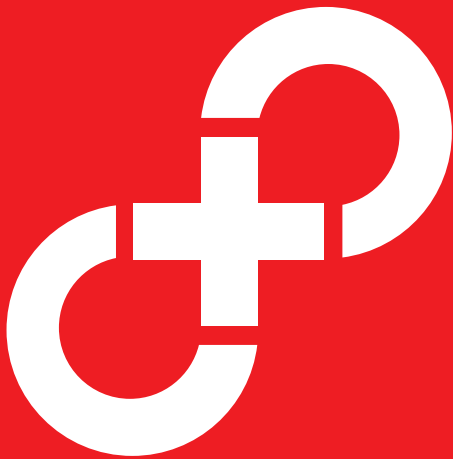


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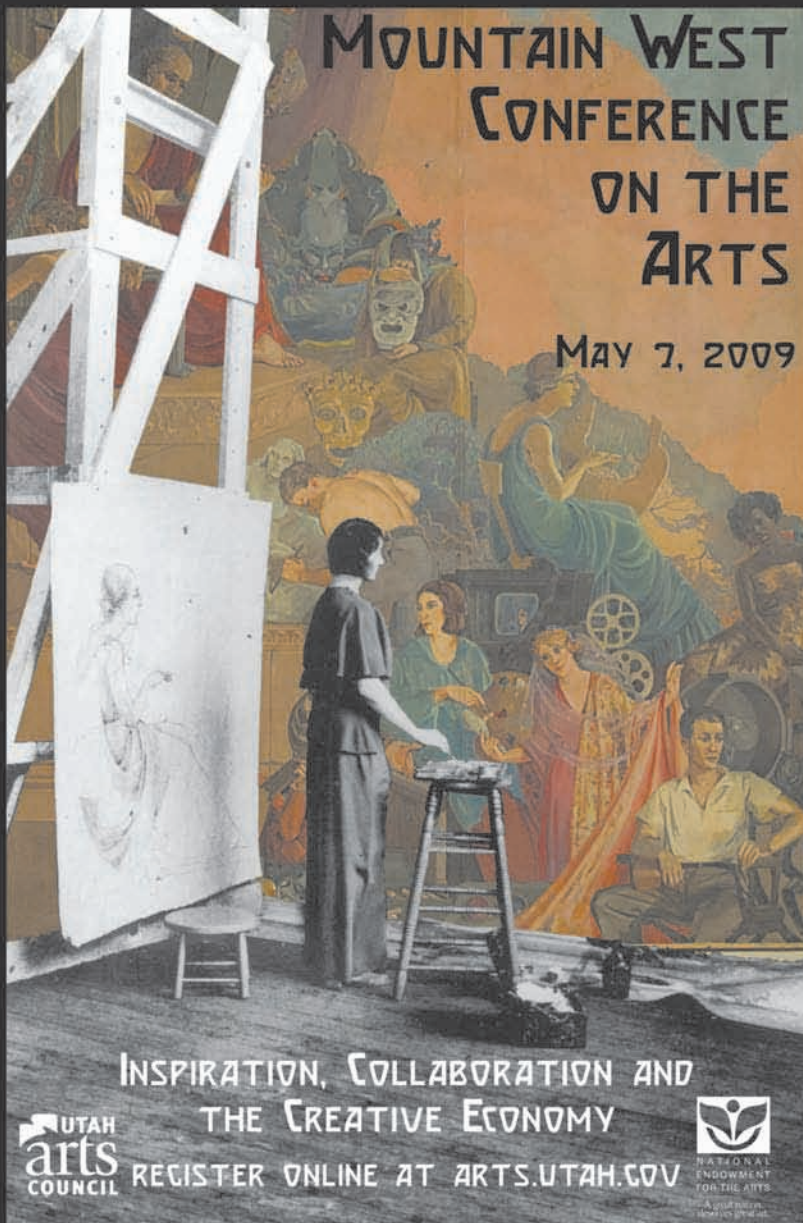
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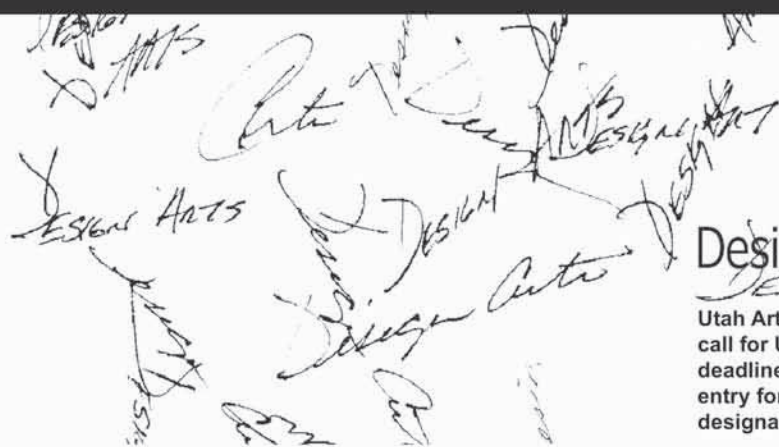
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Contributor Limelight



James Orme • Staff Writer

This hepcat has written for *SLUG* for the past six years. During this time Orme has interviewed many of his heroes including: **Matt Freeman** of **Rancid**, **Kim Nekroman** of **Nekromantix** and **Nick 13** of **Tiger Army**. In 2006 Orme surprised his sweetheart Jessa with a marriage proposal while the two were vacationing at the rockabilly festival, *Viva Las Vegas*. Orme currently works full-time at Costco and part-time as a sushi chef at *Oh Sushi*. Swing in on a Tuesday and ask him to make you his special, the *SLUG MAG* roll.

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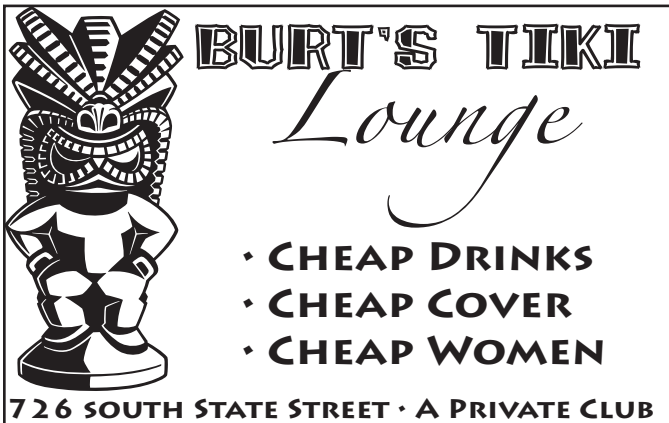
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—Gram Patterson

Dear Gram,

No offense, but we don't really give a shit about your quest for fame and fortune through gluttony. I mean if you were to eat 11 wings in 11 minutes for 11 hours straight we might do a write up on you and the Wing Coop, but chances would still be slim to none. I recommend taking your complaint to the idiots over at Guinness Book of World Records so they can tell you what a fool you are for wanting to have someone cover such a mundane event. Shit, I'll even give you their phone number, its 1-800-FUCK-OFF.

Dear Dickheads,

The grocery store I work at just changed its coupon policy. We used to accept

coupons from other grocery stores and we recently stopped. This wouldn't be an issue, except elderly women keep bitching me out because I won't accept their outdated coupons for products that we don't even sell. It's making life as a checker a lot more difficult than the job should be. What should I do?

Yours Truly,
—Fed Up Employee

Dear Fed Up Employee,

If there is one thing I know, I know that old people hate foreigners. My advice to you is to practice your fake accents so that your words are so thick and incomprehensible they are forced to go to the next cashier. If that doesn't work, the other thing to do is be completely honest and tell them that you have the right to turn away customers for any reason and using a coupon from another grocery store to save 20 cents on canned vegetables is exactly why stores have this policy, so cashiers don't have to deal with penny pinching secret millionaires. If these two previous suggestions don't work, the last thing you can do that will boggle their minds is start scanning the items and as soon as you see their coupons come out, close the register and walk away without saying anything. Hopefully they will understand their wrong-doing and give you 100 dollars for being a "fine young adult."

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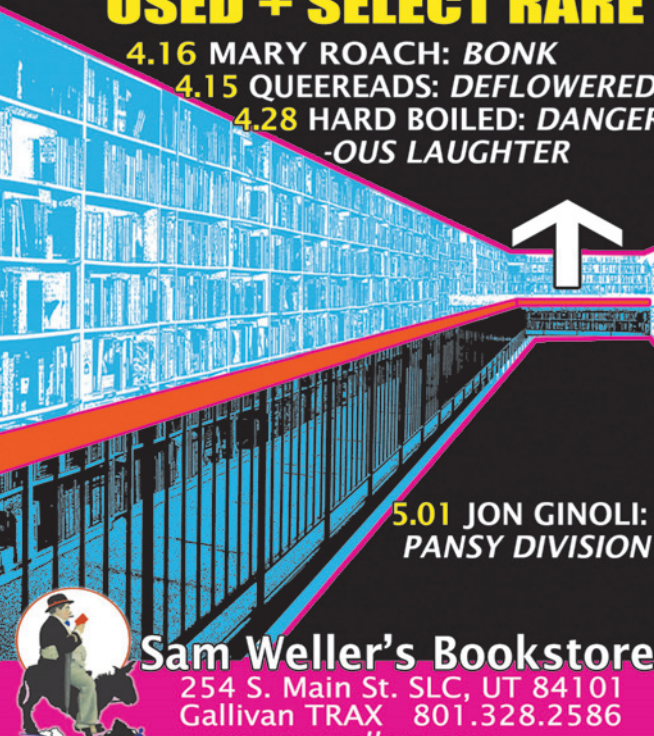
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HOW TO SHORT-CIRCUIT CONTROL:

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge and the Third Mind

By Andrew Glassett and Yvonne Featherstone

andrew@slugmag.com

In 1959, **Byron Gysin** and **Williams Burroughs** found themselves at the "*Beat Hotel*" in Paris where Burroughs completed his infamous novel, *Naked Lunch*. Here he collaborated with Gysin on several projects, one of their most prominent being "cut-ups," a process in which they would literally cut up their writings into paper strips and lay them next to each other, forming a new train of thought. They realized that what came out of these cut-ups wasn't something that either of them had created individually but a new form of collaboration, shaped by chance. In essence, two full minds were now integrated through words to create a new "third mind." This seemingly simplistic concept went on to influence Gysin and computer technician **Ian Sommerville** who in 1961 turned the Third Mind concept into a tangible object called a dream machine.

The dream machine is a tall, plastic cylinder with slits cut in the sides and rotated at 78 or 45 revolutions per minute while a light bulb is suspended in the center. Light flashes through the holes at a constant frequency and corresponds to electrical oscillations that are present in the human brain while relaxing. By sitting close to the machine while it oscillates, the brain's optical nerves are stimulated and electrical pulses altered. This is said to produce hallucinatory shapes and colors that can become meaningful to the viewer without the use of drugs. Everyone experiences the dream machine differently, and because there is no central authority, it becomes a symbol of overcoming control.

In 1970, eleven years after the invention of the dream machine, artist and musician Genesis Breyer P-Orridge (**COUM Transmissions**, **Throbbing Gristle**, **Psychic TV**) began corresponding with Burroughs. They soon formed a strong friendship that would last decades and lead to several artistic collaborations.

Their conversations would formulate inspiration for P-Orridge and become a driving force in he/r future career as an artist. These talks with Burroughs became a major influence in P-Orridge's lifework including he/r philosophy on mainstream society, governmental control and how to rebel against it.

"Burroughs told me, 'Gen, Your task is to find ways to short-circuit control,'" P-Orridge said.

As P-Orridge's interest in cut-ups grew, Burroughs eventually introduced he/r to Gysin. S/he would travel to Paris and visit both Gysin and Burroughs whenever s/he could and became well-versed in the Third Mind and symbolism of the dream machine.

In 1975 Burroughs helped P-Orridge find funding for he/r performance art group, COUM Transmission. "It was Burroughs that got all the first grants for COUM Transmissions. He had friends at the Arts Council, and he very actively supported and helped to keep COUM Transmission going," P-Orridge told *blurt-online.com* in an interview conducted earlier this year.

COUM Transmissions got into trouble with the British Parliament for using this grant money to create an irreverent performance art show involving bloody Tampons in jars (their legendary *Prostitution* exhibit) at London's *Institute of Contemporary Arts*. Bad press ensued and using what they had learned from Burroughs and Gysin, group members cut up the articles, rearranged the verbiage and created a Third Mind directly from the media.

"The work we were doing with COUM Transmissions was very much about breaking down sexual roles and deciding who creates the boundaries about what is acceptable," P. Orridge told *SLUG* in a recent interview. "If you are to make your own rules as an autonomous person, you need to figure out where those rules reside."

P. Orridge and two other artists from COUM Transmissions (**Cosi Fannit Tutu**, **Peter "Sleezy" Chistopherson** and new member **Chris Carter**) morphed into a new project called *Throbbing Gristle* in 1975.

They projected sexual and violent images during their shows and performed them on stage. "People used to say, 'Do you do this to shock people?' and we used to say, 'No, we do it to find out why people are shocked.'"

Again pulling from inspiration from Burroughs and Gysin, *Throbbing Gristle* used the cut-up technique—this time in sonic form—creating a new musical genre, industrial

music. The slogan, "Industrial Music for Industrial People," became the band's mantra and they started **Industrial Records** (with help of another recording artist **Monte Cazazza**) and released several of their own material and the work of others.

"There's an irony in the word 'industrial' because there's the music industry. And then there's the joke we often used to make in interviews about churning out our records like motorcars—that sense of industrial. And ... up till then the music had been kind of based on the blues and slavery, and we thought it was time to update it to at least Victorian times—you know, the Industrial Revolution," P-Orridge told *RE/Search* in issue #6/7.

In 1981 Industrial Records released *Nothing Here Now But the Recordings*, a selection of Burroughs' early cut-up tape experiments—some recordings dating back to 1959. This would be the last record released by the label.

After changing the world through countless artistic and musical breakthroughs, *Throbbing Gristle* broke up in 1981. The crew split into three equally progressive projects, **COIL**, **Chris & Cosey** and P-Orridge's *Psychic TV*.

Psychic TV not only shared Byron's love of the Third Mind and dream machine, but also his interest in **Aleister Crowley**. All three played an influential role in the music and art that the group produced.

A PTV subject created an occultist fan club of sorts called **Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth**. Members studied and practiced various forms of Magick and created their own philosophy. After 10 years, P-Orridge left both PTV and TOPY at its peak, with the "fan club" internationally boasting close to 10,000 members.

P-Orridge left both projects behind in 1991 to work on **Thee Majesty**, his spoken word venture. Over the next decade P-Orridge would continue to collaborate in the Third Mind with countless societal influences such as **Dr. Timothy Leary**, **Master Musician of Jajouka** and **Merzbow**. Various artforms were used: video, sonic, the human form and paper cut-ups.

In 2003, P-Orridge began he/r most prolific Third Mind project to date with **Lady Jaye Breyer P-Orridge**, who became P-Orridge's "other half." The concept of "Pandrogeny" was born in the form of the pronoun, S/HE.

"We were thinking about the cut-ups, Burroughs and Gysin and how they came up with the idea of the Third Mind, how words when they were cut together didn't belong anymore, they created this other entity. We thought maybe if we take it a step further than Burroughs and Gysin and create a third being: the Pandrogyné ..." P. Orridge said in an interview earlier this year to *regenmag.com*

P-Orridge fell hopelessly in love and began to form ideas of what should be he/r next step in counteracting control.

"The first level of the investigation was that we realized it was a way to express absolute love. To want to be ... not to just be with each other but to look like each other was kind of an expression of love. The same as having a mutual orgasm or making a baby," P-Orridge explained in 2007 interview to *soundsect.com*. "Making a baby in some way is Pandrogenous. A baby is two people combined. So we were thinking about that and looking at that and we took it very serious because we are both performance artists as well."

The idea of two becoming one grew to more than just an idea but a tangible goal. On Valentine's Day 2003 the two took action and underwent breast augmentations simultaneously. This would be the couple's first step towards becoming the same entity called a "pandrogyné" which would eventually merge the two into the same person named Genesis Breyer P. Orridge.

Sadly, in October of 2007 Lady Jaye died of natural causes



before the pandrogeny project could be fully realized in its original concept. However, P-Orridge has continued with the pandrogeny project because s/he still feels the spirit presence of Lady Jaye confirming the importance of these ideas. P-Orridge underwent several more plastic surgeries to bring the pandrogeny project s/he started with Lady Jaye closer to reality.

"Lady Jaye drew out of me fragments and half-formed suggestions and formed them into ideas. S/he feminized me." P-Orridge went on to say about he/r other half, "Why were we rejecting this binary male/female situation? It illuminated the issue because we were trying to look like each other."

According to he/r, a pandrogynous is "A literal melding of two minds. Neither one of us alone can be it except together."

P-Orridge believes that combining minds and bodies runs perpendicular to the current trends of isolation and destructive nationalism. "If we all become intellectually and physically united and represent union and healing and problem solving instead of paranoia and fear and intimidation, that's where the human species can evolve and change its behavior. It might have helped us to survive as a species in prehistoric times to be brutal, but that's a behavior pattern that we need to get rid of. It is now destroying us instead of saving us. It represents the divine union."

Burroughs and Gysin got as far as uncovering the idea of a program and programmers, P. Orridge took it a step further by adding he/r pandrogynous concept. Together, Genesis Breyer P-Orridge and Lady Jaye Breyer P-Orridge decided that it was DNA that was the ultimate controller. "The DNA message is that it replicates through us, records everything that happens and keeps that in the next person. We are basically temporary vehicles for it to live in. It needs our bodies to exist and for interbreeding with other programs and for working out new logarithms," P-Orridge said. S/he went on to explain, "If it works as a model in order to wake ourselves up as a species, that we are at the mercy of someone else's software in the DNA, then, how do we change our behavior? How do we counteract that software?" S/he proposes that to counteract control we have to "first regain ones individuality—the autonomy and the right to control your own body and what you do with it. And secondly, share responsibility of spreading this idea."

We have a prophet, seer and revelator in the form of Genesis Breyer P-Orridge. S/he made he/r way into the culture war scene via membership of COUM Transmissions, then industrial pioneers Throbbing Gristle and more currently in Psychic TV or PTV3. Heavily influenced by he/r friends Byron Gysin and William Burroughs, P-Orridge has made a career of questioning norms in pursuit of a more harmonious world. Challenging the concept of control has been a hallmark of P-Orridge's work and s/he has spent her life understanding and counteracting it.

April 2009 marks Throbbing Gristle's reunification tour. For information on their U.S. dates including Coachella, throbbing-gristle.com.



Photo: Todd Crawford

Mirah

to do list: #1 converse with world

By Jessica Davis
ms.lovelyq@gmail.com

Throughout her career, **Mirah Yom Tov Zeitlyn**'s music has grown from the innocent debut album *You Think It's Like This But Really It's Like This* (2000) to the anti-war third album *C'mon Miracle* (2004). In her most recent release (*a*) *spera* (2009), Mirah has reached a new intensity. Orchestral explosions guide her voice into a chest-wrenching world similar to **Bjork's**. Mirah has collaborated with many different and talented people—**Ginger Brooks Takashi**, **Phil Elverum** and members of Seattle's **Black Cat Orchestra**—and taken these experiences to create brilliant soothing music with a lyrical stance toward the world we have created. I was able to talk with Mirah about her life, music and hope for change.

SLUG: One of the people you've collaborated with is Phil Elverum (**Mt. Eerie/Microphones**). How has he influenced your music?

Mirah: I love Phil. He was one of my original inspirations for recording. I had a four-track for a couple of years, but I didn't use it very much. After I met Phil, I remember listening to one of his first tapes. This is way early days: early, early and I was like 'Ooh I can just mess around.' It was very freeing, actually, because there is a lot of beauty in the process—the imperfection and the experimentation. I hadn't ever considered that if I was recording a song myself it didn't have to sound professional. I didn't understand that until I started listening to Phil. This is after I lived in Olympia. Living in Olympia is where I first got the idea, 'Ooh, you don't have to know what you're doing, to do the things.' You just do it. Eventually, you understand what you are doing. You just have to start. So listening to Phil's early recordings was definitely impactful.

SLUG: As a feminist, how do you feel women are viewed in the music world, and how has being a lesbian affected your experience?

Mirah: I do realize in the mainstream music industry, as with many fields, there is still a lot of sexism, a lot of attitudes and people that bar women from

ascending to their rightful equal place. In the music world that I've been involved in, I have been fortunate. I've almost never felt that repression personally. I started making music in Olympia, Wash. Almost every single band or solo musician that I saw was a woman or an all girl band. There were just a lot of really powerful, strong female voices in that community. My family is more or less a matriarchy, and I grew up around a lot of amazing, strong powerful women. I never really had the "AHA!" moment of 'Oh my god, you mean men don't have to be in charge, and I can do what I want,' because I thought that my whole life. I think I came late to identifying as a feminist just as I never really got to have a super satisfying and traumatic or dramatic "coming-out" event with my family. In my family, we just are who we are. There have been eight [homosexual] people in my family for a couple generations and we're totally accepting. There's no condescension ... nothing patronizing ... it's just not even an issue. I feel like I was never a real "RA-RA" feminist or a "RA-RA" queer rights activist and that's probably because in my personal experience in life, I have been very fortunate in not having to fight against my identity, or not being accepted.

SLUG: What do you enjoy doing outside of music?

Mirah: In the spring, I enjoy making maple syrup with my family. In the summer, I enjoy trying to teach myself about gardening and working on my house.

I have a really nice house with my girlfriend. I like reading books and I really like to cook and feed people.

SLUG: What sort of books do you like to read?

Mirah: These days I'm kind of obsessed with the state of the world, and how we've gotten here. When I was a kid, I guess it's pretty common, I only read fiction. I liked stories. I was into imaginative and adventure kinds of things. I can't read fiction anymore, there's too much. I want information and I want to know, I want to learn, how we're doing and how we got here, what's going on.

SLUG: Do you think that has influenced your switch from your earlier happy-go-love songs to the recent focus toward serious things?

Mirah: Things are really serious. When I listen to the radio, I can't believe what I'm hearing sometimes. The whole situation in Gaza and the official word from the Israeli foreign minister when she's asked about how she feels about this possibility that they're going to be tried for war crimes when they've just decimated a whole population. It's essentially genocide what they're doing, and that she can even find it in herself to say 'We really apologize to the people that have lost children'—it's sickening to me, upsetting. I like to read books that help me understand what's going on.

SLUG: Do you hope your music will reach those people who seem close-minded to peace?

Mirah: In my wildest of dreams, that would happen. It seems more like my music would find its way to ears of people who are like-minded with me, and would just help to keep the struggle moving along. But if it reached the ears of someone who had a very different world view than me, that would be amazing. Then we would have a form of dialogue going, which is actually one of the big problems in the world—people that don't understand each other don't talk and then they end up killing each other.

From life experiences to the real world found in books, Mirah brings the ever-growing serious matters of the world to her music. By focusing on both bad and good sides of the world, she allows you to stop and think outside the bubbled norm.

Mirah will perform April 14 at **Kilby Court** with **Tender Forever**.

Photo: Sarah Cass

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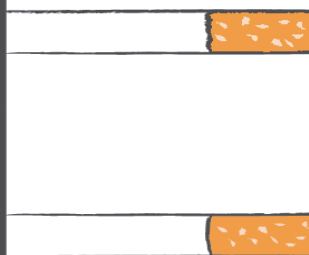
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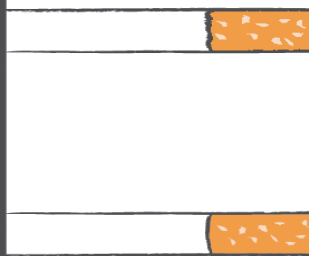


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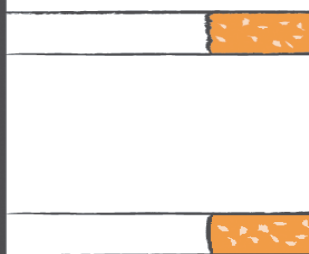
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SLUG Magazine's Charity Chili Cook-off: March 22, inside Piper Down's new party room.

Photos by: Keelan Shilling

Meat Category:

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2nd-**Big Deluxe Tattoo**

3rd-**Squatter's Pub and Brewery**

RESULTS:

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DJ Justin Strange • SLUG Writer James Bennett
• Meditrina • Piper Down

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Charity Choice: Adalante Program

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3rd-**Tin Angel Café**

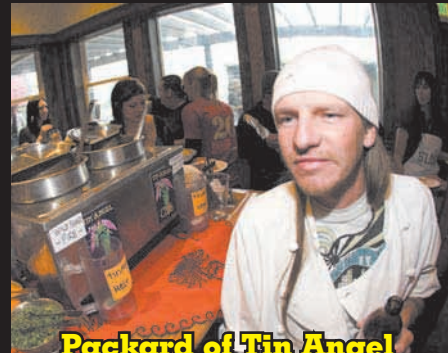
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GIRL TALK

Prodigy to Professional: The Playwright Prowess of MICHAEL IVAN BENNETT

By JR Boyce
jrboyce@gmail.com

Matthew Ivan Bennett's first play was about unrequited love. He wrote it at 14. While most old wannabe Werthers set their larval romance stories in the cafeteria where tragedy struck, Bennett's play took place 10 years later, in Mexico. Indulgences remained—the girl tells the boy how wrong she was to have broken up with him—but already Bennett showed an eye for a hopeful future rather than a bleak present.

Bennett is currently the resident playwright at *Plan-B Theatre Company*, again deviating from the instincts of his peers. Aspiring artists usually flee Utah, citing it as a cultural wasteland. But Bennett chose to eschew the throng of obese midwestern ballet dancers and loudmouthed Kerouac disciples overcrowding the big cities. After graduating from *Southern Utah University*, Bennett returned to Salt Lake and began writing for *Plan B*, dedicated to making Utah a better place for the arts. Whatever he's doing, it's working—*Plan B*'s season has sold out.

SLUG: How has your experience been working with *Plan-B*?

Matthew Ivan Bennett: I haven't had any restrictions, and that has been beautiful. In Cedar City, we were constantly fighting with professors and administration over the content in our shows.

SLUG: Your work focuses heavily on enlightenment. Do your feel like your own personal "eureka's" inform your writing?

MIB: Certainly they appear when I'm writing. On some level, a writer, if they aren't doing it for a job or a commission, writes a script or a novel because they have questions, because they're bugged about something. Certainly, there are plays that just provide answers, but I've always preferred questioning those answers.

SLUG: Does working in dialogue allow you to more freely debate with yourself?

MIB: Exactly. One of my professors said that writing is the art of talking to yourself without going crazy. I've found that to be true. Sometimes I do go crazy, but I always come out on the other side.

SLUG: *Block - 8* just finished its run. Why write the story of a 1940s Japanese internment camp for audiences in 2009?

MIB: If nothing else, I wanted there to be empathy around the issue. In approaching the writing of it, I realized that we don't really learn by formal debate. I think it has its place, but I think the only way anybody ever changes their mind – especially about something they did, or something embarrassing their country has done – is by trying to put themselves in the shoes of another, through an experience. People rarely change through thinking things out rationally. In writing *Block 8*, I realized that the best way to approach the subject was through

an emotional exploration of the camps. I wanted to take people inside that experience.

SLUG: Your newest play is about Leonardo da Vinci. What do we have to learn from him after 500 years?

MIB: At first all I could really see was the mythic image of Leonardo. But gradually as I researched more, I saw him as human. He doubted himself, as multi-talented as he was. He wrote, "As a kingdom divided against itself is weakened, so is the mind by different studies." That struck me.

SLUG: There are critics who would argue that live theatre is dead, citing that live is an age of a more instantaneous habit of entertainment. What keeps theatre relevant and vibrant?

MIB: The idea that theatre is out entirely is dead wrong. I think that in the next 20 years, it will be reborn in different mediums. As technologies such as virtual

reality come into being, we'll see theatre be reinvented via the Internet and via interactive immersive mediums. I think they will complement each other. And we have a young audience.

SLUG: Why work in Salt Lake, as opposed to New York, or another more traditional theatre hub?

MIB: I'm not a big-city person. I tried Chicago for a while, but I missed the mountains and the desert. But also, I think there's a very vibrant counter-culture here. It's been very wobbly for a couple of years, especially with a lot of venues being shut down. But I still think it's on the rise. There's no question that alternative theatre choices have grown since I was a kid.

I'd like to help it grow further. I'm here because I want Salt Lake to have great, vibrant theatre.

SLUG: Any fallbacks?

MIB: There's not really a defined path for becoming a professional playwright, but at the stage where I am, many writers are pursuing fellowships or working at universities. I'm not going those routes, so I think earning a living, as a writer, may take longer. But I'm patient. And I'm happy to work here. There's nothing with the final destination of my work being Salt Lake.

Bennett's latest play *Di Esperienza* runs from April 3-19 at the Rose Wagner Theatre.



Photo: David Newkirk

BASEMENTS BLUES : LOCALS CRAFT SOME POTENT UNDERGROUND-MADE GOODS FOR APRIL'S LOCALIZED

THE NAKED EYES

By JP
jonathanpaxton@gmail.com

Something is going on underground. Locals **The Tiney Lights**, **Blue Sunshine Soul** and **The Naked Eyes** have been recording and writing (respectively) in their basements for the last few years. Come see what we've unearthed for April's *Localized* at the Urban Lounge.



JARED PHELPS-BASS

ANDREW MILNE-VOCALS/GUITAR

SAMMY HARPER-DRUMS

"Our house is your house," says The Naked Eyes bassist Phelps, and he promptly proves it by giving me a tour of their West Ogden squat. Noticing in their basement practice space a Fender Rhodes (the mythological-tined beast I'd only heard of) and a bar in the kitchen with Zig-Zags and many an MGD bottle, I realize these guys aren't pretending. "I see some fake-shit out there, and we're not trying to be anybody or bite anything. We're just fucking brother's trying to do some shit," drummer Harper says, sporting a badass few-day-old shiner. "It's like drawing a picture," vocalist/guitarist Milne continues. "A combination of reality and consciousness."

Along those lines, Andrew lets out a stream-of-consciousness rant: "We're sure as shit sick and tired of motherfuckers trying to tell us how to do shit," referencing what would-be-managers/advisors have proffered, "And that's the coolest thing about this band. If bullshit happens, WE get it together — get it right again."

Things seem to be looking up, no blinders interfering, as the band's recent recording at **The Great West Saloon** with **Justin Langford** proves. "It's the first half of a full album that will be out later in the summer." Getting slightly modest, and maintaining humility in the face of the awesome EP [see Local CD reviews] they've created, Milne adds, in a self-deprecating tone, "It's bullshit, it's called *Spell Talk*." Everybody laughs, including

Langford and **Toni Daniels**, because the recording isn't b.s. at all, quite the contrary.

The recurring theme in conversation with these gents is the enjoyment of their music and "the process," a very organic one they've cultivated in house. This house does sit in an interesting part of Ogden, as the incisors of the old-swinging city creep from the failing tunnels and gnaw at the edges of their rehearsal space/domicile. Harper explains, "A car got Molotov cocktailed at three in the morning last week, and that house across the street got shot up at six in the morning." The band has pretty unencumbered noise restrictions, leading to the ideal late night jam session with plenty of aural exploration.

The group is relocating to Salt Lake City for the ease of playing shows, though, and is excited by the prospect. "I love it up here, but I'm sick of settling for too little," Harper says with a hunger in his gaze for more audiences to enrapture with their bluesy toe-crunching rock. "I want to inspire people," Phelps adds. Their energy is subtly invigorating as it combines with Milne's end point. "Since we started this my entire life has changed. I've met the coolest people. I've been hooked up with sweet books, music, friends and fun. I don't think this band has one downside at all." World: welcome to the house The Naked Eyes built, and be prepared to look upon them even more.



By JP

Photos: Ruby Johnson



Brent Dreiling-Vocals/Guitar
Seth Howe-Vocals/Guitar
Kris Taylor-Vocals/Guitar
Jeremi Hansen-Vocals
Jake Fish-Bass
Tyler Ford-Drums

The opening track of the new Blue Sunshine Soul album, *In All of the World at Once*, has strains of a street scene blending into the vocals as the track eventually slides into a comfortable ramble, a meditation on leaving and "the end." But the end for Blue Sunshine Soul is not coming anytime soon. "It took us a while to get the band together. The actual people," says vocalist/guitarist Dreiling. "Nobody's going anywhere. We finally got our record out. That's the next step where we're at, anyway," he concludes, referencing an upcoming tour for the local six-piece of scene mainstays and how hard it was to make such a diverse group of individuals get together in one place.

Terms such as "super group" seem to be a little trite, but what else do you call a group made up of well-known local groups **Calico**, **Band of Annuals** and **The Devil Whale**? Well, it's certainly something different than what you might expect. The sound of the Blue Sunshine Soul collective taps different sides of those groups' members and makes for a very different and unexpected sound. Although Blue Sunshine Soul has been working together for a few years, the new album is evidence that things are a little more directed now. "It only turned serious when we had to pay rent for band practice space," vocalist and guitarist **Howe** says. "I feel obligated to use it. We're spending money, so we have to show up," he adds.

Although there may be "better" reasons to push bands forward, that one seems as good as any for all these great songwriters to get together and finish their album—one they recorded in vocalist/guitarist **Taylor's** basement. "It made it very convenient," Howe says. The songs are all very raw sounding, and Howe says turn the volume up: "In the red and you'll be all good." And when it is, a very good sense of how excellent this band sounds live coalesces.

When forced to pigeonhole that sound, the guys get a little uncomfortable. "It's hard to say—all the songs sound different," Taylor insists. "They're all fairly vintage sounding," Howe affirms and continues, "I want to span categories. With four songwriters now, it's easy to play a whole bunch of different categories." And the album is very good evidence of that. The sounds swell at intros with occasional organ, great, driving, fuzzed-out, bluesy guitar, lap steel, multiple male vocal styles and continue into unexpected places as the fantastic glue of **Hansen's** softer female touches add much-appreciated higher notes on some tracks—the best on the album. If you've enjoyed her sound on *Band Of Annuals'* releases, then you will welcome her presence in this group.

Fortunately, Blue Sunshine Soul will be out on the road soon and have achieved their desire to finish their record, thanks to a little outside motivation. And they have just one recommendation: "Listen to it at full blast." Howe says with a look in his eyes that says "You'll like it." And we do.

Watch Blue Sunshine Soul, The Naked Eyes (and openers **The Tiny Lights**) emerge from their cellars at The Urban Lounge April 17 at 9 p.m. As always, it's super cheap (\$5) and very accessible.

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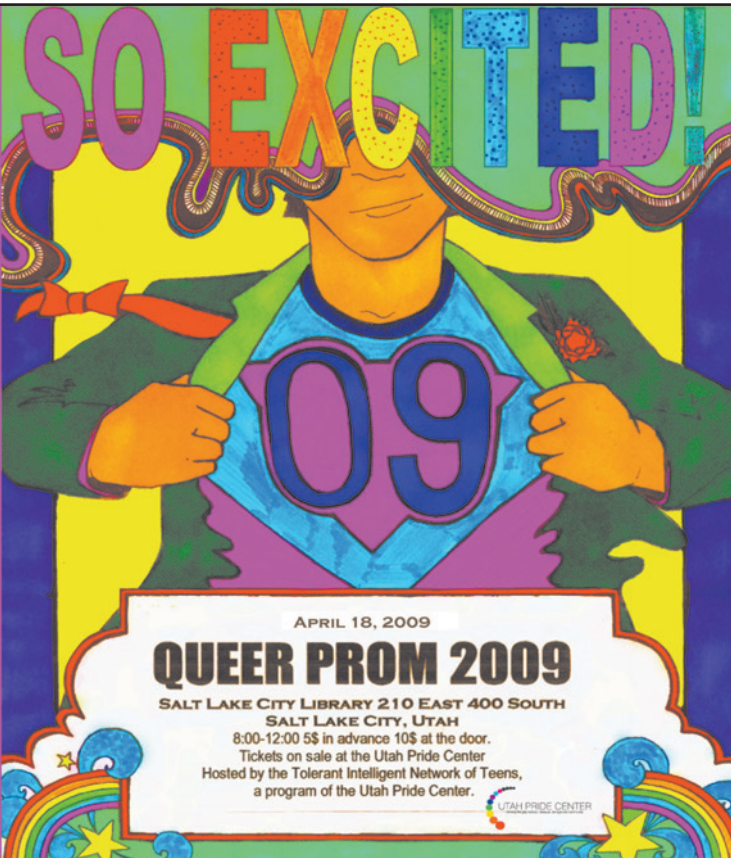
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Hot Buttered Nights

by Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

One thing I love about Salt Lake City is the current state of politics. Hot-button topics like liquor laws, equal rights and which club to support all make for good dinner party conversation. What's great about it is sheer statistics. We have a lot of young people getting involved, and such times change the shape of social behavior.

Back in the '90s America was detoxing from the senior Bush administration, dealing with the height of the AIDS crisis and the woes of Desert Storm. In New York City a new mayor came into power and began his master plan to "clean up" the city. Any of this sound familiar? True dat, Manhattan is the most magical place on earth, but for a group of rock and roll freaks this was a little too much. Wanting to stay true to the N.Y. nightlife, they found an old theater in Tribeca and the legendary rock and roll drag bar *Squeeze Box* was born. On any given night of the week you could see trannies socializing with socialites, club kids with super models and scrounge musicians with European royalty. It was *Studio 54* on steroids and hormones. The incomparable **Ms. Guy** fronted the house band, **Toilet Boys**. They hosted the crème de la crème of the rock world like **Joey Ramone**, **Debbie Harry**, **Steven Trask** and the voluptuous horror of **Karen Black**. They also featured tranny superstars like **Jackie Beat**, **Mistress Formika**, **Lady Bunny**, **Jayne County** and, of course, yours truly.

The party caught on at the other coast. Los Angeles introduced *Club Makeup* with an 8-10 member house band that included people like **David Navarro**, **Dave Schultz** and **Daniel Schulman**. Finally, when San Francisco was reeling from the economic downfall due to the .com crash, they followed suit with **Three Punk Bands and a Drag Queen**. We all had something to say and collectively we were sick of closed-minded bastards and not fitting into the "Gay Agenda." We needed to drink—a lot—and scream about it.

The major forefathers in this era were a group of overtly political fags looking to fuck shit up and voice their opinion in a way that left straights staring blankly and gays scratching their cloned heads. In 1992 **Pansy Division** came moshing naked out of the closet and on to the stage. Lead singer **John Ginoli** (who will be at *Sam Weller's* on Friday, May 1) says, "Oppression was at an all time high and a new Democrat about to enter the White House was giving optimism and progress. Hope was the buzzword of the day." (Sound familiar?) "I felt it was time for a group of punk-as-fuck, rock-and-roll-loving homos to get out there and shove cultural activism down peoples throats," Ginoli says. Thus Pansy Division spawned the Queer Core movement. It sparked a career of unique proportions they could never have expected, including a tour with **Green Day** and extended coverage on **Howard Stern**, who coined the band as the gayest thing he'd ever seen. "Living in the bubble of San Francisco, we feared being accepted by the general public of 'Middle America.' It only took a few shows to see that the USA was ready for change," Ginoli says. "It was easy to feel outcast among outcasts in both communities."

In fact, after a show in Salt Lake City, a (queer) man rushed the stage after the performance wildly claiming that singing so bluntly about gay sex will set back our progress." Bullshit! Now is the time and this is the way!

My point is this: In times of political strife and repressed economies the parties get GOOD! We come together for a common cause and drink our way through it with a collective "Fuck you." New York gay rapper **Cazwell**, who just visited Salt Lake for an amazing show at *Bliss' Babylon*, told me he felt very welcomed by an extremely appreciative crowd. "It's obvious they're hungry for change and diversity," Cazwell said.

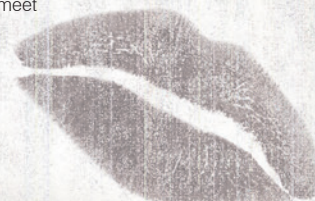
Gay has become the new black. Every straight bar is getting on the fairy wagon. Any night of the week you can enter such watering holes for a newly

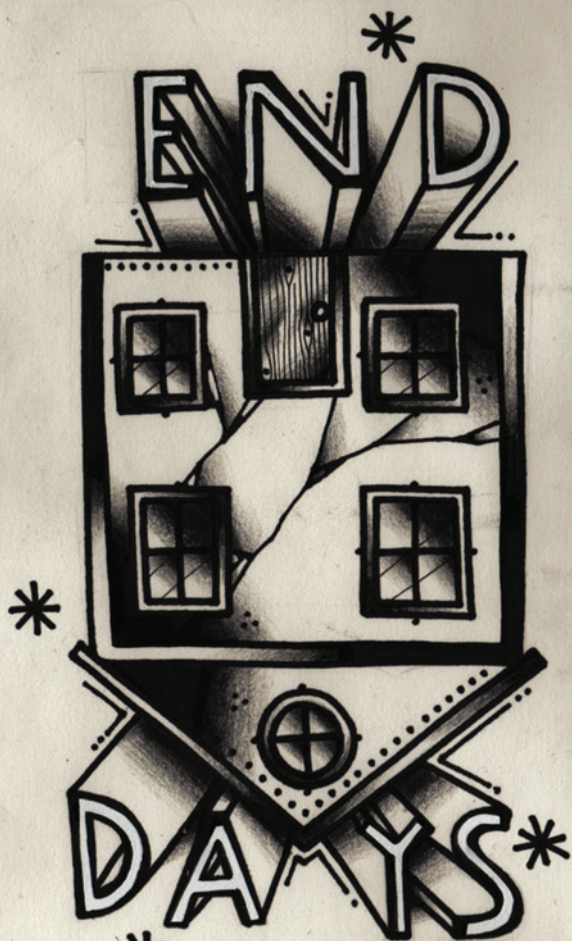
appointed "gay night." They don't want to be associated with the extreme right wing and at the same time are realizing our disposable incomes and affinity for booze. The problem is it's the same night with the same DJs and crowds, which is fun for about three nights. Let's face it, being a top-five-circuit DJ is like winning the bronze medal in the Special Olympics, only not as interesting and it leaves you twice as tired. Luckily something new and different for gay, straight, freak, and normal (whatever that is) is on its way. **TranSister** at the *Urban Lounge* is coming Thursday, May 14 and every second Thursday thereafter. **DJ Rainbow Tay**, the mastermind of this cluster fuck of angst, was sick of yearning for something new and different and decided to be proactive about it. TranSister is billed as a live music-oriented stry-ay club featuring a tranny-fronted punk house band (**Vicious Beauty**) and local and national acts/DJs. Sets through the night will be fun, hard, and unexpected, and you'll never have to hear ancient **Alanis Morissette** remixes or **Lady Ga-Ga**. I have a feeling people of all walks of life will be beating a path to get in every second Thursday of the month.

So much is changing in Salt Lake. I think party promoters are discovering there are enough of us to go around, competition is good and people want options—it's human nature. I can't wait to see where this political train-wreck stations a year from now. It promises to be one hell of a ride.

I want to personally invite all you faithful *SLUG* readers down to *Sam Weller's Bookstore* on

Friday, May 1 to hang out with me and meet my friend John Ginoli of Pansy Division. He'll be reading excerpts from his new book, *Deflowered: My Life in Pansy Division*, showing clips from the newly released documentary, *Pansy Division: Life In A Gay Rock Band*, and tickling us with a musical selection or two.





* by
Deborah Zoe Laufer

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Graywhale CD Exchange

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Fourth Street Music

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801-531-8181

April 18 will double as the shop's official grand re-opening. **DJ Chase One 2**, **DJ Rawhead** and **Finale** will be spinning records all day. **Nathan Spencer** and **The Naked Eyes** will be playing live sets in-store.

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RECORD STORE DAY™

APRIL 18, 2009

Positively Fourth Street Music

By Cody Hudson

Fourth Street Music opened its doors in May 2006 after **Robert McCarthy**, *Stoneground* owner and current *Fourth Street* owner, stopped by *Orion's Music*. At the time, many of the local businesses in Sugar House were scrambling to relocate. *Orion's* owner **Andy Fletcher** was looking to move and needed to get rid of his shop and his inventory. McCarthy walked out as the new owner. McCarthy then called up **Chase Loter**, and asked him if he would like to run the shop. Loter spent the next couple of months at *Orion's* learning the business before the big move to *Fourth Street*.

On April 1, *Fourth Street Music* will undergo another change in ownership. Paying three employees just wasn't financially possible anymore, and McCarthy wanted to close the shop down. However, Chase Loter and **Craig Te'o** (an employee since September of 2006) didn't want to see the shop they had come to love close its doors. "We couldn't see the record store shut down," Te'o said. "When any independent locally run store is shut down it does a disservice to the community." So they decided to take the risk and purchase the shop—lowering overhead by cutting hours and becoming the store's only employees.

Before *Fourth Street* and *Orion's*, Loter had never worked at a record store. "I've been in record stores



Photo: Chris Swainston

long enough my whole life but never had the job. You always have to know somebody," Loter said. Te'o had a little experience doing some backroom work at *Randy's Records*. "It's always been the job I've wanted," Te'o said. Te'o is a SLC native and *Fourth Street* is all about supporting local artists. There is a small room in the back devoted to local releases, and the counter up front is full of various locally made glassware and jewelry.

The change in ownership will also come with a change in inventory. Vinyl sales are increasing. The old albums come with low prices and the new albums come with free mp3 downloads. "People are buying a lot more vinyl," Loter said. The two suspect that vinyl could possibly replace CDs as the preferred tangible, physical medium. "CDs are a

dying breed and will probably disappear in the next four years," Loter said. The guys hope to push out the CDs and get the vinyl to CD ratio in the shop to about 70/30.

There is no better month than April for buying a record store, as the second annual *Record Store Day* falls on April 18. Although giants like Tower and Virgin have fallen, all across the country people are celebrating their local shops. **Bob Dylan**, **Modest Mouse**, **Leonard Cohen** and **Lykke Li** are all part of a massive and impressive list of artists signed on for exclusive *Record Store Day* 7"s.



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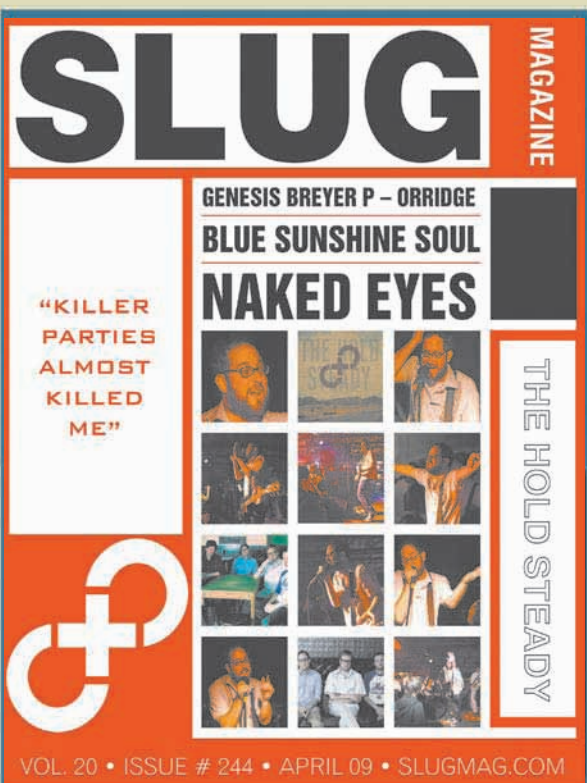
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IN THE VENUE – THE BATTLE FOR REAL



8 Rounds



SLUG MAGAZINE

By Jesse Hawlish - jhawlish@gmail.com

In the land of indie hip-hop, Slug and Ant are kings. Minneapolis' hometown rap group **Atmosphere** is two men: Slug's the voice and Ant's the noise. They have six studio albums and at least 13 live/tour albums to show for their decade-plus career. Our fair city has been graced with their presence many times over the years and they'll return on April 12 at *In the Venue*. The current tour, *When God Gives You Ugly*, promotes the reissue of the duo's now classic album *God Loves Ugly*. The tracks are all re-mastered and there's a DVD with concert footage, music videos and other shenanigans for the fanboys. The reissue, released on **Rhymesayers Entertainment**, hit shelves on Jan. 16.

SLUG: I watched every single *Paint It Gold* webisode on YouTube. What made you decide to reach out to the fans and connect with them in that way?

Slug: I don't know . . . I feel as if they're kinda my boss. I've had tons of jobs over the span of my life and they all sucked. This is the best job I've ever had. But this one's weird, 'cus instead of one asshole boss, I've got like 80,000 bosses and none of them really know how to tell me what to do. With the *Paint It Gold*, it was twofold: it was a way for me to reach out and be a little bit more communicative with the fans, but also a way for me to feel out what the fuck they want me to do as an employee.

SLUG: You once said **Tom Waits** was an artist you'd love to collaborate with. What was it like having him beatbox on "The Waitress" on *When Life Gives You Lemons You Paint That Shit Gold*?

Slug: It was ridiculous. Thank you for asking. I think a lot of people don't realize he's there 'cus we didn't put a sticker on the cover of the record that said he's

there. When I first sent it to him, he was gonna sing on it, not beatbox. So when I came home from tour, the mail was here. And I'm excited to listen to it, I go down in the basement and I put it in the little 4-track player. And there's no singing. And I'm scanning the tracks looking for it: "There's no singing, there's no singing." Then on one track he plays the guitar, which I didn't really need 'cus I already had guitar all over the track. And then on another track he plays a *shaker* . . . which I didn't really need 'cus I'm a professional shaker player. Then on the last track he's fuckin' beat-boxing. And I'm just like whoa, what? *Really?* I was excited nonetheless, because it actually fit. The deal is that I owe him now. I owe him a favor. So any time he calls me and says, "Hey, I need you to rap on something," I'll say alright just send it to me . . . And I'm gonna play the oboe on that motherfucker.

SLUG: Is there anyone else on the top of your collaboration list these days?

Slug: Honestly, I kinda got the two I wanted. I got Tom Waits and I got **Tunde Adebimpe** from *TV On The Radio* on one of the songs ["Your Glass House"]. I don't really know who else I like. I mean, I like **Billy Joel**, but I would never ask him to get on my record, y'know what I mean? He'd fuck it up.

SLUG: On *When Life Gives You Lemons*, storytelling takes a front seat to dis-raps and personal politics—why the change of pace?

Slug: Age. Pretty much. Age, and, y'know, my kid is a teenager now. I'm not gonna be that guy that hits 40 years old and is still battling the invisible wack MCs. Honestly, I do want to take this and turn it into something more contemporary for myself. I want to make rap music that I would listen to if I wasn't a rapper. And

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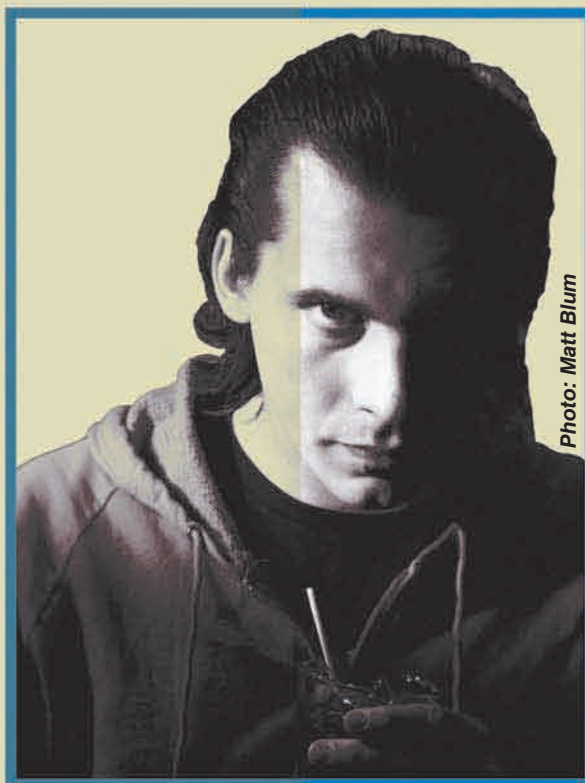


Photo: Matt Blum

that's where I gotta start figuring out how to get on my grown-up shit here—so that I can eventually be that guy who makes rap music for fucking 30-something soccer moms.

SLUG: *When Life Gives You Lemons You Paint That Shit Gold* . . . That's optimistic wisdom. Do you consider yourself an optimist?

Slug: . . . In training.

SLUG: Does your consistent anti-cocaine sentiment stem from a certain time in your life?

Slug: It stems from my childhood. Watching the adults around me, y'know, wreck their lives.

SLUG: Are there any drugs you still enjoy?

Slug: Coffee, beer . . . weed.

SLUG: That's a good top three.

Slug: Well yeah, it's rap, y'know?

SLUG: On *Paint It Gold*, Ant said that **Rakim** is the greatest rapper ever. Do you agree?

Slug: I think **KRS-One**. But honestly, I don't think that I would ever argue with Ant, mine's KRS-One, his is Rakim. I think our top fives are probably pretty similar.

SLUG: Go ahead then, who are your top five rappers?

Slug: Second is Rakim, third is **Big Daddy Kane**, fourth is **Ice Cube** and fifth is **Scarface**. But truthfully dog, I don't listen to a lot of music anymore. I discovered CNN and it's totally stealing away my music listening time.

SLUG: I'm sorry to hear that.

Slug: Yeah, but it's phases, you know, we go through phases. I mean, **Wolf Blitzer** is just so much cuter than **50 Cent**.

SLUG: I'll agree with you there. *Lemons* dropped about a year ago. When can we expect another studio release?

Slug: My guess is you'll see Atmosphere within 12 to 16 months.

SLUG: Okay, so I gotta ask: How long have you been calling yourself Slug, cus, you know, we've been doing it for twenty years now . . .

Slug: Ha ha, yeah. Well I'm older than you. My father's nickname was Sluggo, so as a kid I was Little Sluggo. And it just got shortened to Slug somehow.

SLUG: Damn. Well, I'll be sure to give credit where credit's due.

Slug: Now, I don't want no beef, son.

Check out Slug and Ant's Salt Lake date on April 12 at *In the Venue*.

PANDA SPLIT

There is one SLC skateboarder who has always graced us with his presence, never asking for more than a wonderful time and always delivering positive vibes on any session. With that said, and in conjunction with the honoring of 420, *SLUG* salutes **Panda (Will Pauley)** for the utmost dedication to praising Jah, on at least an hourly basis. We invite you to sit with the most high, and learn the fine art of rolling a twister. —Adam Dorobiala



Swainston photos

Pup passion pole jam boost, Will Pauley

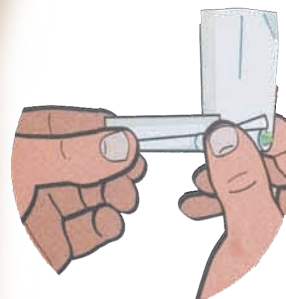
THE PANDA ROLL



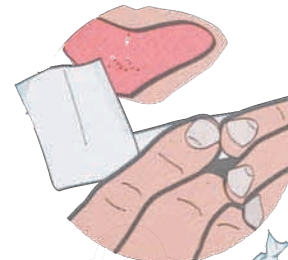
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IF YOU'RE NOT TIPPIN YOU MUST BE TRIPPIN



Fred Worbon's Look at the Dark Underbelly of Titty Bar Food in Salt Lake

by Fred Worbon worbon@slugmag.com
Reviewed March 10, 11, 16, and 17

I'm 31 years old and, until recently, had never been to a strip club. I'm not a prude or anything, it's just that platform heels, home-bleached hair and bad boob jobs don't do it for me. I mean, I can watch shitty porn at home for free and not get in trouble for touching myself, at least not from a big scary guy who might kick my ass out back. So, when the good people at *SLUG* asked me to check out the menus at a few of the titty bars around town, I was a little less than enthusiastic, but I figured "what the fuck? Tits, ass and a burger or two—how bad could it be?"

The first stop was *Trails* on 921 South 300 West. It was a Wednesday night and I went down with my wife and a few friends. We grabbed a seat a little back from the stage and asked our waitress for menus and a couple of pitchers of beer.

The menu reminded me of the *Carl's Jr.* ad from a couple of years ago with **Paris Hilton** in a bikini gorging herself on a burger. There were pictures of scantily clad dancers devouring various menu items. There was an assortment of burgers ranging from \$6 to \$8, the usual bar stuff like chicken strips and hot wings for about \$8 and nachos for around \$7. They also offer daily specials for \$3. I had heard that the Philly cheese steak sandwich was good and was disappointed when we tried to order, that they had nothing but burgers and fries that night. The cheeseburger I had was ok. It was a little soggy with ketchup and a little overdone, but pretty much tasted like the burgers at almost any chain restaurant I've ever been to—all char and condiments. After seeing the large sign outside advertising their lunch specials, I decided that next time we'll try lunch instead.

A few days later, a whole grip of us headed down to *The Show Club* on 3420 South and State although the entrance is on Main. While I never visited *The Million Dollar Saloon* that used to occupy the same space, I could tell by lack of grime and wear on the furniture, poles and floor that it had been recently remodeled. We sat ourselves by one of the larger stages and ordered a round of drinks. The menu was substantial and had three price points. The rib eye steak and bone-in ham were \$9, nachos and sandwiches were \$6, and appetizers and breakfast items were \$3. There were also free, yes, totally free, daily specials including breakfast from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., cheeseburgers and fries from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and a regularly changing dinner from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. I ordered the bone-in ham, but the place was out of it, so I got the steak instead. I was surprised to find that it was really good. It was cooked medium rare and with a nicely seared crust, but was still tender and moist (unlike the girls). The salad and steamed vegetables that accompanied the meal were a bit on the bland and overly soft side—I like my veggies crisp and fresh. A few people in my group ordered the nachos

and the consensus was that they sucked. They were basically just drenched in cheese sauce with some random shit that looked like peppers, tomatoes and onions thrown on top. Another buddy of mine got the grilled ham and cheese sandwich and was disappointed to find out that the cheddar cheese described on the menu was actually just a slice of rubbery American that was not quite melted.

The last place I went was *Deuces Wild*, a dive bar on 2750 South and 300 West. This place was more like a neighborhood tavern that happened to have a stage with strippers than it was a strip club. If I were a little more grizzled and tough, I would have no problem hanging at this place. There were pool tables and a couple of arcade games and it was actually pretty well lit. The dancers were a little more mature, but they seemed to enjoy the catcalls from the few other guys there at lunchtime on a Tuesday. Everybody seemed to be having a good time. It was St. Patrick's Day, so I opted for the corned beef and boiled cabbage which was the special for the day. I got a Guinness to go with it. They had a menu that offered daily specials ranging from Friday's burritos for \$4 to Sunday's ribeye steak, eggs and potatoes breakfast served all day for \$6 as well as an assortment of burgers, fried fish and fried snacks, all under \$9. The food was edible, but nothing to write home about.

Basically, the food at a strip club is no better than the food at any shit-hole bar and it would probably be best if I just went to drink and drool and maybe eat before I got there. I say that, not just because the food was mediocre across the board, but also because eating anything while seated in front of a girl on a raised platform with nothing but a g-string and pasties on has got to be one of the strangest ways I have ever dined. I had a real problem knowing what to pay attention to—my food or the ass-clapping in front of me.



Image taken straight from the *Trails* menu ... courtesy of the management.

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8 Minutes Too Late

By Cinnamon Brown
circusbrown@gmail.com

4:20. 4/20. 420. They can mean a time, a date, or a stoner mating call on any social networking site. When someone uses this term, you can bet on one thing: they'll totally scrape the shit out of your pipe given the opportunity. Where did this 4:20 term come from? Some claim kids getting out of school got high at that time. Old farmer's almanacs say it's the best day of the year to plant hemp. Others will try and persuade you between bong hits that it's the cop code for weed activities.

To find out just what 420 means I sat down with **Robert Nelson**, DJ of KRCL's *Smile Jamaica*, a reggae program that's been airing from 4 to 7 pm every Saturday for over 20 years. During his shows you can always catch a tasty Cannabis Service Announcement (CSA) at 4:20, and this year his 4/20 show will be airing on the nearest Saturday, 4/18. Robert confirmed my research: it's not a cop code, nor is 420 the number of chemical compounds found in TetraHydroCannabinol, or THC, the fun stuff in marijuana that makes you feel good. According to Mr. Nelson, 4:20 dates back to the '70s. Kids would get out of school, get home, get their sack, meet up with friends and smoke out, always happening to finish at 4:20. This would give the young stoners-in-training enough time to get back home and douse their eyes with Visine and fill their pockets with dryer sheets before the parents came home from work.

It sounds like a perfect little story, but after searching Wikipedia and discovering that the 4:20 entry was created by someone from the Bay Area, I'm gonna call bullshit. You see, anyone from San Jose, Mountain View, or San Mateo will tell you they're from San Francisco, and then try to convince you the cradle of civilization, Mesopotamia, the fucking Garden of Eden started right there in the Bay. It's the biggest flaw in this whole story. If some hippy kids from Bakersfield, Riverside or San Bernadino would have made the Wiki entry I might have believed it, if I didn't already know the term 4:20 was a fucking sham.

You see, the first time I'd ever heard of an integer used as code for cheeba I was 19. I was going on a long backpacking trip through the Bear Tooth Mountains, and a friend of mine who had first wet his palette on the sweet Sativa in the '60s was organizing the trip. All of us going on the trip were given a list of must-have supplies for the trip, one of which was 4:12. I knew what everything on the list was but that, so I had to ask, and he patiently explained to me that 4:12 was, well, 4:12. You know, pot, bud, chronic, smoke, ganja, herb, grass, B.C Buddah, chocolate Thai, trees, sticky icky, hydro, the shit, dank, kinde, nuggz, green, Jerry's Pubes, you know, the black damp! But why?

"Well Cinnamon, in the sixties it would take us ten minutes to walk, bike, or drive home from work here [in Salt Lake]. Then it would, or at least it should only take you about 2 minutes to twist up a joint. My friends and I all got off work at 4, so it just made sense, 4:12."

A few years after I learned the ways of 4:12 I started seeing a ton of VW Buses with 4:20 stickers on them and hippies pan-handling with signs that said "4:19 Got a Minute?". It confused me— was 4:20 the same as 4:12? I shrugged it off, thinking that since the '60s people moved further from their workplaces and commute time must have gone up, hence the new time to get high. But by my calculations, it seems the time should just keep getting higher and higher. If it went up 8 minutes in 30 years, then we should be looking at the high time changing to 4:26 in the next few years. But given urban sprawl, extended work days, the lack of decent mass transit in the valley and traffic jams, maybe 5:15 would be the norm for the next decade.

I investigated further into the number, and apparently the term 4:20, although created after 4:12, had caught on with the public much easier. Try saying them aloud — 4:20 rolls off the tongue as easy as a Zig-Zag, and has a bit more authority and a hint of eloquence compared to 4:12 (well, only if you say them while high). The really big push for 4:20 turns out to be the singer/songwriter and **Grateful Dead** guitarist **Bob Weir**, also known as "The Gentle Handler."

Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Bob saw the marketing potential of 4:20 for the counterculture. Entrepreneurs at Dead shows were making a killing off the numerical term, and Bob was hungry for a piece of the pie. A CEO

from the GAP happened to be a big Dead fan, and had toked backstage with Bob, so after few phone calls and within days, sweatshops in China were pumping out these elevated digits on all sorts of gear. The key to Bob's idea was to hire Heads to do the selling in the lot, claim they'd screen printed the shit themselves and, of course, keep GAP tags off all of the clothing. It was a scam, set up to prey on folks that could tell the difference between live recordings of "Space" but wouldn't know good music if it popped out of their steamroller and bit them on their bong hole.

I didn't want to open this can of ammonia soaked compressed Mexicali, but I think it's about time the truth finally came out. 4/20 is coming up this month and there are plenty of parties going on, like the *Aztec Highway*-sponsored 4/20 party at *The Huka Bar* in Murray. You could educate yourself on drug laws at the City Library (210 E. 400 S.) by checking out the screening of *American Drug Wars*, *The Last White Hope* at 7 PM. Maybe you just want to throw your own four-twenty party at home, but the only day you should hold it is on 4/20. Don't Utah-fuck the holiday a weekend, like Provo does to New Years Eve if it lands on Sunday. The way I see it, if you puff then it's pretty stupid to just go all out and smoke on that day. Shit kids, you're already smoking every day right? Take 4/20 off and give your lungs a break. Maybe give meth a try for a change.



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THE WORST JOB I'VE EVER HAD

mikebrown@slugmag.com

BY MIKE BROWN

Work sucks. Fuck work. When people ask me what I do for a living, I usually just say that I am a freelance capitalist. Most people assume that just means drug dealer, and I guess it could. But I haven't sold drugs since high school. And when I did, I wasn't very good at it from a work perspective. I kept breaking Scarface's classic rule of not getting high off your own supply.

No, I have like four jobs. And I don't really like talking about any of them, mostly because it takes a while to explain. I can't just say, "I'm a carpenter," and end the conversation as such. I think it's cool to keep my main sources of income a secret, I think it makes me look bad-ass. Like, for all your stupid brain knows I'm a spy, or an NBA coach. Or something rad like that.

So I'm not going to tell you what I do for a living, but I will tell you my work goals for the rest of my life. Some people want a million dollars. Some people want job security. I follow these goals or rules or whatever you want to call them, and if I can sustain myself and my cat, **Jet Pack**, for the rest of my life this way, well, then that's worth more than a million bucks right there.

Work Goal Number One: Never, ever, ever work under a security camera ever again! I worked in a retail environment where the closed circuit cameras that were supposed to catch teenage shoplifters turned into management's favorite delegation tool. A call from the boss' office would send a shock of paranoia through my spine and each ring would send me scrambling in a Pavlovian fashion towards the nearest messy display rack.

Work Goal Number Two: Never, ever, ever have a job that requires a suit or a uniform. I sold Health Riders in the mall when I was 17, and had to wear these stupid-ass shirts and pleated pants. I would skate in my work clothes before hitting the mall, and I got fired for having dirty clothes. I was 17. What the fuck did I know about laundry?

Work Goal Number Three: Never, ever, ever have a boss. I work with people, not for people. If anyone calls himself or herself my boss, I will get thoroughly upset. I never really want to be anyone's boss either. It's just such a douchebaggery concept.

Work Goal Number Four: Never, ever, ever have a time clock. What an insulting, enslaving invention. I don't need a piece of paper to tell me I'm late. **Meg** at the **SLUG** office can do that just fine.

Work Goal Number Five: Never, ever, ever work at the mental hospital, ever again. This one may seem a bit random or out of place with the other goals, but it's there because it's the worst job I've ever had.

My position there was psychiatric technician. Psych tech for short. Or "nurse's bitch boy," to give you a more accurate description of what the job really was. The mental hospital is a big place. It's behind that water park in Provo and is laid out like a college campus, with a bunch of different buildings for different units.

There was a three-week training course where they gave us information on what it was like to be crazy and they gave us hepatitis shots in case we got bit. They also gave us a self-defense course to teach us how to take down the patients properly, and showed us how to use the restraints that they use instead of straightjackets. They don't use those things anymore, and the new restraints

are Velcro and kind of comfy.

The main instructor for the self-defense portion of the training was a psych tech in the crazy teenage boys ward. He got the shit beat out of him about a week after he tried to show us how not to get the shit beat out of us. That's when I started to realize that maybe this job was kind of fucked up.

After the training, you had to get re-hired onto a separate unit. Until you were re-hired, which seemed like bullshit to me, you are in a pool of extra psych techs and you have to fill in on the units that are short-handed.

The short-handed units are usually the units that no one wants to work on. The geriatric unit was always in need of extra psych techs. It smelled bad and was full of crazy old people who were mostly dying. I had to change diapers on this dude who would take dumps the size of softballs. Or BMs, as they are called in the business. The first time I changed his diaper was the day I became an atheist. I read his file, as I was encouraged to do, and he had killed his whole family with an axe. I don't remember it ever making the news, but that seemed fairly common. There was lots of fucked-up shit in those files that never made it to the six o'clock news desk.

Oh, did I mention I worked graveyards? This meant that I had to help put the patients to bed and then wake them up. That also meant that if I had any interaction with them, they were usually being naughty because they were supposed to be asleep.

Part of my job included me watching people sleep, mostly because they were suicidal. Suicide watches sound exciting, but if you work graveyards, they are just really boring.

I could tell you so many fucked-up stories about that place. But I won't. I will just tell you one that happened that was so terrible that I have tried to block it out of my memory many times. Perhaps this incident alone is why I hit the bottle so hard so often.

It has to do with the women's shower in the geriatric unit. In case you don't know what geriatric means, it means old. And in case you still believed that crazy people don't shower, I'm here to tell you that they do. Sometimes with the assistance of a friendly psych tech.

I had to help 12 crazy old ladies shower one morning. Since they were old, they were prone to falling over. So their soggy, wrinkly bodies were clinging on to me for dear life. It was one of the grossest things I've ever witnessed.

There were all sorts of bad smells and mumbles amongst the chaos of the steamy mass shower. It was like the locker-room fantasy of scantily clad females frolicking with nice-smelling lathers and conditioners, but totally the opposite of that. I don't really know how else to describe it.

I don't talk about this particular experience very much. I thought writing about it might help me out. It's not helping! Where's my whiskey bottle?

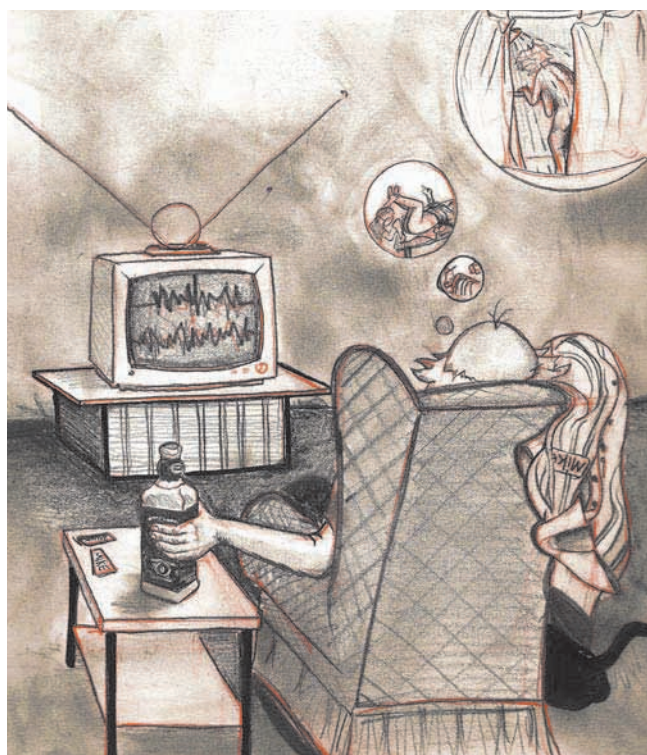


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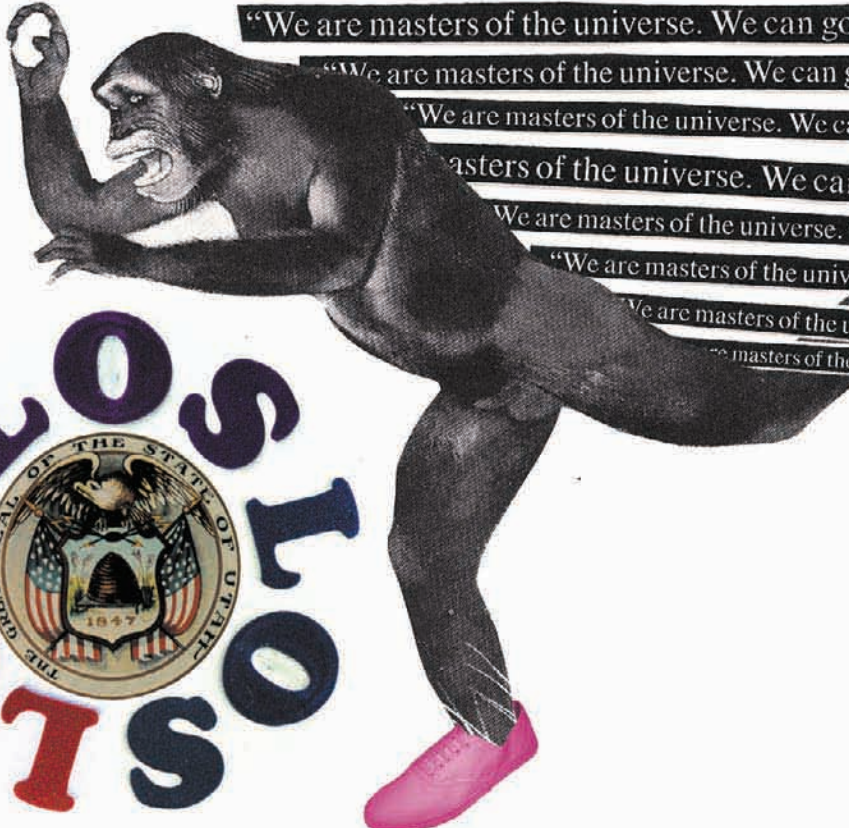
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A Positive Rage:

By James Bennett
bennett.james.m@gmail.com

THE HOLD STEADY

At first listen, The Hold Steady sound suspiciously like a really good bar band. It is true that there's a certain "Glory Days"-era **Springsteen** vibe entrenched in their music. They write the kind of songs that attract those instinctively drawn to stories about drinking and getting loaded with friends. However, The Hold Steady is far better than the average bar band. They're better than even a remarkable bar band. A few more listens and it becomes clear that not all drug-addled songs are created equal. Most merely scratch the surface, giving a nod to the buzz while completely ignoring the frequent regrets and consequences of a hard-lived life. This is why party songs are notoriously shallow—they give no account of what comes next. It takes a fearless group of musicians to tell that side of the story, however ugly or torturous it may be. Honesty isn't always the best way to sell records, but it does make for one hell of a live show. This is certainly true for The Hold Steady.

Their story began in 2003 when former **Lifter Puller** guitarist **Tad Kubler** and singer **Craig Finn**, while watching the concert film *The Last Waltz*, wondered why there weren't any guitar-heavy, organ-laden, all-purpose rock bands anymore. They decided to start one. The two formed The Hold Steady with bassist **Galen Polivka**, drummer **Bobby Drake** and organist and multi-instrumentalist **Franz Nicolay**. When speaking with *SLUG*, Kubler described The Hold Steady as an honest-to-God rock band. "We're

just a rock band. We're five guys getting on stage and having at it. It's unlike a lot of indie rock these days. It doesn't exclude people. It is very inclusive." To illustrate this he added, "There isn't a big separation between the stage and the audience. We're all just people trying to have a good time."

Within a few years the band had released two albums on **Frenchkiss Records**, including 2005's *Separation Sunday*—a concept album that recounted the narrative of a girl struggling to meld her religious upbringing with her current druggy-rock lifestyle. The next three years brought the releases of both *Boys and Girls in America* and *Stay Positive*, two albums that were light on the concept stylings of their earlier work but heavy on the references to drugs and living with one's choices. Kubler admitted to drawing some inspiration from drugs, but he also draws inspiration from classic rock. "We wear our influences on our sleeves: **AC/DC**, **Led Zeppelin**—a lot of the good, traditional rock bands." He added, "Despite what you've read or heard I don't listen to a lot of Springsteen. For every hour I've listened to Springsteen I've listened to five hours of Led Zeppelin." People often make the Springsteen comparison in regards to both their music and their work ethic.

One often overlooked influence is **Cheap Trick**. Kubler admitted, "They were one of the first rock bands I was exposed to—one of the first

bands I met. They are a huge part of my musical upbringing and also my sound." When pushed for an example of this influence, Kubler paused for a bit and then cited the first song on the latest album. "'Constructive Summer' is certainly me tipping my hat to 'Hello There' off of the album *In Color*. It wasn't a deliberate nick until I was in the studio and we listened back to it. I thought, holy shit, if we start the record this way, this is the same way Cheap Trick started *Black and White* and *In Color*."

"Constructive Summer" starts *Stay Positive* on an optimistic note, but the album has its share of songs about regret. One highlight, the track "Lord, I'm Discouraged" recounts the story of a man in love with a woman whose poor choices keep them apart. It is a painfully sincere song, capped by one of 2008's most ridiculous guitar solos. Described by some as epic, over the top and even masturbatory, Kubler thinks of it as a manifestation of his own demon rock spirit. "Ah, that's my total **Slash** moment. Like the scene from the 'November Rain' video when Slash walks out of a church in the desert and just rips out a solo. That's what I was thinking of when I played it." Looking back, Kubler is a little embarrassed by how over the top it is. "I was the first one who wanted to take it out. This was a song I thought would do well on the radio and with the solo and the break it ends up being a little too long. It seems like it could be more concise without the solo. But everyone else wanted it to stay."



This shines some light on The Hold Steady's songwriting process. They really do work as a team. Kubler explained, "I write most of the music. I come up with the majority of the ideas, and then Galen and Bobby and I hammer out arrangements and then show them to Franz and Craig." He continued, "Lyrics generally come later. For our next record I really wanted to get Craig to give me some lyrics to work with, because I know he'd been writing so much." This proved to be a difficult request. Kubler explained, "The way Craig works is that he never writes a complete song all at once. It is hard for him to give me something to look at and to write music to. How it happens is that usually I'll start to write the music, and we'll start to arrange it, and then he'll go to his notebooks and piece together a story. As such, it is difficult for the words to come first, but we are always trying to change things up." As Kubler has taken a more active role in the songwriting process, he has also been able to make use of some insights gleaned from his work as a photographer. "In a lot of my photos, especially more recently, it's more the spaces

where there isn't anything in the frame that speaks volumes. So I think that, as I've written songs for the new record, I've tried to create a lot more space in the sound because I think that makes the dynamics of the songs so much better."

Already working on a new album, The Hold Steady hit the road in late March to promote the most recent one. This tour also coincides with the release of *A Positive Rage*, a two-disc live recording and DVD documentary about their 2006 world tour. When asked about this, Kubler admitted to not having watched it as of yet, "I have a hard time watching myself on television." Then again, he is not the target audience. He added, "It is interesting in that, being culled from footage that is three-years-old, getting it together and getting it released took longer than expected. Had it been released shortly after it was shot, as was intended, I don't think I would have appreciated it as much." Why not? Because so much has happened to The Hold Steady during these last three years. At the time they were touring in a "shitty box truck," getting flat tires and

never sure where the insane journey would lead them. It was chaotic in comparison to how they tour now. Now there is a tour manager. Then it was DIY, very punk rock—glory days, if you will. He continued, "It is nice to see how far we've come and to see us define what our place will be in the world of rock and roll, but I never want to go back. The film is not overly cathartic, and it's not going to blow anybody's mind, but it is an interesting storyline." He specified further, "One thing I liked about it is that it focuses on fans and people that come to the shows and what they experience out of The Hold Steady as opposed to just us hanging out back stage. I'm really happy that they captured that."

What exactly do fans experience? Well, you really should find out. Come to their live show at the *Urban Lounge* on Saturday, April 11. Just don't ask Kubler about the **Garfield-on-ice-skates-Pamela-Anderson-Dag-Nasty** tattoo he got after losing a bet in Atlanta. That is unless you want to see him without his pants. In that case, ask away.



DREAMING OF WARM SUMMER NIGHTS*

AN ESCAPE TO ARIZONA

Words and Photos by
Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Wintertime can be quite depressing unless you are an avid snowboarder/skier, have an extremely attractive mate to fool around with or just plain enjoy the cold, wet holiday season. Since I possess none of the previously mentioned attributes, I decided to talk to **Kendall Johnson**, a colleague and one of the newest **Odeus Apparel** riders, who was also feeling the same way about taking a week long adventure to the land of sun: Arizona. He used to live there, so finding our way around would be no problem and there was no better time than the present, so we packed up and headed out. We woke up early in the morning to get on the road, knowing that if we straight-lined it we could easily be there by sundown. After a little over eleven hours, a few pit stops and directions from a nine-year-old on rollerblades, we had arrived. With a Bud Light Lime down the hatch to shake the road legs off, we began to skate. **Peoria Park** was a little crowded and we could feel the locals' watchful eyes on the two new strangers navigating the obstacles inside the park, but there was no stopping us journeymen from getting some sort of reward for the long drive.

There was a sort of tension in the air as we skated, giving the locals a taste of what we were capable of. But as soon as the alpha male of the park gave us kudos on a landed trick the tension broke and it felt like we were back home in Utah. The warmth of the desert night mixed with the hefty drive eventually took its toll on our bodies and we decided to be on our way to find shelter and spirits. After getting lost in the Arizona highway system for a little over an hour, we were

good things to skate. The campus was packed, which made it a little difficult to remain unnoticed to the campus police. Instead of skating, we had to turn the day into a reconnaissance mission, scouting possible spots for another day. Satisfied with the spots we found, we returned home around sunset. **Dillon Dorsey** informed us about a local hip hop show that was going to be happening later that night, so we hung out at the house 'til it started, pondering all the cool spots we had yet to uncover and skate. The location of the show was about two miles away so I made the call to Dillon to get directions, and a three-dollar cover later we were exposed to the local talent. The music was well written and enjoyable, but Kendall and I decided that going out to find more spots would be better than getting too drunk to skate the next day. Buzzed and slightly stoned, we drove around the city searching high and low for spots to go skate in the morning. The next day was a relaxing day, complete with an afternoon swimming session, and on the way to the pool we found this incredible sculpture of a road shaped like a halfpipe at a car dealership. The day seemed to go by extremely quickly, so after the sun went down it was back to ASU to hit some of the spots we had found the day prior. We both ended up getting some filming done, and cold beers were definitely in order to reward ourselves. There is nothing like getting a trick or two and coming home to watch the footage on the big screen shortly after. While watching the footage, we planned for the day ahead and then went to sleep.



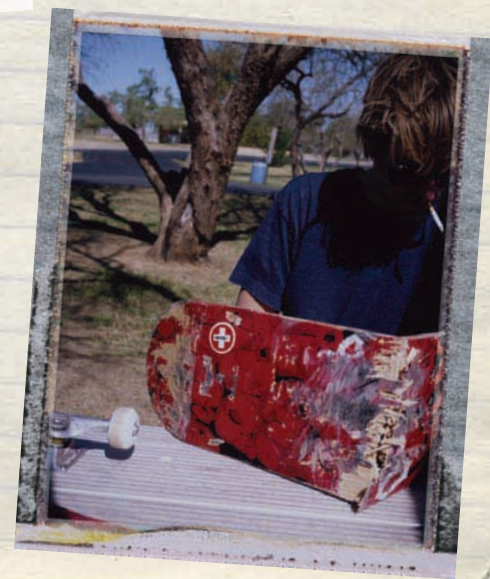
Kendall Johnson photo

decided to head back to Utah. So we packed up, said our goodbyes, and we were northbound. We stopped for a snack in Flagstaff, and luckily we noticed the tire was leaking air rapidly, so we stopped at a tire shop to get it repaired. While we were waiting for it to be pulled in to the garage to be mended, Kendall broke his driver-side window. This was the last straw for Kendall, the first being not being able to skate with no hassles, and then leaving warm weather only to find out the tire was going flat, and then having to fix his window while the grease monkeys came out to grab our car to fix the tire. We laughed it off and eventually we were on our way. It was great to be back in Salt Lake, and we ended up being more productive filming here in the few days back than we had been the whole entire time in Arizona. So much for finding a winter wonderland for skateboarding anywhere but in SLC.



finally greeted by friendly faces and good cheer. **Sam Gerhard** (of **My Feral Kin**) was kind enough to let us stay on his backyard cement patio in a tent. The rest of the night consisted of storytelling, chain smoking and trying to drink the rest of our disgusting lime flavored beer. Soon everyone was off to bed, which meant it was time for some urban camping. The sound of the distant sirens, drag racers and bar hoppers lulled us to sleep within minutes. We rose with the sun and got ready for the time ahead of us. Raspberry pancakes and coffee filled our bodies with the strength they needed to venture out, so once again we got some directions to the local park to get loose before skating the city streets. This time we were early enough to miss the hordes of people and we were able to roam freely and fluidly throughout the park. Kendall ended up snapping his board and the park was beginning to look smaller and smaller by the moment, so after a quick grip job we left to go get in some street skating. The sun was blazing as we skated through Arizona State University, randomly coming up on all sorts of

Monday was the first day we really slept in, and by the time we went skating it was already hot. We journeyed to the spot found the night of the hip hop show and began our trickery. Nobody was there, but as soon as the camera came out the crowds showed up. Skating across a basketball court while there are games going on each side of the court isn't the best situation for skateboarding, but Kendall made the best out of it and stomped a backside flip across the flat gap in no time at all. Later that evening we went back to the metal halfpipe and continued to film. I thought for sure we were going to get kicked out, but we didn't. We stayed there for quite some time before getting back on the road to go to Sam's. The next few days were extremely frustrating, getting kicked out of every spot before doing any skateboarding. Phoenix is over policed for sure, and it seems like you don't go two minutes before seeing another cop somewhere. We tried to hang with the heavy enforcement, but it finally took its toll and we



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Weber State has to be the biggest tease anywhere. The place is an endless wonderland of rails and ledges, but it's also probably one of the biggest busts on the face of the earth. Usually you can barely get out of your car without getting rolled on. And the cops aren't handing out warnings anymore—they'll straight up take your gear. Despite these odds, I always somehow end up there once or twice a season. This past year it was to shoot this gap out triple kink. **Seth Huot** ollies past the first down flat to a backside 5-0 down the rest. Side note: The first rail I ever slid on a skateboard was on this campus. I think it was around '88. The cops were still clicks back then, too. — *Andy Wright*



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What do you get when you mix beer, skateboarding, loud-as-fuck guitar-destroying metal and obnoxious idiots dressed like sperm throwing used condoms at the crowd? The answer: the first ever *Mike Brown Fest*, that was held Wed. March 4 at the *Urban Lounge*. It was full of debauchery and chaos. **Andale** started the night off while a few rippers like **Eric Hess**, **Willie Nevins** and **Kordel Black** warmed up on the box and mini quarter pipe we stuffed into the bar. As more people piled in, the music got louder and the skating more ferocious. **Eagle Twin** slaughtered through the second music set while **Stuart Callis** and **Dirty Hades** (back in action from his broken foot) tore into some savage skate destruction. Somehow no bar patron, skater or band member got worked the entire night. Boards flew through the air, skaters ripped through the crowd dodging stumbly drunks with hands full of booze. Not a single drink hit the deck, no bones cracked and no blood was spilled.

The **Fucktards** capped off the night with one of the most ridiculous performances I've ever seen. Dressed in white jump suits with giant paper lampshades on their heads, they exclaimed they were dressed like sperm. Lying across the stage in front of **Mike Brown** were fully loaded condoms that had been knotted off. As the Fucktards slashed through their set, Brown picked up the condoms and started tossing them into the crowd. I couldn't believe I was witnessing seemingly used condoms flying through the air and dangling from the rafters above. Not only did the crowd endure this, they indulged in it. People started picking





Krooks pop out, Kordel Black



Rat Child is always balanced, Back 5-0



Beer cheer nose pick, Kordel Black



3-0 shuv,
Alpha Male



up the condoms and tossing them back at the Fucktards. The show roared on and things kept getting more ridiculous. It ended in a hilarious mess when the crowd started throwing their drinks at the Fucktards. One man even walked up on stage to pour his entire stein over the top of Brown's head. I thought somebody was definitely getting smashed with a guitar after that, but nobody was malicious about anything they were doing—it was controlled pandemonium.

Just as the last song came to an end one dude took it too far pouring his drink out on Browns socks. Wet soggy feet are the worst. At least when a beer gets dumped over your head some of it gets in your mouth. 2 a.m. struck, the show was over, whisky all locked up and all the drunkards were shuffled into the streets. Mike Brown Fest had come to a glorious end.



TED BORLAND PROFILE

By: Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Ted Borland is a humble rider who kills just about everything in sight on his winter shred stick. His team manager, **Trevor Hennings**, showed me his new footy and I was blown away at how solid and styled out all of his tricks were. Currently he is a student at SLCC, going for a degree in Video Production, and gets to ride every day to finish his "assignment," *Bundy Vision 4*, when we all know it's just an excuse to be up on the mountain progressing in his passion. Apparently Borland always has a smile on his face and I can understand why: living the dream is tough, right? I met up with him at *Brighton* one day and we sat down and chatted about all the stuff going on in his life right now.

Photos by Jesse Anderson

SLUG: You seem to have a lot of skills on your snowboard, how long have you been riding for?

Ted Borland: I'm on year ten right now.

SLUG: You hail from Utah?

TB: No, I started in Pennsylvania: littlest hills ever.

SLUG: Where in Pennsylvania?

TB: *Blue Mountain*.

SLUG: Do you think snowboarders get a bad rap for what they do?

TB: Uh ... No. Utah's just got a bad rep in general 'cause the scene is so big and there are so many different things people could say about it, I think. There are so many different types of snowboarders here, so someone probably will end up getting a bad rap.

SLUG: Hesh dogs, Gnar kids, **Technine** homies ...

TB: All the tight pants bastards like **Cale (Zima)** over here. (points to Cale)

Cale Zima: Hey, what's happenin'?

We laughed about that for a second or two before getting back to our interview.

SLUG: Do you usually ride at *Brighton*?

TB: Yeah. This is my home ... well, my Utah home mountain for the past four years. *Brighton* is the shit. I've only been to Tahoe once, and it was pretty good. The



park was real fun, but nothing like *Brighton's* park. *Brighton's* park is probably not up to most people's standards, but I think it's sick 'cause its top to bottom, you get to go through some trees and there's some smaller stuff in *Candyland*. All around pretty sick.

SLUG: So when you want to go out and get a trick,

do you call the photographer/ filmer or are they callin' you?

TB: I call a lot of filmers and photographers, like **Eddie Grams**, **Mark Dangler** and those dudes. A lot of times I'll just think of tricks or just go wherever they're going and get some tricks. I just like filming as much as possible.



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Cale: (from the table near us) Hey Ted, I liked the teaser for *Bundy Vision 4*, Joe showed it to me the other day: so sick.

TB: Thanks. Yeah we gotta do a little collabo with *Bundy Vision* and *Bozwreck* for sure.

SLUG: When will *Bundy Vision 4* come out anyways?

TB: Well I'm doin' it for class so I might finish it up a little early. It's sick, I don't really have to go to class at all. Wake up, go shred, film and then send my teacher some little updates and shit, its sick.

SLUG: So you found the loophole to be able to go to school and still shred every day?

TB: Yeah. My parents still help me out with rent a little here and there. I'm trying to start this internet scam business where I charge people to film for a day, like families and shit, so I'm gonna get that going soon. Hopefully I can make some loot off that.

SLUG: Is **ROME SDS** hooking you up so you at least don't have to buy boards?

TB: Kinda, its between **Jesse Anderson** and this in-house guy I know. I just get random stuff now and then. I got some boards that are kinda ridable so it's all good. As long as I don't have to buy boards, I'm set.

SLUG: So what do you eventually want to do with your riding?

TB: I would like to be able to ride everyday and eventually work on some legit video ideas to make this into more of a job-type deal. I had to buy a new camera though, because on Halloween night our house got jacked, like twenty thousand dollars ripped off of my roommates and me. Four laptops, my DVX Camera, Jesse's photo gear, all that kind of stuff, just gone. We gotta catch those thieving bastards.

SLUG: Any thoughts on **Shaun White's** super success in snowboarding and all that jive?

TB: (laughs) He deserves it man, he's good for sure, but he definitely has a lot of hype (laughs again) around him. It kinda sucks that when people think of snowboarding all that comes to mind is Shaun White. He does deserve it, there is no doubt about that. He's pretty good.

SLUG: What is your favorite part about snowboarding?

TB: Freedom. Just doing whatever you want, you can go anywhere. It's not as easy as skateboarding, but wherever there is a hill, you can ride. There are so many different types of things to ride, like halfpipes, parks or hiking up in the backcountry for some turns. I couldn't pick just one favorite out of all of those, but rails are pretty fun and I want to get back into jumping again.

Zima, **Mark Edlund**, **Lil' Jeff** and their crew said goodbye and headed back out to shred, so I figured I would wrap up the interview so Borland could get back out as well.

SLUG: Any shoutouts?

TB: Yeah, definitely all my friends who have helped me out in Salt Lake. **Matt Piasecki**,

Chad Holmes, **Derek Dennison**. They let me sleep on their couch whenever I'm kinda homeless. They've definitely helped me out a bunch. **Jesse Anderson** has helped me out a ton, **Eddy Grahams** and the whole **Variety Pack** dudes for sure too. Last but not least, definitely **Trevor at Salty Peaks**.

I would check out *Bundy Vision 4*. It should be posted on YouTube by the time you read this. Ted is definitely goin' places right now. If he isn't placing in the top three in our *SLUG Games* comps, you'll know he's riding somewhere tearing shit up. I'm sure this isn't the last we will be hearing from him.



Dave Amador

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

1 S, 1 K, 1 A, 1 T

Wow, this month's etiquette has me all fucked up, and I'm not quite sure which side of the line I'm about to draw I stand on. See, this month's park etiquette is on playing SKATE at the park and it's kind of an oxymoron to tell you young bucks not to do it, since it is, in fact, called a skate park. The thing is, I am pretty sure when they design a skate park they don't have you and all your talent-less friends playing in a circle in mind. It does, however, seem that when they build parks there is an overall flow to the course and design and this flow can only be interrupted by two things: either me eating shit or somebody getting in my way. If it happens to be the latter, you better hope it's not you and your knucklehead buddies fucking playing SKATE or there is going to be hell to pay. The only thing I like more in life than focusing somebody else's board is focusing a bunch of boards at once.

I know practice makes perfect and that is what playing SKATE is all about, right? Maybe it's not though, and it's just another jocular-ass way for you to prove to your friends that you are once and for all better than they could ever be. Since games of SKATE are going to be played at every park across the nation this summer, I want to be the first person to try and get this shit organized on a national level. No, I'm not talking about the tournament style competition that you probably witnessed on *theberriCS.com*, which in fact, I did think was cool because it was for ten grand and it involved people who are actually good at riding a board. You, on the other hand, can't even get a shop sponsor or afford more than one item off the value menu at Wendy's. I want to get this shit organized by going town to town and having people fill out petitions and going to town meetings and fighting for the right to have SKATE parks built everywhere.

I'm talking about parks that are designed specifically for games of SKATE. It shouldn't take much convincing since all you really want is a flat slab of smooth cement. Shit, who cares about getting a great bowl or street course in their area when you could have something that looks like a quarter of a tennis court with water dispensers and everything? See how stupid all this sounds? Well, that's exactly how stupid it is to go to the skate park and play SKATE and not even touch any of the other obstacles or features or whatever the fuck you want to call them. When was the last time you saw a game of SKATE go down on the quarter pipe or in the deep end of the bowl? Seems to me you should be less concerned about your switch heels and more concerned with dropping in on something steep. This is, once again, just my bullshit opinion though-until next month. Kill Yo' Self!!!!

E, T, I, L, Q, U, E, T, T, E



Jared Smith illustration

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BEER REVIEWS

Beers in Hiding

Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

April: the month of eggs, Christ and taxes—how in the hell could you not want to be slamming pints like its 2012? So for you, we have a selection of beers tucked in the nooks and crannies of this neo-fascist state of ours. These brews are exclusively contracted out by restaurants and brewed by our finest local micro-breweries. As a purveyor of crediting those who deserve it, *SLUG* felt that we ought to mention the breweries whose names have gone without mention.

Rickshaw

Brewer/Brand: Uinta Brewing Company / The Pie

ABV: 4.0%

Price: \$2.99/Pint

Size: On Tap Only

Rating: * 1/2**

Description: At first glance this beer is your stereotypical pilsner: crystal clear, deep straw color, and a pillowy, white head. The head slowly drops to leave some sticky lacing around the rim of the pint. The aroma jogs around with malty, sweet dextrins, creamed corn and grassy hops which all lead to a crisp background. Really light in body, this brew matches all the qualities of its aroma, and manages to disappear a bit too easily.

Overview: When it comes to the world of shitty pilsners, I am generally the first to make a b-line for the nearest exit. This beer, on the other hand, I find acceptable in the "pizza nook" genre. Now finding a pairing with this was pretty damn easy. The Greek, one of The Pie's signature pizzas topped with gyro meat, mozzarella and feta makes for a killer pairing.

Where to Find: Found on tap at the University dine-in and Ogden Pie locations.

Brewvies Irish Red

Brewer/Brand: Rooster's / Brewvies

ABV: 4.0%

Price: \$3.00/Pint

Size: On Tap Only

Rating: * 1/2**

Description: This Irish Red is clear as they come, auburn to red in color with a tight head that leaves a little lacing around the glass. Clean grass with a hint of citrus in the nose, you are eventually led into some toasted malt undertones and an awkward astringent malt that I just cannot put my finger on.



With a medium body, the definite hop presence makes itself dominant in the flavor, followed by a light toasted backing that lingers on the palate.

Overview: Exclusively brewed by the folks at Rooster's, this is a definite must-try whenever you make your way over to Brewvies. The main thing that gets me with this brew is the light amount of hop resin that it leaves in your mouth, which makes it match fit for some popcorn on the side. If I was not already smuggling booze into every other theatre I go to, I would do my best to tote this one along.

Where to Find: This brew is only found on tap at Brewvies.

Iggy's Blueberry Hefeweizen

Brewer/Brand: Wasatch

Brewpub / Iggy's

ABV: 4.0%

Price: \$3.95/Pint

Size: On Tap Only

Rating: **

Description: Off the tap this brew is hazy orange with a crisp white head that recedes almost instantly. The nose is blueberries alongside the lightest amounts of clove and maybe a touch of banana to lead you into the rich taste. The flavor is a touch sweeter than your standard hefeweizen and leaves a little twang of blueberries and wheat to linger on your palate with next to no hop character.

Overview: I don't think a month has gone by where someone doesn't say, "Damn this is the best fuckin' beer I have ever had". While I am not against this beer, I would just prefer it be a touch drier. The style meets the demands of the general public so I don't feel the need to rag on this beer more than I have to. If I had to pair this against something in their menu, I would say their cheesecake, if anything.

Where to Find: Only found on tap at Iggy's Sports Grill.

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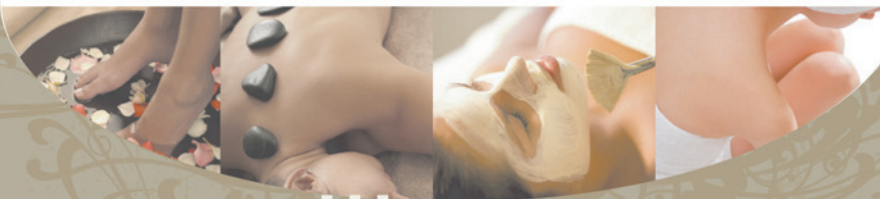
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PRODUCT REVIEW

The Sunnyside Company

The Beatnik Tee

TheSunnysideCompany.com



Photos: Chris Swainston

Local (well, kinda) and proud of it, The Sunnyside Company features great art and comfortable clothing to the masses. This shirt is extremely breathable and feels like you are wearing nothing at all as you float from place to place while sporting an interesting-looking Hula Girl on the front. I like how the graphic is not completely opaque, which gives it this great vibe — its quite unexplainable. Most of the artists' graphics are hand drawn, not overly perfect and not preschool quality, but a happy medium of style and class. Not only do they have shirts but they also have hats and "sunnies" that give off that California-lovin' feeling while still maintaining their roots in Salt Lake and Arizona. I have a feeling they are on the come-up right now, so you better prepare yourself by checking out their goods online until the new stuff hits the shops. —Adam Dorobiala

Nikita

Furu Reversible Hoodie

NikitaClothing.com

All the hot bitches around Salt Lake are rockin' some form of Nikita and naturally, I want in on that shit. When the Furu Hoodie came in, I was a bit nervous about the overly loud pattern it had, but figured I needed to suck it up in the



name of fashion. This hoodie is quite possibly the most comfortable I've ever worn. Thanks could be due to the reversible design, which creates a double layer of the thick jersey feel and is extremely lightweight, yet it kept me warm in this ridiculous Salt Lake spring chill. Although I found myself "dressing down" due to the stand-alone print, this sweatshirt does rock. However, I would stress you read the laundry instructions pretty well before you throw her in for the wash, unlike myself, who just tossed it in and took it back out missing a zipper.

—Meghann Griggs

Kuru

Chicane Shoe

Kuruf footwear.com

When you're turning 30 and trying to stay hip, the last thing you want to think about is sensible shoes. Yet the locally made Kuru shoes fit the bill. The Chicane shoes instantly conform to your feet when you try them on, with the Kuru Sole tucking your feet into a snug blanket. The ultimate test for these outdoor kicks was my three-day trip to Disneyland. Generally, I prefer my old reliable Converse, but with the constant pressure on my back and feet that is guaranteed with this land of "happiness," I opted for the Kuru shoes. These shoes are most definitely equipped with adequate sole and heel support that allowed me to keep up with my eight-year-old. You couldn't buy these shoes off of me, they are now a permanent staple in my wardrobe. With the age clock ticking away and my style changing, I need footwear that fulfills both my comfort and style requirements—and as they say, if the shoe fits ... —Meghann Griggs

Skatebook #4

Skatebook.tv

Skatebook is a high-quality hardcover skateboarding coffee-table book released quarterly. For those of you that struggle

with math and fractions, that means every three months you get nearly 300 pages of artful skateology shipped to your door.



This month I got my hands on *Skatebook #4*. It has 11 chapters packed with skate history, media, progression, photo essays, legends, icons, clothing and art. Each chapter has a well-articulated introduction to what the following pages will be all about. After that, it's mostly pretty pictures and a few short interviews. Some of my favorite chapters were: A Brief History of Fucking Awesome, Jason Dill and Mike Piscitelli's clothing company; Mike Vallely/World Days, a glimpse into the late 80s and early 90s when Vallely teamed up with Steve Roco to create World Industries; and Skated It/The Art of Deconstruction, a photographic tribute to skateboards as an object. The boards were donated by some of the industry's biggest, like Ryan Smith, Lance Mountain, and Steve Berra. If you're a fiend for coffee-table books and cool skate paraphernalia, *Skatebook* is where it's at. Look them up at *Skatebook.tv* and on Myspace or Facebook. —Chris Swainston

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April 3rd Band of Annuals, Leslie And The Badgers, The Devil Whale
 4th Feel Good Patrol, Kristoff Krane, ECID, David Mars, Goblin Death
 5th TTTT + Andrew Sato / Mike Cottle + Kelly Moyle
 6th Yunavi TOUR SEND OFF, Dunedain, Chaz Prymek / Lake Mary
 7th Paint The Town (A Play) Doors 6:30 Show 7:00
 Spindrift, Furs, Red Bennies
 8th White Denim, Black Hens, Patterstats with a dance party
 following with FULLSAIL
 9th Ting Tings, HOTTUB
 10th Sleepy Time Gorilla Museum, Faun Fables, Edmund Welles
 11th The Hold Steady, TBA (postfontaine)
 12th After Atmosphere: Blue Collar Theory, Sick Sense & Skin Walker,
 Knoitalls
 13th Clem Snide, The Heligoats
 14th Ted Dancin + Mirah After Party
 15th Gods Revolver, Cornered By Zombies, Blaklysted, Fictionist @ 9:30
 16th Kate Leduece & The Soul Terminators, Takt, Funk & Gonzo
 17th SLUG LOCALIZED: Blue Sunshine Soul, Naked Eyes, Tiny Lights
 18th Green Leafs CD Release
 19th Monthly Acoustic Event 7pm Anke Summerhill, Cosy Sheridan,
 TR Ritchie 10pm TTTT + Will Sartain + Jay Henderson
 20th 4/20 Party: Zion I, Scenic Byway, Beer Pong
 21st Blue Turtle Seduction, Blamity Blam, Dead Horse Minstrel
 22nd Black Lips, Flowers Forever, Furs
 23rd Thermals, Shaky Hands, Point Juncture WA
 24th Starmy, Long Distance Operator, Go Metric
 25th Yann Tiersen (Composer of the Amelie Soundtrack), Asobi Seksu
 26th Outlaw Nation, Relief Society, Herban Empire
 28th Jinga Boa, Lake Mary, Bluebird Radio
 29th Know Your roots, James Shook, Marinade
 30th Starfucker, Birthquake, Trouble On The Prairie
 May 1st Mr Lif, Willie Evans Jr., Grieves, Feel Good Patrol,
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 13th Cowboy Mouth
 14th Detroit Cobras
 15th Bob Schneider
 18th Del The Funky Homosapien
 19th My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult
 20th Magnolia Electric Co.
 21st Big Business
 22nd Afro Omega
 23rd VAST
 25th Michelle Malone
 26th Scott H Biram
 June 2nd Camera Obscura
 6th No Quarter
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GALLERY STROLL



"Untitled" piece by Dan Christofferson from this month's show at Kayo.

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Winter is over and the promise of green grass, colorful flowers and warmer, longer days is wrapped in every gentle breeze. April is a month of new beginnings, transformations and the celebration of life. It's only fitting that the April Gallery Stroll reflects these same sentiments.

Art Access Gallery is celebrating life by honoring nine artists who have lead long full lives. The *Eighty Something* show focuses on the recent work of nine Utah artists in their eighties: **Dorothy Bearnson, Ursula Brodauf, Anna Campbell Bliss, Edie Roberson, Bob Kleinschmidt, Woody Renzetti, Doug Snow, Colleen Parker and Pilar Pobil.** Through their continuing work, these nine Utah artists speak of the need they have to keep art in their lives. All would say that engaging in art keeps them involved in their communities and interested in life. Most importantly, they stand as examples of the on-going contributions that senior citizens make to our society. *Eighty Something* will open on April 17 and hang through May 7. The artist reception is Friday, April 17 from 6 - 9 p.m., during the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll. Art Access is located at 230 South 500 West.

Another Art Access artist, **Emmanuel Makonga**, is celebrating a new beginning in a new country without fear of censorship or worse, death. Makonga was born in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC) in 1962. He graduated from a college in Kinshasa, where he received a degree in fine arts. After graduating he worked as a painter, sculptor and cartoonist. It was his cartoons that caused Makonga trouble. His political cartoons ran in several newspapers throughout many African countries and contained strong opinions that ran counter to the government. Makonga left Africa in 2003, in part to protect his family. He moved to Salt Lake City in 2008 to start a life for himself. In addition to preparing for the Art Access exhibit, Makonga is now looking for a publisher for his new comic book dealing with the protection of the environment. The exhibition will open on April 17 and hang through May 7. The artist reception is Friday, April 17 from 6 - 9 p.m. Art Access is located at 230 South 500 West.

Dan Christofferson and **Trent Call** have teamed up in April to fill the *Kayo Gallery* with their unique energy, variety and mad skills. Satisfying the traditional artist inside while providing immediacy and accuracy, Christofferson bounces between conventional drawing and digital illustration. This show, like ones in Christofferson's past, will include a visual vocabulary which allows the viewer to connect the dots for a story line that runs throughout all the pieces. Call, being spontaneous and aloof, won't give too many details away about his work. It could be graffiti art, classical portraits, landscapes or even better, a little bit of it all! *Kayo Gallery* director **Shilo Jackson** has admired both artists' work for some time and is very enthusiastic about the show. "They both have such unique styles, I thought they'd pair well together. They're both so proficient and cutting edge," she said. The exhibition opens April 17 with an artist reception from 6 - 9 p.m., *The Kayo Gallery* is located at 177 East 300 South.

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LOCAL REVIEWS

Blue Sunshine Soul *In All of the World at Once*

Gerontion/Beartalk

Street: 02.10

Blue Sunshine Soul = Rodriguez + The Rolling Stones



Diversity within the local scene isn't always celebrated and is usually even harder to come across within the environs of a six-piece entity like Blue Sunshine Soul. Perhaps the fact that the majority of the members of this collective are professional musicians helps to keep egos in check and let the individual voices present come to the fore. With three, now four songwriters—and as many voices singing—what might be stale formulaic genre music evolves into an album that goes deep into your catalogue. Thanks to **The Devil Whale**, **Calico** and **Band of Annals** for lending this group five members to make headway into a different style of music within the local scene. Lap steel, organ, just enough jangly guitar and the feminine influence of **Jeremi Hansen's** amazing vocals (a great addition to any group) let us know that these locals can add more kick with their steel strings than just "alt-country" twang alone. —JP

Cherubin

Under the Shadow of Heaven
Self-Released

Street: 12.23.2008

Cherubin = Brown Jenkins + Neurosis + Empire Auriga

Being a local, I still have to admit that Utah's metal scene leaves a lot to be desired. That said, I'm not entirely jaded, and this album did manage to catch me off guard. Whatever fucked up inspirations Cherubin have resulted in a particularly gloomy, dismal and completely satisfying experience. There are several elements here that are decidedly non-metal, but the overall attitude remains brooding and ferocious enough

to be called that. Much of the music has a rather heavy stoner or doom feel, yet a great deal of the guitar work keeps things interesting with some bold inclusions of psychedelia where a song will completely change its course at various intervals, and still make sense. Cherubin show that a lot of well-thought-out creativity can bring life into what could have been something forgettable. Frankly, I don't have enough adjectives to do them justice. Cherubin play on April 15th at Kilby Court. —Conor Dow

DJ 2BE

Versatile Innovations
Paraphernalia Recordings
Street: 04.01

DJ 2BE = Apparat + Ellen Allien + Salmonella Dub

Over the years, I've found that artists who incorporate reggae into their sound have some ironically hilarious similarities to certain types of ganja connoisseurs. On one hand, if your music is just some new-wave reggae mash-up hippy gangbang, it resembles that guy that you try to avoid at all costs because he smokes 20 hours a day and goes on about the same ol' shit he has been for years. Tone the reggae influences down to a reasonable level, though, and you have the potential for some groovy music that doesn't bore the shit out of the people exposed to it, just like you: the concious, contemplative pot smoker. DJ 2BE manages to be the latter. The most apparent initial influence in *Versatile Innovations* is its reggae jams, but the album proves to have so much more substance than that. Solid beats are mixed with familiar samples that range from pop to hip hop. The final result is certainly a refreshing dubstep experience. —Ross Solomon

Drew Danburry

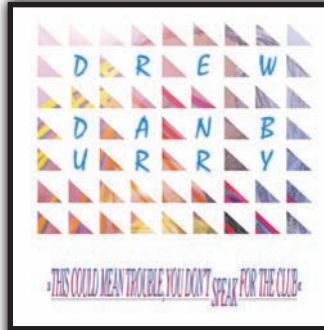
This Could Mean Trouble, You Don't Speak for the Club

Emergency Umbrella Records

Street 11.04.2008

Drew Danburry = Early Ben Kweller + The Format

I'm no musician—I have no musical talent in any bone of my body—but I still have to wonder how any one can sit down, create an album like this and call themselves artists. Hold on, let me take a step back and sugarcoat it a little. Danburry's attempt at making a quirky and "unique" album deserves at least a pat on the back. Way to be the leader of "Kickass Kindergarten Folk Pop



Sing Along Music! Doesn't he know that toddlers have the attention span of fish? And after multiple attempts of trying to listen to this album I have found that my attention span has dropped to that of a sea monkey. The album lacks consistency, rhythm and personal style, but at least the sticker that came with the album was cool enough to put on a school notebook. —Lyuba Basin

Going Second

Wake Up

Self-Released

Street: 01.23

Going Second = Trademark + Coheed and Cambria + Ask For the Future



As I'm growing out of my pop-punk phase, it's getting harder and harder for these types of bands to impress me. Going Second has caught my ear though. This band has managed to incorporate all the aspects that make a pop-punk band good, while most bands nowadays seem to only focus on one. The band's harmonies are solid, the melodies are strong and their guitarist's solos can easily stand up against MCR's **Ray Toro** (note: this is meant

as a compliment as that band remains my guilty pleasure). The best part of the soloing is that this group understands how to use it as an active part of the song, and not just a randomly inserted segment for the guitarist to flaunt his mad skills. Props to these guys. Gentlemen, you've got my attention. —Kat Kellermeyer

Illegal Beagle

13th South EP

Self-Released

Street: 01.31

Illegal Beagle = Unsteady + Big D + the Kids Table + Few's & Two



Hey, non-traditional ska bands in Utah: this is how you're supposed to be doing it. The members of Illegal Beagle seem to have ignored nearly all of the ska made during their lifetimes and pick it up right after the two-tone movement, injecting an urgency and attitude into ska while keeping the rhythm in tact. "High Tide" is a great example of a ska-punk song done right, complete with crunchy guitar, minimal horns, "whoahs" and a tight rhythm, while "Mind Control" substitutes the horns for plenty of violin and some call-and-response vocals. These guys (and girls) are still crazy young, so they're a little rough around the edges, but this EP shows a lot of promise and proves that ska still ain't dead in Utah. —Ricky Vigil

The Naked Eyes

Spell Talk EP

Self-Released

Street: 04.10

The Naked Eyes = Black Rebel Motorcycle Club + The Furs

Using their first release, *Free and Easy*, as a solid point to base jump off makes this local three-piece's latest efforts a great follow-up to their previous

grounded approach. As they continue to refine their signature style it seems they have no hinderance in the creative flow they've coddled—and are now unleashing it on *The West*. Further tours this summer along the coast up to Portland and down to LA mean that more will soon be hearing the word of The Eyes: free and easy. As with all their handmade merch, the EPs are being created in a unique manner, this time utilizing found-denim sleeves screen-printed by vocalist **Andrew Milne** (at **Tony Damico's Spilt Ink** in Ogden). This mantra of respecting the old and forging with the new is not just something found in their physical wares, it is evident in their sonic efforts too, as they pay homage to their roots and infuse them with newly-applied handmade paint. ~JP

Paul Jacobsen and the Madison Arm

Self-Titled

Groundloop Records

Street: 09.16.2008

Paul Jacobsen = Cameron McGill + Nickel Creek + Margot & The Nuclear So & Soss (Not Animal)

I first heard Paul Jacobsen a while back on the Slowtrain compilation, *Around The Bend*, and fell in love with his featured track, "Lung." When I got my hands on the full-length and figured out why that opening track was so familiar, I kept my fingers crossed and kept listening. Not only does Jacobsen deliver, he exceeds my expectations. A nice folk/alt-country collection, Jacobsen's voice is mellow with just a hint of gruff with lyrics to match the tone: clever and quick. The tracks are varied from folk ballads ("Lung") to demi-jazz beats ("Proper Noun"). Folk fans take note: Jacobsen's album is a must. —Kat Kellermeyer

Riots of Eighty

The Ivory Road

Independent

Street: 04.07

Riots of Eighty = Underoath + The Used + Blinded Black



Christian Hardcore is probably the lamest genre of music that has ever been invented. I mean come on, screaming about faith and god and being all angry about it? Seriously? Well now we have a new sub genre of Christian hardcore: Mormon hardcore. Riots of Eighty are

the most hardcore Mormons of all time and that is saying a lot. Now I will give Riots of Eighty some credit: their chops are tight and their song structures are solid. But there is absolutely not one original thing going on here. It's the same sing song, scream, double bass, heavy thrash, whiney formula that goes along with the majority of all screamo / Christian hardcore bands. It's too bad these kids have serious skill but they're sheep. —Jon Robertson

Starmy

Starmageddon

Self-Released

Street: 09.06.2008

Starmy = Guided by Voices + Red Bennies



Utah was ready for this album in 2007. Two years later and after the first listen, it wasn't as huge as I expected. Don't give up on Starmy's latest after just one listen though—it's full of surprises missed by a casual ear. "Static of the Dead," "September" and "No Knife" prove that Starmy isn't just a pop-rock band trying to jolt your coke-riddled body onto the dance floor—they're trying to seduce you with Sartain's poetry. Go ahead, throw your panties or banana hammocks on the stage. —Cinnamon Brown

To The Death

Best Laid Plans

Self-Released

Street: 09.11.2007

To The Death = Breaking Benjamin + Maroon 5 + Rise Against + Muse

Now, as high as that equation set your expectations, take a minute and come down a little. I'll admit, at first I was ready to write this band as of yet another alt-rock/pop band, but ironically while most bands put their best tracks first and last, all the good ones are hidden in the middle. The band jumps around from style to style, going from electro-pop to punk to alt-rock, but they do it so well it's forgivable. They're considerably more comfortable in the pop-rock area than the punk, but the good tracks outnumber the bad considerably. Give it a spin before you pick it up, and stick to the tracks in the middle. —Kat Kellermeyer

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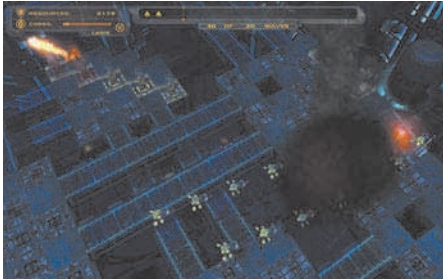
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GAME REVIEWS



Nothing like nuking shit that flies.

Defense Grid: The Awakening Hidden Path Entertainment

Reviewed on: PC
Also available on: Xbox360
Street: 12.08.08

If you've ever played any sort of RTS online for more than a week, chances are that you've played some sort of home-brewed "tower defense" map. The formula is often the same: Build up a maze of towers that kills hordes of increasing sizes before they get from one end of the map to the other. Sounds pretty boring, right?

Well, sometimes. Ever since *Starcraft*, people have been throwing together the same old shit year after year. At its core, *Defense Grid* is just like every other tower defense map or game ever made. Yet, somehow, it's done oh-so-much better and is consistently a blast to play. Included are 20 maps set in surprisingly unique locales, taking you anywhere from your destroyed hometown to ice caps and giant satellite dishes. Every hostile alien has a distinct feel and ability, as do the towers you can build to mow down said aliens. Even beyond the obvious features of this game, every aspect shows that the developer really aimed at making the best tower defense game thus far.

As for the learning curve, there's zip, zilch, not a fuckin' half-consideration here. If you've played the game for more than 10 seconds, you know exactly what's going on. Don't get cocky though, the level of difficulty scales quite nicely as you progress further into the game. New towers are systematically presented to you to kill those aliens in unique and fun ways.

Since this game can be had for only \$20, there's really no reason not to pick it up. It's an incredible diversion, can be played in short bursts of time and will provide at least 10 hours of overall goodness. Wrap all of that up with some pretty graphics that won't bend your system over, and you might just have the pinnacle of an RTS classic in your hands.
—Ross Solomon

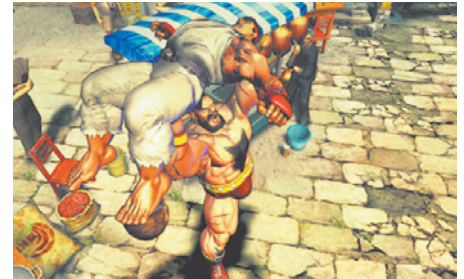


This is why I drink heavily when playing scary games.

F.E.A.R. 2 – Project Origin Monolith / Warner Brothers

Reviewed on: PS3
Also available on: PC, Xbox360
Street: 02.10

I struggled with the first *F.E.A.R.* game because the combat was pretty fun, but much of the rest suffered from a general sense of mediocrity. I've never been one to buy into the whole cheap, jump out and say "boo" scare tactic because it is often a contrived game design element. That's not to say that there aren't some classic well-done moments such as *Resident Evil*'s famous "dogs," but overall, it just falls apart quickly if the rest of the game doesn't have the frame to support it. These gripes are my big complaint with *F.E.A.R. 2*. The writer's reasons to justify all of the scare tactics slowly reveal themselves to be rather underwhelming, which makes much of the game fall flat. Gradually, the experience just stops being scary and becomes an annoying distraction more than anything else. This isn't, however, to say it is a bad game, but I did feel like I was just going through the motions on this one. The combat is still fun and remains above the cut, even if movement feels more restricted than in the first game. For example, you can't lean around corners anymore. There are now also awesome destructive moments where you can run around in a gigantic mech for almost no reason at all, mowing down everything that looks at you funny. The sound design is once again top-notch and provides a rather claustrophobic and looming atmosphere. But there's rarely a feeling of actual danger in the game because health kits are plentiful and the combat isn't very challenging, even on the highest difficulty level. Still, I'd recommend checking this game out for a fun weekend of action and terror. Just don't expect to be blown away. —Conor Dow



You can't handle the Red Cyclone

Street Fighter IV Capcom

Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also available on: Playstation 3
Street: 02.17

I clearly remember being of the opinion that there would never be a *Street Fighter IV*, but here we are. Most people probably don't realize that there was a *Street Fighter III*, and probably less still realize that there were three of them. The truth for most people is that *Street Fighter* ended after *Super Street Fighter II Turbo*. It didn't, and the fact is that *SFIII: Third Strike* is (and will probably continue to be) the most competitively played *Street Fighter*. So, how does *SFIV* measure up? Well, in terms of story timeline, it falls between *SSFII* and *SFIII*. So it is with gameplay as well. Gone are parrying and *SFIII* characters. EX attacks are present, as are two-button throws. All of your favorite OG characters (read by most: Ken and Ryu) made it out for this one and if you tore it up with Guile in *SSFII*, you'll probably be able to do the same in *SFIV*. New to the series is the focus attack, which, when fully charged, is unblockable. This is where the game gets surprisingly technical and probably what most new strategies will pivot upon. Casual *SF* players won't want to take the time to learn the intricacies of this system, but competitive players will. There are only a handful of new characters and some (the obviously *SNK*-inspired Crimson Viper and Abel) are better than others (Rufus ... For real?), but it's clear that the objective with this one was to keep it familiar. This game is a masterpiece. This is what a new *Street Fighter* game should feel like. *SFIV* can be as simple or as technical as you want it to be and this is one point where it succeeds where *SFIII* didn't. *Street Fighter* is still relevant and this game can be played and enjoyed by anybody. If you're an old fan, this will make you remember why you liked *Street Fighter* in the first place. If you've never played a *Street Fighter* game before, this is an excellent place to start. —Aaron Day

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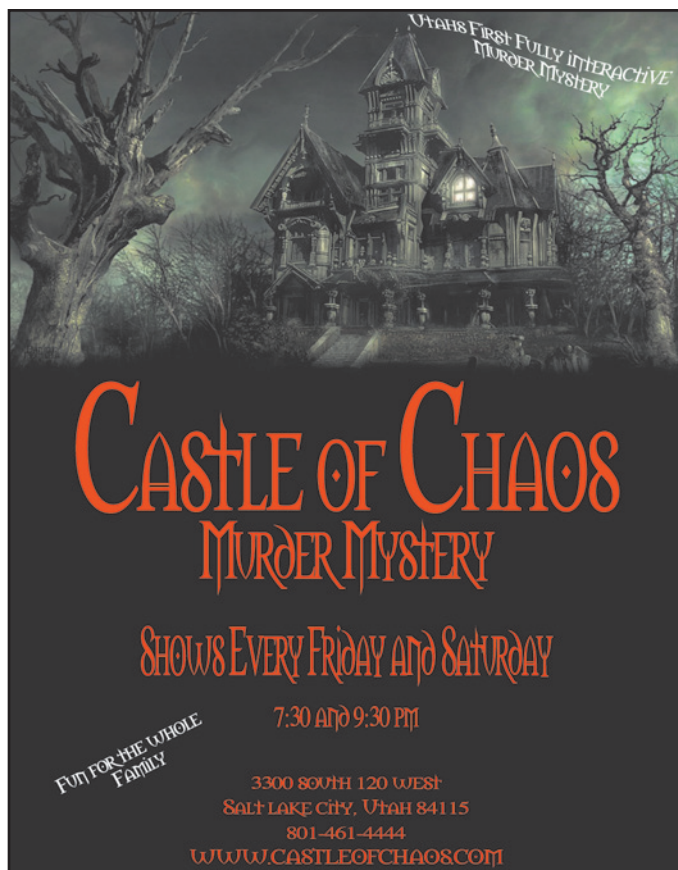
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BOOKS ALOUD

Dangerous Laughter

Steven Millhauser

Knopf [Street: 02.10.09]

It is clear from reading *Dangerous Laughter* that author Steven Millhauser has an adroit sense of the bizarre and a deft command of the English language—two things absolutely requisite in writing stories. And many of the stories in *Dangerous Laughter* are quite good. Having said that, many times Millhauser's voice is so serene that it borders on sterile. Covering a wide variety of plots and themes, from the construction of nation-encompassing domes, to a simulation of the sense of touch, to clandestine, pseudo-erotic laugh parties, Millhauser's works sound interesting in theory—yet the reader finds himself flipping to the end of each story, counting down the pages until he's done. When reading feels like a chore, it's time to get a new book. Or perhaps we should not so easily eschew **T.C. Boyle's** admonishment—to remember that literature, for all its lofty ideals and principles, is still entertainment. —J.R. Boyle

London's Burning: True Adventures on the Frontlines of Punk

1976-1977

Dave Thompson

Chicago Review Press

[Street: 05.01.09]

There is no question that the year between the summer of 1976 and the summer of 1977 was a powerful one for British rock history, when punk rock rose from a buzz on the streets to a roar of rebellion that still echoes today. *London's Burning* is a memoir that recalls vivid experiences of concerts and cultural flash points that focus on what was happening on the streets and in the clubs. It answers questions like, "were the **Sex Pistols** really any good as a live band?" Or, "what made teddy boys hate punks so much that they stalked the streets looking for teenagers to beat up?" Thompson calls on the personal recollections of big-league figures in the punk scene, including members of **The Damned**, **The Maniacs**, **The Adverts**, the **Patti Smith Group** and **Roogalator**. *London's Burning* is a fond collection of memories from the early days of punk, before mass commercialization and fame launched the movement worldwide. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I've never wanted to drink a Pabst Blue Ribbon after reading a book until now. —Alexandra Harris

Marching With Elves: A Galactic Triumph in Marmellia

Jay Agnello

Publish America

[Street: 06.30.08]

Years into the future, the planet Earth is finally nearing its end. Several races of advanced humanoids have fled into space, leaving only a few behind to watch their planet crumble around them. When a group of alien elves decide that the Earth is worth saving, they commission the remaining earthlings to jump ship Noah's-Ark style and fly through space with two of each native species to return when the planet is once again habitable. Mayhem ensues when one of their ships is rerouted to the Intergalactic Zoo and the ship's cargo is put on display for the enjoyment of little alien boys and girls. Agnello's writing seems inspired by **Douglas Adams** with his use of humor and matter of fact dealings between humans and aliens. The story is overly complex at times as the concept of time is abandoned to link characters from different centuries. *Marching with Elves* does take a bit to get into, but once the pieces are all in place it is hard to put down. —Ben Trentelman

Punk Rock Fun Time Activity Book

Aye Jay

ECW Press

[Street: 04.01.09]

As hard as some people will try to tell you otherwise, punk rock was largely founded by idiots for idiots. *The Punk Rock Fun Time Activity Book* does away with all the boring analyses and those pesky big words you'd find in most books about punk rock and replaces them with easy to do activities more suited for the intellectual level of most punk rock fans. Who gives a shit what kind of effect **Black Flag** had on the shape of punk in the 1980s? This book lets you draw tattoos on **Henry Rollins**! And even if you don't know who **Rob Tyner** is, you'll have a blast connecting the dots to reveal his epic afro. Whether you're a mohawk-sporting moron or an irony loving pseudo-intellectual, there's much fun to be had word searching, crossword and punk libbing in this book. Regress and be merry! —Ricky Vigil



BELLYOGRAPHY



Leyla
By Astara

Talented, beautiful, dynamic and joyous are all adjectives that can describe Leyla. But the adjective that describes her best is balanced. In my brief time with her, and watching her dance, I was aware that I was watching a woman who knows who she is and is comfortable within herself. This balance is definitely revealed when she dances, and it is lovely and wonderful to see. Although Leyla is, indeed, very talented, beautiful, and almost bewitching when performing, it is her wholeness and her apparent happiness that reaches out to her audience and invites us to love her. She brings such positive energy and joy to her performances. Leyla may mean "night" in Arabic, but I can only perceive a vision of light on the stage.

"I was a tomboy growing up," Leyla said. "I don't really have a background in dance. I first saw belly dancing at a Halloween party. A dancer came in a full cabaret costume. She put on her music, started moving, and I was totally mesmerized. I just knew I wanted to wear all those sparkles and dance like that."

Leyla started dancing in 2004 and took her first lessons from **Sidney** of *Veiled Intrigue*. She later studied with **Jamileh** of *Midnight Mirage*. Leyla is currently a member of *Midnight Mirage* and **Perizada**.

"Perizada, which means 'of the fairies,' is a collaborative effort," said Leyla. "Each member has input to choreography, style and costumes. All of us love fairies and each member wears an **Amy Brown** fairy pendant."

When asked about her favorite style of Middle Eastern dance, Leyla said she loves them all. "I consider myself more of a fusion style dancer. I just take all the belly dance elements and fuse them together. When I dance at restaurants, it is always fusion with cabaret. I love dancing at restaurants and improvisation. I love interacting with my audience."

By day this beautiful dancer is a construction manager—hardhat, orange vest and all! Leyla and her husband are also part of a gypsy band called *Yom-al-had*, which means "Sunday" in Arabic.

"Yom-al-had meets every Sunday and jams," Leyla said. "We have a violinist, a cellist, guitarists, a variety of drums and five dancers. We have performed at the *Renaissance Fantasy Festival* in Ogden and at some folk festivals."

Leyla will be competing with *Perizada* at *Wiggles of the West* this summer in Las Vegas. Leyla also performs once a month at Cedars of Lebanon in Salt Lake City, and at the Athenian in Ogden. For more information, check out myspace.com/leyla_lelacheur.



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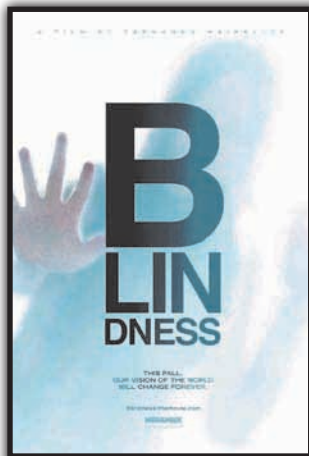
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MOVIE REVIEWS

Blindness

Miramax
Street: 02.10



Director **Fernando Meirelles'** (*City of God*, *The Constant Gardener*) vision of an epidemic that induces total blindness starts off enticing and terrifyingly realistic, but by the time the end credits appear, what's left is a preposterously exaggerated tale of survival during the breakdown of modern civilization. The illness comes out of nowhere and spreads to anyone within feet of the infected. After an ophthalmologist (**Mark Ruffalo**) becomes ill, he is quarantined in an abandoned hospital with several other unfortunate souls along with his unexplainably immune wife (**Julianne Moore**) who simulates the sickness in order to stand by his side. I think a "Wife of the Year" award is deserved here. As more diseased citizens arrive, wards are formed, rules are established, and chaos inevitably ensues. It's basically *Lord of the Flies* with adults, but instead of passing around a conch shell to speak, women are raped in exchange for food. Being a grown up sucks. Why hundreds of detainees, including one who can actually see, would take orders from an amaurotic loon armed with only a six-shooter (and three remaining bullets) is beyond me. It's annoying to see such an original idea take such a pointless turn to absurdity with a lot of unanswered questions. —Jimmy Martin

The Boy in the Striped Pajamas

Miramax

Street: 03.10

Childhood ignorance is definitely bliss in the case of eight-year-old Bruno (**Asa Butterfield**) whose father was recently promoted as a commanding officer at Auschwitz during the Second World War. After sneaking outside the family compound, Bruno explores miles of wooded terrain and soon discovers an electric fence, and on the opposite side, Shmuel (**Jack Scanlon**), a malnourished child clothed in what appears to be pajamas. The two eventually unravel the truth behind their statuses, yet secretly become friends even with the barrier separating them, both figuratively and physically. Not since **Roberto Benigni's** *Life is Beautiful* have the atrocities of the Holocaust been captured in such an effective and imaginatively tragic fashion. To witness the true innocence and horrific agony projected from these two talented actors is something you will never forget. It's unbelievably amazing to see how simple and logical the world really can be through the eyes of a child. —Jimmy Martin

Duplicity

Universal

In Theaters: 03.20

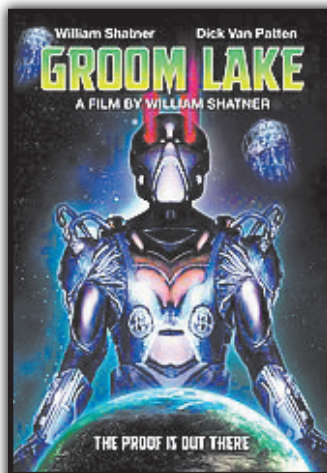
You know there's something amiss when a 30-second preview can't successfully explain a film's main storyline. Such is the case with director **Tony Gilroy's** thrilling romantic comedy crime caper extravaganza, *Duplicity*. Obviously, there are too many layers for its own good. Former MI6 agent, Ray Koval (**Clive Owen**), and ex-CIA operative, Claire Stenwick (**Julia Roberts**), join forces (or have they?) in the private sector in order to steal millions from a rival CEO (or is he?) by pilfering a top-secret revolutionary invention (or is it?). With enough twists and turns to make a contortionist nauseous, the film is guaranteed to lose the majority of the audience twenty minutes in. However, if you can successfully follow it, it makes for an adequate ride with a few hiccups and a satisfying finale. While the film's strongest offering comes from the rapid, sharp, accusatory banter between Owen and Roberts as they duke it out in a 1940s-esque battle of the sexes, the endeavor to make Roberts (a.k.a.

Skeletor) a modern day sex symbol crashes before the wheels ever leave the runway. —Jimmy Martin

Groom Lake

E1 Entertainment

Street: 03.10



You would think that since **William Shatner** has spent over 40 years in the sci-fi arena, he'd know what characteristics make and break the genre. You would think that, but you'd be wrong, especially since he directed this atrocity. It's been a rough day for Kate (**Amy Acker**). Her car rolled down the side of a mountain, she was raped by local savages, and she was diagnosed with lupus. Really ... lupus? Oh, and apparently all of this turns on her jagoff boyfriend, Andy (**Dan Gauthier**). In an attempt to cure her illness, the couple travel to Groom Lake (AKA Area 51) in order to contact alien life, because, as we all know, extraterrestrial relationships are always mutually beneficial. However, when they discover the base's secret, John Gossner (Shatner) will do anything to prevent them from revealing the truth. Everything about this project screams passionless mediocrity. From the awful sound dubbing to the acting that wouldn't fly on any soap opera, Shatner really needs to sit down and think about what he wants to do with his remaining nine years (that's what *deathclock.com* optimistically predicts). This is the perfect film for inviting some friends over for an in-depth drinking game. Every time cinematographer **Mac Ahlberg** washes out a scene, take a shot. Whenever Andy attempts to get in Kate's pants, take a shot.

You'll be shitfaced in ten minutes, which will probably make the film somewhat tolerable. —Jimmy Martin

Jim Gaffigan: King Baby

Paramount

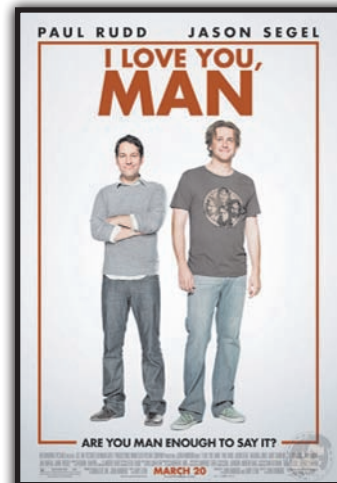
Street: 03.31

"Why is it that vegetarians want their food to resemble meat concoctions? I find meat repulsive. I'll have a veggie burger with fake bacon and can you serve it to me dressed like a cow?" The whitest comedian on the stand-up circuit, Jim Gaffigan, returns with his second televised special three years after his critically acclaimed *Beyond the Pale* set. Looking like a "mascot for the Mormons" with his virtually translucent skin, Gaffigan's infectious energy illuminates the Austin, Texas nightlife as he attacks the annoyances of camping, the spelling of "colonel," and recycling. I wholeheartedly agree that bowling is the greatest sport due to the fact that it's the only one that allows the consumption of nachos while competing. Gaffigan's gift for spotlighting the daily monotony of our lives and society's idiotic traditions continues to create awareness and grins. I'll definitely never look at a Waffle House the same way again. —Jimmy Martin

I Love You, Man

Paramount

In Theaters: 03.20



Just as I was about to declare a national boycott on all upcoming bromance films, director **John Hamburg** (*Along Came Polly*) poses one with an intriguing message. How do adults, men in particular, establish friendships without prior relationships? Think about it. How many friends would you have if you didn't already work together, know each other as adolescents, or share a prison cell? Newly engaged, socially inept Peter Klaven (**Paul Rudd**) faces this dilemma when he realizes he has no candidates to be his best man. After a slew of hysterically awkward "blind dates" with potentials, Peter finally meets Sydney Fife (**Jason Segel**) and establishes a connection that can only be described as having a man-wife ... without the sex. Hamburg's crude romantic comedy hybrid contains the typical gross-out style of humor but, it stands out among the rest with its witty acting from a trifecta of comedians from *Saturday Night Live*, *Broken Lizard*, and **Judd Apatow's** regular posse. It's a comedy that flies under the radar, but leaves a respectable lasting impression. —Jimmy Martin

Murder, She Wrote: The Complete Ninth Season

Universal Studios Home

Entertainment

Street: 02.17

Angela Lansbury is hot. Seriously, is there anything that could be sexier than the uncanny ability to solve mysteries by simply observing what is going on? She can type too. Hot. I wouldn't be able to have her over to my place though—we would have to meet up in sleazy motels in Maine and I would also have to drug her. She is hot, but maybe she is a bit too observant for her own good? Who knows what dirt she could dig up while she watches me sit around and lick cheese puff residue off of my fingers and watch bad zombie movies. Who has even heard of a murder mystery writer solving every murder mystery she comes across? She defies the odds. Hot. —Ben Trentelman

The One (Blu-ray)

Sony Pictures

Street: 03.31

We all make mistakes in life. **Bush** invaded Iraq, I've had beer before liquor, and **Jet Li** starred in *The One*. Shit happens. In the distant future, it's discovered that along with our universe there are 124 parallel counterparts with identical inhabitants living varying lifestyles. Apparently, when someone dies, the life source is divvied among the remaining equivalents making them smarter, faster, and more powerful. With that information, Gabriel Yulaw (Li) decides to steal the Highlander notion of "There can only be one" and travels to the multiple universes in order to kill himself over and over. Now, after 123 successful assassinations, the only obstacle standing in his way is Los

Angeles police officer, Gabe Law (Li yet again), and guess what, he knows kung fu too ... how stereotypical. It's a shame to see the incredible talents of Li wasted on cheap computer-generated special effects and cheesy wire works, and the next person who plays another shit song by **Drowning Pool**, **Godsmack**, **Linkin Park** or **Disturbed** is getting stabbed right in the eye. The film resembles an awful show on the Sci-Fi network that would be canceled after three episodes. If you want to see the Beijing native in his prime, forget the Hollywood disasters and check out 1991's *Once Upon a Time in China* or 1994's *Fist of Legend*. —Jimmy Martin

Planet Earth: The Complete Series

BBC Video

Street: 04.24.07

If you ever needed a legitimate reason to throw down \$200 for a Blu-ray player, this is it. First debuted in the UK in March 2006, the BBC's documentary chronicles every square inch of our planet's surface with images that will leave you absolutely breathless. My jaw actually hurts from having it lay on the floor for over nine hours. The four-disc set is separated into 11 different global regions. From the highest peaks of the Himalayas to the darkest depths of the Indian Ocean, the series focuses on the various operations of the animal kingdom including migration patterns, hunting tactics, mating calls, and methods of survival. Witnessing a great white shark soar above the water with a seal clamped in its jaws is incredible. Having the one-second action slowed down 40x is out of this world. Soulfully narrated by **David Attenborough**, this triumph skyrockets the bar on nature programming to a level of excellence that will remain unaffected for a long time. It truly is a work of art and is the perfect way to celebrate *Earth Day* on April 22. —Jimmy Martin

Primal Fear (Blu-ray)

Paramount

Street: 03.10

Before **Richard Gere** strapped on his tap shoes and won the Golden Globe for portraying an Illinois lawyer in the 2002 musical, *Chicago*, he played another Windy City attorney in director **Gregory Hoblit's** 1996 drama, *Primal Fear*. After the gruesome murder of a prominent Catholic priest, bashful and stuttering 19-year-old Aaron (**Edward Norton**) is the prime suspect, yet he denies all the logical evidence pointed directly at him. Enter the city's most prominent lawyer, Martin Vail (Gere), who soon becomes the "Butcher Boy's" only supporter. While the storyline is trite, the acting is what makes this film stand out in the crowd. Granted, a 27-year-old Norton playing a teenager doesn't seem appropriate, but the talented actor embodies the character so efficiently that it hardly matters.

The overall tone of the film plays like an extended episode of *Law & Order*, but the multiple twists and turns make for an engaging experience and will keep you guessing 'til the end credits. —Jimmy Martin

South Park: Season 12

Paramount

Street: 03.10

The kids from South Park, Colo. arrive, completely uncensored, on your doorstep this month with their twelfth season box-set and are clearly as entertaining as they were over a decade ago. The incredible aspect of **Trey Parker** and **Matt Stone's** creation is its ability to reference pop culture icons and document modern current events in the same season (sometimes in the same episode). For instance, one episode reveals America's idiotic obsession with **Britney Spears'** meltdown, but the underlying parody of **Shirley Jackson's** 1948 short story, *The Lottery*, is the underground form of amusement. In traditional South Park style, the season continues to hysterically spotlight and spoof subject matter most programs wouldn't dare touch. However, with storylines including Cartman contracting AIDS, Indiana Jones being brutally raped by **George Lucas** and **Steven Spielberg**, flamboyant child abuse and a perfect satire of the 1981 animated cult-classic *Heavy Metal*, who could turn away? As with the series' previous sets, the special features are quite limited, but the creators' succinct audio commentaries with insider information are always a pleasant perk. —Jimmy Martin

Tell No One

Music Box Films

Street: 03.31

Every once in a while, an unknown foreign film sneaks up to your doorstep with little buzz and little accreditation, yet leaves a lingering impression after its over. Sometimes the impact is repulsive and sometimes it's pleasant. **Guillaume Canet's** non-stop who-done-it thriller, *Tell No One*, falls in the latter category. Alexandre Beck (**Francois Cluzet**) and his wife Margot (**Marie-Josée Croze**) have been in love since childhood. While visiting their beloved lake on a romantic getaway, Margot is viciously murdered and Alexandre is beaten into a coma only to awaken three days later to accusations and shaking heads. Eight years later, an acquitted Alexandre attempts to move forward with his life as a pediatrician until he receives an email ... from Margot. Whaaaaaaat? From that point on, it's an all out intense race to discover the truth, find out who's behind it all and what they want. Canet's French adaptation of **Harlan Coben's** American novel succeeds on many levels. As the acting talents of Cluzet shine with every nail-biting moment, the elaborate charade is strategically put together to keep you guessing all the way to the exhilarating climax. —Jimmy Martin

YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

Beverly Hills Chihuahua

Disney

Street: 03.03

Animals dressed in Prada jackets and accessorized with Louis Vuitton merchandise make my soul cry in agony. No wonder the rest of the world hates us. Traveling to Europe for work, multi-millionaire Viv (**Jamie Lee Curtis**) makes an idiotic decision and entrusts her pretentious Chihuahua, Chloe, to her worthless niece, Rachel. After a spontaneous, alcohol-fueled girl's trip to Mexico (which apparently is all glamour and sparkles now) the tiny bitch (Chloe not Rachel) soon finds herself lost on the streets of America's basement. With the help of a former police officer German Shepherd, Chloe pitter-pats her way through enemies and obstacles and attempts to get back to 90210. Stocked with a plethora of family friendly grossness, the actors mechanically gallivant around the set as if they're just waiting for their paychecks to clear, which I hope are large for starring in this nightmare. The majority of the feature is mundane and instantly forgettable, but at the risk of getting my ass kicked by fellow critics, I was actually surprised at how the issues of illegal immigration and underground dog fighting were implanted in an imaginative method ... especially for a children's film. It's the only shimmer of light in this endless pit of celluloid wickedness. —Jimmy Martin

Pinocchio: 70th Anniversary Platinum Edition

Disney

Street: 03.10

There's definitely something creepy about a decrepit old man, whose house is filled with toys, sleeping with a random kid and calling him "son." It's too **Michael Jackson/Macaulay Culkin**. The story of *Pinocchio* is an odd one at that: a marionette is brought to life by a codger wishing on a star, gets kidnapped by two transients, escapes, gets kidnapped again, becomes a donkey-puppet freak of nature, escapes yet again, and eventually sets a whale on fire. There must have been some serious drugs in that writers' room. The appealing aspect to Disney's 1940 classic is the nostalgic offerings that would never pass the conglomerate's current board of acceptance. One minute the ligneous juvenile is skipping school and the next he's shooting pool while smoking a cigar and pounding a pint of PBR. You just can't beat those wholesome moral values from the past. The Blu-Ray edition features an abundance of entertaining content including interactive games, deleted scenes, and original "live-action" footage from 1939 that reveals the strenuous yet remarkable animation process. Disney now offers an impressive promotion where all Blu-Ray editions include a free DVD copy of the film ... there's a cheap birthday present for that blubbery brat of a nephew. —Jimmy Martin

CD REVIEWS

Another Cynthia

The Mannequin EP

Self-released

Street: 04.02.08

Another Cynthia = Radiohead x MGMT

I met **Ian Mackintosh** of Another Cynthia outside the Slamdance premiere party where he had played a show with his other project, **Mackintosh Braun**. Having heard Mackintosh Braun first, I expected Another Cynthia to have a side-project feel to it. Boy, was I wrong. The dancy beats, fuzzy bass, and melodic and affecting vocals combine with skillful musicianship to make the *Mannequin EP* more than just an impressive album. This is what DIY is all about, people. Another Cynthia sacrifices no quality in producing their own tracks. Their melodies will stick in your head for days. In fact, I'm already dreading the day when MTV and Clear Channel radio stations dig an early grave for catchy tracks like "Seven Years" through inevitable over-exposure. But for now, both of Another Cynthia's albums—this EP and a 10-track release—are full of stylish, fresh, and highly enjoyable music. —*Jesse Hawlish*

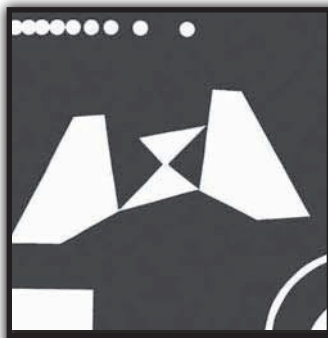
Asa Ransom

An Asa Ransom Release

Self-released

Street: 04.10

Asa Ransom = David Byrne + Blondie + That Handsome Devil



Whistled birdcalls. It's been too long since I heard a decent birdcall open a song, but Asa Ransom pull it off on "The Luck of Stoney Bowes" as some really low-pitched vocals underpin the pre-chorus and amp us up for the best chorus on the album: "If you are leaving, meet me on this highway/We can cut the cars off/We can do it our way/Vanish on the freeway burning with a grin/Darling, don't you see, please just let us be" preceding some funhouse-

inspired guitaritry. I do admit this quasi-full-length/EP is pretty good for some atmospheric background music—I'd say its tunes would fit a Friday night post-hipster/pre-scenester after-party at about 11 p.m. You can even pull off a hep shimmy or two. The majority of this album is high-tempo enough to bust out some **Deborah Harry**-inspired flourishes, ladies. —*JP*

Believer

Gabriel

Metal Blade

Street: 03.17

Believer = Voivod + Meshuggah + Destruction



With the first listen of Believer's *Gabriel* offering, it was like walking down the street and getting decked in the gut by a priest. All I knew about Believer is that they are a Christian progressive thrash group, though ironically and interestingly, were part of **Roadrunner Records'** early years, which was a huge purveyor of music opposing Christianity. Whatever your beliefs, it's worth your time to experience *Gabriel*. The album is a challenging and demanding listen—its guitar tone alone, if played loud enough, seems like it could shatter bone. Song by song, listeners' ears are thrown about with multiple tempo changes and stylistic metamorphosis. The songs are played in a jamming free-form style, though are collected enough to derive an organized and directed feeling. The moments of keyboard oddities and spacey sounds are the salt and pepper of the album, just adding one more element to an already flavorful plate of music. —*Bryer Wharton*

Bell Orchestre

As Seen through Windows

Arts & Crafts

Street: 03.10

Bell Orchestre = The Symphony + Explosions in the Sky + Fantasia



Instrumental music is very relaxing and wonderful. I can close my eyes and imagine a whole world coming to life. The *As Seen through Windows* adventure starts in a world of animals. The song "Elephants" is filled with horns to create exactly what's expected—elephants in a ballroom with top hats and the occasional crashing of trunks as percussion and violin play. Now it's off in a spin of waterfalls, twirling bicycle wheels, and a highly mechanical gumball machine. The album is best listened to as a whole instead of piece by piece. So set aside a nice quiet afternoon—preferably in the mountains where fresh air is available—and enjoy, as Bell Orchestre takes you away from the silly worries of the world. —*Jessica Davis*

Betty Padgett

Self-Titled

Ubiquity Records

Street: 04.17

Betty Padgett = Etta James + Tina Turner + Bob Marley + Sister Nancy

The digital re-release of Betty Padgett's 1975 debut touches a bit of every music genre without sounding schizophrenic. Opening track "It Would Be a Shame" has a soulful R&B sound. My favorite song, "My Eyes Adore You," is a mellow, relaxed reggae track, which is followed by "Sugar Daddy," a straight-up disco hit. The album flip-flops between these three distinct sounds without ever sounding forced or subpar. Betty Padgett's smooth vocal tracks mix funk and soul perfectly. And despite originally being released over three decades ago, the album never sounds dated. —*Jeanette Moses*

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

Advance Base Battery Life

Tomlab

Street: 03.10

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone = Cars & Trains + Magnetic Fields

This collection of rarities has a few interesting pieces, such as the **Missy Elliot** and **Bruce Springsteen** covers. Other than those (and the acoustic "It's A Crime"), it feels like a pretty standard release from **Owen Ashworth**. It flows extremely well, considering that it is a compilation of sorts. If you are a diehard fan, you have probably heard all (or most) of these tracks, but it is still worth checking out. Even if you are only checking it out for the Missy Elliot cover, you will probably still enjoy "Holly Hobby" without the female vocalist. —*Cody Hudson*

Cauldron

Chained to the Nite

Earache

Street: 04.06

Cauldron = Savatage + Black Sabbath + Raven



If I wasn't told so, I would have thought *Chained to the Nite* from this Canadian trio was a record straight from the early 80s. Also, just as interesting: The band rose from the ashes of a doom-metal band called **Goat Horn**. After a few listens, it shows: the guitars and vocals hint at a teensy bit of doom if you slowed them down. This record rocks simply yet diversely. Cauldron are doing what the new throwback bands should do—create original-sounding material in the vein of classic metal. Cauldron unites NWOBHM and classic hard-rock sounds. The guitar tone here is something to behold, since it screams old-school heavy metal and yet manages to sound clear enough to pick apart the chords and notes. If the tune "Chains around Heaven" were released in say, 1982, it would undoubtedly be considered a classic. Forget what year Cauldron formed—they play classic metal and that's that. —*Bryer Wharton*

Chain and the Gang

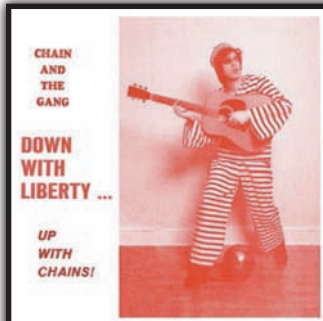
Down With Liberty ... Up With

Chains!

K Records

Street: 04.07

Chain and the Gang = Mojo Nixon + Modern Lovers + D.N.A.



Chain and the Gang is **Nation of Ulysses**, **Weird War**, **The Make-Up**, etc., founder **Ian Svenonius'** latest punk outlet, and knowing his penchant for anarchy, this project is exactly what you expect: anything goes! Rooted in a learnedly-sloppy No-Wave aesthetic (I first mistook this for a 1980 re-release), Svenonius pushes his "I'm calmly pissed" vocal delivery over lackadaisical rhythms, studio clamor (i.e., background Greek chorus-style responses to his words), bored **Blondie**-esque backup work (provided by a host of indie-rock greats), occasional horn bursts and so-simple-they're-cool keys and guitars. Svenonius still hates indie rock and explaining the obvious ("Interview with the Chain Gang"), capitalism ("What Is a Dollar?") and loves conspiracies ("Deathbed Confession"), but speaks about the subjects in an incredibly clever way that's free from "Rip the System!" clichés. The style might change, but the song remains the same: Svenonius's *13-Point Program to Destroy America* is still in effect. —*Dave Madden*

Clutchy Hopkins

Music is My Medicine

Ubiquity Records

Street: 04.21

Clutchy Hopkins = Lee Scratch Perry + Toots and the Maytals + Madiib

According to Ubiquity Records folklore, this Clutchy Hopkins album came from a bag of dusty LPs and a journal chronicling the mysterious artist's quest to find Lord Kenjamine—a medicine man living in Barbados. Luckily, the album is good enough that I could care less about the silly marketing ploy behind it. Moody beats float in and out through *Music is My Medicine*. Reggae, jazz, hip hop and even electronic-sounding elements mesh together seamlessly, resulting in a feel-good album that is real hard to burn out on. My favorite tracks are "Riff Raff Rollin'" and "The Old Spot." —*Jeanette Moses*

The Coathangers

Scramble

Suicide Squeeze Records

Street: 04.07

The Coathangers = Mess Up the Mess + The Black Keys + Sleater Kinney

With an album title and a band name that refer to scrambling the brains of an unwanted fetus, I assumed The Coathangers would be run-of-the-mill bratty punk rock. I'm happy to say that these four ladies have classed the genre up a bit, but not to the point to distort the genre. The caustic guitars and screams are broken up a bit with tambourines and keyboards and it's clear that they aren't taking themselves too seriously. The songwriting is tongue-in-cheek: On "Stop Stomp Stomp," the Coathangers chant, "I don't need an alarm clock cause I got yo' feet! It feels like an earthquake in my sleep." Ultimately, this album is amusing without being too stupid. —*Jeanette Moses*

Crippled Black Phoenix

200 Tons of Bad Luck

Invada Records

Street: 04.14

Crippled Black Phoenix = *shels + Grails + Pink Floyd



Crippled Black Phoenix shares band members with the likes of **Electric Wizard**, **Mogwai**, and **Pantheist**. If the equation above and the band list that follows after it do not already interest you, I am proclaiming you officially dead inside. This is a very strange, yet very coherent collection of songs and is the result of the band being required to release this one-disc version as a compromise so the label will also release the full intended two-album version as well. Will I be buying the intended version as a result of what I've heard here? You bet your boots. With the opening song's chain-gang choral backings catching me by the neck, I was immediately enthralled with this nearly 80-minute offering. To know that there is another 80 or so minutes being released, as well as a previous album in existence, I am officially a new fan of this band. —*Conor Dow*

Crystal Antlers

Tentacles

Touch and Go

Street 04.07

Crystal Antlers = Les Savy Fav + Saccharine Trust + early My Morning Jacket

When it hit recently that this economy would force even the mighty Touch and Go records to significantly lower their music profile this year, the news hit us here at *SLUG* like a wet phonebook thrown from a balcony. And while this scaling back is being referred to as simply a "hiatus," it is a very real pos-

sibility that this record will be the last new release ever from the Chicago-based label. Thankfully, the disc is quite good. The sounds on *Tentacles* will peel the paint completely off your walls. The garage-tinged, psychedelic pounding that Crystal Antlers deliver here seems to have expanded to the outermost boundaries of the recording—it is hard to image any more sound working its way into any of these songs. Extra percussion and the occasional horn complement the standard rock lineup. And where the sheer energy of this album recalls a live show by Les Savy Fav or even **Comets on Fire**, the music is just wild enough to inspire repeat listening. Oh, and I must mention that until recently, the percussionist was known as **Sexual Chocolate**. —*James Bennett*

The Decemberists

Hazards of Love

Capitol

Street: 03.24

Hazards of Love = The Tain + The Crane Wife (Parts 1, 2, and 3) + Tarkio



Hello, my name is Gavin, and I am a Decemberists homer. This is one of only a few bands I feel can do no wrong, and *The Hazards of Love* does nothing to deter me from my stance. The words "rock" and "opera" generally should not be combined as a descriptor, but *The Hazards of Love* is just that—almost what I would have expected had 2003's *The Tain* been a full-length instead of an EP. Colin Meloy's band of minstrels has left no stone unturned in creating as close to a masterpiece as is humanly possible. Take the heavy break riff from "A Bower Scene," a children's choir, guest character appearances, overly catchy choruses ("The Rake's Song," "The Wanting Comes in Waves" parts 1, 2, and 3) and add steel guitar with more country-fried twang than should ever be allowed on an album, and you have *The Hazards of Love*. This is the album of the year thus far, without question. —*Gavin Hoffman*

The Devil Makes Three

Do Wrong Right

Milan Records

Street: 04.21

The Devil Makes Three = The Quakes + concern and banjos + sketchy-ass homemade moonshine When I was assigned to review *Do Wrong Right*, I must admit that I was dreading it. I thought to myself that I didn't really want to have to listen to another thoughtless, pseudo-rockabilly,

music-to-listen-to-while-you-soup-up-your-hot-rod record. But, to my surprise, that description doesn't fit here. The first song on the record, "All Hail," covers more content than a lot of bands that do fit the description cover in their whole discography. The Devil Makes Three can probably more accurately be described as an indie band that lacks the fear to get creative with the types of instruments they incorporate into their music: lots of banjo and slide guitar (not generally heard in anything even broadly defined as indie music). It's hard to find music these days that is done in a style that hasn't been completely driven into the ground. The Devil Makes Three has carved out a style that is pretty nearly their own completely, and that makes them worth checking out. —*Aaron Day*

Fireworks

All I Have to Offer is My Own Confusion

Triple Crown

Street: 03.24

Fireworks = New Found Glory + Broadway Calls + Four Year Strong

There are a lot of eras and styles of music that it's perfectly OK for up-and-coming bands to draw influence from. Radio-friendly pop-punk circa 2003 is not one of them. Fireworks are firmly rooted in the not-too-distant past, and *Confusion* is as nasally and annoying as pop-punk comes. Fireworks manages to bring the goods on a few tracks (most notably "Detroit"), but **David Mackinder's** vocal delivery totally ruins this band for me. I don't know how, when or why it became cool for hardcore and punk kids to be into this stuff in a non-ironic way, but I'm not OK with it. Yeah, I liked New Found Glory too, but like the rest of the world, I've moved on. Fireworks should probably do the same. —*Ricky Vigil*

Gnaw

This Face

Conspiracy Records

Street: 02.09

Gnaw = Khanate + Burning Witch + GOD (the band, not the deity)

This is the aural equivalent of being ear-fucked with a rusty spoon, but in an extremely pleasurable way. Vocalist **Alan Dubin** (formerly of *Khanate*) and ex-Burning Witch drummer **Jamie Sykes** have teamed up with instrumentalist Carter Thornton and two award-winning sound technicians to create the perfect melding of doom metal and hard industrial, leaning more toward the doom side of the spectrum. Sykes' tribal drumming combined with Thornton's homemade instruments and Dubin's "nuts-being-crushed-by-a-harpy" vocals make *This Face* an exhausting listen, and many folks may not be able to make it through the album in its entirety. However, for those who crave insanity, heaviness, and who are still pissed that Khanate bit the dust, Gnaw is a must-own. —*Gavin Hoffman*

**EXCLUSIVE
REVIEWS ONLINE
AT SLUGMAG.COM**

Joe Coffee

When the Fabric Don't Fit the Frame

IScream

Street: 03.10

Joe Coffee = Roger Miret & the Disasters + Mark Lind + the Street Dogs (A tiny bit) + the 01ners
Joe Coffee is a band that takes a



minute to wrap your brain around. At first they come off as this old-timer punk band, but after listening to the finer points, more comes out than just another three-chord progression— influences that reach beyond the normal punk rock variety. I hear more street rock n' roll than I do **Sex Pistols**. It's interesting to think about this kind of music coming from a more mature point of view. For instance, lead singer **Paul Bearer** did time all through the 80s New York hardcore scene in the band **Sheer Terror**, but now I get the feeling with this band that he's trying to bring his life's experiences to the table in a manner that reflects who he is today. That's not to say there's no bite to this record. It hits hard when it has to, but unlike the old days, Joe Coffee's in no rush—they just play from the gut. —James Orme

Karl Sanders

Saurian Exorcisms

The End Records

Street: 04.14

Karl Sanders = Ancient Egypt (in musical form)

Well, death-metal fans know who Karl Sanders is, the lead guitarist and songwriter for notorious Egyptian-themed death-metal crew **Nile**. To put the question to bed for those who don't know (I include myself in this category), Mr. Sanders' solo work has nothing to do with death metal or anything metal. *Saurian Exorcisms* is one of those albums that if you're not giving it your full attention, it will become background music, but it should not be treated as such. There are layers upon layers of rich and elaborate music here, a wide array of instruments being played by Sanders that—plain and simple—aren't played by a lot of musicians. Everything is Ancient Egyptian-themed. It's either haunting or soothing. Either way, Sanders takes listeners on a trip to a time and place that one can only visualize; the attention to detail is unprecedented. —Bryer Wharton

KMFDM

Blitz

Metropolis

Street: 03.24

KMFDM = Van Halen + Kraftwerk



"Lucia, I love you," says KMFDM founder **Sascha Konietzko**. "Let's get married." "Alright Sascha, but I want to sabotage your 25-year legacy. I want to sing whatever I want on the albums—no matter how shitty. Remember that solo album I did, the one that sounds like ersatz **Shirley Manson** and features a single on *American Pie 2*? That was great, wasn't it? Don't spend so much time programming intricate beats because it's my turn to shine! Please don't call anyone talented—like **Bill Rieflin**, **ohGr** and **Ray Watts**—because these people steal my thunder. Oh honey, I want to water down that Ultra Heavy Beat! Let's take that really stellar *MDFMK* album and do the complete opposite. We need to take our kitsch, put it and everything people tried to ignore on the other albums (namely, my singing) to the forefront and start taking ourselves too seriously." "I do!" —Dave Madden

Oceano

Depths

Earache

Street: 04.20

Oceano = Carnifex + Cannibal Corpse + Meshuggah (tuning their guitars) + stolen atmospheric portions of Isis

Here's a sarcastic hooray for deathcore! Now folks, let's get ready for some moshaerobics: swing those arms in a windmill fashion and kick your legs erratically! There you go! Am I one of the few that is feeling like actual real hardcore music is becoming dead (you know, the stuff that populated the Hellfest in America)? All those hardcore guys are just adding metal to their musical stylings. I'm not quite sure how the band's name and album title fits into the music they play, but all this album is, is a breakdown-based hardcore record with blastbeats and some atmospheric moments tossed in. There isn't any real organization amongst the songs. Hell, when I first listened to the album, I thought, "Damn, this song is really long," and looked up and realized I was on the fifth track. I was completely fine with hardcore having its own scene and shows, but now everything has gotten mixed together. It's frustrating. —Bryer Wharton

Orcustus

Self-titled

Southern Lord

Street: 03.09

Orcustus = (later) Mayhem + Aura Noir + Gorgoroth

Lifting their name from the zine of



infamous **Emperor** drummer **Bard "Faust" Eithun** (who served time in prison for murder), Orcustus' immediate goal is to live up to the "kvlt" implications of this appropriation. Fortunately, with members whose pedigrees include **Gorgoroth**, **Carpathian Forest**, **1349**, **Gehenna** and **Craft**, these Norwegians exit hell's gates knocking down nuns and spewing black blood. Presenting black metal filtered through the thrashier side of **Aura Noir** and **Urgheal**, the production is sharp and melodic in the manner of **Mayhem's Grand Declaration of War** and later releases (but unmarred by the experimental stumbles plaguing them). Fans of **Craft**, **Elite**, and all things necro-black-metal should take note: Orcustus will no doubt become a force to be reckoned with. —Ben West

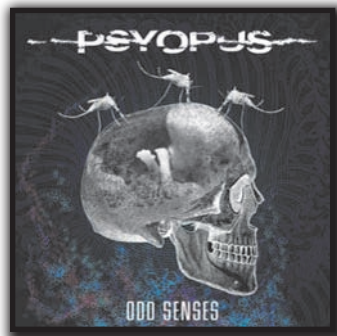
Psyopus

Odd Senses

Metal Blade

Street: 02.17

Psyopus = Dillinger Escape Plan + Melt Banana + Behold ... The Arctopus



Music geeks finally have a new band to believe in. Enter Psyopus. *Odd Senses* is Psyopus' third album, but with eight or so ex-members (guitarist **Chris "Arpmadude" Arp** is the only original member) each album is in many ways a new musical project. Although Psyopus has things in common with all of the "sounds like" bands above, their music is their own unique blend of the three. It's grindy with mathcore elements and so much technicality and experimental use of samples and sounds that it takes a few listens to absorb the musical landscapes they are exploring. The hyper-technical spazzing-out on the guitar can sound noisy at first, but upon repeated listens, it all kind of starts to make sense. Plus, there is a nine-minute

chamber music piece titled "A Murder to Child" that Arp composed while in college. I can't remember the last time anyone did that. Highly recommended. —Peter Fryer

Samael

Above

Nuclear Blast

Street: 04.04

Samael = Graveworm + Naglfar + Dimmu Borgir



In terms of musical ideologies, Samael's *Above* album is the career equivalent to **Metallica's St. Anger**. *Above* has been hyped as a "return to roots," and like *St. Anger*, *Above* isn't really a return to any roots of the slower-paced black metal Samael played on their first three full-length albums. And like *St. Anger*, the music in terms of substance and production is literally painful to listen to. Samael have been playing industrial-type metal longer than they have black metal, so whatever the reasoning to go back to a heavier black-metal style, it really shouldn't have been done. The record is full of rehashed riffing and drumming, and effects-laden vocals that lack any power. There is also just an overall lack of substance with everything. The production provides a wall-of-sound effect which just comes off as sloppy. At best, this is a mediocre symphonic black-metal album, but it's not even that—it's a metal blunder. —Bryer Wharton

Spindrift

The West

Beat the World Records

Street: 11.02.08

Spindrift = Calexico + Darker My Love + Ennio Morricone score

The difference between great and merely good music is the ability of the medium to take you to other places. When one can come across bands like Spindrift, that conjure images in your head, it can be a bit of a modern miracle. Most music these days is happy enough to leave you with sore eardrums and a rattled noggin. But Spindrift assists the listener in transportation to an intriguing realm of melting clocks and silent, screaming figures on impressionist canvases with a twisting Spaghetti Western theme. There's even reference to keeping a pistol close to your side on a later track. Prepare to go on a little trip, kemosabe. And listen to "La Noche Mas Oscura" for some Spanish-language education and further soundscaping of adobe structures and dirt-devil storms in the distance sprout-

ing in your mind. (*Spindrift play the The Urban Lounge 04.07.*) —JP

Tribulation

The Horror

Pulverised

Street: 03.09

Tribulation = Nihilist + Necros Christos



These young Swedes have embraced everything that makes death metal exciting (aggression, sharp riffs, harsh but memorable vocals) and rejected everything that has made the genre weak in recent years (abuse of melody, screamo vocals, technicality in place of composition). In short, this band is fantastic, recalling better **Sodom** (think *Persecution Mania*), **Nihilist**, and other newjack death-metal bands such as **Necros Christos** and **Throneum**. Über-producer **Tore Stjerna** (you likely saw him playing bass for **Watain** in Salt Lake in February) keeps the leather creased without sacrificing the edge. This is far better than weak sisters such as **Bloodbath** or **Meshuggah**. You shouldn't need much more convincing than that. —Ben West

WAU y Los ARRRGHS!!!

Viven

Slovenly

Street: 03.03

WAU y Los ARRRGHS!!! = The Mummies + The Trashmen + The Stooges + Phantom Surfers

This band is party! Each song is a garage punk runaway train of guitar, bass and organ. These five guys play each song as if it were their last moments on this earth. All the songs are sung in Spanish, but each has so much style and just rocks along so well that each track could stand on its own as an instrumental. That's not to say the vocals are not worthwhile—even though I can't understand them when the vocals hit, they bring so much flavor to the record. This band holds nothing back from song to song. I couldn't believe the sheer energy that was coming out of my speakers. The guitar work is especially well done throughout, but when I got to the last track, "Viva Link Wray," I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Taking several masterpieces from the **Link Wray** catalogue and mashing them together in homage to the guitar-welding legend came together so beautifully I think even the Linkster would be impressed. These guys just bop the hell out of this record, and it not something to be missed. —James Orme

Wavves

Wavves

Fat Possum

Street: 03.17

Wavves = Smile-era Beach Boys + Wipers + The Shaggs

When I first laid eyes on Wavves, I was immediately drawn to the logo. It was similar to one used in the late '70s by the **Greg Sage**-fronted band the Wipers. I wondered if the music would also be similar to the fuzzy, left-of-left-field punk sound that the Wipers had so gleefully hammered out. And thanks be to God that it is. On this album, **Nathan Williams**, the only member of the band, puts together over a dozen songs that are both harmonious and yet somehow completely devoid of harmony. It is really hard to explain how extraordinary it is. The vocals draw heavily from the doo-woppy style forever tied to surf music by the likes of the Beach Boys and **Jan and Dean**. And musically, it rocks somewhere in between '60s pop and early '80s new wave, but with a nod to current acts **Digital Leather** and **Jay Reatard**. But imagine that recorded underwater by a psychedelic-punk symphony orchestra without any trace of fidelity in the recordings whatsoever. Yeah, it's that good. —James Bennett

We Are Hex

Gloom Bloom

Hex Haus

Street: 04.07

We Are Hex = The Cure + Peaches

This band is fantabulous. The term "genre-bending" does not do them justice. Banshee-like wails erupt (without much-needed early warning system—budget cuts won't allow it) from lead singer Jilly's lips and rain sonic volcanic bombs down around your ears with most finding a resonating purchase in your crown region. Much later, these bombs will make beautiful front yards for people in Hawaii that do not know their illustrative career as enchantingly crooned Hex tunes. I can't say that I've been this entranced with vocals from a female lead in quite some time; they just haven't been hacking it lately. But thanks be to the gods of rock (the only kind worth believing anymore) for giving me something decent to listen to from a gutsy female lead. The music backing her is also very well done—some haunting, electronic-inspired beats backed by excellent reverberating guitar and some plinky-plinks make for a very rewarding listening experience. —JP

Winfred E. Eye

Til I Prune

Antenna Farm

Street: 04.28

Winfred E. Eye = Tindersticks + Black Heart Procession

Til I Prune is one of those really humble albums that we don't get enough of. This is a band that doesn't need to show off to prove they have talent. Soft percussion, gentle strokes on guitar and nonchalant vocals give the songs a sweet yet somber reflection. It spreads out homemade recording acoustics like jam on toast—no crust, no nonsense! My favorites were the upbeat tracks like "Two Baby Moths" that take it to the South with a banjo and a little more stress in the harmonies and "Lil Peck,"



a song that takes concern for spilling whiskey and turns it into a contagious dance number. This record is an easy-listener, comfortable as well as enticing, giving anyone that gives it a listen 12 tracks worth of much-needed daydreaming. —Lyuba Basin

Wolf

Ravenous

Century Media

Street: 03.24

Wolf = Dream Evil + Mercycful Fate + Hammerfall + Judas Priest



Sweden's Wolf have been a purveyor of heavy metal to the world for 14 years now, and with **Ravenous** being my first experience hearing what the band has to offer, I kept finding myself thinking of numerous traditional heavy-metal and power-metal bands that sound just about the exact same as Wolf, so naturally one would think, OK, they're a copycat band. A portion of that could be true, with those similar sounds of typical falsetto vocals, howling guitar solos and the outright blatantly heavy power chords. Then the powerful songwriting shone through the mist of influences on cuts like "Mr. Twisted," "Love at First Bite" and "Whisky Psycho Hellions." Wolf gave me a firm reminder that first impressions can throw listeners off far too many times and once the songs are explored, further satisfaction and originality can be found. Overall, **Ravenous** is a greatly produced, classic-yet-current-sounding, all-out, fun-as-shit heavy-metal album. —Byrer Wharton

Wolves in the Throne Room

Black Cascade

Southern Lord Records

Street: 03.31

Wolves in the Throne Room = mid-era Burzum + Philip Glass



Often when writing reviews, I feel that I am playing music Mad Libs, weaving empty adjectives to accomplish the subjective task of describing music that is mostly subjective itself. WITTR are one of the few transcendental bands who avoid pitfalls of banality because of their conviction. What is done so well isn't necessarily the black-metal aspect of their music, although it is quite good, but rather the feelings that they manage to conjure. Many great musicians utilize layering of repetitive structures to entrance a listener, which tends to make time pass by quickly. Among the layers are many subtleties that demand repeated listens to appreciate, much like a good jazz record. Though WITTR's albums evoke mournful feelings, to me there's often a bit of optimism hidden in there also. Whether this is intentional or not is why I enjoy them: because their music is honest, allowing the listener to interpret it honestly unto themselves. —Conor Dow

Yoñlu

A Society in Which No Tear is Shed...

Luaka Bop

Street: 04.14

Yoñlu = The Unicorns + Os Mutantes + Xiu Xiu

The story behind the music of Yoñlu (the cover for late 16-year-old **Vinicius Gageiro Marques**) nearly intrigues as some of the songs littered throughout this rough, lo-fi mix of experimental tracks. The lyrics reveal the age and problems of the songwriter. However, the music itself gives way to reveal a maturity and delicate touch that will sadly now go unrealized, lost forever to suicide. One of the most tragic parts of this story is that these cluttered gems of tracks will never be built upon again. We'll never know if there was some true potential hidden beneath the elements of Brazilian Tropicalia and samba mixed with gentle acoustic guitars (think **Seu Jorge**), backed up by samples of television clips and ocean waves. I would recommend listening to this, if you can find it, particularly the miserable "Polyalphabetic Cipher" and the groovin' "Olhe Por Nós." Rest in peace. —Ryan Sanford

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Thu. Apr. 2: Pelican, Wolves In The Throne Room, Tombs

Fri. Apr. 3: Meat, Lusa, Toxic Holocaust,
Season Of Change, Below Me

Sat. Apr. 4: Balance Of Power, Undun, Ravings Of A
Madman, A Horrible Night To Have A Curse, Lidsore

Mon. Apr. 6: Cannibal Corpse, The Faceless,
Neuraxis, Obscura, Maim Corps

Thu. Apr. 8: Funker Vogt, nologerhuman,
Boundless, tba

Fri. Apr. 10: Still-Born, Jesus Rides A Riksha,
Locke n Load, Life Has A Way

Sat. Apr. 11: Bandwagon Live with Front Line Morale
Destroyer, Vinia, Devour The Sky, Seventking

Wed. Apr. 15: Valient Thorr, Early Man,
Top Dead Celebrity, Old Timer

Thu. Apr. 16: The Assent, KHP, Crashing At Dawn

Fri. Apr. 17: Rage For Order, The Street,
Deny Your Faith, Beckond

Sat. Apr. 18: Dusty's Birthday Bash with
Maim Corps, Separation Of Self, Scripted Apology,
My Own Time, Reaction Effect

Thu. Feb. 23: Sawed Off Smile, Arsenic Addiction,
Autumn Eclipse!

Fri. Apr. 24: Hour Glass, NYC, Black Vengeance, Reveeler

Sat. Apr. 25: Dirty Loveguns Rock 'n' Roll Circus
CD Release Party

Sat. May 16: Psychostick

Thu. May 28: Rikets, Butcher Jones, Six, Reaction Effect

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Recognition



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From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

"AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD"

An interview with Cumorah Hill-de Garde

Conducted by Boo

Oom was convinced we didn't have a chance of getting an interview with Cumorah Hill-de Garde. Cumorah is the loud and outspoken leader of one of Utah's many busy-body-bonnet-brigades which recruits housewives, fills them full of ideas of divine wrath, works them up into a disgruntled lather, then sets them loose on lawmakers and sinners. To Cumorah, Oom and I are bad seeds — weeds that threaten her garden of righteousness. I am persuasive though, and some would say fearless. I explained to Cumorah that we were documenting our community and that every point of view should be represented. I also used flattery, calling her a major player in the decision making and direction of Utah. Sadly, I wasn't lying.

Cumorah agreed as long as this would not be a "got-cha" interview. Again the interview took place at Aunt Kate's home Weedpatch. Cumorah kicked off the interview insisting that she would not discuss Gadianton Robbers (an army of evil spirits which comes out of the mountains and fights battles with angels on her lawn) nor the Eagle Gate (a giant structure that spans State Street topped by an eagle sculpture which apparently poops on her Buick when she drives underneath it).



Illustration: Craig Secrist

Boo: Cumorah, you are founder and head of one of the most powerful decency brigades in Utah. What ignited your passion for righteous activism and where does the LDS Church's cornerstone idea of free-agency fit into all of this?

Cumorah just stared coldly at me and then in a low whisper (probably not intended to be heard) said, "Jesus will spank you." I froze at the creepiness of it. At that moment Oom came into the room offering refreshments to Cumorah. Cumorah turned her face towards Oom to say, "Thank you" but kept her eyes locked onto mine. She then asked in a threatening way, "What exactly do you mean by 'decency brigades'?" At this point she allowed her eyes to let go of me and catch up to her face where she could inspect what Oom had handed to her. She bit into her snicker doodle... and I swear her biting mouth made the sound of a falling guillotine. She turned back to me and stared as she silently chewed and then swallowed. Then the flood gates opened. In the loud tones of right-wing conservative 'agitainment' radio hosts, she launched into a tirade, the speed of which neither I nor my Dictaphone could hope to keep up with. Instead it was her action which held my attention.

As she quoted scripture and ran down lists of "irrefutable evidence" her right hand conducted a "search and destroy mission" seemingly, totally independent of Cumorah herself. It raised up to her globe-shaped hair and hovered around its lithosphere until it locked onto a particular spot, just left of center. A fingernail hammered away until the crust was cracked. The index finger then wiggled its way down to the scalp and with a few quick scrapes took out the itch. The finger then withdrew straight up and out. A few gentle pats on the surface and the hairdo was again water-tight. During the entire maneuver, Cumorah never stopped talking - never paused even to breathe.

I was suddenly aware again of what Cumorah was saying, but not fully comprehending it. What I caught was this: "...like the time I hadn't intended to have the shrimp cocktail at the buffet but the still-small-voice said, 'Go on Cumorah, eat it.' So I did and then I was sick for days! And it wasn't Satan either, it was definitely the still-small-voice...."

A little later: "...some people accuse our lobbying groups of rivalry, even of gang type warfare, but we are all crusading for the same common good..."

At last there was a slight pause as Cumorah looked off into space in a sliver sized moment of contemplation.

And then: "Aagh! ...Quorum of the Eagle?! My eye... buzzard is more like it! It's time for that bird to be plucked, stuffed, and roasted! And have you seen the state of her lately?" (I assume she was referring to Gaye McCrabby, the founder and head of the Quorum of the Eagle, another prominent decency brigade)....

On and on Cumorah went. I just looked in amazement at Oom and he looked back in disbelief.

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DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, April 3

Ire Press, Battlefields, Nine Worlds, Pilot This Plane Down – *Burt's*
The Voodoo Organist, Mean Molly's Trio – *Brewski's*
Band Of Annuals, Leslie and the Badgers, The Devil Whale – *Urban Lounge*
Alliance of Students Against Poverty Benefit Show – *Muse Music*
Descent Into the Sea, This is My Escape, Jeremiah's Fire – *Avalon*
Surface Shred Day – *Brighton*
A Chorus of Disapproval – *Westminster*
Joe McQueen & Clayton Furch – *The Wine Cellar*
Icon 202, DJ Venom, Loki & Steez – *Murray Theater*
Tony Starke, Brook Connolly, Levi Rounds, Rockin' Jukes – *Tony's*
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Suburban Legends, The Skaficionados, Spontaneous Kennie, Illegal Beagle – *Kilby*
Chris Cullen, Damon Faschio, Jake Smith, Dungbar, Cody Dew, White Ghost – *Mojo's*
Reaction Effect – *Kamikazi's*
Zoltan Vegvari – *Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott*
The Sister Wives – *Pat's*
Snake & the Fat Man – *The Owl Bar*
Kap Bros Band – *Iron Horse*
New Found Glory, Set Your Goals, Bayside, Shai Hulud – *In The Venue*
Meat, Lusa, Toxic Holocaust, Season of Change, Below Me – *Club Vegas*
Waves of Mu – *Rose Wagner*
My Super Sweet Park – Park City Mountain Resort

Saturday, April 4

All Bets on Death, Top Dead Celebrity, Thunderfist – *Burt's*
Kottonmouth Kings, La Coka Nostra, Blaze Ya Dead Homie – *Saltair*
Tiny Lights, Blackhole – *Kilby*
Tony Starke, Brook Connolly, Levi Rounds, Rockin' Jukes – *Tony's*
Stoned – *Brewski's*
A Chorus of Disapproval – *Westminster*
Feel Good Patrol, Kristoff Krane, Ecid, David Mars, Goblin Death – *Urban Lounge*
Damien Jurado, Laura Gibson, Brinton Jones – *Velour*
Melissa Kelly – *Johnny's*
Balance of Power, Undun, Ravings of a Madman, A Horrible Night to Have a Curse, Lidsore – *Club Vegas*
Chad MP, Mori, Flam Music – *Muse Music*
No Respect For Turtleneck, Starting in the Dark, S3X, Meet Me in Alaska, The Elephant Gun, This is My Escape, The Knuckleheads – *Avalon*
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Adam Kozlewski – *Club Rocks/Ogden*
SOS Band – *Kamikazi's*
Captain Obvious – *Sandtrap*
Easy Street – *The Wine Cellar*
Ryan Hawthorn – *Pat's*
Kap Bros Band – *Iron Horse*
The Switchblade Cobras, Same As It Never Was – *ABG's*
Double or Nothing, Good Morning Revenge – *Salt Rock Coffee*
Riots of Eighty, Embers Rise, How October Fell, Lexis Ajok, Gloves for

a Tiger, Dethrone the Sovereign – *Mojo's*
Irish Music Session – *Universe City Gallery*
Brett Dennen, Angus and Julia Stone – *Murray Theater*
Waves of Mu – *Rose Wagner*

Sunday, April 5

TTTTT, Andrew Sato, Mike, Kelly Moyle – *Urban Lounge*
Zoltan Vegvari – *The Sandtrap*
Jam Nite – *D&R Spirits*
Stevie B – *The Oaks*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Codi Jordan – *Snow Basin*

Monday, April 6

Cannibal Corpse, The Faceless, Neuraxis, Obscura, Maim Corps – *Club Vegas*
Rob – N – Hood – N – Chang – *D&R Spirits*
Desert Noises – *Slowtrain*
Blue Gold: World Water Wars – *City Library*
Vegan Drink Social – *Sage's*
Too Slim & the Taildraggers – *Pat's*
Chris Duarte – *Sun & Moon Cafe*
Boo and Boo Too – *Kilby*

Happy Birthday Chris Swainston

Veteones – *Johnny's*
Yunavi CD Release, Dunedain, Chaz Prymek, Lake Mary – *Urban Lounge*
Moonshine Mondays – *W Lounge*

Tuesday, April 7

The AP Tour – *In the Venue*
Say Hi, Telekenisis – *Kilby*
Open House – *Skinworks*
Temple of Doom – *Jackalope*
Spindrift, The Furs, Red Bennies – *Urban Lounge*
Too Slim & The Tail Draggers – *The Wine Cellar*
Rebellious Cause, The Riff Robbers, Generation Why, Neurotics – *Mojo's*
Jory Woodis Group – *Muse Music*
Dredg, Torhce, From Monuments to Masses – *Avalon*

Wednesday, April 8

Lily Allen – *In the Venue*
White Denim, Black Hens, Patterstatts – *Urban Lounge*
Generation X: +21 – *AREA 51*
Still-Born, Jezus Rides a Riksha, Locke n Load, Life Has a Way – *Club Vegas*

Pony Ride – *Johnny's*
Double or Nothing, Homecoming Show, Brookside, Rescue Cadence – *Kilby*
Eric Hess Brithday Party: 801 – *Club Orange*
Cary Judd – *Velour*

Happy Birthday Eric Hess

The Trademark – *Muse Music*
Jazz at the Station, Zoltan Vegvari, Viktor Uzur – *Ogden Union Station*
Open Mic – *Brewski's*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Only Thunder, The Revenge, Old

Timer – *Burt's*
Tamerlane, City to City, Dogwelder, Collapse, Impact – *New Song Underground*

Thursday, April 9

The Ting Tings, HOTTUB – *Urban Lounge*
Adam Pason – *Velour*
Funker Vogt – *Club Vegas*
A Very Simple Explanation – *Westminster*
Jazz Session – *The Wine Cellar*
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo*
The Airborne Toxic, Elemental, Alpha Reign – *Murray Theater*
Ulysses – *The White Owl*
Three Armada, The Hit, The

Dangerous Summer, Sparks the Rescue, This Time Next Year – *Avalon*
Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*
Peelander Z, Thunderfist, The Cobra Skulls – *Burt's*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
The Garden: Earth Month Series – *City Library*

Friday, April 10

Drop Dead Julio – *Murray Theater*
Bad Jacks, Kate Leduece & The Soul Terminators – *ABG's*
Energy, Defeater, Reviver, One Clean Life – *Baxter's*
A Very Simple Explanation – *Westminster*
Super So Far & The Street – *Brewski's*
Ryan Conger & Brad Wright – *Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott*
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band, Davidian – *Kamikazi's*
Stratten McCausland, Chris Cullen, Damon Fischio, White Ghost, Cody Dew, Jake Martin, Jake Smith, Amir, Dungbar – *Mojo's*
Glasvegas, Von Iva, Vinyl Williams – *Avalon*
Cancer Benefit Show – *Muse Music*

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Faun Fables, Edmund Welles – *Urban Lounge*
Chris Merritt – *Velour*
Black Hounds CD Release Party, Larusso, The Lionelle, Mason Jones & the Get in Troubled – *Kilby*
The Rumble Club, The Cute Lepers, Banderas – *Burt's*

Saturday, April 11

Zizek, Dead Explorers Club – *Kilby*
A Very Simple Explanation – *Westminster*
Brian Ernst, Marinade – *Johnny's*
Three Bad Jacks, AM Revelator – *Burt's*
Alesana, Drop Dead Gorgeous, Fear Before the March of Flames, I Set My Friends on Fire, Fall From Grace – *Avalon*
Bandwagon Live, Front Line Morale, Destroyer, Vinia, Devour the Sky, Seventing – *Club Vegas*
The Thuffy Kane Blues Band – *Brewski's*
The Presets, The Golden Filter, Hyper-Crush – *Murray Theater*
The Vibrant Sound CD Release – *Velour*
Yunavi CD Release, The Tanks, Dune-dain – *Boing House*
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Ryan Conger & Brad Wright – *Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott*
Rif Raf, Pois – N Whiskey – *Kamikazi's*
Old Skool – *Tony's*
The Naked Eyes, Auto Pirates, Hotel Le Motel, Matt Ben Jackson, Silence Insight – *Mojo's*
Codi Jordan – *Teazers*
Adding machines CD Release, Shady Chapel, Schmaltz – *Muse Music*
The Hold Steady – *Urban Lounge*

Sunday, April 12

Atmosphere, P.O.S., Attracted to Gods – *In The Venue*
Adam Kozlewski – *The Sandtrap*
Stevie B – *The Oaks*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Jam Nite – *D&R Spirits*
Blue Collar Theory, Sick Sense & Skin Walker, Knoitalls – *Urban Lounge*
Easter Kruich – *Piper Down*

Monday, April 13

Glastonbury – *Sorenson Unity Center*
Rob-N-Hood-N-Chang – *D&R Spirits*
Fall Out Boy – *Saltair*
International Espionage – *Velour*
Joe Cougar and the Starfish – *Johnny's*
Headlights, The Love Language, The Continentals – *Kilby*
James Miska CD Release – *Slowtrain*
Clem Snide, Heligoats – *Urban Lounge*
Yunavi Tour Sendoff, Loiter Cognition, James Miska – *Baxter's*
SLOC Film Center, Glastonbury: Rock Docs London Calling – *Sorenson Unity Center*

Tuesday, April 14

Mirah, Tender Forever, Lake Mary – *Kilby*
Drop Dead Julio – *Brewski's*
Temple of Doom – *Jackalope*
Happy Birthday Kelli Tompkins



David Williams at
The Loft, Sunday April 26

Travis – *The Depot*
Jazz Night – *Muse Music*
Parkway Drive, Stick to Your Funs, My Children My Bride, And Embers Rise, Hermione – *In the Venue*
Ted Dancin – *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, April 15

Super Happy Storytime Land, Babble Rabbit, Killbot – *Burt's*
Laughter, Cherubin, Shark That Got Her – *Kilby*
Awkward Hour One Year Anniversary – *Diamond Lill's*
Generation X: +21 – *AREA 51*
Valiant Thor, Early Man, Top Dead Celebrity, Old Timer – *Club Vegas*
Del Preston Reunion – *Johnny's*
Shakey Trade – *Peery's Egyptian Theatre*
Lupe Fiasco, Girl Talk – *U of U*
Queereads: Deflowered – *Sam Weller's*
Roger Clyne and the Peacemakers – *Bar Deluxe*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Gods Revolver, Cornered by Zombies, Blaklysted, Fictionist – *Urban Lounge*

Thursday, April 16

Pepper, Pennywise, Big B – *In the Venue*
The Assent, KHP, Crashing At Dawn – *Club Vegas*
Wasatch Back – *The White Owl*
Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo*
Mary Roach – *Sam Weller's*
Dan Weldon – *The Wine Cellar*
Advanced Screening of Earth – *Gateway*
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Poopee D and the Family Jewels, Nurse Sherri, Hans Monument – *Burt's*
Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*
Kate LeDeuce & the Soul Terminators, Takt, Funk & Gonzo – *Urban Lounge*
Swagger, Shamrock – *Piper Down*

Friday, April 17

The Knew, The Earps, The Utah County Swillers – *Burt's*
Stephanie Croff, Katie Vansleen, Jonali – *Kilby*
Rage for Order, The Street, Deny Your Faith, Beckond – *Club Vegas*
Six & Ruin, Gloria – *Brewski's*
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Ryan Conger & Brad Wright – *Café Ibis*
Jake Martin, Jake Alvey, Damon Fischio, White Ghost, Amir, Jake Smith, Brenda Hattingh – *Mojo's*
Broke City, Stay for the Summer, Angelfelt – *Velour*
SLUG Localized: Blue Sunshine Soul, Naked Eyes, Tiny Lights – Urban Lounge
The New Nervous, Alternate Projection, Oh Antarctica, Hello Helicopter, The Average, Corey Dew – *Avalon*
Ex Machina, Mary May I, Recovery – *Muse Music*
The Nate Robinson Trio – *ABG's*

Saturday, April 18

Prize Country, Kingdom of Magic, Top Dead Celebrity, Old Timer – *Burt's*
Queer Prom – Library Square
The Rise of the Riot – *Johnny's*
MAIM Corps, Separation of Self, Scripted Apology, My Own Time, Reaction Effect – *Club Vegas*
Bryon Friedman, Jahnre – *Kilby*
RECORD STORE DAY!
Tolchock Trio, Band of Annuals, The Devil Whale, Cub Country,

RuRu, Sayde Price, The Rubes, Eagle Twin – Slowtrain

Gaza, Masacre At The Wake, IOTA, Birdeater – Graywhale (Ogden)
Salt City Derby Girls: Bomber Babes vs. Death Dealers – *Salt Palace*
YouthLINC 10th Anniversary Celebration – *Salt Palace*
Ghostowne – *Brewski's*
Burnt Orange – *Muse Music*
Codi Jordan, Powder Mountain, Korene & Co. – *The Iron Horse*
Skint, Dubbed, Rebellious Cause, The Riff Robbers, Problem Daughter, Loiter Cognition, Generation Why, Neurotics – *Mojo's*
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Adam Kozlewski – *Club Rock/Ogden Marriott*
Green Leafs CD Release – *Urban Lounge*
Tech N9ne, Murs, Illuminati – *Saltair*
Protest the Hero, The Number Twelve Looks Like You, Scale the Summit – *Avalon*
Naturday Bikini Bash Ski-A-Thong – Brighton Ski Resort

Sunday, April 19

Braveyoung, Collapse – *Baxter's*
"Community Seed" Kilby Clean Up (BBQ, Drinks, Goodies) – *Kilby*
TTTTT, Will Sartain, Jay Henderson – *Urban Lounge*
Rick Gerber – *The Sandtrap*
Stevie B – *The Oaks*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Jam Nite – *D&R Spirits*
Melismatics – *Kilby*

Monday, April 20

Bleary – *Slowtrain*
Pretty and Nice, Atherton, Sombra Party – *Kilby*
Rob-N-Hood-N-Chang. – *D&R Spirits*
SLC Film Center, American Drug Wars The Last White Hope – *City Library*
4/20 Party: Zion I, Scenic Byway, Beer Pong – *Urban Lounge*
Fucktards, Pleasure Thieves – *Woodshed*

Tuesday, April 21

Split Hoof, Old Timer, IOTA – *Burt's*
Cameron McGill, The Devil Whale, Karli Fairbanks – *Kilby*
Blue Turtle Seduction, Blamity Blam, Dead Horse Minstrel – *Urban Lounge*
Temple of Doom – *Jackalope*
Franz Ferdinand, The Ruffians – *Saltair*

Wednesday, April 22

The Chop Tops, Slim Chance – *Burt's*
Cameron McGill, Desert Noises – *Velour*
Earth Day
Sugarhouse – *Johnny's*
Black Lips, Flowers Forever, Furs – *Urban Lounge*
Earth Days – *Tower Theatre*
Generation X: +21 – *AREA 51*

Thursday, April 23

Knockout, Dubbed, Negative Charge – *Burt's*
Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*
Happy Birthday Chelsea Babbish
Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo*
Sawed Off Smile, Arsenic Addiction, Autumn Eclipse – *Club Vegas*
Wye Oak, Pomengranates, Imagine



Black Lips at Urban Lounge on Wednesday April 22

Dragons – *Kilby*
The Thermals, Shaky Hands, Point Juncture WA – *Urban Lounge*
MS Charity Benefit – *Piper Down*

Friday, April 24

Big John Bates & the Voodoo Dollz, Kate Le Deuce and the Soul Terminators, Maybelles M – *Burt's*
Hour Glass, NYC, Black Vengeance, Reveeler – *Club Vegas*
Seve vs. Evan, Electron Deception – *Velour*
Junius – *Bar Deluxe*
Starmy, Long Distance Operator, Go Metric – *Urban Lounge*
A True Story – *Muse Music*
Chris Cullen, Double or Nothing, Taylor of Explicit, Jake Smith, Stratten McCausland, Amir – *Mojo's*
Joint Chiefs of Staff, Ulysses – *Brewski's*
Mindy Gledhill, The Sweater Friends, Josaleigh Pollett – *Kilby*
The Horropops, Longway, The Applicators – *Avalon*

Saturday, April 25

Henchmen, The Radio Rhythm Makers, Mountain Standard Time – *Burt's*
Burnell Washburn – *Kilby*
Making April, The Record Life, Jimmy Robbins, Avonlee, This is Anfield – *Avalon*
RuRu, Mud Bison – *Velour*
Open House – *Art Institute*
KLAW – *Trapp Door*
Naughty Nuns and Priests Fetish Ball – *AREA 51*
Dirty Loveguns Rock n' Roll Circus CD Release Party – *Club Vegas*
Happy Birthday Andrew Glassett
Labcoat – *Brewski's*
Earth Jam – *Liberty Park*
Pony Ride – *Johnny's*
Brian Ernsdt – *Tony's*
Cavedoll, Sex on the Run – *ABG's*
Yann Tierson, Asobi Seksu – *Urban Lounge*

Sunday, April 26

Maria Taylor, Whispertown 2000, Nick Neihart – *Kilby*
Outlaw Nation, Relief Society, Herban

Empire – *Urban Lounge*
Randy Burgess – *The Sandtrap*
Earth Jam – *Liberty Park*
Stevie B – *The Oaks*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Jam Nite – *D&R Spirits*

Monday, April 27

Rob – N – Hood – N – Chang – *D&R Spirits*
William Elliot Whitmore – *Burt's*
Joey Cougar and the Starfish – *Slowtrain*
Kinfolk Band – *Johnny's*
The Enright House, Skookum Cast, CITIZEN K, Armorie – *Kilby*
John Scofield Quartet – *Salt Lake City Sheraton*

Tuesday, April 28

Jinga Boa, Lake Mary, Bluebird Radio – *Urban Lounge*
Pillow Queens – *Kilby*
Temple of Doom – *Jackalope*
Hard Boiled Book Club: Dangerous Laughter – Sam Weller's

Wednesday, April 29

Vinia – *Burt's*
Know Your Roots, James Shook, Marinade – *Urban Lounge*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *The Iron Horse*
Brian Ernst – *Johnny's*
Happy Birthday Bryan Kubarycz
Revolt Against The Musical Drones – *Westminster College*
Dance Party: Dan Deacon, Future Islands, Teeth Mountain – *Kilby*
Generation X: +21 – *AREA 51*


Thursday, April 30

Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*
Crystal Antlers, The Cave Singers – *Kilby*
Starfucker – *Slowtrain*
Revolt Against The Musical Drones – *Westminster College*
Starfucker, BIRTHQUAKE!, Trouble On The Prairie – *Urban Lounge*
Designer Drugs – *Trapp Door*
Stevie B – *Tin Angel Café*
Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo*
Spy Hop Annual Benefit – *Rose Wagner*
Dan Weldon – *The Wine Cellar*
Jason Webley, Asher n the Rye, La Farsa – *Burt's*
Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down*

Friday May 1

Pick up the new SLUG– Anyplace Cool
Irony Man – *Burt's*
Cavedoll – *Brewski's*
Jon Ginoli – *Sam Weller's*
Drew Danburry, Seve Vs. Evan, Desert Noises, RuRu – *Kilby*
First Friday Gallery Stroll – *Ogden*
Joe McQueen & Clayton Furch – *The Wine Cellar*
Fox Van Cleef, The Lionelle, Silence Insight, Jake Martin – *Mojo's*
Zoltan Vegvari – *Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott*
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
Mr. Lif, Willie Evans Jr., Grieves, Feel Good Patrol, Blue Collar Theory – *Urban Lounge*

Red Butte Garden
THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH
2009 OUTDOOR CONCERT SERIES



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GET OUT THERE!
For a mind-blowing lineup of 14 shows set amidst the breathtaking beauty of Red Butte Garden.

Tickets Go On Sale to the General Public May 4
Red Butte Garden members can purchase tickets on April 20

For more information about individual shows, go to
REDBUTTEGARDEN.ORG

SLC FILM CENTER



FREE FILMS ALL OVER TOWN

THE GARDEN: Earth Month Series
Academy Award Nominee for Best Documentary 2009
April 9, 7p.m. | City Library, 210 E. 400 S.

GLASTONBURY: Rock Docs London Calling Series
Experience the music and spirit that draw 130,000 people to this annual concert. April 13, 7p.m. | Sorenson Unity Center 1383 S. 900 W.

AMERICAN DRUG WARS THE LAST WHITE HOPE: War on Drug Policy Series
A tally of the shocking human and monetary cost of the un-winnable war on drugs. April 20, 7p.m. | City Library 210 E. 400 S.

EARTH DAYS: Advanced Screening and Earth Day Celebration
Catch a special screening of the 2009 Sundance Film Festival Closing Night film.
April 22, 7p.m. | Megaplex 12 at the Gateway 165 S. Rio Grand St.

For information about these and other
SLC Film Center programs visit www.slcfilmcenter.org

UPCOMING EVENTS:

APRIL 25th **KLAW**



APRIL 30th **DESIGNER DRUGS**



MAY 7th **FUNKK OFF**



MAY 14th **PJ FALCON**



myspace.com/trapp_door

gelect.wordpress.com

TRAPP DOOR

615 west 100 south - slc, ut

WEEKLY EVENTS:

Monday - iSing Karaoke w/ Vinny The Kid
Tuesday - GANGSTA RAP w/ DJ WHITE SHADOW
Wednesday - Latin Night
Thursday - DANCE EVOLUTION with DJ/DC
Friday - FREQUENCY
w/ Justin Strange, vISION, Evil K, and Jono
Saturday - SHAKE N' POP with DJ/DC and JSJ
Sunday - PACHANGA w/ DJ Frank

CALL OR TEXT 801-652-6543 for more information
PRESALE AND SPECIAL PASSES AVAILABLE FOR ALL EVENTS.

trapp door is a private club for members



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NIGHTLY LINEUP

TUES / UP: GAY 80'S

WEDN / UP: Generation X, 21 and Over Night

DOWN: KARAOKE BY SPOTLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

THUR / UP: 80's NEW WAVE

DOWN: GOTH AND DARK WAVE

FRI / UP: ALTERNATIVE AND REMIXES

DOWN: The Dungeon - Industrial

SAT / UP: ALTERNATIVE AND TECHNO

DOWN: GOTH, INDUSTRIAL AND DARKWAVE

Grand opening of our new 21 and over
wednesday nights: Generation X
Beginning April 1st every wednesday will be 21
& over only, featuring alternative music of the
X generation Upstairs.

**Karaoke by
Spotlight Entertainment downstairs.**

\$2 pints, \$6 pitchers and \$5 Long Islands and A.M.F.'s

Naughty Nuns and priests fetish ball on April 25th

DRINK SPECIALS

TUES

\$2 PINTS, \$6 PITCHERS, \$3 SEX ON THE BEACH SHOOTER

WEDN

\$2 PINTS, \$6 PITCHERS, \$5 LONG ISLANDS & AMFs

THURS

\$4 VODKA ENERGY DRINKS

FRI

\$3 KAMIKAZES, \$2 CORONAS

SAT

\$3 SEX ON THE BEACH SHOOTER

AREA51SLC.COM

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UTAH SYMPHONY

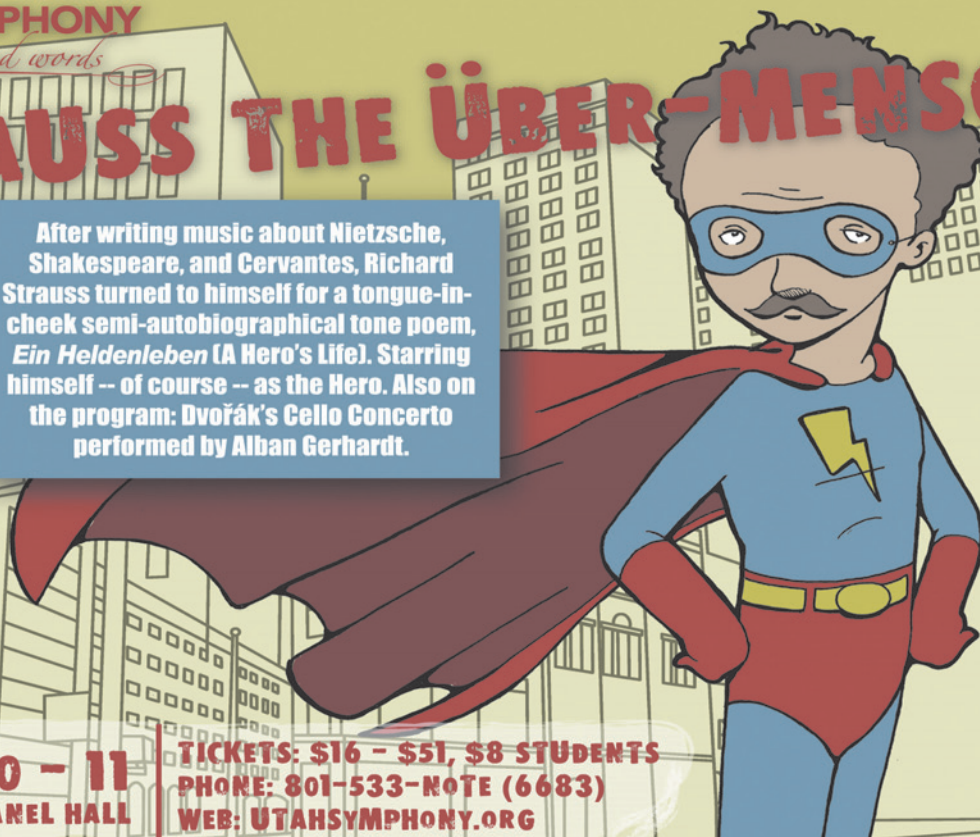
Beauty beyond words

STRAUSS THE ÜBER-MENSCH

After writing music about Nietzsche, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, Richard Strauss turned to himself for a tongue-in-cheek semi-autobiographical tone poem, *Ein Heldenleben* (A Hero's Life). Starring himself -- of course -- as the Hero. Also on the program: Dvořák's Cello Concerto performed by Alban Gerhardt.

APRIL 10 - 11
8 PM @ ABRAVANEL HALL

TICKETS: \$16 - \$51, \$8 STUDENTS
PHONE: 801-533-NOTE (6683)
WEB: UTAHSYMPHONY.ORG



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All shows
start at 7pm

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April

- 1- Tenn Out of Tenn Tour (Feat. Zach Griffin of Griffin House)
- 2- Beep Beep, The Show is the Rainbow, The Assent
- 3- Suburban Legends, The Skaficionados, Spontaneous Kennie, Illegal Beagle
- 4- Tiny Lights, Blackhole, TBA
- 6- Boo and Boo Too, TBA
- 7- Say Hi, Telekenisis
- 8- Double or Nothing Homecoming Show, Brookside, Rescue Cadence
- 10- Black Hounds CD Release Party with Larusso, The Lionelle & Mason Jones and The Get Troubled
- 11- Zizek, Dead Explorers Club, Press Kit
- 12- S&S Presents: Atmosphere, P.O.S., Attracted to Gods @ In The Venue (6:30 pm)
- 13- Headlights, The Love Language, The Continentals
- 14- Mirah, Tender Forever, Lake Mary
- 15- Laughter, Cherubin, Shark That Got Her
- 17- Stephanie Croft, Katie Vansleen, Jonali
- 18- Bryon Friedman, Jahnre, TBA
- 19- "Community Seed" Kilby Clean up (BBQ, Drinks, Goodies, etc.) Starts at noon
Melismatics, The Spins, Spencer Nathan (7 pm)

- 20- Pretty and Nice (Sub Pop/Hardly Art), Atherton, Slumber Party
- 21- Cameron McGill, The Devil Whale, Karli Fairbanks
- 23- Wye Oak, Pomegranates, Imagine Dragons
- 24- Mindy Gledhill, The Sweater Friends, Josaleigh Pollett
- 25- Burnell Washburn, Mr. Rodg, Malevolent MC
- 26- Maria Taylor, Whispertown 2000, Nick Neihart
- 27- The Enright House, Skookum Cast, Citizen K, Armorie
- 28- Pillow Queens, TBA
- 29- Dance Party with Dan Deacon, Future Islands, Teeth Mountain
- 30- Crystal Antlers, The Cave Singers

May

- 1- Drew Danbury, Seve VS. Evan, Desert Noises, RuRu
- 2- Vivian Girls
- 3- Jukebox The Ghost, Jenny Owen Youngs, Just A Face
- 5- Thao & the Get Down Stay Down, Sister Suri, Samantha Crain
- 7- Donytail, Blare, TBA
- 9- Sonny, Endless Hallway
- 10- Youth Group, TBA
- 11- Margot and the Nuclear So & So's, Everything Now
- 12- The Virgins, TBA



I WANNA BE LIKE...TCHAIK

It's big. It's loud. It's Tchaikovsky's famous Symphony No. 5 performed by the Utah Symphony and guest conductor Andrew Grams as part of an all-Russian program. There's no better way to wrap up Vivace's 2008-09 season.

**5.09.09 (Saturday) | Tchaik's Big 5 Utah Symphony performance:
8 PM @ Abravanel Hall | Vivace after-party: 10 PM @ Café Molisse**

VIVACE TICKETS ARE \$30, \$15 FOR STUDENTS

801-533-NOTE (6683)

USUO.ORG/VIVACE

(USE PROMO CODE VIVACE OR VIVSTUDENT)

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**SATURDAY
APRIL 18th**



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