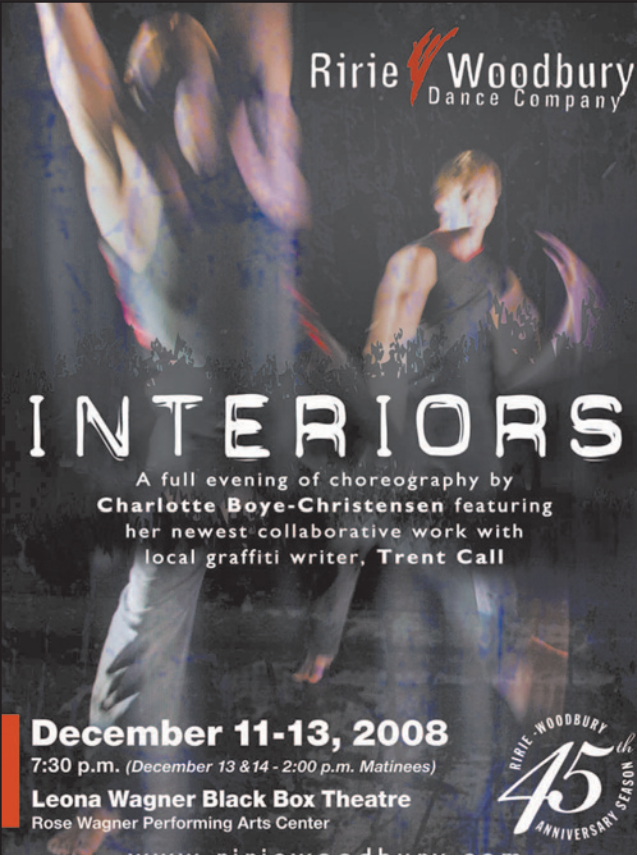
Like other independent labels, Northplatte understands the importance of building community. Much like Salt Lake, Provo has a tight-knit group of people who are all looking out for each other. The college kids coming from *UVU* and *BYU* have expanded the art and music scene in Provo. "In L.A. there's so many colleges. It's such a large city no one can ever be unified," Stevens says. "Here, these 50,000 [kids] are going to *Velour*." Northplatte is part of that foundation that keeps the scene strong. As a label they do all the booking, make and distribute the posters, and through *Facebook* and *Myspace*, they make the public aware of new releases and events.

"We're not just a label, we're like a management team. We're trying to really grow the artist," James says. Growth and expansion go hand in hand. Northplatte hopes to broaden their name, their demographic, their genres and their artists. They aim to make good music so that when people hear the name Northplatte they will trust that whatever is on that label is bound to be good. Northplatte's growing reputation was already seen last October when the label and *Velour* threw a listening party featuring their new artists and gave away records from RuRu.

It's becoming clear that people are now starting to believe in the small town that was once the butt of many jokes. It's nice to know that there is a youth culture movement in Provo that isn't just concerned with getting married and popping out baby after baby.



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Dropkick Murphys

Shippin' Out of Boston

by Jason Walsh
jwalsh@wvec.com

I had the opportunity to do a phone interview with lead singer **Al Barr** from the **Dropkick Murphys** on a windy Friday night. They are doing a quick tour in November following an intensive year of touring, but this time hitting a bunch of cities not usually on their U.S. tour schedule. However, it seems we talked more about baseball than the band.

SLUG: You guys have had a really great year, it's been really busy, you have a new record out, all sorts of touring going on. Tell me a little about this past year for you guys.

Al Barr: Yeah, we've just been touring on the new record, y'know. Well, now it's 13 months old so it's not so new anymore. September we finished kind of a year of touring on it and we're just getting ready to do a little more touring before Thanksgiving and the holidays. That's about it. Just been touring.

SLUG: What made you guys decide to do this quick November tour and hit a lot of places that you haven't been to in a long time?

AB: Well, that's just it. We wanted to go out because we actually just closed down. My wife's having a second child in December and my son's birthday is in December and you got Christmas in December. **Kenny**, the bass player and another singer in the band, he's got two kids as well and their birthdays are in December. We shut down pretty much from Thanksgiving 'til the New Year so we wanted to get out there and hit some places we hadn't been in a while.

SLUG: Tell me about some of the highlights of touring this year.

AB: We've been, y'know, all over the country. We've been to Europe a bunch of times. We've been to Australia and Japan, did *Reading* and *Leeds*, and a bunch of other festivals this summer, so we were busy.

SLUG: So you guys got the holidays off. What kind of stuff are you going to be getting into in the new year? You going to be doing any recording? I understand you're writing a little, but that's probably something you guys always do.

AB: We kind of try to write as you go so, that way, when you get to the point where you're ready to start working on a new record you're not just cramming. You know what I mean? But as far as the new year goes, we're real excited because we got the *Big Day Out*, which is a big festival in Australia, so we're planning on going to Australia for about three weeks in January, and New Zealand as well. We really love Australia. We've been to New Zealand only one other time and that was really cool, so we're looking forward to that, y'know. This band has afforded us all the luxury of being able to travel all over the world and that's pretty amazing.

SLUG: And that's got to be kind of a cool thing. When you first start in a band, you do some local

tours, maybe you do regionals, then a U.S. tour, then all of a sudden you guys are in a place where you're going to all these places you probably never would have thought you'd be going to.

AB: Yeah, it's definitely a privilege to be able to go all over the world and have people show up to hear you and hear your band. It's a pretty cool thing for sure. It doesn't get much better.

SLUG: I went up to Boston for the annual St. Patty's shows two years ago. A huge blizzard got me stranded in Philly so I missed two of the shows.

AB: Uggh...

SLUG: But I loved going up there when I finally made it. I got to go to the Southie parade and I fell in love with your city. I grew up in the Philadelphia area so to go somewhere like that, and be in your guys' hometown where you guys played a home game was incredible.

AB: Well if you grew up in Philly, you must be pretty excited about your team being in the World Series, huh?

SLUG: I'm not going to get into that yet, because I know you guys are still in mourning over that.

AB: No, no...I'm alright. I got family in Philly and I've moved on from the Sox losing, and I'm supporting Philly and hoping they win. I hope they kick the crap out of Tampa.

SLUG: O.K. getting back, when do you guys start planning for the St. Patty's shows? Is there anything you guys have started looking into?

AB: Oh, we're already planning for it. We're already trying to figure out where we're going to do it this year and what bands we're going to have. All that. There's nothing concrete yet, but we're definitely on. Everything's going. The conversation is in the planning stages now, so we start pretty early on that. We hope to have tickets on sale before Christmas, I think. In an ideal world, that would be what we want.

SLUG: And now you kind of have a base of operations with *McGreevy's* (bassist **Ken Casey's** pub at Fenway) down there on the third base line.

AB: Yeah, you know, I think whenever we're not practicing, we all have to meet somewhere. We all meet at Ken's bar, so that's pretty convenient.

Even though Barr and the Dropkick Murphys have seen a huge surge in popularity over the last few years, they've managed to stay down to earth. Sure, Barr is proud to have played all over the world and have his music heard by millions of people, but it's the simple things in life he really appreciates: being able to spend the holidays with his family and watching baseball with his buddies. Be sure to keep an eye out for the DKM's yearly St. Patrick's Day run of shows in Boston this March (they're totally worth the trip), and get your hands on a copy of their latest album, *The Meanest of Times*, to get you excited for the next time they hit up SLC.



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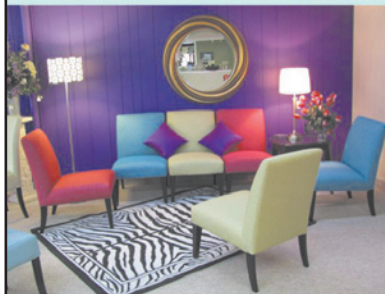
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Thick-Necked Politics: A Conversation with HENRY ROLLINS

by Jason Walsh
jwalsh@wvec.com

The state of the nation isn't looking so good: Americans have watched Wall Street crumble to ashes bringing our economy to a dangerous low, gas prices have skyrocketed to a point where soccer moms have to take out a loan to get the kids to school, an election is parading forward with a lot of talk about everything, but solutions and two wars that have cost three trillion dollars and more than 5,000 lives. To take a catch phrase from the current campaign rhetoric: "It's time for some tough talk." *The Recountdown Tour* is the latest spoken word outing for hardcore orator and master of tough talk **Henry Rollins** and will be coming to the *Murray Theater* on November 10th. This newest engagement is not only a chance for Rollins to address the madness plaguing our country, but also, in his words, "to celebrate the end of the **Bush** era."

Rollins, a native of Washington, DC, began this tour in September and will be venting his disapproval to fans across the United States and Canada. Though Rollins could speak for days on the follies of the Bush administration, *The Recountdown Tour* focuses on the current battle for the Oval Office. "The show will be about where I have been and what I have seen over the last several months," Rollins said. "The election drama has been depressing as far as the attack ads and **Palin** and all the hate," he said. "Ultimately, the issues get glossed over in favor of lipstick on pigs and whatnot. As usual, the people lose."

Rollins' opinion on the outcome of the election has changed in light of the recent activity by both parties. What he once believed to be the obvious outcome is no longer what he thinks will truly happen come November. "I used to think **McCain** was going to win," he said. "Now, I am not so sure." He attributes the change of heart not only to McCain's choice of a running mate, but the repetition of the same platforms and promises Americans have been hearing for the past eight years. "I think the Palin thing will eventually bite him and seeing the two debates, it's apparent to me that he has nothing new to say besides the same 'Bush-ite' stuff. Not all that 'mavericky.' Perhaps enough

"Ultimately, the issues get glossed over in favor of lipstick on pigs and whatnot. As usual, the people lose."

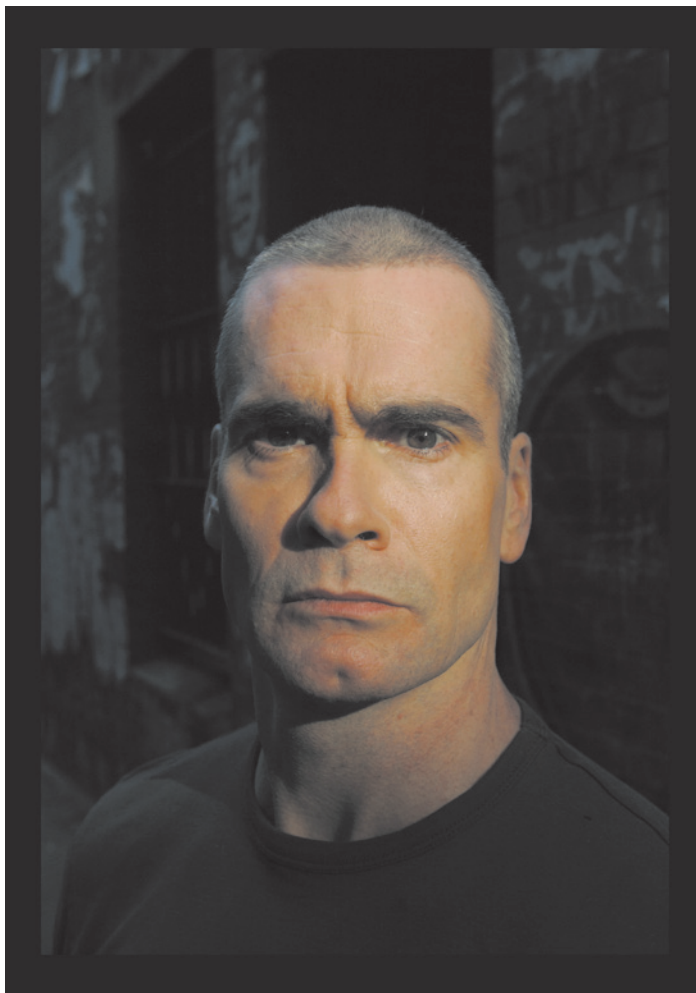
Americans will want something else that they will vote accordingly."

Rollins began his spoken word career during the final days of the **Black Flag** era, some 20 years ago. Now, with numerous tours under his belt and a catalog of spoken word audio and video releases, he says being on tour is where he is at his best and this year has been no different. "That is what I do, so all is fine," he said. "I would rather be on the road than anywhere else, so it has been a good year for me," Rollins said. "Being off the road holds little appeal for me—less and less as time goes on."

With the current economy, escalating fuel costs have hit hard on touring acts in all avenues of the entertainment industry, as well as poor attendance by fans. Luckily, Rollins says those factors haven't affected his performances this past year. "I have been spared and the shows are doing very well," he said. "Some places are better than ever. The other expenses, you have to pay them and you do and get on to the next show."

Though Rollins is still better known as the sweaty, tattooed "hot animal machine" that decimated audiences with **Black Flag** and the **Rollins Band**, Rollins would rather share his stories and opinions with spoken word audiences. "I don't miss [musical performance] all that much," he said. "Sometimes I do. I just don't see what I could do with it that I have not done in the past. When I see someone singing the same old songs over and over again, year after year, I wonder why they don't want to do something more with their lives," said Rollins. "I am trying to push myself in other directions and keep myself a little off-balance in an attempt to keep it real. I like the idea of making new music, but I'm not so hot on doing old material, even though I miss it."

Though *The Recountdown Tour* wraps shortly after the election, Rollins doesn't plan on slowing down. "I have some company stuff to do as we are making some changes and preparing stuff for 2009," he said. "After that, I want to get some traveling done and see some places. I have some destinations planned, but it's all the early stages." After all, even though the future's still scary, the world's toughest talker could use a break.





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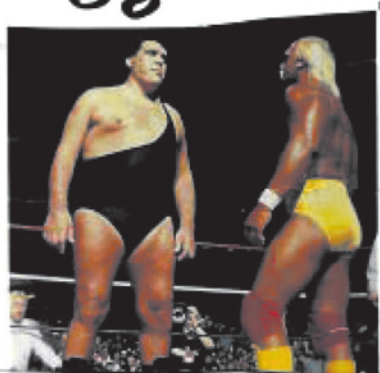
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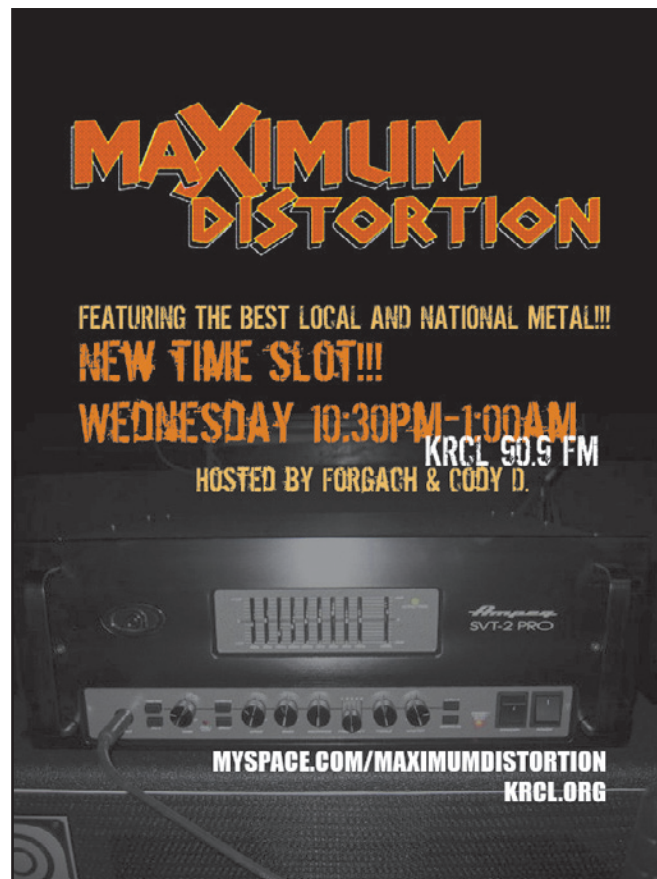
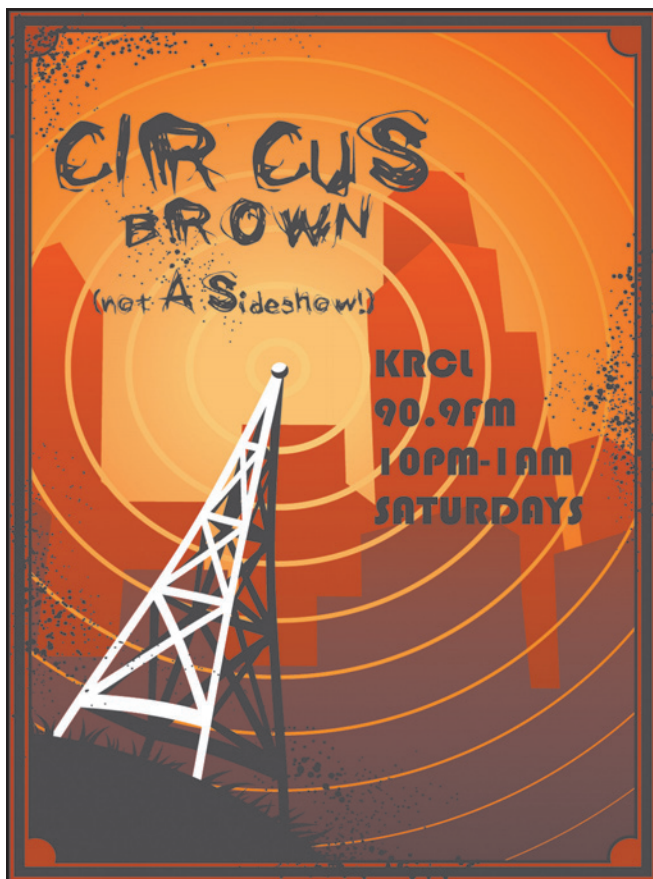
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STARKWEATHER

Sheer Stubbornness and Musical Brutality Visit Salt Lake for a One-Show Tour

By Ryan Powers
ryan@slugmag.com

Sustaining for an astounding 18 years, Philadelphia's **Starkweather** has been a cornerstone of modern hardcore since their pioneering sounds in 1989 to their most recent release, 2005's *Croatoan*. With two new releases on the way, the band shows no signs of stopping or slowing down. Despite no national tour on the horizon, Starkweather has formed a unique bond with SLC—on Dec. 6, the band will be in Salt Lake for a one-stop show sponsored by **Grudge City Activities**. Succinct and well-spoken, **Rennie Resmini** and **Todd Forkin** sat down with *SLUG Magazine* to explain how the group has maintained their presence and relevance for nearly 20 years.

SLUG: To what does Starkweather owe its longevity?

Rennie Resmini: Sheer stubbornness. We won't quit as long as we continue to enjoy creating music and can evolve, ever so slightly, as musicians. Music is an outlet for us—it isn't our job. We don't tour, so we don't rattle each other's nerves by being confined in a van 24/7, 52 weeks.

Todd Forkin: I agree with Rennie that sheer stubbornness is the secret to our success. I also think that it's a necessary and healthy way for us to exorcise our personal demons. Without this I'm not sure what I would do with myself.

SLUG: Despite outlasting several trends in hardcore, Starkweather never succumbed to imitating popular styles. How do you guys maintain and evolve your musical style over time?



Photos: Rev Aaron Pepelis
ReturnToThePit.com

RR: Probably because our influences were never limited or restricted to one specific style. We grew up listening to a diverse catalog of music. Growing up I was fortunate to have been exposed to a lot of different music. I just happened to be intrigued by the more "outsider" type of bands: **Amebix**, **Voivod**, **Articles of Faith**, **Void**, **Die Kreuzen**. Most having a more atonal, dissonant sound. Probably why I tend to gravitate to composers like **Nono**, **Lachenmann**, **Varese**, **Xenakis**. So, it translates to the overall sound and style of this band. I definitely agree that if you compare and contrast our early music to what we're doing now you can tell it's the same band. There is more musicality and broader palette of sound, but it's the same group of barbarians.

TF: Like Rennie, I started listening to punk and hardcore a long, long time ago and though I hadn't met Ren until the mid eighties, we were both drawn to and influenced by the same outsider bands. Any interview you read with us is sure to mention bands like Amebix, Voivod and Articles Of Faith as influences and I grew up listening to all of the above bands that Rennie mentioned. In later years I've been heavily influenced by **Gorguts**, who were the first band to create a sound that matched what was going on in my head. It was like the mashing of gears. We really have little to no interest in what's going on in hardcore or mainstream metal these days. We get together in our bunker every Saturday and what we are as people is what

comes out as the Starkweather sound. There are different positive and negative influences on us now, greater disappointments, and, speaking for myself, some personal demons that absolutely need a healthy way to come out.

SLUG: What do you think makes Utah such a hotbed of Starkweather fans?

RR: I'm baffled by the entire thing. We have little pockets of rabid fans while other areas are indifferent. I have no idea what is going on in Utah if this is truly the case. I'm curious to see how this show is. We knew something was up with SLC from a **Hellfest** show we were on. After we played a bunch of people from SLC introduced themselves to us. Then, when we did one of **RalphieBoy/Dissassociate's** birthday bashes at **CBGB's** another SLC group came out to catch this show with Dissassociate, Bloodlet, us and others.

TF: This is absolutely a mystery to me. I always pictured us an East Coast band, formed in a filthy city at a filthy time, and I'm not sure what ANYONE, let alone people from Salt Lake City, see in us. I know that while we have only a handful of fans, their commitment and rabid intensity is surprising and welcome.

SLUG: What, in your opinion, is the "golden age of hardcore"?

RR: Early '80s. Hardcore was urgent, honest sounding. It had yet to become stagnant and mired in ritual behavior and sound. The earliest stuff had a primal intensity that's tough to rival. There was an air of danger about the scene back then that was authentic. A complete "Us vs. Them" feeling. For myself, by the mid '80s, things ran their course. Sure, there are some bands during the late '80s, early '90s that are vital, but for the most part a lot of stuff, particularly around here, hardcore was the equivalent of dumbed down metal or if it was going in a different direction, it was almost pop or emo – nothing to my liking. To me, hardcore was about ferocious energy over accuracy. My favorite early hardcore bands will always be **Articles of Faith**, **Void**, **Germes**, **United Mutation**, **Crucifix**, **CCM**, **Die Kreuzen**, **Rites of Spring**, **Poison Idea**. Later period stuff would be bands like **Beyond Possession**, **Born Against**, **Rorschach**, **Antioch Arrow**, **La Gritona**, **Deadguy**, **Coalesce**.

TF: I'm not really sure that there was a golden age of hardcore. If there was, I guess for me it was the early Boston bands (**The F.U.'s**, **Jerry's Kids**, **DYS** and **The Freeze**), and the DC scene, which was a pretty special time for me. I remember the first time I heard the **Teen Idles 7"**, and especially the first time I heard **Minor Threat's** "Look Back And Laugh." There was a visceral reaction and a sense that I had finally found outsider freaks that felt the way I did. By 1984, I felt that things had pretty much run their course and bands were starting to sound the same, the lyrics were getting dumbed down, and the collective conscience had died. For a brief moment

things were revived by the DC crew with **Beefeater**, **Rites Of Spring**, **Embrace** and a few other bands creating what they called **Revolution Summer**. By the end of '85, whatever I loved about hardcore had died. From that point on I was inspired and influenced by individual bands, but I started to feel unwelcome in a scene that I loved from its birth.

SLUG: How did you approach writing the newest album?

TF: If you're talking about the album that we've recorded and not released, then I can tell you that those songs, musically, were born of mental illness and substance abuse. I wrote the vast majority of newer songs in one, two-week-long manic episode that I don't even remember. I needed Rennie to drive up to NYC to help me figure out and arrange the shit that had spilled out of me. That's really how the material is written these days, and all I'm trying to do is channel what's going wrong in my head through my guitar. I'm grateful to have a group of guys that not only let

me indulge myself, but give shape, power and raw emotion to the framework that Ren and I create.

Without Rennie, **Vin**, and **Harry**, I'm just another douchebag with a guitar.

RR: The interesting thing is once we present the rough framework to Harry and Vince, it mutates further. Sometimes I'm never quite sure how Harry is going to get a feel for specific parts. He can veer into completely different territory than what I initially envisioned. So, it's definitely an experimental process. Obviously being a four piece, how things are performed live is more stripped down and raw. In studio we can push a more layered, textured sound.

SLUG: Tell me about the new split you are recording.

TF: I've been thinking about this a little bit recently and the words that I can come up with to describe the new material are claustrophobic, paranoid, dense, sad, beautiful and honest. To get a painfully detailed description of what the recording was like, as well as some photos from the session, you can go to the MySpace blog

The day I feel that we're not surpassing our previous material is the day I walk away. I haven't reached that point yet and love this band more deeply that I ever have. There you go, my emo moment.

Starkweather will be performing on Dec. 6 at *In the Venue* with **Tamerlane**, **Reflect** and **Sleeping Giant**. Pre-order tickets are available along with everything you've ever wanted to know, but were afraid to ask about Salt Lake hardcore on www.grudgcityactivities.com.



My Saturday with the Mormons

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

Gosh, I sure as heck am hungover today. See, I spent yesterday with the Mormons. It was actually a huge gathering of them, around 64,000, all in one place! It wasn't at general conference, and it wasn't at a ward road show. All of these white people were in Provo for the BYU football game.

It was kind of fun to see so many Mormons in one place, not swearing and drinking diet Cokes and saying things like, "Geeze it sure is nice to meetcha." And I got to sit right behind Marie Osmond. I wish I got a picture, but she looks super weird in real life, I think she was scripted out (on pills) or something.

But the reason I'm so hungover right now is because any time I have to do anything remotely Mormon-esque I feel the need to counteract that activity by getting super fucked up right after. So after spending the afternoon with one of the most beloved Mormon past times ever, BYU Football, I spent the evening with one of my most beloved pastimes: A blatant disregard for my liver.

I got a mass text today inviting me to the first ever Juggalo church service, but I couldn't go. Not because I'm not a Juggalo, but for a couple reasons. First, I didn't get the text until a half hour after **The Church of the Dark Carnival** had started, and second because I'm still technically a Latter Day Saint. I'm just really, really bad at it.

I haven't removed my records from the church because I have way too much fun yelling at missionaries when they come over and try to get me back in the ten percent club. Kind of like how my dad doesn't ask to be removed from telemarketer call lists so he can scream at people over the phone - it's a good outlet for him.

I keep telling the missionaries that if they can just tell me where dinosaurs come from, I'll consider ruining my Sunday by doing something incredibly boring for three hours on a consistent basis. But so far no one can. I'll leave that offer out for any religious organization: explain how evolution is not possible to me in a logical fashion and I'm game. That even goes for the Juggalos.

Hey, I just thought of something, the Juggalos should get their own missionaries. That would be super entertaining if dudes with painted faces went around door-to-door preaching about the Great Milenko and clown hell and whatnot!

Anyway, when I do go to church these days it's usually to support my Mormon family in one way or another. See, I was raised Mormon and I have the stereotypical big Mormon family and we had the giant Suburban when I was a kid and the whole nine.

Now that I'm older, my sisters are all married and have turned themselves into baby-spewing vending machines. They are spitting live fetuses out faster than machine gun bullets. And every time a new baby enters the world, they gotta bless it and I'm obligated to go to church for these events.

As my nieces get older and learn how to walk and talk and recognize who I am, I suddenly become "Weird Uncle Mike." They ask me questions about my tattoos like, "Why did you draw on your arms?" When they get a little older, like around six or seven, they say stuff to me like, "Long hair is for girls and tattoos are bad, Uncle Mike."

So the last time that one of my nephews informed me that tattoos were bad I asked him where he learned that, but his fragile child mind couldn't answer the question. I then told him that Jesus had tattoos, so they can't be bad, right? He agreed with this and then I asked my sister the same question, "So where'd your little guy learn that tattoos are for bad people?"

I then told my sister that my body was a temple too. It just has some art on the walls. Then I told her kids that Jesus had tattoos. When she asked me why I told her kids that Jesus had some sweet ink, I asked her how do we know he didn't? We all know Jesus was a hippie. He could have had a Kokopelli tribal on him somewhere.

I'm excited for when my nieces and nephews get a little older. Right now I have like 12 of them and the oldest one is ten. Once they hit their teens I have a feeling that my role as "Weird Uncle Mike" will shift to "Cool Uncle Mike." I will be more important to my brother and sisters because I think I'm the only sibling that knows what cocaine looks like and I can tell them in a jiffy if their kid is high at the family Easter party.

Sorry this article is a little shorter than usual, but Leviathan 10 drops this month on November 12th and I haven't even started it yet. I'm having a release party at the *Urban Lounge* and I might be starting my own church that night. It seems to be a good way to get money in a recession.



Illustration by: Snuggles



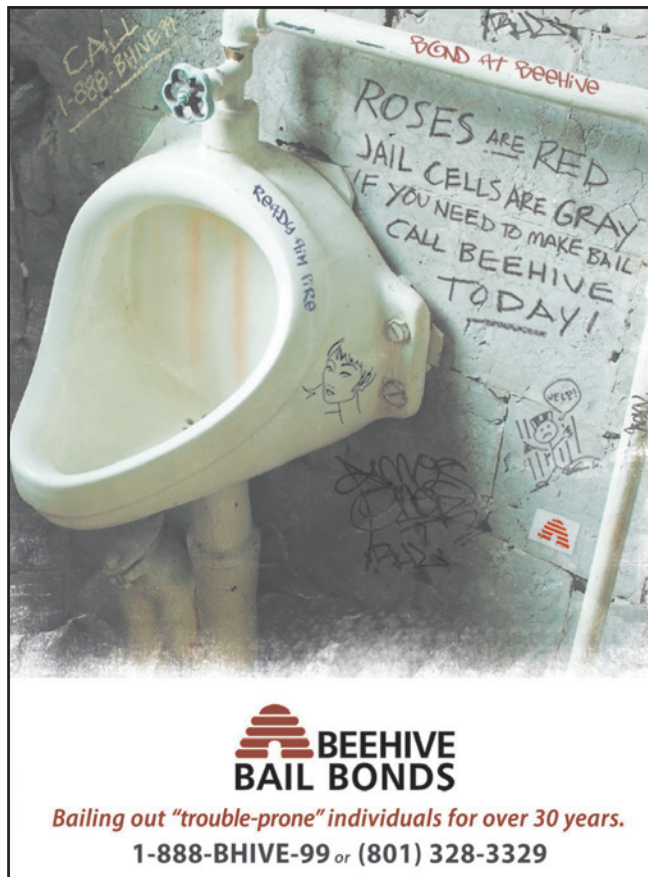
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Your adventure is about to depart: an evening at THE MAYAN

By Fred Worbon

worbon@slugmag.com

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Reviewed Oct. 8, 2008.

I was hanging out with a bunch of friends the other day and realized "Christ! My friends have a lot of kids!" It occurred to me that there are probably a lot of people out there reading *SLUG* that have kids, and not just teenagers. I decided to drop by a kid-friendly place to see if it was worth hitting up the next time the nieces and nephews are over.

The Mayan seemed like an obvious first choice—being tucked away in that breeding ground commonly known as Sandy in that Las Vegas casino knock-off strip mall—*The Jordan Commons*.

I had been to this place once before and was not impressed, but that was

just shortly after it had opened, long before the lawsuit in July of 2000 by Casa Bonita, the original cliff diving and torch juggling cafeteria-style Mexican restaurant in Lakewood, Colo., alleging violation of intellectual property rights and *The Mayan's* subsequent remodeling and revamping.

To make sure we could get a kid's perspective, I dragged along another *SLUG* staffer, her seven year old daughter, an immature friend and of course, my poor wife who had to keep us all in line.

The entry and lobby looked like some poorly built mock up for a ride at *Disneyland*. It was not entirely clear why it was decorated like an archeological outpost, but I figured that it didn't matter because at least there wasn't a gift shop. After a 10-minute wait, a mumbled voice announced over a crackling loudspeaker, "Worbon, party of five, your adventure is about to depart!" We were lead down a hallway to an open dining room with walls draped in fake tropical plants, a large manmade cliff with a pool at the bottom and speakers playing jungle noises that sounded like one of

those meditation CDs you see displayed on a new age store's endcap. We were seated at a booth with a clear view of the cliff.

We started with some drinks. My wife ordered a Bloody Mary, my buddy a beer and the child got a strawberry banana smoothie. I can't speak for the smoothie, but the Bloody Mary tasted pretty bland, kind of like the bar tender just used tomato juice and vodka. I don't know why so many restaurants have such a tough time with the Bloody Mary, but it's not tough to add a little seasoning, maybe some onion powder or garlic or pepper or even just a little hot sauce. It wasn't a big deal though, because I think we were mostly just happy to have the option to drink. I was actually a little surprised that *The Mayan* had a full liquor menu as well as beer and wine, and based on the entertainment, I would suggest taking advantage of it

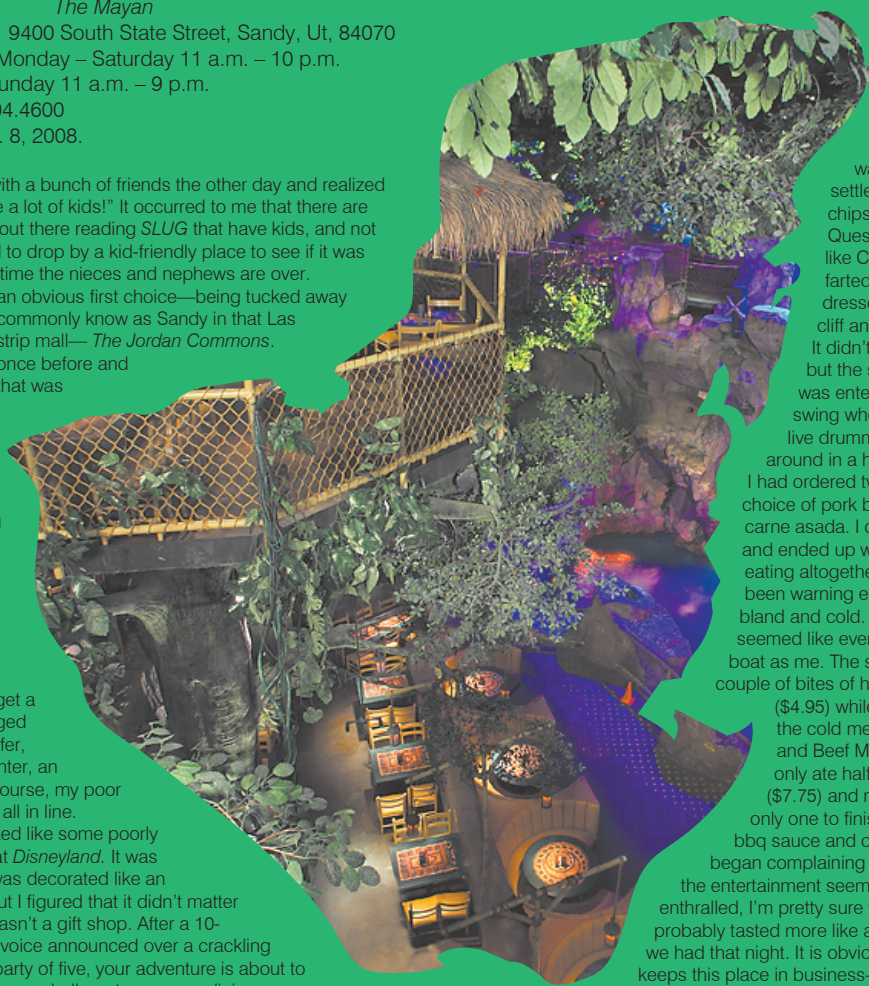
The dinner menu was divided into three sections of entrees: Latin, American and Kids,

which we were given a comfortable amount of time to review before our server returned. After a brief rundown of the specials, the waitress took our order and we settled in with some complimentary chips and salsa and an appetizer of Queso Especial (\$5.95) that tasted like Cheese Whiz somebody had farted on. We watched as teenagers dressed like Tarzan climbed the cliff and occasionally jumped in. It didn't seem all that impressive, but the seven-year-old at my table was entertained. The show was in full swing when our food arrived—with live drumming and some girl stomping around in a headdress.

I had ordered two tacos (\$9.95) and had my choice of pork barbacoa, rotisserie chicken, or carne asada. I chose the steak and the pork and ended up wishing I had just opted out of eating altogether. The Queso should have been warning enough. My tacos were dry, bland and cold. Looking around the table, it seemed like everybody else was in the same boat as me. The seven-year-old only took a couple of bites of her Bow-tie Pasta and Cheese

(\$4.95) while her mom complained about the cold meat on her skewers of Shrimp and Beef Medallions (\$9.25). My wife only ate half of her Cheese Enchiladas (\$7.75) and my buddy managed to be the only one to finish his burger (the special with bbq sauce and onion rings), but immediately began complaining about not feeling well. While

the entertainment seemed to keep the kids in the place enthralled, I'm pretty sure that the shit I took the next day probably tasted more like a decent Latin meal than what we had that night. It is obvious that the food is not what keeps this place in business—I assume it is its proximity to the IMAX Theatre that brings people there. There is a lunch menu too, but it's not likely that I will be trying it anytime soon.



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MIKE MURDOCK



Painting The Town Red With Mike Murdock

Words & photos by Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Mike Murdock has been one of the hardcore local skateboarders for quite some time now, and most people don't know that behind the skateboard legend there is also an artist in his persona. Recently married, he paints, draws and makes art on a regular basis, depending on his work schedule at the airport, and is definitely an unrecognized force in the art scene of Salt Lake. Mike took some time out of his hectic schedule to oblige *SLUG* with some details into his inspirations and influences in his life of art.

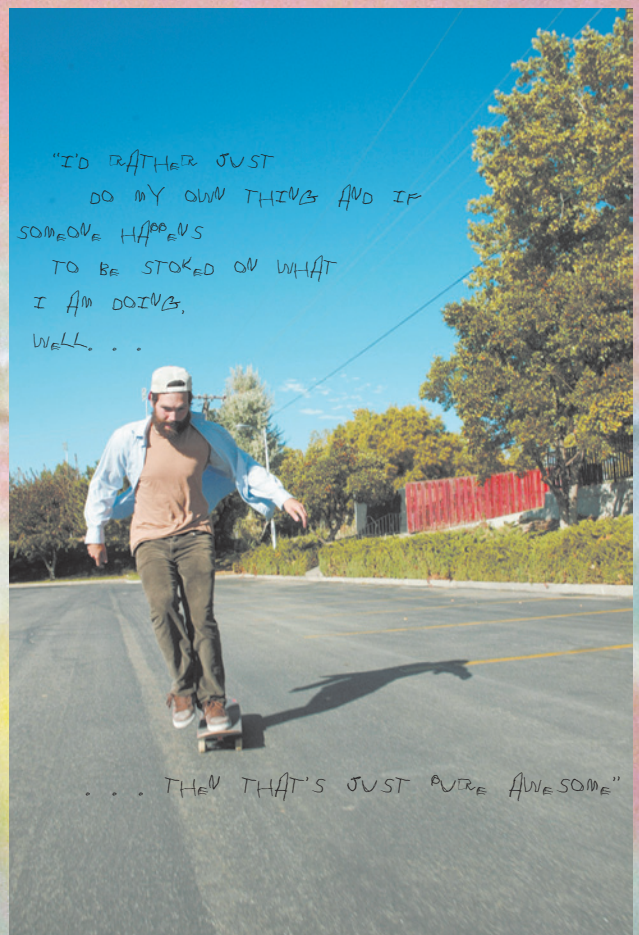
SLUG: How does such a class act artist, such as yourself, stay under the radar so well in these times of fast paced internet society? Do you have stealth bomber art technology leased out from the guys at the airport or are you just naturally super stealthy about your artwork?

Mike: I don't know if I'd call it stealth, it's definitely not intentional. In fact, it positively tickles me pink being able to share my art with others. I guess I've always been just a little reluctant (whether it be art, skateboarding, or anything else for that matter) to hype myself up. I'd rather just do my own thing and if someone happens to be stoked on what I am doing, well... then that's just pure awesome and we can make it from there.

SLUG: Your style on a skateboard and in painting is definitely very original. One must inquire as where your influences are coming from? I'm talkin' both art forms: painting and skateboarding.

Mike: Skating, I have always looked up to all the dudes in the old **Dirty Hessian** videos, and growing up I would watch *Welcome To Hell* about twice a day. Those videos always got me really pumped, but the two people that influenced me the most were **Andy Pitts** and **Shane Justus**, hands down. Top-notch rippers right there. And art stuffs, well... I always get really stoked when I see random funny shit like wieners, boobs and cuss words drawn in completely random places. I am also a big fan of "Hobo Streaks" and tattoo art. Oh, and **Bob Ross**.

SLUG: It seems like you should have board graphics on some major bigwig skateboard company's wood out there. What's the deal? Have you ever been approached by anyone about making designs for their company?



Mike: No, but that's something I've always wanted to do. Skate graphics were one of the first things I can remember seeing that made me want to start drawing. The ones I am most psyched on right now are the super old, fluorescent pink and green, flaming skulls and guts type boards that were big in the '80s. Those were so totally effing rad.

SLUG: What about exhibits in Salt Lake? Any galleries booking you out right now, or are you booked so far in advance that they can't get you to show your work til 2012?

Mike: I've done a couple of group shows here and there, and I had some boards at the *UNK Gallery* (R.I.P) but that's about it. I have my first solo show booked for next June at *nobrow*. It should be rad, I'm pretty excited about it.



SLUG: Obviously your painting is a hobby but have you ever wanted only to pursue your dreams of becoming the next **Dali** or **Sieben?**

Mike: Oh shit yes! Being able to turn something you love doing into a way of making ends meet is pretty much best case scenario in my eyes. So I'm always keeping an eye out for any such opportunity, I will definitely have to work on my mustache to get to Dali status though.

SLUG: Recently married and all, does that cut down your time to paint or does it only inspire you that much more to produce awesome work?

Mike: Cut back? Nah... my wife has never been anything but supportive of the things I love to do. In fact she was actually just helping me work on one of my paintings. She's basically amazing. We just bought a little place downtown and it feels pretty good to have a spot to call home base.

SLUG: What originally made you want to start turning your imaginings into visible work?

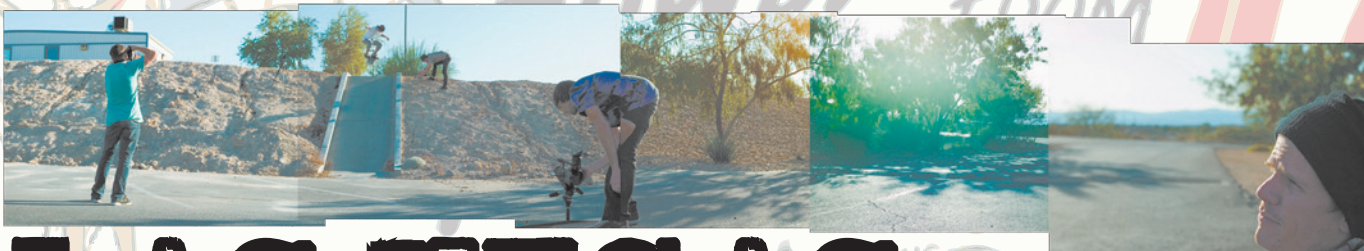
Mike: I don't know ... I just hate feeling like I'm wasting time. I always have to have some sort of project going on or I just feel like a big pile. My brain is constantly rattling with more colors and run-on sentences than I know what to do with, so I try to focus some of that energy toward a physical product of some sort and hope for the best. It makes me feel like I've done something worthwhile with my day, instead of just working and paying bills.

SLUG: If and when you decide to make the final leap into the "legendary artists of the 21st century" will you stay just as humble as you are now, or will you blow all your art money on stripper wives, jet packs and gold Rolls Royces?

Mike: Ha! Who needs a gold Rolls Royce when you have a jetpack? I think if I get to the point of having several stripper wives, the least I could do is buy them each a jetpack. Fuck it, I'll buy everyone jetpacks.

So there you have it- spoken like a true artist, make art in everything you do and never stop. You might just want to check out Mike's *Flickr* page (flickr.com/photos/toasteater) to see his extensive collection of most of his work and play there, but remember that you will be able to peer into his imaginings in real time at *nobrow* next summer. You better start saving now so by the time the show gets hung he can make enough money off the sales to buy us all jetpacks.





LAS VEGAS

The Las Vegas Skedaddle: A Weekend Trip
Words and Photos by Adam Dorobiala
 adam@slugmag.com

When you receive a phone call from a friend, in my case it was Mr. **Mike Hays**, and are invited to escape from the upcoming freezing temperatures to abscond to a warmer more enjoyable climate, what is the obvious choice? Usually, if you are smart, you seize the opportunity to drive for seven or so hours to migrate for the weekend.



Dave Law takes a look back into the day before

Mike called me around 2pm and said that **Dave Law** and himself were making a run for the warm blue skies of Las Vegas in one hour and offered one of the seats in the vehicle to me. I made a few calls to make sure it was legit if I left to cover such an awesome story (because the best way to avoid responsibilities is to know you have them) and before I knew it we were south bound towards the city of sin. We stopped to fill up some gas and get some grub in a small town and randomly ran into **Keaton McDonald** who was also going to Vegas to see **The Kings of Leon** play a show, and he told us to meet up with him the next day at a bar for a chat and a drink. We parted ways with Keaton and got back on the road. The rest of the drive went off without a hitch and we arrived in St. George just in time to go to an after party of a show that had barely finished. The party only lasted a half an hour or so but then we headed over to **Jay Cooper's** house and continued to play beer pong and poker till pretty early in the morning. I woke up drunker than the night previous and we went to the St. George skatepark to get some skateboarding done before making the final leg of the trip to Vegas. Everyone of us was killing it but David's friend, **Garrett Taylor**, was waiting in Vegas for us armed with a map of a million different spots and a camera to document our whole experience there, so we said goodbye and aimed the vehicle south again. We ended up skating a pretty rad spot right when we got into town next to a baseball field and Dave almost got his line but was thwarted by a broken deck. Mike landed some technical trickeries and I, myself was trying to break free of the drive lag from the car ride from St. George so I just cruised and did tricks here and there to get ready for the next 36 hours. We left that spot and went back to Garrett's to rest up before the night ahead. Keaton sent Dave a text and told us where the bar was but mentioned he wouldn't be there for a few hours so we decided to go gambling first to kill some time. Roulette wheels and craps dice were twirling ever so fluidly. After all was said and done at the casino, the house basically charged us 165 dollars for our time there (even though there were times when we were up on the house a substantial amount) so a little bit tipsy and slightly broke, we headed over to the bar to meet up with Keaton. The bar was filled with lovely people and we continued to drink and ask for socks from random pretty girls in



the club. Somehow I managed to get a free beer from a friend of a girl I tried to get some socks from (I think that in order to understand the importance of the term "socks" in this story you must've heard Mike and my conversation before the trip began) and went back inside from the "Indie-Emo" band playing in back of the bar to get a free manicure offered at the club. Melinda did a wonderful job on my cuticles and then it was back to sock shenanigans. After all the bands played, the stage was cleared off to make way for a kiddie pool filled with **KY jelly** for sexy wrestling matches in the cold. Many a pastie was seen, not to mention full on boobs, and the crowd was loving every minute of it. After the wrestling was over we went back inside and succeeded in talking to a few more potential sock givers before we decided to head home and save our energy for the day of skateboarding ahead of us. I woke up early in the morning and waited



High speed, extremely radical backside nose grind pop out, Dave Law



(Left) Head stomping nose skidder 270 shuv courtesy of Mike Hays



around for Mike and Dave to awake from their drunken slumber and was amazed that everyone in Salt Lake was probably bitching about how cold it was while I was shirtless and shoeless in the hot hot heat of the desert morning. We got some coffee and went to this way sweet ledge in the industrial part of town where Mike got some grade A footage for the upcoming **Blindside Gonzales**. Jay and their girlfriends showed up from St. George to participate in the skateboard action. Pablo went straight to work and got a trick on this powerbox and then tried another trick and fell pretty hard so we left and went to another spot at a career college. Mike got

another awesome trick there and we ended up skating there for quite some time before we went to go find this gap. On the way out we stopped off at this super bank spot where Pablo got dangerous and kickflipped into it. We cleaned up shop and it was back to the desert streets to go to this gap spot, but we couldn't find it so we went back to Garrett's house and packed up to head home. After a stop at *In and Out Burger* we were northbound and a few stops later (one being due to the fact that Dave's car was reading that the temp of the engine was below freezing) we were back in Salt Lake City. It was an awesome weekend adventure, so if you ever feel like you need an escape to a warm spot to

(Above) Garrett dolly cams Daves wallie blunt



get your cold bones warm for a little while, go skate Vegas, its worth its time in golden rays of light.



KY Jelly wrestling is rad



SUNDAY BREAK

by Chris Swainston

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Color photos: Chris Swainston

B&W photo: Sam Milianta

sam@slugmag.com

Word of a new spot residing in the southland had been circulating around the city for a couple of weeks. Anticipation was high and curiosity had peaked. Rumor had it that the spot was somewhat like a European masterpiece. Visions of Barcelona's beautiful well-sculpted architecture, butter smooth marble and crack free level ground fluttered through my mind. Exactly the kinds of things skatopian dreams are made of.

It was another Sunday morning when the crew decided to mount up and sail south to a divine land of skateboard delight. **Mark Judd** led the entourage on his motorcycle with **EJ, Adam Dorobiala, Kendall Johnson** and **Panda** close behind. **Cody Comrie** and myself slowly trailed in the back. Judd was the only one that had skated there before and everyone else was clueless as to what kind of greatness we were about to experience.

We exited the freeway and continued westward into a well-developed neighborhood. I was confused, I couldn't picture such an amazing spot existing around all these houses. Then all of a sudden, emerging like an oasis in the desert, there appeared a bunch of grey sculptures set in a line in the middle of a small park. Everyone was stunned and jaws dropped. Could this actually exist in Utah, just for us to skate? From the road you could see an extra steep quarter pipe followed by a large arc resembling the back shape of the Loch Ness monster. I felt like I was hallucinating. Next to the Loch Ness hump was a dragon tail double arc leading into my favorite part of all, a curved angled bank you could skate like a ledge and transfer back into the tranny. Down from that was a long, whisper quiet marble ledge.

Skating started immediately. There was no need for warm up. **Mike Hays, Dave Law, Omar Budge** and **Ashley Bloxam** were already at the spot ripping. Everyone adapted their own style of skating each thing. The obstacles were so unique and versatile that my mind opened up to explore all types of ways to shred. There was some controversy amongst everyone as to whether the spot was built for skating, or built as a unique creative

SUNDAY BREAK



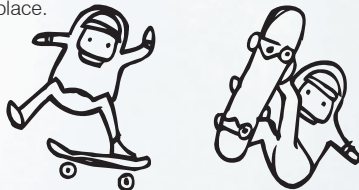
(Top) Sam Milianta keeps photography raw with 4x5 polaroid while Jovi Bathemess keeps skating raw with a backside disaster
(Bottom left) Straight out of the bamboo forests Panda slips through a backflip pop out
(Bottom right) The waning sun lights Mark Judd's path to a BS flip



park. After skating it for a bit it became obvious that it was just too perfect not to be there for skating. Somebody really did their homework by taking a good look at what it is people enjoy skating, rather than following the normal path of building a typical light grey, fenced in skate-park, the designer created an open-air street style line for everyone to rip. Pure genius.

Unfortunately, my skating was cut short due to a broken board, but with all bad things something good will emerge. The light was fading to gold and everyone had started destroying the place. Power hour was upon us, it was time to start recording. Panda threw down on the dragon tail. Adam surfed around with exquisite balance.

Omar snatched up a technically crafty line. Kendall powered through, destroying everything as usual. Everyone skated until the sun faded behind the mountains and our legs gave way. The day had been conquered and some spectacular skating had exploded out of everyone. This was only the beginning though, more amazing skating will soon be blossoming from this place.



Calm, cool, collected
Omar Budge, blunt fakie



Wound up for the wip around Dave Law, 5.0 revert



Even though Cody Comrie is a snowboard junkie, secretly his heart yearns for the skate. Boosting the boob before dusk



SKATE PARK ETIQUETTE 101

By Dave Amador

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Sure, skateparks are public and they're built for everyone to use. Both young and old, experienced and inexperienced should be able to enjoy the parks. There is, however, a set of unwritten laws that are not posted with those stupid set of rules at the entry gates. I'm going to inform you about those rules one by one over these winter months to come, that way you can show up to the park this next spring and not be the total dork that you are now. For example, there are public basketball courts at most parks but you can't be just anybody and show up and play in a tight game with all the ballers. I mean you don't just walk onto the court and start playing horse with your little sister when there is a group of hard ass brothers playing full court. It works vice versa as well, some skilled fool doesn't want to play horse with you and your little sister when neither of you can dunk the ball or shoot a three pointer. There is a proper time and place for everything.

This first rule goes out to the ass clowns out there who show up to the park and proceed to do rock to fakie tail tap over and over again on the smallest tranny in the park. All the while there are about ten dudes doing lines waiting patiently for your mark ass to go home and get the fuck out the way. Then there is me, the guy who is obviously so pissed that he tells you all about it and for you to watch out for everyone else. You acknowledge me once then proceed to repeat your painful process. I get so pissed I shoot my board into the trees off the tranny you're skating and go home and have to drink a handle of whiskey by myself (no joke). Sure there is a time and a place for everything. The time to rock to fakie tail tap is between the hours of 6:00 AM to 9:00 AM. Better yet, build yourself two four foot wide quarter pipes, put them into half pipe fashion in the middle of your road and go to town. See how much cars trying to go by at 35 MPH appreciate your bullshit. That's exactly how I feel when I push half way around the park only to have you drop in front of my shit. Well, that's it for this month. Remember kids, it's O.K. to fuck off.



Remember kids ...
It's okay to fuck off.



Illustration by: Snuggles



NOT GOING TO
STOP GIVING
AWAY SHIT
NOVEMBER
GIVE AWAY

By Dave Amador

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

This month I'm giving away a pair of **Chris Haslam** cords furnished by **Globe Shoes**. They are slim fit size 32" waist. There are also a pair of **Skullcandy** nubs headphones included in the package as well. You know the name of the game by now, be the first to answer the trivia correct and the shit is all yours. Send your answers to my e-mail above.

1. Who did Haslam skate for before his current sponsor of **Almost?**
2. Although the pants I'm giving away are by **Globe Shoes**, who is Haslam's current threads and apparel sponsor? Think trucks.
3. How many lip tricks can Haslam do on a mini-ramp? Trick question, best answer wins.



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What to do when you're NOT SKATING

By Dave Amador

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Let's face the facts kids—skateboarding isn't the whole world. It isn't even 5% of it. Face reality now or life is going to throw you a big curve ball real soon. If you still live with your parents and are still in school, don't sweat it, milk that cash cow until you get the boot or until it runs dry. If you still live with your parents and you're over the age of 23, kill yourself because you aren't worth much, except a tax break or some shit. Well enough of my ranting and raving... uh... well, maybe not. If you think skating is your whole life, get over it. Alcohol is an alcoholic's whole life. Drugs, gambling and sex are an addict's whole life. Do you really want to pigeonhole yourself with these fucktards? I know skating is something positive, but anything in excess without any other outlet is absurd. Remember, if you hurt yourself skating you have to have something to occupy your time. Here are twenty things you can do if you're broken off or if you just have a brain that can do more than one thing in a lifetime. I know I'm harsh. I get off on that shit.

20. Get your broke, skater ass a job. It totally sucks and will occupy most of your time. You'll be so tired when you get off you won't even want skate anyways. Remember a job ain't nothing but work.

19. Sell weed, acid, coke or some shit. Sit home all day and play video games. Many a good skater has been lost to this monkey business.

18. Become an art fag, I mean an artist type individual. This shit is so hot right now and is just like skating—only 10% of you guys are actually any good at it.

17. Become a skateboard writer, this shit really pays the bills.

16. Get your hair did (not dyed). There is nothing like pleasure from someone else.

15. Become an anarchist. The world's coming to an end anyways, so help it along. Remember everything will go back to normal once the stupid humans are gone.

14. Get into fixed gear bikes, just kidding, kill yourself, it's more original and nobody else will want to look like you, especially if you take one to the face. Remember, this isn't San Fran or New York you poser retards.

13. Join a book club. What the fuck is a book? You illiterate piece of shit, pick one up.

12. Go out and VOTE. Same pieces of shit placed in different piles. That's my outlook on the whole shebang. No really, go out and voice your opinion on some electronic piece of shit or punch some hole in a piece of paper. Good luck, your parents are conservative scum with cash. C.R.E.A.M.

11. Be a hip-hop M.C. Kind of outdated, but shit, now you only have half the competition at those stellar battles.

10. Join a gang. Kill yourself for nothing—it's just like jumping down rails and stairs.

9. Build a D.I.Y. skate spot. I know you like to skate other people's shit that they build. Get off your ass and give back to that which gives you life.

8. Get stoned and eat your way to happiness. This shit really works and once you're fat, either fuck skating or skate to get rid of your blubber.

7. Start rollerblading. This shit is not a joke... Oh wait, yeah, it is. WAX ON, WAX OFF, I mean FUCK OFF.

6. Get a girlfriend. Same thing as getting your hair did except you can move into her house for free or you can spend every last dime on some shit that's sure to last (notice the sarcasm).

5. Go camping. Remember not to go camping with ten skater fucks. You might as well get wasted in the backyard and pass out. Get in touch with nature and the bottle. Don't buy into **Element's** bullshit. Those corporate retards are from California, plus, it's not cool to bring a flat bar to the forest.

4. Join a bowling league. This shit is what you have to look forward to in the future. Plus, you're guaranteed to get wasted at least once a week, or get away from your nagging girlfriend for a night.

3. Start snowboarding. I'm not even going there, way too many of my friends shred well. This shit's for real.

2. Start fishing. No joke here, if your "Pops" does it you know it's good to go. Catching a fish feels better than catching a three flip son!

1. Kill yourself. Just kidding, really (so no parents sue me). You just did a crappy job raising your kid, you shouldn't have taken your kid's board away as a punishment.



Photo by: Adam Dorobiala

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A photograph of a snowboarder performing a trick on a green rail in a snowy mountain setting. The snowboarder is in mid-air, with snow spraying around the rail. The background shows a clear blue sky and snow-covered trees.

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PRODUCT

FuelTV

Fall Line-up Limited Edition DVD Set

Fuel.tv

If you know anything about skating, snowboarding or dirt biking, then you know about **FuelTV**, the only channel of its kind that focuses solely on action sports (Man, I hate that term). If you're a young white kid living in the suburbs (according to viewer's demographic information received), you've seen every show on Fuel over a dozen times. Fortunately for you, Fuel has announced a new fall lineup, and I had the chance to take a sneak peek at the newest series and latest shows.

New for fall of '08 is "*The Adventures of Danny and the Dingo*." This show should be pretty well-received, as it takes a look behind the scenes of one of snowboarding's biggest personalities and athletes. I, for one, know what kind of shenanigans these guys go through on a daily basis, 'cause I live the same lifestyle, minus the fame, money, travel, *Playboy* bunnies and **Lil Jons**. If this show were uncensored, it would be 10 times better, though. Also kind of new is the show, "*Built to Shred*." The show started off as a segment on *American Misfits*, and now gets its own half-hour block. **Jeff King** brings us back to a time when skating was about innovation and creativity. I never had a dozen skateparks within 10 miles of me growing up, so I had to find whatever crap I could find to skate. In this show, King and his cast turn one man's trash into any skater's treasure. Plus, we all know that the sketchiest shit makes for the best sessions.

"*The Great Ride Open*" returns for its second season. This show follows around pro dirt bike riders and has them talk a whole lot over footage of some pretty sick riding. If you like to hear a bunch of dudes talk about what they are doing as you're watching it, then tune in. For me it was a little much, but those dudes are gnarly as hell and deserve a better show (Sorry, Fuel).

Finally, I previewed another "*The Captain & Casey Show*," which is now in its sixth season (Why?!). Hosted by the scientist from **Jaws** (Google "**Matt Hooper Jaws**") and his equally boring co-host, **Casey**, this show continues to put me to sleep. The only thing that saves this show is the constant onslaught of girls (some need not be shown) and the few moments of skating. You want a good show, how about an episode where you send the hosts down a 12 percent grade hill right into a cement wall? At least that would be entertaining (Nothing personal, fellas, your show just sucks. I don't really wish harm upon your bodies, just your bodies of work). —*Shawn Mayer*

DVLP Clothing

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Out of our neighboring state Colorado comes **DVLP clothing** with a few items from their fall line. The clothes are made of that nice, soft organic cotton that's "SO HOT RIGHT NOW" as **Mugatu** would say. It seems like the shirts are actually made by **American Apparel**, but I could be wrong. Maybe someone else in the United States is making cut and sew tees en masse. The shirts fit well, are soft and the screen printed design is unique. I enjoyed the design of the thermal as well. It's like a Henley, but with a hood. Maybe I'm behind the times, but I've never seen a hooded Henley before. The lungfish graphic is different and I like it. The only downside I can see to these clothes is they run a little small, so if you plan on buying any of DVLP's clothes, I would buy them a size bigger than normal. —*Sam Milianta*

FUNhat

Misc. Fun Hats

Funthatfool.com

These hats remind me of the hats I used to get at **Gen X** clothing back in the day. They're kind of cheap, generic hats you would buy to embroider your company's logo on. I don't say that as if it's a bad thing, either. I remember buying a bunch of hats just like these back in the day as a way to get away from the flexfit bullshit that every skateshop was carrying at the time. This ain't **New Era**, this is real hood! Instead of buying that overpriced **Famous Stars and Stripes** fitted stuff at **Zumiez**, you should rock it like it's 1983 and get a **Fun Hat**. —*Sam Milianta*



Photo by: Sam Milianta

Bamboo SK8

Bamboo Blank 8.0 Wide

Bamboosk8.com

Bamboo is one of the fastest-growing plants on Earth. Some species can grow up to four feet in 24 hours, not to mention that bamboo has higher tensile strength than many steel alloys and a higher compressive strength than many concrete mixtures. Needless to say, when **Bamboo SK8** shipped a board out to *SLUG* I couldn't wait to get my feet on it. Their boards are made from a 10mm 3ply 100 percent-bamboo construction with a medium concave mold that reminds me mostly of **Tum Yeto** boards. I cruised over to Liberty Park to give the board its debut run. At first push, I could really feel the extra stiffness coming out of the bamboo board. At first pop, my ears were greeted with an extra loud crack from the concrete and a little extra boost. The first session was fabulous. The board responded just like a standard maple board. Next was giving the board the test of time. After three weeks of skating, I had less razor tail than a normal maple board, no chips and the board was still holding its pop and stiffness. The guys at Bamboo SK8 are really paving the way in board construction by creating eco friendly skate decks that last longer and skate harder than maple. Keep the green movement alive. Check out the Bamboo SK8 Web page to learn more about the boards and where to get your hands on one. —*Chris Swainston*

REVIEW



Photo by: Adam Dorobiala

In4mation Clothing Mota Windbreaker

In4mants.com

This hooded windbreaker from **In4mation** is the perfect late night excursion kit to keep you warm while you push toward the next spot, and its classy enough that you could even swing by **Mulligan's** for a **Guinness** or two while the ladies swarm around after they catch scent of your skate pheromones. Its super thin, yet extremely durable, easily fitting inside your backpack without taking up too much space, so when you leave in the morning to skate, you are protected from rain, wind and anything else the wonderful ocean breeze can conjure up. One thing I did notice was that you will probably want to order a size or two larger than you would normally wear, because the cut on the windbreaker is a little short in the arms and torso, but that's minor, bruddah. Other than that you can put this windbreaker on and straight out of the store, parcel box and/or reps hands you are ready to cruise. —Adam Dorobiala



Nike 6.0

Mavrk

Nike6.com

First things first: Big ups to **Nike** for hookin' the new shortset. These shoes are dope. Right out of the box, they squeaked, which is sick because everywhere I went for the first three hours you could hear me coming and going. These shoes have a super-good shape and they fit my fucked-up feet like a pair of biker shorts. The tongues are sick, but for some reason the right one looked better than the left one. I took these shoes on a weeklong adventure of sittin' on barstools, couches, bus benches and the fountain at liberty park and they never stopped gleamin'. The way they grip a barstool is phenomenal, and whoever put the nonslip in the nonslip sole gets an A plus fo sho. I was pumped to get the colorway I got because a classy black and white set of kicks is a must in your shoe game because in pinch, they go with any kit and the black and white colorway is forever timeless. So if you have the chance to get a pair of "Shoeburus," be grateful because your chance at getting some strange just got that much better. —BIGGIE

Odeus

Scratch Deck

Odeus.com

I just don't break decks fast enough to review them properly, so I gave my **Odeus** deck to my friend, **Stuart Callis**. I asked Stu how the deck was so I could write about it, and he said it was great. More snap than a denim jacket factory and nice concave like a box of stepped on doughnuts. The other reason I gave my Odeus deck to my friend Stu is because someone stole Stu's skateboard from the club I work at. I think Stu believes in Karma, so he was like, "Well, I hope whoever stole my skateboard has fun on it." I, however, do not believe in Karma whatsoever. I think it's a stupid concept. People who believe in Karma have clearly never met a schizophrenic. So I gave Stu the Odeus deck because I felt partially responsible. That and Stu rips. He can break a deck a whole lot faster than I can, and he skates way better than I do. Oh, and as I mentioned in my other article last month, he got me super stoned the other day. Thanks, Stu! But regardless of all of this, you should totally go buy an Odeus deck wherever you can and not let it get stolen. —Mike Brown



Powell Classics

Vallely Reissue

Skateone.com

Classic skate decks have been going for a premium on the www for a while now, so it's no surprise that reissues are also on the rise. **Skateone** has been offering some iconic **Powell Peralta** decks for a few years now and added the **Powell Classic** line with a mix of reissues and new takes on old graphics. The Contemporary line is a little weak, but the **Mike Vallely Elephant** reissue is right on and was one of their best graphics before their decline in the early '90s. Just like "back in the day," it's the original spoon nose shape. The first thing you'll notice under your front foot is, "Holy shit, this is flat and wide." Crazy to think that these are the shapes a lot of flip tricks were born on. It's super fun for cruising around town and has a slight double cut to it, just asking for a couple beans over curbs and a street plant or two. —Baade



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SUN 11/9 Hotel le Motel, C.P.A., & Elephante

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FRI 11/21 Jon E. Dangerously,
Elephante, & C.P.A.

TUES 11/25 Waters Deep Here

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GALLERY STROLL

Gallery Stroll: A Wonderland of Art

By Mariah Mann Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

The monthly Gallery Stroll is a unique opportunity to get into the mind of an artist. Having spent many years there, I can tell you what a twisted place it can be – the metaphors and indirect suggestions can make you feel like you've fallen down a rabbit hole.

This month, the Kayo Gallery, located at 177 East 300 South, presents *Perspectives: Art in Autism*. Gallery owners **Shilo Jackson** and **Davina Pallone**, the "Queens of Hearts," rearranged their calendar to provide space for a special one-night-only collaboration with *Community Treatment Alternatives* on Nov. 14 from 6-9 p.m. *Community Treatment Alternatives* utilizes the therapeutic effect art has on a person, including a means of communication. Drawing and painting can offer a positive distraction from day-to-day life, even more so for people who have a tough time articulating themselves. By integrating art into the residents' lives, they have uncovered passions many never knew existed. Each art piece unlocks a story that even those closest to the artists didn't realize the residents had in them to tell. Using the most elementary supplies and the purest of intentions results in inspiring pieces. It's a testament to the idea that art is not about formal techniques, but the passion and motivation behind it.

On Nov. 21, Kayo will feature a collaborative show between **Steven Larson** and **Sri Whipple**. These "Mad Hatters" always put on a wild and imaginative show. Their names have become synonymous with exceptional and ethereal artwork. I asked them to describe their modus operandi. True to form, they took me on a stroll through a beautiful field of metaphors where even their words become art. Larson explains his work in a run of poetic words ebbing and flowing like the rhythm and motion of his brush strokes. "The extension of dreams weave around the in-betweens of episodes exploding ghostly tales too tall to tell, but winding, they hide, unaware of structures that were always their system's overloaded and concrete coated on top of Old Smokey," said Larson.

Sri Whipple says that his work is a "fruit-salady, no-malady, crowned... pound-for-pound... raw-shit, new-tit, bit-lip deities filled with bees knees and hair grease, more tools, avoid the fools, keep making jewels." It's hard to imagine it all makes it in there, but it does. Always expect unusual and mesmerizing characters and images with these guys.

And for you artists out there:

The *Utah Arts Alliance* is pleased to announce the annual request for exhibit proposals for the 2009 year. Exhibit Proposals may be obtained by calling (801) 651-3937, or emailing utahartsalliance@yahoo.com. Proposals are due by Dec. 31, 2008.



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"Growing from Mold" Collaborative between Sri Whipple & Steve Larson



BEER REVIEWS

Beer Reviews

Tyler Makmell

tyer@slugmag.com

The Germans know their shit when it comes to beer. When U.S. brewers make beers styled off of these age-tested brews, it proves their skilled abilities in the art of craft brewing. Lucky for us, we have the best damn brewers in the nation to front this killer German styling.

Roggen Rock

Brewery: RedRock

Abv: 4%

Average Price: \$ 4.50

Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher

Rating: ****



Description: This rye beer comes off the tap in a deep straw color with a flawless white head. The aromatics are subtle and so is the beer itself. There are hints of rye characteristics, yeasty fruit and some very soft hop characteristics. The taste reveals

very light amounts of rye spiciness, with a grassy hop and fruity undertone that make this a very easy drinking brew.

Overview: Cast these brewers in bronze and we'll see if we cannot replace the angel Moroni with them. In all seriousness, the rye beer is seldom seen nowadays, so if you want a decent representation of the style, check this guy out. And if you have not yet gotten your fix of the German-styled ales, be sure to hit up RedRock's locations as soon as you read this because they currently feature a whole line-up of quality German brews.

Where to Find: Only on tap at RedRock locations on a rotating release.

Monkey's Dunkel

Brewery: Squatters

Abv: 4%

Price: \$ 5.00

Size: Pint/ Growler / Pitcher

Rating: ****



Description: This brew pours off the tap in a deep amber color with ruby highlights and an off-white head that recedes pretty fast. What's left is a magnificent brew that has a rich, malty aroma paired with small amounts of roasty chocolate and butter. The flavor reflects malty sweet tones, lightly roasted hints and finishes dry with next to no hop characteristics.

Overview: From the mind of Jason Stock, assistant brewer to Jenny Talley at Squatters, this is his first recipe to be launched under the Squatters label. I am stoked to see anything else that Stock wants to throw

at us. Cheers, Jason! This brew is a keeper for sure, and will taste killer with any smoked dish.

Where to Find: This is only found at Squatters locations on tap. (Limited release)

All the Way Alt

Brewery: Desert Edge Brewery

Abv: 4%

Price: \$ 3.75

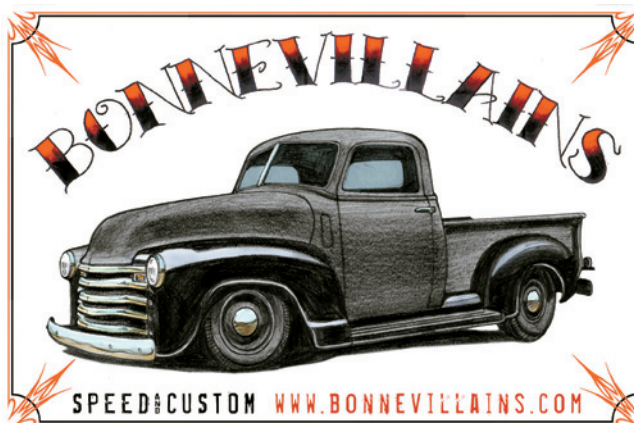
Size: Pint / Growler / Pitcher

Rating: **** 1/2

Description: This brew pours deep amber, almost chestnut in color, with a medium sized head that recedes quickly. Similar to the taste, the aroma has a lot of sweet malts and a roasty undertone that leads into a lemony hop aroma. With subdued hop bitterness, and the lightest amount of roasty characters, this beer makes itself a ridiculously smooth drink.

Overview: This alt has proved to be one of my new favorites to come out of The Pub, and their beers seem to constantly improve. A new edition to Desert Edge, Dave Watson is showing only to be a complement to Brewmaster Chris Haas' team. As a recent update, this brew just took a bronze medal at the Great American Beer Festival. Cheers, guys!

Where to Find: This is only available at Desert Edge Brewery, so get your ass down there.



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LOCAL REVIEWS

AODL

Scab Vodka Melt

Rive

Street: Summer 2008

AODL = Twodeadslutsononegoodfuck + Bastard Noise



Punishingly thick noise, AODL's *Scab Vodka Melt* has a distinct protonoise flavor—a single layer of frequencies wildly fluctuating and distorted beyond all reason. Occasionally, the sounds will layer to create a bit of a dynamic building effect, but overall the album leans towards hammering consistency and repetition. The excellence of this album is highlighted solely by the second track on the album, "Second Child". The rapid in-and-out cuts of the track lend a rhythm to a noise that lead me to believe I was listening to the loudest sound ever produced. While occasionally touching on interesting sounds, (especially on "Second Child") overall the album lacks the dynamics that accentuate the best noise albums. —Ryan Powers

The Bad Apples

How Ya Like Dem Apples?

Part I

Penalty Box Records

Street: 10.08

The Bad Apples = Beastie Boys + Sage Francis

Salt Lake locals, The Bad Apples are back by popular demand from fans. **Penalty Box Records** founder, MC/producer **Mike Booth**, and **MC Sir Louis Wildamiss** bring some cognizant vocals to this LP with many local artists popping up in guest spots too. Beat styles vary from interesting 70s-era sample-inspired to more "urban" friendly thumps and beats in between. Sample lovers will enjoy, "Xtraish" featuring local cat, **Verset1**. I catch my buddies dipping their heads methodically when they hear this: always a good sign. Unfortunately, local, homegrown hip hop may very well go unnoticed or, at the worst, go the way of the polar bear's iced tea, unless more people pick up stuff like this and give it a serious turn in their rotation. —JP

Ex Machina

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 10.28

Ex Machina = Muse + Radiohead + Taking Back Sunday + Pixies

I honestly have to say that Ex Machina is probably one of the best local bands. They may be slightly inconsistent, but who isn't. The first song on the album, "Syphoned" is by far the best track, but also seems to be sort of the bastard child. "Syphoned" comes out blaring and with serious intensity. The first half of the song reminds me something **Far** would have written back in the day. Then the sequencing does some prog action with 30 seconds of silence separating the beginning of the song from the second half of the song. It's very original. The rest of the album is a little bit mellow, but the vocals are solid and the compositions creative. Big up, Ex Machina. Maybe these guys will play at my birthday party? —Jon Robertson

I Am The

H.M.S.

Self-Released

Street: 10.12

I Am The = Tool + Chevelle



After having reviewed the EP, I thought I was prepared for whatever I Am The was going to throw at me next, but nothing could have prepared me for this full-length LP. Everything these guys did right the first time around has just been added to and amplified. The album is heavy, dark and almost experimental in the way it moves. Their unique approach to the style is refreshing, and it's clear they want to be taken seriously. The production quality on the album is amazing, and the best part about it is that you're not paying for the tracks you already got on the EP: everything on this one is completely new. An incredible first release from these fellows, it should be picked up immediately. —Kat Kellermeyer

Johan the Angel

The General's Son EP

Canoe Music

Street: 11.28

Johan the Angel = Mew + Sufjan Stevens



This fun little four-track goes something like "The General's Son" Pt. II, I, III, and IV and in that order. Or is it one track that just lasts eleven minutes? I think they are trying to trick us. Where is **Ashton Kutcher**? If I'm not being punk'd, then what was Johan the Angel thinking when they wasted however much money to put out an EP with four slightly, and I mean *slightly*, different tracks? Why not just wait until you've got a variety of things to put out, and do it all at once? Otherwise, it's just like a really bad trailer. Fortunately, "The General's Son" is a catchy tune that makes me feel almost as good as when I watch *Disney* movies. I hope when the actual album comes out I'm not disappointed. (*Velour*: 11.14) —Lyuba Basin

Julio Child

Cocinando con...

Self-Released

Street: 10.14

Julio Child = Aloe Blacc + Ugly Duckling + Little Brother + Kanye West

The most impressive thing about this group is that both **Fisch** and **Ebay** **Jamil** write the music. While most of the album tightly grasps their hip-hop origins, several tracks digress into acoustic ballads that almost sound like a completely different group. Julio Child may lose the attention of some hardcore hip hop fans, because of this transition on tracks like "A Long Cold Winter," but they're trying to create something original. A couple creative interludes take the listener on a musical trip, while some tracks end with short snippets of bonus beats. Ebay and Fisch's voices are easily identifiable and they seamlessly blend and bounce verses like **Double K** and **Thes One** of **People Under the**

Stairs. It is obvious that these two have put loads of time and effort into their music, which is why I'd compare the group's sound to **9th Wonder**. Fisch's loop CDs that he creates with local producers **Finale** and **Brisk** show just how long he's been at it. Fisch and Ebay have long been participating in Salt Lake's music scene, but this is the first time the two have collaborated. B-boys and beat addicts alike will enjoy Julio Child's hip hop roots twisted with future-soul sounds. —SuPeRB

Laughter

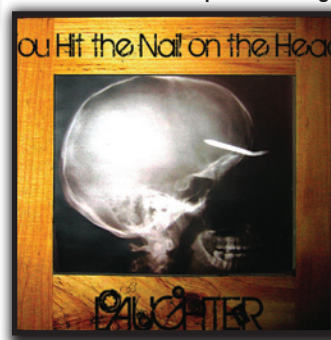
You Hit the Nail on the Head

Self-Released

Street: 10.08

Laughter = Breather

Resist + Pantera + Temple of the Dog



Are you ready to taste the rainbow? Laughter has created a sound that dips where other locals have not. Releasing the demon of influence, *You Hit the Nail on the Head* has a varied rock sound. Between the second track "Auditory Ipecac" and track five "I am on my Way," you'll feel the slap from a **Converge** to **Pantera** sound with an underlying tribute to grunge. In that jumble, I found a liking for their style and promised heaviness. The best feature of Laughter is that between the drumming and vocals they manage their screams and sings well. Sudden changeover from manimal screaming to melodic singing can be difficult to slay, but this is a job well done. —Nicole Dumas

Navigator

Songs For Mei and Satsuki

Magic Goat Music

Street: 07.22

Navigator = The Future of the Ghost + Arctic Monkeys + The Olivia Tremor Control

This self-recorded album is a wonderful little discovery. Although its running time is hardly longer than twenty minutes, the songs are full of variation that stretch from extreme reverb to quiet acoustics to delicate, tinkling sounds. Upon hearing the

first track, I was expecting the album to be a pretty quiet instrumental work throughout. The second track blasted into my eardrums, though with electric guitar, drums and wobbly vocals. Never judge a book by its cover, and never judge a CD by its opening track. **Braden J McKenna** is literally a one-man band. He recorded and performed everything on the album (with the exceptions of track seven and nine where his fifteen-year-old brother plays drums and the trumpet). McKenna's shivering vocals are similar to those of Salt Lake's local music guru, **Will Sartain**. *Songs for Mei and Satsuki* is brimming with pleasant surprises. —Erin Kelleher

Pilot This Plane Down *Glory of the World* Exigent

Street: 08.08

Pilot This Plane Down = Tristeza + A band whose name starts with an "I" and ends with an "S"

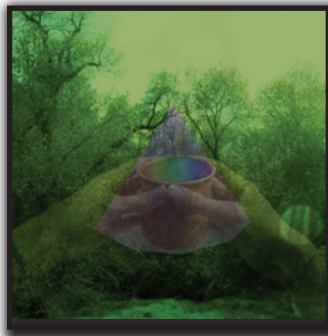
I wanted to get my ears dirty. Instead of putting Pilot This Plane Down in my computer and doing three different things, I sat down with headphones. Exigent Records is like a grab bag of goodies and has released albums from many local artists that I dig. The initial vibe of *Glory of the World* is heavily **Isis**-influenced, but PTPD have something to offer besides a tired replica. The album art is simple and bitchin' and gives the impression that it's laced with mysterious meaning. Opening track "At Peace" sets the mood and carries a steady flow to the end with "Collapse." PTPD's songs read like a book, bridging one to the other and conducting a dark, solemn and ambient sound. There are moments so eerie that it mimics the score of a 1970s Italian horror flick. With all of the quiet there is loud exploding rhythm that may force you into banging your head, which is always a plus. —Nicole Dumas

Stag Hare *Black Medicine Music*

A. Star

Street: June 2008

Stag Hare = Grouper + La Monte Young + Freescha



Chirping birds, folk guitar, non-Western percussion and droning static harmonies — all of these aspects usually equal something you try

your hardest to ignore while a Yoga instructor orders you to relax during Savasana. So why is *Black Medicine Music*, a disc forged with these ingredients, so interesting? **Garrick "Stag Hare" Biggs** (and local guests such as **Tenants of Balthazar's Castle's Michael Biggs** and **Aye Aye's Andrew Alba**) beats the new-age rap through a clever amalgamation of said elements, heaping doses of reverb, delay, edits and tricks that allow the music to suggest rather than smack the listener over the head. Throughout this album melodies phase in and out with swirling arpeggiations, time-stretched guitar work, buried-in-the-mix singing, vocal garbles and chugging atmospheric rhythms formed from tinkling metal and acoustic/sampled drums. Biggs's attention to detail is like turning canned responses and otherwise ordinary words into poetry. —Dave Madden

Starmy *Burning Moon/High Horse* Self-Released

Street: 06.27

Starmy = Led Zeppelin + Jet + Foxboro Hot Tubs

While **Billy Joe Armstrong** is moonlighting as a 60s garage band with Foxboro, Starmy is right here in our backyard and doing it a hundred times better. So many bands out there are trying to replicate the classic rock sound, but Starmy isn't trying to replicate anyone or anything. Complete with everything from epic guitar solos to callopie keyboards, Starmy breaks it down to the basics, taking these amazing riffs and riding them through the whole song. It's these kinds of hooks that make you fall in love with a band, and every song on these two EPs has that kind of a hook. An amazing set, check them out and keep an eye out for their upcoming LP *Starmaggedon* later this year. (*The Urban Lounge*: 12.06) —Kat Kellermeyer

The Up Collars

We're Better Than You
Self-Released

Street: 10.03

The Upcollars = The Dead Milkmen + Eugene Hütz

This disc got me interested in what's going on in northern Utah, which I can't say anything else has done in recent memory. Saxophone is mixed with shredderific guitar, thoughtful melodies and some interesting vocals form this release. It's a promising debut from this young Logan group, but a full length is a bit too ambitious. A more focused EP may have served them better. The album is interesting enough that I'd like to see a live show, though. These guys may sound a little bit too much like themselves. Paddling out into some new and uncomfortable water, in terms of structure and style, would be beneficial. —JP



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GAME REVIEWS



de Blob *Blue Tongue*

Wii

Street: 09.22.08

Lights up on Chroma City: a colorful metropolis, a utopia bathed in every shade on the spectrum. Enter I.N.K.T., an adorably evil army of Nazi-esque black-and-white ink people (stay with me, it gets better). I.N.K.T. descends on the unwitting masses and makes short work of Chroma City, sucking up every drop of color and imprisoning every once-radiant citizen in shackles and colorless work camps (like I said, they're Nazis, but like Pixar Nazis). Your job, as the surprisingly badass blob of goo named, well, Blob, is to paint the city—every inch of it, in all the radiant colors you exude. De Blob is a third-party release and was originally a free PC game, both of which make it all the more impressive that it's great fun to play.

The game is no port—it's been reinvented on the Wii with admirably smooth cut scene rendering, tight controls, and an all around stellar presentation. Everything in this game is so goddamn cute and funny you just want to explode. If you can't stomach the cutsie, then fuhgheddaboutit, but the majority of Nintendo fans will really dig this title. On the console market, it's all about the huge, anticipated blockbuster releases, so it's always great when you stumble across a gem you weren't expecting.

To enjoy de Blob to the fullest, I'm sure you'll agree it's best to be in a state of mind where painting the world with colors, patterns and music might be at its most appealing, whatever that may mean for you.

—Jesse Hawlish

4 out of 5 Splotches of Color



The Oregon Trail *Gameloft*

Mobile Game

Street: 06.15.2008

Remember the good old elementary school days? Okay, maybe they weren't all good, but there were those days where the teachers would herd your class into the computer lab and tell you to practice typing. Like hell! You were a kid with the attention span of a crack-addled goldfish, and dammit, you were there to play video games! Unfortunately for you, public education tricked you once again using a learning program disguised as a video game: **The Oregon Trail**. Gameloft has not only come along and given the game a facelift, but brought it straight to the comfort of your mobile phone.

Everything you loved about the old game is here: hunting, traveling, cholera, bear maulings, and—everyone's favorite!—naming your family members after whomever you damn well please. I chose to name my family after our editing staff here at SLUG. By the time we got to Oregon, Angela died of Cholera, Andrew had wandered away from the trail six times, Meghann was constantly sick and was mauled by a bear twice (the animation alone will put you in stitches), and Adam broke his arm. Yeah, half-a-lifetime later, it's still pretty damn funny.

The graphics are rather good—a cute, fluffy rendition of the Wild West—and the sound design isn't too shabby. The game breathes new life into the old features, such as hunting, but also brings new minigames like the fishing feature, the entrance into towns, and NPC interaction. The controls translate perfectly to the mobile phone, allowing the games to be played without difficulty. The only trouble is that the game does seem to be a little glitchy when trying to boot the program, stating there is a "memory full error" even if your card is virtually empty. This could be a glitch exclusive to the **Blackberry**, but something to be aware of nonetheless. Either way, the game is available online and through most providers, and at five or six bucks, it's the best way for you cheap gamers to get your old school fix. —Kat Kellemeier

3.8 random bear attacks out of 5



Rock Band 2 *Harmonix*

Xbox 360, PS3, Wii

Street: 09.14.2008

The infamous summer gaming drought is over, and you know what that means! All the games you actually wanted to play this whole year are finally making it to your doorstep, begging to be played. There's a whole slew of rhythm games coming your way this fall, **Konami's Rock Revolution** and **Activision's Guitar Hero World Tour**, but **Rock Band 2** is first out of the gate, and out to prove that if it ain't broke, don't go fixing it. There's the stuff you've grown to love, and there's a slew of the new stuff. Naturally, the first thing to attack here are the songs. While everyone will have a handful they aren't wild about, the game mostly plays like an incredible mixtape with old classics, indie favorites, and the new stuff, ranging everywhere from **Rage Against The Machine** to **Bob Dylan** to **The Donnas** to **Interpol**.

Online play has been greatly enhanced with the new "Battle of the Bands" option. This gives you the chance to compete in challenges against other players with a scoreboard posted online. You receive updates if you've been outscored, and if you're not wild about the challenge you see, don't lose sleep over it. The list will be updated almost daily, adding new challenges all the time. The character creation is still no **TES: Oblivion**, but there's a wider variety here and more clothing items, tattoos and hairstyles to collect as you go. Naturally, everyone's wondering about the DLC from **Rock Band 1**. Not only is it all compatible with RB2, for about five bucks you can download the whole RB1 playlist, and Harmonix has promised new downloadable content by the month, and a good chunk of that will be free.

If you're just looking to plug in and go, there's another great feature that's been added: No Fail. Sick of playing with friends at a party and having to constantly bail out the idiot you let play the drums? Well, now you don't have to. Turn this little option on, and the audience will never boo you off the stage. Also, you can customize your own playlists so you can rock out until you get carpal tunnel in both hands. Rock Band got it right the first time around, and the second time is just as great a trip. Even with the other rhythm games coming out, Rock Band 2 is a game you've got to get your hands on. —Kat Kellemeier

4.8 parties without whiny noobs out of 5



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfru

"Love Infinity" Filed by Oom

I was wrong when I said that nobody in Salt Lake City knows who our cousin **Tempest** is. It turns out that **Sci-fi man**, being British himself, keeps up on British pop culture. **Aunt Leona**, **Tempest**, **Boo** and I took a little trip to the downtown library in search of DVDs for movie night. We came upon **Sci-fi** man who was standing close to a full sized cardboard cutout of Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz* and delivering his science fiction spiel to a poor bedraggled woman wearing ill-fitting stirrup pants. I approached him saying, "Hey Stewart, this is our cousin from London," and motioned toward the trio behind me. I glanced back to see Leona desperately trying to detour Tempest and Boo down an aisle while loudly whispering, "Don't talk to him. PAHLEEEASE don't talk to him!"

Sci-fi glanced first at me and then at the others. Unexpectedly, he let out a loud girly scream and called out, "TEMPEST X!" He held a hand out in front of him as if he were about to touch a phantom to see if it was real, and advanced toward the three girls in a weird, slow-motion trot. Leona squealed and ran away, Tempest stayed frozen to the spot with a growing look of horror covering her face, and Boo



burst out laughing, saying, "No way! No, ha ha ha, way!"

In a high-pitched sing-song, Sci-fi man began loudly singing out, "Our love, oh oh, will endure across all space and time." He reached Tempest and set his hand on her shoulder. Tempest stared down at his hand in terror as if it were a tarantula. In his best and most pretentious RP British accent, apparently thinking it would impress our cousin, he continued, "Your song, 'Love Infinity,' has been my favorite of the new millennium so far. Number one in the United Kingdom for 13 weeks!"

Boo turned to Tempest and laughed out, "That's your song?"

"Love Infinity"? Ah ha ha, holy turd dip au jus, that's the cheesiest thing I've ever heard." Tempest shot back defensively, "I didn't write it. My producers chose it for me. Stupid people love it and buy it by the lorry load." At that, Sci-fi gasped dramatically and recoiled, putting the hand, which had been on Tempest's shoulder to his heart. "Young lady!" he exclaimed, "I am in no way a 'stupid person.' I've purchased all your singles and albums and have stood fast as a loyal enthusiast of your artistry." Tempest choked on her foot, which was plainly filling her mouth. She attempted to apologize, but got over-flustered and just started to cry. Initially, it came in barely contained sniffles, but very quickly land-slid into full sobbing meltdown. Her body and whole being went limp and a flood of tears and snot flowed down her face and hands. Boo, Sci-fi and I stood stunned, watching the scene. The more Tempest tried to keep her crying quiet and contained, the louder it got. She was gasping for air between long, drawn-out wails. It was obvious that there were issues beyond her interaction with Sci-fi man that were powering this super-volcano eruption of emotion. Sci-fi stepped toward her and set his hand back upon her shoulder. At that, Tempest surprised us all by hugging him tightly and burying her face in his shoulder. Suddenly there was Leona, summoned by the cries of Tempest, flying up the aisle to the rescue, pointing at Sci-fi man and hollering out, "You! You! She does NOT like science fiction and she does NOT have to like science fiction!"

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MOVIE REVIEWS

924 Gilman St: Let's Talk about Tact and Timing...

Scarred Films

Street: 07.29

The Gilman Street Project is a one-of-a-kind "free space" venue in Berkeley, Ca. The music is mostly punk and its various subtypes, but anything goes as long as it's not racist, sexist, homophobic, or signed to a major record label. All of the above are sins and deal breakers in the eyes of Gilman's 100% volunteer staff. This cement palace has been a festering petri dish of fresh talent for well over twenty years. From **AFI** to **Rancid** to **GWAR**, Gilman's history of shows is huge and sprawling. To think it all started with a bunch of punks getting together and—in a very un-punk move for the times—realizing what they were really all about. They wanted music for everyone, a safe place for it to take place, and an assurance that, whatever might happen, the project would be done for its own sake, never for money. The ideology, I must say, demands respect. But how's the movie? At an hour twenty, the interviews, though generally lucid, drag on a bit. There are twenty live performances interspersed but I, for one, can't really watch a taped punk show with the same enthusiasm I might've felt if I'd been there. The story's great, but ultimately the movie's pretty boring. —Jesse Hawlish

Black Metal Satanica

MVD Visual

Street: 09.30

Well I knew I was in for a pretty one-sided documentary about Black Metal when the tagline on the cover of the DVD says "The Most Haunting and Evil Documentary ever Made." I can understand having the certain point of view and wanting to purvey that. My biggest complaint is the fact that the DVD isn't really much of a documentary—the actual facts are few and far between and when stated by the horrible monotone narrator, come off as more as assumptions rather than fact. According to the documentary, black metal is rooted in Scandinavian Viking lore, particularly the conversion and killing of Vikings by Christians. These origins, however, aren't explained well. There is a wealth of interviews with new-wave era black metal bands like **Watain** and the disturbing **Shinning** that go nowhere. The footage is useless and completely unrelated to anything other than trying to create a dark and scary atmosphere. By the end, the "documentary," comes across as contradictory and dry. —Bryer Wharton

Body of Lies

Warner Bros.

In Theaters 10.10

Director **Ridley Scott** takes a dose of his brother Tony's filmmaking style with this Big Brother watchdog thriller set smack dab in the middle of the War on Terror. Roger Ferris (**Leonardo DiCaprio**) is a CIA operative working covert assignments throughout the Middle

East in order to track an Islamic terrorist with the aid of the not-so-helpful and exaggeratedly conservative Ed Hoffman (**Russell Crowe**). While the multiple twists and turns may have worked in **David Ignatius'** novel, someone should've asked Mr. Owl how many twists it takes to annoy an audience. The answer is five. DiCaprio, while good in his own right, flies through the film on auto-pilot, never effectively taking control of the character or the film (when we all know he's perfectly capable of doing so). On the other hand, an overweight Crowe, as cartoonish and outlandish as his character is, proves he doesn't need the lead role to stand out amongst the crowd. Is it entertaining? Yes. Does it look like someone gave Leo a gorilla mask? Yes. Will you remember it a month later? Probably not. —Jimmy Martin

The Incredible Hulk

Universal

Street: 10.21

Edward Norton revives the suffering franchise that was harshly abused by **Ang Lee's** 2003 artsy-fartsy disaster. Rather than wasting 45-minutes to once again explain the Hulk's origins—an excellent choice—the foundation is swiftly summarized in the opening credits and it is soon revealed that Bruce Banner (Norton) has been hiding in Brazil to search for a cure to his mutation. Following a freak accident, General Thaddeus Ross (**William Hurt**) and the U.S. Military, including Major Emil Blonsky (**Tim Roth**) locate Banner and the hunt is on! Director **Louis Leterrier** provides an accurate ratio of realistic characterization vs. comic book adaptation cheese to string the audience along on a variation of multiple Hulk universes that will please both general audiences and comic-nerds alike. Granted, a few scenes will make the majority groan in disbelief—did he really just say "Hulk smash"? But, let's get real, it's a comic, not Shakespeare...get over it. The 3-disc Special Edition DVD comes with an impressive array of special features including multiple making-of featurettes, an alternate opening sequence, and a digital copy of the film for iTunes users. —Jimmy Martin

Kraftwerk and The Electronic Revolution

A Sexy Intellectual Production

Street: 9.02.08

Prepare yourselves for a history lesson as this documentary distances itself from your typical VH1 Behind the Music-type documentary. This documentary spans decades to school you on a generation of musicians fueled by the distrust of their Nazi parents and culture. Driven to produce something original and unlike what the Americans and Brits were turning out, the founding members of Kraftwerk constructed electronic music. Their musical experiments would go on to influence much of what we hear in modern techno, electronica, synth-pop, rock, and even rap. Featured in the documentary are live performances, interviews with the band members, and

some pretty sweet music videos that will undoubtedly make you trip. After a glimpse of the monstrous computer components and rigor that went into composing electronic music in the 1960s, I am amazed that this genre made it. —Ben Trentelman

Max Payne

20th Century Fox

In Theaters 10.17

When will Hollywood learn that adapting a video game into a feature film never works? *Super Mario Bros.* was super shitty, *Double Dragon* doubly blew and **Jean-Claude Van Damme's** *Street Fighter*...well, it's Van Damme, 'nuff said. Secluded in social exile years after his family's murder, NYPD officer Max Payne (**Mark Wahlberg**) roams the streets of New York seeking vengeance on those accountable for his unvarying misery. Leaving no stone unturned with the help of a Russian assassin (**Mila Kunis**), a merciless Payne delves deeper into a hallucinogenic underworld that risks destroying the remaining piece of his existence. While the first half proves these adaptations may have the ability to succeed via an authentic storyline, the latter section noticeably proves otherwise. The film quickly tumbles into a laughable, CGI-infested universe spewing ridiculousness across the screen. Director **John Moore's** blatant *Sin City* rip-off style comes nowhere close to the original source, especially with a childish PG-13 rating, and as for Kunis' callous assassin—she's more like a 16-year-old playing with her big brother's toys. Go ahead and Marky Mark this one up to another failed video game vision, but don't be too sad—the future is bursting with more destined failures including *Castlevania*, *Spy Hunter* and *Metal Gear Solid*. Can't wait...ugh. —Jimmy Martin

Pride and Glory

New Line Cinema

In Theaters 10.24

There's no argument that an Irish family/crooked cop film hasn't already been done. I believe it's a standard template script included with all screenplay-writing software. Police motorcade funeral scene? Check. Christmas dinner with a boozin' father? Check. Fist fight in an Irish pub? Check. However, before damning writers **Gavin and Greg O'Connor** for a clichéd storyline, why mess with a formula that always seems to entertain? This time around, NYPD officers Ray Tierney (**Edward Norton**) and Jimmy Egan (**Colin Farrell**) are brother-in-laws playing cat and mouse as a corrupted Egan uses his badge for profit with an honorable Tierney in pursuit. Besides Farrell's uncomfortable manifestation of **Robert De Niro**, the acting is enticing, especially in the case of an alcoholic **Jon Voight**. With a strenuous running time spilling over two hours, it's obvious what needs to stay and what needs to go. I wish **Jennifer Ehle's** gifted portrayal of a cancer-ridden wife and mother could have been featured in another film, because in *Pride* it feels unnecessary and unwelcomed, which is an insult to her performance.

Some may call it derivative, but the gripping chase scenes and who done it routines seem to always draw a crowd. —Jimmy Martin

Religulous

Lionsgate

In Theaters 10.03

From Jerusalem to good ol' Salt Lake City, comedian **Bill Maher** and director **Larry Charles** (*Borat*) go toe-to-toe against virtually every major religion and the followers who defend their doctrines in this comical documentary. Confronting televangelists, Christian truck drivers, Scientologists, Hasidic Jews, and an array of other worshippers, Maher attacks every creed and faith in his path leaving no one contented. In a similar fashion to the Utah Museum of Fine Arts' *Monet to Picasso* exhibit, rather than an in-depth look at one or two specific areas, the film swiftly explores as many topics as possible leaving the viewer with a yearning for additional information...which isn't entirely a negative feature. If anything, it forces the audience to continue the research. The film's 100-minute running time bites off a little more subject matter than it can chew, however Maher's sharp tongue and wit constantly keeps the audience laughing. His comedic element is further supported by vintage film clips inserted in a similar fashion to HBO's 1990s hit *Dream On* and supplemental text similar to *The Colbert Report's* The Word. —Jimmy Martin

Role Models

Universal

In Theaters 11.07

Director **David Wain's** formulaic comedy *Role Models* reminds me of shopping at the D.I.—while you may find a gem here and there, you're mostly sifting through a bunch of shit. **Paul Rudd** and **Seann William Scott** (a.k.a. Stifler) are arrested for vandalism and sentenced to be Big Brothers to **Christopher Mintz-Plasse** (a.k.a. McLovin) and **Bobb'e J. Thompson** (a.k.a. Who?). While laughing at the few entertaining scenes, you'll constantly be questioning yourself on why people think boob jokes are funny and how much worse **Jane Lynch** can make the film? A key issue with *Role Models* is that every actor has played the same character before. A 32-year-old Stifler is becoming increasingly sad, and does anybody really care about a Dungeons & Dragons-crazed McLovin with parent issues? You're better off staying at home and watching the classics that created their stereotypical alter egos. —Jimmy Martin

Sex Drive

Summit Entertainment

In Theaters 10.17

Director **Sean Anders** may have missed the virgin teen comedy craze by roughly a decade, but enough time has elapsed for another awkward tale complete with boners and intrusive parents. A literal blend of *American Pie* and *Road Trip*, *Sex Drive* follows Ian (**Josh Zucker**), a stereotypical geek and his quest to lose his virginity via the internet

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BOOKS ALOUD

In Persuasion Nation **George Saunders**

Riverhead Books [Street: 11.01.05]

There is a lot of talk concerning George Saunders' status as the next **Vonnegut**. To review an author in this way is a disservice to both the comparative and the compared. Saunders is just as brilliant a writer as the late Mr. Vonnegut, but in the way of all authors destined for greatness are. Like Vonnegut, **Wallace, Twain** or **Tolstoy**, his work combines the timely with the timeless, the sardonic with the saintly sweet and the unknown with the familiar. With the chameleon-like mastery of voice in *My Flamboyant Grandson*, the terrifying insight of *My Amendment* and heart-breaking characterization in *Christmas*, George Saunders' book *In Persuasion Nation* is the best collection of short fiction in a decade, and will remain important for many years to come (*Hard Boiled Book Club*; Sam Weller's 11.25). —JR Boyce

New York Dolls **Photographs by Bob Gruen** **Abrams Image [Street: 09.01]**



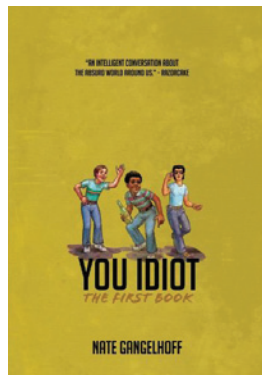
It seems only obvious that the story of one of the most, if not the most, visual bands in the history of pop music would be best told through photographs. The Dolls really wanted to give the audience something they hadn't seen before. I'm sure that many people had never seen a band dress all femmy before, (glam, as it would later be called) but the Dolls were more than that—they were dangerous. They were the band that if your dad saw the album cover, you might get a beating for it. These photos by Bob Gruen show that this was a band that was coming after you. Whether it was **David**

Johansen's make-up or **Johnny Thunders'** teased out hair—the Dolls intended to intrigue or repulse. Gruen met the Dolls less than a year into their journey as a band and recognized that they were going to show the world something. He was smart to capture all these moments on his camera. This book is the first photo collection of the New York Dolls, and includes interviews with band members, a forward by David Johansen and an afterword by **Morrissey**. No matter what you want to label the Dolls, this book shows the band for what they truly were—rock and roll. —James Orme

Please God Save Us **Derek Hess and Kent Smith** **Strhress Press [Street: 07.08]**

We're all irritated with U.S. leaders and the Christian right telling us how to vote on Proposition 8, but do we say anything more about it than "this sucks"? Fortunately, Kent Smith can, and does so in an educated and rational manner. He addresses everything from **Dick Cheney's** Halliburton debacle, the cost per day of the Iraq war, the perversion of Christianity's original message, reasons behind the continual veto of stem cell research and lighter topics such as why Santa and SpongeBob were blacklisted, and **Jimmy Buffett** being as evil as **Slayer** in **Tipper Gore's** eyes. More than just a complement, Derek Hess's brilliantly messy and melancholic **Ashley Wood** meets **Bill Sinkiewicz**-style paintings, sketches and collages (often using the Red Elephant as his subject) appear on each page, echoing Smith's words (and vice-versa). If the publishers of *Ad Busters* worked in cohesion and employed a shit-hot illustrator, the result would be this book. —Dave Madden

You Idiot: The First Book **Nate Gangelhoff**



Arsenic Books [Street: 09.22]

Are you the type of person who jolts awake at night to think about products such as the Armor of God pajamas and who would come up with such an idea? Do you delete spam messages that detail how to make terrific sums of money then sulk over your lack of faith? Have you passed on pyramid schemes then sulked for weeks over the "what if" of the matter? Were you a kid whose extracurricular activities were guided by anti-Satanic parents and teachers who found **Beelzebub** at every turn (i.e. **Journey** albums)? Or are you just searching for the lyrics to the anti-drug rap, "Zip Zap Rap," by **Devastatin' Dave** (a.k.a. **The Turntable Slave**)? Compiled from Nate Gangelhoff's zine of the same name, *You Idiot* explores these topics, the author often plunging head first—even trying his hand as a diet pill salesperson—so you won't have to. —Dave Madden

BELLYOGRAPHY



Bellyography: Michelle
By Astara

Michelle is a beautiful and articulate person, and she transfers that quality into her solo performances. She has a subtle and lovely dance persona, which seems effortless. With an extensive background in theatre, her performances are rich in expression and articulation. Lately, Michelle can often be seen performing with her husband, Michael, who has become an accomplished drummer.

Michelle moved to Utah when she was ten, and studied modern and ballroom dancing in high school. Her primary focus in college was acting and movement. She did, however, see a belly dance performance when she was 14, and she never forgot it.

"I loved the costumes and the music," Michelle explained, "The women dancing blew me away. They were so elegant—graceful touches on soft parts of feminine nature. The costumes were so sparkly and flowing—so feminine."

Several years later, after watching **Stephanie** dance, Michelle became totally inspired by belly dancing once again. She has studied with Stephanie for four years and has been a member of *Troupe Alima* for two years.

"I like Egyptian cabaret so much, but I don't want to do just the traditional and classic choreography. I like to add elements from my own dance background," Michelle said, "I love fusion. I love what **Indigo** is doing—dark cabaret that is really more theatre. It truly speaks to me. But, Egyptian cabaret is closest to my personality. I just like to throw other things into the mix."

One of the things Michelle has thrown into her own performing mix, is the collaboration with her husband, Michael. Michelle and Michael's drum solo performance was one of the highlights of Stephanie's student recital last year. Michelle's dancing may be elegant, but the energy between she and her husband was palpable. They rocked! Last summer, Michelle and Michael performed together at *Rags L.A.*, an event sponsored by *Belly Dance Super Stars*.

"A couple of years ago," Michelle explained, "Michael got the drum bug and started taking classes. Stephanie's student recital a year ago was the first time we had ever performed together."

Michelle is serving as Treasurer of *MECDA* for Utah this year. Open dances at *Cedars of Lebanon*, Mardi Gras at *The Parthenon* in February are scheduled and workshops are being formulated. Michelle and the other *MECDA* officers have been working hard to provide opportunities for Utah dancers to perform.

"Utah belly dancers are building a great community. We are very fortunate to have the dancers and teachers that we have. Dancers in other cities don't have access to venues, workshops and classes like we do. I feel very lucky to train with first class teachers here, and also to have opportunities to take workshops from nationally acclaimed dancers. I want to be the best dancer I can possibly be." Michelle will be performing at *MECDA's* Mardi Gras in February and *Belly Dance Spring Fest* in March.



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CD REVIEWS

Abigail Williams *In the Shadow of a Thousand Suns*

Candlelight Records

Street: 10.28

Abigail Williams = Cradle of Filth + Behemoth

My experience with Abigail Williams actually stems back four years ago, when they sent me a friend request on this little website called *MySpace*, and I've checked in on them occasionally ever since. Finally, they're signed to a reputable label, and here we are today. Unfortunately for me, the production is a bit too cleanly processed, but it's a snag I've been able to mostly ignore. Aside from a useless interlude keyboard track and a few symphonic song interludes, which overstay their welcome, the music doesn't really let up from the relentless pummeling that I do so enjoy taking. Did I say pummeling? The drumming on this album is ferociously ridiculous. There are several good moments here, giving the album some decent replay value. I am pleasantly surprised at what is offered here. I only hope they try to push the boundaries a bit further on the next album. —Conor Dow

Brent Amaker and the Rodeo

Howdy Do

Grave Wax

Street: 11.08

Bret Amaker and the Rodeo = Dead Bolt + Johnny Cash + Dale Watson



Brent Amaker and the Rodeo are trying to show country music something different. Their last self-titled record was a straight-forward recording. Unfortunately, their most recent effort falls way short of the masterful country record that preceded it. The few gems on *Howdy Do* show what can be done in the mostly lifeless genre of contemporary country, like the opening track "Welcome to the Rodeo," with Brent's usual vocal stylings, which are still enough to make any *Cash* fan reminisce. The hoops and hollers backing him make his voice sound even deeper and steadier than it already is. These few bright spots, however, are not enough to save this release, which includes repetitive dreary tunes that become almost silly, and make it hard

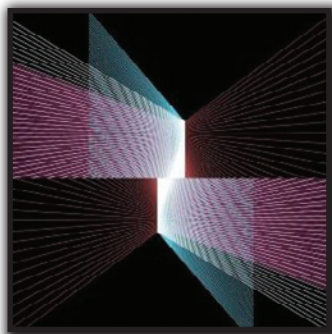
to get through the record. I hope Brent and the gang can find the dynamic sound that made their last album so damn intriguing. —James Orme

Chandeliers *The Thrush*

Obey your Brain

Street Date: 10.14

Chandeliers = Chromeo + Jab Mica Och El



Throw away the guitars and distortion, and while you're at it, ditch the effect pedals—part funk-electro, part world-beat, part Itali-disco, part psychedelic—Chandeliers defy categorization. What is noticeably absent is subpar recording and atonal sounds—this is all gloss—listening to this album is like wearing satin pants. Every sound is perfectly accentuated and deliberate. A perfect soundtrack for a 1970s futurism party aboard a space yacht, *The Thrush* is pre-disco electro lounge at its best. Chandeliers' loose membership lineup allows the group to incorporate a wide variety of influences and musicians, and while the group themselves reference *Kraftwerk*, I find the sound much less angular and electro. —Ryan Powers

The Chemical Brothers *Brotherhood*

Astralwerks

Street: 09.02

The Chemical Brothers = New Order + Grandmaster Flash

How much would you, dear fan, pay for two new songs from your favorite band? Does \$22 sound right? Unfortunately, that is the going price of this Greatest Hits, a collection containing even fewer tracks than 2003's *Singles 93-03*. Billed as "DJ only, 10 ultra-rare Electronic Battle Weapon tracks," the bonus disc seems promising until you put it in and find that the majority are demo mixes of previously released material such as "It Doesn't Matter," "Under the Influence," "It Began in Afrika," etc.—and they all sound fundamentally the same as the original versions! In defense of this disc, the new tracks are *really* good, particularly "Keep My Composure," a collaboration of the Chem's sexy, soul-tearing bass, arpeggiated arcade synths and MC Spank "Can Do No Wrong" Rock.

However, unless your hard drive and physical copies recently melted, this collection is for people who think that fancy CD packaging will get them laid. —Dave Madden

Crystal Antlers *EP*

Touch and Go

Street 10.07

Crystal Antlers = The Black Heart Procession + the Assemble Head in Sunburst Sound + 80s hardcore



It is hard to know what to think about a band when their percussionist has assumed the moniker *Sexual Chocolate*. But, if he is half as sexy as he sounds while ripping along on this six-song EP, then he must have girl troubles like no other. The standing percussion is what stands out the most and gives a seriously hard sound to this noisy, blatantly hardcore psych record. At times, Crystal Antlers sound otherworldly, like you're listening to the radio with the dial not quite on one station. Jonny Bell's surprisingly graceful voice skirts the line between howling and singing, sometimes sounding like they were recorded in different rooms—but this only adds to the uniqueness of the disc. And while it is hard to excuse an EP being titled something as unimaginative as *EP*, the caustic organ hum, the double assault of two drummers and tornadic mix of bass and two guitars seem to tilt this band into the win column. Cheers to Touch and Go for looking hard enough to find this So-Cal psych troupe. —James Bennett

Dancer vs. Politician *A City Half-Lost*

Sanni Baumgartner Release

Street: 11.04

Dancer vs. Politician = Broadcast + Nico + Jarboe without spookiness

My German usage may be poor, but this album is not. A native of Germany now living in Athens, Georgia, singer-songwriter Sanni Baumgartner slings her husky voice most often *auf Deutsch*. Only four of 10 tracks are in English. Her style and craft is constant with simple supplements (like hand claps or musical saw) giving the electronic tinkering (by Andy Baker, producer of *Azure Ray*) a folksy-cabin lounge sense à la Goldfrapp's *Felt*

Mountain. The real gem on this album is the final track, "Homeless Mind," a Leonard Cohen-esque, heartbroken ballad for the wandering soul. A more obvious influence for Baumgartner is songwriter Nikki Sudden (*Swell Maps, Jacobites*) who passed away two years ago. Baumgartner contributed to a tribute album, covering his song "Ratcliffe Highway," which also appears on this album. Recorded in Berlin and Athens with members of Phosphorescent and The Olivia Tremor Control performing varied harmonic instrumentals, this album is poetic enough to be enjoyed in any country. —Jennifer Nielsen

The Dead Trees *King of Rosa*

Milan Records

Street: 11.11

The Dead Trees = Spoon + The Vandas + Belles Will Ring

King of Rosa is walking-down-the-street music. Every song had me picturing a musical street scene, tripped out with a happy singing sun and the synchronized dancing of 1960s cartoon characters. Yet The Dead Trees are hiding something, or holding back. They play to the point of bursting lights, and then they dim and set a casual mood. The song, "Shelter," has strong vocals, while "Killer in Me" was heavy on instrumentals. I expected to hear more of these elements throughout the album, and didn't. The majority of this CD is set for smiles, head bobbing and a bit of disappointment. The Dead Trees are talented, but only leaked out a little of it in this album. —Jessica Davis

Earthless *Live at Roadburn*

Tee Pee Records

Street: 10.07.08

Earthless = Black Sabbath + Nebula + Lynyrd Skynyrd



I love this stuff. Stoned-out instrumental groove complete with nonstop wang-doodling guitars just reeking of resin can always put a smile on my face. The one and only problem with *Earthless* is that they tend to go on for-fucking-ever,

which is no small feat in the world of, ahem, "stoner rock" (does anyone have this term as much as I do?). This double-disc was, as the title suggests, recorded live at this past year's *Roadburn Festival*, and I can totally picture the throngs of long-haired stoners grooving the night away during their set ... come to think of it, the picture in my head of the crowd during their set resembles all that old *Woodstock* footage, minus the moronic dancing and being indoors as opposed to being outside in a field that would have been better suited for growing the Mary Jane than for a bunch of smelly hippies smoking it whilst flailing about and deciding on "far out" names for their poor children. Ah, fuck it. It's a worthwhile release, even if it is a bit long winded. —Gavin Hoffman

East of the Wall
Farmer's Almanac
Forgotten Empire
Street: 11.18
East of the Wall = Circa Survive + Black Sabbath + Laundry - vocals



East of the Wall is honestly some of the best instrumental music I have heard. It's about as intelligent and heavy as you can get. At no point on this eight-song CD does the power trio fall into the tempting abyss of fiddling with their instruments for musical vindication. The band consists of **Brett Bamberger** (Postman Syndrome) on bass, **Mike Somers** (Postman Syndrome) on drums and **Jeff Speidell** (Delft) on guitar. Every song makes me feel like I am losing my virginity to the old hairy gods of instrumental prog metal; it makes me cry, yet I feel so sophisticated. If a less annoying *Dysrhythmia* and a talented *Russian Circles* conceived a three-headed dog beast, it would be named East of the Wall. —Jon Robertson

Escape Mechanism
(Emphasis Added)

Recombinations

Street: 10.29

Escape Mechanism = Girl Talk + The Books - magic

Audio collage has seen better days. In the mid 90s, it was new and refreshing because technology had finally caught up with the mixing of ideologies. Ten years later, it still sounds 10 years old. It is tiring to try and catch any of the references. Oblique messages drift in and out, and the methods of compiling the material are very transparent. Escape Mechanism taps into recent indie dance trends just enough to make the album groovy and entrancing on the track "What's Happening," but fail to reach out to any other genres meaningfully. Tracks like "Details" are a little too

related to not-so-distant hip-hop and is somewhat drab. This is music that would be best enjoyed under the influence of a substance and possibly at no other time. —Andrew Glassett

Frank Turner
Love Ire & Song
Xtra Mile/Arbor
Street 10.07
Frank Turner = Million Dead + Billy Bragg + Counting Crows



Playing forgettable punk music 20 years after the genre got its start hardly qualifies someone to play folk rock. But this is exactly what has happened with former Million Dead guitarist Frank Turner. After having played pedestrian British punk for a couple of years, Turner decided to return to the music of his youth—Counting Crows, Weezer and **Johnny Cash** (can you say child abuse?). On *Love Ire & Song*, Turner moves on from simply country-fying Million Dead songs and works his acoustic folk mojo on a handful of new songs. There is an obvious wink and nod to the Billy Bragg school of Brit-pop-punk protest songs, but without much protest and without a whole lot of punk. And where Turner's attempts to walk on the same ground currently trodden by the likes of **Fake Problems** or even **Flogging Molly**, his efforts are trivial and end up sounding more along the lines of **Jack Johnson**. And God knows the last thing this world needs is more musicians that sound like Jack Johnson. Come on, Mr. Turner, plug it back in and leave this weak shit behind. —James Bennett

Gang Gang Dance
Saint Dymphna

The Social Registry

Street: 10.21

Gang Gang Dance = Sigur Rós + This Heat + MIA + Antarctica + FCS North

Channeling the genius of no-wave artists such as **DNA** and **This Heat**, Gang Gang Dance's ethereal *Saint Dymphna* is a complex, layered work of electronic and Eastern sounds. Markedly different from other neo-no-wave artists such as **The Rapture** or **Liars**, Gang Gang Dance focuses on texture and atmosphere rather than jagged sounds and dance punk, more along the lines of Sigur Rós or **Radiohead** than !!! Additionally, the eastern instruments add a particularly welcome flair, and the group avoids the pitfalls of sounding like a generic world-beat album by sparingly scattering the "ethnic" sounds over walls of reverb and desperate vocals echoing from an abandoned subway tunnel—not to mention the **SpankRock** cameo! The album is a

marvelous composition of ethereal noise and orchestral development, a milestone in underground music. (*Kilby Ct.:11.08*)—Ryan Powers

Godhead
At The Edge of the World
Driven Music
Street: 11.25

Godhead = Static-X + King's X
 Godhead brings just the right amount of creepiness and soulful balladry to the musical table. It's an emotional rollercoaster with these guys. It's like dating all the members of **Stabbing Westward**, but they are all bipolar. One minute they're sulking in the corner about how you never loved them and the next minute they are standing on the front of the Titanic all inspirational-like, declaring how amazing your love is. It's draining. This band would be much better off if they would embrace the creepiness and experiment within the context of their sound, instead of reverting to big, wide **Scott Stapp**-type choruses. The grandiose choruses in every song make the band sound cheap and contrived. Godhead is just not worth all the drama. —Jon Robertson

Grayceon
This Grand Show
Vendul Records
Street: 11.11

Grayceon = Winds + Apocalyptica + neo-classical inspiration



The sound that San Francisco-based Grayceon displays on their follow-up to their self-titled debut is not what you'd normally expect from the area, although two of the band's three members contribute to thrash-act **Walken**. The artist's approach to progressive metal on *This Grand Show* is brilliantly displayed on the record's five tracks. The 21-minute "Sleep" is a great example of all of the different layers and moods that the band brings to the table. The sound of the electric cello adds a huge richness and underlying thickness to the sound—to say the least, this album would not be what it is without the strings. "Still in the Desert" brings some of the record's fastest and intriguing moments. The only complaint I have is with the vocals—they are out of place for the music, and tend to throw off the emotions that the music is putting forth. —Bryer Wharton

I Love You
Drone, Drugs and Harmony
Self-released
Street: 11.11

I Love You = Super Black Market - the emotional seduction +

an American Balaton - all that innovation and creativity

Drone, Drugs and Harmony is, well, interesting, to say the least. The album is coarse and abrasive, but not in that raw-genius-**Tom Waits** kind of way. I might call this duo a couple of punk rockers, except that their music has too much of a repetitive, electronic sound to be classified as punk rock, and I'm not going to give it some "electro-punk" type of classification. Buried beneath *I Love You's* chaotic rants there's an obvious gleam of aptitude and talent. Sometimes, when the instrumentals are more settled, like in the introduction of "Myth of Gold" or the conclusion of "Bloodletting in the Ancient World," the whole package comes together rather well. But other times it's too layered and I don't know where it's going or why it's going there. —Erin Kelleher

I Set My Friends on Fire
You Can't Spell Slaughter
without Laughter

Epitaph

Street: 10.07

ISMFOF = The Number Twelve Looks Like You + Fall Out Boy + Panic At The Disco



With track names like, "Reeses's Pieces, I Don't Know Who John Cleese Is?" and "Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beerholder," it is obvious that ISMFOF do not take themselves or their music seriously. There are some small exceptions where this works for bands, but this is not—in any way—one of those exceptions. This duo, which prides itself on being revolutionary for their experimental electro-grindcore garbage, have successfully made an album that will go down in history as one of the worst records ever made. Are they a hardcore band? A grindcore band? An electro/synth band? A punk band? A boy band? The polls are still out on those questions, but one thing is for sure: If you enjoy the feeling of metal-spiked soccer cleats being repeatedly kicked into your head, then you'll love this. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Juana Molina
Un Dia

Street: 10.07

Dominic Recording

Juana Molina = Bebe + Camping Shaabi - techno + tango and Latin drums

This Argentinean comedian-turned-musician proves that not all celebrities-turned-musicians are doomed to failure. While **Hilton** is churning out me

diocre pop tracks, Molina's approach is considerably different. Her style is a melting pot of world trends, yet situated comfortably in the realm of the distinctly South American. Think less **Ricky Martin** and more **Israel Cachao Lopez** if he was raised in this generation. The lyrics are poetic and amazing, but the tunes are so gorgeous, you don't have to understand her to fall in love with her. —Kat Kellermeier

Kaboose
Excuse Me
Syntax Records
Street: 10.14

Kaboose = Braille + Definit + RedCloud



When he was in high school, Kaboose suffered a mild heart attack while playing basketball. His dreams of playing Division Three basketball seemed unattainable after his episode of poor health. So he played B-ball at a small Christian college for a few years. He had been a hip-hop fan since he was in the seventh grade, but didn't produce and push his own music until he embraced Christianity shortly after his near-death experience. The lyrical content of this debut album resonates religion while the beats and scratching holler hip-hop. In the song, "Two Sides," Kaboose examines the challenges of having mixed-race parents when he raps about his European and Native American ancestors and the many racial conflicts of early America. The most impressive song on the album is "Goin' Outta Control," featuring **Royce Da 5'9"**. Kaboose offers lyrics that will lift the spirits of any Christian B-boy, but might not impress the majority of hip-hop fans. —SUPeRB

Kampfär
Heimgang
Napalm Records
Street: 10.08

Kampfär = Taake + Moonsorrow + Windir

With a respectable amount of quality music under their belts, Norway's Kampfär has drummed up quite the little following in the past years. What strikes me about this band is their blackened Viking style is very nonsense and boldly delivered without any fluff. The guitar riffs and song progressions are so close to traditional Norwegian folk that the band could almost get away with being classified as something other than metal if the black metal-style vocals were not consistently present. My only qualm is that I wish Kampfär would branch out and deviate from consistency with some acoustic layering, or mighty choral vocals. Yes, these have been done amazingly by

Viking bands both old (**Bathory**) and new (**Dark Forest**), but with Kampfär's talent, I would be excited to hear their take on it. Despite my incessant whining, if you enjoy the past material, you won't be disappointed with this either. —Conor Dow

Larkin Grimm
Parplar
Young God Records
Street: 10.28

Larkin Grimm = Ex Reverie + Devendra Banhart

Steady guitar-picking and female vocals that sound like they are coming out of an elfin princess never made me want to hug a tree and practice yoga so badly. Larkin Grimm's *Parplar* is an album of fairy tales from around the world. Indian-inspired tracks like "Mina Minou" will bring out the Buddha in any of us. It's easy to tell that Grimm has traveled all over and gained experience with different musical styles as well as mystic stories, which come out in song. —Lyuba Basin

Legendary Pink Dots
Plutonium Blonde
ROIR

Street: 10.07
Legendary Pink Dots = Psychic TV + The Tear Garden + Doubting Thomas



It's damn near impossible to consider **Edward Ka-Spel's** voice as anything other than "unmistakable," and his band of **Legendary Pink Dots** is equally difficult to confuse for any other group. LPD has always been an interesting band to attempt to wrap one's head around, and their latest offering, *Plutonium Blonde*, is no exception. Varying between the minimal and the magical, and throwing in a dash of downright creepy just for good measure, LPD have once again created a work for the ages. If a dreary saxophone reminiscent of a back-alley jazzman isn't sneaking up on you, or the reverb-heavy synth isn't attempting to hypnotize you, then EKS is singing you a lullaby to have nightmares from. Definitely not for everyone, *Plutonium Blonde* is a perfect late-night-in-the-dark release for those wanting an insane drug trip without actually having to stomach anything bought from a dealer. —Gavin Hoffman

Like a Fox
Where's My Golden Arm?
Transit of Venus
Street: 10.14
Like a Fox = Death Cab For Cutie +/- Pinback

It only takes Like a Fox eight seconds to rip off "Happiness is a Warm Gun" and "Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots, Pt. 1." Eight seconds and I was already done with this album, but I couldn't give up. As a *SLUG* reviewer, I've pledged an oath on one of the only surviving copies of the *Necronomicon* to listen to an album three times before passing judgment. So 120 minutes later, I've started hating falsetto singers so much that I even hate half of **Wayne Coyne's** songs. What the world doesn't need now is another **Ben Gibbard**, with his whining, mellow, dramatic style of singing clear, hear, queer, beer, gear, steer and dear. —Cinnamon Brown

Madlib The Beat Konducta
WLIB AM: King of the Wigflip
BBE

Street: 09.30
Madlib = Jay Dee + Kan Kick + The Beat Junkies + RZA



The **Barely Breaking Even** (BBE) label has marked this album as the grand finale to their *Beat Generation* series. Who better to conclude a run of great hip-hop albums honoring the best producers than the multi-instrumentalist Madlib? He has been a leading underground hip hop producer/MC/DJ out of Oxnard, Calif., since his group, the **Lootpack**, formed in 1990. Madlib's latest album features several members of the **Stones Throw** family, **Defari** from the **Likwit Crew** and drummer/producer/MC **Karriem Riggins**. Madlib's weeded interludes layered with obscure samples and a bundle of dynamic instrumentals display his **Beat Konducta** side, while some tracks' featured artists complement Madlib's hip-hop intuition. Some featured artists make this album more boastful in comparison to his earlier projects, but Madlib's ability to create diverse music results in masterpieces like "Ratrace," an 808-heavy beat that sets the pace for **Murs** to speculate on chasing women. This album is an accurate representation of Madlib, only lacking aspects of his jazz projects, **Yesterdays New Quintet** and **Sound Directions**. Madlib is still at the top of the crate-diggin' game. —SUPeRB

Michael Zapruder
Dragon Chinese Cocktail
Horoscope
SideCho Records

Street: 11.18
Michael Zapruder = Jeff Buckley + Charles Manson + a dreamier Decemberists
It's mystical and mysterious, amorphous and adept, sort of like a really

easygoing acid trip. The first thing you'll notice when listening to the album is the lulling voice of Zapruder. It's similar to that of **Patrick Wolf**, but without the belting wildness. In some songs, there are overlays of background vocals that present the feeling of dreams, remembrances and déjà vu. It somehow seems familiar, but you can't quite place your finger on it. Although it's airy, it carries something weighty that makes you want to look beneath the surface. At times, that weight makes it a little hard to listen to because of the nostalgia it presents and produces. It's an album you can listen to anytime you're in the mood for something nice and calm, but it seems the most fitting on a cold, rainy day—the best kinds of days for dreaming. —Erin Kelleher

Miseration
Your Demons—Their Angels
Lifeforce

Street: 10.28
Miseration = Darkane + Scar Symmetry + Hate Eternal
Sweden's Miseration actually released *Your Demons—Their Angels* in 2006, but the generally unstable **Lifeforce** records decided to bring it to the world. The entire band is comprised of members with a laundry list of bands they've been a part of, most notably **Scar Symmetry** vocalist **Christian Alvestam**. The summation of the band's sound is Scar Symmetry, a modern melodic death metal with emphasis on the melodic, in reverse. Miseration finds a heavier sound relying more upon groove/thrash/death metal elements than your standard melodic death metal. The death growls are actually fairly decent, and when the heavy, fast riffing is going, things sound decent. The key word here is decent. After a few listens, like so many other albums, the lines between songs are blurred and it winds up in one big lump. The guys should've just done straight death metal because the melodic guitar work and clean singing is oh so bland. —Bryer Wharton

Murs
Murs for President
Warner Brothers
Street: 10.30

Murs = Zion-I & The Grouch + Aesop Rock + Visionaries
Don't be fooled by the major label—he's still the Murs we know and love from the Southern California underground crew, the **Living Legends**. He grabs your attention with the horn-heavy "Lookin' Fly," featuring **Will I AM**, sure to frequent local radio stations. Aside from the track "Time Is Now" featuring **Snoop Dogg**, the album is true to Murs' underground roots. The album also features **Latoya Williams**, **9th Wonder** and **DJ Quik**. Underground hip-hop fans should focus on "The Science," an accurate recollection of the history of hip-hop and African American culture. This song begins with a criticism of the new generation of hip-hop, which Murs proclaims is lost. Murs is straight-droppin' knowledge on all those that slept or just neglected to study hip-hop's origin. Murs is finally on a major label, but he contests that it's the only way he can create any change in the constantly deteriorating intellectual quality of popular hip-hop music. —SUPeRB

ohGr *Devils in My Details* SPV

Street: 10.21

ohGr = Skinny Puppy – Cevin Key + Mark Walk

It takes a lot of gumption to survive 26 years in the music business, but OhGr seems to know what it takes: one foot in what you know and one nervously poking at the unknown. "Shhh" stomps like **Berlioz** on meth, fusing a skittish orchestra with the bang of **Nine Inch Nails**'s "Wish" (possibly getting Mr. **Reznor** back for comping his style?). "Eyecandy" follows with ohGr's trademarked synthetic growl, the man yelling about God-knows-what under swelling, bit-shifted electronics. As the disc progresses, it is evident that ohGr still enjoys the shock of the unexpected, particularly on the back-packer hip-hop-meets-cabaret of "Feelin' Chicken" and "Pepper." Billed as a concept with nods to **Genesis** and **The Alan Parsons Project**, *Devils in the Details* is a splendid, genre-defying notch in ohGr's trilogy of solo albums as he continues to move forward and piss off the Philistines who beg for another "Dig It" and hated *Last Rights*. (The Murray Theatre: 11.26) –Dave Madden

Omnium Gatherum *The Red Shift*

Candlelight

Street: 10.28

Omnium Gatherum = Dark Tranquillity + Mors Principium Est



With the first spin of Finland's Omnium Gatherum's *The Red Shift*, the anticipation of a meaningful melodic death-metal release was upon me. However, for some mysterious reason, I found the sound flat and uncomfortable. But then it was as if some magical fairy dust got sprinkled on my head. I spun it again and blamo, it hit me, one fantastic melody after another. There aren't many layers to dissect with the album, though there is great complexity lying in wait. Emphasis on the lead guitar is huge especially when the speedy death-style riffing is going. There isn't much breathing room in between notes, which normally is a bad thing, but it's highly enjoyable to follow the momentum of the riffing. The breaks between notes come into play when the intricate-as-hell, but not-too-complex soloing enters the picture. Keyboards are tactfully placed and complementary to the music, never overbearing. The death-growl is generic, but the deep-sung vocals give the record a push into greater emotions. –Bryer Wharton

Parts & Labor *Receivers*

Jagjaguwar Records

Street: 10.21

Parts & Labor = Deerhoof + The Mae Shi + a rougher My Bloody Valentine with more disjointed noise

I was convinced that wind-tunnel music had made its marvelous and final exit from modern music when My Bloody Valentine released their last album, but Parts & Labor has proven me wonderfully wrong. The dynamics of this album are complex and volatile, and at times, are reminiscent of such earlier feats as, dare I say, **Brian Eno** and **Echo & the Bunnymen**. It's a marvelous amalgam that's blended so well that even when the songs have a more discordant feel, the overall effect remains sonorous. Vocalist **Dan Friel** has a voice so powerful that it's almost hypnotizing and guitarist **Sarah Lipstate** could probably compete with MBV's **Belinda Butcher**. The album's title reflects its lyrical content, which presents the frightened reactions that people have (or should have) to rapid industrial innovation. If this album could manipulate nature and become a book, it might take the form of **George Orwell**'s 1984 or **Cormac McCarthy**'s apocalyptic novel *The Road*. Sometimes it's bleak, sometimes it's buoyant, but *Satellites* is consistently innovative and always influential. –Erin Kelleher

Pas Chic Chic *Au Contraire*

Semprini Records

Street: 11.11

Pas Chic Chic = The Curse of Company + Duchess Says - the repetitive electro beats + a modern Charles Trenet with a kick



Seductive and synthesized, psychedelic and palatable, *Au Contraire* is like a sweet French kiss that you don't ever want to pull away from. Sometimes it clamorously screams, other times it hums softly. There's a haunting quality that floats throughout the album, which makes its ambience all the more luminous. Pas Chic Chic has found the ideal balance between experimental pop and elating shoegaze. Picture 18th-century France with its silk capes and billowing dresses intertwined with the France of the swinging 60s, with its libertine attitudes and cultural revolutions. These are the images that come to mind when rendezvousing with this French-Canadian ensemble whose lineup includes former members of **Godspeed You! Black Emperor** and **Fly Pan Am**. Favoriser, bébé. –Erin Kelleher

Psycroptic *Ob(servant)* Nuclear Blast

Street: 10.14

Psycroptic = Soilent Green + Meshuggah

Fans of chug n' bark bro-core rejoice! Tasmanians Psycroptic have released an album crammed with technical riffs, buckin'-bronco tempo changes and insanely robotic drumming. The problem is, advanced studio trickery has robbed it of its juice. This album will make you want to throw on an oversized hoodie and do some bedroom-moshing, but two minutes into the second track, you'll find yourself winded, sweaty and unsatisfied. *Ob(servant)* has plenty of flash and action, but never quite slides an icepick into your ear in the way that death metal should. If you judge strictly on technicality and are a fan of Meshuggah or **Necrophagist**, *Ob(servant)* might rev your engine. It left me thinking I should break out *Obscura* by **Gorguts**, *Sewn Mouth Secrets* by Soilent Green or *Necroholocaust* by **Disgorge**. –Ben West

Revolting Cocks *Sex-Olympic-O* Thirteenth Planet/Megaforce

Street: 10.10

Revolting Cocks = Ministry + White Zombie + Marilyn Manson

I recently read that **Al Jourgensen** considers this latest Revolting Cocks release to be the best album he's done. He's fucking crazy. Sure, it might be a big hit in semi-goth clubs across the world, where roofies are standard and chubby goth chicks hope they're on the receiving end of said nasty drugging, but this doesn't hold a candle to Al's past catalogue. Trying to compare this to the majority of Ministry's releases, not to mention the insanely underrated and amazing **Lard** and **Pailhead**, is like comparing ghetto-blasta recordings of 15-year-old kids to *The Dark Side of the Moon*. While I'm glad he decided to shelve Ministry, I wish he would have shelved it in favor of a better project than Revolting Cocks. –Gavin Hoffman

Science Faxtion *Living On Another Frequency*

Mascot

Street: 11.11

Science Faxtion = DJ QBert + Primus + Parliament Funkadelic + Nine Inch Nails



The first and possibly the only album released by the super collaboration group known as Science Faxtion has so many guest stars it's like looking up at the universe. The album features the talents of **Bootsy Collins**, **Buckethead**, **Brain Mantua**, **Greg Hampton**, **Bernie Worrell**, and **Chuck D**. Appar-

ently, all these fancy-pants dudes have invented a new genre of music known as space-age metalloid funk. This genre of music is bound to be hugely popular. Who can resist funkified industrialized turntablism? Soon every man, woman and child will be listening to space-age metalloid funk. So you better get on the A-Train and get on down to Science Faxtion. I'll be riding in the caboose. –Jon Robertson

Shawn Lee & Clutchy Hopkins *Clutch Of The Tiger*

Ubiquity Records

Street: 10.21

Shawn Lee & Clutchy Hopkins = El Michels Affair + DJ Shadow + Tommy Guerrero

This assortment of mellowed-out beats emits jazz, hip-hop, funk and soul. Shawn Lee and the Mojave Desert man of mystery, Clutchy Hopkins, have come together to create a soulful journey full of crisp drums and a variety of samples from around the world. The funky drums and cuts in "Full Moon" set the mysterious tone. The uncertainty surrounding the identity of Clutchy Hopkins strangely permeates through changing drum patterns and looming piano and flute samples. Fans of jazz and instrumental music will enjoy "Bill Blows It," a calm yet funky concoction served with a splash of **Gillespie**-ish trumpet samples. Later on, "Dollar Short" hits us with some heavy drum breaks and funky piano loops. The drums pick up again for "Across The Pond," this time backed by the sounds of a Koto or zither-like instrument. The two conclude the album with the beautiful sounds of a sitar in "Indian Burn," giving the listener one final feeling of displacement. –SUPeRB

Starfucker *S/I*

Badman

Street: 09.23

Starfucker = The Unicorns + Blonde Redhead

This Portland trio has dropped what could possibly be one of the best pop albums of the year. The only thing holding them back is the media's fear of their cute name. Every song has a unique, addicting beat and has "hit potential" written all over it. Starfucker's pop music will easily become favorites of any **Flaming Lips**, of **Montreal**, or **Apples in Stereo** fan, if given the chance. In the history of Kilby Court, I've never seen kids dancing to anything until I saw Starfucker play on Oct. 9. With a mass of gear that included tape players, synthesizers, turntables, a drum machine, all the usual instruments, and a spider web of pedals and effects, they hand-clapped their way into everyone's hearts. –Cinnamon Brown

Star Fucking Hipsters *Until We're Dead*

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 09.30

Star Fucking Hipsters = Leftover Crack + Choking Victim + Slackers
What an amazing album ... part crack-rock steady, a dash of ska and some straight-up punk rock, makes for some great mixtures, in this case. The band was started as a side project by LoC drummer **Brandon Chevalier-Kolling** and lead singer **Sturgeon**

back in 2004, but was put on hold indefinitely only a few months later due to **Kolling's** untimely death. I'm happy that the remaining members were able to patch the pieces back together, though, because *Until We're Dead* is damned near perfect. The female vocals (compliments of **Nico de Gaillo** of **Another Dying Democracy**) featured in this project complement the ska-influenced breakdowns and Sturgeon's legendary raspy scream. Imagine if Leftover Crack and Choking Victim had a bit cleaner sound and female vocals—and you've got Star Fucking Hipsters. Every song on this album is amazing, but I found myself playing "Snitch to the Suture," "Two Cups of Tea" and "Zombie Christ" most often. This disc is one that definitely won't disappoint. —Jeanette Moses

Supersuckers Get It Together

Mid-Fi

Street: 11.25

Supersuckers = Backyard Babies + AC/DC + Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (little bit) + Zeke

What's so wrong with being just a rock n' roll band? Does everybody gotta be punk this, metal that, or some kinda alternative to the alternative? It's ridiculous. The Supersuckers have forgone the bullshit of these genres, always just playing their brand of balls-out rock n' roll. To put it simply, *Get It Together* captures the band at its absolute best. The step-up in game (not to say that previous efforts were lacking in the rockin' department) is a result of two new elements: The addition of drumming virtuoso **Scott Churilla**, formerly of **Reverend Horton Heat**, which explains the boost in power, and the fact that studio wizard **Billy Jow Bowers** was able to take the Supersuckers sound to the next level. This band ain't going nowhere, they're always going to be there for the people that just aren't satisfied with anything but some genuine rock n' roll. —James Orme

Telepathe Chrome's On It

Street: 10.14

Telepathe = Bjork + Godspeed You! Black Emperor + Sigur Rós



Telepathe's newest EP provides a sampling of a new type of minimalist electro, a droning singer-songwriter anthem with hypnotic and Icelandic overtones. The sound is polished and a perfect balance between repetition and atmosphere, creating a soundscape as grandiose as Godspeed You! Black Emperor, without all the instruments.

Besides the original tracks, **Mad Decent**, **The Mae Shi**, **Frankmusik**, **Free Blood** and **Bobby Evans** provide some respectable remixes, each approaching the sound from a completely distinct vantage point and yielding excitingly different results. Like all remix albums, due to their varied nature, I'd recommend picking only a few of the remixes: The Mae Shi and Mad Decent mixes. However, unlike most remix albums, the original is surprisingly resilient, and should not be overlooked. Hopefully, the debut album, *Dance Mother*, continues on in the same fashion and doesn't simply depend on these two excellent tracks to carry the entire album. —Ryan Powers

Tobacco Fucked Up Friends

Anticon

Street: 10.14

Tobacco = Boards of Canada + Dan the Automator + Air



I could easily say "my favorite album of the year" and "if Tobacco is a cult, where do I offer my first blood sacrifice?" but you probably want details, right? The subtle difference between Tobacco's day gig, **Black Moth Super Rainbow**, and this disc is the synthetic, dusty-beat, neck-snapping rhythms and vocals courtesy of **Aesop Rock** on "Dirt" (a heavenly union, I might add), pandering to hip-hoppers more than **Flaming Lips** fans—but, again, the disc is marginal. Otherwise, Tobacco drenches the tracks in his signature vocoded vocals/vintage analog synths/trash-pit drum machinery sound, a stylized niche resembling something between the cracks of Boards of Canada's *Music Has a Right* to and *Geogaddi*. Attacking all your faculties at once, Tobacco's million-mile aesthetic will have you both staring at the sun and uncontrollably nodding your head like a crazed toddler during a **The Wiggles** taping, your hand slamming the repeat button again and again. —Dave Madden

TV On The Radio Dear Science

Interscope

Street: 09.23

TVOTR = Celebration + Pere Ubu + Parliament/Funkadelic

After finding critical acclaim and mainstream success with 2006's *Return to Cookie Mountain*, TV On The Radio have returned with something completely different. Much of *Dear Science* isn't just easily accessible, it's damn near danceable. In place of the dense, dark sound TVOTR is known for is a definite funkiness, most notably on "Crying" (which features funky guitar licks) and the horn-heavy

"Red Dress." The band still isn't afraid to push the boundaries of their sound, though, as evidenced by vocalist Tunde Adebimpe's rapid-fire, battle-rap delivery on "Dancing Choose" and the kinda dark/kinda sunny "Stork and Owl" and "Lover's Day." With the production scaled back, the vocals of Adebimpe and Kyp Malone take center stage, proving that TVOTR are ahead of the pack not only musically, but also lyrically. *Dear Science* isn't what a lot of people will be expecting, but it's a solid album that shows another amazing aspect of TVOTR. —Ricky Vigil

Unearth The March

Metal Blade Records

Street: 10.14.08

Unearth = As I Lay Dying + At the Gates + In Flames



Unearth is back with their fourth studio album and this one's a solid release. I was a huge fan of *Stings of Conscience*, but then lost interest in following years. The March has brought me back again. The music is tight on this release, with plenty of metal solos to keep headbangers happy plus some genre-required brootal breakdowns. Metalcore doesn't have to devolve into a puddle of mediocrity and Unearth is showing that there is still something to be said in an otherwise disposable genre. Unearth are more metal than anything these days, but they still maintain aspects of their hardcore roots. These guys are living up to their potential on this **Adam Dutkiewicz**-produced release and should satisfy the clean-cut hardcore crowd and long-haired rockers alike. See you in the pit. —Peter Fryer

Velouria Kiss It Better

Eskimo Records

Street: 10.15

Velouria = Guided by Voices + Elvis Costello + Hüsker Dü

From the opening track of *Kiss It Better*, it's rather simple to see, that Velouria still own a house over on 90s guitar-driven indie-rock avenue. Returning from a long hiatus, it's unfortunate that the band couldn't put together a better album, despite their other band, **The Black Watch**, putting out consistently pleasant music. As the first chords ring out and the simple song structures are laid down, one recalls an earlier Guided by Voices with a vocalist sounding similar to a younger Elvis Costello. The tracks eased their way in and out of my ears, and as such, were just as easily forgotten. The catches and hooks are positioned properly, but this album didn't hook me. The length of the

album leaves something to be desired, and it's obvious how this band was overlooked even during their heyday in the 90s. Oh well. —Ryan Sanford

The Wood Box Gang Drunk as Dragons

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 10.14
The Wood Box Gang = Devil Makes 3 + Slim Cessna's Auto Club + Pine Hill Haints

It's funny to think about the fact that if the mainstream media were handed this record they'd probably call it "alt-country," when we all know that this stuff is closer to the real deal than any of the pop stuff. The Wood Box Gang play a dark sort of roots music mostly involving country and bluegrass, and are not afraid to throw in off-the-wall elements such as a didgeridoo, or even some reggae rhythms to make things interesting. Songs of lost love, junkies, religion, and everything in between take the listener on a journey through the backwoods of Appalachia, where strange sights of moonshiners and lost souls are still found. The Wood Box Gang use so many roots-music elements that you never know from one song to the next what you're going to get, but I'll guarantee one thing—you won't get bored with this record. —James Orme

Wunderbuggs Written In Flesh

Indepndent

Street: 11.11

Wunderbugg = a happy Richard D. James + Chemical Brothers + Orbital



This is really amazing, creative electronic music combined with a horrible band name. Imagine if you took ecstasy every time it rained, hung out in your basement all day tinkering with drum machines and samplers and began to compile a list of the doofiest possible names for your techno band. Then when the sun finally came out and you emerged from your electronic euphoric trance and decided to share your music with the rest of the world, everybody loved your fresh and creative new take on electronica. That is until you told them the name of your band. Then they all laughed at you and made you cry. This must be what the members of Wunderbuggs' lives are like. —Jon Robertson

ZINE REVIEWS



The Leviathan #10: On Tape Red Light Books

I like *The Leviathan*—a local zine by SLUG's own **Mike Brown**, in case he hasn't reminded you in the last five minutes—as much as the next alcoholic rodeo clown, but an audio version? Narrated by the author? Talk about supplying something there was absolutely no demand for. And the rambling intro track of the CD (presented from Mike's bathroom as he's taking a shit...nice) doesn't inspire much confidence, either: The whole "This is going to suck, enjoy!" approach ceased to be ironic 10 years ago. Now it's just annoying. But then, it's onto "Probably the Best Interview I've Ever Done," with **Poison's C.C. Deville** circa 2001...holy fuck, it's the best, funniest Poison interview *anyone's* ever done! After explaining the finer points of sexual maneuvers like "The Eiffel Tower," "The Donkey Punch" and "The Houdini" to a burnout 80s rock star who should already know them, Mike spins the tale of working in an unnamed (with damn good reason) Salt Lake dive bar, plays a filthy phone message from "Star Tits" and her vibrator, recounts touring with awful/awesome local band **Fuck The Informer**, interviews his buddy **Derek** for 20 minutes about the joy of pissing, then closes with a sheep-fucking joke that might be wasted on non-sheep-fuckers—so the target demo of *The Leviathan* will love it. If anything, *The Leviathan #10: On Tape* is at least preferable to having Mike actually talk to you for an hour. (*Leviathan Release Party with Fuck the Informer and Ted Dancin'* 11.12, Urban Lounge) —Patricia Bateman



Sofa King #1 sofakingmagazine@gmail.com

I was very stoked to read this zine because my skateboard associate **Willy Mammoth**, and his friend **Ty Rex** are in charge of this modern day masterpiece. Once I started reading it I couldn't put it down. It has a good review on **Girl Talk**, a great review on the SLUG *Summer of Death Comp*, some hilariousness about fixed gears and some short stories that may or may not be fiction. Either way I am stoked to say that the *Leviathan* has some competition. Oh and I can't forget the artwork in the mag, it was so raw that it's incredible! If you were one of the lucky 100 to get a copy of this mag then you know what I'm talking about. But if you are one of the many unfortunate souls, keep a look out. I've started my collection.—Hehshun

Check it out!

Sat. Nov. 1: Massacre At The Wake,
Jesus Rides a Riksha, A Balance Of Power,
Of What May Come, Season Of Change

Mon. Nov. 3: Blood Of Saints, Hell Within,
12 Ton Jesus, Hooga

Tue. Nov. 4: Horna, Blood Stained,
Nocturnal Fear, Iconoclast Contra

Fri. Nov. 7: Adjacent To Nothing, Life Has A Way,
Rif Raf, ODS

Sat. Nov. 8: **Electra-Kill**, Dulce Sky, Riverhead

Fri. Nov. 14: Dirty Loveguns, The Street, Irony Man

Sat. Nov. 15: **Cirkus**, Osiris,
Katagory V, Cosmic Hangover

Wed. Nov. 19: **Lizzy Borden**, The Pedestrians

Fri. Nov. 21: **Three Reasons**, **Stereo Side**,
American Hitman, **Blonde Assassin**

Sat. Nov. 22: **Hardcore Tattoo Anniversary Party!**
Massacre At The Wake, **Maim Corps**,
My Last Breath, **Blood Of Saints**, **My Own Time**

Wed. Nov. 26: **Metal Meltdown**,
Truce, **Kiss Thiss**

Sat. Nov. 29: **Balance Of Power**, **Cave Of Roses**,
Vinia, **Exanima**, **Such Vengeance**

Sun. Nov. 30: **Stephen Percy**, **Dirty**
Loveguns, **Aerial**

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DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, November 7

The Dirty Birds – *Monk's*
Hellbound Glory, Pink Lightnin' – *Burt's*

Cedric Gervais – *Harry O's*
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*
Adjacent to Nothing, Life has a Way, Rif Raf, ODS – *Club Vegas*
Holding Out – *Pat's*
Jon McLaughlin, Delta Goodrem, Paul Jacobson, Brenton Paul – *Avalon*

Band of Annuals, Joshua James, Brinton Jones – *Kilby*
Last Laugh Stand Up – *Muse*
The Trademark, Forgotten Charity, America Yeah – *Velour*
Three Reasons, Aeon Ghosts, Triggers & Slips – *Urban*

Saturday, November 8

Hellbound Glory – *ABG's*
Bronwen Beecher the Fiddle Preacher, House of Cards – *Pat's*
Them Changes – *Johnny's*
The 88, Brightlight Fever, Ediphonic, Neon Trees – *Burt's*
Underoath, Saosin, The Devil Wears Prada, Person L – *In the Venue*

Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks, The Future of the Ghost – *Urban*
Gang Gang Dance, Marnie Stern – *Kilby*

Matt Hathanson, Jessie Baylin, The Break and Repair Method – *Avalon*
The Vivace Election – *Abravanel Hall*

Herban Empire – *Tony's*
Electra-Kill, Dulce Sky, Riverhead – *Club Vegas*
Season's Extreme, Goodbye Nova, Night Time Scene – *Muse*
The Kid You Nauts – *Velour*

Sunday, November 9

Hotel le Motel, C.P.A., Elephante – *Monk's*
Danielson, Cryptacize, Skeletons – *Kilby*
Time To Talk Tween Tunes, Matthew & The Arrogant Sea – *Urban*

Monday, November 10

Babylon Down – *Monk's*
The Mindless, The Hellfire Villainy, R.F.H.B. – *Burt's*
Henry Rollins – *Murray Theater*
Karrin Allyson – *Salt Lake City Sheraton*

Subtle, Zach Hill of Hella, Birthquake – *Urban*
Brokencyde, Jeffree Star, Ultraviolet Sound – *Avalon*
Battle of the Bands Day 1: Addishole, Ready Set Verb, Hot Parents, American Hitmen – *Muse*
Geoff Koch, Nate Pyfer, Pablo, Donnie Bonelli – *Velour*



NOVEMBER 14TH- AN HORSE PLAY
KILBY COURT W. BISHOP ALLEN

Tuesday, November 11

Rise Against, Alkaline Trio, Thrive, The Gaslight Anthem – *Saltair*
Steel Train, Dear and The Headlights, Mury – *Kilby*
BOTB Day 2: The Lovermen, A Band Called Riley, Death & The Orange, The Alligators – *Muse*
The Independents – *Bar Deluxe*
Open-Mic Acoustic Night – *Velour*
Ulysses, Mat Calder – *Urban*

Wednesday, November 12

Total Chaos, Negative Charge, Azon, Fatal Error – *Burt's*
Vincent Black Shadow, Nimh Vind, Black Tie Dynasty – *Kilby*
GeorgeLife, MC BLU, Boswick, Dee Jay Aspect – *Jackalope*
Blue Root – *Johnny's*
Rachael Yamagata, Meiko, Thao Nguyen, Kate Havnevik, Lenka, Emily Wells – *Avalon*

BOTB Day 3: The Iso Principle, Sombra Party, The Question, Shake & Echo – *Muse*
Leviathan Release Party, Ted Dancin', Fuck The Informer – Urban

Thursday, November 13

The Last Vegas, Skeleton Witch, Old Timer, Killbot – *Burt's*
Large Pro – *The Hotel*
Meg's Birthday
Belly Dance
Bash – *Zanzibar*
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel*
Know UR
Roots – *Piper Down*
The Medic
Droid, Hyper
Crush, Chronic
Future, Just for the Record, The Vanishing Act – *Avalon*
Bishop Allen, An Horse, Drew Danbury – *Kilby*
BOTB Day 4 : Burnt Inertia, Electron
Deception, McKay
Stevens

Project, Quasar-Stellar Radio – *Muse*
Velour Buzz Artist Showcase: Scott Shepard, Jenny War, Sayde Price – *Velour*
Sole & The Skyriders Band, Deadbeats – *Urban*

Friday, November 14

La Farsa, Furs, Oh! Wild Birds – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Ben West
T. Beck, Rodan, Southbound
Fugative, Brat, Mixmaster Dapper – *Artopia*
Bishop Allen, An Horse, Drew Danbury – *Kilby*
Starkillers – *Harry O's*
Localized: Cave of Roses, Through the Eyes of Carrion, A Horrible Night to Have a Curse – Cell Block
BOTB Day 5: Fearsome Poet

Group, Crossing Columbia, The Yaks – *Muse*
Fictionist – *Velour*
Starmy – *Monk's*
Good Karma Bluesband – *Pat's*
Dirty Loveguns, The Street, Irony Man – *Club Vegas*
Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel*
Mighty Underdogs, Zion I, Blue Scholars – *Urban*
Hi*Def, God's Forgotten Children, The StranGerz, L.P.T.D., DJ William Wonder – *Avalon*

Saturday, November 15

Victims, Collapse, Reach, One Clean Life – *Artopia*
Trace Bundy, Asher Seevinck – *U of U Post Theater*
Ingram Hill, Tom Butler – *Kilby*
The Randies – *ABG's*
Renee Broderick – *Tin Angel*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
Flash Cabbage – *Johnny's*
My Brightest Diamond, Clare & The Reasons, O'Death – *Urban*
Cirkus, Osiris, Katagory V, Cosmic Hangover – *Club Vegas*
Spencer Nielsen – *Tony's*
Battle of the Bands Finals – *Muse*
Chris Merritt, Elizabethan Report, Parker – *Velour*
Record Swap – *Positively 4th Street*

Sunday, November 16

Pale Young Gentleman, Flash Cabbage – *Urban*

Monday, November 17

Babylon Down – *Monk's*
Grampall Jookabox
(Asthmatic Kitty), Ben Johnson, Shark Speed – *Kilby*
Skychange, Passive – *Urban*

Tuesday, November 18

Lionfish, Hotel le Motel – *Monk's*
NCM, Bloodworm, The Insurgency, Levi Rounds – *Burt's*
Metro Station – *In the Venue*
Vic Chesnutt, Elf Power – *Kilby*
Neil Freebarm Group – *Muse*
Open-Mic Acoustic Night – *Velour*
Darker My Love, Eulogies, Strange Boys, Laserfang – *Urban*

Wednesday, November 19

Hello Goodbye – *In the Venue*
Ok Ikumi, Eden Express, Forest World – *Muse*

Apollo Sunshine, Future of the Ghost – *Kilby*
 Text – *Johnny's*
 Synthesis, Broken Silence,
 The Strangers – *Urban*
 Lizzy Borden, The Pedestrians –
Club Vegas

Thursday, November 20

Incandescent Presents: Flash
 Cabbage, CPA, Hans Monument
 – *Burt's*
 Mason Jennings – *Murray Theater*
 Paper Mache, XO Shanti, Smile
 Smile – *Kilby*
 Swagger – *Piper Down*
 Steve Lyman – *Tin Angel*
 Castor & Pollution CD Release,
 Brian Oakley's Experimental
 Project – *Urban*
 Matthew Weidauer, Kris Paries,
 Jesse Wride, The Last Falling Leaf
 – *Muse*
 Heavy Heavy Low Low, Darling
 You Should Be Ashamed, Breauux,
 A Forgotten Farewell – *Avalon*

Friday, November 21

Jon E. Dangerously, Elephanté,
 C.P.A. – *Monk's*
 The Radio Rhythm Makers,
 Kate Ledeuce and the Soul
 Terminators, Blueroot – *Burt's*

Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC

A Horrible Night to Have a
 Curse, Fear Me Dear, Dethrone
 the Sovereign, The Theme for a
 Murder, Adelphia – *Avalon*
 Holiday Gift Extravaganza –
Highlife Salon
 This is the Place Group Show –
Signed & Numbered
 Bronwen Beecher the Fiddle
 Preacher – *Tin Angel*
 Devil's Cuntry, Billy Kincade,
 Hellfire Villany, Boneyard Daddies
 – *Muse*
 Cowboys & Indies 3! – *Velour*
 Jeremy Egnik – *Urban*
 Skin Deep Figure Release Party –
Mechanized
 Shostakovich's Response –
Abravanel Hall
 Three Reasons, Stereo Slide
 American Hitman, Blonde
 Assassin – *Club Vegas*
 Holy Golithly, Delaney Davidson,
 Heart Pharmacy – *Kilby*
 18 Wheels to Justice – *Pat's*
 Mikey Aitken Benefit Art Show
 – *Fice*

Saturday, November 22

The Black Sleep of Kali, Gaza,
 Iota, Invaders – *Burt's*
 Steven Swift – *Pat's*
 Synthesis – *Tony's*
 Molly Drive – *Johnny's*
 Derek Wright – *Tin Angel*
 Hardcore Tattoo Anniversary



NOVEMBER 29TH DUB TRIO AT URBAN LOUNGE

Party: Massacre at the Wake,
 Maim Corps, My Last Breath,
 Blood of Saints, My Own Time –
Club Vegas
 The Nocturnals, Grace Potter –
Urban
 Ztardreamers, Desert Noises –
Muse
 Shostakovich's Response –
Abravanel Hall
 Dredg, The Limousines,
 Judgement Day – *Avalon*
 Cowboys & Indies 3! – *Velour*

Sunday, November 23

Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Party
 Bus – *Urban*

Monday, November 24

Babylon Down – *Monk's*
 Hacienda, Brothers & Sisters, The
 Comedown, The Good Bites –
Urban
 Kid Theodore, Drew Danbury,
 Secret Abilities, James Barlow,
 The Such & Such – *Kilby*

Tuesday November 25

Waters Deep Here – *Monk's*
 Belly of the Whale, The Thin Line,
 Broken Silence – *Burt's*
 Brady Bills Group – *Muse*
 A Change of Pace, The Classic
 Crime, Lower Definition, Artist vs.
 Poet, Vinyl Williams – *Avalon*
Hardboiled Book Club –
Sam Weller's
 Oh Wild Birds, Baak Gwai, Trouble
 on the Prairie, Silver Desert –
Urban
 Open-Mic Acoustic Night – *Velour*

Wednesday, November 26

The Randies, Shackleton – *Burt's*
Pirate Thanksgiving Party –
Area 51

Monthly Artist Showcase – *Velour*
 Metal Meltdown, Truce, Kiss Thiss
 – *Club Vegas*
 Chase – *Johnny's*
Happy Birthday
Cinnamon Brown

Thursday, November 27

Thanksgiving Karaoke, Gobble for
 Your Supper! – *Burt's*
 Heavenly Spaghetti and Shots of
 Turkey – *Piper Down*

Friday, November 28

Flash Cabbage, C.P.A. – *Monk's*
 Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel*
 Lights On Celebration, Old World
 Christmas Market – *Gallivan*
 Michael Gross & the Statuettes,
 Auto Pirates, Labcoat – *Kilby*
 Zero Delorean's Death Date, Die
 Monster Die – *Burt's*
 This is my Escape, The
 Knuckleheads, Dead Wife by
 Knife – *Avalon*
 LOS Party: Ted Dancin', Vile Blue
 Shades – *Urban*
 Mad Max and the Wild Ones –
Pat's
 Mutton Hallow, Josephine
 Collective, The Recovery, A Verse
 Unsung – *Artopia*

Saturday, November 29

Dub Trio, Funk & Gonzo, Funk
 Fu – *Urban*
 Bring me the Horizon, Misery
 Signals, The Ghost Inside,
 Confide – *Avalon*
 Ours, Plane Jane Automobile,
 Elemental – *Burt's*
 Soggy Bone – *Tony's*
 Blue Root – *Johnny's*
 Mac Lethal Grieves – *Kilby*
 Balance of Power, Cave of Roses,
 Vinia, Exanima, Such Vengeance

– *Club Vegas*
 Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*
 SKPZ – *Pat's*

Sunday, November 30

Mac Lethal, Grieves, Dusk –
Urban
 Stephen Percy, Dirty Loveguns,
 Aerial – *Club Vegas*

Monday, December 1

Babylon Down – *Monk's*
 Monstrous – *Burt's*

Tuesday, December 2

Maybelle's Musicbox – *Burt's*
 Alexis Munoa – *Muse*
 Open-Mic Acoustic Night – *Velour*

Wednesday, December 3

The Heart Pharmacy – *Burt's*
 Benton Paul – *Velour*
 RS4 – *Johnny's*

Thursday, December 4

Brandon Leavitt – *Muse*
 Warsaw Poland Brothers
 – *Piper Down*

Friday, December 5

Starmy and Will Sartain
 CD Release Show – *Urban*
 A Benefit To Help Baylee Parks
 – *Burt's*
 Heroes of Fiction, Till I Fall,
 DJ Neif – *Artopia*
 Last Laugh Stand Up Comedy –
Muse
 Keep Sean Alive Artist bag Show –
Frosty Darling
 Cory Mon & The Starlight Gospel
 CD Release – *Velour*

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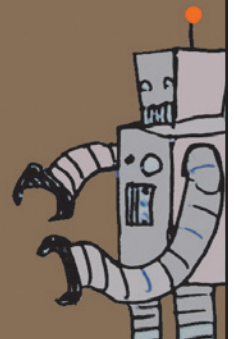
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- 6- Sunburned Hand of The Man, Franklin's Mint, The Robot Ate Me \$8
- 7- Band of Annuals, Joshua James, Brinton Jones \$8
- 8- Gang Gang Dance, Marnie Stern \$10/12
- 9- Danielson, Cryptacize, Skeleton \$10
- 11- Steel Train, Dear and the Headlights, Mury \$10
- 12- Vincent Black Shadow, Nimh Vind, Black Tie Dynasty \$8
- 13- Benefit for Tate Law, All Time Ending, Loom, Black Hounds, The Hotness \$6
- 14- Bishop Allen, An Horse, Drew Danbury \$8
- 15- Ingram Hill, Tom Butler
- 17- Grampall Jookabox, Ben Johnson, Shark Speed \$7
- 18- Vic Chesnutt, Elf Power \$10/12
- 19- Apollo Sunshine, Future of the Ghost, Patterstats, The Dockets \$8
- 20- Paper Mache, XO Shanti, Smile Smile
- 21- Holly Golightly, Delaney Davidson, Heart Pharmacy \$8/10
- 24- Giselle's B-day Party: Kid Theodore, Drew Danbury, Secret Abilities, James Barlow & The Such & Such \$6
- 25- Auralust \$8
- 28- Micheal Gross & The Statuettes, Auto Pirates, Labcoat \$6
- 29- Mac Lethal, Grieves \$8/10

URBAN LOUNGE SHOWS: (21 yrs+)

- 1- Band of Annuals, Devil Whale, Puddle Mountain, Ramblers \$6 7pm
- 4- King Khan & BBQ Show \$10
- 6- Crooked Fingers, Port O'Brien, Tolchock Trio \$8 7pm
- 10- Subtle, Zach Hill, Birthquake \$10 7pm
- 13- Sole & The Skyriders Band, Deadbeats \$8/10
- 14- Mighty Underdogs, Zion I \$15
- 15- My Brightest Diamond, Claire and the Reasons, ODeath \$10/12
- 18- Darker My Love, Eulogies, Strange Boys, Laserfang \$8
- 22- Grace Potter & The Nocturnals \$10/12
- 24- Hacienda, Brothers & Sisters, The Comedown \$7
- 29- Dub Trio, Funk Fu, Funk & Gonzo \$8
- 30- Mac Letahl, Grieves, Dusk \$8/10

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ELECTION DETAILS

DATE: 11.08.08 (Saturday) @ 8pm

YOUR POLLING PLACE: Abravanel Hall (123 West South Temple)

The Vivace Election features 20-something British cellist Natalie Clein playing Elgar's famous, moody, and heart-breaking Cello Concerto in E minor.

AFTER-PARTY: 10-ish pm @ Baxter's American at the Gateway Depot
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HOW TO GET INVOLVED: Purchase Vivace tickets. \$30 or \$15 for students* web: usuo.org/vivace | phone: 801.533.NOTE (6683) promo code vivace or, for student promo code enter: vivstudent

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* Vivace price and section are guaranteed until Monday, November 3. If you are a Classical V or Utah Symphony subscriber, and already have tickets to the November 8th performance, call 801.869.9017 for your after-party pass.

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