



# SLUG MAGAZINE

Always Free • Volume 19

Issue #240 • Dec. 2008

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

*Dame Darcy  
L*

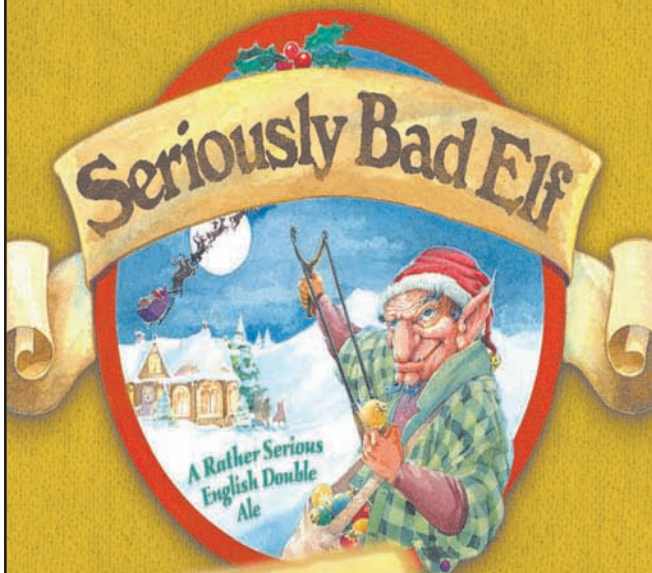


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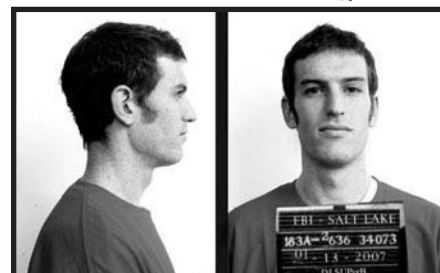
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## Contributor Limelight



### DJ SuPerb aka Ryan Condrick

We met this San Diego native last year when he DJ'ed the Mag's amateur snowboarding and freestyle skiing competition series, the *SLUG Games*. Since then, **Ryan Condrick** has clocked-in countless hours on the ones and twos — spinning hip hop at *SLUG* events, inside his bedroom and at local clubs. Condrick is currently a *SLUG* office intern and uses his hip hop knowledge to pen CD & show reviews. Condrick was recently asked to contribute to *Slowtrain's* annual top ten list. You can find Condrick recommending underground hip hop to potential customers at the U of U *Graywhale* or check out his set at the next *SLUG Games* Comp — January 10, 2009 at Brighton Ski Resort.

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Dear Dickheads,  
 What is the motivation behind purchasing a membership to a bar or club if the bartenders always treat you like an outsider? Even if I had a voluptuous pair of tits, I probably wouldn't be able to get good service at nine out of ten Salt Lake bars simply because I don't look cool enough. It seems like purchasing a bar/club membership grants a patron no more than admission. If you want good service then you'd better see about giving one of the bartenders a blowjob on his break. Wait, fuck that, why would I want watered down shots with a smile? Why don't you make me wait 15 minutes, slap me in the face, and then throw that fucking drink in my face? How's that? Or, I could save all the membership money I would theoretically pay over the next ten years, and open a fucking club of my own and charge all you assholes a membership to get in. What goes around comes around bitch.

Dear Disgruntled SLUG Reader,

Gotta' look good to get treated good, sucka! Grow an ironic mustache, get some deep American apparel V's and skinny jeans then ride to the bar on your fix gear bike—and see how quickly that bar tender changes his attitude. We know it's not fair, but nothing is. If that plan doesn't work find one of those super wasted and super hot Edie Sedgwick style girls who have daddy issues to tote around—they always get the best service in the hip spots around town.

Dear Dickheads,

The Mayan really? What in the world made you review them? Do you know anyone who has eaten there by choice? —C

Dear C-

Yes, I know someone who eaten there by choice — SLUG's own food critic, Fred Worbon. Sorry Pal, ask a stupid question, get a stupid answer.

Dear Dickheads,

I just read some of your magazine, it is killer, I love it. Just what Utah needs.

-Mr. Bill  
 Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Scikotics - HMFIC Salt Lake City Chapter  
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# 1 DANGER HAILSTORM 1

**Deftlessly Supplying  
The Stench: Decem-  
ber's Localized**  
by Brian Kubarycz

**Terrance D.H. – Gui-  
tar, Vocals**  
**Wim Becker – Bass**  
**Van Christensen -  
Drums**

**Danger Hailstorm** is a band of Salt Lake underground veterans. I sat down at *Counterpoint Studios* with two of the members, vocalist/guitarist **Terrance D.H.** and bassist **Wim Becker**. Terrance had just finished engineering recordings for teen diva **Vanessa Hudgens** and Utah favorites, the mighty **Air Supply**. "I want to tell them [Air Supply] to take Wim on the road," he said. "Cause he's better than **Jimi Hendrix**." Terence admits however such a move could bode ill for his own band.

Terrance will be familiar to readers from his command performance with **The Stench** during *SLUG's* 18th-anniversary reunion show. Terrance has made numerous other contributions to local heavy music, extending as far back as the intricate stitch-and-purl metal of **Bad Yodelers** in the mid '80s, right up to the recent bong-loaded stoner doom of **Cache Tolman's Skullfuzz**. Wim "Hendrix" Becker, meanwhile, has sought a much brighter, sweeter sound with his bands **Cub Country** and **Magstatic**. Wim plays guitar in both. **Danger Hailstorm** is made a complete trio by drum juggernaut **Van Christensen**. The result is a stripped-down, jacked-up version of vintage buttrock. It would take a piss-poor attitude not to jump in back and joyride with these guys.

Terrance and Wim told me **Danger Hailstorm** came out of a renewed

interest in music they loved in the past. Wim enthused over the tight ensemble sound of **The Ramones**, while Terence, a huge **SRV** fan, lamented the disappearance of tasty guitar solos. "It's a lost art," he said, "vanished like certain pieces of choice gear." Terrance grew wistful at the thought of the Taurus bass pedals used by **Rush**. "I should have bought some in the '80s. Now they go for thousands."

The right equipment is vital, all band members agreed. Massive cabinets are not empty show, Wim insisted. "They're essential for the proper tone." Terrance continues to work with the same workhorse gear – guitars, amps and drums – that he first used back in the day. He points out a massive kick drum and tells me most drummers who auditioned for **Danger Hailstorm** couldn't handle a rig on this scale. Van Christensen's capacity to be the boss of it made him the natural choice. **Danger Hailstorm's** sound is a direction function of this collection of sturdy gear. The punching and bouncing riffs, fused to boot-stomping beats, immediately recall anthems penned by **Motley Crue's Nikki Sixx**. Atop this foundation stand Terrance's distinctive vocals. High-ranging but throaty, they recall those of Crue singer **Vince Neil**, though, fortunately, sans the nagging and requiring less doctoring to feel good. The band also draws in other '80s influences, such as the shimmering arpeggios of post-core legends **Dag Nasty** and the pop flavoring of acid-wash gods **Def Leppard**. If you survived the '80s rock scene, or just wish you did, **Danger Hailstorm** has the sugar to give.

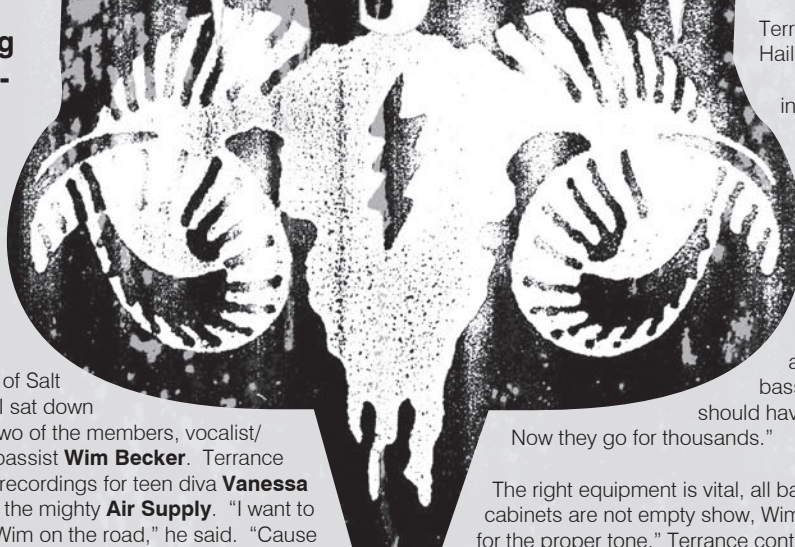


Photo By: Chris Swainston

# The Deathless Pros

**Toki Von Frosst – Guitar, Vocals**  
**Anna Crash – Bass, Vocals**  
**Jens Jansonic - Drums**

Also featured in this month's *Localized* is **The Deathless Pros**. Another power trio, the DPs stand on no ceremony, unless said ceremony contains binge drinking, criminal indecency and the wanton mistreatment of non-regenerative body tissues. Internal injuries will, no doubt, be the order of the evening. Such injuries will be sustained by members of the band, at the very least.

The Deathless Pros lineup includes guitarist-at-large **Toki Von Frosst**, also of **18 Wheels of Justice**, **Spork** and, lately, a Spork tribute band called **Feel The Sport**. "We play five nights a week at an eponymous theme restaurant on the Vegas strip," Frosst sarcastically states. **Anna Crash**, who "plays a giant bass and will sing your fucking heart out," also raises hair with various side projects, including **Other Pocket**, **SABA**, **Racket** and **Trashmodels**. All primness, "Can I say fuck?" she queried. At the drums sits **Jens Jansonic**, concurrently a member of **Swamp Donkeys** and **Novaburn**. "The more bands, the more free beer," Jason declared. All members agree alcohol is a primary motivating force behind the band's activities. When asked about how they situate themselves with respect to other local acts, Jason insisted, "We want to be the loudest,

and the drunkest. OK, Maybe just the drunkest." Anna Crash puts it more cautiously: "How many drinks can I have and still sing 'Dixie?'" "She has thirteen beers and writes a great riff," Bill says, "and then I trash it with a gratuitous guitar solo." Bill, ever an image-conscious performer, continued, "I want the audience to notice me, to see when my beer is empty and get me another."

I asked the Deathless Pros what surprises they are encountering as the band develops. Frosst said he has been greatly

impressed by Jasonic's enduring sexual prowess. "The dude has more stories than *Penthouse Forum*."

Though The Deathless Pros hold the current Salt Lake music scene in high esteem, Frosst keeps his gaze fixed firmly on the future. "I await a day when everyone cashes in and just plays *Guitar Hero* or *Rock Band*." To this, Jasonic, a more worldly philosopher, countered, "I've

already seen a lot of people in my neighborhood with Hero guitars. I have to say, the future is now." On the other more primitive end of the digital dial, Anna Crash hopes to see rootsy music return to the Salt Lake underground. "A really kick-ass bluegrass band, that would be nice."

Danger Hailstorm and The Deathless Pros will be playing *Localized* with openers **Uncle Scam** on Friday, December 12th, at *The Urban Lounge*. Your presence is requested.



Photo By: Chris Swainston

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Subrosa's Fun  
Lil' List of European

# TOUR

By Rebecca Vernon  
sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

## Tips



Photo By: Kelly Ashkettle

Once I asked another band where they went to make their stickers, but they wouldn't tell me, citing their need to keep their connections secret so other bands wouldn't have the same advantage. From that moment on, I made a vow to share every single thing I ever learned that would help another band.

In that spirit, below are a few helpful things for your band to know if you want to tour Europe. (My band, **Subrosa**, just went on a 10-day tour there).

#### Money

**1. It takes a lot of money.** Did you just inherit a little chunk of change from a deceased aunt? You're in good shape. Your main reason for touring Europe should be to have fun, to see some of Europe, to take a vacation. Between plane tickets, merch, gas, van and food, we easily spent \$7,000. Was it worth it? Hell yes.

#### Plane Tickets

**2. Sidestep.com is a great place to go for plane tickets.** It searches the search engines.

#### Booking

**3. You can DIY a lot of shows in Europe.** You can set up European shows over Myspace and the Internet, just like you can shows in the US. You can try to get on a European booking agency, but don't depend on it. They are as hard to get on as a record label.

**4. It helps to have connections.** We had a label in Sweden that got us a slot at the Dutch *Doom Days* festival. Maybe you don't have a label, but try to nurture some connections by talking to bands in Europe you like; ask for help, or if they'd like to tour together.

**5. Start booking 6 months in advance.** Four months is doable, but six months is normal for European venues.

#### Route Planning

**6. Limit drive time between cities to under 4 hours.** The drive will actually take 5 or 6 hours. People need to take pee breaks, smoke breaks, leg-stretching breaks, photo-taking breaks and if you have two bands traveling together like we did (we toured with Swedish doom band **Beneath the Frozen Soil**), that amounts to about a break every 40 minutes.

**7. Invest in a GPS, or rent one.** Ours was named Lisa. We loved Lisa. A GPS is a nice convenience in the US; in Europe I'd say it's imperative. Can you read German, French, Italian, Slovenian, Hungarian and Dutch road signs? I doubt it.

**8. Take a day or two off.** Yeah, our schedule was jam-packed, but my one regret is that we didn't build more time into the tour to sightsee and take a break from driving.

#### Merch

**9. The UK requires work permits for bands.** Bands technically have to have work permits to play shows in all of Europe, but mainland Europe is far more relaxed about it. Work permits take a long time to get. They're also expensive. I was quoted \$1,000+ for UK work permits. We didn't play shows in the UK for this reason.

**10. If you are playing shows in England, either fly into mainland Europe or mail your merch ahead.** If you fly into England with instruments and they find your merch in your suitcases, they will send you home. It happened to **The Tremula**. If you have to fly into England, spend the \$150 to mail the merch ahead of you to someone you know. Don't put the actual resale value of the T-shirts on the customs form because the person at the other end will pay 20% of that value in taxes.

#### Roads, Tolls, Borders

**11. Budget in tolls if you're driving through the Alps.** We probably paid a total of \$30 in toll fees in a day.

**12. Get a driving sticker to put in your vehicle window for each country you go through.** We got stopped in Austria and had to pay 120 Euros (about

\$160) for not having this sticker in our window.

You can get them at gas stations near the border.

**13. Avoid Switzerland if you can.** Switzerland will heavily tax any merch you're taking into the country at their borders. My friend told me **Black**

**Rebel Motorcycle Club** ships their merch ahead of them when they enter Switzerland so they won't have any on them when they go through border control.

#### Lodging

**14. Hostels are not that cheap.** If you're in a band with five people and pay 30 Euro each, 150 Euro (\$180) isn't saving you anything compared to a hotel room. A member of the band who had a travel agent friend who got us good deals on hotel rooms saved us. Find a friend or relative who is or knows a travel agent!

**15. Hotels in Europe usually book 2 people max.** There are no Holiday Inn double queens. Bring sleeping bags and have people sleep on the floor. Keep in mind that they charge extra for more people staying in a room, so be sneaky.

#### Jet Lag

**16. Plan to arrive in Europe a day early so that you can adjust your sleeping schedule.** Then plan on it taking a week to recover when you get back.

Some of this might be obvious to you, but we had to find out a lot of it the hard way. Send me a Myspace message if you have any more questions, or need any contacts at any of the places we played. I'd be more than happy to spill our "secrets." [www.myspace.com/subrosatheatr](http://www.myspace.com/subrosatheatr)

# Sub Rosa



Photo By: Rebecca Vernon

# TOUR

## Taught Me a Lesson: A New Perspective of Europe

By Andrew Glassett [andrew@slugmag.com](mailto:andrew@slugmag.com)



Europe is not as picturesque or delicious as one might think. For example, Italians never stop talking. Tolls on French roads are exorbitant. Red Bull has very little carbonation and tastes like a Jolly Rancher dipped in gasoline. Belgians eat nothing but junk food. Germans do not think ahead when it comes to road construction. Why does it feel as if we are the pawns in a new reality show? It seems like viewers at home voted on various precarious situations that we should be forced to deal with. The new season of "Joe Schmo Show" or

"Truman Show" for bands was in full affect. What would they call the show? *Band on the Run?* *TOURture?*

We arrived in Frankfurt and got a ride to the small town of Dortmund to pick up our van. This would be the first test of endurance. We didn't sleep the night before we left or during the flight. 60 hours of consciousness interrupted with three different drunk spells puts humans in the worst condition. The home audience





most likely voted on which band member would crack first. Who would cry? Who would fall asleep in a strange spot? We found an internet café/arcade which seemed cozy enough. The place had few slot machines, a couple computers and a pool table. The most important thing was that we were out of the rain. One of the hick locals came up and asked, "Are you tramps?" We replied, "No we are Americans." "Americans huh? Obama! You cannot make this your restroom." We trudged back out into the rain into the longest four hours of our lives. We finally got the van from a fat nicotine addict named Ollie. The van was a brand new Mercedes Benz Sprinter. The large tainted man

happily gave us the keys. "By the way, the deductible is \$1300 euros if you even scratch the paint," Ollie says. Blake killed the van twice on the way out of the garage.

Halloween was spookier than we ever thought possible. The Belgian countryside was dark and empty. Old, stone houses were dearth with life. The fog pumped thick through the woods and freaked us the fuck out. The filtered moon lit our windy path for a few meters at a time. Was this really the way to a place where we would perform? This is definitely a sick joke. The gods of reality television had delayed our



Photo Courtesy of Taught Me

arrival by six hours thanks to an incomplete German autobahn and were now toying with our frayed nerves with simple scare tactics. We pulled up to the venue which was a converted sheep barn. To our relief, we opened the door to a room full of bald men who were happy that we had traveled the confusing path.

For the next episode, the producers decided to direct us into a Bermuda triangle of sorts in the middle of Italy. All the locals knew exactly where the Cantina Mediterranean was and gave us specific directions. After driving around for another hour and a half, we decided to stop following directions and comb every street in the area. We arrived at the sign-less dump and the promoter of the show "Franco" asked us if we would take half of our guarantee if we didn't play. This was an obvious test to see if we had courage to stand up for what was promised to us. The viewer involvement seemed palpable, with bets being placed on both sides. We persevered and demanded our money. We played on to a handful of people who talked loudly through the entire set. Would frustration poke through the performance? In the end we triumphed and were strangely awarded with a five star hotel complete with an attendant who mysteriously spoke perfect English. "Can I get you another coffee?

We really want you to be comfortable."

One of the most frustrating tests was in Barcelona. The traffic was exhausting and the producers put nails in the road to flatten one of our tires. While we were under the van changing the tire, someone stole Blake's bag, which had an iPod, tour schedule, various writings and most importantly his passport. This test was particularly confusing because we had spent two worry free days east of Barcelona enjoying the sun and afternoon cocktails. It felt like a dream during those days, surrounded by new friends and a vivacious culture that forced us to relax and enjoy the moment. It was possible that we were out of range of the producers and allowed to be on our own for a few days. Reality is always harshest the day after vacation.

Overall the tour wasn't what we would call successful. On the other hand, people were gracious, the food was lovely and the beer delicious. We had our fair share of positive experiences, and we can't help but be grateful to the producers who gave us a bit of breathing room from time to time. The last week of the tour was surreal in a different way. Everyone and everything seemed familiar, like they were obvious casting decisions. We are beginning to believe we were cast as well.

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| 13th Ether, Red Bennies, Black Hens  | 3rd Tony's Going Away Party, Devil Whale, Discourse CD RELEASE                 |
| 14th Time To Talk Tween Tunes + Steve Lyman + Chaz Prymek                                |  |
| 15th Roots & Culture Night   |  |
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Jazz is not safe music. Sex, drugs and experimentation, that's what jazz is all about, and few modern artists get that. **Royal Crown Revue** have been slaves to this music since their inception in the early '90s. Though they are often lumped in with the swing revival fad that followed, Royal Crown never succumbed to playing the role in which they'd been cast. These boys have kept it together, drawing influence from all over the musical spectrum and always finding a way persevere through whatever rough time came their way.

**SLUG:** What made you want to start playing your own jazz style?

**Eddie Nichols:** Let me dig back. What was going on at the time was all the retro music: rockabilly and blues, and I started drifting away from that. I thought, 'there's more to American music than this,' and believe it or not, I didn't have the knowledge of jazz, so it was kind of like reinventing as we were learning. When we were learning chord changes, we'd go 'Hey, that sounds like something '40s.' We had our own clique of guys wearing these clothes and working on these '40s cars, and it kind of grew out of that.

**SLUG:** The level of musicianship in the band is outstanding. How did you get such great players?

**EN:** We had it big time you know, getting signed. The whole scene went off, and became a fad, essentially. And after that petered out, we found it difficult to keep going. We'd lose members, and things had changed. So we started looking around town and got lucky. A lot of them are New York-trained. **Mark Cally**, the guitarist, I don't think I could play without him—he's so good. And **Dave Miller** our bass player—he's a father now, and he teaches music, so we can't get him all the time. We have our regular stand-ins that help us out, but Dave is something else. We've been very fortunate, and hopefully as things are picking up we can afford to keep these guys satisfied.

**SLUG:** Jazz is so demanding for musicians. How do you stay sharp?  
**EN:** You gotta keep up on your chops, you know, but these guys push each other. That's the great thing about it.

**SLUG:** Is there a conscious effort on your part to separate the band from the '90s revival that went on?

**EN:** Yes, as a matter a fact. It seems to not matter so much anymore as time has gone by. Things move in cycles, but we'd still like to knock loose of the whole swing moniker.

**SLUG:** With the recent surge of kids getting into psychobilly, and those kids getting into vintage music, do you try to win them over?

**EN:** It's always a hope, but, you know, we get these fans that come up to us and say, 'I've been seeing you since I was 10 years old,' so we get these people that stick with us, and it happens everywhere we go.

**SLUG:** You yourself have some punk rock history. Why is it that everyone that gets into jazz and other kinds of vintage music has some punk rock background?

**EN:** It all comes from the same place. It's a natural progression. It's something I've noticed, that you get into punk and as you get older you get into the blues, and all this other stuff, but God bless those guys that are still 55 and have mohawks.

**SLUG:** Yeah, but you know **Mike Ness** from **Social Distortion** or whoever doesn't go home and listen to **GBH**, they put on some **Louis Armstrong** to just kick back and enjoy.

**EN:** Some of 'em do listen the **GBH** all day, though. As a matter a fact I just saw **GBH**, and they still put on a great

show.

**SLUG:** Any new year's resolutions?  
**EN:** A million of 'em, buddy. I'm just one big walking bad habit.

Royal Crown Revue have weathered the storm and come out of it all the wiser. The time is now right for them to add masses of people to there devoutly loyal fan base. They're not going anywhere—they're going everywhere. Their journey brings them to ring in the New Year at *The Depot* Dec. 31 with two sets one at 10:00 p.m. and one at 11:30 p.m.





“... God bless those guys that are still 55 and have mohawks.”



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Never Mind The Service: Dinner at

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### Never Mind The Service: Dinner at Shanghai Café

By Fred Worbon

worbon@slugmag.com

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Reviewed by Fred Worbon, Tues., Nov. 11, 2008

Although my days as an herbivore have long since bitten the dust, I still have a soft spot for the meatless (or more accurately, the fake meat) entrees at *Shanghai Café*. I know that this place is far from being considered fine dining or even a comfortable and friendly place to hang out for a meal, but it's one of my favorite spots in Salt Lake.

Tucked away in an aging stripmall right off hooker alley on the northeast corner of 1300 south and State *Shanghai Café* simultaneously offers some of the worst service in town and some the most addictive vegetarian food I've ever eaten.

The décor is similar to most stripmall Asian restaurants, sporting worn carpets, red lacquer ornately carved chairs with silk embroidered cushions covered in split and yellowing plastic, booths that move several inches when you sit down, and numerous fake plants. You will often hear Muzak-sounding versions of dated pop songs that sound as if a Chinese street performer was playing them.

The staff is rarely friendly, and if you've ever phoned in a to-go order, they can be almost disturbingly abrupt. On this visit a woman actually poured water on my hand as I reached for my glass. It's not uncommon to have your waiter walk off while you're still ordering or forget your drink. There is also a tendency to have your plates almost thrown at you when they're brought out. Oddly enough, this is part of what I love about the place, deep down I think that everybody kind of wants to be abused as long as it seems like everybody else is being treated like shit too.

One thing I have noticed eating at *Shanghai* regularly with friends and even joking about our experiences there over the years is that everybody I know always orders the same thing and even the meat eaters I know rarely make it past the vegetarian menu. This could be because the entire menu is behemoth in size, nearing 200 options since its recent revamping (not sure when since I don't usually even

open the menu these days) adding more Vietnamese

fair. A brief poll

of some of the *SLUG* staff showed that **Angela Brown** usually orders the Vegetarian Kung Pao Chicken (\$7.95) which is also my wife's favorite, **Jeanette Moses** gets the Tofu w/ Fresh Pineapple (\$7.95), **Adam Dorobiala** gets the Schezwan Chicken (\$7.95) sometimes vegetarian and sometimes not, while **Meghann Griggs** gets Vegetarian Chicken and Broccoli (also \$7.95) and all of them admitted that they rarely stray from those dishes.

This time around I decided to depart from my usual choices of Vegetarian Spring Rolls (\$2.50) and Vegetarian Curry Chicken (\$7.95) and I tried the Pot Stickers (\$4.50) as well as the Vegetarian Vietnamese Curry Chicken [I know not much of a change, but what the hell, (\$7.55)]. The Pot Stickers were a strange shape, kind of long and narrow and a little overcooked, but tasted like every other pot sticker I've tried. My entrée was an interesting twist on a Chinese yellow curry with the addition of coconut milk and potatoes. It was sweet, almost like a Thai curry, but still had the savory spice of the yellow curry that I usually order. The fake chicken was cut into thin triangles and had a nice soft and gritty texture with a rich and salty taste. My wife had her usual Vegetarian Kung Pao Chicken (\$7.95). This dish consists of small cubes of the same fake chicken with an assortment of chopped vegetables and peanuts in a savory brown broth with chili flakes. The "meat" was tender and the vegetables were a little on the soft side, but that leant itself well to the dish—an overly-crisp vegetable would distract from the rich flavors. As usual, the service was awkward and our waiter seemed inattentive and distracted, but the food came out fast and our water was kept full.

I wouldn't quite put *Shanghai* on my "guilty pleasure" list because the food is genuinely good, but with service like that you might want to think twice before trying to impress a first date there.

Just a side note to all the *SLUG* readers out there, my favorite Mexican food place (*La 35*) recently went out of business and I am looking for suggestions for a new place to go. I like divey places, the kind you are little afraid to go into. I do love *The Red Iguana*, so please don't send me a million emails recommending I go there. What I'm looking for is someplace off the beaten path. Please shoot me an email at [worbon@slugmag.com](mailto:worbon@slugmag.com).



Photo By: Kealan Shilling



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# CHRIS MURRAY: UNSTRICTLY RUDE

By Ricky Vigil

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

For the past twenty years, Chris Murray has been a unique, driving force in the worldwide ska scene. His career started normally enough, fronting Canadian third-wavers **King Apparatus**, but it was when Murray embarked upon a solo career that he truly made a name for himself. Murray recorded his first solo album, the fittingly titled *The 4-Track Adventures of Venice Shoreline Chris*, on a 4-track recorder for **Moon Ska Records**, following it up with *4-Trackaganza!* on **Asian Man Records** before going even lower-fi for *Raw*, which was recorded on a portable Panasonic tape-player. Murray's recordings stood out not only because of their stripped-down nature, but also because Murray was creating rich and powerful roots-influenced music better than most ska bands that boasted seven-man memberships. In recent years, Murray has become a figurehead in the ska scene, hosting *Bluebeat Lounge*, a weekly ska and reggae showcase at L.A.'s *Knitting Factory* and starting his own record label, **Unstrictly Roots**, among other efforts to keep traditional Jamaican-influenced ska alive and kicking. I recently had the chance to ask Murray about his various projects in the ska world as well as the state of ska music in general.

Though Murray's career started in Canada, he quickly adapted to the Los Angeles ska scene upon moving there to pursue his solo career. "I'm most involved in what I'd call the rock steady scene that started with bands like **Hepcat** and **Jump With Joey**," Murray said. "There has been a strong following for this kind of music in L.A. for almost 20 years now." Though the foundation for Murray's sound was already laid by the time he made it to California, he managed to set himself apart from the pack by playing largely acoustic Jamaican-influenced music. "Even in the King Apparatus days I was writing material for the band on an acoustic guitar and making 4-track demos to introduce new songs to the band," Murray said. "When King Apparatus ended, I continued to write, more and more in an authentic ska style, and to make 4-track recordings of the tunes I was composing."

After convincing Moon Ska owner and **Toasters** frontman **Rob "Bucket" Hingley** to take a chance on his debut album, Murray began to play his brand of sparse singer/songwriter ska live and quickly grabbed the attention of the ska world. After performing as a solo artist for six years, Murray jumped back into making music with a band in the form of the **Chris Murray Combo** in 2002. Murray began jamming with drummer **Ben Farrar** and the duo began playing scattered shows in and around L.A. "It wasn't so much a conscious decision to start up a band — it just kind of happened as we were doing something we both loved," said Murray. Eventually, the duo became a trio with the addition of bassist **Jeff Roffredo** (who went on to join **Tiger Army** and is currently with **The Aggrolites**), who was later replaced with current bassist **Eddie "Chiquis" Lozoya**. The Combo manages to flesh out Murray's solo style while retaining the steady, easy, laid-back feel that he has established on his own. Murray said, "Right

now I love being able to play either solo or with the combo. It keeps things fresh for me and also leaves me very flexible."

Since 2003, Murray's *Bluebeat Lounge*, has played host to such notable acts as **The Skatalites**, **Westbound Train**, **Desmond Dekker**, and Utah locals **Two and a Half White Guys**. Murray said, "There has always been a strong ska scene in L.A., so things started off well for *Bluebeat Lounge* and we're now approaching the six year mark." The success of *Bluebeat Lounge* is even more impressive when considering how little attention ska receives from the mainstream masses. "That ska is off the mainstream radar has never been much of a factor in my decision making process," Murray said. "In some ways, ska being off the beaten path makes it more suited to being a 'scene' style of music. The people who are into ska tend to be very into it, and tend to like that shows that have similar minded people in the crowd."

Last year, Murray started his own record label, Unstrictly Roots. On starting a record label when the music industry is in shambles, Murray said, "I envision Unstrictly Roots as a boutique label, more driven by music than by business." He continued, "Mostly my goal is to support great music I love when I think I can offer some assistance." So far, Unstrictly Roots has released three albums: *American Guitar* by one-man-roots-blues-band **Rizorquestra**, Chris Murray's collaboration with **The Slackers**, *Slackness*, and the debut recording by the Chris Murray Combo, *Why So Rude*. On using his label to release his own albums, Murray said, "Using myself as the guinea pig seemed like a good way to start," though he does plan to extend the label's roster in the future.


Murray's longevity in the ska scene is remarkable, and being someone who has seen the music at both very high and very low points, he had a lot to say about the current state of the scene. "I think the ska scene right now is doing okay," Murray said, "The audience is much bigger than it was 15 years ago when I still had to explain what ska music was to every second person I ran into." However, Murray is quick to note that there is a serious lack of fresh blood in modern ska. "Today's

scene seems dominated by more veteran acts/artists who have been in the scene through good times and bad times—the stalwarts," Murray said. "Once in a while, a new band like **The Slackers** or **The Aggrolites** [neither a new band anymore] comes along and really takes the music, and their own music, very seriously and delivers top quality Jamaican-influenced music with an original touch." Though ska may currently be off most people's radar, Murray hopes that it will once again become a respected genre that has more than just a small, die-hard audience. "To return to ska music being taken more seriously, my personal hope is that it will gain greater awareness as a roots style of music and find a home at folk festivals and wherever non-pop music flourishes."



Chris Murray will be performing at *The Depot* on December 9th with **Outlaw Nation** and ska legends **The English Beat**. Check out the full interview with Chris Murray in the *Online Exclusive* section of [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com).

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**Bucolic  
Slur of  
Lilacs:**

# Dame Darcy

**& Her New Graphic  
Novel, *Gasoline***



**By Jared Gold,  
Special SLUG Guest Writer!**



When I was 10 years old and living in Idaho Falls, I had this ridiculous three-wheeled bicycle that my dad welded together so I could pedal my little siblings around the neighborhood. One afternoon, I was riding by Darcy's house, which was on another block, and thus another dimension. She had attended Catholic school most of her life, and being Mormon, we didn't have too many opportunities to mingle with kids outside of our religion. Darcy yelled from the porch "Hey kid ...can I draw your picture?" So I stopped the bike and she drew me from her porch. That summer was a bucolic slur of lilacs, canal rides on inner tubes, and holing up in her enormous house baking cookies for ghosts. We were strange and insular and we actually spooked adults with our wordless lurking and late-night sprints into the fields ...

I speak with Darcy often and we definitely have a deep psychic connection. Being able to conduct this interview was a great opportunity to air out the pressurized danger vibe that is constantly pulsing between us.

**Jared Gold:** How do you think being raised by hippies in a small town of Mormons helped build your aesthetic?

**Dame Darcy:** I thought we lived in another time. I wasn't really aware of the "disco era" or the 80s except for the commercial stuff I saw on TV. Idaho Falls was like living in a time capsule—a little trainset town where everyone I knew lived in vintage houses and had vintage clothing and cars and furniture. Then we also went to the ranch and it was classic, like from the 1800s; nothing had changed.

**JG:** I know, I think of things from only 20 years ago and it seems like centuries, the way things looked pre-Internet.

**DD:** There was part of me, though, that always loved the "princess esthetic" of the Mormon homes I visited. I loved the pastel velvet curtains and the fake candelabras made from gold plastic. I knew it was kitsch, and my mom was completely against it, but there was something I loved about it.

By the way, my grandpa was a jack-Mormon who left the church to marry my non-Mormon grandma and so their kids, my dad, aunt, and uncle were not Mormon nor were we (the kids).

However, the five kids on my grandpa's side and all of their descendents were Mormon, so I would go to family reunions and I'd have about 90 relatives from the other side that were. I went to the temple with my second cousins and stuff, so I was integrated into the culture that way and by going to public school.

**JG:** Do you feel your influences, **L. Frank Baum** and **Maurice Sendak**, are present in your work today? In what way?

**DD:** Most definitely. Also, I loved *Alice in Wonderland*, where Alice's nanny is reading a novel without pictures and Alice says, "A book without pictures is ever so boring," or something like that.

**JG:** So maybe Alice was the first graphic novel lover?

**DD:** It's the whole philosophy behind graphic novels. I wanted *Gasoline* to look as much like the L. Frank Baum *Wizard of OZ* series as much as possible.

I am ecstatic that they did it according to my specifications and that it actually does, because this is such a unique look that contemporary people are not aware of today. I know you think like this, too, Jared, that a lot of your inspiration seems really cutting-edge contemporary, but where you're getting it from is a century old.

**JG:** Tell me the story of how your first comic book went to press?

**DD:** I did three versions of *Meatcake* self published and sent them out to all the indie-comics publishers on a regular basis as I finished them. I also went to the San Francisco Art Institute and while going to school there, I worked at **Last Gasp**.

**JG:** So you started out just hammering the pavement?

**DD:** Well, an indie-comic publisher, **Iconographics**, picked up *Meatcake* #3. **Fantagraphics** saw this and they did *Meatcake* #4, which to the big world, was *Meatcake* #1, and then they revisited #3 and republished it as #0 about six years into my run with them. Sorry if this is confusing!

**JG:** No, it's OK, I think this is interesting and I also think people should pay attention to your battle plan. So how old were you when all this started?

**DD:** I began self-publishing when I was 17, distributing them through a record company that also distributed the band I was in at the time [**Suckdog**] and by taking them to comic-book stores in the Bay Area. San Francisco is very underground-comic-book friendly and there was a resurgence of this kind of thing in the early 90s with comics and zines. This was very helpful for me.

My first book was published on Fantagraphics when I was 20. I was the youngest female cartoonist ever to be published on a major indie company at the time. Little did I know how hard it is to make money in the industry and to this day, I have to do other things based on the comics to make money because the books themselves don't.

I saw a ladder in a dream when I was 19. The first step was self-publishing, the second was indie publishing, the third was graphic novels and big publishers and getting a literary agent, the fourth was TV, movies, video games and multimedia and licensing based on the comics and books.

I didn't know it would take 20 years to climb this ladder, but I'm in the lit agent/multimedia phase now.

I'll never stop publishing *Meatcake*, though, because I love being a cartoonist.

**JG:** What is the craziest story about touring with **Lisa Suckdog**? I remember getting phone calls from you when you were on tour. I would sit in my Mom's huge flower-wallpapered kitchen and just listen with my eyes exploding ...

**DD:** Aw jeez, there are so many it makes my head spin. The first tour we went on I think I was insane. We were in Olympia and Lisa attacked this Catholic guy who kept egging her on to hit him and saying, "Thank you, may I have another?" In Boston, at the first show I ever did with her, she charged guys \$5 to get smacked in the face by her, and the line was so long ... I was shocked and amazed! Anyway, this guy made her so frustrated that she jumped off the stage to pummel him and he ducked, so she flew over his head and busted her lip open.

She was laying on the ground with all these people standing around her saying "Is she paralyzed? Don't move her." We had to take her to the emergency room while she was wearing a fluorescent orange swimsuit, with "Go

Hogs" in puffy paint on the butt, covered in fake blood and a cape. Jean Louis had wrapped all the dead chickens (from the show) in our banner and they rotted in the car. **Calvin [Johnson]** from **K Records** saved the day and waited with us in the emergency room. I loved his reversible women's coat covered in baby blue flowers. I thought the fact he took Lisa to the emergency room and was wearing this coat makes him an awesome guy.

**JG:** (Doubled over laughing)



Dame Darcy "Gasoline" • *The Mayor's House and Richard* (Pg. 72) 2008  
16" x 13" mixed media on paper

**DD:** On the second Suckdog tour, which was in '98, I had the best time of my whole entire life, despite the fact I almost died, and we all went to the emergency room about five times over the course of the tour.

First off, I was totally in love with this cute guy from Ohio that we were touring with named Ohio; Lisa picked him up from a karaoke club in Ohio where he was spazzing out with this demented guy who looked like a Bonobo monkey named "Coz the Shroom." We caused an accident in Boston just because our horrible tour van had "Suckdog" and bloody bones spray-painted all over it. The people staring crashed into us. The cops saw our van and let us go, saying, "Rock on."

Somewhere in Philly or DC, we played at an amazing haunted house where Satanic cheerleaders tried to make out with me in the women's room and during our show. Someone threw a Satanic dead chicken on stage, which made Ohio so mad he destroyed all the tables and chairs in the place and had to go to the emergency room for spraining his leg. All the doors in that house opened to the sounds of screaming and Lisa got dog-piled in the front hall by a bunch of wackos in capes. But I think she wanted that.

When we were in Ohio's hometown of Columbus, I almost died. I drank so much of the local cider I went loco and jumped off the table wearing only my panties and a shard of glass went into my artery. I didn't know I was bleeding profusely because of all the fake blood and glitter we already had on. One of the small people from Time Bandits was there hanging onto my legs. I was signing my comic books for the girls after the show and getting a lot of blood all over them (maybe these are worth more now?!) and they pointed out to my bandmate Ohio that something was wrong with me. He flipped out, a double standard because he just got stitches in New Hampshire, and told me to wait in the bar kitchen on a chair with an apron wrapped around my wrist soaking in blood. He went to go get the van, and when he came back I was in a fetal position on the bathroom floor with the bloody apron under my head as a pillow. I went to the emergency room the next day and they made me get a tetanus shot.

**JG:** You have been all over the world, and met so many people; what are the remaining Idahoan parts of your personality you hang on to?

**DD:** I love to do crafts, like making dolls and quilts and embroidery. I love nature and trees and to read old books at night under an electric blanket. I also love weird old radio programs and playing folk music, and I love gardens and old houses and ghost stories, and tea.

**JG:** What instruments do you play now?

**DD:** Banjo, autoharp, singing saw, tambourine, electric bass, and I can play mandolin but mine broke and was taken from me.

**JG:** When you were a teenager growing up in Idaho, how did you survive the crushingly closed-minded society?

**DD:** *120 Minutes* on MTV. I slept a lot, too. I felt like I was in a prison and regarded Idaho like a long car ride, like if I slept long enough I would wake up and it would be time to escape. I had a lot of pen pals I met through the back of a goth music magazine. That's how I met my first boyfriend who also had my same birthday and was a miracle prince that got a second job just to fly me to LA to see him. We dated long-distance for the three years. I was in high school and he would put me on the radio on KXLU in LA and take me to clubs and shopping for

all the latest goth fashion in LA. I was very aware of contemporary music, etc., of the late 80s, even though Idaho was so isolated. I also ran away from home a lot and went to Boise, which was the big city back then.

I hung out with a lot of different types; the hesher stoners liked me because I was kind of like them but weird. Also the punks from different areas and intellectuals all mixed up. My biggest and only regret of this time is I wish I had spent less time trying to be cool and hanging out with the people who did drugs and spent more time hanging out with creative people that did a lot of wacky hi-jinx adventures that were creative and didn't have a destructive side.

**JG:** Oh, that is so sweet. I would see you around, and even though we weren't really talking anymore, I still felt really cool for knowing you. I don't blame you, though, I was so bizarre.

You have such a huge fanbase now; what do you think it is that magnetizes people toward you and your work?

**DD:** I am the oldest of the generation of what I see as the children of the apocalypse. I was fed an idealism of environmentalism, ethnic and gender equality, alternative energy, etc. in the 70s, which turned into self-obsessed yuppies doing coke and considering it all a trend. I felt abandoned and disillusioned by what had happened, which is why I became gothic in the first place.

I still believe in and uphold my initial ideals and wrote *Gasoline* to inspire and give insight into what's going on today because I think a lot of people younger than me are confused and frightened about the world we've been born into and the problems of past generations that have landed on our shoulders.

I want to now create a community online, and then in reality, so that all the kids who feel lost or alone or like a freak have somewhere to go and others like them to talk to. These kids are the revolutionaries of the future and witches that were once burned will now be the people with all the advantages of this new time because all the rules are changing.

**JG:** *Gasoline* is very apocalyptic — I remember you telling me about the dream that spurred you to write this book ... do you feel it is prophetic in any way?

**DD:** I know it was, as soon as I dreamed it I felt compelled to move to LA to live on the front row seat of the apocalypse and also to avoid being killed in the bomb that I knew was going to hit NYC. I didn't know if it would be a second Hiroshima or not, but as it turned out, just six months after I moved to LA (I had lived in NYC for 10 years at that point), I flew back with you on Sept 10<sup>th</sup>, 2001 to model in fashion week at your show and witnessed 9/11 the next day. Everyone was astounded that I had predicted it and I am so glad I was in NY at the time as a New Yorker, because it was a pivotal point in history and in my life. I also found all the locations of [the] *Gasoline [story]* while I was in LA at these weird survivalist compounds I was led to in Malibu and Pasadena. I was able to live at these places while I had the money from *Gasoline* to live off and was able to draw firsthand from places I had prophesied about.

Now when we make the movie, I already know where all the locations are.

**JG:** Where do you see yourself in 10 years?

**DD:** Living in an abyss that I will create as my sustainable society by the ocean, and maintaining my virtual society (if the computers work) publishing more books, and doing more movies if there are still distributors and publishers. And traveling to do shows and lectures if there are still airplanes. If not, we'll just live in our tropical island paradise and tend to the abbey and the crops, swim, sail, and have long dinners with music that go from sundown until midnight in the dining hall and do art classes for children, meditation, and things like that.

**JG:** What kind of music inspires you?

**DD:** I love 20s jazz and 78 records. I also love Baliwood musical soundtracks, I love new romantic, new wave, and dark wave. I love dancey electro music — I also love weird acoustic faerie music and psychedelic folk rock and classic rock from the 60s like **The Kinks** and **Donovan**. I like classical harpsichord music and **Wagner**. I like old-school death rock like **Severed Heads**, **Siouxsie** and **Joy Division**.

I was raised by a dad that was a bluegrass musician, so I love the old child ballads and folk music thing. I listened to my parents music collection a lot, since they were always at work, so my childhood records were *God Bless Tiny Tim*, **The Sonics** and **The Stones**, etc. As a teen in the 80s, I liked all that music that now kids 10 and 20 years younger than me are also into. We can relate; that's why I still get along with 19-year-olds. When I was in my 20s, I lived in my own self-constructed version of 1890-1920, which is where I lived for a decade until 1999, when I started playing rock music again. It's a mixed bag, but I think it's better to be eclectic.

**JG:** I really looked up to you when you left Idaho Falls and moved to San Francisco to fearlessly pursue your career. Is there anything I have ever done that inspired you?

**DD:** Everything you have done is inspiring to me! I am in awe of the way you are so business minded and have relentlessly found ways to market your amazing creativity without compromising your ideals.

Also, the way you can put on astounding gala events where the most boring conservative LA lame-os wish they could be cool and freaky like you instead of the other way around—and how you can make it work to your advantage. Also, how you can coordinate and organize publicity for these events and get amazing people on your side to help. You truly are a visionary and I'm so glad you have the chance to get a TV show and change things in a major way through multimedia, because this sad world really needs a phantasmagoric circus.

**JG:** Thank you, Darcy; it's funny, I would have never guessed any of that ...

What scares you?

**DD:** Republicans. Also, time, like not having my plans together in time for 2012.

I am scared to be alone when I am old because I am so much of a freak I don't know if I'll ever be able to make a relationship last. I think I'm the same as when I was younger and look the same, but girls in their 20s that think the way I do are less scary as ladies older than in their 20s. I think it's a gross double standard. Younger guys are attracted to me, which is fine; in a way, I'm still on their wavelength, but the problem arises from me being established. Thus, they are not in the same place as me.

This is why I think God is cruel; I don't understand these fucked-up games with human lives, uncertain death and the killing of innocence.

**JG:** What advice would you give to someone who would like to follow in your footsteps?

**DD:** Create your own style, make a yearly plan, five-year plan, 10-year plan and stick to it. Write lists; if something gets in your way, creatively problem-solve how to go around it and stick to your plan.

Work on your drawings or your craft every day; do the things on your list every day.

Keep in touch with your friends and reach out and contact your influences. Know you are not alone. There have always been revolutionaries; although they only make up 10 percent of the population, they were there in the past and are here in the present. Your challenge is to survive and thrive while being one. And you can!

Love,  
Dame Darcy

Dame Darcy is the author of the underground comic sensation, *Meatcake Comics* on Fantagraphics. She has also received awards for her numerous animated shorts and her cable access TV show *Turn of the Century*. Darcy also authored the *Illustrated Jane Eyre*, holds gallery shows of her fine art worldwide, fronts her rock band **Death by Doll**, and has just released her illustrated doomsday novel *Gasoline*. Visit [www.damedarcy.com](http://www.damedarcy.com) for more information and to get your copy.



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Photo: Elliot Fraughton

# IAN G.

&

Self

Expression  
Movement

By: Dave Amador [peterpanhandler@slugmag.com](mailto:peterpanhandler@slugmag.com)

**SEM (Self Expression Music)** is the name of a hip-hop crew. Maybe you've already heard of these local emcees, maybe you haven't. I will let you know one thing, though, these guys are on the come-up. SEM was founded here in Salt Lake City by **LAM** and **JEF DOOGIE** in 2001. LAM (Mr. Lloyd A. McIntosh) is the CEO, owner and also one of the producers of the crew's music. My man **Ian G.**, head of **Grass Roots Management**, has been brought in to be a promotional wizard of sorts heading up the crew's street team and as their booking agent. Ian has been working on and off in the music industry since 1996. Ian is one of those "been there and done that" type of guys in the music industry. He is **311**'s head merchandising salesperson, vibe tech and also a promoter. Ian has also worked with tons of other acts like **KMK**, **Slightly Stoopid**, **Mix Mob**, **DIRTBALL**, **Phunk Junkies**, **Kid Rock**, **Deftones**, **Limp Bizkit**, **KoRn** and **Pepper**. Ian also has his roots planted deep in the local music scene with talents such as **Honest Engine**, **Chola**, **Royal Bliss**, **Flatline Syndicate** and now SEM. With Ian's knowledge and experience in the game it seems to be a perfect fit for these up and coming talented youth.

SEM consists of 14 members: **Aaron DW**, **Chatterbox**, **DJ Aspect**, **Madman**, **Curtis DW**, **Brea**, **Jabez**, **George Life**, **E William**, **Lam**, **Jef Doogie**, **MC Blu** and last but certainly not least, **Bloswick**. SEM members have been opening acts for big-name hip-hop artists since 2000. They have worked with members of the **Wu-Tang Clan**, **Jedi Mind Tricks**, **Swollen Members**, **Vans Warped Tour**, **Rakim**, **Styles of Beyond**, **Public Enemy**, **KRS ONE**, **The Alkaholiks**, **Slick Rick**, **Yin Yang Twins**, **XZIBIT**, **Coolio** and **Dizzy Rascal**. Opening shows for acts as big as these has had quite an effect on the SEM emcees, raising their own talent bar and skill levels. When you work with the best in the business, it is sure to make you better at honing in on your own skills. SEM members have also got in some quality traveling experiences, performing at shows in California all the way to dirty Jersey. It's probably only a matter of time until they get some overseas opportunities.

If you're interested in catching a live show with the SEM crew, it seems that they keep themselves busy playing at quite a few local venues. SEM plays regularly at *Liquid Joe's*, *Monks House of Jazz*, *Down Town Huka Lounge*, *Mo's Bar and Grill* and they will also be playing a show at the *Salt Palace* on Dec. 13. The crew is also playing several shows out of town in the near future. If you would like to check out their show dates, go to [selfexpressionmusic.com](http://selfexpressionmusic.com) or contact Ian G. at 801-503-1703 for show dates or for booking information. Please keep your calls clean — no phone sex.

The SEM Crew has also taken over the *Jackalope Lounge* every Wednesday night. There are great PBR and 1800 Tequila specials that are sure to make you feel the vibe. SEM will be playing there with their home-boys **MadMan**, **Kaotic**, **Black Donnie** as well other special guests. If you're a party pooper, check out the crew's music at *UPROK Hip-Hop shop*, where they have plenty of CDs for sale. Help support your local scene and also be on the lookout for SEM's next compilation release entitled, *Major Street*.



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# Princess Kennedy



## Gettin' Gay Married

by Princess Kennedy  
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

A couple issues ago I wrote about my twin sister Jordan. Many were intrigued that I not only had a sibling (seven of them, actually), but that I was a twin. Admittedly, we weren't well known here, but we have quite the reputation on three different continents as the notorious VonBlondenbergs sisters, party-hopping the world with our electro-band **Blondetourage**. Now that we've reached our 30s (golden years for trannies), Jordan decided to settle down and gay marry her partner of 15 years, Tim. Their "Gwedding" was the social event of the season. They rented an island with a sunken ship restaurant. It was sick! It was a veritable hit parade of celebrities: the boys of **NOFX**, 70% of **The Go-Gos**, **Morcheba**, who served as the band,

**Danielle Steele**, and her twins and, of course, me! How anticlimactic it was two weeks later to have Proposition 8 pass and nullify their nuptials. But nevermind, they filed a lawsuit — one of many California will face for fucking with two-person disposable income households.

I can't for the life of me figure out why anyone would want to get married. I'm such a commitment-phobe, I can't see past it. Let the fools get married. If I were smart I'd become a divorce attorney in L.A. or S.F. Cha-

Ching! For Tim and Jordan, marriage is for more than the tax benefit — it signifies their love for each other. What a horrible thing to have people vote against. Since the passing of Prop 8, their domestic partnership was replaced with the (marriage) license and now Jordan is left in the cold with no insurance or rights all because of a bunch of ignorant, fearful bigots. It's not like we'll all be running off to marry goats once we get tired of our same-sex partners. Don't be a retard. Why marry the goat when you can

just fuck it and not worry about calling the next day?

It's crazy that this election has a double standard. "Yes we can?" More like yes WE can, but you can't. What's up with that, and why do THEY care? Don't you agree that it's wrong to give one group basic civil rights and deny them to another? It's archaic, really. That's why I felt the need to join the protests. I urge all people to think about it strongly. Somehow, someday, it will effect you. It reminds me of my German grandmother telling us that they didn't know about the war in the '40s because it didn't concern them.

The Mormon church, no matter how disgusting, hateful and influential they were, should not be the only ones targeted. A poll in California showed that the largest supporters for Prop 8 were people over 65, Asians and African Americans. Unless we have the balls to protest in

their neighborhoods and shout shame on them or boycott their businesses, we must keep it in the streets as a civil liberties issue. A boycott of Utah is ridiculous. Why? We didn't vote on it. It wasn't our idea. I was shocked and offended to have guests cancel their holiday reservations. How am I supposed to support this when I live and own a business here? I'll tell you one thing, if it fucks with my *Sundance* party plans I'm gonna be one bitchy queen. It's a big ugly mess and we're just seeing the beginning



Photo By: Kaelen Shilling

of it. Mark my words — it will come out in our favor, even if it's 10 years from now. I hope that's not delirious talk from the shiny outlook of our political future, but I've gotta have faith that everyone is good at heart, love will prevail and all that crap. No matter what, Utah is a major focal point at this time, and I'm not one bit ashamed to live here. Until this is all resolved, I'll take the high road of forgiveness towards the closed-minded bastards and haters ... on both sides of the fence.



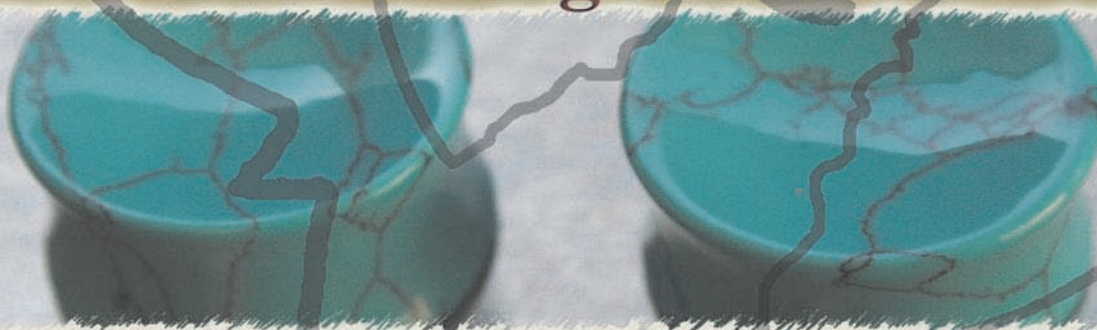
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# FASHION RENEGADE:

## The Fabulous Life of Jared Gold

By JP  
jonathanpaxton@gmail.com

Perhaps you've heard about his jeweled cockroaches and about the *Black Chandelier* boutique. Or maybe you've heard talk about that one runway show that floored the fashionistas in the old *Grand Hall Train Station* for his *Caspian* runway Collection. Regardless, you've definitely heard about him: fashion designer **Jared Gold**.

Too many words can be used to describe Gold. But he is all these things: fashion icon, tiny-toy rockstar, perfume aficionado, horror-movie fan and chocolatier. Salt Lake City has never seen a beast such as this and perhaps it was never quite ready for Gold's genius. Although he describes what he does modestly, "I just like to make cool stuff. That's what I want to do," he has hit the top of the fashion world and is pushing the ceiling (expect a TV show very soon, more on this in a bit). His accomplishments are all very impressive coming from a guy raised in the metropolitan burg of Idaho Falls. Gold trained at many prestigious schools in varied disciplines, polishing up the accomplished fashion impresario he has morphed into at *The Otis School of Design* in Los Angeles and at the *Piano Conservatory* of Hawaii.

Unfortunately for Salt Lake City, Gold recently relocated to Los Angeles where he says, "I love it. It is so easy to live there and do what I'm doing. There's a support system. I have this really fabulous penthouse in Hollywood. I don't have anything to complain about." He still has fond recollections of Salt Lake City though, "I really like Salt Lake. I love living here. I love the snow. I love how receptive everyone was of something kinda freaky in what I was trying to do. It is shocking when you explain elsewhere what you did here and how everyone responded to it. They can't comprehend. Just because it's a really conservative place in their minds."

Perhaps the unfortunate undoing of Gold's *Black Chandelier* experience in Utah was how quickly successful it was: it ballooned too big, too fast. "I was working with a financial partner and he was adamant about opening as many stores here as he could and there ended up being four, which was far, far too many. I think one would have been sufficient. It basically bombed-out the market: too much supply and not enough demand," Gold explains.

Although Gold may have helped launch the *Black Chandelier* name, he does not own it. He designs under his own moniker now, and the experience of separation from what he created is still painful. "It was business decisions that closed it down. The stores were

quintessentially a success. I was not in power to make decisions like that. Believe me I did my best to state my case. It was sad for me," Gold sighs. "But I got lots better stuff cooking now," he adds. And he does. QVC called during the interview about an exclusive collection and a separate conversation interceded regarding a reality TV show that is more than in the works: it is one step away from being on-air.

Regarding QVC, Gold says, "If it's good enough for **Marie Osmond**, it's good enough for me," with a rogue's smile. Gold is a bit of a rogue, a *renegade* if you will. And that word may play heavily into the title of the new reality TV show, but all of that is not set in stone. Gold is very reluctant to give further details until papers have been signed, but he will be appearing on your cable box very soon. He reveals this about the whole experience and genesis for the show, "I want to make sure that what people experience, what happened here in Salt Lake where people were emboldened and then interested in trying things themselves, I want that and feel like that can be a big thing, can be universal."

Gold's reality TV show concept encompasses a similar experience that denizens of Salt Lake received earlier this year at Gold's spring 2008 *Czarina* runway show. Hitting the road with a fashion tour to ten U.S. cities, Gold will hand-select a new set of models in each town to walk the runway in his show that very evening. Armed with his designs and a traveling retail store, each fashion show will prove to be an exclusive Jared Gold experience. "We're doing the tour regardless of the network, so if you guys want to bolt on cameras and give me money, fine. If not, piss off 'cause we're going," Gold says. At press time no network deals have officially been sealed but the cities selected have been announced. Gold says "There's certain networks where the styling is too intense for them and may spook people because I'm not gonna back down. What, am I supposed to walk beige pants and a dress shirt down a runway? Because no one will come." On conceptualizing the whole show creation experience with media-giant and partner Hearst, Gold (the Executive Producer) says, "Let's just say it's going very well."

Gold has other TV work lined up as well. He will be filming *Germany's Next Top Model* with **Heidi Klum** (Europe's second-highest rated show) on December 16th. "They get to show the whole collection and I get to make sure the whole collection is there. *Next Top Model* did really well for me," Gold reflects, referring to his experience with America's version of the show featuring his spring collection in March of 2006. "But they [*Germany's NTM*] of course want the cockroaches on there," Gold says.

That bejeweled-bug Gold is sometimes best recognized for just popped out of the ether, apparently. "Everyone asks me 'Where does the bug come from?' and I've never come up with a smart, quippy answer. But that's what I do for a living: I come up

with dumb stuff like that.

The fact that people think of that [first] is fine because it's led a lot of people to my work. And it's like 'Oh it's so gimmicky!' But a gimmick is just a really good idea with a lot of firepower behind it," Gold says. "We were on CNN with that."

Inspiration does trickle down through Gold's subconscious and he is very in touch with his emotions and how that impacts his art: "How I design and how I see things is so delicate it can easily be upset by anger, and all sorts of things, so I have to keep that stuff out of my system," the artisan says. His inspiration comes from myriad sources, "I spend a lot of time cramming things into my head and it kind of mixes up and it comes out how it comes out — slasher movies, perfume. I am a bit of a perfume obsessor. I like historic stuff," Jared says. "I have my library with me which is tons and tons of books on artists and designs all through history. I just am constantly inputting things and when it comes time to draw it comes out somehow." His delicate artistic balance can be upset, if he lets it, as he saw recently in his new city.

Gold resides in the hotbed of political and social activism of the recent Proposition Eight debacle in Los Angeles. Having been raised a member of the dominant faith in this region, he had an interesting experience seeing the coin from both sides: as a gay man and an "ethnic Mormon." "I'm just a mutt—a weird mix of bloods. And everyone's like what nationality are you and I'm like 'I'm Mormon, that's my lineage.' And especially recently it's really hard," Gold says of his experience in Los Angeles during the support and protest of the controversial public ballot initiative to revoke the California Supreme Court ordained right to allow same-sex unions (Californians disappointedly voted against equality—again).

Speaking further on the matter

Gold reveals, "I took it upon myself to drive down the street on my bike where everyone had 'Yes on 8' and yell 'bigot hater bigots' at these people. So I took it out on them a bit and felt better," he says. But he adds disappointedly, "Looking at these people: these mom and these kids with their church clothes on standing on the corner on Sunday — they don't know me. They've been taught there's some predatory gay person trying to turn their children to the dark side of the force," he says sadly, then good-naturedly adds with a laugh, "Look, gay people are far too selfish for any of that nonsense. It's all about me. I don't want kids: I don't have time for that crap, all of a sudden your life is boring and stinky."

Gold seems at ease with himself and the person he is today, but not after his share of personal struggle. "I felt like an outcast second-class citizen my whole life. It gets to a point where you're enabling just being gay and being Mormon. You're enabling them to treat you like that. And I said 'I have to sort out what I'm doing here.'" So he clears the mess from his head, preventing it from bleeding through into his work, and enjoys what he loves about California — riding Vespas, making candies by hand (visit [etsy.com](http://etsy.com) and look for seller "Jared Gold" for his delicacies and even some one-offs)

and occasionally he visits a Korean spa.

Putting the Prop. 8 matter to rest he says "I'm not planning on ever getting married. It's like gays wanting to be in the military. The joke is 'Why do they want to be in all the worst institutions straight people have?' The military and getting married, come on. The sanctity of marriage ... did you guys remember the time **Michael Jackson** got married? Oh that was very sanctimonious," he says.

In spite of it all Gold is empathetic and says with finality, "I just feel bad that the religion has clouded people and they do whatever they [The Church Elders] say. And they've been given bad information. I don't think these people [the anti-gay zealots] are bad people or that they would ever do anything that they knew was directly hurting people. But I feel like they really just didn't understand. As per the rest of my life, you have to end up forgiving these people otherwise, you just get furious."

And furious Gold is not. He seems at peace with his upbringing: "I feel spiritual still," he confides.

When Gold's not busy designing, which is most of the time, he is thinking up new ways to entertain and enlighten audiences. Gold's band, **The Misfit Toys**, a musical project with the motto "If it's fun we'll do it," is experiencing a new life in LA. "The Misfit Toys now are being culled from a bunch of old punk bands in LA: People from **Jackoff Jill** and **The Germs**—so it's getting a little more freaky. I thought, 'While I'm here why don't I get people who can really play these instruments?'" In the spirit of the motto he says, "The joke carries on when someone from a punk band is in The Misfit Toys and they're covering a **Carpenter's** song on a little pink violin. I think in the summer we'll actually play a couple of dates."

Anticipate big things from Jared Gold this coming year: a TV show, a new collection, and perhaps, if Salt Lake City is lucky, a visit from punkers playing tiny pink instruments. Gold leaves us with more than that, though. Reflecting on his time spent in Salt Lake City, he says "I hope I was able to change something for the better. That some people walked away from it totally inspired to do stuff. That's all I would hope: that while I was here I was able to change something or leave behind some sort of legacy ... but you never know."



Photo By: AHB

# MIKE BROWN

## Stupid Stupid Bernard

By Mike Brown  
mikebrown@slugmag.com

*Disclaimer: The following story is all true. The author, however, regardless of how much he likes to drink himself, does not condone the actions of Bernard. In fact, the author specifically told Bernard that he was going to make him look like a giant asshole with the publishing of this article, and Bernard approved. Hopefully — Bernard won't stab the author in a drunken rage, as he is prone to pulling out his knife these days.*

I was going to write about how stupid Christmas is, but I've done that for like the last three *SLUG* X-mas articles in a row. As I was about to write this, this guy Bernard (name changed) started telling me about his blackout this weekend, and I thought it was a better story. So instead of anything 'christmas-ee,' here's a holiday story about Bernard's Blackout.

At about 3p.m last Friday, Bernard and Maxx (name changed) walk down to the wine store, because some taxi driver told Bernard that there was wine on clearance. Which turned out to be an all-out lie. The only wine on clearance was Salmon Creek, which Bernard says is always on clearance.

So Bernard and Maxx buy a bottle of Salmon Creek, cork it, and start walking toward the Avenues liquor store. Bernard says that the only purpose for buying the wine was to pound it on the walk to the liquor mart in the Aves. (my favorite liquor store, by the way, hardly any bums there, and I hate bums. I think they don't go there because they would have to walk up a hill to get there and bums are lazy.)

Bernard and Maxx proceed to walk up B Street, which Bernard describes as, "Wicked Steep!"

When they get to the Liquor store, they each buy a bottle of port, which is their drink of choice. Bernard also buys two bottles of Popov vodka. Then Bernard and Maxx walked to the cemetery in the Aves while drinking their bottles of port.

Bernard and Maxx leave the cemetery around dusk, and meet up with Stu, who lives in the *Trash Pit*, (the notorious party house on 200 South, founded by the Iceburn guys a while ago, having a rotating cast of vagabonds and wasteoids ever since).

While at the *Trash Pit*, someone gets the bright idea to go to Gallery Stroll, Bernard is thinking, "Fucking A! Free wine!" The thinking process of a true wastoid was starting to make the gears in his booze-soaked brain turn.

So they go to some gallery where a magnum of wine was just emptied. Bernard asks if they had any more wine and they told him no, probably because they could tell Bernard was wasted. So Bernard decides to go in the basement of this gallery and the gallery people think that Maxx and Bernard are gone and they crack open another bottle of wine.

Bernard sneaks up on the gallery people and exclaims, "Oh fuck-yeah!" much to the gallery's chagrin.

So Bernard and Maxx finish their wine super fast, and Bernard starts talking about how he should steal some more paintings. Then they called some dude named Andy to pick them up, Bernard decides to walk into the middle of traffic to jump into Andy's car.

Then Bernard and Maxx and Andy go into a pizza parlor and Bernard asks the pizza parlor employees what soda fountain drink that they have mixes with vodka the best? They suggest apple beer, which actually sounds kind of good. But Bernard opts for the lemonade.

As they are eating their pizza, Bernard tries to pour vodka into his cup but Maxx has to help his drunk ass. Oh, and Bernard steals the cup. But like an asshole, Bernard spills his lemonade cocktail all over himself. So Maxx pushes him outside and he falls on the sidewalk.

Bernard gets up and screams something in a drunken bellow, and they continue on their gallery stroll.

This is where Bernard blacks out, so the rest of the story is all the shit that Maxx and Andy tell him the rest of what he did the next day.

Jeff meets some 16-year-old girl who is drinking wine out of a McDonald's cup, and has a drunk conversation about how everyone in the world is German somehow. I guess that made sense to them.

Then Maxx started doing an impression of Maxx and making fun of him to random people walking by, and somehow a three-legged dog walks by. Bernard suggests that they kick the dog. Bernard then gets asked to leave the Gallery Stroll (again) for suggesting they steal paintings.

So they go to a bar, that no one wanted to go to but Bernard. Bernard persuades Maxx and Andy into the bar by buying them drinks. Bernard then finds the drunkest girl in the bar, who was almost as drunk as him, and they lean on each other.

The next thing Bernard remembers, vaguely, is that they end up at some house party that Maxx's girlfriend was at. Bernard walks up to the houseparty DJ, who said he was "about to go on" in the basement. So Bernard and Maxx are standing at the top of the stairs charging five bucks for entry into the basement (asshole).

Then Bernard slurs, "I have made so much money off these assholes!" which undoubtedly upset the party hosts.

So Maxx lets Bernard know that he's pissing people off and shit was about to hit the fan. And Maxx drags him out of the party. But Bernard insists he has to "finish shit" at the party, so he pulls out his knife.

So Maxx and Andy Grab him again and shove him in the car. At some

point in the car, Bernard tells them that he needs to go back home to his van that he lives in, that's parked in the Avenues (probably by the liquor store).

And he's like 20 blocks away. So Bernard goes, "Let me out right here!" and jumps out of the car. But Bernard's drunken retarded-ness starts walking south, instead of north.

When Bernard finally figures out he's lost, he calls a cab to come get him and take him back to his van/home. Bernard wakes up in his van with his van keys missing and his knife in his pocket, unsheathed, so he potentially could have passed out on his knife and stabbed himself.

The next morning Bernard got to find out all about his shenanigans and what a dick he was.



Illustration By: Dexter Point



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# TRAIL KINGS

By Chris Swainston [chris@slugmag.com](mailto:chris@slugmag.com)



Greg Ingersoll, Keeping it Dialed.  
All Photos: Jason Eichorst

Most people know *Tanner Park* as the ultimate haven for dirty mutts to frolic about and shit on everything before their owners get to slam a 12-pack and shoot the tube on a hot summer day, but most people don't ride BMX. For well over a decade, there has been an array of BMX dirt jumps, rhythm sections, burms and snake lines hidden amongst the trees inside *Tanner Park*. They are a dirt masterpiece sculpted from the ground up by some of Salt Lake City's most skilled and creative hands. The *Tanner* trails have seen many a rider and had many a caretaker, but it's within the past eight years that its most notable trail masters have emerged. Armed with a 16-inch pizza, a box of hot wings, an 18-pack and a voice recorder, I took a night to learn about the past, present and

future of the *Tanner Park* Trails with two of *Tanner's* most radical care takers **Cameron Wood** and **Greg Ingersoll**.

The two of them met nearly 10 years ago while hauling buckets of water up and down cliff sides working on getting the jumps dialed in. It took them a good five years of slamming, mis-shaping and under building before they finally mastered the craft of carving out lines and accurately gapping jumps from take-off to landing. Wood said, "It's more of an art form than BMX. We wouldn't even care if we were riding them. We would still have just as much fun shaping them and making a masterpiece." It's a full-time job filling in ruts, watering down the jumps and re-packing the dirt. People don't understand how much time and effort goes into keeping the trails in good working order. People constantly let their scraggly hounds and little kids run amuck all over the trails destroying the lips and landings of the jumps. "It honestly sucks bad when you're stoked to go ride the trails because they were good two days ago then you go down there and they are haggared," Wood said. Even some riders don't give the trails the respect they deserve. Accustomed to city-operated skate parks and mommy always there to whip their ass, they spend hours ripping up the trails having a blast then leave with out putting in work. "Some days you don't even get to ride because someone had a blast on your time. All they need to do is water, square up the jumps and leave the trails in good condition so they are awesome when people come to ride them," said Ingersoll. By no means are Wood and Ingersoll claiming the trails to be their own, the trails belong to everyone. They just want people to respect what is there by not digging or tearing down jumps, packing out their trash and keeping it natural, leaving man-made rails and other obstacles out of the park. Rip it, ride it, love it. Due to the work Wood, Ingersoll and many of their friends have put in over the years, the dirt trails have more than doubled in size and numerous new lines have been added, including *Skims Milk*, *Jungle Surfer* and the most recent work in progress, *Bodegas* (not for the faint of heart, keep it cool running through this line otherwise your going to get paid). Moving dirt isn't the only thing going on at the trails. During the frigid winter season when the dirt is frozen and nobody can ride, Wood and Ingersoll scour the land looking for dead logs to use as fencing, helping keep human erosion to a minimum. It's

taken them two years to get it going, but there is now a solid fence lining the perimeter of the trails. They have also come up with a genius idea to get water into and around the trails by using an irrigation farming technique that diverts water from an upper stream. This has allowed for easier, more efficient maintenance and shaping. However, that's not the only benefit coming from the irrigation system. Flooding the land has allowed massive amounts of vegetation to re-grow, beautifying the trails and the surrounding land, which has also brought more animals back providing them with food and shelter to thrive on.

Re-vegetating the park has become a massive concern for the city — so much that they recently stepped in threatening all park users from even being in the park due to the massive amounts of destruction they cause to the plants and animals. Wood and Ingersoll weren't about to let such



Mike Szczney and his turn down services are unbeatable

a serious threat pass by without taking action. They spread the word throughout the BMX community and rallied together nearly 80 riders who mobbed up to the capital to let their voices be heard. The city was absolutely stunned when they saw the massive pile of bikes stacked on the capital steps. They may have known the trails existed, but they had no idea what an enormous subculture was built around them. Since that first rally, Cameron has become the representative for the *Outsiders* crew, attending three more city meetings with numerous other city patrons, park users and local shop owner, **Eddie Buckley**, of *5050 BMX*. They've discussed whether the park should be an on- or off-leash dog park, how much land people are allowed to walk upon, whether bikes will still be allowed and possible ways to re-populate the plant and animal life. "The city wants you to be involved. They don't understand what goes on in the park and how valuable it is to people. It's all about letting your voice be heard so places like this don't die out," Wood said. The city has already taken Wood and Ingersoll's natural log fencing idea and applied it throughout the park to help contain all of the dogs and their owners. Perhaps they will wise up even further and realize that Wood and Ingersoll have also come up with an answer to repopulating the plant life.

The future for the *Tanner Trails* looks bright. Wood and Ingersoll aren't about to slow down with upkeep and expansion of the trails. They are constantly thinking up more efficient ways to maintain the trails year-round and coming up with crazy inventive ways to keep riding the trails even when they are covered in snow. Last year, their friend **Matt Beringer** dialed in a ski bike prototype that they spent all winter pumping lines and floating over some of the smaller tabletops. Wood will undoubtedly keep rallying at city meetings' forcing them to listen to everything the BMX culture has to say. There is even a little talk of getting a *Tanner Trails* website going to help spread the word and show people all the positive things coming out of the trails. If you've got the balls and the respect, ride *Tanner* till you get a blue grove, eat dirt and spill some fucking blood.



Cameron Wood on maintenance patrol



Tony Cardona holds it down for Tanner Park

By Giuseppe Ventrella  
photos by Sam Milianta  
info@slugmag.com

Ever noticed how hated-on skaters tend to become superstars? **Ryan Sheckler** cried his guts out on **MTV** because he wanted to be a normal kid and his board sales soared. **Jason Dill** went from being criticized for his eccentric clothing to being one of **Alien**

have seen the recent episode about **Ethan Fowler**. They refer to Fowler as being the king of backside tricks. I'm making a bold claim that Calvert is the king of frontside. I've never seen a frontside 50-50 look so awesome.

3. Calvert is one of the only people I've ever seen do a frontside nosegrind on a transition in real life (please refer to #2).

4. My friend **Syd** thinks Calvert looks like *High School Musical* star **Zac Efron**. While the rest of us don't see it, if comparing him to the teenage heartthrob in this magazine helps Calvert get girls, then so be it.

5. Calvert 50-50'd one of the gnarliest rails I have ever seen. He won't go back to shoot a photo because he ripped his pants trying it. Therefore, you

**Workshop's** top pros. **Corey Duffel** went from being sponsorless and hated after making a racist remark about **Stevie Williams** (anyone else remember this one?) to being a top pro. **Ed Templeton** had a video part that said "kill him when you see him" at the pinnacle of his career. Pretty much, being hated-on is a quick road to success for a talented skater. It's kind of like being a rock star or an artist who dies at age 27 (except you get to live longer). Everyone I talk to seems to refer to **Glenn Calvert** as either "That 'Guth' Kid who got good really fast" or "Baby-Ass Calvert." As a matter of fact, Calvert is one of the skaters I know who gets shit-talked constantly. Everyone is always talking shit about or to Calvert. This phenomenon is unexplainable. Besides the fact that Calvert rips on a skateboard, he's one of the nicest, quietest guys I know. It sucks that this guy gets hated-on constantly. So, in lieu of letting Calvert defend himself against the haters in a traditional interview, I've included a list of things you might not know about Calvert. I'll let you, the reader, choose whether to use these to hate on Calvert (and propel him into skateboard stardom) or just be nice when you see him on the street.

1. Calvert knows a lot about music that I wish I listened to at his age. Instead of being obsessed with whatever new stuff is out, I've often heard Calvert talk about **Leonard Cohen** and **Miles Davis**.

2. If you're a skate nerd like me and watch every new episode of the **Epicy Later'd** show on the internet, you may

won't see it here. If anyone wants to donate a \$50 **Gap** gift card to me to buy Calvert some new pants, maybe the photo will appear in a future issue of **SLUG**.

6. At one spot while we were shooting this interview, Calvert slammed so hard he broke the cement, AND he got up and tried the trick again and landed it. No joke.

7. Every time there is a contest at *Guthrie Skatepark*, the goal of most of the locals is not to win but just to beat Glenn. Instead of being glad to place top five, I have heard **Nick Suroka** say, "at least I beat Glenn."

8. **Micah Wood** describes Calvert as "a wholesome young man."

9. **Yom** once hated Calvert in a manner very similar to how **Walter** treats **Donny** in the movie *The Big Lebowski*. For those of you who know who Yom is, this bit of information is amazing.

10. Calvert recently lost a game of "horseface" so he could make out with a certain girl. Remember to ask him about it when you see him.

11. Calvert is hated on for no reason. Sorry, but that's the truth. I don't understand it, so maybe one of you can explain it to me. By the end of shooting this interview, I found myself shit-talking Calvert and I really don't know why. It's one of those unexplainable things like stigmata and spontaneous combustion (I know this is fact 11, but only having 10 is cliché).

Remember if you ever meet Calvert, talk some shit to him because he won't know what to do otherwise.



Photo By: Sam Milianta

Tight squeeze front feebs.



Photo By: Sam Milianta



Holy friggin nosegrind Batman!

Photo By: Sam Milianta

# PRODUCT REVIEWS

## Celtek

*Trust Bjorn Pro Series Glove  
Celteksnow.com*

From the visionary minds of local shredder legends **Bjorn** and **Erik Leines** come the products of Celtek. If you ride at the *Bird* then you are aware that this brotherly duo shreds and they shred hard. With that known, one can only assume they are aware of what they want in their gear. The medieval wizard like styling of the Trust Bjorn glove gives you the feeling they can handle anything mother nature can dish out. At a 20,000 waterproof rating they for sure can handle just about all conditions. The leather is soft and nicely articulated which allow for excellent high fives at the bottom of your runs. After riding the opening week at the *Bird* with these gloves I experienced everything from blower cold pow days to warm sunny mashed potato slashing and I never once wished I was wearing something else. The nicely detailed stitching is holding up great and the manufacturing of these gloves seems to be top notch. I must say big ups to the guys at Celtek for pleasuring my hands. *—Mike Reff*

## Skullcandy

*Double Agent  
Skullcandy.com*

You might be able to guess that the Double Agent headphones have multiple playing features, but how could you know that these are extremely comfortable and lightweight? If James Bond could've rocked these while he was skiing down the gnarly summit of Piz Gloria in the classic film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969), he probably would not have fallen and lost his ski making the rest of the trek down to Murren ever so treacherous. With a structural resemblance to the Panasonic RP-HTX7 headphones, the Double Agent meets standards of professional DJ headphones and satisfies the needs of action sports enthusiasts. Adding songs to these wireless ear-Uggs is as easy as clicking and dragging songs from iTunes to the USB drive. The only possible flaw seems to be the lack of any display showing what song you're listening to in your playlist. But, if you know your music like the smell of your own flatulence like I do, this shouldn't be a problem. The Double Agent headphones have proven themselves as a solid source for portable sound with a built-in MP3 player. Mission accomplished. *—SUPeRB*

## Toy Machine

*TM Parka  
Toymachine.com*

When winter comes knockin' at your door and you find yourself wanting a jacket that can brave the elements while still being fashionable, your best bet would be this jacket right here. The *TM Parka* is the ultimate in hobo happiness, with a quilted inner lining and enough pockets to carry everything from Listerine bottles to needles for random drug use, you will be able to stay warm no matter what the



adventure. The hood is retractable (courtesy of the zipper straight down the middle of it) which makes the hood like the top of a sleeping bag when fully zipped. When you can't make it all the way home and have to crash on a stranger's front lawn for the night, you don't have to worry about pesky frostbite to the nose and facial areas as you rest your weary transient eyes. What more could you ask out of a winter coat besides this? Not only did Toy Machine make a spot on design, but they also made it comfortable and lightweight enough to wear while riding your skateboard through the city on those cold winter nights. *—Adam Dorobiala*

## Oakley

*Danny Kass Series Crowbar  
Oakley.com*



I've been rocking Oakley since Razorblades were cool. I had the mullet, the Gotcha! tank and OP Shorts. It's understandable because I grew up on the beach. Nowadays a few things have changed. I cut the mullet, ditched the waves and now reside in the mountains. One thing hasn't changed though, the fact that Oakley still makes some cool shit. I happened to get my grubby hands on a pair of **Danny Kass** Series Oakley Crowbars. These goggles are tight, and I mean that literally. They grabbed my face and formed a vacuum seal not even Spacebag could touch. When you're bombing the hills there's nothing worse than that wind whip

that makes your eyes tear like your pet gerbil just died. As far as the frame and lens, these babies have all your tech needs covered, medium sized and lightweight, a spherical Plutonite fire iridium lens (mirrored so the girl on the lift next to you doesn't notice you staring down Main St. as she "adjusts"), helmet compatible straps and strategically placed vents to let that pesky moisture out. Pick these guys up now or go back to the beach, howlie.

*—Shawn Mayer*

## Jedidiah Clothing

*Hope Collection Tees/ Captain Zip Up  
Jedidiahusa.com*

Basically it comes down to this, Jedidiah hooked it up with an immensely generous package filled with three shirts, a pair of jeans and a flash ass zip up jacket. The Captain zip up looks better and keeps me warmer than anything else in my closet, not to mention the bad ass "destroy hate" patch attached to the left arm. The denim is a rich, dark grey medium-baggy straight leg cut (note: all tight pants kids will need to make WallyWorld sewing machine alterations for that "I borrowed these pants from my girlfriend" fit). The shirts are 100% comfortable with an excellent cut that offers a little extra length but still holds a good slim fit. Better than the comfortable fit are the humanitarian causes each shirt supports (\$5 - \$10 of every sale gets donated to a different cause). The shirt graphics promote the cause in a very artistic yet subtle way so that it doesn't look like a billboard advert. Screen printed inside the back of each shirt is a paragraph about what the cause is all about, how they got started and where they're at today. If looking good, staying one step ahead of the style game and saving lives is what you're into, then Jedidiah is what you should be rocking. Go to their web site to check out more clothes and learn more about the humanitarian causes they support. *—Chris Swainston*

## C1RCA Footwear

*99 Vulc  
C1rca.com*

The C1RCA 99 Vulc is a midtop of night! This shoe has the power to get girls tyin' your shoes, as well as preventing heel bruises from "splatting" down twelves. It comes with the Fusion Grip Sole (one of the grippiest in the industry). The hard leather on them adds life to the shoe. I've been skating them since I got 'em and these shoes ain't pussy, although it seems they've got nine lives. **Chris Brunsteter** (a local Circa rep) told me that they were intended to be more of a lifestyle shoe, and I'd like to say that they should crush it in that department. Try 'em out! *—Heshshun*



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**JOSHKALIS**  
SMITH, BLABAC PHOTO

# Teaching 'Fun'damentals with

# Chill

by Shawn Mayer

shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

"[Chill is] a learn-to-ride board sports program for the under privileged, at-risk youth," says SLC Chill Coordinator **Joe Rizzo**. The program, which originated in Burlington, Vermont in '96, has become an international activity. Now, based in 14 locations worldwide, it's a way to reach less fortunate kids and allow them to enjoy the mountain life. Now in its sixth year in Utah, Chill serves over a hundred youth who without this opportunity would never get to experience snowboarding.

With the support of **Burton Snowboards**, local sponsors and dozens of volunteers work with children to teach them life lessons through the vehicle of snowboarding. These "lessons" include patience, persistence, responsibility, courage, integrity, and pride. By taking these kids outside of their group homes, juvenile courts or after school programs and guiding them into learning something new, Chill volunteers are able to communicate these lessons into the snowboarding experience. "[We] teach the kids how to fall and get back up," explained **Nick Diachun**, Director of Volunteers. By working in smaller groups and offering lessons, the kids learn that snowboarding, like anything else in life, is going to have its ups and downs, and no matter what you should keep working at it in order to succeed — a basic lesson that they might not have learned otherwise.

As far as volunteering for the program goes, Chill will be on hand at several events this year, already having been at the Burton premiere of *It's Always Snowing Somewhere* as well as this year's annual

*SLUG Games* on January 10th at *Brighton* in order to promote the program. This year Chill is looking for a more community-based program, working with locals and local companies to make this experience even better than the years before. "It's a great opportunity for snowboarders to give back to a sport that has given us so much," says Rizzo. Volunteering for the program brings you the ability to reflect upon your own first days at the mountain and share those moments with kids, some who have never been. In order to get the most out of the experience, Chill would ask that, if you are interested in becoming a volunteer, you be available at least one day a week for the entire six weeks, in order to bond with the students. "We find that consistency helps lure the kids out of their shells quite a bit," says Diachun. However, if you can only

make it a few times, they will certainly not turn you away, as they are always looking for volunteers. Those of you looking for the opportunity to participate in or volunteer for Chill, ask your agency to contact Nick Diachun at [nick@diachun.com](mailto:nick@diachun.com) or Joe Rizzo at [jrizzos@chill08@gmail.com](mailto:jrizzos@chill08@gmail.com). Chill will be starting lessons in January at Brighton Resort.

Every season, Chill holds an after-party for all participants and volunteers. Two lucky kids from each location will be chosen to attend the US Open, snowboarding's most prestigious contest event. Look for the program to expand into the skate and surf market as well in the next year if you live outside of Utah. To learn more, visit [chill.org](http://chill.org).



"Igor Baveda (Brighton Snowboard Instructor Extraordinaire) and his Chill crew enjoying the snow".



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# Brighton

# SKATE PARK 101 ETIQUETTE

by Dave Amador

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

Wow, I hope the first lesson wasn't too harsh for you kids. I'm sure you probably didn't read that shit anyways. Well, if you did and you were bummed out, count your blessings, because this month I'm going to leave your sorry butts alone. Instead I'm going straight to the source of your perception of what's correct: your dumb-ass parents.

This is probably the most important unwritten skate park rule. If this rule was followed all the time, there wouldn't need to be any other guidelines at all. The rule is simple: nowhere at any skate park does it say "free fucking daycare". Basically what I'm getting at is this: you need to get your broke-ass another job and pay for a babysitter or start using condoms, because dropping your kids off at the park for a day is not the solution to your sex addiction.

First off, I will state all the non-skate related reasons to not drop off your darling little loved ones at a public park. Ever heard of child predators? Well parks are like their version of a quarter peep-show, except they don't even have to drop a dime, just their pants. Drugs, where do I get some of those? Duh, any public park, stupid. Bullies? Shit, they have their monthly bully meetings at the park. Mexican knife fights go down at some of the parks on the regular (no, not at any east side parks, silly), go pop another happy pill, everything's fine as long as it's not in your neighborhood. Kidnappers, stray dogs with rabies, killer clowns, dirty priests, the homeless, junkies, drunk lurkers, missionaries and so on all chill at the park. Is this where you really want to drop your kids off unsupervised? Sure, we look out for our own, but isn't that really your job?

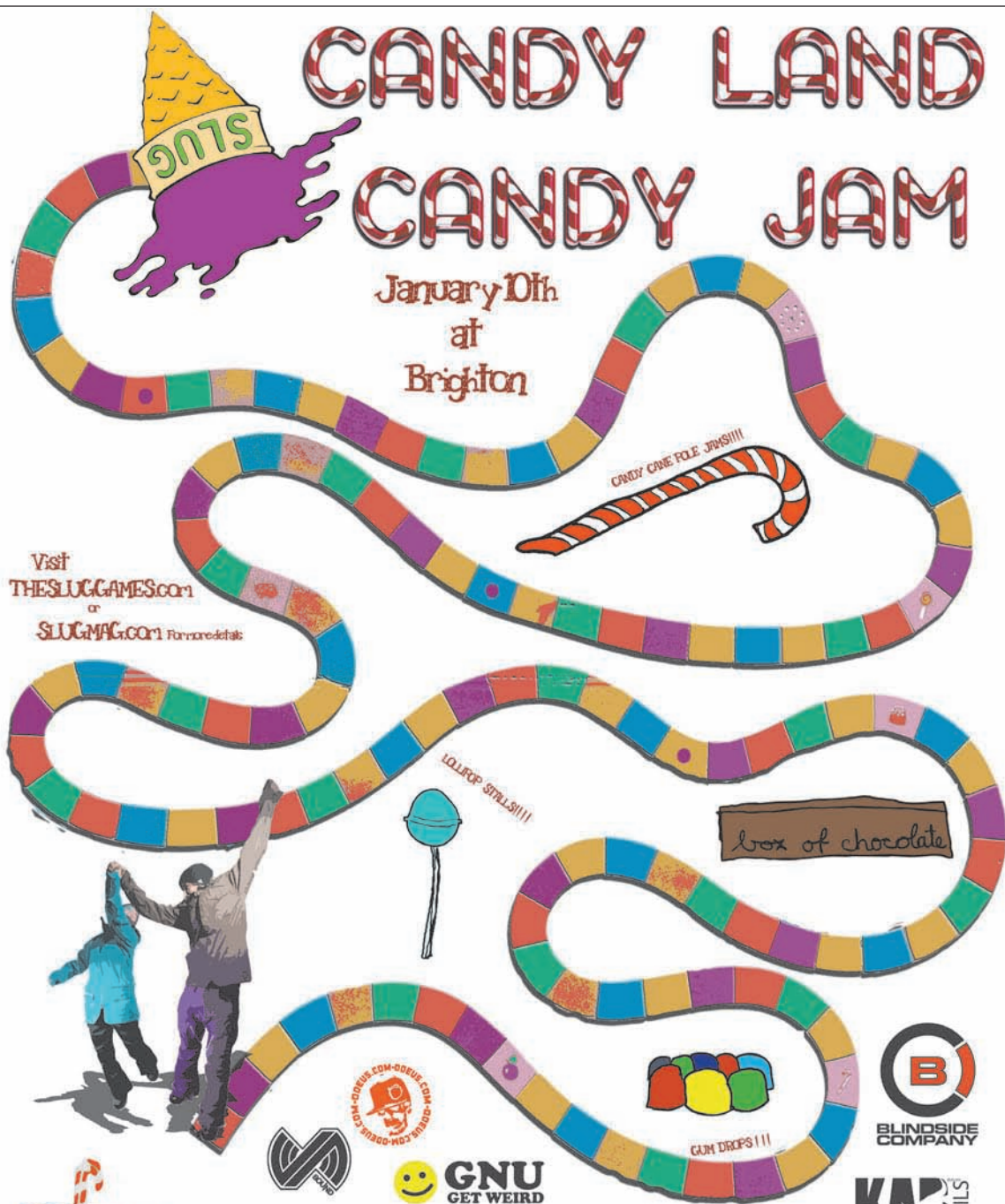
Oh my hell, where do I start on the skate related reasons for you not to drop off your rugrats at the park for the day?

First off, older skaters are bad influences. Sure we got tricks and know how to bullshit parents better than anyone else on the planet, but is that who you really want as one of your kid's role models? As soon as nine o'clock hits, we're all smoking weed, drinking rubbing alcohol, sleeping with call-girls and God only knows what else. Secondly, why drop your inexperienced child off at a place created for veteran status cool guys like myself? I don't know if you can remember what it's like to be an eleven-year-old pushed into the cold dark world, but I'm guessing you probably can't since you don't ride a skateboard and never did. If you had, you would be with your kid at the park sharing some quality time together. Instead you grew up tea-bagging all your friends on the high school football team (oh the glory years). My point being, everyday at the park when you're eleven or twelve is like your first day of high school. It's pretty sketchy and you could possibly die. Third, if you drop your kid off at the park and he (or she) is crying when they get out of the minivan, that means they probably don't want to be there. This is pretty common for all dumb-ass parents who don't really know their own children or for that fact care. Just because skateboarding is on television now, I think a lot of parents are forcing their child into it. They might think their kid will be able to set them up with an early retirement or a nice house in Arizona or Florida. Well, I'm going to let you in on a little secret parents, only a handful of professional skateboarders clear six figures. The majority of them are barely scraping by check-to-check, just like a gas station attendant. I'm tired of writing now and I could go on for days and days about how lame you are, but it's Christmas soon so... peace.

Remember parents, it's  
okay to fuck off too.



Illustration By: Jared Smith



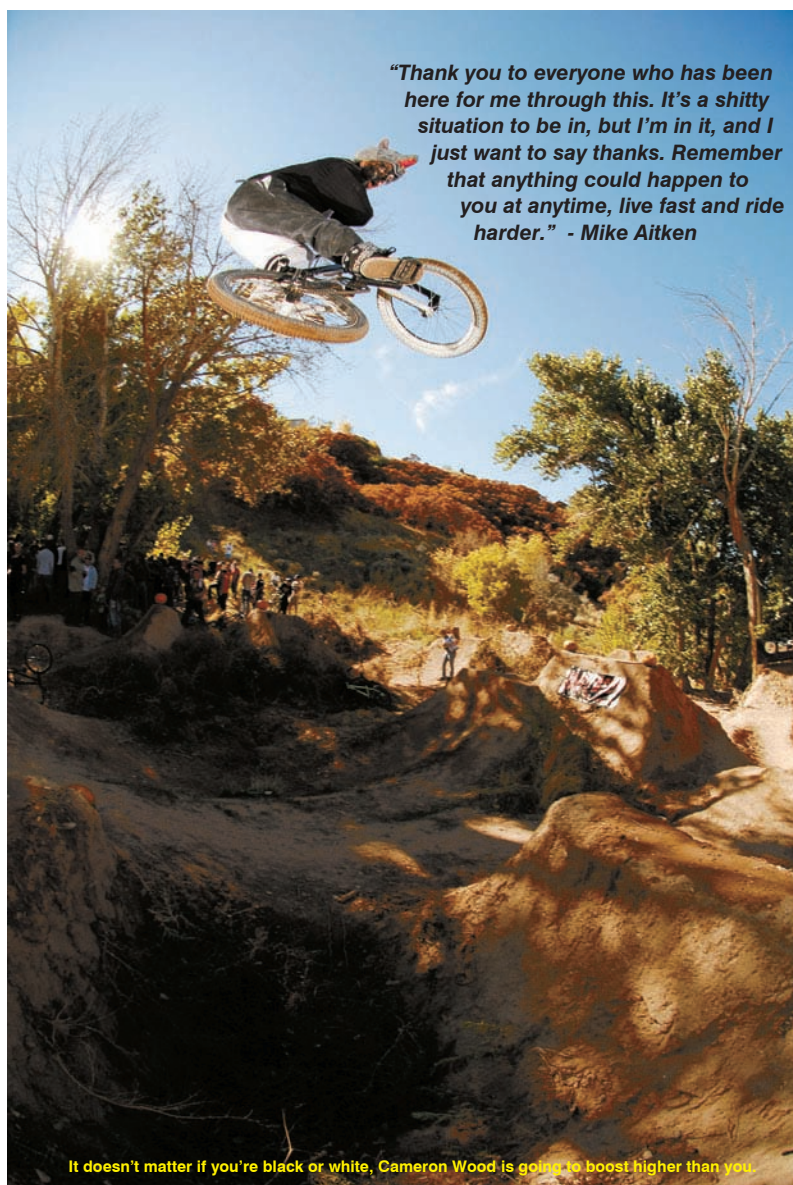
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# Bike For Mike Halloween Benefit Jam

**Mike Aitken Benefit Jam: Presented by 5050bmx & Outsider**  
**Words and Photos by Jason Eichhorst** [eichhorst.j@gmail.com](mailto:eichhorst.j@gmail.com)

On Sunday, Oct. 5, the most unlikely thing happened to Salt Lake City local, **Mike Aitken**. Aitken over-rotated a 360° while filming on the east coast. He was rushed to the hospital in critical condition with severe head trauma, and clinically stated in a coma. He remained in the Bethlehem, Penn. hospital for two-and-a-half weeks before being flown air-med back to SLC where he remained in the IMC trauma unit for three more weeks. Back in Utah, doctors were amazed at Aitken's progression. From his first few waking hours when he was slightly conscious, doctors told him that he may never walk again. Aitken's always been one to prove people wrong, consistently hurdling the largest challenges. He walked the next day with the aid of hospital staff and a walker. He left the hospital on his own two feet with no help on his release date. Aitken is now back at home getting settled in, walking on his own, talking, regaining balance and completing day-to-day tasks, but he still has a long road ahead of him. He's by no means "better." Movement is limited on his right side and



*"Thank you to everyone who has been here for me through this. It's a shitty situation to be in, but I'm in it, and I just want to say thanks. Remember that anything could happen to you at anytime, live fast and ride harder." - Mike Aitken*

*It doesn't matter if you're black or white, Cameron Wood is going to boost higher than you.*

he will need extensive speech and outpatient therapy for months to come. He also lacks health insurance due to his profession being "too high risk." His injury seems illusory, as Aitken's style and persona are the most imitated in BMX. It's still tough to register that this type of injury could have happened to him. He won the *AST Dew Tour* stop in SLC after taking almost four months off to rehabilitate a shoulder injury from earlier this year. Winning that event is a nearly impossible feat with that much time away from a bike, but you can leave it up to Aitken to handle that.

To benefit Aitken, his wife **Trista** and his two-year-old son, **Owen**, *5050bmx* teamed up with a large group of sponsors to hold a benefit BMX jam at *Tanner Park* on the Oct. 25. A raffle was held with over \$3,000 in prizes, including a brand new Fender guitar, a FIT Bike Co. signature Mike Aitken frame, a vintage complete Hutch PRO (probably worth more than most cars), a brand new complete 2008 Verde bike and donations from countless other sponsors. In true spirit of the season, locals dressed up *Tanner Park* with Halloween decorations. Pumpkins lined the turns, skeletons hung from trees, zombies crawled out of the ground and gargoyles guarded the jumps. Over 300 people attended. Riders, friends, families, random dog walkers and hikers donated for the cause to help a fallen rider, everybody's friend and all around good guy. Funds were gathered and accounted for at the day's end, bringing the total to more than \$5,000 for Aitken and his family. Special thanks to **Eddie Buckley** from *5050*, **Steve Spencer** from *Rad Canyon BMX*, and thanks to **Cameron Wood** and **Greg Ingersoll** for the hard work at the park.

Some of the riders rode in full costume, and how was beyond me. **Tim Thompson** dressed up as Rainbow Bright complemented by a magical wand, **Elf Walters** wore a Freddy Krueger mask all day and Ingersoll dressed up his bike in straw while he rode dressed as a scarecrow. He was definitely the best dressed. Spirits were high, and everyone supported the cause to the fullest. The BMX family is a close group in SLC. Most riders consider friends as family, just as their own and it shows. Thanks to all that supported, rode, donated, watched, lurked and visited. Also a huge thanks to all the sponsors that sent and brought gear to raffle off! If you were unable to attend the event and would like to donate to Aitken's fund to show support please visit: [mikeaitken.com](http://mikeaitken.com) or [5050bmx.com](http://5050bmx.com) and please, donate generously.



*Freddy Krueger takes a break from slicing up souls and infiltrating dreams to slice up the trails.*

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## GALLERY STROLL

### How to Get Into the Christmas Spirit by Gift Giving

by **Mariah Mann Mellus**

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

When I find myself walking for what seems like miles across frozen asphalt as cars scream past me, sliding, honking, brake lights flashing it can only mean one thing ... Christmas shopping.

If you're like me and typically find the Christmas spirit through Christmas music and spiked wassail and consider gift giving a hassle, I offer a solution: slow it down a ding-dong minute and stroll through the art galleries. Salt Lake's art galleries kick off the season with a *Holiday Gallery Stroll* on December 5th. Galleries provide a perfect, calm place to get handcrafted gifts by local artists. Imagine parking in the first parking stall and walking up to the charming *Finch Lane Gallery* nestled in *Reservoir Park* or popping in to discuss the clothing drive collections and holiday tree decor with **Ruth Lubbers** at *Art Access*. You'll find something truly unique and thoughtful for all the people on your list while you stimulate the local economy! Now that makes me feel warm and fuzzy.

Shopping at the **Salt Lake City Arts Council's Finch Lane Gallery** has become a tradition for many gift givers. This year marks the 25th Anniversary of the galleries *Holiday Craft Exhibit and Sale*. Each year, favorites return and new artists are added increasing the size and caliber. *Finch Lane Gallery* is open Monday through Friday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Saturday 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., located at 54 Finch Lane (1325 E. 100 S.).

Open spaces at malls are unheard of during the retail shopping season known as Christmas, but not at the *Phillips Gallery*. They have three floors of colorful paintings, invigorating collage and serene sculpture. Finding the perfect gift is a bonus to stopping by this refuge from the holiday hustle and bustle. *Phillips Gallery* is open Tuesday through Friday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., located at 444 E. 200 S.

I already think of *Frosty Darling* and *Kayo Gallery* when I think of hip art and handcrafted items, but during the Christmas season they shine. Special engagement boutiques have been set up for December 6th and December 13th from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. to afford you the luxury of having all your favorite crafters and local artisans in one place. **Kali Mellus**, **Sonya Evans**, *SLUG* Sales and Marketing Manager **Meghann Griggs**, **Tim Thompson** and **Alexis Hall** will be offering handmade clothing and accessories, home decor and stationary. You can get it all in the local shopping mecca of 200 E. and Broadway.

*Art Access* is collecting clean, gently used or new clothing to donate to *ARC of Utah*. Renew your faith in the Christmas Season while enjoying the charm of a holiday tree decorated by knitters **Lisa Sewell**, **Ellen Christensen** and **Sheryl Gillilan** and wares from over 25 local artists, many of whom will be on hand for the *Holiday Reception* December 5th from 6 to 9 p.m. *Art Access* is open Monday through Friday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. and is located at 230 S. 500 W.

Give local, employ your community, donate clothing, and give a gift made with heart and soul. The Christmas spirit is out there and can be found at Utah's many art galleries this year.

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# BEER REVIEWS

## Beer Reviews

### Seasonals

tyler@slugmag.com

I swear to **Gaia** and all things holy that if I see one fucking Jesus tree before the month of November next year, I will ... give up drinking before noon for at least a week. Which brings me on over to this month's beer style—the seasonal brew. The seasonal brew has no major guidelines to go off of, because frankly, it's a seasonal, and it is the brewer's choice to do whatever in the hell they wish with it. The only way to look at these brews is by pure drinkability. So here are some brews to look for in the winter months, and to aid in your celebration of the solstice or any other pagan-based holiday you wish to partake in.

### Harvest Ale

**Brewery:** Red Rock

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Average Price:** \$4.50

**Serving Style:** Pint/Pitcher/Growler

**Rating:** \*\*\*\*½

**Description:** This guy pours a soft golden color with a brilliant white head. Murky on its clarity due the unfiltered process, it stands as quite the light drinking brew. One consistent hop character (Amarillo for you geeks out there) is the dominating aroma in this brew, shortly followed by some lighter sweet malt.

**Overview:** Nothing too hard to think about, this is a killer brew that has an even balance of hops and malt. This year's batch did seem to be a touch sweeter than I remember, but otherwise still another classic from the guys at Red Rock. Now that we got the beer out of the way, let's talk about the kick-ass artwork **Chris Harlin** (brewer for Red Rock) drew up for this brew.

**Where to Find:** Only on tap at Red Rock locations, and only released in the fall, so mark your calendars.



### Wasatch Pumpkin Ale

**Brewery:** Utah Brewers Cooperative

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Average Price:** \$13.99/six pack

**Serving Style:** Pint/Pitcher/Growler

**Rating:** \*\*\*\*½

**Description:** Coming out of the bottle a decent amber color, it instantly puts off a firm amount of your standard holi-

day aromas: cinnamon, nutmeg, and a polite pumpkin puree like feel followed up with a soft amount of malt. It drinks like a standard spiced beer should—it is a touch light in the body, and reveals some ginger and malty flavors, but still leaves your palate lingering for some more!

**Overview:** Okay, fuck it. I promised myself I was not going to talk about pumpkin beers, but hell I just got motivated by this year's brew of the pumpkin ale. Good for any occasion, this will go damn well with Thanksgiving dinner or as a holiday gift to your local bishop. But if you want to try the true Wasatch version of this, you ought to go to the source up in Park City.

**Where to Find:** Almost every grocery store around the valley. (Fall Release)



### Autumn Bock

**Brewery:** Wasatch

**Abv:** 4.0%

**Average Price:** \$3.50

**Serving Style:** Pint/Pitcher/Growler

**Rating:** \*\*\*\*½

**Description:** Deep amber in color, this comes off the tap with a nice foamy off white head that manages to retain to the last sip. The aroma is this soggy, wet, toasty, malty, piece of art that lingers in the nose. The taste is a forward toasted malt that is just as dominant as the aroma, and it finishes with a very subtle hop backing that makes it damn easy drinking.

**Overview:** It's about damn time that I finally got some Wasatch brews put up on the board. And with two killer brewers (**Ray Madsen & Matt Beamer**) up in Park City, it is no doubt that they are whipping out some damn good beers. Coming off a win at GABF, they have proven to know their shit. Sorry to say that this is only on tap in the fall, so be sure to check it out in the coming year.

**Where to Find:** Only on tap at the **Wasatch Brew Pub** in Park City (During "Autumn").

Even better for those of you that are making your trip up to Evanston for your beer, porn and fireworks run, be sure to support a local brewer at **Suds Brothers** where Madsen's *Belgian Black* is being featured. This beast of a brew sitting at 10% a.b.v. is a winning homebrew that has been incorporated in this brewery's arsenal of brews. This opaquely black brew has a stern aroma of Belgian malts, caramel and some subtle raisiny plums.

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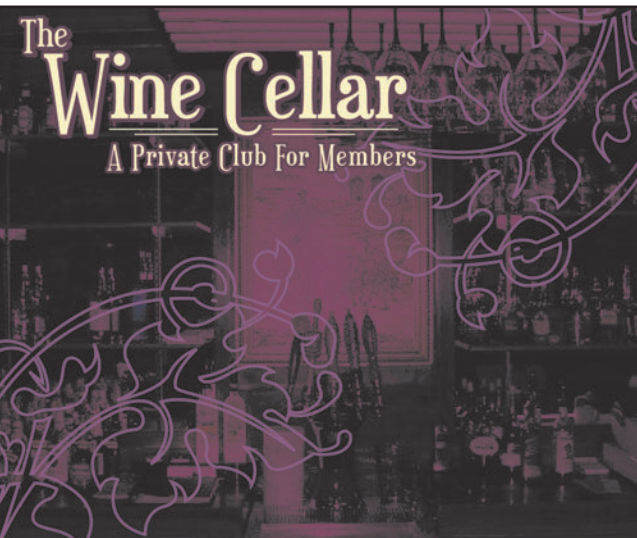


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# LOCAL REVIEWS

## Destructinator

S/T

Self-Released

Street: 10.08

**Destructinator = Helloween + (a retarded) Megadeth**

The four energetic local youngsters that comprise the moronically-named Destructinator love to bend strings and serve up power metal solos, and, honestly, they're quite good at it, but they need to banish their inner class clowns and freeze the irony pronto. Lyrics like "Destructinator, he'll destructinate your face," and songs about their (I assume) teacher, "Mrs. Wadium," won't make them any friends outside of study hall. I'm not saying they should pokerface it like **Manowar** and slide their skinny asses into fur loincloths, but c'mon, the irony is distancing and insulting. Musically, these guys could really accomplish something if they half tried, but the deliberately amateurish cover artwork and dopey lyrics smell like a wet paper bag full of teenage farts to me. —Ben West

## Kid Madusa

S/T

Self-Released

Street: 06.08

**Kid Madusa = Ulver + Bat for Lashes + Dresden Dolls**

Enter the dark, raw, silky mysticism of the parallel universe that is Kid Madusa. This album, Kid Madusa's first, begins with a haunting, harpsicord waterfall and rich doubled vocals that seem to hold the sorrow and wisdom of 200 years, not the 27 of **Lindsay Heath**, ex-drummer of **Phono** and **The Tremula** and current drummer of **Bronwyn Beecher** and **Twin Lull**. Lindsay's trademark heavy, unpredictable drumming serves the album well, especially in the trippy beats of "The Baderie Acid Recovery Project." Lindsay plays most of the instruments on the album, with **Cache Tolman (Rival Schools, Skullfuzz)** on bass and **James Miska** lending trumpet. Lindsay's distinct songwriting is a cross between funeral dirges for dollhouse families and a **David Lynch** circus. "Marry Anette" is a deathly waltz on a tightrope 1,000 feet above a craning, anonymous crowd, and the unusual drumbeat switch-up near the end is precise and unique like a Black Forest clock. "Vanishing Twins," "Twilight Antique" and "Xis Ytxis" are atmospheric, dreamy soundscapes. "Weeping Cathedral" starts with a samba beat, minimal, floaty keys and hypnotic melodies until bursting into a chorus that expands outward like

the sea at high tide. Kid Madusa taps into the despair that is inherent to the human condition, with a sensitivity that offers a beautiful respite. This is some of the best local songwriting you will ever hear. —Rebecca Vernon

## Joshua James

**The Sun Is Always Brighter**  
**Intelligent Noise Records LLC/**  
**Northplatte Records**

Street: Re-released 06.06

**Joshua James = Jason Mraz + Howie Day + Chaz Prymek**

Okay, I've got to say it. Joshua James is hot. *Really* hot. Maybe it's those blue eyes (they'll get you every time), or perhaps it's his great jawline, but this is supposed to be an album review, so let me get to the point. His swooning voice and lulling acoustics have made me fall head over heels in almost the same way that I did for **Nick Carter** from the **Backstreet Boys** when I was in the fourth grade. But seriously, his album has got a good feel to it. In all truthfulness, it's a bit too precious for my taste, but even in all my cynicism, I can appreciate the earnestness that oozes from the album. This guy wears his heart on his sleeve, and not just when it comes to love. *Brighter* is full of songs with dark undertones and serious topics like war and substance abuse, and the way they're performed with such honesty makes them all the more meaningful. Joshua James will make your heart melt. —Erin Kelleher

## M. Sartain

**The Camelot Sessions**

**Kilby Records**

Street 09.20

**M. Sartain = Starmy + Sebadoh + Elliot Smith**

Nepotism can do strange things when it comes to music. If it were not for famous siblings, there would have been no careers for **Roger Clinton**, **Tommy Cash** or **Jermaine Jackson**. But before you believe that brotherly kindness only manifests itself in national acts, consider the local surname Sartain. Under normal conditions, *The Camelot Sessions* would never have seen the light of day, but since local venue hound **Will Sartain** has recently ventured into record making, putting out his brother's throw-away material makes perfect sense. With this disc, Mike Sartain unloads a score of ambient, low-budget cuts. Some of the songs seem more like song sketches than complete compositions, like the "Her Majesty" track on **The Beatles' Abbey Road**. Overall, *Camelot* has the feel of early Sebadoh or one of the myriad other **Eric Gaffney/Lou Barlow** collaborations (**Sentridoh**, anyone?). The final product is quite listenable and a little aggressive, even if a tad bit derivative. Plus, there are photos of young Mike in

a sleeveless shirt. Sassy! —Woodcock Johnson

## Odetta

**Cut & Paste Vol. 2**

Self-Released

Street: 11.01

**Odetta = DJ Shadow + Metal**

**Fingers Doom + Pete Rock + Dr Who Dat?**

I've had the chance to thumb through some of Odetta's vinyl collection and just about every record I touched had some inspiring funk sound or soulful sample. The guy simply doesn't keep crappy records in his crates and this is what makes Odetta's production so solid. The best way to begin making beats is with an unyielding base of samples and a vast record collection. *Cut & Paste Vol. 2* contains over twenty-four jazz-infused beats that take you through some of the smoothest sounds ever put on vinyl. "Before My Tim," was one of my favorite tracks, featuring a diverse array of samples and flowing string bass, but "Naturally" was the song that helped me ultimately decide that Odetta is among Salt Lake's best producers. His music could make an MC sound dope, but speaks volumes on its own. Be sure to check out *Cut & Paste Vol. 1* for more of Odetta's spotless production. —SUPeRB

## Old Timer

**Live at the Tombstonery**

Self-Released

Street: 08.15

**Old Timer = Reverend Bizarre + Torche**

Somewhere along the foothills resides a small family company who has been forging tombstones, among other things, for more than 100 years. This happens to be the spot Old Timer utilized to record this little gem because they do not give a fuck about studio quality polish or pristine production. Why? Because dirty stoner rock and roll doesn't need that shit, and it never will, that's why! What is enduring about Old Timer to me is that they are D.I.Y. to the very foundation — no fluffy press release, copy machine album art and a disc label that was so thick, it nearly got stuck in my car player. Packed with blues riffs, face melting solos, a strong rhythm section and vocals dirty enough to make you want to brush your own teeth, you can't really ask for much more. This is a fine piece of work amidst several bands of similar style in our local Utah arsenal. —Conor Dow

## Ralp

**3-song sampler**  
**Moondog Music**

**Street: whenever you'd like**

**Ralp = Dead or Alive + John Lennon-style vocal + Big Black**

According to Moondog Music, Ralp (Casey Fritz to those in the know) has recorded over 200 songs, all of which are downloadable through their website. This makes reviewing this three song demo a little strange. Two years ago, SLUG reviewed Ralp's first six-song demo in these very pages. Where it gets interesting is that all three songs on this disc were also on the first one. But never one to shun redundancy, it must be said that this homemade, single-person-performed trio of songs is actually very listenable. And where the music seems at times limited by the multi-track, electronic feel of a studio work, the vulnerable, almost 1980s John Lennon-sounding vocal ties everything together well. And while we here at SLUG would have preferred to be treated to a few of the other 200 tracks on the Moondog site, the cuts on this mini sampler work well enough together to inspire a little curiosity for more Ralp. But who knows? When we re-review this one again in two years, we may just change our minds. —Woodcock Johnson

## WoO

**Come Blue**

**A. Star Recordings**

Street: 06.08

**WoO = Eluvium + Stars of the Lid + Tim Hecker**

This was a wonderful little surprise. Intrigued, not knowing at all what to expect, with zero press release and mysterious album artwork, I immediately put this in my car CD player. The result was approximately 45 minutes of minimalistic and soothing soundscapes that are comparable to what the revered Eluvium would sound like if he was marooned on a derelict space station. The sole proprietor of WoO is located in the Serbian city of Belgrade of all places, and upon further investigation, I found that this album was printed in a limited release by a small label in Kaysville, Utah. If you love ambient music, and have any interest in supporting local labels, I can't recommend this collection of songs enough. Hurry though, as it is limited to 200 copies.

—Conor Dow

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# GAME REVIEWS



## Fallout 3 Bethesda

Street: 10.27.08

### RPG Shooter

Hear me! I am **Dante Stryve**, paragon of wasteland morality, head-shooter extraordinaire, and I shall have my vengeance! So... I've had *Fallout 3* for two weeks now and I've lost about 48 hours to it, but I feel justified, games like *Fallout* come along very rarely. It's not perfect, but it's one of the most engrossing and fully developed titles in the next-gen line up. There's a lot to cover, so let's start with the game world.

The Capital Wasteland is epic—it's bigger than any single play-through could reveal. The scope of destruction and decay around every corner is a harsh and somber backdrop for *Fallout's* massive campaign. Anyone can build an open world full of mountains and forests, but when we're talking about the aftermath of the apocalypse, every block and every city ought to be original and distinct, and this is the case. *Fallout's* sandbox world is probably the greatest of the game's umpteen achievements. As you step out into the wastes for your first time, and your eyes adjust to the bright sun, the sense of possibility is palatable.

The intro to this game is probably the best and most creative character creation sequence I've ever seen.

Interaction with NPCs is very *Oblivion*-esque, and while plenty of the voice acting is fine, plenty of it sucks. Not surprising, considering the sheer volume of voice recordings needed to cover every possible reaction and scenario. Probably the worst part of the game is your character's dialog options. While you don't actually hear yourself talk, your conversation options are always poorly worded and continually undermine the information you've just been given. This may seem nit-picky, but the game is very invested in the dialog, and it's sad that you can't be as articulate as you'd like. My only other gripe is with the character models: gestures are sparing and stiff, and (just like in *Oblivion*) people don't seem to be touching the ground when they walk, but floating just above it.

However, the new V.A.T.S. combat system is a blast. Sighting an enemy, you pause the game and highlight a body part of theirs you'd like to see removed with speeding molten lead. You cue up a few trigger-squeezes with your trusty magnum and the game gives you some cinematic camera angles and filters to watch the carnage you've created. Great fun. You can shoot in real-time, too, though it's mostly a supplement when your AP is down.

Despite the awesome character creation, I feel like *Fallout 3* starts pretty slowly, which may deter some gamers. At about 10 hours in the game's momentum starts to build, so stick with it. By the time you hit level 10 I promise you'll be bloodshot-drooldripping-hooked. I know I am. —Jesse Hawlish

4.9 super-mutant decapitations out of 5

## Dead Space EA

Street: 10.17.08

### Horror Shooter

When I popped *Dead Space* into my Xbox, I expected a solid horror title—plenty of gore and plenty of twisted demons to slay. It has these things in spades, but *Dead Space* is far and away a more impressive and polished game experience than I expected.

The basic premise: *Resident Evil 4* got together with *Half Life 2* and they watched *Event Horizon* on Blu-ray. In other words, it's a third-person over-the-shoulder shooter that takes place on an enormous space craft where evil goings-on have left the vessel gutted and dangerous. You are **Isaac**, a member of the repair crew sent to help, and a depressed-looking deep-sea diver as well (you'll get it when you play it). Isaac's abilities are shamelessly borrowed from successful shooter concepts over the last few years. He can slow time, use his kinetic suit ala the *HL2* gravity gun and upgrade his weapons and armor in a very *RE4* fashion. But in the video game world, the only shame in borrowing ideas is doing it unsuccessfully, and there's none of that here. Save for a few sluggish movement issues, every aspect of the game has been polished to an impressive degree.

You'll hear it everywhere soon enough, but *Dead Space* has a menu system that literally steals the show, and needs to be seen to be fully understood. Every menu is built for Isaac, not the player, and exists in the physical space of the game world, some are projected from his suit, others on walls and consoles, and the effect is gorgeous. It's difficult to describe concisely, but the system really takes immersion and gameplay fluidity forward a big step. The art direction and graphics are as good as we've seen on the Xbox to date. Add the top notch sound effects and *Dead Space* really is a very complete game.

From the opening scene on, *Dead Space* scares the piss out of you while forcing you to keep a cool head. You have to aim perfectly, develop strategies, and explore every dingy corner if you'd like to keep your head attached to your body. There are basic puzzles here and there to keep things varied, but mostly you'll be perfectly content going to town on those ungodly creations in a frenzy of sheared limbs and spraying blood. —Jesse Hawlish

4.5 things that are right behind you out of 5

## ezGEAR Wii Accessories ezSHOT Gun ezGear

### Wii

In making a video game accessory (especially a plastic shell with no moving parts) only so many things can go wrong. But I'd bet a shiny nickel that the suits at ezGEAR never even considered to trying their new Wii gun out on a game on an actual Wii. If they had, they'd realize it's a fantastic piece of shit. It takes me forever to loop all the cords through and get the controller installed in the damn thing. It looks cool assembled, nice weight too. But the cord sticks out all funny and the trigger (Z button) is too high and feels awkward. I pop in *RE: Umbrella Chronicles* for some field-testing, but wait, I can't reach the damn thumbstick... what the fuck?! Yes, to get to the thumbstick you have to jam your finger in a half-inch hole in the plastic, and the wiimote cord is filling that space already. Who the fuck product-tested this piece of shit? I can't think of a single point-and-shoot game with no thumbstick controls. These people are idiots. In conclusion, the ezSHOT gun is the most shoddy and pointless of Wii accessories. I'd rather the dubious bat and tennis racket. —Jesse Hawlish

## ezSkin Silicone Sleeves ezGear

### Wii

I'm no CEO or anything, but I'd say the market for silicone sleeves for Wii controllers is pretty saturated. But that's not stopping the folks at ezGear from unleashing their version of the silicone sleeve (as well as all manner of other crappy products for Wii) upon us. I recently had the pleasure of using a set of their ezSkin silicone sleeves for my Wii remote and nunchuk. The whole sleeve idea for Wii controllers doesn't quite add up to me, and the ezSkin didn't change my mind. The skin for the remote makes the buttons nearly flush and, as a result, hard to press. Also, it doesn't make the remote any more comfortable to hold. I suppose it will provide a negligible amount of protection to loved ones as you flail about uncontrollably during particularly ferocious matches of Mario Party 26, but that's about where the benefits end. Put simply, it doesn't help or enhance the gaming experience at all. If anything, it hinders it. If you're in the market for some sort of cover for your Wii remote, that means your system probably didn't come with one. In which case, you can get them for free from Nintendo, so why would anyone buy these? —Aaron Day

## Wii Boxing Gloves ezGear

### Wii

The life of a boxer must be incredible. Think of all the women and limousines and oversized belts. Who doesn't want that glory? But then you realize that there's all that training and running while wearing a pink jumpsuit as your coach rides a bike in front of you and, oh my, the pain. ezGear has the perfect solution for you: Wii boxing gloves. You simply slide the foam inserts out of the Velcro-enclosed compartments, place the Wii remote and nunchuk in them, and if you can get them back in without ripping the gloves (we weren't able to) you're ready to pound some virtual fools. True, the control stick on the nunchuk is inevitably not centered, and many of the buttons on the remote are permanently depressed while in the gloves. And while it's also true that playing effectively with these gloves (in Wii Boxing anyway) means doing a sort of dog paddle with one hand and a kind of reverse karate chop with the other, none of that matters. What matters is that you've got real boxing gloves to use while you play a video game. For the cost of these gloves, maybe even less, you should easily be able to find somebody willing to break your hands. I imagine that playing Wii Boxing with broken hands is just about as functional as using these gloves. —Aaron Day

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# MOVIE REVIEWS

## Arab on Radar *Sunshine for Shady People* Three One G Street: 09.16

*Sunshine for Shady People* is a damn fine documentary of Arab On Radar. Directed by AoR drummer **Craig Kureck**, it follows the band through their beginnings in dirty basements and through their career in dirty basements, boxing rings and astrocades across the globe. Set against snippets of the shrapnel burn that is their sound, band members, a tour manager, fans and compatriots trade stories about Dachau, LSD, Slovenian Olympic rowing, Waco and other nefarious things. The real butter on this disc is in the bonus films. Unadulterated live footage from the leisure suit era in Minneapolis and Cape Cod to the grey Dickies work clothes era, including a set in hometown Providence, with effigies of the band hung by nooses. The music Arab On Radar made was intense—angular, pummeling, hyper spastic skronk that seem as if they are exercises in tension. The instrumentation is fairly traditional rock band (drums, guitars, vocals), but the execution is like taking said gear and throwing it into a blender with a few soldiers and a retarded child, creating a cacophony that you will either run from or be hypnotized by. They probably had music teachers that said, "You're not supposed to do that," but AOR ran the other way with it, creating one of the most original sounds heard since paleolithic no-wave, or cave noise, or whatever machines are doing these days. The energy they expel on stage is astounding, and may leave you wondering where can you catch that golden elixir. Well, look no further than this shiny jewel-like DVD and in the band **Chinese Stars**, where drummer/director Kureck & caterwauler **Eric Paul** now reside. Speaking of Paul, ever wonder what the "David Berkowitz meet Andy Kaufman by way of the Crucifucks" lyrics are representing? Well go to *the-heartworm.com* and you can find his book, *I Offered Myself as the Sea*, along with some other great stuff you would not be mad at me

for checking out. —David Parish

## Changeling *Imagine Entertainment* In Theaters 10.31

**Clint Eastwood** successfully fires up the Oscar season with this real-life account of the inefficiencies and scandals of the corrupt Los Angeles Police Department in the 1920s. In 1928, Christine Collins' (**Angelina Jolie**) son, Walter, vanished, but months later was declared found by the L.A.P.D. The only problem was that Walter was inches shorter, pudgier, and uncircumcised. Obviously, the case should be reopened, right? Nope. The obstinate detectives, helmed brilliantly by the devilishly callous **Jeffery Donovan**, chose to remain in the public's positive light rather than admit their error. Oh, our tax dollars at work. Instead of cowering to the mighty giant, Christine decides to risk everything to expose the truth and find her son. In the extraordinary essence of *Girl, Interrupted*, Jolie immerses herself (and veils her usually obtruding ego) into the character and projects another performance that represents her true talent. While the multiple endings are similar to *The Return of the King* and confuse the audience on when the credits will actually roll, the stunning revelation is undeniably worth the wait. —Jimmy Martin

## Dark Funeral *Attera Orbis Terrarum Part II* Regain Records Street: 10.20

I might feel differently about this two-disc DVD had I encountered Part I, but I must say that *Attera Orbis Terrarum Part II* is an impressive package. Containing two full performances from Dark Funeral's 2006 South American tour (disc 1 from Buenos Aires, disc 2 from Sao Paulo), the professionally filmed footage never drags. Generally, live concert DVDs are something to be endured rather than enjoyed, but multiple cameras and lively editing help sustain interest. Black metal stalwarts

Dark Funeral have never sounded better. The live setting lends some snap to songs that often sound flat on record. The true treasure is the bonus fan footage added to each disc, filmed in smaller venues, and reaching back to the band's origins. —Ben West

## Parallel Worlds, Parallel Lives NOVA / PBS Street: 10.21

This BBC Four-sponsored documentary invites you into the story of a rock star, but not your normal rock star story of the rise & fall dipshit who gets into drugs and boozing. It's the story of **Mark Oliver Everett**, lead singer of the popular band **The Eels**, following the mystery of his father. Though they grew up in the same house for 20 years, Mark never really knew his father. His father is **Hugh Everett III**, a physicist who came up with a history changing theory of parallel words through quantum physics, known in the physics world to be as important as Einstein's theory of relativity. Mark didn't inherit his father's brain, but wants to learn what his father created and deal with his daddy issues all at once. This is a NOVA / PBS production so the quality of the filmmaking is top notch along with the quality of the content. It helps explain quantum physics to the layman in a simple and educating way. My only complaint would be Everett himself seems to play to the camera quite a bit. Still, it's very intriguing and interesting, and worth your time if you're flipping through PBS late at night. —Adam Palcher

## Quantum of Solace MGM In Theaters 11.14

Gone are the days of ghetto blaster rocket launchers, hairbrush walkie-talkies, explosive toothpaste, and Bond girls played by transsexuals. Continuing the tradition of successful franchise revamps, i.e. *The Dark Knight*, **Daniel Craig**'s second stab as 007 morphs the legendary super spy

into a dark vengeful agent gone renegade in search of his lover's killer. Forget karate chops to the throat and sleeping nerve pinches, this new Bond brutally beats ass and says fuck the questions later. Director **Marc Forster**'s (*Monster's Ball*, *Finding Neverland*) film is the first true sequel in the series, picking up exactly where *Casino Royale* concluded. However, unlike its predecessor, this tale is all action with a miniscule plot squeezed in just so the characters have something to talk about. It was distressing to observe the talented **Mathieu Amalric** (*The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*) be overshadowed by an absurd storyline involving a crooked environmental organization and worldwide droughts, but witnessing Craig manhandle one henchman after the other is worth the price of admission. —Jimmy Martin

## Studio One Anthology KOCH Vision Street 11.11

Before television airwaves were viciously sodomized and overrun with dumbass reality shows like *Flavor of Love*, *My Super Sweet 16*, and *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire*, CBS aired an innovative drama series from 1948 to 1958 that provided engaging episodes entitled *Studio One*. Capturing the talents of Hollywoodland's finest like **Charleston Heston**, **Laurence Olivier**, and **Art Carney**, this program stepped outside the box and paved the road for future shows to seek more creative ventures. KOCH Vision's six-disc box set comes crammed with 17 restored films including *1984*, *Twelve Angry Men* and *Wuthering Heights*. Along with the compelling broadcasts, the set also includes the ridiculously tacky, however hilarious, commercials that originally aired alongside the series. The only drawback to the collection is the \$90 price tag, but with over 16 hours of vintage entertainment, no one can claim it's lacking substance. —Jimmy Martin

**Todd Sucherman**  
**Methods & Mechanics for**  
**Useful Musical Drumming**  
**MVD Visual**  
**Street 09.30**

Todd Sucherman. Todd Sucherman? Who in the hell is Todd Sucherman? The short answer: a professional drummer who's played with **Styx**, **Peter Cetera** and **Spinal Tap**. A sessions guy. A guy that can play, but somehow has never really been part of anything for any length of time. The instructional video is similarly all over the place, spelling out methods and tips for jazz drumming, swing and rock hi hat work. There are even tips on navigating a music career, how to tour well and what to do during down time in recording sessions. And where the production quality is sublime, the DVD is completely useless. It is full of self-absorbed shots of Sucherman drumming by the beach, in the studio and in front of a sunset. Lame, bloated and needless, from a guy no one has ever heard of. So what if he can play double bass? —James Bennett

**Twilight**  
**Summit Entertainment**  
**In Theaters 11.21**

The sound of 300 screaming tweeners can only mean one of two events...either it's free training bra day at JCPenney or the film adaptation of **Stephenie Meyer's** best-selling vampire novel *Twilight* has finally hit the big screen. Now, I'll admit I haven't read the series, because...well...I have a penis, so don't expect a movie vs. book comparison. When Bella Swan (**Kristen Stewart**) moves to gloomy Forks, Washington, she soon becomes increasingly infatuated with the mysteriously pale Cullen family, in particular with Edward (**Robert Pattinson**). With her Nancy Drew-like detective skills, Bella learns the truth of her crush...he's a vampire...GASP! The storyline is essentially a juvenile knockoff of **Charlaine Harris' Southern Vampire Mysteries** (a.k.a. HBO's *True Blood*). It's a simplistic teenage love story with a miniscule amount of conflict. I guess if life gets too difficult the children get upset? As with many series' introductory films, the majority of content consists of character introductions, which hopefully pays off in the sequels. Rather than using

the narrative to elevate the viewer's attention, the film predominantly relies on its soundtrack for support with multiple music montages. The film doesn't fall anywhere near the realm of classic vamp tales like *Near Dark* or *Interview with the Vampire*, but it won't be damned back to the depths of hell with *Dracula: Dead and Loving It* and *Vampire in Brooklyn*. —Jimmy Martin

**Zombie Strippers**  
**Sony Pictures Home Entertainment**  
**Street 10.28**

Why is no one in Hollywood satisfied with their current profession? **Bruce Willis** strives to be a blues musician, **Madonna** thinks she's an actress, and **Tom Cruise** desperately desires to be a douche...and is succeeding. Now, America's #1 porn star, **Jenna Jameson**, wants to be an actress too. Isn't that adorable? It's both sad and scary that *Zombie Strippers* isn't the only film covering the issue (see also *Zombies!*, *Zombies!*, *Zombies!* — *Strippers vs. Zombies*). In Jameson's journey, **President Bush** is serving his fourth term with **Vice President Arnold Schwarzenegger** and the military has developed a virus that resurrects dead soldiers so they can continue fighting the War on Terror. However, when the project unexpectedly goes awry, the disease reaches an underground strip club and infects its top performer, Kat, transforming her into a decaying yet flexible super slut. Necrophiliacs of the world unite! I am fully aware of the desired Troma-esque tone of the film (which will attract the majority of viewers), but the retarded antics become increasingly annoying 20 minutes in. I've never been so bored watching girls pole dance. I'd rather sit down with a bucket of popcorn and watch some good ol' Jameson family classics including *Ms. Behaved*, *On Her Back*, and *Up and Cummers* 17. —Jimmy Martin

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# GUITAR CZAR

# BOOKS ALOUD

## Capote in Kansas Kim Powell

Da Capo Press [07.13.05]

Kim Powers does little to make me care about *Capote in Kansas*. The metaphors are syrup level sappy. The author tells, rather than shows, how his characters feel, except in his annoying habit of writing dialogue in all caps to indicate to his readers that someone is angry or scared. And Capote himself is reduced to a caricature of a terrified gay man. Ultimately, this book did not captivate my interest. Anyone not infatuated enough with Truman Capote to overlook the flaws in this novel, might find the following pieces more rewarding:

• **Stephanie Meyer's** dream journal

• *White Chicks: The Novel*

• *Finnegan's Wake II: The Legend of Curly's Gold*

• *Soup: The Complete History*

• **David Foster Wallace's** suicide note – 328 pages, 712 footnotes

—JR Boyce

## Mamarama: A Memoir of Sex, Rock n' Roll and Kids

Evelyn McDonnell

Da Capo Press

[Street: 02.2007]

The Stepford Wives' image of perfection is out as a new decade comes around. No longer are mothers supposed to be ink-free and unpierced. This memoir is the story of a young woman growing up in the fast lane, obsessed with bands and the boys in them. Sound familiar? McDonnell maps her route from early rebellion to political activism to motherhood in a larger cultural context. It mirrors

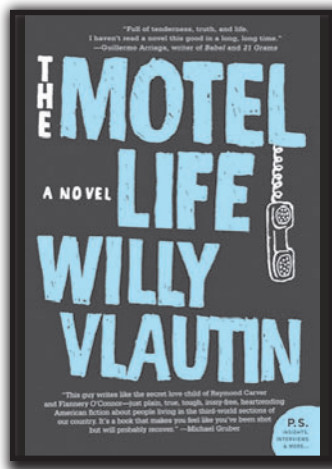
the struggle that many people have in balancing work, relationships, individuality and parenthood. This is a very positive view on pregnancy. Although the memoir does seem a tad cliché, this type of scenario happens every day. The book's main lesson is that motherhood shouldn't be something done on the side, or something that pushes everything else away. It's that balance that our culture should strive for. —Alexandra Harris

## Totally Vegetarian: Easy, Fast, Comforting Cooking for Every Kind of Vegetarian

Toni Fiore

DaCapo Press [Street: 09.01]

I have 30+ vegan cookbooks. It's getting harder to find great vegan cookbooks with new recipes or original culinary presentation. Although not 100% vegan, the vegetarian recipes call for gourmet, unprocessed cheeses, which can be easily modified. Author and chef, Toni Fiore, has compiled an excellent selection of recipes from her cooking show on the DeliciousTV channel. Many of the foods are Mediterranean-based cuisine, like the quick and crunchy "Fried Polenta Squares." Polenta is a well-oiled, flavorful cornmeal that is easily added to meals, but not always tasty alone. Her squares were simple to cook and made a great snack. I also made the "Tomato and Basil Bruschetta." All recipes required so few ingredients that preparation was easy and cooking time was fast. I like that Fiore's chapters are not separated by Appetizers and Entrees, but are labeled Salads, Soups and Stews, Breads and Pizza, Tofu, Tempeh and Seitan, etc. Sweet Finishes is my favorite section. I can't wait to bake a "Tofu Coconut Cream Pie" and "Tofu Cannoli." A great cookbook for novice cooks or professional chefs, vegetarian hippies or vegan busybodies. —Jennifer Nielsen



## The Motel Life Willy Vlautin

Harper Perennial [2006]

*The Motel Life* might be one of the most bittersweet novels written in the last decade and Willy Vlautin has managed to accomplish this feat without use of simile, modifiers or any of the other cheap tricks a writer uses to manipulate an audience's emotions. In the elegantly simple tradition of writers like Carver and Bukowski, Vlautin lets his quietly gut-wrenching story of two decent men with terrible luck speak for itself. His naked, natural voice reads like a court deposition from a very insightful, somewhat reticent barfly, allowing the reader to process the emotional content of the book on his/her own without being led by the hand like a retarded child to the moment where they are supposed to cry. If *The Motel Life* is any indicator, Vlautin is on his way to cementing a reputation as the **Steinbeck** of the 21st Century. (*Hard Boiled* Book of the Month Club Selection, to be discussed

at 7 P.M. on 12/29/08 at Sam Weller's Book Store) —JR Boyce

## The Transparent City Michael Wolf

Aperture [Street: November 2008]

There has always been a discussion about contemporary street photography and whether or not it is voyeuristic in its nature. Taking snapshots of other people's lives is inherently voyeurism, but as most Magnum photographers will tell you, photographers are the documentarians of life in this day and age. While this book isn't "street photography" (at least in the traditional sense), it is technically pictures of the street. For this project, Michael Wolf used telephoto lenses to take pictures of buildings and architecture in Chicago. Most of the photos in this book were taken in the evening or at night from the windows of what I assume to be skyscrapers. The interesting part of the book (and the most disturbing) is the fact that in several frames you can see into people's living rooms and bedrooms within their apartment buildings. To go even further, several pages feature crops of people's windows that have been enlarged. Due to the enlargement, the photos are very pixelated, resembling early camera phone photos or gas station security cameras. The photos of the buildings at night, while beautiful, cross the line of invading the privacy of the buildings tenants. While I enjoyed looking at this book, it really helps the argument that photography in public places IS an invasion of privacy (something I personally disagree with). This book takes documentary photography two steps backward. Michael Wolf's technical prowess with a camera is amazing in this book, but I hope the critics of documentary photography never see it. —Giuseppe Ventrella


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# CD REVIEWS

## Alaska in Winter Holiday

**Millan Records**

**Street: 11.18**

**Alaska in Winter = Beirut + M83 + All Natural Lemon & Lime Flavors**

I might be inclined to call this album pretentious if it wasn't so damn good. Perhaps I'm thinking about the image of Alaska's only member, **Brandon Bethancourt** (think posing for photos in tight jeans, G-Star jacket, and colorful high-tops amidst a beautiful Icelandic landscape while touring there), but that's beside the point. It's clear that this urban playboy can do just that—play. The album really is like spending a winter in Alaska, or is at least what I imagine spending a winter there would sound like. Soothing yet powerful, adventurous and tinkering, the album's echoey essence gives it a dreamy quality that sets it a mile apart from other synth constructions. There are no actual instruments played on the album save for a small keyboard, which is why the outcome is very synthesized, but still, it's never repetitive and it's always invigorating, like taking a deep breath on a crisp Alaskan morning. —Erin Kelleher

## Bible of the Devil Freedom Metal

**Cruz Del Sur**

**Street: 11.25**

**Bible of the Devil = Monster Magnet + Iron Maiden + Slough Feg**

A couple years back, I witnessed what Bible of the Devil could do with their *Diabolic Procession* album, yet despite the album's greatness, the band got pushed into the back of my head like too many bands. Thankfully, I am graced with the latest from the Chicago-based foursome, who bring about a stunning revelation. I forgot how much this band rocks! *Freedom Metal* isn't your typical stoner rock, they are more in the realm of classic metal than anything stoner. Everything about this record is far above mediocrity, making listening a great mental diversion rather than a chore. The lead guitar on most cuts is either playing one gigantic-ass solo or just lead after lead propelling the rhythm and bass into ultimate metal-domination. There are some semi-acoustic-type tunes that bring out some country styles. The entire record is totally fresh and filled with great songwriting, fun and intricate melodies and a voice that remains in your head long after the album has ended. —Bryer Wharton

## Bloodbath The Fathomless Mastery

**Peaceville**

**Street: 10.28**

**Bloodbath = Dismember + Entombed + Opeth + In Flames**

Bloodbath was formed in 1999 by members of **Edge of Sanity**, **Opeth** and **Katatonia** in an effort to rekindle the dying embers of Swedish death

metal. It's undeniable that they've mastered the mechanics of this particularly melodic subgenre, as this 40-minute release is precise, crisp and relentless. Unfortunately, it's not particularly memorable, coasting by fancy fretwork and neglecting the hooks. Fans of vocalist **Mikael Akerfeldt** (also of **Opeth**) will have their riff-hunger sated, but I'd point buyers towards the **Nihilist** demos collection as a superior specimen. Why watch the remake when the original is superior? I'll admit this much, though: the cover artwork by **Dusty Peterson** is the finest I've seen in a long while. —Ben West

## The Bronx III

**White Drugs**

**Street: 11.11**

**The Bronx = Turbonegro + Hot Snakes + Mudhoney**



Behind the feminine album cover of a tripped-out flamingo lies a piece of punk magic. Released on the Bronx's own label, **White Drugs**, *III* picks up where the last full-length, *II*, finished. The transition from *II* to *III* is like an unspoken promise to kick more ass—and certainly they have. The drive and enthusiasm that seep from the tracks make it seem as if they are aware of how significant this album will be. A majority of the album is hard, fast and in your system quick. There are more melodic songs, like "Young Blood," that I promise in time you'll be singing aloud. Singer **Matt Caughthran** has vocals of steel that translate lyrics you can understand by simply listening. *III* shows The Bronx aren't caught up in making music any other way than what's theirs. If you're ready for an aggressive, seductive assault, you'll find it here in one of the more pleasing releases of 2008. —Nicole Dumas

## Cake on Cake Hymns I Remember

**Sleepy Records**

**Street: 11.18**

**Cake on Cake = The Cranberries**

Singer/multi-instrumentalist **Helena Sundin** is truly talented. She takes lovely harmonies, tinkering chimes and magical instruments, and blends them for a starry lullaby ready to put you to sleep. Lyrics such as "Promise me we

will make snow-angels in our backyards" show the innocence and simplicity of Sundin's musical world. Each song surrenders its individual charm into one brilliant dream world. With so many different instruments ranging from flutes to bells to a xylophone, the only thing to add to this soothing blend is a pillow and a blanket. —Jessica Davis

## Catz 'n Dogz Stars of Zoo

**Mothership**

**Street: 10.28**

**Catz 'n Dogz = (a)pendics.shuffle + Alex Smoke**



I have no desire to sort between hard house, deep house, progressive, trance, ambient, microhouse, dubstep, 2-step, etc., *et cetera* (!) — when I can call purely dance music what it is: music that isn't complete without a party of people I can't stand falling over themselves (this party might take place in a club, a living room, a gym, or a car at a red light). **Catz 'n Dogz**, a.k.a. **Grzegorz** ("Greg") and **Wojciech** ("Voitek") make club music they bill as deep house with "harder techno roots." Despite my gag reflex to this description, this music isn't your typical fare: the duo overlays interesting colors and interesting rhythmic shifts over the top of an insistent bass drum. And as I write this at 7 a.m. on a cold October day, I'm in an abnormally good mood and my foot is tapping—Catz 'n Dogz brought the party to me. —Dave Madden

## Closer A Darker Kind of Salvation

**Pulverised Records**

**Street: 10.14**

**Closer = Darkane + mid-era Soilwork + Nightrage**

The great thing about music is if you enjoy a specific band, chances are high that there are other bands out there that sound similar or identical. This is a blessing and a curse in metal, and with so many potential subgenres, styles and directions a metal band could go, all too many of them stick with the traditional formulas. I am not at all opposed to the verse-chorus musical format, but when your band already sounds like you're covering songs by bands that did the same thing 10 years

ago, and did it better, it's probably high time to find another avenue to express your art. If you're new to metal, **Closer** will appeal to you, but why bother when their influencing bands are just as accessible and less of a bore? Trust me on this one. —Conor Dow

## The Cure

**4:13 Dream**

**Suretone/Geffen Records**

**Street: 10.08**

**4:13 Dream = The Head on the Door + Wish + Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me**

Yet another reason why review equations can be tricky ... I mean, how do you equate The Cure to any other band(s) without sounding like a jack-ass? Regardless, *4:13 Dream* is the record I've been waiting for since 2000's seminal *Bloodflowers*. The mood of the music on this album tends to transcend extreme highs and then immediately drop off into abysmal lows, much like the underrated *Wild Mood Swings*, but it's a far more cohesive and enjoyable record than almost anything The Cure has done in a decade. With more than one standout track, *4:13 Dream* is an outstanding listen from start to finish, with the exception of the almost obnoxious track "Freakshow," with the highlights being the album opener (the dreamy "Underneath the Stars") and closer (the borderline-schizophrenic "It's Over"). Cure fans, you will not be disappointed. —Gavin Hoffman

## Cynic Traced in Air

**Season of Mist**

**Street: 11.28**

**Cynic = Dysrhythmia + Sculptured + Frantic Bleep**

Cynic released one album, *Focus*, in '93 and disbanded soon after. Said album is one of those critic- and fan-acclaimed works that left Cynic in a legendary status, being one of the first bands to uniquely blend death and progressive metal. Well, with three of the original members intact, we have a new offering. *Traced in Air* is an entirely different output from *Focus*. The guitar tone is lighter, and the death-metal style is gone. The vocals are distinctly more progressive in style and the screams are few and far between and nothing close to death metal. Is this new offering bad? Well, for those expecting *Focus* part 2, disappointment will set in. For those willing to accept something new, they will find technical and fun-to-follow, great guitar work and a spaced-out vocal atmosphere. My gripe—the album is too scattered, and nothing stands out initially and the pacing can get distracting. *Traced in Air* takes extended listens before things begin to pop. —Bryer Wharton

## Dead To Me Little Brother

**Fat Wreck Chords**

**Street: 10.28**

**Dead To Me = One Man Army + Crimpshrine + The Explosion**

I gotta tell the truth—I love this band. Even if the members of Dead To Me had taken a dump in a jewel case and sent it to me, I still would've given it a glowing review. Luckily for everyone involved, that was not the case, and *Little Brother* is a solid, if all too brief, follow-up to 2006's *Cuban Ballerina*. The same combination of honest lyrical content and no-frills punk rock that made their debut so appealing is prevalent throughout most of this five-song EP, but the band also displays signs of growth. The four-minute title track is easily the standout, dipping into reggae to create an almost haunting atmosphere before building up to a gigantic final chorus that features full-on screams colliding with melodic "ohhhs" and chugging guitars. Dead To Me may not be the most original band around, but their heartfelt conviction and connection to their music makes them stand head-and-shoulders above the pack. —*Ricky Vigil*

**The Dears**  
**Missiles**

**Dangerbird Records**  
**Street: 10.08**

**The Dears = Serge Gainsbourg + The Arcade Fire + The Stills**  
Seasoned veterans of Montreal's illustrious rock scene The Dears took a more relaxed (if not miserable) approach to making their fourth album, losing most of their members in the process. *Missiles* caught me off guard. I never expected a beautiful, mature and complex album like this to be made in our day and age. They eased back on orchestral, cinematic sounds in exchange for a warm, intimate breed of ethereal pop. Vocalist **Murray Lightburn** (dubbed the "black **Morrissey**") is honest and melancholic, with the epically dysphoric "Lights Off" earning my highest praise. Lightburn and his wife, keyboardist/vocalist **Natalia Yanchak**, sing a bittersweet duet on "Crisis 1 & 2" before the album gives way to more profound songs that seem despairingly in search of something dire, before ending with the transcendent 11-minute "Saviour." A rocky album, I pray that this is not the last time we hear from The Dears. —*Ryan Sanford*

**Dir En Grey**  
**Uroboros**

**The End Records**  
**Street: 11.11**

**Dir En Grey = Tool + Evanescence + Sigh + Akercocke + Fantômas**  
The End Records favors metal music leaning towards the lacy, experimental and progressive. While their discography is not always to my liking, I respect the label as an outlet for musicians pushing their own boundaries. Unfortunately, Dir En Grey is too sour a cocktail to swallow. This Japanese band apparently has five previous full-lengths, and I have to wonder if they're all a hodge-podge of current trends. While balanced and well-composed, overall, *Uroboros* is just a pastiche of vapid, romantic, neo-goth, nü-metal breakdowns and dashes of technical death metal, the entire affair as carefully styled as the member's frosted hair. Jonesing for romantic metal with goth influence? Break out the **Amorphis**, **Borknagar**, or **Cradle of Filth** and skip this mallrat bullshit. —*Ben West*

**Fall From Grace**  
**Sifting Through The Wreckage**

**Bunk Rakk**

**Street: 12.16**

**Fall From Grace = AFI + Poison + Ofspring**



Fall From Grace are the biggest posers of all time. I hate when bands dress up in all black and try to look all tough and depressed. These guys probably were the biggest doofuses when they were younger. Then one day they all got together and they figured people would think they were cool if they started a bogus pop-punk metal band. The thing that is probably most disturbing about this album is that **Terry Date** (**Deftones**, **Pantera**, **White Zombie**, **Dredg**) produced it. He must be doing a favor for somebody because this band is horrible and Date usually picks really good bands to be involved with. It's sad to see one of the best producers tarnish his reputation and have his name associated with these dorks. Bad form, Terry. —*Jon Robertson*

**Fiasco**  
**Native Canadians**  
**Impose**

**Street: 12.09**

**Fiasco = Pixies + Nirvana + At The Drive-In**

This album sounds like it was recorded in a tin can. But it's the noisiest, most hardcore tin can of all time. The first track, "Steve Herman," comes charging out like it's trying to scramble your brains with the flashiest and most chaotic instrumentation of all time. The highlight of this post-punk mess is most definitely the drums. **Julian Bennett Holmes** must have a really unhealthy obsession with **Zack Hill**. He probably stands outside Zack's window and imagines what it would be like to cuddle with him at night. These dudes are really good all around. I wish they would leave their home town of Brooklyn and come play a show here in SLC. —*Jon Robertson*

**Gamma Ray**  
**Hell Yeah: The Awesome**  
**Foursome Live In Montreal**  
**SPV**

**Street: 11.04**

**Gamma Ray = Iron Maiden + a less wimpy version of Stratovarius**

Fans of Germany's mighty popular Gamma Ray will without question own this double-live album along with its companion DVD. For the non-followers, well, if you feel the need to jump into a gigantic experience of speedy classic-style power metal or just are generally interested in Gamma Ray, this is a wor-

thy exploration. As far as live recordings go, this sucker is finely produced. You can hear crowd singalongs and every instrument is clear as day. And the band ... well, they don't mess up. Live albums sometimes can be a struggle, especially in the instance of *Hell Yeah* because of the double-disc nature of it, as the length of both CDs together clocks in at just about two hours. That's quite a bit of, well, I'd call it happy metal. The songs don't stir up anger — they're upbeat, full of great power chords, supercharged riffs and a hell of a lot of masterful solos. I'll be listening to the album in bits from now on, since two hours of anything can be hard to stomach. —*Bryer Wharton*

**Greyboy**  
**15 Years of West Coast Cool**  
**Ubiquity**

**Street: 11.04**

**Greyboy = Nightmares on Wax + DJ Shadow**

Fifteen years is a big chunk of time for a DJ to be around and have survived the decline of the solo turntable spinner that boomed and busted in the '80s and '90s. Greyboy, **Andreas Stevens**, made it out alive and long enough to release this best-of to fans of the hip-hop-spliced jazz he is respected for ushering in. I enjoy this shit and don't have many gripes with it. I could do with just the instrumentals, though. I respect the guy's ability to sample without having MCs and vocalists—which a few of the tracks do feature. If you could imagine a release of such chill beats and mellow interludes that would render your being utterly jazzed, you have Greyboy's latest. This is fine spirit drinking music meant for makin' rugsats and memories and *not* for those fiending for Adderall and tricked-out club computery. —*JP*

**Kieran Hebden and Steve Reid**  
**NYC**  
**Domino**

**Street: 11.18**

**Kieran Hebden and Steve Reid = Herbie Hancock's Mwandishi + Sun Ra + Tortoise**

Aptly named, this latest offering from Kieran "Four Tet" Hebden (samplers, software) and Steve Reid (acoustic percussion) is the result of two days in New York's Avatar studio, where the duo soaked in the ghosts of previously recorded works by artists such as **Steve Reich**, **Chic** and **Missy Elliott**. Most importantly, the album reflects Reid's hometown experience in conjunction with Hebden's first real visit to the Big Apple, letting the food and urban explorations inspire tracks with titles such as "25th Street" and "Lyman Place." This all translates into an eclectically charged mix of psychedelics ("Between B & C"), '60s Funk ("1st & 1st") and Stockhausen electronics vs. downtown minimalism ("Departure"). In other words, Hebden and Reid's version of jazz fusion, something they've honed live and on record (*Tongues*, *The Exchange Sessions Vols. I and II*) reaches a point beyond casual collaboration: this is their language, and a fascinatingly experimental and enjoyably listenable one it is. —*Dave Madden*

**Kill the Client**  
**Cleptocracy**  
**Willowtip Records**

**Street: 10.28**

**Kill the Client = Watchmaker + Martyröd + weapons grade hatred**



Are your ears ready to have their pink little assholes tanned like an old civil war belt? Look no further than Kill the Client, or really, nearly every band Willowtip Records has on their fine roster of hate. Fueled by 18 tracks, not a single one exceeding two minutes in length, and a mere 23 minutes total, *Cleptocracy* picks up right where their highly respected first album left off. Imagine how **Metallica** would sound to your grandfather if you had him listen, except this band is what they would really sound like to him. This is pure soul-crushing and aggressive, grinding death metal that never relents or allows you, the innocent listener, to catch your breath. All of this and a *Glengarry Glen Ross* sample to boot! Your ears say, "In the name of science, please, no!" but your heart and mind say, "Oh fuck, yes!" to Kill the Client. Give in! —*Conor Dow*

**Los Difuntos**  
**Born and Raised in East LA**  
**Nickel and Dime**

**Street: 12.05**

**Los Difuntos = Tiger Army + Left Alone + Madsin**

This band has actually been able to get quite a buzz about them even though this is their first full-length release. They got a 7" out on **Rancid Records** and were rumored to have a deal on **HellCat Records**, but have apparently landed on Nickel and Dime. The record itself is a surprising one when you hear country, ska and 77 style punk built around a psychobilly engine; it makes for a fun listen. "Lucy" is a track that comes blazing straight at you and even boasts a rare vocal guest appearance from **Rancid's Matt Freeman**. Lead singer/guitarist **Christian**, who has really made this band his baby, puts his heart into each track which is mostly about the experiences of a kid growing up in the rougher parts of east L.A. Blistering stand-up work accompanied by two versatile guitars that switch from hard-charging distortion to more mellow vintage sounds on a dime show that this band is not only talented, but is not willing to step into some pre-cut psychobilly silhouette. —*James Orme*

**Maruta**  
**In Narcosis**  
**Willowtip**

**Street: 10.28**

**Maruta = Assuck + Pig Destroyer**

I'm legitimately depressed that I missed Maruta when they opened for **Phobia** and **Impaled** in September, since they play ferocious grindcore in the best '90s powerviolence mold. Remember?

Hardcore right before emo loosened its white-belted bowels all over everything? Sure, Maruta are perhaps a touch too tech, and a few of the songs suffer from studio compression, clueing one in that this is grind from a post-Nasum world. Although they don't quite capture the aggression of **Crossed Out**, they still savage the landscape and leave your eardrums with bloody noses. This'll fit in your collection nicely between those **Insect Warfare** and Pig Destroyer albums. —Ben West

## The Mansfields

### Cramp Your Style

Gearhead

Street: 11.04

The Mansfields = the Cramps + the New York Dolls + Sun Records area Elvis

How could such a band even exist? The Mansfields have taken the most pure moments in rock n'roll history and sewn them together. Not seamlessly though — more like Frankenstein stitches, all sloppy and such. The two songs "NYC Rock n' Roll," a tribute song to all the marvelously notorious music that came out of New York in the late and mid '70s and "Half Way to Memphis" which is all about the brilliant tunes that **Sun Records** produced in the mid '50s, pin point the two major influences of this band. This trio does it up right when zombies, lipstick killers, and creepy organs all make the scene and come together quite nicely. There are two Elvis covers that are good, but I'd rather hear the band's garage punk style come through than have just a straight boring rockabilly cover we've heard so many times. Other than that The Mansfields turn in a knock out record. —James Orme

## MF Doom

### Operation Doomsday (re-issue)

Metal Face Records

Street: 10.12

MF Doom = Madlib + Kool Keith + D. Swain + Slick Rick



This was once one of the hardest MF Doom albums to find because of the controversial use of **Marvel Comics' Dr. Doom** on the cover. Now that the comic book guys are cashing in on big box office flicks, the masked man has had a chance to marvel over achievements. He has also taken the initiative to re-distribute some of his and **KMD**'s greatest records on his own label. Originally released in 1999 on **Fondle 'Em Records** and then again in 2001 by **Sub Verse Records**, Operation Doomsday, serves as an impressive first solo project. **Daniel Dumile**'s unique style of chopping

and rearranging samples has put him at the top of the beat making realm. This album specifically displays some of MF Doom's best beats, sampling everything from **Scooby Doo** to **Sade**. Take a look at his discography and then try and tell him to drop the comic book villain pretense. —SUpErB

## Miwon

### A To B

Staubgold

Street: 11.25

Miwon = Her Space Holiday + The Orb + múm

In **James Elkins's** *Why Art Cannot Be Taught*, he writes "Some people would say they make art that imitates 'better' art...making art that is roughly emulating more successful art being made elsewhere." After a few listens to *A to B*, you might argue that Miwon aka **Hendrik Kröz's** music suffers from these symptoms. Or maybe being an electronic artist in Berlin for a "very long time" means *he* is the one the others are influenced by. Regardless, his methods closely reflect (without adding much to) the abovementioned artist's aesthetics: supple dance rhythms mingle with the occasional fey ala **Postal Service** vocal ("A to B", a plagiarized version of **Fleetwood Mac's** "Go Your Own Way"), cinematic string swells, soaring arpeggiations and occasional pleasant anomalies such as the crunchy, filtered drums on "Round and Round" and **Boards of Canada**-esque microtonal organ lines on "Daylight Promise." —Dave Madden

## The Model

### Physical

Playloop Records

Street: 11.18

The Model = The Faint + She Wants Revenge + INXS

The groove of this record makes me want to direct The Model's music videos with leather-clad, 80s rock-gods like icon **Michael Hutchinson** (INXS) staring into the camera and singing/whispering with eyes as intense as their motive for creating music. You can picture it, can't you? The motive in the case of The Model (frontman **Markie** and keyboardists **Ziggy, Jason, Johnny**) began as a semi-annual philosophic-pop-costume party in Philadelphia—where it's always sunny. Today, The Model is exactly as their name implies: a perfect example for dance parties they (and **Girl Talk**) have made infamous by mixing their own synth-noise into sexy, 80s, I-am-who-I-am-movie-attitude, like their anthem "I Won't Be Hanging Out Anymore." They play new-wave synth very well, blending that style with modern techno effects and beats for hopeful romantics (or those just swaying alone), like the **Simple Minds**-influenced "Do You Believe In Angels." Markie's deep, haunted vocals are similar to **Dave Gahan** (**Depeche Mode**), only lacking the self-loathing which is replaced with a becoming maturity. Expect to hear The Model at every club/dance party this next year. —Jennifer Nielsen

## o'death

### Broken Hymns, Skin and Limbs

City Slang

Street: 10.27

o'death = Gogol Bordello — the

## accent

I don't know how to accurately describe such a blatant lifting of style, but I'll try. Something can always be said for imitators, all music deriving from works before in this century of repeated styles—not this time, though. At least o'death could have tried to throw in some Russian, or whatever the hell hodgepodge it is that **Eugene Hütz** speaks, to add some real "gypsy-ness" to the sound-byted fiddle they employ. No such luck. So what do you get with a Gogol Bordello "cover" band with no true Slavic influences? A Bordello cover band with no soul. I can't imagine these pseudo-gypsy rockers spend any time anywhere close to the kind of enclaves you see Hütz journey to in the fantastic documentary, *The Pied Piper of Hützvovina*. For a real glimpse at gypsy music, don't look to New York hepcats like o'death for realism. Look to the source. —JP

## Outlaw Order

### Dragging Down the Enforcer

Season of Mist

Street: 11.28

Outlaw Order = Eyehategod + High on Fire + Arson Anthem

There is no avoiding comparing Outlaw Order to Eyehategod, considering the output is from four of the band's five members (the only one not included is Eyehategod's drummer, **Jimmy Bower**, who is playing with **Down** at the moment). Hence the side-project here, and the output is, well, more accessible than Eyehategod. The guitars are still down-tuned to sound like hell pounding from the depths, but added is a bunch more groove-oriented riffing and well, more direction with the songs. Just picture Eyehategod with hardcore and some stoner influences popping their heads in. I personally am a big fan of Eyehategod and this beast does not disappoint in the least — it impresses. Saying it again, the guitar-tone is wicked. **Mike Williams** does his best at spewing hate and fire tinged with Jack Daniels. It's violent, it's drudgingly ear scathing, it's fast and you can't stop listening to it. —Bryer Wharton

## Pee-Pee

### Castile Jackine is Voodooed at Broonus Mousin: Volume 1

Helmet Room Recordings

Street: 11.11

Pee-Pee = Connor Oberst + Pee

The only reason **SLUG** hired me to write reviews was to dump the stupid-named bands on me. It'd be hard to make music that sounds worse then this band's name. So am I saying this album's good? No, fuck no! Actually listening to this album just pisses me off. Even worse than the band's name is the grandiloquent album title; I won't even lift a web-browsing finger to find out how cute, abstracted or stoned Pee-Pee was when they came up with it. Even the song titles of this band piss me off, like "Love Needs A Quivering, Restless, Aching Fire to Lay its head On." Gawd, I feel dirty after listen to this album. I need a shower—a golden shower. —Cinnamon Brown

## Phobia

### 22 Random Acts of Violence

Willowtip

Street: 10.28

Phobia = Napalm Death + Nasum + Pig Destroyer



Grindcore has never been about songwriting, or playing your instruments well, it's always been about playing fast, ferocious, pissed off and obnoxious. First spin, I didn't have the volume on my stereo up that high, but with repeated listens, I turned it up, and what a difference just volume makes. With the volume low, the album sounded bland, lacking that grind violence and hatred, but with the volume up, it's as blasting and devastating as grind should be. *22 Random Acts of Violence*'s best quality is the punk rock and hardcore leanings, mainly in the vocal department. There's a bunch of hardcore-type chants, which gives a pleasing diversion from other grind acts that just blast n' scream. There are also plenty of chunky grooves, with a few leads and solo-type guitar sounds and screeches. It's not the greatest grindcore record I've heard, but hell, the band has over 18 years of experience, so it's better than the vast majority of imitators out there. —Bryer Wharton

## The Points

### Self-titled

Mud Memory Records

Street: 11.10

The Points = The Stooges + The Ramones + The White Stripes

Washington, D.C., has been the birthplace of many legendary bands of punk, hardcore, rock, indie and other various genres over the years. Simply mentioning a band comes/came out of the D.C. scene lumps them in with many greats. I mean, let's face it, it sounds much more promising than hearing a band originated from North Dakota. Regardless of scene associations, the D.C. duo The Points really aren't half bad. Are they and their self-titled punk/garage rock record good enough to hang with the D.C. crew of iconic bands past and present? It's debatable. One thing for sure is that they know how to rock your eardrums raw and aren't the least bit bashful about it. Their frenzied guitar, drums and vocals combine into a sort of static cling on your brain, making it hard to focus on anything else except their chaos. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Richard Cranium

### S/T

Self

Street: 11.11

Richard Cranium = Bedouin Sound-clash vox + We Versus The Shark guitars

This is one of those rare groups I don't "get" right away, but along with stretching my ears and musical grey/white matter, I find a happy medium in most of these situations. If I can temporarily remove the sanctions placed on my old standards of what makes music

inherently and immediately likable, I usually find that it is worth the time. Richard Cranium is a group that may require some aural calisthenics to really resonate, but they certainly do. Only so much can be written about some of these songs that lack a certain cohesion, but at least half of this EP is solid and inventive—something most seriously lacking in “modern rock” music. Investigate the first track, “Bury St. Edmunds Behind the Royal Exchange,” and its awesome guitar and bass meanderings, which will definitely stretch the bounds of most brains. “Tel-evangelist” is also a track that I enjoy, especially the intro. —JP

## The Rollo Treadway

### The Rollo Treadway

Team Clermont

Street: 12.16

The Rollo Treadway = The Beach Boys + The Zombies

Ah, '60s psychedelic pop. Ask any musician and they'll tell you it's the happiest way to tell a sad story. This concept album about two children's kidnapping sounds like it was stolen out of **Brian Wilson's** cut pile. Sunshiny and happy from beginning to end, this album could be the soundtrack to any Ferris Wheel or merry-go-round. At first listen, it seems so fresh and new, but after a few times through the wash, you realize that there's a reason oldies stations only allow one Zombies song per hour. —Cinnamon Brown

## Six Feet Under

### Death Rituals

Metal Blade

Street: 11.11

Six Feet Under = Cannibal Corpse + Obituary

Six Feet Under is one of those bands that is either loved or hated, and hated horribly. I've affectionately come to call the group Six Feet Blunder. Formed by former Cannibal Corpse vocalist **Chris Barnes** and Obituary guitarist **Allen West**, who left the band in 1998, the group is still going and has a dedicated fanbase. Why, I have no clue. Barnes, for some reason, stopped being a fantastic death-metal vocalist after Corpse, and now with West gone, the band still sounds a lot like a crappy version of Obituary. *Death Rituals* is more of the same dumbfounded tripe they've been spewing out for the last decade, with virtually no technicality in the music at all; the guitars are almost all low-end, groove oriented, and every song sounds like the one before it. When they do change things up, it comes out even worse—listen to the track “Bastard” and laugh your ass off. I think SFU is starting a new trend with *Death Rituals*, though, the invention of the death-metal breakdown, ugh! —Bryer Wharton

## SSS

### The Dividing Line

Earache Records

Street: 10.20

SSS = Municipal Waste + Stormtroopers of Death

Well, if you enjoy crossover pioneering bands such as Stormtroopers of Death, this will immediately appeal to you. But there is absolutely nothing new here and in a genre already well covered by the first few bands that attempted to branch out from their punk roots, there really is no need to plunder from their

gumption. If you're having fun writing music and playing with your friends, that's just fantastic and I don't want to be a Debbie Downer. Unfortunately, however, I just feel that listening to this is a big waste of time. —Conor Dow

## Swinging Utters

### Hatest Grits

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 10.28

Swinging Utters = the best punk band of the last 20 years!

My hell, this band has never once made a bad record. Every single outing is like a fresh fist to the face, and more than 16 years later, they're still doing it. Oh, but it's not like the Utters are living off some fat royalty checks. They've had to work shitty day jobs like truck driving, working in a cinder-block factory, and singing in **Me First and the Gimmie Gimmies** to keep things going, but every couple years, a new brilliant record comes around just to let us know they're still kicking. This release is a big ol' collection of B-sides, rare tracks, and demos that takes you through the band's evolution. If you're a fan, you already know to get this, and if you're a fan of punk rock, you should be a fan of the Swinging Utters. I'm on the fence about collections 'cause I don't think collecting music should be made easy; but on the other hand, there's some shit here that is unreleased, and not everything has made it onto this 26-track plus (wink, wink) collection from a band bound to release more of the same celebrated unflinching punk rock. —James Orme

## Tim Barry

### Manchester

Suburban Home

Street: 11.04

Tim Barry = Avail + Chuck Ragan + Drag the River

Many a punk-rock frontman has taken



up the acoustic guitar in an attempt to reveal their sensitive side, but few have done it as well as Tim Barry. Unlike many of his peers, Barry doesn't try to mold his sound into any sort of framework or to censor himself. *Manchester* features the introspective, sparse songs one would expect from such an album (“On & On”), but also features barn-burning bluegrass (“C.R.F.”) and even some all-out rockers, such as opener “Texas Cops” and “This November,” an unreleased Avail track. The album runs the gamut from folk to Southern rock to bluegrass, all with a solid foundation in punk rock. *Manchester's* impact isn't as great as Barry's solo debut (2006's *Rivanna Junction*), but it's a great example of a punk-rock solo album done right. —Ricky Vigil

## Tom Gabel

### Heart Burns

Warner Brothers Records

Street: 10.28

Tom Gabel = Against Me!

Apparently, Tom Gabel didn't get the message... typically, when a lead singer from a popular band makes a solo record, they strive to at least make it a little different than the material they release with their band. *Heart Burns* may as well be called *New Wave Part II*. The songwriting that was heavy on the verses with choruses that were sometimes indistinguishable in Gabel's early work seems to have been dropped. Instead, it appears that Gabel has opted to begin writing songs that all rely on repetition—easier for the masses to consume, I suppose. *Heart Burns* is only seven tracks long, but starts to get boring after one or two listens. I'm positive that the kids and Clear Station alternative radio stations will all fall in line to score this solo project, but I'm perfectly content with my early Against Me! albums. —Jeanette Moses

## The Tossers

### One Fine Spring Evening

Victory Records

Street: 12.12

The Tossers = The Pogues + Flogging Molly + Filthy Thieving Bastards

The Tossers are the preferred Celtic punk-influenced band among listeners that have an ear more towards the traditional folk side of things, but also need a good kick in the ass to keep them interested. Banjos, mandolins, violins, and tin whistles are more prominent in their arrangement than the blaring guitars of similar bands, so it's attitude and energy alone that the band brings to the punk side of things. Just listen to “Whiskey Makes Me Crazy” and you'll hear why the Tossers are the best at what they do. A mix of Irish sing-alongs and serious instrumental work takes it to the next level. The traditional song “Rocky Road to Dublin” exemplifies what I'm saying – this track is pounded into you with rhythm and vigor seldom heard. Lead singer and mandolin player **T. Duggins** leads his south Chicago band into a more positive outing than on previous releases, which has brought up the energy level, and can even be heard in Duggin's usual rolling growl. It's pretty clear that this highly talented band is going to be around for a very long time. —James Orme

## Wallpaper

### On the Chewing Gum Ground

K Records

Street: 11.04

Wallpaper = The Pixies + The Furs + Women (less bad-ass)

It's nice to hear a new band with no ego... maybe it's just the drugs. Some opium den in Washington, birthplace of Wallpaper, just brings confusion and the conviction of a few druggies who know their instruments. This album is very pure and fun. *On the Chewing Gum Ground* is filled with deep and warm pop songs with innocent lyrics. The beauty is in its simplistic melodies made out of low-toned SM57's and **Postal Service**-esque synth-pop drums; oh, don't forget about the multi-layered acoustic guitar riffs in the back-

ground. Listening to this record and knowing that it is the first installment, I wonder how many will come after this. Wallpaper speaks in a language that never ends and I truly do not see an expiration date for their approach to the music they make. *On the Chewing Gum Ground* is good ol' college rock—dance party music. —Lance Saunders

## White Fang

### Pure Evil

Marriage Records

Street: 10.21

White Fang = Touchers + Ad Astra Aspera

White Fang for a band name? Really? That name instantly brings to mind the **Disney** dog-wolf movie, based on the **Jack London** book that I saw as a young kid. The actual music, however, couldn't be farther from the novel and movie. While the album's title of *Pure Evil* is a bit overboard, this self-proclaimed “gnar-shredding” band dishes up some interesting rock n' roll noise, complete with horse-screaming, shouts, a bit of talk-singing, some gang vocals and the occasional horn for good measure. For a self-proclaimed “gnar-shredding” band, it would be pretty ridiculous if there wasn't a track entitled “Gnar Shred,” right? Well, don't worry—it's there in all its shredding glory. The biggest downfall or strength of the album, depending on how it's viewed, is the lack of a cohesive energy of the record overall. Nevertheless, the band White Fang sure kicks the poop out of the sappy London novel. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## White Zombie

### Let Sleeping Corpses Lie

Geffen Records

Street: 11.25

White Zombie = Rob Zombie solo material, except awesome

Look, I don't expect everyone around here to love the world's best horror-disco slasher-scumbag porno-stalker sludgy-stoner white-trash motorcycle-mayhem monster-mash metal band. But, if you love music and haven't listened to White Zombie, we can no longer be friends. LOOK AT MY FACE. White Zombie has given you ample time to check them out, considering their last and best album, *Astro-Creep 2000*, unearthing itself from the grave more than 13 years ago. Aside from singles and negligible remixes, this is everything the band has ever released, including wonderfully terrible 1985 demos and a DVD with every music video and plenty of live footage. This is essential for you diehard fans who don't have everything, or those looking for a great dose of 1990s nostalgia. —Conor Dow

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# THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of  
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

## TAKE HEED, THE CUMORAH HAND THIS WAY COMES *Filed by Boo*

Cumorah Hill-de Garde! The biggest gossip this side of the Mississippi – probably of THAT side too. She is one of the countless moral guardians in Utah but certainly the loudest and most energetic. She's also Aunt Kate's closest friend and confidant.

A recent afternoon found a group of us having an impromptu family gathering on the large wrap-around porch at Aunt Kate's house, Weedpatch. Aunt Kate, Aunt Delila, Delila's daughter, our pop star cousin Tempest X, Aunt Leona, our mom Petunia, our brother Foulkswrath, Oom and I were all sat around, having a good chin-wag and catch-up. A few stray cousins from Aunt Kate's womb wandered in and out of the proceedings, and apparently Aunt Leona's spirit guide Alfredo was also in attendance because Leona kept bickering with an empty spot near a porch pillar.

In the middle of Aunt Delila declaring that she was planning to officially change her last name to Xeri-Scape because she loved what people were starting to do with their yards and because it was hyphenated, so she could take a good-natured stab at all the posh and pretentious friends she has in London who insist on hyphenating their family names (Tempest argued heartily against this idea because people would think that's where the ultra important X in her name came from and she didn't want to be associated with scrubby desert plants

and dryness), Delila abruptly went silent and stared down the street. She then whispered out, "Oh my god, it can't be. (pause) It is! It's her! And her hand is out and ready." We all turned to see Cumorah Hill-de Garde appear from behind a line of shrubbery and quickly make her way up Weedpatch's front walk toward the porch. She looked up and immediately zoomed in on Aunt Kate, totally oblivious to the rest of us. She had her right hand held up and stretched out in front of her making it seem like the hand was in control and just dragging Cumorah along behind it. She then frantically gasped out, "Oh Katherine, whatever you do, DO



Illustration: Craig Secrist

NOT drive under the Eagle Gate! As God as my witness, that bird did its business upon my Buick." She's referring to a large metal structure that spans State Street at South Temple and which is topped by a large metal Eagle perched atop a beehive. It's well known locally that The Cumorah Hand portends big news and juicy gossip.

At that preposterous announcement Aunt Delila erupted into laughter. That set the rest of us off and Cumorah suddenly became aware of the porch-full of audience. Barely able to speak through her laugh, Aunt Delila exclaimed, "Oh Cumorah, I love you ha ha ha." Cumorah, now shocked into silence and wearing the expression of the perpetually appalled, looked into each of our faces one at a time. At last she settled her gaze on Aunt Delila and with all the forced politeness she could muster asked, "Delila dear, what brings you back to Salt Lake City?" Delila, still laughing, replied, "I'm just visiting with my daughter Tempest." She motioned towards Tempest who was trying hard to maintain a cool pout but couldn't help breaking into a giggle. Delila continued, "Cumorah, your hair is a wonder. It's never changed in all the time I've known you – and I've known you since we were small girls ha ha ha." This is somewhat surprising as Cumorah's hair is sculpted into a perfect globe. It's as round as a crash helmet and with all the hairspray lacquering it, just as durable and hard. When Delila was able to catch a breath, she went on, "It's more blue than brown now, but still not a single hair out of place! I know some people who would love to test it in their wind tunnel. It has to be extremely aerodynamic."

Cumorah kept her composure and even smiled. With a hint of pride in her voice she declared, "Well, if it isn't broke, why fix it?" As if to illustrate the wind tunnel idea, a quick, strange gust of wind blew through the porch. I didn't think much of it until a few moments later when Tempest cried out, "Bloody Bollocks! What happened to my hair? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR?!" We all turned to see Tempest grabbing madly at her head. Aw crud – I'd forgotten to warn her about wearing pony tails in Salt Lake City. Cumorah ran to Tempest and inspected the back of her head. She then looked up towards the rest of us and dramatically breathed out, "The Pony Tail Snatchers!" Tempest who had her head forcibly held down by the Cumorah Hand for inspection, her face in her designer hoodie, let out a muffled, "What the hell is a pony tail snatcher?"

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# DAILY CALENDAR

## Friday, December 5

Starmy CD Release, Rope or Bullets CD Release, Will Sartain CD Release, Gene Sartain – **Urban**  
 A Benefit for Baylee Parks: The Creeps, Ironyman, Left for Dead – **Burt's**  
 Heroes of Fiction, Till I Fall, DJ Neif – **Artopia**  
 Ulysses, Hotel le Motel, Lionfish – **Monk's**  
 Alt Press Festival – **City Library**  
 Thrash, Deception, Destructinator, Written in Fire, Diamondback, Never Before, Zion Scion – **Avalon**  
 Limbeck, Standing Solo, Black Hounds – **Kilby**  
 Jack Jones CD Release, WE DK, Two Daze Gone – **Liquid Joe's**  
 Band of Annuals – **Sam Weller's**  
 Shannon Smith – **Tin Angel**  
**Holiday Stroll – Downtown SLC**  
 Pagan Love Gods – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Bueno Street String Band – **Woodshed**  
 The Lab Dogs – **Pat's BBQ**  
 DJ Sammy, Captain Amazing, Lord de Tracy, Camo, South Bound Fugitive – **In the Venue**  
 Surface Shred Day – **Brighton**  
 Beehive Bazaar – **Women's Council Cultural Center**  
 DJ Sammy, Freq-sho, Nico Caliente, Eric Hill – **Elevate**  
 Mozart's Requiem – **Abravanel Hall**  
 The Pet Show – **Signed & Numbered**  
 Small Works Group Show – **Kayo**  
**Happy Birthday Nick Parker**

## Saturday, December 6

Keep Sean Alive: Arcade Benefit

## Show – The W Lounge

The Utah County Swillers, The Dirtbikes, The Mindless – **Burt's**  
 Boomsticks – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Bronwen Beecher – **Tin Angel**  
 Starkweather, Tamerlane, Reflect, Sleeping Giant – **Sound**  
 The Aquabats, Suburban Legends, DJ Lance – **In the Venue**  
 Vicious Starfish, Josh and the Dreamkiller, Steady Machete, Mary May I – **Kilby**  
 My American Heart, Danger Radio, The Morning of, Artist vs. Poet, New City Skyline – **Avalon**  
 Arcade Givaway, Location Location, Sex on the Run – **W Lounge**  
 Beehive Bazaar – **Women's Council Cultural Center**  
 Leo the Lion, Andrew Stott – **Muse**  
 Afro Omega CD Release – **Urban**  
 Kate Le Deuce and the Soul Terminators – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Mozart's Requiem – **Abravanel Hall**  
 T. Beck, Rodan, Southbound Fugitive, Brat, Mixmaster Dapper – **Artopia**  
 Starmy, Cavedoll – **A. Beuford Gifford**  
 DJ K-Love – **Tony's**

## Sunday, December 7

The Front, Shackleton, SKINT – **Burt's**  
 Aiden, Civet, God or Julie – **Avalon**  
 Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Ben Kilbourne, Kelly Moyle – **Urban**

## Monday, December 8

Sasquatch and Moose Karaoke – **Burt's**

Amanda Palmer – **Murray Theater**  
 Mozart's Requiem – **Abravanel Hall**  
 Don Carlos – **Urban**

## Tuesday, December 9

Jory Woodie Quartet – **Muse**  
 Blue Root, Lazy Billy – **Urban**  
 The English Beat, Chris Murray, Outlaw Nation – **Depot**  
 SLAJO – **Monk's**  
 Nico Caliente – **Johnnys**

## Wednesday, December 10

The Insurgency, Tough Tittie – **Burt's**  
 Ben Kilbourne, Will Sartain, Heber Skies – **Kilby**  
 Slightly Stoopid, Scenic Byway – **Urban**  
 The Rockin' Jukes – **Woodshed**  
 Band of Annuals, The Devil Whale, Kyle Gray, Mason Jones – **U of U**

## Thursday, December 11

Fuck the Informer, Pleasure Thieves, God's Revolver, Black Listed – **Urban**  
 Scott Bowden, More Thomas Please – **Muse**  
 Joe Chisolm, The H.G. Jazz Band – **Piper Down**  
 Grizzly Prospector, Navigator, Birthquake – **Kilby**  
 Gaylen Young – **Tin Angel**  
 Babylon Down Sound System – **Monk's**

## Friday, December 12

Our Last Night, Burnt Orange, Unknown Anthem, Avenue, Last Fall, Skychange, Jeremiah Maxey – **Avalon**

## Kris Zeman – Tin Angel

The Kap Bros – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Finn Riggins, Patterstats, Asher in the Rye, Julia Mecham – **Kilby**  
 Grand Cross, Clockwork Illusion – **Muse**  
 Bronco and the Highbeams – **Monk's**  
 Loom – **Woodshed**  
**Localized: Danger Hailstorm, The Deathless Pros, Uncle Scam – Urban**  
 Triggers & Slips, Kate LeDeuce & the Soul Terminators, Drivetrain – **Burt's**

## Saturday, December 13

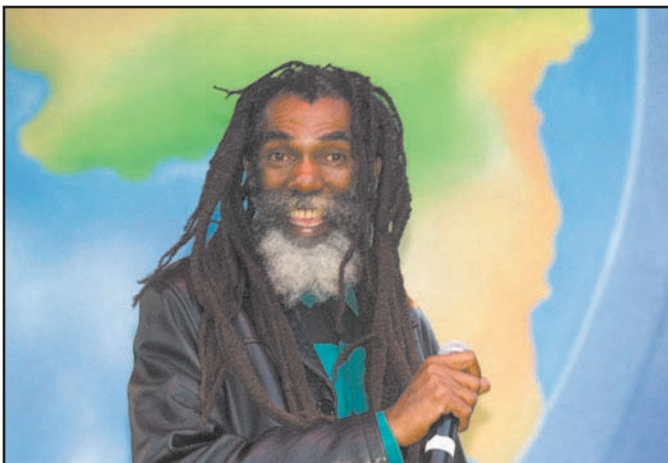
Angelfelt & friends, Melodramus, The Knuckleheads – **Avalon**  
 A Band Called Riley – **Muse**  
 Fisch Loops CD Release – **The Jackalope**  
 Kate LeDeuce – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Kalai – **Apollo**  
 Matt Cifrese – **Woodshed**  
 Scotty Lee – **Kilby**  
 Derek Wright – **Tin Angel**  
 Ether, Red Bennies, Black Hens – **Urban**  
 Benefit for Baylee Parks: Negative Charge, Fail to Follow, Top Dead Celebrity – **Burt's**  
 Big Box Shanty Town – **21st S 1100 E**  
**Happy Birthday Jon Robertson**

## Sunday, December 14

Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Steve Lyman, Chaz Prymek – **Urban**  
 Colour Music, The Unit Breed – **Kilby**  
 Indigenous – **Bar Deluxe**



And a drunken  
 jolly new year!  
 LOVE DIRTY



Don Carlos Sallway December 17 @ *The Star Bar*

#### Monday, December 15

Bootload of Boogie – *Burt's*  
Roots and Culture Night – *Urban*  
Eric Tanner Book/CD Release –  
*nobrow*

#### Tuesday, December 16

Matt Foley Group – *Muse*  
Pontiak. The Comedown, King  
Kobras – *Kilby*  
Inner Party System – *Avalon*  
Dirty Heads, Iration, B Foundation,  
Daniel Wesley Band – *Urban*  
Nico Caliente – *Johnnys*

#### Wednesday, December 17

Subrosa – *Burt's*  
Bad Apples, Broken Silence,  
Green Leafs – *Urban*  
Blizstein's Regina – *Capitol*  
*Theatre*  
Don Carlos, Soul Redemption, DJ  
LC Dub – *Star Bar*  
GeorgeLife, MC BLU, Boswick w/  
Dee Jay Aspect – *Jackalope*

#### Thursday, December 18

Oh! Wild Birds – *Burt's*  
Babylon Down Sound System –  
*Monk's*  
Furs, Tiny Lights, Naked Eyes –  
*Urban*  
Jerry Joseph and the Jack  
Mormons – *Bar Deluxe*  
Matt Wedauer, Derek Lowery –  
*Muse*  
Steve Lyman – *Tin Angel*  
Behold the Moon, Vinyl Williams,  
Discourse, Coup De Grace – *Kilby*  
Swagger – *Piper Down*  
Happy Birthday Mike Reff  
Happy Birthday Josh Joye

#### Friday, December 19

The Black Hounds, Mesa Drive,  
Steady Machete, A Cassandra  
Utterance,  
Mary May I – *Muse*  
Jerry Joseph and the Jack  
Mormons – *Bar Deluxe*  
Shannon Smith – *Tin Angel*  
Vivian's Way – *Woodshed*  
Utah Food Bank Benefit Show:  
Nolens Volens, Birthquake, Palace

of Buddies – *Kilby*  
Envol – *Artopia*  
Lion Fish, Elephant, Labcoat –  
*Urban*  
The Legendary Porch Pounders –  
*Pat's BBQ*  
Benefit for Baylee Parks: Broke  
City, The Spencer Neilson Band,  
Super So Far – *Burt's*  
Irony Man, The Creeps –  
*A. Beuford Gifford*  
Happy Birthday Ross Solomon

#### Saturday, December 20

Reverend Deadeye's No Man  
Gospel – *Burt's*  
Mark Chesnutt – *Peppermill*  
*Casino*  
Swollen Members – *In the Venue*  
Jim Bone – *Pat's BBQ*  
Allred Holiday Show – *Velour*  
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel*  
Kid Theodore, Drew Danbury, Ben  
Oman – *Kilby*  
Belly Merry – *Jordan Landing*  
Spiral Diary, Kelsea McInroy,  
Forget the Whale, Eye.Dee.Kay  
– *Muse*  
Peter London – *Johnny's*  
Winter Solstice Party with Special  
Guest Herban Empire – *Tony's*

#### Sunday, December 21

Happy Birthday Cristina Gunn  
Time to Talk Tween Tunes with  
Calico – *Urban*

#### Monday, December 22

Roots and Culture Night – *Urban*

#### Tuesday, December 23

Blueroot – *Burt's*  
Michigan, Blades of the Dawn  
Treader, Pilot this Plane Down –  
*Kilby*  
Flirt's X-mas Ball with DJ Radar  
and Nova Star – *Area 51*  
Palace of Buddies, Birthquake,  
Limehouse Tiger – *Urban*  
Nico Caliente – *Johnnys*

#### Wednesday, December 24

Nightmare Before Christmas  
Costume Ball – *Piper Down*  
Happy Birthday Ben Trentelman

#### Thursday, December 25

DJ Jamie Z – *Urban*  
DJ Radar and DJ Evil K – *Area 51*  
Babylon Down Sound System –  
*Monk's*

#### Friday, December 26

A Horrible Night to have a Curse,  
Dead Vessel – *Burt's*  
Ye Olde Yule Log – *Pat's BBQ*  
Herban Empire, Blues Dart –  
*Urban*  
Screaming Condor, Starmy –  
*Monk's*  
Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel*  
Future of the Ghost CD Release,  
Patterstats, Solar Euphoria – *Kilby*

#### Saturday, December 27

Happy Birthday Bucket  
The Future of the Ghost CD  
Release – *Urban*  
Follow the Earth, Ex Machina,  
Cherubin – *Kilby*  
Codi Jordan, Poo Pee D and the  
Family Jewels, Nurse Sherri –  
*Burt's*  
Hoo Doo Blues Band – *Pat's BBQ*  
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*  
Happy Birthday Laura Hadar  
Soggy Bone – *Tony's*

#### Sunday, December 28

Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Asher  
in the Rye – *Urban*

#### Monday, December 29

Roots and Culture Night – *Urban*

#### Happy Birthday Fred Worbon

#### Tuesday, December 30

All Systems Fail, Dubbed, Drug  
Shit, Challenger, Fuck Yes!!!,  
Azon, The Mooks – *Baxter's*  
The Dim Spook, Kate LeDeuce  
and the Soul Terminators, James  
Tautkus – *Urban*  
Nico Caliente – *Johnny's*

#### Wednesday, December 31

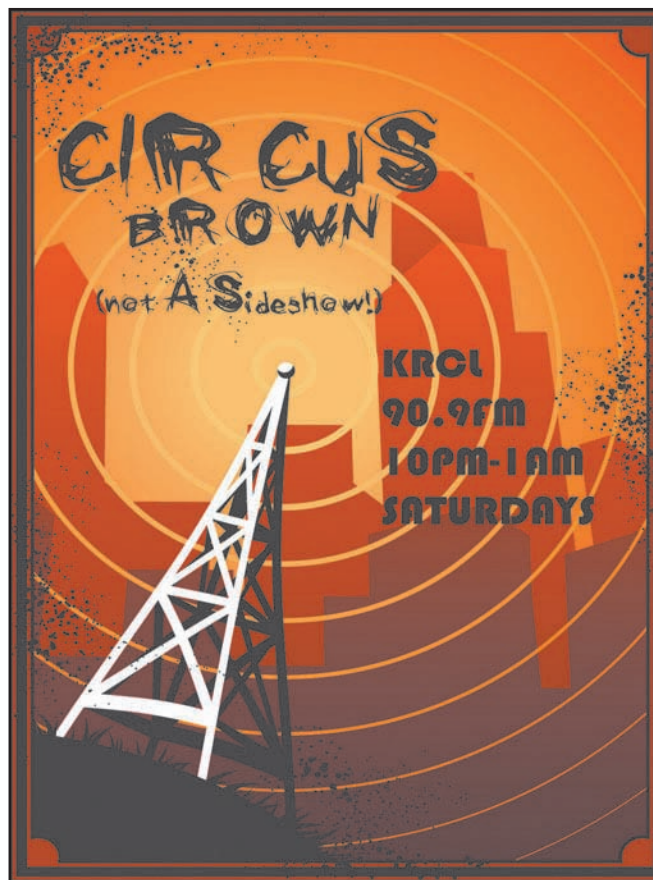
Ted Dancin', The Wolfs – *Urban*  
Loiter Cognition, Fews & Twos,  
Bombs and Beating Hearts,  
Vanzetti Crime, Trebuchet,  
Contrast – *Artopia*  
New Years Eve Party – *Area 51*  
Superstar DJ Keoki, Mars &  
Mystere, DJ Hardware – *Salt Air*  
DJ Shae – *Piper Down*  
Sweatin' Willy, The Utah County  
Swillers – *A. Beuford Gifford*  
Live Music Champagne Toast at  
Midnight – *Tony's*  
Royal Crown Review – *The Depot*

#### Thursday, January 1

Nurse Your Massive Hangover  
– *Your Couch*

#### Friday, January 2

Surface Shred Day – *Brighton*  
Jeremiah Maxey & the Bad Habit  
– *Burt's*  
I am the Ocean, Loom – *Urban*  
Pick up the new *SLUG* –  
*Anyplace Cool*





New Year's

Celebration



### Doors at 8pm

Tickets available at all Smith'sTix Outlets,  
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Thursday, Dec. 11th - Martini and Cigar Jazz Party  
Featuring Joe Chisolm and The H.G. Jazz Band

Thursday, Dec. 18th - Swagger - SLC Sham-Rock

Christmas Eve - The Nightmare Before Christmas Costume Ball! Bust out your old Goth Garb. We're gonna party like we hate our parents again. Karaoke, Costume prizes for the best Goth kid, and Great Drink Specials.

Christmas Day - Doors open at 4 PM.

New Years Eve - Trash '80s Theme featuring DJ Shae from Houston, TX.

Thursday Jan 8th - Small Town Sinners - SLC Alt-Country

Thursday Jan 15th - Kort McCumber - Country/folk from Boulder, CO

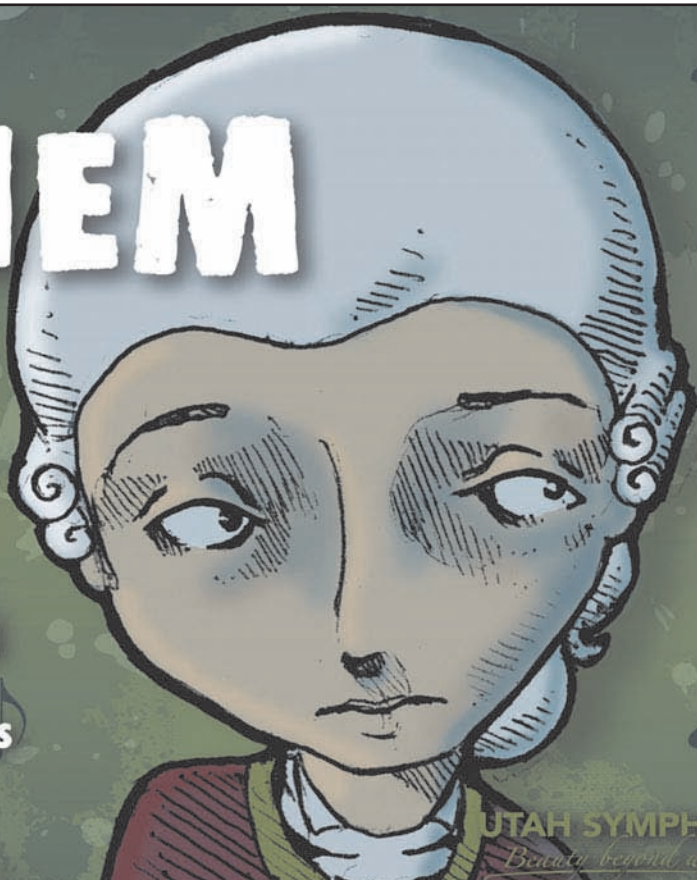
Thursday Jan 22nd - Colin Robinson and Friends - The Prodigal Son Returns

Thursday Jan 29th - Swagger - SL Sham/Rock

# MOZART'S REQUIEM

Mozart worked on his Requiem K.626 until, ironically, death took the quill from his hand. Sadly, he didn't finish the piece. Several composers worked to finish what became Mozart's final opus. Come listen as the Utah Symphony brings to life what was almost lost at death.

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- 2- Emily Lacy, Blanket, Wifey, Wild Wyzds
- 3- Josaleigh Pollett, Marcie Thorne, Stacy at the Zoo, Samson & Goliath
- 4- Aunt Dracula, Double or Nothing
- 5- Limbeck, Standing Solo, Black Hounds
- 6- Vicious Starfish, Josh and the Dreamkiller, Steady Machete, Mary May I
- 10- Ben Kilbourne, Will Sartain, Heber Skies
- 11- Grizzly Prospector, Navigator, Birthquake
- 12- Finn Riggins, Patterstats, Asher in the Rye, Julia Mecham
- 13- Scotty Lee (comedy show)
- 14- Colour Music, The Unit Breed

December

- 16- Pontiak, The Comedown, King Kobras
- 18- All Post-Rock show featuring Behold the Moon, Vinyl Williams, Discourse, Coup de Grace
- 19- Utah Food Bank Benefit show with Nolens Volens, Birthquake, Palace of Buddies
- 20- Kid Theodore, Drew Danbury, Ben Oman
- 23- Michigan, Blades of the Dawn Treader, Pilot this Plane Down
- 26- Future of the Ghost CD release, Patterstats, Solar Euphoria
- 27- Follow the Earth, Ex Machina, Cherubin
- Jan. 3- Loom, Lexi Says OK, Danger Mouth, Shark that Got Her

**Urban Lounge**  
 (A Private Club for members)  
 All shows 21+

- 5- Starpy CD Release, Will Sartain CD Release, Rope or Bullets CD Release, Gene Sartain
- 6- Afro Omega CD release
- 11- F#\*k the Informer, God's Revolver, Pleasure Thieves
- 13- Ether, Red Bennies, Black Hens
- 18- Furs, Tiny Lights, Naked Eyes
- 23- Palace of Buddies, Birthquake, TBA
- 25- Urban Lounge Christmas Party + DJ Jamey Z

- 27- The Future of the Ghost 2nd Annual Christmas Sweater Party & CD Release
- 30- The Dim Spook, Kate Leduece & the Soul Terminators
- 31- Ted Dancin' New Years Party + WOLFS
- Dec. 20- Swollen Members @ In the Venue

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Blizstein's Regina: January 17, 7:30pm @ Capitol Theatre | after-party @ Tucci's

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February 28, 8pm @ Abravanel Hall | after-party @ The New Yorker

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March 28, 8pm @ Abravanel Hall | after-party @ Abravanel Hall's 1st Tier Room to celebrate Vivace's fourth birthday

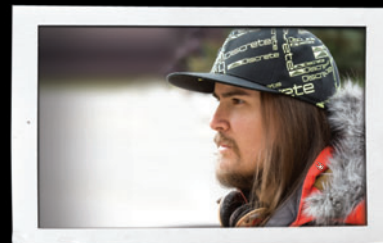
#### I WANNA BE LIKE...TCHAIK

May 9, 8pm @ Abravanel Hall | after-party @ Café Molisse

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Dash Longe  
Ian McIntosh  
Eric Hjorleifson  
JT Holmes  
Mike Wilson  
Billy Poole  
Anders Backe  
Keri Herman

Dana Flahr  
Parker Cook  
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Photo: Will Wissman AKA Mongoose  
Writing: Julian Carr