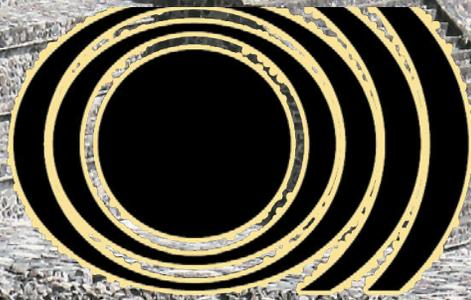




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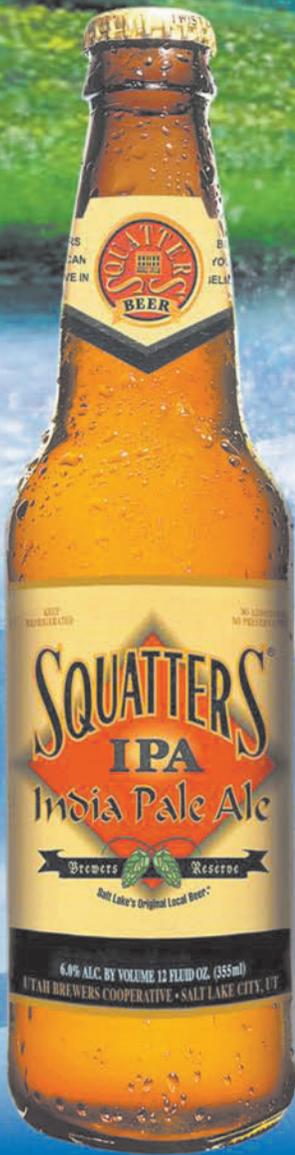
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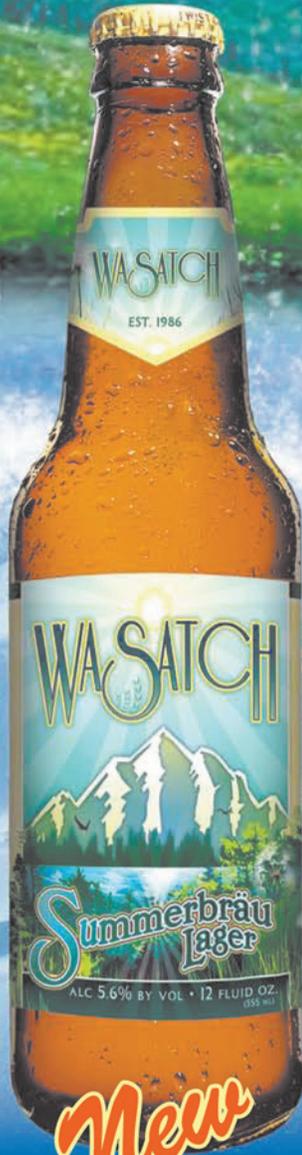
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Contributor Limelight

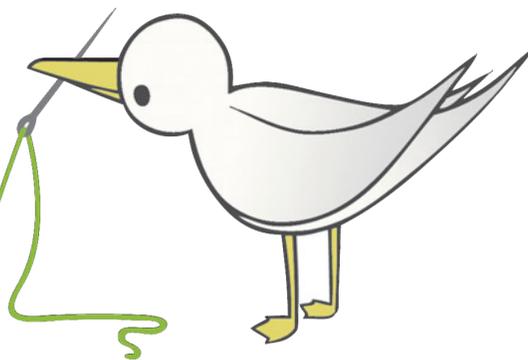


Eric Granato • Distro Manager

It takes a whole hell of a lot of people to publish **SLUG** every month, but the main man in charge of getting the mag from our brains to your hands is **SLUG**'s brand new Distribution Manager Eric Granato. Granato has been a **SLUG** distro driver since 2007, delivering the magazine to your favorite local businesses in the Sugarhouse area. Eric is also largely responsible for getting the majority of **SLUG**'s back issues onto our website as downloadable PDFs. When he's not adding new businesses to **SLUG**'s ever-increasing distribution route or hassling local shopkeepers for messing with our racks, Eric can often be seen restoring his grandpa's '65 Ford F-100 or admiring his bitchin' Rat Fink tattoo.

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
I work at a local bar in Salt Lake, and while I thoroughly enjoy my position as a server, I am sick and tired of all the douche trains that come in and walk around like they own the place. Here's the thing, I can handle the popped collars, tight shirts, MEK jeans, Affliction garb, perfectly styled gay-ass Mohawks etc., what I cannot handle is being "hollered" at, and the shitty tips from said douches when they come in and want to be a "baller," buy everyone in sight drinks and can't afford the tip after they pay their \$300 tab. What I would really like to know though, is who in their right mind thinks it's a good idea to walk up to a woman while she's working and say something to the effect of "sup gurl... cai holla at choo?" I mean really? You'd like to holler at me? I don't know about anybody else, but I don't particularly enjoy being yelled at, and I definitely don't enjoy Ebonics. The most pathetic thing about the whole situation is that generally speaking the men saying these things are scrawny ass white boys in their \$200 too tight t-shirts. Come on kids, I know your mother didn't teach you to speak like that, you definitely weren't taught to speak that way by your high school English teachers, I know you weren't raised in a ghetto since there isn't such a thing in Utah ... so where did you learn that this is a proper and okay way to speak to a lady? Don't get me wrong, I fully realize that by many people's terms I would not be considered "ladylike" seeing as I curse like a sailor, belch, I'm loud, I'm crude and I don't know how to handle myself properly in a

dress. Really though, do you think Lil' Bow Wow, or Lil' Jon should be your role models? Besides all of this, I'd like to think I deserve at the very least a bit of respect, if not as a woman, at least as a server. I'd like to think that I generally handle myself fairly well in such situations, although I've been known to lose my temper at one or two "dawgs" or "homeboys." However, if you've got any advice for me, I would be more than happy to listen.

Sincerely,

—Lil' Miss Thangthang

Dear Miss Thangthang,
The way I see it, there are two solutions to your problem. The first option you have is to totally let yourself go. Throw a whole bunch of carbs and saturated fats down your yappy maw and watch the pounds pile on. Only the creepiest of creepers would bother hollerin' at a 300 pound bargirl, and the good news about these dudes is they aren't scrawny—their shirts are too tight only because Wal-Mart only has so much fabric to cover the sad, poor and pathetically obese. If you wanna go out with dignity, though, just slut it up! The reason these douches go to the bar in the first place is in hopes of getting a girl, and if you give them the illusion that they've got a shot with you (via low-cut blouses, a whale tail and a ditzzy demeanor), they'll undoubtedly throw all their money your way. This approach is both good for business and good for your own self-esteem. Your boss, your brain and your new boo will all love the new you.

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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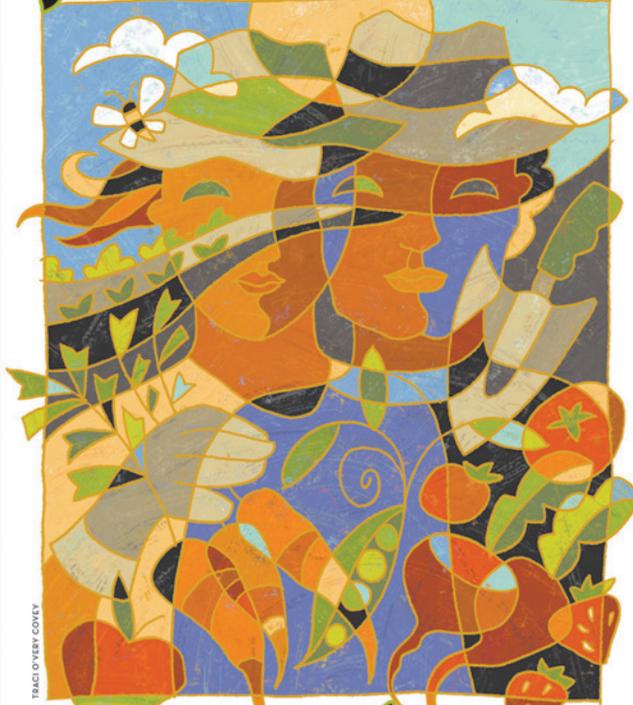
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Eagle Twin the Unkindness of Crows

Behold the debut album from Salt Lake City's own Eagle Twin! Gentry Densley (VOCALS, STRINGED INSTRUMENTS) along with behemoth skinsman Tyler Smith have created a most epic masterpiece. The duo's music and riffs definitely have familiar reference points (Caspar Brotzmann Massaker, Earth, Melvins etc.) but are crafted in a way that stands miles beyond the others. "The Unkindness of Crows" was recorded to tape in Seattle by Randall Dunn (Earth, sunn 0))), Kinski, Ascend).

"Eagle Twin is a twin-peaked mountain, a tentacled dream monster, a sea of sili causewayed in two" - slug magazine

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good times with alex hinton

by Nicole Dumas
nico.doom@gmail.com

Ten years ago, **Colby Burleson** and **Clint Marvin** left *Susie M's* to open *Good Times Tattoo*. The original shop was located in a tiny space near the old *Blue Boutique*. "Only one person could work in at a time and catching them there was kind of tricky," current *Good Times* artist **Alex Hinton** says.

At the time of Burleson and Marvin's departure, Hinton was still working at *Susie M's* under **Kelly Miller**, but after five years he decided to join forces with *Good Times* when they relocated to 900 South. The shop moved again in 2001 to their current location in Artspace's Bridge Projects. The shop's current artists include Hinton, Burleson, Marvin, **Vic Back**, **Pat Delvar**, **Thai Le**, **Danny Madsen** and **Bonnie Seeley**. *SLUG* recently had the chance to speak with Hinton about his experiences in the world of tattooing, as well as the tenth anniversary of *Good Times Tattoo*.

SLUG: At what point in your life were you inspired to become a tattoo artist?

Alex Hinton: When I was younger I knew that I enjoyed art. I knew that being a professional painter is like winning the lottery and I knew I didn't want to do commercial art. One time I was sitting in the counselor's office in the 8th grade with a report card full of F's and my school counselor asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up. It just hit me and I said, "I'm going to be a tattoo artist." She told me to think realistically, and here I am.

SLUG: What is your favorite thing about *Good Times*?

AH: What I love about the shop is that there is a focus on being artists and doing things custom, but on top of that we don't take ourselves too seriously. It's a fun environment to work in—it's bright and open and it's not uncommon to hear a prank phone call or break out with karaoke or dancing. We're all pretty light-hearted people.

SLUG: As tattoos have become more common in our society over the years, how has your personal clientele changed?

AH: It used to be small one time tattoos. I'm sure there are shops in town doing that kind of thing, but we are a very custom-oriented shop. I am generally working on large pieces like sleeves and back pieces, and I don't usually work on anything that's going to take me

fewer than nine hours.

SLUG: Do you have any boundaries when it comes to custom tattoos? Is there an image or body part you wouldn't tattoo?

AH: We like to make sure that when it comes to hands, necks and faces that we put those kinds of things on people who really deserve them. I know that kind of sounds like a snooty thing to say, but if you don't have other tattoos and if you haven't paid your dues and you don't know what you're getting into, then it's not really appropriate to be tattooing your hands, neck or face. I also have a no dragon policy—this includes medieval dragons.

SLUG: How would you define your personal style?

AH: People say that they can pick out an Alex tattoo from a mile away, but I don't know exactly what it is that I do that discerns me from someone else. I do enjoy working in color. I like things that are gnarly—zombies, bats, and Asian styles, but it really depends. Whatever I do, I like to put a little twist on it, something I haven't seen before.

SLUG: You are also a fine artist. When not using skin as your canvas, what mediums can you be found working with?

AH: I enjoy painting with oils the most. I also really enjoy watercolors. I have a strong background with both of those, because my mother is a fine artist and works in oils and my high school teacher, who was really influential, worked in watercolors. It's not beyond me to do stencils

or use charcoal or pen and ink.

SLUG: What was your last art exhibit? Do you have any upcoming shows?

AH: My last art show was a stencil art show, which was really fun because my art ended up being more affordable. They were pieces I had dedicated months and months to. I sold 20-dollar posters and ended up selling quite a few of them and it really worked out. That was over at *Mechanized Records* next door to us. They've been really helpful and nice over the years. As far as anything else, I'm going to have a collaborative piece popping up at an art show with my co-worker Danny Madsen. Otherwise, I haven't had a new body of



Alex Hinton working at his station inside *Good Times Tattoo*

art that I've been ready to show, but I did recently get an art studio downtown, so hopefully that will change.

SLUG: Which artists inspire you?

AH: I really enjoy fine artists like **Monet** and **Degas**—I like their use of color. As a child **Pushead** was and continues to be one of my favorites. I also enjoy some of the newer artists that you might see in *Juxtapoz*, like **Jeff Soto** and **Alex Pardee**. I love abstract art. I have a hard time doing it, but those people who nail it blow my mind. I just really try to absorb everything.

SLUG: Artistically, what is the greatest lesson you've learned?

AH: Stick to your guns and do it a lot. I know that I didn't get to where I am [without a lot of practice], and I'm not happy with my art unless I'm doing it often. If you want to be a fine artist you just have to do it, you have to be willing to pump out a lot of art and try new things. Save your art. If you don't know where you've been, it's hard to figure out where you're going.

SLUG: In your years of tattooing, with the art itself put aside, how have progressions with ink and tools helped to make your work more efficient?

AH: A lot has changed since I began tattooing. When I came into tattooing a lot of people were safeguarding their secrets: [established artists] didn't want to share information and there was a limited amount of supplies. Back then there were maybe four or five suppliers to get machines from, and now there are hundreds, not to mention all of the great custom machines you can pick up. It's been nice not having to make my own needles. Not spending a couple hours a day on needles has let me focus on my art. It's an exciting time to get into tattooing. You've got a lot of resources open to you if you're willing to absorb them—everything from seminars on DVD to how-to books by great artists. I'm never above picking up one of those. If I can get one smidge of information it's just priceless.

SLUG: You tattoo at the SLC tattoo convention every year. How do you feel about tattooing in that atmosphere?

AH: I'm kind of a homebody and I feel a lot more comfortable in my own space, but I love the energy at the tattoo conventions. I love

meeting other artists and talking to clients. I find that when it comes to actually tattooing at them, all the hustle can be kind of stressful, but it's always a good lesson. Sometimes I learn that I can bust through something quicker than I thought or whip up a drawing without putting together hours of referencing. **Nate Drew** and **CJ Starkey** of *Lost Art* put on a really nice convention. Compared to all of the other conventions I go to, it's really artist-oriented, and it's exciting.

SLUG: With a shop motto of "Live The Life That You Love," do you feel that has been accomplished with yourself and your part in *Good Times*?

AH: Definitely. It seems to be what has been embodied with *Good Times*. We really are our own people and our own bosses. We all have distinct styles and every once in a while we'll bump heads, but as far as having a happy environment to tattoo in, good lighting and a good mix of music, it's been fun. I just really thank Colby and Clint for giving me somewhere I can be myself. It's ended up being a joy to work here.

SLUG: Now that *Good Times* has been around for ten years, do you see a second shop in the future?

AH: Well we are definitely at capacity, and for us to grow or expand it would probably take a second shop. However, everyone has their own thing going on right now and it would take someone to spearhead that project. I don't know if that's going to happen any time soon, but you never know, that's only speculation.

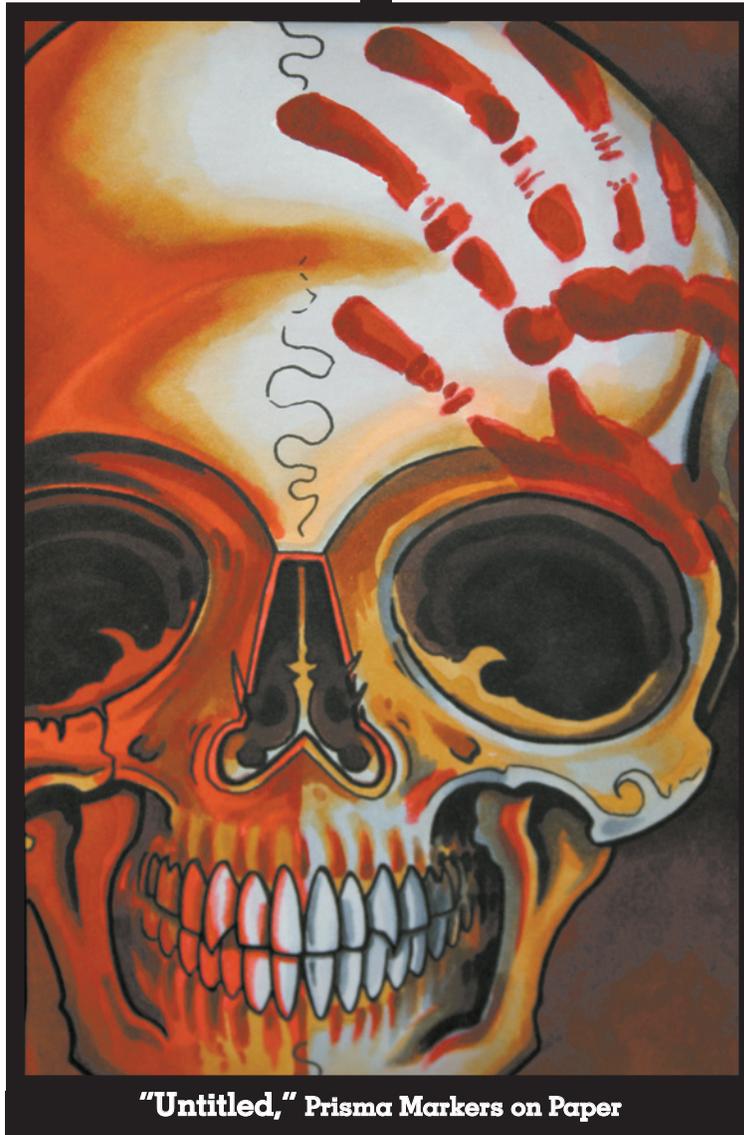
SLUG: Is there anything else you'd like to add, or any shout-outs?

AH: It was an honor to be interviewed by *SLUG*. I've been picking up *SLUG* since I was a child. It's been cool to watch the magazine evolve and change and end up what it has become. Thanks to my wife Amber for being so understanding about my long hours. I'd like to thank all of my clients

who give me such fun ideas

and the opportunity to do neat tattoos. I'd like to thank Clint and Colby again for having good times and thanks to all other artists in the area.

For information on Alex Hinton and *Good Times* visit: alexhinton.com or myspace.com/goodtimestattoo



"Untitled," Prisma Markers on Paper

CAN'T STOP THIS RUNAWAY TRAIN

by James Orme james.orme@slugmag.com

These days it can be difficult to find music that comes from the core. With overproduction and "flash in the pan" artists running amok, it's refreshing to find someone with integrity. After 15 years of recording and performing, **Wayne "The Train" Hancock** hasn't lost the purity in his music.

This king of juke joint swing's sole purpose has been to put out stellar record after stellar record of his own blend of honky tonk, jazz and rockabilly.

He also tours his ass off and plays each show like there's no tomorrow. It's not uncommon for Hancock and his band to hit the same town three or more times in a year. His new record *Viper of Melody* is a shining example of what country music should be.

Hancock is viewed as an outsider, someone unwilling to bend to the corporate attitude towards his music. He has been an ardent vocal opponent of the Nashville machine. It's his approach to recording that separates the man they call Wayne the Train from mainstream country. Regarding the layering that went on in the 60s, followed by the voice altering in the 80s, Hancock says, "I'm sure that there were plenty of good records that have been ruined by layering. They've just been changed and doctored beyond anything with soul."

"Even before that, I'm sure during **Hank Williams'** time, there [was] somebody signing a contract who gave up their music, their name, even their sound, which pretty much gives up your soul. That record company now owns you and only wants to make money off you," Hancock says, "I try to stay away from what most people call country music just because that mainstream stuff is so different from what I'm doing. I mean, I stopped wearing a cowboy hat just so I could further myself from all of that."

Hancock has always been what he calls "a stab wound in the fabric of country music." His swinging vintage style is too gritty and genuine for mainstream music. He has even gotten away from calling what he does country. "My stuff is more like hillbilly jazz," he says.

One unique aspect of Hancock's music is that every album is recorded live in studio. For the individual instrument solos, Hancock calls out to each player to improvise something, which gives his records an intimate feel. "They know the song and the general melody, but they don't plan anything until they hear me shout to 'em. That's when they come up with what they're gonna play." Hancock says, "Way back when I was first recording with producer **Lloyd Maines**, I was yelling



Photo: Jerry Lukas

out the solos to the guys just 'cause they didn't know the order I wanted them to play in, and I thought maybe they would want to edit that out, but Lloyd liked it and said we should leave that in, and its become kind of trademark on my records."

On most of his albums, Hancock is known to experiment with different musicians and different instruments like horns,

accordions and anything that interests him. On his latest outing, *Viper of Melody*, he has left the recording to his road band. "For years I've had great player after great player record with me," Hancock says, "This time around I wanted to give my fans a record that would be closer to the live show. I figure these are the guys that are going to be making it happen for me on the road, they should be able to put their stamp on it in the studio."

Another key element to Hancock's music is the steel guitar, an instrument that—though key in vintage country—is rarely featured today. "Today everybody seems to want to make the steel a background instrument," Hancock says. "I've always thought of it as a lead instrument. It softens up the mood of a song and gives each track tremendous personality. Back in the 40s and 50s that's the way it was played, and since that's the music that most influenced me, that's what I wanted."

Hancock credits his love of the instrument to his time in the U.S. Marine Corps when he served in Hawaii. "I was invited to some authentic luaus and was again so impressed with what the instrument could do," Hancock says, "There's something about the sound it creates, and I can only get it from straight steel. No pedal or lap steel guitars, just the straight steel has it for me."

Hancock has assembled a dedicated following across the globe and sees no end in sight. "I'll stop when there's no more air in my lungs," Hancock says, "I have always loved playing music and writing songs, and I either quit or got fired from all the other jobs I had, so this is it for me. I love that if you pay 10 or 12 bucks to see me I will give a 10,000 dollar show. That's what it's all about and I'm gonna do it 'till I die!" Hancock is the exception to most rules, and he likes it that way. He approaches music the way it ought to be. On all his records and at every show, he and his band play with talent and fervor to create music that gives the listener a sense of wanderlust and purity. Hancock will be performing with in Salt Lake City on July 14 at The Heavy Metal Shop at 5:30 PM and at Club Vegas at 9:00 PM.

BAND OF ANNUALS

July 22 | 8pm



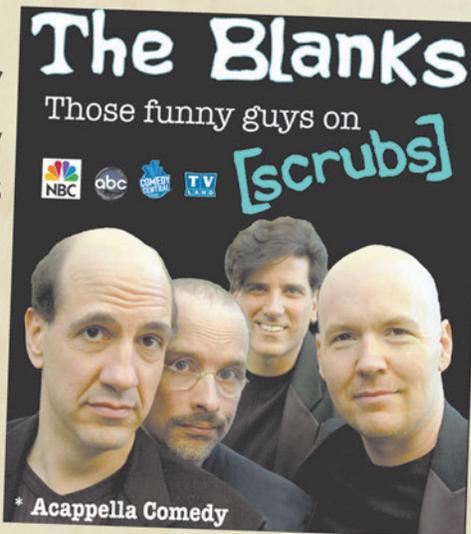
The Band of Annuals of has been described as "the best alt-country music to ever come out of Salt Lake City" by SLUG Magazine.

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Aug 8 | 8pm

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A PUNK ROCKER'S TALE:

by Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

A TALL BIKE JOUSTING IN SLC

A large crowd gathers under an inconsequential highway overpass on a clear Friday night. Graffiti-sprayed railroad cars and rusting chain-link fences backdrop an unlikely scene.

Cody Barnhill looks across the dimly lit asphalt at his opponent. Supported by a friend, he balances about four feet above the ground on the saddle of his tall bike. Under his arm is a ten-foot-long pvc pipe with the head of a stuffed, toy teddy bear impaled on the end. As stage smoke curls around the tall bike's wheels, acoustic punk band **Bombs and Beating Hearts** begins another angry ballad. The crowd of over a hundred spectators begins to cheer in anticipation. "I'm fucking amped," says Barnhill.

Mark Polichette, organizer and MC for the event, calls out: "5, 4, 3, 2, 1 JOUST!" and the two unprotected challengers pedal forward, lances pointed at each other's hearts. A resounding "Ooooh" is heard from the crowd as both ride by without a hit. Barnhill and his opponent turn around and immediately charge again. Only one man can win the princess and the gold. As the jousters reach their marks,



Barnhill loses his balance and quickly jumps off his bike, landing on his feet and avoiding a cracked skull.

Welcome to the punk rock version of *A Knight's Tale*.

The Tall Bike Joust held on May 15 is Salt Lake's third joust and most popular freak bike event. Attracting citizens and cyclists from all walks of life—including hobos and cops—it can't be described as less than epic. There's just one question: *What the fuck is tall bike jousting?!*

"The second I heard about people doing stuff like that, I had to get on the internet, and after seeing it on the internet, I was like, I have to see this in person, I have to do this," says Polichette, who has helped in the construction and design of many of the tall bikes you see around town. The idea of jousting has been around for centuries, back when knights strutted their stuff on armor-clad horses, but Polichette was inspired by the tall bike events in bike meccas like Portland, Seattle and New York. The movie *B.I.K.E.* attributes the origin of tall bike



Tall Bike Jousters under the freeway

jousting to the **Black Label Bike Club**, a freak bike organization founded in 1992 in Minneapolis with a chapter in New York City. How they combined tall bikes and medieval jousting, we may never know...

"Why did people joust on horses? 'Cause it's an insanely risky thing to do, it makes for a great show, and you've gotta be a badass to be willing to do it," says Polichette. He offers some insight on the motives behind the idea of the sport. "Anybody who has ridden a bike has thought of pushing someone off. It's kind of cool how there's a culture behind it," he says. "The world's based on challenges. You've got wrestling, you've got boxing, fencing... you've got all sorts of one on one competition. Here's something to involve the tall bikes with."

A tall bike, for those who don't know, is a bicycle made from two frames welded together. The height depends on the frames, but the average tall bike measures about four feet from the ground to the saddle. Most of the lances used at the joust are

made from thick pvc pipes measuring about ten feet in length, the ends softened with rags, stuffed animals and even boxing gloves. The rules of the joust are simple: randomly chosen one round eliminations, the first person to hit the ground loses and the winner goes on to fight again.

Who can joust? "The main thing is showing up... we should have three or four tall bikes for people to use," says Polichette, "As long as you're not an idiot, you should be able to roll out of whatever type of situation you get yourself into." Safety gear is suggested, but not enforced. "The whole concept of this is to be free, to make your own decisions. People can do whatever the hell they want. Everybody is aware of the risks. I wear a helmet. I need to use my head the next day," says Polichette.

With the level of risk involved, it's hard to believe such an event is legal. It's even harder to believe that our local law enforcement frequently becomes part of the cheering crowd. "Who doesn't like [tall bike jousting], duh!" says **Andy Rice**, a member of the Barnhill support team.

"I think that the appeal to tall bike jousting is that nobody knows what to expect. To me, that's a cooler aspect, to say you're a part of an event that is kind of impromptu and unique. There's nothing else like that in Salt Lake, it's different," says Polichette.

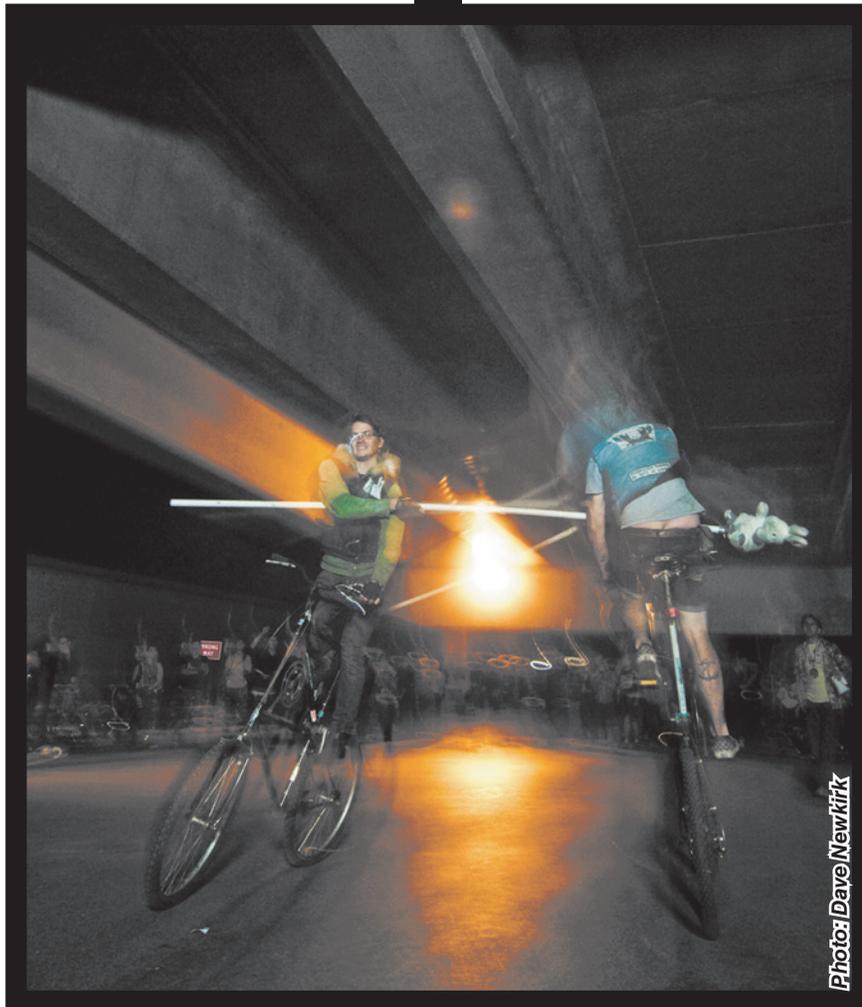


Photo: Dave Newkirk

Impromptu is definitely an accurate way to describe the joust. With very little advertisement, the event's popularity is mostly due to word of mouth. **Abe Samaniego**, a local bmx rider, saw the fleet of tall bikes riding down the road and decided to follow them, not knowing about the joust. "I'll try it out eventually," he says as members of **SLUP**, Salt Lake Unicycle Posse, show up, attempting to joust on their unicycles.

Not everyone is taken in by the risk appeal, however. "I don't think I will [joust], I've got kids," says **Nick Kenworthy**, a local cyclist. "If I had better medical insurance..." says **Tom Fleming**, another local cyclist and spectator.

For most members of the cycling community, the introduction and surprising popularity of the Tall Bike Joust is yet another step toward making Salt

Lake comparable to the holy bike meccas. "This is bringing out a whole other genre of biking for Salt Lake... it gives the feeling of bike culture without speed, lycra or mountains. Just a great feeling of individuality," says **Ali Knutson**, a local cyclist.

Dallin Credible, reigning champion from the last joust, wins the homemade medal for this round, along with a bag of tubes from *Salt Lake Bicycle Co*. He says this joust wasn't quite as brutal as February's, but the sport remains "punk as fuck."

"The real event is just to get people out and doing something stupid. This is just something that gets people out of their normal, everyday rut of life. When you see a giant tall bike and you hear that you're going to be jousting on them, you have to see it, even just for a moment to say 'what the hell is that,'" says Polichette.

"If anyone wondered where punk rock went, all you have to do is look under a bridge in Salt Lake City," says Barnhill. The next tall bike joust will be Friday, July 3. Visit saltcycle.com for more details.

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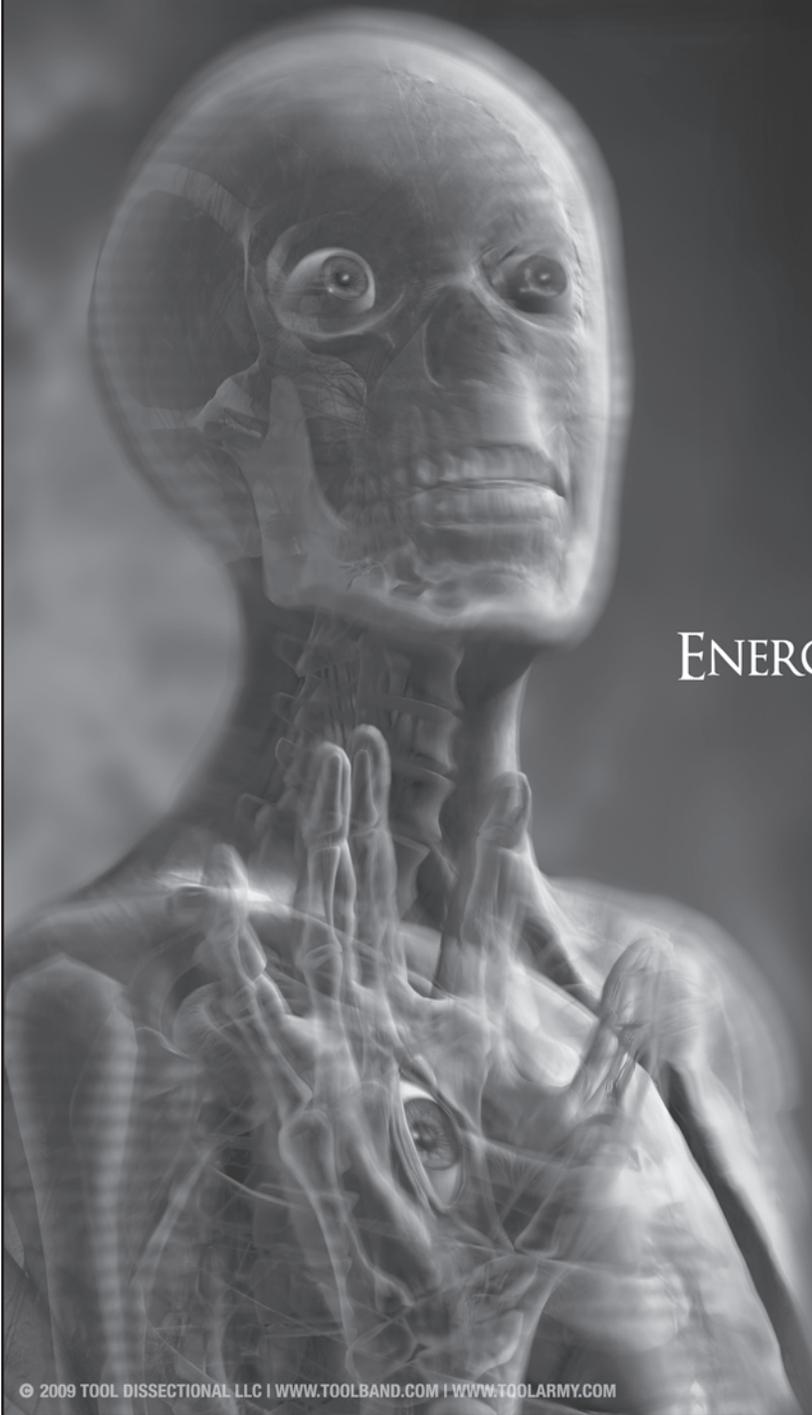
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BAND OF ANNUALS

Localized
by Ross Solomon
ross@slugmag.com

As the threat of the Utah summer heat looms and the spring rainclouds give way to hot winds blowing tumbleweeds across arid landscapes, the denizens of the Salt Lake valley will soon find solace in a night of music inspired by the very place they all endure together.

On the evening of July 10, *SLUG* invites you to relax at *Urban Lounge* while

Band of Annuals treats everyone with their alt-country twang alongside **David Williams**, who will be celebrating the release of his second full-length, tentatively titled *Western Interior Seaway*. **Will Sartain** will open the show with new music from his solo project.

Jay Henderson: Vocals, guitar, harmonica

Jeremi Hanson: Vocals, wurlitzer, organ

Brent Dreiling: Pedal steel

Trevor Hadley: Bass guitar

Jamie Timm: Electric guitar

Charlie Lewis: Drums

For five years, Band of Annuals has provided the nation with their unique mix of alt-country, indie and folk music. Hailing from Salt Lake City, they have spread their music across the country on three tours, becoming somewhat of an underground folk sensation, stretching from the blue waters of the Pacific to the Atlantic shores of New York. On a sunny summer day in early June, the beer was flowing and the spirits were high as I sat down with BOA to enjoy a pint, a pitcher and some good laughs at *The Desert Edge Brewery at the Pub*. Charlie Lewis and Jamie Timm were unable to join us, but the rest of the band still made the afternoon an excellent one.

This past May, the band performed at Moab's *Desert Rocks Music Festival*. As anyone who was down there at the time remembers quite fondly, it rained. Hard. BOA was one of the last artists to play before the stage was shut down for over twelve hours, not to reopen until close to two in the morning. Only three members were present for the set, and almost all of the show attendants were trying to stay dry in their tents, resulting in a very short set to a disappointedly small

crowd. In short, as Hadley put it, "it was a bust." The trip down south was certainly not for nothing though, the band said. "We had a really good show in Torrey the night before," said Hadley, "We played with [**Magnolia Electric Co.**] at *The Patio* and had been camping for three nights already."

This was not an isolated occurrence. Recently, BOA has gone down quite often to Torrey to play at *The Patio*. "It's basically a pizza shop with a patio, which is why it's called '*The Patio*'" said Dreiling, "We get free pizza, free beer and everyone just plays songs and gets rowdy. A lot of the shows get turnouts of 40 people or more." Their first show there was nearly two and a half years ago, even though shows officially started being held there just last summer. "It's an escape from the city, and the locals are awesome," Henderson said.

Beyond shows in Salt Lake and Torrey, BOA has gone on two full US tours and many week-long tours, too. Last year, they were gone for six months, playing a total of nearly fifty shows all across the country. Their infamous tour van, dubbed "Galactigon," has been with them since their last record, *Let Me Live*, was released. If there's anything that these guys need money for, it's repairs for this van. So far, they've had to replace the engine, transmission, fuel tank and "42 new tires." Hopefully, Hadley was exaggerating.

For now, we can definitely expect BOA to release a new full-length record, hopefully within the year. "[We] hope to have it done ... well, at least recorded by the end of the summer," said the band. "At this point, there's no set release date." Additionally, the band is planning on a tour sometime in the near future. As to exactly when that will be, "eventually" is their only answer. "The main focus right now is the record," they said.

We're definitely lucky to have a group like Band of Annuals around these parts. They're stellar musicians and great people, too. Everyone should take advantage of being in such close proximity to these guys and come check them out on July 10. In addition to you enjoying a great show, they could probably use some of that extra ticket cash for the next inevitable breakdown of their not-so-trusty van.



Photo: Michelle Emerson

DAVID WILLIAMS

David Williams:
Vocals, guitar

Having an in-person interview with **David Williams** would have been difficult as he resides in the small desert town of Torrey. Talking over the phone was also out of the question, as Williams had neither a landline nor access to a cell phone. Short of trekking 200 miles to the edge of Capitol Reef, the best option I had was to send him an e-mail with a few questions. I expected to receive a typed list of answers, but what I received instead was a very pleasant surprise: several personally recorded answers, resulting in nearly thirty minutes of material that gave a very intimate view of the musical life of David Williams.

He began with a discussion of his upcoming album, which has a working title of *Western Interior Seaway*. As he talked, I could hear the distinct whistle of the desert wind howling in the background. It fit well as he described the meaning behind his new album's title. "It's an ancient seaway that used to cover part of North America," he said. "Where I live in Torrey is kind of on the edge of where that ancient seaway used to be." He went on to discuss how much of his time has been spent in the desert, writing songs and music under the shadows of towering buttes and mesas, all remnants of where that seabed used to lay. Compared to *Summer*, his previous album, Williams talked about how *Seaway* is very different, especially in the way it was recorded. In November of last year, he went up to Portland to record it with **Adam**

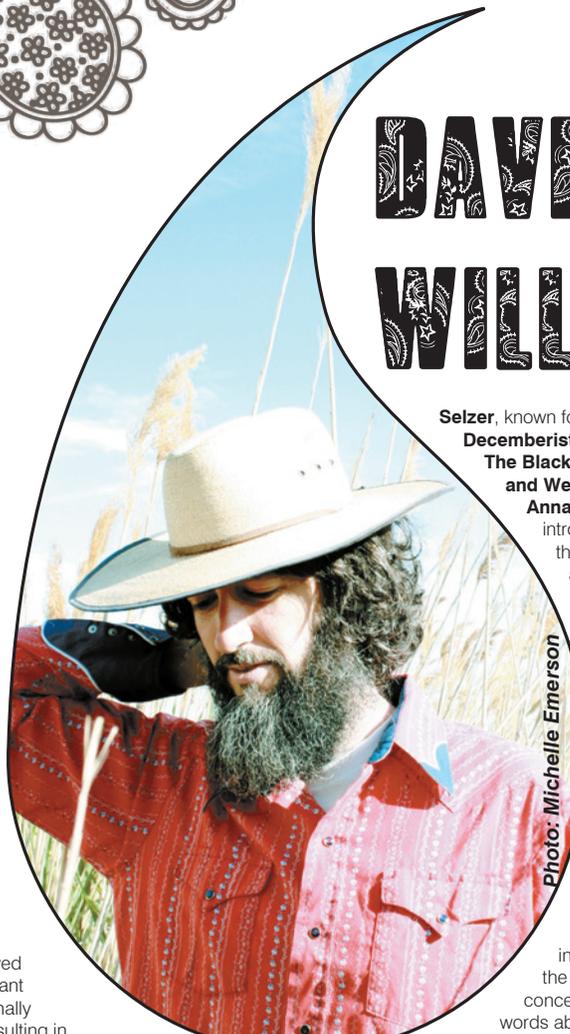


Photo: Michelle Emerson

Selzer, known for recording **M. Ward** and **The Decemberists**. One of David's side projects, **The Black Hens**, had opened for **Norfolk and Western**, Selzer's band. **Chris and Anna Brozek** (owners of *Slowtrain*) introduced the two at the show. From there, they made plans to record the new album at Selzer's studio in Portland. "The studio itself was amazing," said Williams. "It's called *Type Foundry Studios*. It's like this old, haunted warehouse and Adam just surrounds himself with all of this antique studio equipment. It's a very, very vibey place."

David also discussed his location and the influence it has had on his music. "Whatever your experience is gets filtered through your nervous system," said Williams. "I feel like I can get closer to something really that's ineffable. Something ancient, indifferent to the concerns of human beings, to the concerns of me." He also said some words about *The Patio*, a venue in

Torrey that officially started putting on shows just last summer. "[*The Patio* was] able to attract touring bands like **Laura Gibson**, **Blitzen Trapper** and **Magnolia Electric Co.**," he said. "As it turned out, 99% of the bands that came through were from Portland, so I ended up with a really strong connection to Portland by the end of the summer." He also said none of that probably would have happened anywhere else for him.

On July 10 at *SLUG's Localized*, **David Williams** will release *Western Interior Seaway* to the public at *Urban Lounge*. For only five bucks, you'll also get to enjoy performances by **Band of Annuals** and **Will Sartain's** solo project. This is an event that absolutely should not be missed. With such a unique take on folk music and so many influences rooted in the heart of Utah, it will be a rare chance to celebrate some of the best musical talent within our state borders.

Boys Suck

By Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

It seems like an entire decade since I sat down at the computer to write my last article. I'm actually surprised I haven't suffered some kind of alcohol-related syndrome from my traveling to pride festivals around the country. Speaking of which, how fun was SLC pride this year?! Even in the torrential down pour and gale-force winds *SLUG* somehow managed to capture third place for our awesome float. WE'RE NUMBER THREE! Thank you to all that came out to help decorate and brave the elements of Hurricane Kennedy on your bikes. If I may say so myself, I looked awesome on the cab of the semi in my bikini. Thank God there were pictures to help me remember in my vodka-ecstasy-Lortab haze. On the same note, thank you to **DJ/DC** and the *Dance Evolution* crew for an amazing birthday party at *Edge*.

As I mentioned last issue, next year I'll be turning 40. I've been confronted with numerous anxieties since coming clean about my age. One major realization is that I was just 20, which means that 60 is right around the corner! Along with this, I'm faced with the daunting question, am I ever going to settle down? Not likely.

My friend **Brendon**—who plays guitar in my band **Tards** and also shares the stage with **Peaches**—made me face this when they were here for their amazing show at *In the Venue*. I realized I look for alternate relationships in strange ways. If you ask me if I'm 'seeing' anyone my automatic comeback is "God no." Instead, I marry myself to things like my bands and my jobs. It's obviously not a commitment issue. It's mostly because my taste in boys SUCKS. My longest relationship was with a boy who worked as a hooker and my last was a porn star (which is a lot more glamorous sounding than it is in reality). Because of all that damage, I fall for these unattainable straight boys that offer such things as creativity (watch out **Adam Dorobiala**) and end up having hot, anonymous sex that never leads anywhere ... go figure. I want to be secure in the fact that I've gone this long, but the reality is I'll end up relegated to being caught by the paps giving blow jobs to Mr. Stud in bar bathrooms for the rest of my life.

One evening after the club, my good friend **DJ Justin Strange** brought me to a house party where I met a cool couple whose relationship immediately intrigued me—a twosome who play off and inspire each other to that 'next level.' You might know **James** and **Jessica Glines** from their Thursday after *Gallivan* parties at *Monks* last summer. They're also the masterminds behind the world famous **Jessica Something Jewish, G Elect Records** and the hugely successful dance party *Shake and Pop*.

James Glines (**DJ JSJ**) hails from Bountiful and is an idiot savant who has been mixing and making his own brand of music since 2004. He had a brief stint in Portland to further



create his beats and landed an impressive 22-stop world tour in 2006 pushing his creative limit to become one of the top and most recognized music composers in his genre. After conquering the globe, Glines relocated back to SLC, which must have been kismet, and almost immediately met brown-eyed muse, Jessica Moody (**DJ Chic Bangs**). Moody had a musical background in piano (like every good Mormon child). The two instantly developed a mutual attraction and were soon secretly making out in house party bathrooms across the Wasatch Front. After a couple months of liaisons du toilette, Bangs confessed to James that she really liked him and they should date. James told Jessica that dating was stupid and they should just get married. Bing, Bangs, boom, they found themselves freaking out family and friends at the courthouse two weeks later getting hitched. Excuse me while I go wipe my eyes and throw-up.

When I visited their in-house studio it became apparent the roles they play in each other's je ne se qua. James definitely serves as the tech genius while Jessica serves as inspiration and guide. There is most def a more mature sound to the music since bachelorhood. Bangs sings on his tracks and also heads up the office management while James deals with bookings—evenly distributing their many projects with the G Elect label.

Hit up gelect.wordpress.com for constantly updated free downloads and blog. As for the future, the Dynamic Duo is planning a huge end-of-summer bash and there is the ever-POPular *Shake and Pop*. At the moment, it's a roving party looking for a permanent home. Take this tranny's advice and get on it club owners, it's a fun party with a following (gelectbooking@gmail.com).

These cute, talented kids give hope to this old queen. Seeing young creative love is inspirational. In case anyone feels the need to apply, here is a short list of requirements you'll need to fill to be associated with The Princess: I can tell if you ask me out just to get on the VIP lists. It's all about me. You have to be secure being seen with me in public no matter how fucked up I am and lastly (but not a requirement) please don't be made of polyurethane.

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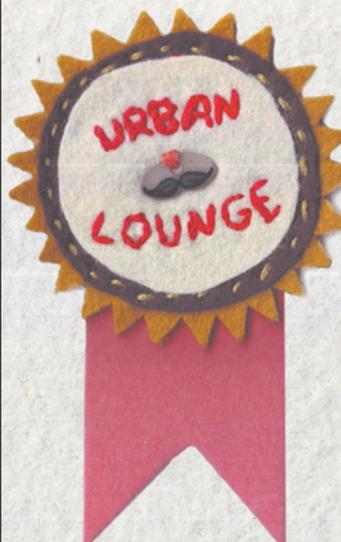
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8 Garratt Wilkin & The Parrotheads (Jimmy Buffett Tribute Band)
9 Ted Dancin After Gallivan + Stray Night + Chris Nielson's 30th B-Day Bash!
10 Band of Annuals, David Williams, Will Sartain / Giant Blue Collar Theory
11 Cage (Def-Jux), Yak Balls, Jinga Boa, Fauna, The Wine of Astonishment
12 SLAJO, Joshua Payne Orchestra, reVolver
13 The Abyssinians (Legendary Roots Reggae), Etana, Roots Revealers, Babylon Down
14 Dank Squad Party with Scenic Byway, Feel Good Patrol
15 Ted Dancin After Gallivan + Electoral College
16 Starmy, Blue Sunshine Soul, Furs

17 SLC Film Fest Benefit with Vile Blue Shades, Cornered By Zombies, Mammoth
18 Time To Talk Tween Tunes
19 The Builders & The Butchers, Illinois, The Futurists
20 Experimental Night: Cloud Kiva, Tenant's of Baltazar's Castle
21 Josh Ritter, Langhorne Slim
22 Ted Dancin After Gallivan
23 The American Night (Doors Tribute Band)
24 Ember, La Farsa, Libbie Linton, Knight Queen Temper
25 Themselves (Dose1 & Jel of Subtle), Deadbeats, Mindstate
26 Awol One, Factor, Caschi, (ninth) cloud, DJ Che
27 Ha Ha Tonka, Big Sky Tribunal, Bluebird Radio
28 Vetiver, Charlie Parr
29 Ted Dancin After Gallivan

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FLYING WEST TO THE EAST: UZI AND ARI TOURS JAPAN

by Andrew Glassett
andrew@slugmag.com



In May of 2006, Uzi and Ari embarked on its maiden voyage through the western United States. We slept on a lot of floors, played house shows and rode

around in a failing 90s Suburban that didn't have air conditioning. It was in Fresno, Calif. that we received an invitation from Luxembourg-based record label **Own Records** to release our album throughout Europe and part of Asia. Thanks in part to their promotion, the song "Mountain//Molehill" was blasting through the Internet and to various ears across the world. A pair of ears that heard the song belong to **Tsunehiro**

Sato, owner of Tokyo-based **Friend of Mine Records**. He released his own version of the album *It is Freezing Out*, and was determined to gather the resources to bring us out of obscurity



Photo: Courtesy of Uzi and Ari

and into the rising sun of Japan.

Fast forward three years to the album *Headworms* that was also released on Own Records and Friend of Mine Records. **Ben Shepard, Garrett Martin, Catherine Worsham** and I were on a plane to Japan after returning home from a two month stint in Europe. We arrived in high spirits and met Tsune and the cargo van we were to ride around in. Tsune works as a magazine editor in Tokyo to help fund his infant label, which has released eight or nine releases within the past two years. One of those releases is from another Salt Lake band, **The Player Piano**. He loves instrumental rock bands with a sentimental twist. He is mostly interested in local bands, and is happy to receive demos from anyone and everyone.

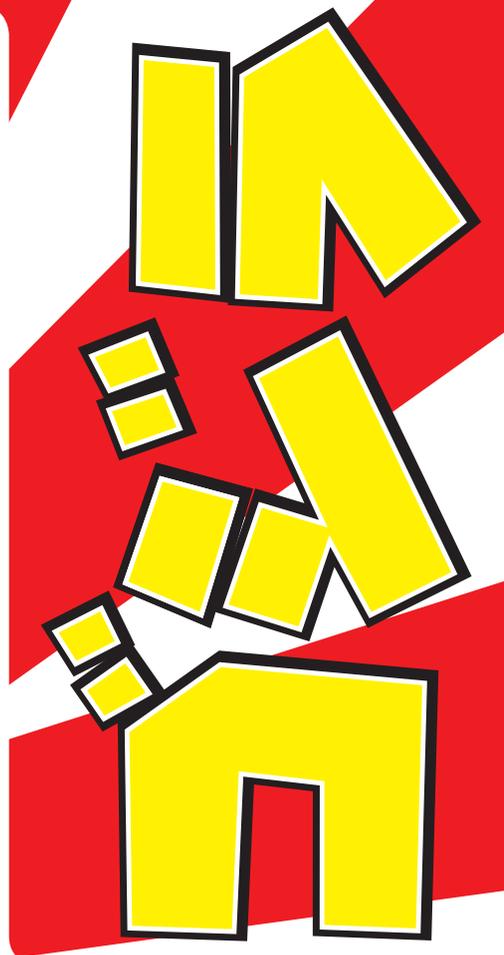
Tsune set up a modest tour that included five shows in Kyoto, Osaka, Nagoya and then two in Tokyo. Booking shows in Japan is a difficult task, as the clubs require a down payment for use of the space. This forces the ticket prices up to between 20 and 30 dollars. This makes the shows smaller than expected, but also brings fans that are interested solely in the music and supporting their preferred bands. My favorite show was the very last one in Tokyo at a club called *Moonstep*, located north of the fashion district in west Tokyo. We arrived early in the afternoon for soundcheck and soon realized that our allotted time for the night was 30 minutes longer than what we had prepared. Tsune asked if I could perform as **Nolens Volens**, and I ecstatically replied, "Yes!" It was the last show of the tour, and the stage was set for a dramatic conclusion.

After soundcheck, we wandered through the streets of Tokyo with Tsune, admiring the architecture. The streets were incredibly quiet, even though they were filled with people going to and from work. Tsune took us to a hole-in-the-wall noodle place, and we found nirvana in a bowl of Yakibuta ramen noodles. We headed back to the club to listen to the opening bands.

Another way that promoters offset the cost of renting a club is to fill the bill with as many bands as possible. This particular night there were five bands, and Nolens Volens made it six. We listened to **A Picture of Her**, a Japanese band that Friend of Mine Records recently signed. Like many of the bands that we played with in Japan, A Picture of Her is influenced by the tremendous wave of emo that came out of America in the late 90s. Like many people my age, I have long since left behind the noodling guitars and emotive voice, but I found myself in awe of their musicianship. They have taken every annoying part of emo out and infused it with elements of math rock.

Several other bands played, and then it was finally my turn to stand before the audience to twiddle my knobs and send my toy instruments through looping feedback. It was daunting to follow bands that are so accomplished as musicians, but I received many happy hands at the end. Uzi and Ari played a very emotional set, as we knew that it would be our last time performing in front of such a welcoming audience.

The night ended much the same as other nights, with the bands meeting together and formally



cheering one another for putting on such a great show. We drank Sapporo and ate plate after plate of Japanese junk food, such as dried fish, Pocky pretzels and some kind of seaweed concoction mixed with sesame seeds. Emotions rose and fell as we knew we would be heading back to the U.S. a few days later.

The experience of touring in Japan is a tough one to put into words. There is a lot of positive energy that flows through the hearts and minds of the Japanese people. We feel very lucky to have had the experience. Luckily, we have music from every band we played with while we were over there. Here are a few highlights:

Ets Im

Kashiwazaki

Self Released

Ets Im = Dim Dim + E*Vax + The Books

Ets Im is the project of Provo-based multimedia artist **Ryan Bingham**. He lived in Japan as a missionary and became heavily influenced by Japanese culture. His music is created mostly through the use of the Monome, an open-source electronic instrument that was designed as a physical version of graphical environment language Max/MSP. On the outset, it seems completely nerdy and detached, but his music is completely relatable and compelling. Ets Im is the most progressive music to come out of Provo in a long time.

Euphoria

Silence in Everywhere

123Records

Street: 07.23.08

Euphoria = Explosions in the Sky + Tristeza

The efficiency with which Euphoria gleans the gems of emo and post-rock forefathers is impressive. Delicate and sickly sincere, there is absolutely no guile in their songwriting. They have tapped into the glory days of first-wave emo and post-rock and have re-invented the wheel without the tears.

Low Pass

2nd Demo

Self Released

Low-Pass = Sharks Keep Moving + Minus The Bear

Arguably the best female drummer in the indie world today, Sannomiya Hiroe stands about five feet tall. In high school she wore weights on her arms and legs so she could gain the strength necessary to compete with all the male drummers. It is this attitude that permeates through the band and makes them the penultimate performers of instrumental indie rock. The songs are moody and meticulously designed, and contain enough positive energy to turn even the saddest emo happy.

Hosome

New Fascio

iscollagecollective

Street: 02.14.08

Hosome = O. Lamm + They Might Be Giants + Polysics

Their live show is explosive and short—they played for approximately 12 minutes, and while I was elated to be a part of it, I don't think I could have handled much more than that. The sound was more overwhelming than many speed-core bands I have seen. It was like experiencing an anime cartoon that accidentally snorted a pound of amphetamine and tried to hold everything together. It was sensory overload, but the inspiring kind.

A Picture of Her

A Fanatic Socialist Looked Up At The Stars

Friend of Mine Records

Street: 06.02

A Picture of Her = Cross My Heart + Minus The Bear

A Picture of Her rides the line of emotive indie rock and mathematically-based polyrhythm. They move through their EP with ease and grace, while making sure to color the walls they pass as vibrantly as possible. Their songs are a fresh take on the glory days of emo, without the annoyances of falsely pinched whining.



Photos: Courtesy of Uzi and Ari

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Black Boxes: Transmitting from the bottom of the Sole with



by JP
jp@slugmag.com

Tucked off of State

Street on a side alley in between 600 and 700 South and hidden away behind an unlabeled metal door sit row upon row of brown cardboard boxes. Inside these boxes are even more boxes—black ones—en route to, among others, fastidious Japanese customers who demand their product be immaculately wrapped. Each of those black boxes harbor purple-bottomed kicks that the kids go gaga for. When they aren't busy wrapping shoes to please their customers, the gentlemen behind local shoe company **Zuriick** are doing what they do best. "We basically hang out, drink a lot, and come up with designs," says co-partner **Chad Tovey**.

The local shoe company, which has become renowned worldwide for their slip-on shoes with the easily identified purple sole, has been around for about four years. It's hard to pin down an exact number because creators **Clark Butterfield** and **Mike McCaleb** were practicing shoe design a few years before that, but Zuriick as a brand and solid idea has been going strong since the official launch in November of 2007. The number of shoes being manufactured has steadily increased and so have the distribution locations. Zuriick still maintains a lot of growth in the boutiques where they're found, like **Bastille**, but also in stores like **Urban Outfitters**. It would seem strange coming from a Salt Lake-based company, with the state being most recognized for the piss-poor liquor laws and dominant anti-fun religion. "A lot of people are surprised that we're from Salt Lake. They don't expect much to come out of Utah in general," McCaleb says. "To me it's a good place to be because you aren't oversaturated with other clothing lines, the new stuff that everybody else is doing. It gives us that separation to give us our own vision," McCaleb says. "I like doing it out of Salt Lake. I think it's good for us."

Staying away from the trends has also enabled the guys at Zuriick to give their unique and dedicated customers what they will truly wear—not just what is "hot" in Milan or New York, or wherever the fuck the shoe mavens reside. "We have an amazingly loyal fan and customer base. People will email us with how much they love our brand, or thinking that we designed a shoe for them," Tovey says. "But probably the number one comment when people email us is: 'Thank god you

didn't put any logos on our shoes.' Our logo is our purple bottom." Tovey believes, as do the rest of the Zuriick crew, that no identification is the best way. "We have professional people that try to say we're missing the boat by not branding our shoe on the outside and it's going to restrict us from building our brand. But in a way our brand is not having anything: that is our logo," Tovey says. In addition to the color of their soles, Zuriick stands out because of the shoe design itself. "The first couple years all we did was the slip-on, and that is kind of what we're known for mostly, but we've always wanted to expand into other styles," McCaleb says. With more customers, now the brand is able to move outward in new directions. "Now we've finally grown into a place where we can expand and do the things we wanted to in the beginning and you can see us with our newer shoes the direction we're going. We still have our basic slip-on, vulcanized sole. We're doing new things but still trying to keep the look of Zuriick," Tovey says, "We have a lot more options but still get to pretty much make shit we like. Mike designs stuff that we would wear or he would wear and likes, not something we think that people are going to like." Tovey says, "I think you get in trouble when you start designing stuff you think people would want versus stuff we would wear or our friends would wear."

Tovey and McCaleb are relaxed and confident as they talk, but running a startup company in Utah—a fashionable company at that—isn't always as easy as they make it appear. Fortunately the guys get help from local designer **Adam Contreras** (also a co-partner) and from **Parker Tovey** and **Ryan Tomita**. "Our whole company is six people big. Parker and Tomita are a lot of help and the big reason we keep everything going in here. We do a lot with a very small crew," Chad Tovey says. The company is sure to grow larger, though, and with that sort of growth most would expect Zuriick to jump to a coast. "I think we'll always keep it in Salt Lake," McCaleb says. "I don't think there's a reason to move out. I think it could be detrimental to the company if we did move." This kind of attitude bodes well for the future of Zuriick and represents a grounded attitude (even in the face of growing unit numbers and increased renown) that other business should take note of.



Mike McCaleb and Chad Tovey Kick it at Zuriick Headquarters.

Photo: Adam Heath

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People-Friendly Consumption: The Rise of Buying and Selling Handmade

By Jeanette Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

In the United States, consumption is king. Mass-produced garbage fills up the majority of people's homes and lives. Things fall apart almost as soon as you purchase them. We prefer not to think about the people in far-away places making all of our goods. One can only consume so many "fast-food" products before cholesterol skyrockets and your ass becomes difficult to squeeze into all of your pants.

"People are tired of the amount of mass produced goods out there," says

Faythe Levine. As director, crafter, writer, businesswoman and all around DIY maverick, Levine has a lot to say regarding the increasing popularity of buying handmade. "They want to have something unique. They want to feel like they can connect with an item because they know where the item came from," says Levine. "People are more socially conscious about where things are being made. People want to reuse material and recycle things."

Today's craft scene is more connected to the DIY mentality that grew out of punk than the crafters of previous eras. People want to do and make things for themselves, by themselves and on their own terms.

The scene is composed of a large group of people,

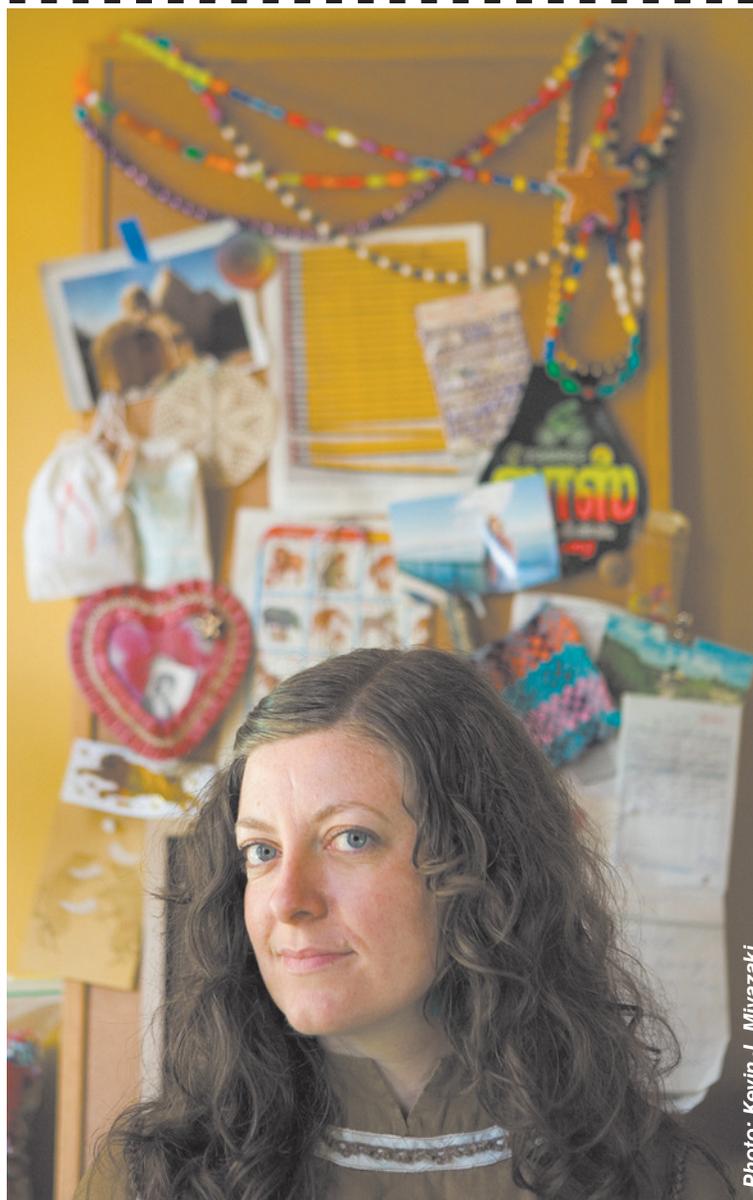


Photo: Kevin J. Miyazaki.

Faythe Levine, mastermind behind numerous DIY projects including, *Handmade Nation*.

mostly connected through the internet (loosely at best) who appreciate mom and pop shops, are (sometimes) interested in sustainability, want to support individual artists and in some cases are interested in taking a stance against the normal means of mass production.

According to *The New York Times* Levine is the "patron saint" of the indie craft movement. She's more modest about her place in the indie craft scene, though. "I like to remind people that I'm just one person, I documented a small slice of people who are part of this much larger worldwide movement," she says.

In 2006 Levine began touring around the country, interviewing 80 individuals to document the ever-expanding indie-craft scene. "There was this obvious thing happening that was growing and changing. [It was] something that I was putting all of my efforts into," Levine says. "I wanted to make sure that the people who were doing these things were getting the credit and the respect that they deserved, so I figured why not just do it myself and embrace that whole DIY ethic and jump in and make a film."

What started as a film project ended as an entity known as *Handmade Nation*. While the film was in post production, *Princeton Architectural Press* commissioned Levine to write a book of the same name after catching a trailer on *YouTube*. Levine co-wrote the book with **Courtney Heimerl** and it was released in October 2008.

The book opens with a timeline mapping out the progression of the new age of crafting, starting with the founding of *Venus Zine* in 1994. From there it introduces 24 individuals (divided by region) who stitch, knit, screen print, reconstruct and do a plethora of other things to produce unique handmade goods. The regions of the country are broken up with five short essays that explain how punk rock merged with ancient crafting techniques to form the new era of crafting—what Levine calls “The Handmade Nation.”

The film, which is currently being screened at craft fairs and museums, is slated to release on DVD some time later this year. It showcases 13 of the artists featured in the book. Although the book gives a nice overview of its subject, the film goes in depth. Levine joins artists like **Nikki McClure**, **Kathie Sever** of *Ramonsterwear*, **Whitney Lee** of *Made With Sweet Love* and **Jenine Bressner** in their studios (which many times are located in spare rooms of their houses). The women discuss their technique, how they got into it and often remind everyone not to be intimidated. They’re mostly self taught and according to them, anyone can pick up a craft—all it takes is patience, time and dedication.

Levine’s involvement with the handmade nation began long before deciding to make a documentary though. She credits her self-employed parents and punk rock as the bedrock of her DIY mentality. “The underground punk scene in Seattle in the early 90s set the tone for learning how you could do anything yourself—put out your own records, make your own zines, make your own t-shirts...” she says. In the early 2000’s Levine operated a number of craft boutiques and galleries that displayed and carried various handmade goods. It was during this time when Levine says she became “fully conscious of the online craft community.” From there, things took off in a viral way.

Levine attended the first *Renegade Craft Fair* held in Chicago in 2003. A year later she founded a craft fair in Milwaukee called *Art vs. Craft*. “I was so excited about the energy and the experience of getting to meet other like-minded makers [at Renegade].” Levine says, “I wanted to bring that feeling to the city I was living in.”

Not surprisingly, the majority of makers profiled in *Handmade Nation* are people that Levine connected with through her many endeavors

that came before the current project. “About 95 percent of the people were people that I already had some connection to. It gave me an excuse to come meet them in person.” says Levine. “Then there were a handful of people who were referred to me or I found out about as we were shooting that I went out of my way to meet.”

If you reference the timeline included in *Handmade Nation*, it appears that the rapid growth of this movement mirrors Levine’s own story. In 2009 the majority of metropolitan areas host at least one major indie craft fair, there are an overwhelming number of networking sites devoted to crafting and online marketplaces like *Etsy* allow folks specializing in handmade goods to reach consumers across the world without ever having to leave their homes.



“The internet has provided a more acceptable way for most people to connect with one another,” Levine says, “You don’t have to be living in an urban area to find potentially like-minded people. You can be living remotely and be connecting with people who are working towards the same goals as you are. I think that’s benefited everyone in general.”

Although the current economic situation has decreased people’s spending, it has also increased their awareness about where their money is going, which Levine says will ultimately benefit the DIY community. “Handmade crafts and goods definitely fall into the green category,”

Levine says. Ultimately buying and

selling handmade is “about a consciousness and an awareness that I think our generation is embracing,” she says.

Handmade Nation is being screened across the nation and world throughout the rest of 2009. The film has been screened at San Francisco’s *Design Week*, *Summit of Awesome* in DC and *Stitches and Craft* in Melbourne, Australia. Places like Tasmania, Mexico City and the *Jönköpings läns Museum* in Sweden are also all getting in on the action. “I’m extraordinarily pleased and excited that there is an audience, much larger than I was expecting for the film and the book,” Levine says.

Thus far the reaction to the film has been nothing short of inspiring. “People walk away from the film feeling incredibly empowered and motivated, either to make something themselves or to support someone who is living that lifestyle,” Levine says.

On August 8, *SLUG Magazine* will host the first annual *Craft Lake City* at the *Gallivan Center*—an event that was no doubt inspired by Levine’s own projects. Come hang out, buy rad handmade items and get inspired by it all.

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Reviewed too many times to count over the last three months.

First off, I wanted to say thanks to all the people that answered my call a couple of months ago for Mexican restaurants to review after the demise of one of my favorites, *La 35*. Over the next six months or so, I will be reviewing a few of the suggested places and to start I am going to talk about *Victor's Tires and Custom Wheels* on 1406 South and 700 West. I know many of you are thinking to yourself "what the fuck, this Worbon asshole has lost it" and while that may be true it doesn't change the fact that *Victor's* is topping my list of cheap eats right now. It's a little confusing at first, going to a tire shop for food, but it makes sense if you think about it. Nothing is worse than being stuck in a waiting room for two hours at lunch time and trying to fill up on Mike and Ikes or rock-hard Skittles while your car is having its tires rotated and balanced, so why not turn the waiting room into a dining area and add a kitchen? That is exactly what **Victor Galindo** and his wife **Elvia** did a few years back. Since then the shop is probably better known for its eats than its tires. (Although SLUG's own **Adam Dorobiala** informed me

that he got a great deal on some tires there too.) While the café area has its own entrance, it's best to use the main entrance since the service counter also doubles as the ordering station. There is a large menu board above the doorway into the café in both English and Spanish with pictures to help with the ordering process. The seating area is sparse but clean and has a wall-mounted TV that is usually tuned to some Latino soap opera, good entertainment for even the most gringo of us. It's similar to most inexpensive lunch cafes: nothing beyond the necessary and a few plastic plants to spruce the place up. Right by the passageway between the tire shop and restaurant is a small window that looks into the kitchen where the food is handed off when it's ready and where most of the condiments are stored, including some of the best roasted peppers on the planet. The thing I always heard the most about when people would talk about *Victor's*, were the Tamales, and since my first visit I have only ventured away from *Victor's* Special (\$5.50), two tamales with rice and beans, once to try the Sopos (\$4.90) a tasty dish that consisted of beans and salad with your choice of red or green chile and either pork, chicken or beef piled on a circle of fried masa. A buddy of mine swears by the Chile Rellenos (\$5.50 for one or \$8.50 for two) and I have been told that the Burritos (\$5.50) and the Quesadillas (\$5.50) are also great. With a shit-ton of other traditional Mexican options to choose from, ranging from



Photo: Dave DeAustin

Tacos to Flautas, why do I always order the Tamales? It's because they are nothing short of amazing! There are more varieties to choose from than I have had a chance to try, including beef or pork with your choice of red or green chile, chicken with red or green chile or mole, cheese, as well as a handful of fruit tamales. These are the kind of Tamales that are rarely found outside of Mexico, or maybe Southern California, served still steaming and fresh from their corn husks, with a soft but firm crust of masa, rich and bursting with the flavor of the corn from which it's made, and filled with only the most tender of meats. If you only want the Tamales sans rice and beans you can order them individually (\$1.25 ea) or by the dozen to go (\$12.00). For those of you who might need help reheating them at home, the best method is to steam them using either a steaming rack and pan or by bending a wire coat hanger into the bottom of a stock pot. Just leave them in their husk resting on the rack and simmer water until they are heated clear through. Easy enough for the most stoned of occasions, yet tasty enough to serve to company. One warning about the tamales is that the selection can get a bit slim by the end of the day, so it is probably best as a lunch option. Don't worry all you nine-to-fivers with jobs too far away, they are open on the weekends too.



Photo: Dave DeAustin

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SLUG mag is gay

Cold and rain can't drown SLUG's gay pride! SLUG staff and supporters had a great time preparing and successfully float-ating at this year's pride parade. Festivities began with the float decorating party hosted at **Princess Kennedy's** residence, where SLUG celebrated and decorated while rocking out to a performance by the **Fucktards**.

Though the weather was merciless, nothing could stop SLUG from bringing energy and good times to the parade. **Muscle Hawk** gave a stellar performance through the wet, providing live music, while SLUG staff and friends, including members of the **SLC Bike Collective**, braved the slick road on bikes around the float. Gift bags were handed to the crowd, loaded with cool items from SLUG advertisers *Meditrina*, *Sam Weller's*, *Planned Parenthood* and *KRCL*. **Dave Brewer** and **Dave Newkirk** photographed the wet debacle, returning some amazing photos. Due to all of the support and energy by participants, SLUG placed third in the Corporate Float Category! We'd like to thank everyone who helped us make this year's parade a success. SLUG is loud and proud—and wet!

photography: Dave Newkirk





Mormon Weddings

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

Have you ever been to a Mormon wedding? Gosh, I sure have. Lots of them, because I come from a big, darn Mormon family. As a tribute to them, I will only use Mormon swears in this article. Mormon curse words work just like normal swears (which is why I think it's funny they don't actually swear), but they are approved by the Motion Picture Movie Association to not turn a PG into a PG-13.

Mormon swears are frick, heck, gosh, darn and shoot. There are other actual swear words that I was unable to find the Mormon translation for, such as the big "C" word and the "A" word that means donkey. As soon as the Mormons can dig up the Leahona, that supposedly translated Book of Mormon (which is the foundation of their religion but they somehow can't seem to find it), I'll see if I can borrow that thing to get the new Mormon swear words.

I don't know if Latter-day Saints join the navy, but gosh that sure as heck would be frickin' darn funny. Sailors swear up a storm.

Anyway, I had to go to another Mormon wedding this week. I was so darn happy for my little stepbrother, but bored as frick. I'm not blaming him though. Actually, let me rephrase this. I didn't go to the Mormon wedding. I'm not allowed in the temple. I went to the Mormon reception.

While the Mormons are allowed in the temple to get sealed for all time and eternity, I have to wait for what feels like an eternity in the temple lobby on babysitting duty, fielding questions from my nieces and nephews about why I can't go to see whomever it is getting married. I usually just tell them it's because I forgot to get a haircut. It's a lot easier to use my poor grooming as an excuse than explain to a seven-year-old that there is no God.

After waiting in the lobby for a while, I get to wait outside the temple gates with frickin' cameras held by annoying, fat, hired photographers telling me to smile like heck and where to stand while some darn family photos are flashed. Actually, for my stepbrother's wedding, I skipped the temple part and went straight to the luncheon. And shoot, I also didn't get him a gosh-darn gift. I have a new policy with every wedding I go to now, Mormon or fun, where I give gifts to my friends when they get divorced and not when they get married. I figure you are in much more need of a gift when your better half is trying to take away most of your darn stuff. A present when you're sad means a heck of a lot more than a present when you're already frickin' happy.

During the luncheon, where I had undercooked salmon provided by the bride's dad (thanks!), there were some nice toasts by certain family members while holding up Mormon champagne, which is commonly known as punch. There was also a slide show, which I couldn't see from where I was sitting, but guessing by the music all the photos where gosh darn cute.

Guess how long that took. Gosh, it took almost as long as Mormons get married for: time and all eternity. At least that was what it sure as heck felt like. Then, after the three-hour luncheon, we were instructed to be in Bountiful for the reception in about an hour, for more photographs. Oh fiddlesticks! Just enough time for me to stop at my apartment and smoke a cigarette and shotgun a Natty Light out of my boob-shaped beer bong I was supposed to review last month.

Any time I'm around Mormons for a while, I always feel the need to wash the wholesomeness off by breaking the Word of Wisdom as fast as I can. It sure as heck feels gosh-darn frickin' good to even my morals out that way.

The reception is the worst part of the whole Mormon wedding process. I am astounded at how darn un-fun these things are. Even the people getting married hate them. If you've never been to one, let me explain.

The bride, groom and their parents have to stand in one place in a ballroom of sorts. They don't get to dance. They don't get to eat the terrible eclaires and little ham sandwiches. They don't get to drink the Mormon champagne that flows like pristine mountain waterfalls throughout the dance floor that no one dances on. They just stand there.

Oh yeah, before I forget, I don't think I've ever seen anyone dance at a Mormon wedding. And although I don't like to shake my moneymaker very often, I honestly thought it was weird when I went to my first non-Mormon wedding and people were drunk and actually having fun. Weird!

While the bride, groom, and bride's and groom's parents stand there, a massive line is formed. Everyone who is invited to the wedding is obligated to stand in said line. It is a frickin' slow line, too. And you get to shake the hands of the bride's and groom's parents, and the bride might hug you. My stepbrother's bride didn't hug me. I think I scared her, but we've only met twice so I don't blame her. I hate hugs too.

As soon as the heck of a line dies down, the Mormon bride and groom can finally enjoy their wedding night in peace. I have no idea what happens to Mormon newlyweds on

their wedding night, and given our sex education, or lack thereof, in Utah's public school system, I doubt they do either.

Maybe the reason I don't believe in marriage is because I've been to too many of these gosh-darn frickin' Mormon weddings. I don't need the government to tell me I'm in love, although I wouldn't mind the tax break.

My oldest sister recently did the smart thing. She got married and didn't really invite anyone from the family to attend the wedding or ceremony. I've never properly thanked her for sparing me from another boring wedding. So, thanks Becky!

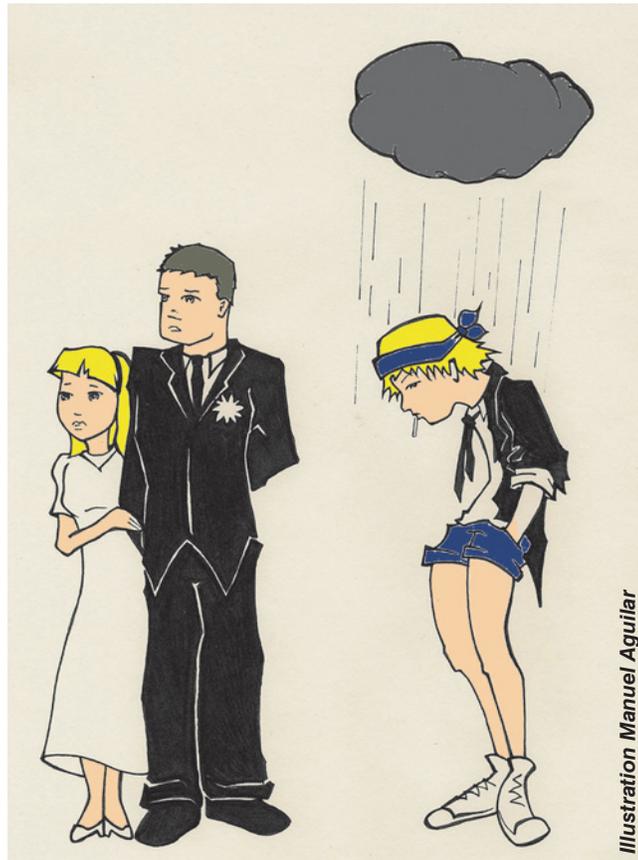


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Maximum Volume Yields Maximum Results: Feedback from

SUNN O)))

By Gavin Hoffman reignforever666@gmail.com

Greg Anderson, one half of drone behemoth **SUNN O)))**, calls Los Angeles home. The other half of the duo, **Stephen O'Malley**, currently resides in Paris, France—a decidedly more romantic city than Los Angeles. Considering the physical distance between the two, as well as their inconceivable number of side-projects, they somehow found time over the last two years to record and release a musical Kilimanjaro. *Monoliths & Dimensions* was released this past May on **Southern Lord**, the label run by Anderson.

"One thing I've noticed from doing interviews is that Greg and I both have pretty different memories and experiences [when] remembering how the record was made," O'Malley says referring to *Monoliths & Dimensions*. "That, in itself, says something to the somewhat abstract nature of the music and the interpretational side of things." It is an absolutely amazing release, and the two-plus years of work spent on it by the duo (and their cohorts) is apparent. However, it could be easily dismissed by the casual, or uninformed, listener as simply "SUNN O))) with an orchestra," but it is so much more than that. As with most other SUNN O))) releases, what initially sounds like a simple wall of noise becomes more interesting and challenging with each subsequent spin of the turntable.

O'Malley and Anderson have been releasing



Photo: Jan Kristensen

Greg Anderson (L) and Stephen O'Malley (R) of SUNN O)))

speaker-destroying albums under the SUNN O))) moniker since the late 1990s, and have no

fewer than 20 splits, full-lengths, collaborations and EPs to show for their efforts. While they never seem to stray much from the core idea—two guys with a shitload of guitar equipment playing as loud as possible and unleashing the most ungodly feedback known to humankind—they also never really seem to repeat themselves. They have experimented with rock, black metal, ambient and have even flirted with electronic music, but when one listens to any SUNN O))) release, one can automatically realize

exactly what band it is they are hearing. "A lot of people thought, when we did the *Altar* release with **Boris**, that SUNN O))) had finally become 'listenable,' which really isn't the case," says Anderson. "*Monoliths & Dimensions* is simply an extension of the focus of what has always been present to us on everything we've ever done." The album is, to your humble narrator, the most easily digestible SUNN O))) release to date, but that shouldn't be misunderstood, as it is not "digestible" in the way one would expect. It is an absolute rollercoaster ride of a release, beginning with mountain-crushing guitar tone, and ending with a simply beautiful horn-and-harp arrangement, and is meant to be listened to in sequence, from beginning to end, allowing—no, forcing—the listener to rise with the tide and finally relax once it rolls back.

"The decision to work with acoustic

ensembles and an arranger came from an idea about being able to expand on sounds we were already hearing through guitar tones and distortion as opposed to being a grandiose idea of adding excess instrumentation for

adding excess instrumentation's sake," says O'Malley. "We found ourselves in [the] position of having the means and the resources to elaborate on the ideas we've had all along," says O'Malley with a conviction that immediately puts to rest any thought of *Monoliths & Dimensions* being for SUNN O))) what *S&M* was for **Metallica**. In other words, it's easy to tell that he's not bullshitting about the band's reasoning behind using orchestration, a choir and an arranger on the record, in addition to help from the band's semi-usual, and even unusual, individual collaborators.

Over the years, SUNN O))) developed somewhat of a habit of collaborating with people such as **Earth's Dylan Carlson** (who is indirectly responsible for the band's moniker), **Attila Csihar** (best known for his work in Norway's black metal legends **Mayhem**) and Australia's **Oren Ambarchi** on the last several releases, but *Monoliths & Dimensions* ups the ante by adding people such as **Julian Priest** (who worked with **Sun Ra** in the 1950s and has worked with **Herbie Hancock** and **John Coltrane**), **Stuart Dempster** and vocalist **Jessika Kenney**. It's rounded out by an upright bass trio, French and English horns, a harp and flute duo, piano, brass, reed, and string ensembles and a full women's choir. "The ambition behind SUNN O))) has always been to do what we want, without expectation.

Ten years ago, I would have never expected that one day I would be featuring these types of individuals on a record I made," says O'Malley. "It's not like we had a wish list with Julian Priest on it—he was simply available as a studio musician. The same thing happened with Stuart Dempster. The arranger we worked with had already worked with these people, and to have them on this record is extremely humbling and killer," says O'Malley.

"I think that most metal bands that end up working with their neighborhood symphony have a tendency to come across as tacked-on and, well, tacky," says Anderson. "I can appreciate some of what those bands are trying to do, but that's one of the pitfalls

we were extremely careful to avoid." Knowing that a great deal of bands have, in the past, trodden this very path—bands who in all actuality are in the twilight of their careers and are attempting to "reinvent" themselves by adding a symphony to songs from their glory years—I'm always extremely wary of things like this from the listener's

point of view. "We wanted to expand our sound tastefully, rather than put out a 'SUNN O))) - jamming-with-an-orchestra' record," says Anderson. Mr. Anderson, you have succeeded mightily.

"There are no musical boundaries," according to O'Malley. "A lot of the most interesting music develops out of fusion between musical genres. Music becomes more rich and alive through fusion—this is what we've done with *Monoliths & Dimensions*, and with SUNN O))) as a band."

"What we're doing is the same thing that Dylan Carlson did. His interests were **La Monte Young** and fucking **Slayer**, and he fused them together and made **Earth**," he says, "All we've done is fuse music we're interested in, and we've come up with SUNN O))). There's probably a 16-year-old kid out there who's been influenced by us, and is now fusing that influence with electronic music or world music or something and is making something brilliant."

While some people might not find *Monoliths & Dimensions* as intriguing as I do, it's the perfect gateway drug for folks who are curious about SUNN O)))'s patented form of drone, but who have yet to allow themselves to experience it firsthand. It is also interesting (and just plain weird) enough to keep the group's long-time followers glued to their stereo speakers ... even if it doesn't immediately blow them completely away. SUNN O))) has already begun booking dates for both a U.S. and European tour, with Salt Lake City's own **Eagle Twin** serving as an opening act. The Southern Lord labelmates will perform in Salt Lake City at *The Avalon* on Friday, Aug. 14. Erring on the side of caution, listening to *Monoliths & Dimensions* is easily enough to whet the appetite of those individuals who salivate

at the thought of seeing the band perform live, and in this case, maximum volume most certainly does yield maximum results.



Photo: Allen Davison



House shows are the best way to see live music. Sweaty musicians, and a sweaty crowd come together on a person-to-person basis instead of king-to-peasant basis. In Provo, UT behind the tucked away door of #166 lies the *Compound*—part time illegitimate venue and current residence of **Joey Mayes**. The large living room walls are lined with comfy couches worn to perfection, a record player blasts grungy rock n’ roll and a large slobbering dog named **Ned** greets everyone who enters. The most memorable piece of art is a dartboard hanging on the wall



with “If you hit the wall you have to take your clothes off,” written above it. The bands set up in the tiled area, which serves more as a stage than a functional kitchen. By the end of the night if your leg isn’t covered in dog spit, and your face in sweat you must be doing it wrong.

31-year-old Mayes grew up in Memphis, Tenn., and moved to Provo for school in 2001. Mayes stumbled upon what would eventually become *Compound* in 2006. “I walked in

the door to the big open space, and I took it,” says Mayes.

Photo: Joey Mayes



Illustration: Rickey Vigili

The shows are normally scheduled to start at eight, and end around 11 p.m. With apartment buildings and other residents close enough to share tin can telephone secrets, Mayes says, "The police have shown up twice in the nearly three years we've done it. We try to keep it pretty happy for most of the neighbors. We've been pretty lucky."

The majority of the touring bands Mayes hosts at *Compound* are on **Goner Records**. "Anytime I see a band coming west I see if they want to play a house show." Some bands that have visited in the past three years are **Nobunny**, **Box Elders**, **Brimstone Howl**, **Vivian Girls**, **The Dutchess and the Duke**, **Fallout** and **Vancouver**. Mayes, who plays in **The Broken Spells** and **Burnt Reynolds & His Hot Bones**, generally opens the shows. "I get to play with a lot of my favorite bands. It's pretty self-motivated sometimes, but at the same time a lot of kids don't get exposed to that side of underground rock. It's pretty under the radar with media coverage," Mayes says. The best way to find out about upcoming shows is to watch *Compound's* Facebook page.

"The shows are sporadic. Sometimes I know a month in advance, [sometimes] only a week if the band wants to play." Shows

featuring touring bands are normally three dollars and local shows are free. "I wish I could get all my favorite bands to come play, but it's not always feasible for bands to play at a house where they're going to make maybe twenty bucks," Mayes says.

Although Mayes enjoys hosting house shows, he doesn't intend to open a venue in Provo or Salt Lake. "It seems that the music I like to book and see, no one's really into, so it would be kind of futile," he says. "The garage punk bands can come here, play and have a good time. Usually the bands stay the night and they sleep on mattresses we have or the couches. Sometimes they stay a day or two depending on their schedules."

Although the crowd is small and mostly composed of friends, newcomers are always welcome. "I've heard a lot of people say they didn't come because they weren't invited," says Mayes. "Why the fuck do you ever have to be invited to go to a show? If you want to see a band go to the show."

So get off your ass, keep yourself updated and remember: You're always invited, so no excuses are necessary.



SKATEPARK ETIQUETTE

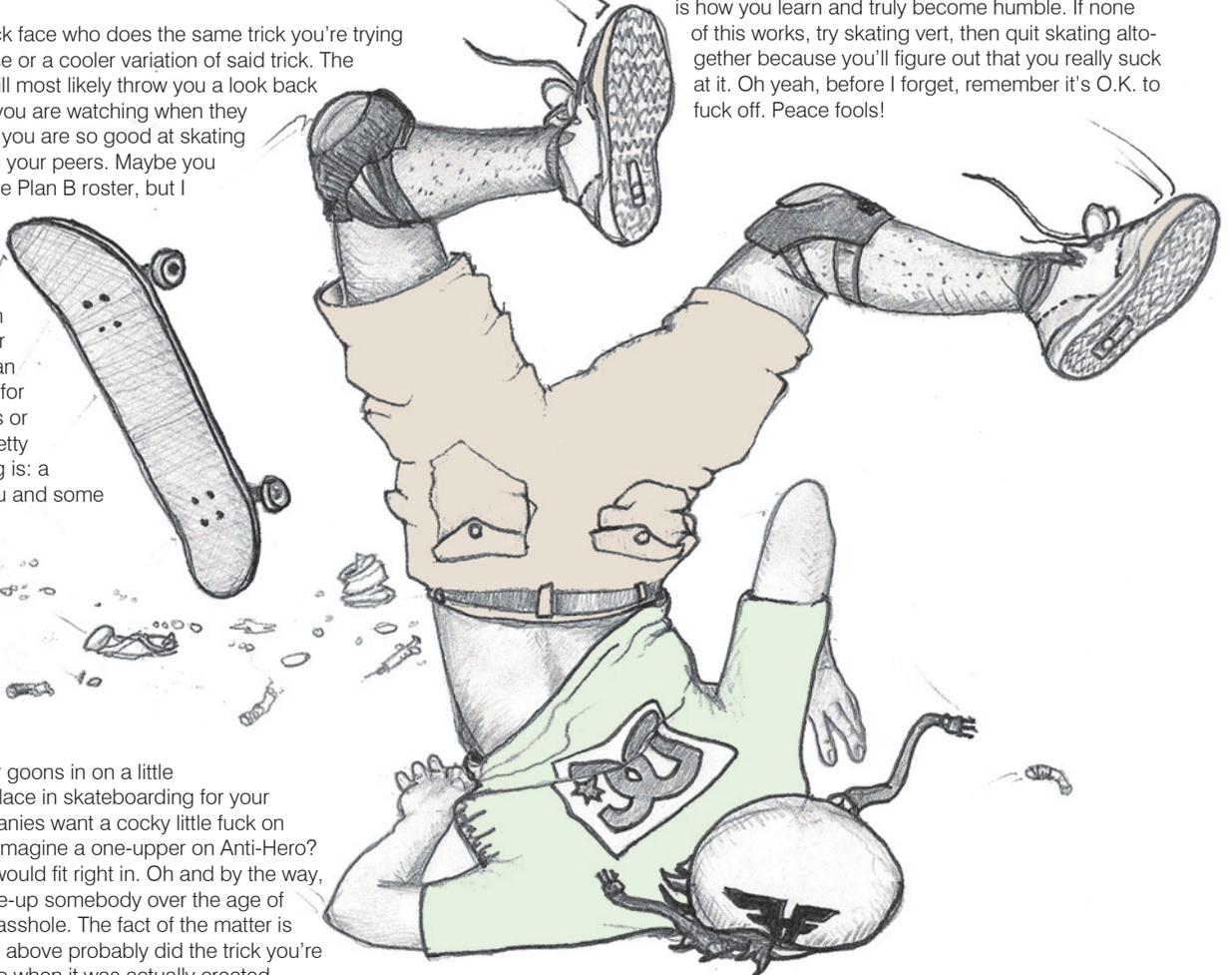
WORDS BY: DAVE AMADOR
PETERPANHANDLER@SLUGMAG.COM

I thought I was running out of shit to write about for this column, but then I went to Fairmont and realized I just have to take a look around to see what's really pissing me off these days. This month the one-upper shit bags are going down. If you don't know what a one-upper is, you're probably better off. If you are a one-upper, read closely and then go kill yourself.

A one-upper is a fuck face who does the same trick you're trying to do either with ease or a cooler variation of said trick. The typical one-upper will most likely throw you a look back stare or make sure you are watching when they do their shit. Sweet, you are so good at skating you're now mocking your peers. Maybe you can get a spot on the Plan B roster, but I seriously doubt it. I mean, who can one-up those son of a guns? There is pretty much nothing more jocular in skateboarding than one-upping, except for maybe the X Games or Dew Tour. That's pretty much all one-upping is: a contest between you and some innocent bystander.

Well I'm about to let you one-upper goons in on a little secret: there is no place in skateboarding for your sorry ass. No companies want a cocky little fuck on their team. Can you imagine a one-upper on Anti-Hero? Yeah, I'm sure you would fit right in. Oh and by the way, if you're trying to one-up somebody over the age of 25, blow it out your asshole. The fact of the matter is anybody that age or above probably did the trick you're doing a decade ago when it was actually created.

No need to worry my little one-upper buddies, there is still hope for you. You can start by changing your whole attitude. Skating is fun and not a contest (except with yourself). Another good thing would be to try and go out and actually make friends with somebody because everyone knows one-uppers don't have any friends. Go skating with others that are above your level of excellence. This is how you learn and truly become humble. If none of this works, try skating vert, then quit skating altogether because you'll figure out that you really suck at it. Oh yeah, before I forget, remember it's O.K. to fuck off. Peace fools!



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Dabbling In Psychedelia: Vision Quest in God's Country

By Tully Flynn
paulmillsap@yahoo.com

photography by: Robert Jerel Matthews

INTRO.

I am he who is feared. I am the one they call the beast. I am a prophet. I am the purveyor of perversity. As clear as the horizon at dusk, as loaded as your papa's pistol. I have come for your sins, you suffering masses. Follow me into the

abyss. Dance with me in a moonlit twilight. Burn your boot maker's clock. Prepare for reckless abandon in route for redemption. I am the pied piper of souls seeking freedom from the known, and searching for truth amongst the trivial tabloids. With the end of an epoch close at hand, I chose a few of my favorite magicians to accompany me on a most grand journey into the fabled land of "Provo."

PART 1

Liberty Park is a meeting spot of kings. Current **Sexy in Salt Lake** winner **Chris "Swangst"** was the first dog chillin', mixin' it up with the "hottie boobalotties" walkin' by. It was rad everyone showed up solo, literally one by one, solidifying the fact that I had assembled a good crew of lone entities of self-propelled destruction. The wolf pack was manifest in us menaces of rolling thunder. The sound of a crew rolling across the land is soulful insanity. The crew that needs no introduction went as follows: **Jared "Snug Life" Smith** riding a whale of a board, probably a 9.18 total slash madness board I am completely envious of ("it don't matter"). **Mike "Murder" Murdock** comin' correct with hat and cutoffs ("consider it perverted") Mike's my man. **Adam**

"Dorby" Dorobiala, constantly flowing mental energy ("I just chewed on it then spit it out").

Dirk "Calloway" Hogasm ("comedy's too easy") cheery, lanky and funny. Smith's so sick on the wave bar ("it's like plaque on yer teeth, only on yer dick"). **Dave Law**, I just met this guy. He had a cut on his heel as a result of karma. He couldn't skate much, but kept that god damned VX 2012 rolling the entire time. **Sam Milianta**, a photo head, laid back traveler. No quote, but I did hear him coin the term "shmegmatic" if my ears don't deceive me. Finally, son of Provo himself, **Stuart Callis** ("don't incriminate me"). Stew's the most underrated ripper around, a true guru in the realm of skate kung fu artistry.

The trip began, not before stopping at a local beer vendor for a couple cases of Mexican corn beer. "You just sweat that Mexi beer right out," Snug Life said. God's country is dry on Sundays. Back to the river of pavement, at a cruising speed of 75 in a VW Rabbit, we sailed past meaningless billboards, businesses, and subdivisions. I began to feel this relative reality slip away, along with time, fear, responsibilities, ownership and everything else that keeps our people weak. Slipping from man-made delusion is key before eating psychedelics. Otherwise, holding the façade will lead to paranoia and confusion. The Orem Ledge Utopia is still a perfect spot. Dark clouds mixed with sun and a gentle breeze swept the air as a pow-wow ensued

"... I began to feel this relative reality slip away, along with time, fear, responsibilities, ownership and everything else that keeps our people weak ..."



"... Pitched to flat ..."

"The crew that needs no introduction went as follows: Jared "Snug Life" Smith ... Mike "Murder" Murdock ... Adam "Dorby" Dorobiala ... Dirk "Calloway" Hogasm ... Dave Law ... Sam Milianta ... Son of Provo himself, Stuart Callis ..."



... not so sexy in Provo ...



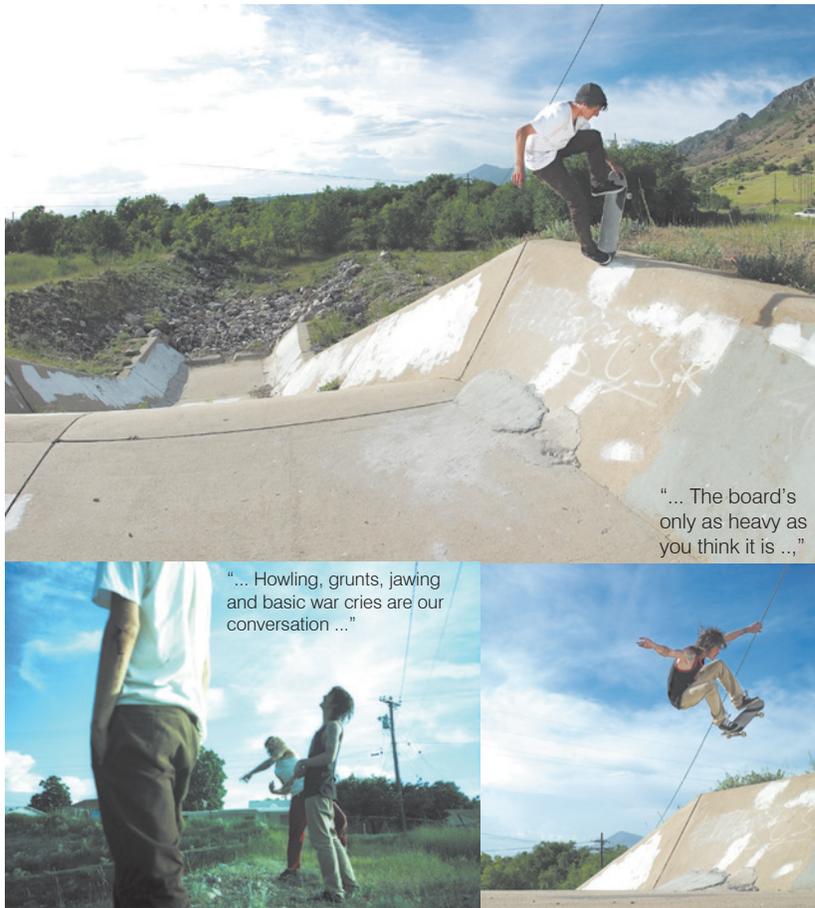
"... You just think of a trick and you can do it ..."

on the grass in cross-legged style. The bag was passed to unnamed participants in psychedelic experimentation. The fungus fumigated our souls' lost byways, breathing life into all bitter cavities. The day's awakening began and the chant "mushroom power" beckoned Oremians from their drollery. Murder was back blunting the elevator ledge skyward, and popping out in laxity. Stew locked in effortless tail slides on the buttered concrete. With southern winds strengthening at our backs, session energies shifted and uncontrollable bursts of energy set the tone for a 90s style barrel jump. "The board's only as heavy as you think it is," I confirmed with a nollie blast over said obstacle. Stew heel flipped it goofy and regs, Swangst and Murder bonked, Snug Life flipped, sweat dripped and we were on the road again. On the way to the car I was shredding the sidewalk to the point of losing all control and faced the first "pitch to flat" of the day. Knee, elbow, and shoulder were a bloody mess. Skating is a primal passion of men. Howling, grunts, jawing and basic war cries are our conversation. Jokes, taunts, and jeers replace words to describe the unexplainable. We waste no energy on complicated communication. This style of behavior continues as we cram into the Rabbit, and roll out again.

PART 2

The sublime deadness that Provo has to offer on the day of our Lord is surreal. We reveled in the conquest of skaters. (Ledge Utopia was knobbed at one point.) Try as they might to keep us down, we will de-knob, destroy, de-throne, and live to skate another spot. We drove east toward flat-top mountains, visions of a world gone mad came in through the windows and unfiltered brain passageways. Main Street in Orem is dubbed one of the ugliest roads in America. It was a joy to behold with such clarity and disgust, as the exhaust of heathens filled our lungs. Surreal beauty returned as we climbed into the green suburban backroads of Provo. We entered a grocery store parking lot and my breath was taken away. This was the spot of my wet dreams. A picturesque asphalt wave with weathered to perfection coping bar running the length of it. Pupils dilated in wide-eyed delirium, the wolf pack was released on the black landscape. An elderly chudd had to wipe the disbelief off his warted face while watching such a brood attack his quiet hood. Meanwhile, hospitality was a plenty in Provo, Stew's buddy Skylar was there sweepin' up the pebbles for us, primed, pimped and ready for carnage. Hogasm christened the sesh with a second try smith on the wave bar. Snug Life front board pop backed into the bank right off the bat and energy was surging. I back

"... The day's awakening began and the chant "mushroom power" beckoned Oremians from their drollery ..."



"... The board's only as heavy as you think it is ..."

"... Howling, grunts, jawing and basic war cries are our conversation ..."

180s over in and down. Snug Life back tailed the rail on his pirate plank, and Stew shut the session down with a high speed crook fakie capped with a fuckin' flawless half cab flip on flat while haulin' ass on the good earth. "You just think of a trick and you can do it," Stew was feelin' the flippity. It was all mind over matter at this point.

PART 3

We rolled east again, up to the foot of the mountain. A place we could pop more caps and peak in peace. Swangst fresh out of the car, drops in on the ditch we're about to scalp, instant "pitch to flat," "not so sexy in Provo," Snug Life said. The spot was as follows: rugged steep banks with minimal cheese wedge tranny installed by locals. I, along with other overheated cohorts, chose to sit this one out in the shady crevice at flat bottom. The clouds began to form into Hindu goddesses as the moon slumbered in the blue sky. At times I would look up at the magician set to drop in above me, physical body silhouetted against crystallizing clouds. I saw a drive and passion not easily recognized. We watched in splendor as our friends demonstrated the art of illusion on this impossibly difficult skate spot. Stew set the mood with an eastern style kickflip. Snug Life was crailing the lip and tempting gravity with ollies and late shuvs above the rim. However, he and Stew got another taste of the cold concrete at a true place of the menacing

"pitch to flat." Dorby honed his craft with abstraction as he 360'd and shuvited any way he willed. Murder stomped a f/s flip, as Hogasm chose to ollie in. The good times ended and skateboarding evolved into stone throwing. I won't go into details, but there is definitely unchecked aggression amongst us. Needless to say, it was a squeelin' rubber exit.

FINALE

The sun sank into the horizon while we sat on railroad tracks above the rushing Provo river. "I haven't had that much fun since I was 14," Snug Life said. "Not until you become as children can you enter the kingdom of heaven," Jesus Christ said. It's funny how a fungus that grows in cow shit is the quickest way to enlightenment. We are devils. I am the Antichrist in eyes of modern men, yet we spent the day in heaven—a dimension that is feared and sheltered away. A place that is pure and perfect in every way. Thank you my brothers for walking into the fire with me, we are stronger now. Goodnight.

"... Try as they might to keep us down, we will de-knob, destroy, de-throne, and live to skate ..."

50'd it while Murder was back smithin' and front 50-50 chink chinkin' over the knuckle. I love spots you gotta push like a mother fucker into. Sit back, wait for the energy to peak, throw down, get your tunnel vision going and all that matters is the rush you get while rolling away. Snug Life front blunted in, and Hogasm got "pitched to flat" trying a front feeble, bloody finger tips duct taped back together. Shortly after Murder fell victim to the third "pitch to flat" of the day. "It's all happening right now," that's the wake up call of a good bell ringing. Dorby was drifting in and out of my consciousness as he was throwin' hippity hop



"... all that matters is the rush you get while rolling away ..."

KICK FLIP THE ECONOMY



Wet, Cold, American Skate Comp Round one of the SOD contest series

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

Summer arrived on June 21, and you all know what that means: hot weather, BBQ's, and **SLUG's Summer of Death** contest series. Unfortunately, Mother Nature has been screwing with Utah for the past few weeks so why would Saturday be any different? After patiently waiting for the clouds to part, the remaining puddles were swept aside and the pavement started to dry. Practice began and the contest was a go. Sure enough, within ten minutes Nature delivered a swift kick to our collective groins and unleashed a torrential downpour. However, this didn't seem to bother a few skaters. Soon more and more competitors ventured out into the rain. So in true **SLUG** fashion, the contest was on.

The young bucks took to the course first. The rain made for some super sketchy conditions but that didn't deter **Powerbank** and **Chandler** from hitting the Subaru roof box with back to back 5-0's. This seemed to incite an onslaught by the rest of the competitive field. In the end, it was **Tyson** walking away with a hundred bucks, silk screening kit, and tons of other cool shit. "Little Big Man" **Daniel Roman** took second despite being told repeatedly to stop poaching the kids division (turns out he was indeed in the right division, you'll appreciate that when you're older). Last but not least, walking away with the coveted loser of the winner's spot was **Patrick Brewer** (since I don't have a clever pun of your name I had to poke fun at the third place spot).

The rain started up heavy again as the old guys took the stage. It was pretty crazy how the wet conditions didn't seem to stop the skaters from opening up their bags of tricks. Despite a wet launch, **Hobush** popped up to the hood for a frontside nosegrind. **Chase**, better known as Bloodface to the judges, caught one to the eyebrow launching the car to flat. On the other side of the course, **Kevin**, **B-Rod**, and **Andy**



"The Dagger" Leyba destroyed the three step quarterpipe feature. After **K-fed** (third) landed some sort of back 50-50 body variable nose slide shuv-it, **B-Rod** threw down not only a smith grind kickflip, but also a smith front big spin out (for which he was awarded best trick). Not to be outdone, The Dagger (second), a crowd favorite, out of nowhere stomps a back 50-50 fingerflip out (see those gloves did play a vital role after all). However, it was **Matty Mo** (first) who stole the show as he straight up killed everything in sight and walked away with the title.

Thanks to all the sponsors for making it happen: **Natty Light** for giving us that extra boost, **Este** for warming our bellies, **Circa** for bringing two tents to keep us dry, **FuelTV**, **Xmission**, **Blindside**, **Krew**, **Board Bunnies** for letting us use their trailer, **Lenitech**, **MiloSport**, **DankSquad**, **Burt's Tiki Lounge** (thanks for the drinks **Shannon**, and despite your complaints I tipped you all day), **Rockwell**, **Salty Peaks**, **Odeous**, **Board of Provo**, **Autumn Garage**, **Fourth Street Music**, **Sponsor Me**, **Sevenfold**, **Boro Syndicate**, **Fresh**, **Typical Culture**, **Fiber Skateboards** and Mother Nature for providing unusual conditions and all the skaters who risked life, limb and boards to provide us with one of the most entertaining contests I've witnessed in a long time.



Give credit where credit is due. Andy Leyba rode the bus to the comp, landed some gnarly tricks including a 50-50 lipslide across the rainbow rail, clenched second place winning a suitcase full of goodies and left with a massive smile on his face. Somehow after all his shredding, this art-fag photo to the left was the only one that got turned in. All I have to say is Andy fucking shreds and I hope to see him and those funky hammer pants killing it in our next comp. This kid is an original ripper.



Under 17

1. Tyson Bower(Power)bank
2. Daniel 'Little Big Man' Roman
3. Patrick Brewer

Dirty Old Men

1. Matty 'Mo' Fisher
2. Andy 'The Dagger' Leyba
3. Kevin 'K-Fed' Fedderson

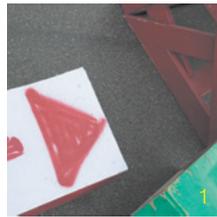
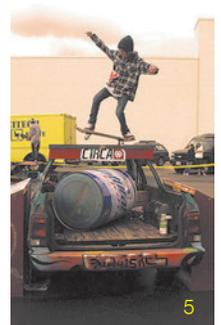
Best Trick

Brodie 'B-Rod' Penrod

Best Slam

Chase 'Bloodface' Strikwerda





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PABLO GONZALEZ

ON POINT

Sam Milianta Photo

Words By: Tyson Cantrell
can9857@hotmail.com
Photos By: Jay Cooper
cooperjay31@yahoo.com

Pablo Gonzales is from St. George, the opening portal from Arizona and Nevada into the land known as Utah. It's a border town with a knack for shitty asphalt, curbs in front of gaps, and "almost a spot" parking spots. After a two hourish ride from Vegas, you get crapped out of Arizona via "The Gorge" and there sits St. George before you like a big cheesy greeting card, gleaming in the southern sun. Venture further into town and you'll come across a flamboyantly colored fun center, but more important is what sits next door: the St. George skatepark. Home to some major kookery for sure (we're not mental or anything so don't be afraid), this is where I first met Pablo some seven years ago. Since then, I've seen him grow from a roast-beef-grabbing jumping bean into a fully sprouted hubba back-lippin' carnage asada burrito. Seriously, all racial jokes aside, Pablo kills it.



Late night 50-50 with the crew.



Sam Milianta claims this park to be his "turf" but that didn't stop Pablo from landing this gap to nosegrind to clinch best trick in a local comp.



Don't be fooled by this view, this bank is steeper than you think, Pablo with a quick flip into it while **Dave Law** films it with the fisheye.

During the course of trying to get photos for this, our crew headed down to Vegas twice. The first time was a passionate, yet idiotic attempt to bluff out the rain and put the phrase, "It'll be dry in an hour" to the test. That trip resulted in a swampy indoor park session with two lines in the whole place and 80 kids slamming heads midair. The second trip was picture perfect besides the fact that Pablo left his board back at home in Utah. Luckily for us though, Pablo's woman brought it to him that night or shit would have hit the fan. Pablo gets hyped on all sorts of shit, and will usually pull through with a trick at any given spot, even if it means getting broken in half. Even just sitting in the background daydreaming about those **RDS** lifestyle photo-shoots because he forgot his board, Pablo will look good doing it.



Straight carnage on this beefy back lip.

PRODUCT REVIEWS



Tarantula Trucks
Tarantula Trucks
Tarantulatrucks.com

A while back, a friend and I were involved in a conversation trying to explain how there are skateboarders and then there are longboarders, the two are not mutually inclusive. Having a pair of Tarantula Trucks around would have helped illustrate our point. Upon looking at them, most skateboarders would wonder why one would want to mount their trucks on top of their deck. Conversely, many longboarders would see a board lower to the ground with wider wheel spacing and the possibility of a more stable board. Since I'm not a longboarder, I mounted these on the longest deck I had laying around (Black Label **Chet Childress**) and slapped on some wheels off a cruiser/filmer board. They do have a noticeably more carvey feel than a traditional truck and with wheels now 10 inches apart, one can see how it would feel stable—albeit at the price of making your board look like a Cootie™ (it's a kids game, look it up). I did have an issue, however, with my wheels rubbing on sides of the trucks. It turns out you have to designate either center core or offset wheels when ordering. At \$115/set, it would be nice if they came with a spacer set instead of offering freedom of choice in wheels. Speaking of choice, Tarantula's are one of those products you'll know just by looking at them whether or not they are for you.
—Baade



Fiber Skateboarding
Modern Hex Deck
Fiberskateboarding.com

I find it interesting that I'm reviewing a skateboard, mainly because until recently, I hadn't skated in close to a decade. Be that as it may, the Fiber deck provided to me is not only a hell of a lot of fun to skate, but seems to be

built up to standard as well. Granted, this sucker's a little on the beefy side—8.25" x 31.75"—it's perfect for us old "fogies" who simply like to push around and have fun. I've never been one for technical flip tricks, but I can see this deck being a bit of a problem for those who are. Because of its girth, it seems like it would make tech tricks a bit more challenging than a smaller board. All in all, this is a perfect deck for either pools or vert, as opposed to street, but it fits me quite well.
—Gavin Hoffman

Ipopperz
Graffiti Series: "Peace" Earbuds
Konoenterprises.com

A lot of people get stuck only buying what is known to be good and stylish, but the people who try new things (take the less-traveled path) are usually the ones who stumble upon the treasure in the end. These headphones may look cheesy as all hell, but their performance is the cheese, the "big cheese," if you know what I mean. The bass output is enough that even at low volumes you feel in perfect harmony of surround sound for watching your movie while listening to the soundtrack of your life. If you want to share your music with others, which you should, the headphones at full volume through your average iPod are loud enough to cover a well-rounded, acoustically inclined area around your ears. Let's not get bogged down in semantics here, let's just say that if you want some originals you gotta pay to play.
—Adam Dorobiala

In4ma+tion
"Jaime Reyes" guest model Fast Whips deck
In4mants.com

Straight off the boat from Hawaii comes the In4ma+tion Jaime Reyes guest model *Fast Whips* deck. It's not often that a company includes a female skater in their guest line but she's been on the scene there for a good while and is quite the ripper. A little back info: In4ma+tion started off seven years ago as a shop in Hawaii and has grown into a skate and streetwear shop. They added a NYC design studio a couple years back. The *Fast Whips* series features classic hot-rod-style graphics with the Jaime Reyes model adding some googly eyes to a classic car. Who doesn't like googly eyes? As far as the ride, it comes in at 8 inches, a good all around size, has a solid feel and pop with a long scoop nose and a tail that's a little on the flat side. That's all personal preference, so if you like a slightly flatter tail, give it a go. If not, you may want to check out a different deck in the line, but don't slack, they put em' out in limited numbers.
—Baade



Fourth Street Music
RUN SLC T-shirt
249 E. 400 S. SLC, UT

Who runs these streets? **Chase Loter** over at Fourth Street Music, that's who. Chase has taken the classic **RUN DMC** logo and added an SLC twist to it. It's a pure genius idea that has been kept simplistic. The shirts come in black or white, small, medium or large. Bust down to Fourth Street Music on 249 E and 400 S to pick up your own RUN SLC tee along with some classic vinyl records. Just be wary of some bitters: even though Chase has only been printing these shirts for a short time, I've already seen RUN SLC knock-offs popping up in the streets. Patent pending fools. There is only one place to get the legit print.
—Swainston

Stereo Skateboards
A Visual Sound/ Tincan Folklore Boxset
Stereosoundagency.com

Most new videos, it seems, are bogged down with who can one up the next person at the new hot spot. It is refreshing to see films that were shot over 13 years ago that still look like modern day skate films and portray what skateboarding is all about: having fun. The early days in San Francisco, street lines, black and white film stills, shenanigans and true love for the art of skateboarding all shine through the television screen in *A Visual Sound* as well as *Tincan Folklore*. **Jason Lee** and **Chris Pastras** are to thank for paying such wonderful cinematographic attention to details for the success of filmers and videographers of today. You can tell they thought out the videos just like a major motion picture—storyboards, plot development, intros, climaxes, and outros for each person who graced the screen (and their team) for these two skate vids. If you have yet to see these flicks, I highly recommend taking the time to track them down and be amazed at what someone with a little bit of vision, a camera or two and friends willing to help can accomplish

when they unite to give it all they've got. They made the truth of their vision come to light.
—Adam Dorobiala

Odeus Skateboards
Hell Fiberlam Skate Deck
Odeus.com

If it's not broke don't fix it—just make it better. The dudes over at Odeus (**Alex** and **Mitch Lemons**) are working with some new materials to better the traditional seven-ply maple skateboard design. They removed two layers of maple and added a top and bottom sheet of carbon fiber, giving the board a feathery weight of 2.9lbs. The board skates like a gem: the crisp carbon fiber gives it extra pop and it slides a bit quicker than a traditional maple wood board. The only downfall I've noticed is the strength of the nose and tail when it comes to destructive nose dives and head on collisions into walls. Next time you're in the market for a new deck, I highly suggest trying out a fiberlam board. Not only will you be delighted about your new purchase, you will also be supporting a local up-and-coming skate company. Skate down to your local shop and check them out now, or log on to www.odeus.com to order one online.
—Swainston



photo: Baade

photo: Swainston

photo: Swainston

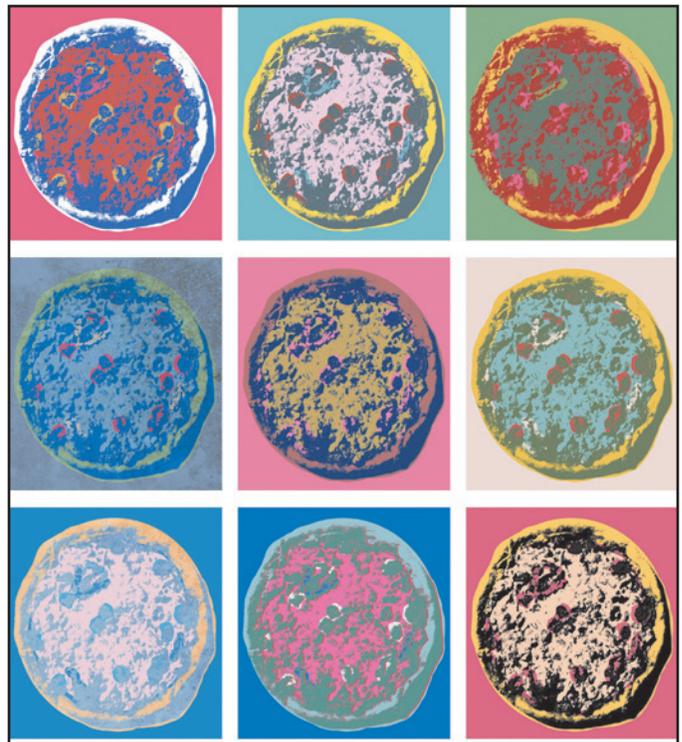


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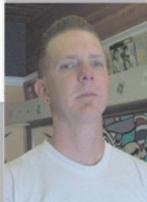
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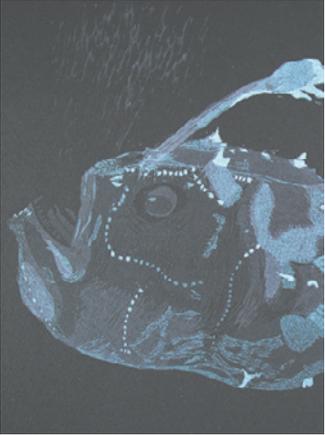
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Gallery stroll



Football Fish by Amber Heaton



Coyote Family by Claire Taylor

by **Mariah Mann Mellus**
Mariah@slugmag.com

Ever wanted to take a step back and see the world through someone else's eyes? The monthly gallery stroll allows one to slow down, change perspectives and connect to the people and things that make up humanity.

Salt Lake Gallery Stroll started over 26 years ago and remains today an institution among artists and art patrons, and as always, takes place on the third Friday of the month. Galleries extend their hours and provide an inviting atmosphere for all who want to attend.

One of the benefits of writing about the local art scene is getting the scoop on emerging artists. This month, the *Kayo Gallery* (177 E. 300 S.) will feature shiny young artists **Claire Taylor, Amber Heaton** and **Dave Habben**. *Kayo Gallery* curator **Shilo Jackson** crafted this show after seeing the artists' work individually, but the genius of the show is that even though they aren't collaborating on the project, an overall theme of self discovery and awareness has surfaced.

Claire Taylor has chosen to explore the patterns and mystique of animal life. Deviating from her printmaking and focusing on her drawings and watercolors allowed her the fluidity needed to illuminate the harmonious, organic, yet instinctual and fundamental, patterns that make up an animal's perception of self and purpose. Her use of white space allows the viewer to contemplate their own sense of patterns and humanity's expectation of man. Are we

following the leader of the pack or forging new trails?

Dave Habben is a full-time freelance illustrator, which can also read: "slave to the man." Not that being an illustrator is bad work, but you are conveying other people's thoughts and images. In this show, Dave gets to delve deep into his own sense of self and purpose. "I'm used to telling other people's stories through visual means and consequently much of my work hasn't reflected much of my own story. With that in mind, I've created a small series of drawings that use visual metaphors to reflect more detailed aspects of my life and mindset. My hope is that people will view something that is seemingly small and simple, and find within it a greater message," said Dave.

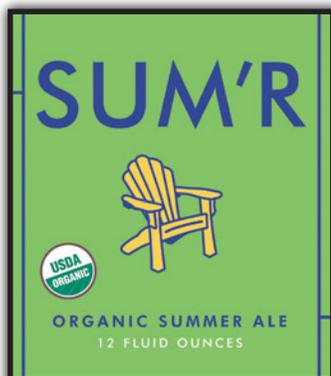
Amber Heaton came on to this project as the installation artist. She is also bringing in a third element—deep-sea life. Through printmaking and wood and paper sculpture, she explores the mystery and alien qualities of the creatures that occupy the deepest, darkest regions of this planet. Adapting her printmaking techniques to begin with the darkest shades, she reminds the viewer of how the creatures themselves have adapted to the deep, dark sea. Though vastly different, many themes of evolution, beauty, survival and purpose connect all of us as citizens of the world.

The show begins July 17, at 6 p.m. during the official Gallery Stroll and will hang through the second week of August. For more information, visit kayogallery.com.

Beer reviews

Light Beers
by Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Beer snobbery be damned! Anyone who claims to be a beer snob because they refuse to drink "light" beer can have a Natty. There is nothing I love more during the blistering Utah summers than a light craft pilsner or a light hybrid of the sorts. Hell, this is Utah after all, and I would not want any other state brewing this sort of beer. While most bitch about the low alcohol content, I sing praises. The true art of a light summer pilsner or light beer is not to "fuck you up," but to cool you off, enjoy as many as possible and then eventually "fuck you up." Our fine brewers of Utah have perfected this craft. So here is a line-up of the newest summer beers to keep you enjoying the summer heat and some light food pairings to bring out the best in them.



Sum'R
Brewer/Brand: Four +
Abv: 4.0%
Price: \$7.99/six pack
Size: 12 oz Bottle

Overview: Out of the bottle, this organic brew is a very light pale straw color that puts off a solid white bubbly head that recedes quickly. The aroma lightly puts off some soft pale malts, grassy hops that almost smell like lemongrass, and some light yeasty notes.

Description: Lemongrass! That is basically my first impression of this beer. When I first heard about this beer all I heard about were these Sorachi Ace hops that would dominate the build of the beer, but I really did not get that pinch I was looking for. However, rumor

has it that the next batch of this will be including a bit more, so keep an eye out. As far as pairing goes with this, I would say that any spicy Asian dish goes well with that lemongrass flavor.

Summer Twilight Kolsch
Brewer/Brand: Wasatch /
Brewers Cooperative ~ Brew-
master Reserve

Abv: 4.0%
Price: \$8.49/six pack
Size: 12 oz Bottle

Overview: This kolsch pours a really light golden color with a soft foamy head that recedes quickly to leave some nice stick around your pint. The aroma is filled with a light amount of lemony citrus and some bread that fits just what any summer beer needs. The taste is really balanced in malt character with a dominating lemon twinge that finishes with a nice carbonated pinch.

Description: This is what I love about Utah: we get beers that other states normally reject because they are so light in style that they assume "just a pilsner will do." I consider this one a win in my book and plan on drinking quite a bit of this all summer long. Because kolsch is a universally light drinking beer, I love to pair this with lighter foods that will help to promote the flavor. In this case, I lean towards a light salad.

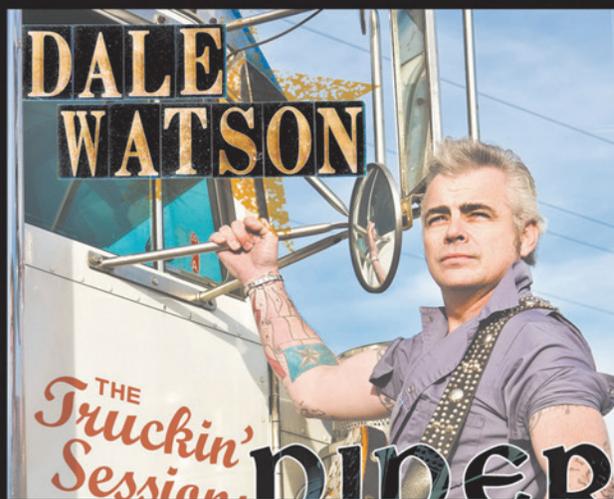
Summer Brau
Brewer/Brand: Wasatch /
Brewers Cooperative

Abv: 5.6%
Price: \$1.34/bottle
Size: 12 oz Bottle

Overview: Summer is a complex gold that has a decent foamy head that opens up to give you the aromas of light malts, grassy and spicy German hops, and a touch of bread. After you dive in, your palate is hit with a sweet malt that is evenly balanced with some grassy hops and a crisp finish.

Description: The best way to describe this is by thinking of Provo Girl at 5.6% with a bit more hop character, almost like a very light pale ale blended with a lager. There is not much more to say about this guy other than it is a no-think-drink and there should be more of them in my fridge, in my flat, and hell, in my hand. I want one. On the pairing note, I have been matching this up with some lighter goat cheeses and light seafood dishes.

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Local reviews

A Balance Of Power

Stomp The Ground

Self-Released

Street: 2.20

A Balance Of Power = Bane + Anthrax + Sevendust



It's always interesting to run into new metal locals in S.L.C. because it's not too often you see metal heads scurry around Utah streets. A Balance of Power is new to me and *Stomp the Ground* is an album with five jams that have a crossover mix of metal. For the most part, it's subtle on the heavy and has moments of thrash. I just kept waiting for it to get heavier and louder and that didn't happen. The songs remind me of the point in time when hardcore bands warmly welcomed metal and a little bit of speed into the mix, but there is nothing notably impressive or epic in this recording. The most memorable track is number five, "Confined," mainly because it sounds a lot like early L.A. hair metal. I like the approach and they seem like some real down dudes, but *Stomp The Ground* is just lacking attack. —Nicole Dumas

Clayton Carr

For the Hopeful and Heartbroken

Fireday Productions (self-released)

Street: 04.20

Clayton Carr = Milosh + top 40

At a dance party comprised of a packed, windowless room of T-Pain fanatics, hair gel and "shawties" all uncontrollably grinding away, this album would probably go over quite well. For most of you who don't get all sweaty and rub up against each other to music that could be considered either "hot" or "steamy," this album probably won't be up your alley. There's plenty of lay-your-woman-down-by-the-fire beats here to accompany vocals that rely heavily on auto-tune. I'm sure there's a crowd for it somewhere in the valley, I just seriously

doubt that crowd reads *SLUG*. There are several songs that stray away from this and turn out to be fairly pleasing down-tempo jams. Unfortunately, in a fully packed album that contains 19 songs, they just don't break up the pace long enough to stand out. —Ross Solomon

Cub Country

Stretch That Skull Cover and Smile

Future Farmer Recordings

7.07

Cub Country = Jets to Brazil + Mister E.



Thankfully, a local band who had deep roots in the alt-country scene is changing it up. The twang on every song was getting a little tiresome 'round these parts. Fortunately, *Stretch That Skull Cover and Smile* is really gutsy rock for most of the disc. Don't fret CC fans, these guys aren't reinventing themselves for the cover of *Revolver* or anything, they've just progressed sound wise—as is their right. The last track, "The Stars Drip Down," is an awe-inspiring showcase for **Kathryne Youkstetter**'s vocals in a song **Jeremy Chatelain**, bandleader, originally wrote as a lullaby. It's one of the best songs on the album and one of the best songs to come out of the valley in a long while. —JP

David Williams

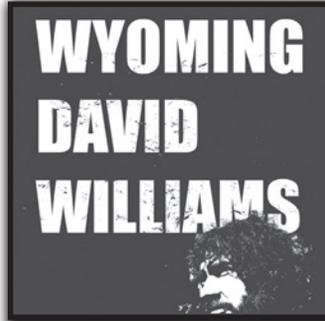
Portland Sessions

Self-released

Street: 07.10

David Williams = Bob Dylan + Jeff Mangum

It sometimes amazes me what can come from one man and his guitar. Beyond that, it makes me proud when that man lives in the great state of Utah. *Portland Sessions* showcases Williams' fragile voice remarkably well. All of it



was recorded in Portland with **Adam Selzer**, who has recorded with such recent greats as **The Decemberists** and **M. Ward**. The increase in quality highlights subtle details that help elevate the feeling of this album, giving detail to backup vocals, double bass backdrops and even an electric guitar. The end product is a truly beautiful album that consistently emanates with sublime emotion. David Williams truly deserves more fame than he might even want. (*Urban Lounge*: 07.10) —Ross Solomon

Eyes and Ears

Howl at the Moon/Slave Wage 7"

8ctopus

Street: 08.2008

Eyes and Ears = The Pixies + The Wipers + Miss Derringer



This two-song EP is the twentieth release by local SLC label 8ctopus Records, and the first one to be put out on seven-inch vinyl. As with other discs released by label owner **Eli Morrison** (*Vile Blue Shades*, *the Wolfs*, *Pink Lightnin'*, etc.), there is a certain amount of built-in rarity with this one—it is limited to 250 copies. Where moving

250 copies of a lousy single could be problematic, I cannot imagine this one sticking around for too long. It is just too good. The Denver-based band **Eyes and Ears** deliver two refreshingly hard rock songs, with a solid dose of male/female call-and-response vocals and a serious, dark catchiness to it. The female vocal and hard sound may remind some of an early, horn-free **No Doubt**, but that isn't really accurate. Sure, it is pop music, but it's harder, more guitar-driven and much more akin to the style of hard chick rock put out in the early 2000s by **Sympathy for the Record Industry**. —James Bennett

Lindsay + INFLUENZI + Heath

From Kid Madusa EP

Self-released

7.01

Lindsay + INFLUENZI + Heath = Portishead + Kate Bush

Lindsay Heath is an artist entirely in her own right, comparisons to other female pianists aside. When not busy adding her unique talents drumming and playing to the arsenal of others, she unlocks her own powers on personal projects like this. My main complaint is that I wish this was a full-length as originally planned, but we will have to wait for the forthcoming LP. **Bronwen Beecher** on violin and **Joel Hales** on cello add some really nice accompaniment on the tracks and really give some guts to Heath's piano skills. Her lyrics are also sinfully evocative. "Cold Blood" comes at you with this, for instance: "He doesn't see her gold blood/I want to bless our blood/I want our blood to be one/I want to kiss her blood," all sung in a very melancholy way on top of subdued drumming, making for a really interesting track, while ramping up to some steady and heel-thumping rock, which transitions to live performance really well. —JP

Loom

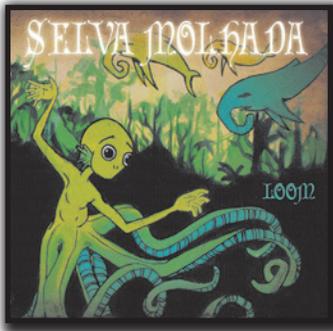
Selva Molhada

Exigent Records

Street: 4.1

Loom = The Bled + 31 Knots + Small Towns Burn A Little Slower

Salt Lake music fans would have to have lived under a rock (or maybe in a stake center) to miss seeing Loom's name on a marquee or show flier. The most indie of **Brosnip** is back, sporting a more refined and matured sound in *Selva Molhada* via Exigent Records. The 2007 opus, *Angler*, was an EP of catchy,



raw testaments to the sea. *Molhada* breaches the depths with more intricate guitar and violin work. The drums sound absolutely perfect (thanks to engineer extraordinaire **Kris Krummet**) and **Josh Davenport**'s vocals are more polished. The album brings Davenport out of his signature gravel yell with some clean singing and sets the band into an area that could be commercially viable to a bigger label such as **Equal Vision Records** or even **Vagrant Records**. Loom's tour bus (literally an old, renovated school bus) has hit hundreds of tour stops, which, with the strength of this full-length album, makes it very probable that they will soon outgrow their small label and move on to bigger and better things. —*Nick Parker*

The Mooks

The Snuggle Sessions

Salty Hobo Records

Street: 03.13

The Mooks = **Screaching Weasel + The Ergs! + The Steinways**



For nerdy, awkward, sexually frustrated teen males, there is no better genre than the kind of pop-punk with "who-ohs" and only three chords. On *The Snuggle Sessions*, The Mooks have created a style of music that makes me want to go back and relive the part of my life when I listened to **The Descendents** and **The Ramones** every day, but without the part where talking to girls almost made me throw up. That's a good thing. "Sugarscoot" is a simple and catchy opener, but it isn't until the second song kicks in that The Mooks really hit their stride. "Gutter Fever," an anthem for anyone who has ever had a crush on a punk girl, is fucking hilarious and full of way too many good lines to quote here. The least good songs are

the ones in which The Mooks proclaim their undying love for The Steinways, but even those are still pretty good. This release is a whole lot of fun, and The Mooks are only gonna get better from here. —*Ricky Vigil*

Opal Hill Drive

Opal Hill Drive

Self-Released

Street: 12.2008

Opal Hill Drive = **Guns N' Roses + Steely Dan + Lynyrd Skynyrd**

Rumor has it this record took eight years to release. What was the big hold up? I'm sorry, but at this stage in your music career, you should be pushing as hard as you can. You could hear this type of acoustic southern rock in almost any bar. This band is so full of themselves they've got the gall to say they're a jam band. In other words, come to our show and we'll make all of our songs 15 minutes longer. —*James Orme*

Two and a Half White Guys

Gringo

Self-Released

Street: 06.12

Two and a Half White Guys = **The Slackers + New York Ska-Jazz Ensemble + Stretch Armstrong**

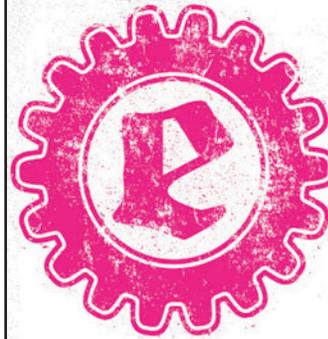


Given the average lifespan of most local bands, and especially local ska bands, it's amazing that Two and a Half White Guys are still around. What's even more amazing is that they're still really, really good. On the Gringos' new album, they use their signature blend of ska and jazz as a base and jump around the musical spectrum a bit. From the strictly traditional ska of "Jodie" to the hard rockin' "Stompin'" and the bossa nova-esque "A Thing of the Past," Two and a Half White Guys aptly adapt their ska style to a number of genres without sacrificing any integrity. On top of all of this, ska legend **Victor Rice** mixed the new album and contributed one of the album's best tracks in "A Moody Dub," reworking the ska-meets-blues style of "A Moody Blues" found earlier on the album. *Gringo* isn't just a great local album—it's one of the best ska albums released this year. —*Ricky Vigil*

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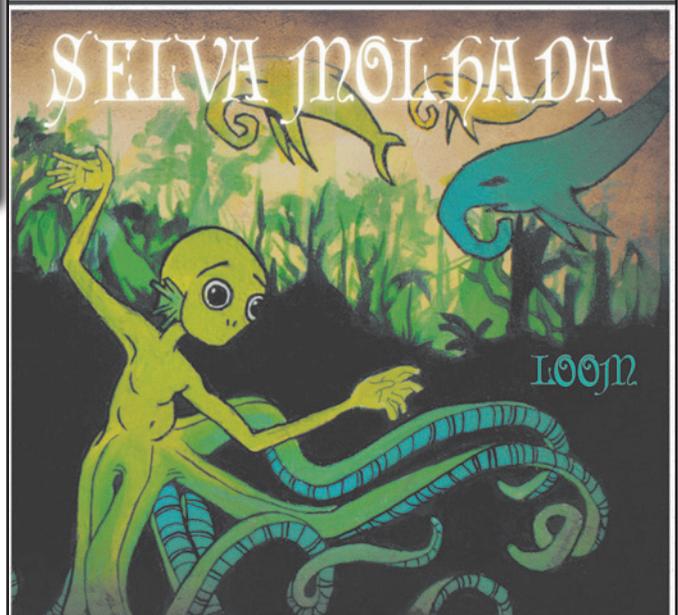
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Game reviews

Ghostbusters: The Video Game

Atari

Reviewed On: Xbox 360

Also On: PS3, Wii, PC

Street: 06.16



Why hello Mr. Puft. How long has it been? 25 years?

Just recently, I was given a DVD that included footage of my Christmas in 1988. As I strutted around in an Alf t-shirt, the jolly fat man had bestowed upon me one of the greatest treasures: an official Kenner proton pack from *The Real Ghostbusters!* It's been 21 years since that monumental occasion, yet my dream of capturing the supernatural in an ectoplasmic containment chamber for profit has never died. Now, Atari has made that dream take one giant step closer to reality with the release of *Ghostbusters: The Video Game*. Set two years after the action of *Ghostbusters 2*, the four original busters (voiced by the entire original cast) are training a new recruit just as a wave of paranormal activity is unleashed across the New York landscape. As the newest member of the team, you have the hazardous task of testing Egon's latest equipment. What makes this game amazing is that it instantly transports you back to your childhood with Slimer and Stay Puft Marshmallow Man encounters. Simply put, it's a third movie. The visuals are stunning, the

storyline paces itself perfectly as a cinematic feature and the variety of battling poltergeists will keep gamers continuously interested.—Jimmy Martin

Killing Floor

Tripwire Interactive

Reviewed On: PC



How a flame-broiled McBurger is made.

Street: 05.14

Assuming that you have been playing *Left 4 Dead* as much as I have, it's probably a universal feeling that killing zombies seriously kicks ass. Of course, playing the same four levels over and over again gets tiring, and sometimes even the auto-shotty doesn't pack the punch you're looking for. While *Killing Floor* isn't a permanent replacement, it's certainly a worthy diversion from *L4D*, even if just for a few weeks. The story is shallow and tacky if you read into it for more than about seven seconds, but what is important is the whole array of delicious weapons at your disposal: flamethrowers, anti-tank rockets and everything in between. Additionally, you get to choose a specialty and gain levels, granting you bonuses such as decreased recoil and quicker reloads. As you fight through waves of mutants with varying degrees of difficulty, you gain cash that can be spent on better weapons and

armor. I really can't say it beats out *L4D* in any way though. Sure, the game is only 20 bucks on Steam, but it is really just a glorified *Unreal Tournament 2004* mod that has been re-released as a standalone game with a few extras. Ultimately, the graphics are quite dated and the gameplay has been done many times before, but it's still fun.—Ross Solomon

Men of War

Best Way / Digitalmindsoft

Reviewed On: PC

Street: 03.10

Eastern European games such as *Silent Storm* and *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* have clearly been labors of love, both from the developer's perspective as well as for the gamer. After the first hour, it was apparent that this is something I have to take into consideration with *Men of War*. There are three campaigns where you take control of Russian, German and United States military units. This is one of those rare World War II games which actually allows you to play as the Axis. While this is a strategy game, there are various RPG elements as well, such as picking items off of bodies that litter the battlefield. With many RTS games, you come to have certain expectations out of your various units and you can almost begin to do calculations in your head when pitting X amount of unit A against X amount of unit B. Not so much in *Men of War*, because the terrain, ballistics and just plain random chaos play a big part in being successful. This isn't for everyone, but if you are a strategy nerd with patience, don't let this game slip past you.—Conor Dow

X-Men Origins: Wolverine – Uncaged Edition

Raven Software / Activision

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3, Wii, PC

Street: 05.01

Origins is a surprisingly solid, highly entertaining brawler. It



I'm comin' for ya, Bub.

has a fast, fluid, and hectic battle system with controls that are tight and responsive. As Logan/Jimmy/Wolverine/Hugh, you lunge hundreds of feet from enemy to enemy, mauling away with an impressive set of moves, counters and finishers that all vary with the enemy type. What really moves this game from a passable brawler to a highly enjoyable brawler is the violence. *Origins* is super fucking gory. You tear people in half regularly—and at all angles. Well-implemented environmental instant-kills are everywhere—you use the blades of an airborne chopper to decapitate its pilot. The blood, it flows like wine. The real-time regeneration is fun too. You'll be able to see right through Logan's ribcage to his organs at times. The best word for this game is "visceral." Every violent mutilation I performed made me cringe in that 'I-love-it-I-hate-it' way we gamers can't get enough of. It's unforgivably short (five hours or so), but that's really my only gripe. It doesn't try to be anything it's not, and it succeeds at what it's aiming for: brutal, fluid combat with everyone's favorite acerbic super hero. Rent it tonight, beat it by tomorrow and be happy.—Jesse Hawlish

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Movie Reviews

Do the Right Thing: 20th Anniversary Edition Universal

Street: 06.30

Do the Right Thing, one of **Spike Lee's** earlier joints, is a wonderful film focusing on respect, disrespect and the consequences of a close-minded society that hinders equality and success. I had never seen the movie and was pleasantly surprised at how the main character, Mookie, is the peacemaker and instigator of change in the community, while still doing all he can to make his neighborhood into one he can call home. Although I could talk about the movie for the whole review, the best part of this re-release is the documentary about how the movie was made. They actually shot *Do the Right Thing* in the heart of NYC and constructed buildings for the set on the streets. After working with the community for eight weeks of shooting, the residents actually missed having the director and film staff around calling out "rolling." This movie was a definite eye opener and now, after seeing it, I hope we all can come together in our own communities to make them the best they can be. — *Adam Dorobiala*

Falling Down (Blu-ray) Warner Bros. Street: 05.26



If you ever needed a reason to refrain from living in the city of angels, take a gander at **Joel Schumacher's** gritty depiction of a simple man spiraling out of control into the darkest depths of human nature—in broad daylight. It all starts with a traffic jam on the hottest day of the year and a broken air conditioner. That's all it takes for Bill Foster (**Michael Douglas**) to take a

stand against the unjust principles of modern-day society and wreak havoc as he makes his way "home." Tracking the path of chaos and destruction is Detective Martin Prendergast (**Robert Duvall**) on his last day on the force. While some will view Foster's actions as terroristic and violent, others will see him as a hero fighting to reallocate our misguided values and prejudices. Either way, Schumacher (Yes, the same Schumacher who demanded nipples on the Batman suit) has captured a chillingly realistic illustration of how an ordinary man's life can suddenly take a drastic turn toward anarchy. Amplifying the tension filled air is **Andrzej Bartkowiak's** exquisite cinematography with distinctive angles, vast urban landscapes and a scorching color tone that immediately parches the audience, forcing everyone to crave a glass of refreshing water to cool down. — *Jimmy Martin*

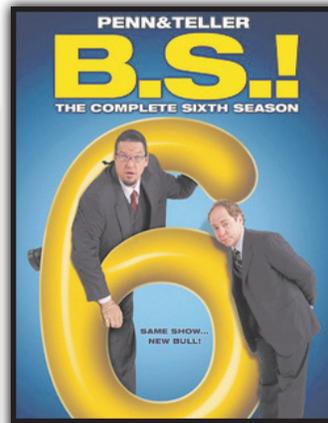
Gigantor: Volume One E1 Entertainment Street: 05.05



It's no mystery that Japanese culture has made a permanent mark on the American animation industry, but what some may not know is just how far back the tradition began. One of the first international adaptations arrived in 1966 from the 50s Japanese manga series, *Tetsujin 28-go*, eventually renamed *Gigantor*. The cartoon follows Jimmy Sparks and his enormous remote-controlled, destructive robot buddy. Set in the inconceivable year 2000, the two prove how useless the government's military is as they battle against crime syndicates across the globe. The vocals are out of sync with the mouths, the animation is constantly repetitive

and inconsistencies run rampant, but the nostalgic commemoration of the genesis of animated programming is what keeps drawing viewership—plus the preposterous cheese that spreads across the screen. How can you go wrong with characters like secret agent Dick Strong, bumbling cop Inspector Blooper, genius scientist Dr. Bob Brilliant, and the sly villain Dr. Katzmeow? Gigantor hits that unusual rotation of acceptability where a show can be so bad, it's good. The four-disc set contains 26 episodes, an interview with anime historian **Fred Pattern** and audio commentaries on select episodes. — *Jimmy Martin*

Penn & Teller: Bullshit! Season Six CBS DVD Street: 05.12



Who would have thought that the two Vegas magicians would still have a witty and educational documentary program that pokes fun at society's generally accepted (and usually retarded) beliefs after six seasons? Each episode's topic fuels and enrages the outspoken **Penn Jillette** as he and his partner, **Teller**, decipher, mock, and perform various illusions to illustrate the absurdities of our world. The sixth season bombards and attacks controversial subjects including The War on Porn, Being Green, Sensitivity Training and World Peace. Essentially, for many episodes, it's the duo's way of expressing their idea that an ultraliberal, politically correct, hippie lifestyle is nothing but an enormous plate of shit biscuits, especially in the case of new-age con artists and their alternative medicines. "Sure lady, I believe your noni juice will cure my grandfather's cancer. Fuck science and technology,

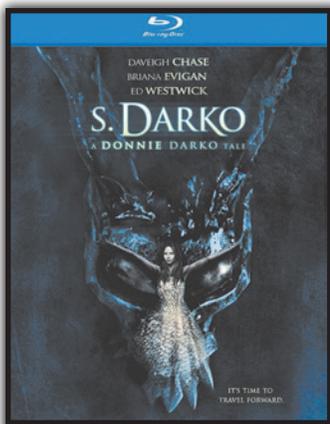
right? Go, grape juice!" It's not only the comedic writing and disputable themes that continue to attract audiences to tune in, but Jillette's passionate delivery of narration that reveals a compassionate and soulful messenger wishing for a better tomorrow—oh, and there are a lot of naked people walking around. — *Jimmy Martin*

Revolutionary Road Paramount Home Entertainment Street: 06.02

Director **Sam Mendes** returns to the gloomy trials and tribulations of America's veiled suburban lifestyles for the first time since 1999's *American Beauty* with **Leonardo DiCaprio** and **Kate Winslet** in *Revolutionary Road*. As a typical newlywed couple in the 1950s, Frank and April Wheeler appear to have the perfect marriage to everyone in the neighborhood, but the depressing truth reveals their increasing hatred for each other as they continue living mundane and insignificant lives, still yearning to conquer and achieve their own passions and personal desires. Mendes morphs the audience into flies on the wall, forcing them to observe the numbingly cold atrocities of infidelity and domestic violence that occur behind unsuspecting picket fences. While the story is purposefully simplistic to mirror the plainness of life, DiCaprio and Winslet continue to prove their talents still dominate the industry with their brutally realistic performances that continually induce spine-tingling chills from sheer rage and adrenaline. Not for the engaged fiancée looking for a romantic tale of love or the girl questioning whether or not marriage is the next appropriate step up life's staircase, this practical tale of self-preservation will scare anyone out of their scheduled matrimonial vows. — *Jimmy Martin*

S. Darko 20th Century Fox Street: 05.12

Growing up, a mentor once told me, "There are several sacred things in this world you don't ever mess with." One was another man's french fries. I've recently discovered another is film franchises that don't need a disconnected, unoriginal, idiotic sequel. I truly believe there's a demon producer in Hollywood who green lights terrible follow-ups like *The Sting II*, *Speed 2: Cruise Control*, *Blues Brothers 2000* and *Blair Witch 2* just to watch society crumble one production at a time. This savage beast has struck again with this pointless addition to the *Donnie Darko* series.



Filmed in Utah (whoopie fuckin' doo), the tale reveals the antics of depressed Samantha Darko (**Daveigh Chase**) seven years after her brother Donnie's mysterious death. After running away from her Virginia home and bound for California with her friend Corey (**Briana Evigan**), their car breaks down and maroons them in Conejo Springs, introducing them to a handful of creepy town folk, a mysteriously missing child and a fallen meteorite. Rather than focusing on one specific storyline, the pain-inducing script presents subplot after subplot and musical montage after musical montage, hoping to disguise the fact that an actual story arch doesn't exist. Desperately trying to remind the audience of various elements from **Richard Kelley**'s captivating original, the cast and crew forgot those elements served an actual purpose and weren't just there for show. —Jimmy Martin

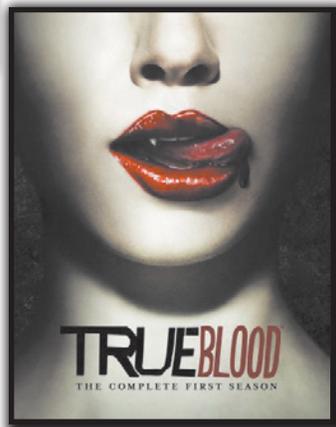
The Taking of Pelham 123

Columbia Pictures
In Theaters: 06.12.09

To be honest, I forgot there was an original *Taking of Pelham 123* released in 1974, and to be even more honest, I'll probably forget about **Tony Scott**'s snoozer remake even faster. Everything about this suspenseful heist flick screams gratuitous exhaustion and leaves nothing for the audience to care about or to leave with anything memorable. **Denzel Washington** provides a decent performance as Walter Garber, an MTA employee under investigation for receiving bribes from the Japanese who's forced into the role of negotiator for **John Travolta**'s subway criminal antics. Now, speaking of Travolta, I'd like to thank him for creating the next greatest drinking game on the market. Every time "mother fucker" concludes his sentence, take a shot. You'll be hammered in 20 minutes and dead in 40. It really is over the top and absurd, and removes all threatening connotations from his devious actions, which basically describes the entire film. **John Turturro**, **Luis Guzmán** and **James Gandolfini** were only used to spew off a few clever lines of dialogue and then directed to immediately exit the scene. What a waste. As for Scott's stylistic vision, I am usually a fan, but this time

he's gone too far. His blurry images, mixed with choppy editing, nearly triggered a seizure. Both Scott and Travolta need to calm down, take a step back and realize it's perfectly alright be the old guy incapable of pleasing younger generations, and need to refrain from pathetically attempting to relate to their "hip" world. It's a recipe for disaster, which was obviously used to create this mediocre crime caper. —Jimmy Martin

True Blood: Season One HBO Home Entertainment Street: 05.19



I wish I had foreseen this current vampire programming pandemic because I would have bought Hot Topic stock years ago. With the absence of their hit dramas like *The Sopranos* and *Six Feet Under*, HBO struggled to find another originally raw series to fulfill the looming void in their Sunday night lineup. They successfully patched the wound with **Alan Ball**'s (creator of *SFU*) sinister adaptation of **Charlaine Harris**' *Southern Vampire* mystery novels. Set in the distant future, a Japanese biotech company has developed synthetic blood, allowing the mythic population of vampires to reveal their existence in order to live among humans. The first season follows Sookie Stackhouse (**Anna Paquin**), a telepathic waitress in the misty swamps of southern Louisiana, and her affection for local bloodsucker, Bill Compton (**Stephen Moyer**) as a vicious series of murders brings fear and accusations into her small town of Bon Temps. Against the wishes of her friends and family, Sookie delves deeper into the shadows of the underworld, checking her innocence at the door. Ball's gifts for spotlighting reality in a fictional format were already achieved with his first creation, but add a dash of fantasy and fears, and his career plot positively thickens. Along with its perfect mixture of humor, horror and humanity, *True Blood* succeeds in creating relationships with the ensemble cast where viewers can relate to at least one character if not all. The creative "who-dunnit" twists and turns, juxtaposed with the human/vampire rights reflection of current social debates, make this series stand out amongst the crowd. —Jimmy

Martin

True Romance (Blu-ray) Warner Bros.

Street: 05.26

A year after he made a name for himself at the 1992 *Sundance Film Festival* with *Reservoir Dogs* and a year before he became a household name with *Pulp Fiction*, **Quentin Tarantino**'s dialogue-savvy, action-filled screenplay, *True Romance*, was oddly attached to be directed by **Tony Scott**, but the end result was an intense love story that would remain entertaining for years to follow. On his birthday, Clarence Worley (**Christian Slater**) is unknowingly set up on a fake encounter with call girl Alabama Whitman (**Patricia Arquette**). As the night progresses, the two fall madly in love with each other and plan to restart their lives together, but escaping her pimp's clutches proves to be easier said than done. After an undesirable situation that ends with a pile of dead bodies, the two flee to Los Angeles for salvation, but the ripple effects of their actions aren't too far behind. Slater and Arquette are perfect as the naive puppy love couple standing against forces much larger than the two. The droll banter complete with pop culture references and heart-pounding scenarios exhibited Tarantino's budding skills as a writer and filmmaker. Along with the two headlining talents, an extended cast including **Dennis Hopper**, **Gary Oldman**, **Christopher Walken**, **Samuel L. Jackson**, **James Gandolfini**, **Val Kilmer** and **Brad Pitt** only positively add to the intense build up to the climatic finale. The Blu-ray comes completely stocked with extra features, including two audio commentaries from Slater and Arquette, Tony Scott, and Quentin Tarantino, deleted scenes, an alternate ending, and a behind-the-scenes featurette. —Jimmy Martin

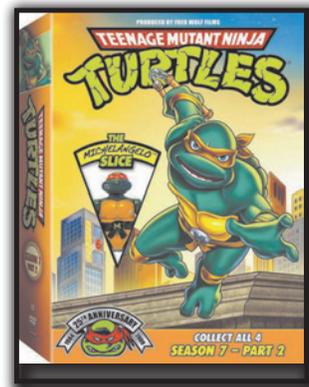
Woodstock: 3 Days of Peace and Music The Directors Cut 40th Anniversary Two Disc Special Edition Warner Home Video, Inc.

Street: 6.9.09

My dad tells me that he is one of the only people from his generation that will openly admit that he did not go to Woodstock, despite the fact that he will also admit that he really wishes he had. After watching the movie, I can see why he gets stary eyed about just wishing he could have been there. Filmed on location, Woodstock takes you behind the scenes of this legendary music festival. Everything is shown from pre-fest interviews with the locals, stage construction and low-key footage of the talent getting stoned. Milestone performances by **Jimi Hendrix**, **The Who**, **Grateful Dead** and **Janis Joplin** are just a few of the 22 bands that can be seen. The Bonus DVD features 18 additional performances that weren't previously released. Director **Michael Wadleigh** does an excellent job of showing us more than the bands—after all, Woodstock wasn't just a festival,

it was an experience. There are a number of interviews with the people who camped out at the festival, enduring rain, cold, mud, bad drugs, body odor and STDs (ST whats?). Undaunted by the elements, the fans still enjoy the music, the drugs and the sex. Was there more to Woodstock? Was it the beginning of a cultural shift? These were the questions and claims made by the people who were there. Go sit in the mud, drink a beer and watch the DVD to come to your own conclusions. —Ben Tretelman

You should have worn a condom Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Season 7 Lionsgate Street: 05.12



Thanks to DVDs, my future children are going to be the laughing stock at their elementary school, because I'm only going to expose them to cartoon shows from the 80s—it'll be like they're stuck in a time warp. Fuck *Teletubbies*, *Blue's Clues* and whatever else the future holds for kids programming. Little Jimmy Jr. will be screaming "Bogus!" and "Most Non-Triumphant!" as bullies repeatedly dunk his head in the toilet, eventually establishing pure and utter resentment toward his father. Meh, he'll forgive me when he's older. Lionsgate has released season seven of the turtles' escapades in four separate sets, unveiling their miniseries adventures in Paris. I think they were running out of ideas by this point. Once crowned the longest-running animated program in America, until *The Simpsons* crushed that honor of course, I always questioned, even as a child, the authenticity of the turtles' hero status since they never defeated or even caught their arch nemeses. I didn't know we were supposed to celebrate repeated failures. Also, you would think after over 100 botched attempts at world domination, the villains would just find other occupations that were semi-fulfilling, like head of the GOP. Oh well, c'est la vie. —Jimmy Martin

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Bellyography



LaRa by Astara

LaRa and **Barefoot Bellydance** have arrived on the Utah belly dance scene in ruffles and sequins, while spinning fire. **Urban Tribal Belly Dance**, usually more dark, mysterious and industrial, has a fresh and exciting look formed from the creative imagination of their director, LaRa. It is fun, light, feminine, and exciting, because they really do dance with fire!

Tribal Style, which I believe is the basis for all tribal belly dancing. I then incorporated the style of Steampunk, which refers Victorian England. Our look is ruffles, sequins and glitter, but we are dancing tribal fusion."

There are three dancers in Barefoot Bellydance: LaRa, **Amina**, and **Jen**. They are all ATS certified with **Carolina Nericcio**.

LaRa teaches ATS and Tribal Fusion dance at the **Northwest Recreation Center** in Salt Lake City on Tuesdays and Thursdays. She has also been invited to teach workshops nationally over the past five years.

LaRa was raised in Southern California. She became enamored with Middle Eastern dance when she was 12 years old, and had watched members of the **Urban Tribal Dance Company** at a Renaissance Faire. "They mesmerized me," LaRa said. "From that moment, I wanted to learn how to belly dance."

At the present time, LaRa and many members of Utah's belly dance community are involved in a benefit performance on **July 25**, to raise money for **Viktoriya**, a Utah dancer who was in a head-on automobile crash several months ago. The performance will be held at **The Academy of Performing Arts**, 2207 South Main Street, Salt Lake City; doors open at 5 p.m., performance at 6 p.m. Tickets are \$15 in advance through Paypal, and \$20 at the door. All proceeds go to assist Viktoriya and her family.

LaRa studied Egyptian cabaret for almost three years, and then she found a tribal instructor, which was her real desire. This eventually led her to **Rachel Lazarus Soto**, wife of **Jeremiah Soto** of *Solace*. It wasn't very long before she was asked to join Soto's **Devadasi World Fusion Dance Company**. One of LaRa's final performances, "Asian Magic," is recorded on the first ever tribal fusion performance DVD, *Evolution*. LaRa then became a member of **Atash Maya**, directed by **Sabrina Fox**, a tribal fusion and fire performance dance troupe out of San Diego, California.

LaRa and Barefoot Bellydance will also be performing at the **Fusion Fest**, July 10-11, in Idaho, and LaRa is teaching a workshop at the **Bellydance Intensive** in Las Vegas this September.

After moving to Utah two years ago, LaRa wanted to start her own dance troupe. She said, "I started conceptualizing ideas about the kind of troupe I wanted to create. After having my son, I put my vision together and created Barefoot Bellydance. The core of our dancing is a strong American

"What is most important to me," said LaRa, "is that tribal fusion is not what you do starting out. The core of it is ATS. Everyone gets so excited about **Rachel Brice** and **Zoe Jakes**, but they all started with ATS first."

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Books aloud

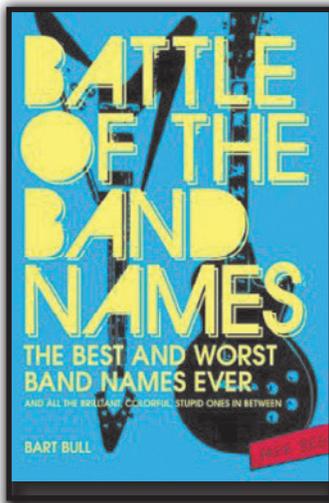
11,002 Things to be Miserable About: The Satirical Not-so-Happy Book
Lia Romeo and Nick Romeo
 Abrams Image
 Street: 02.09



For my book-reviewing debut with *SLUG*, the powers that decided to task yours truly with this tome comprised entirely of reasons to be miserable... or rather two peoples' comedic observations as to why human beings should be, or are, miserable, jotted down in almost shopping-list-style glory. Admittedly, it's equal parts hilarious and disheartening, but it's almost impossible to sit down with a cup of coffee and a smoke and attempt to read this book. Having watched **Danny DeVito's** brilliant *Throw Momma from the Train* recently, this reminds me of the **Pinsky** character's interpretation of literature, although instead of being about women the authors would like to have sex with, it's an amazingly thorough list of reasons people should, well, be miserable. Myiasis (look it up) be damned! —*Gavin Hoffman*

Battle of the Band Names: The Best and Worst Band Names (and all Brilliant, Colorful, Stupid Ones in Between)
Bart Bull
 Abrams Image
 Street: 04.01

Some books, such as **Burton Silver's** *Dancing with Cats*, are so absolutely unique and hilarious that they are able to secure spots on coffee tables worldwide for countless years. Unfortunately, *Battle of the Band Names* is not one of those books. Sure, there have been bands for many years that



have made their fans chuckle at their incredibly hilarious names, and though this book manages to document some of them, it does so in a manner that makes me bored and tired after only 20 minutes. Certain sections, such as the best band and worst band names, are absolutely bewildering. If anything, it seems that they judged these bands based more on their musical merit than their actual names. Maybe if this were a book that was about the actual bands that would be okay. It's too bad that this book isn't supposed to focus on that, even though it's fairly clear that the authors do. —*Ross Solomon*

Days I Moved Through Ordinary Sounds
Teachers of WritersCorps
 City Lights Foundation Books
 San Francisco
 Street: 4.15

The variety of truly moving stories that come from the "at-risk" places profiled by the teachers of the WritersCorps non-profit group are stunning and deeply inspirational. This book is one long stream of bios, short works/selections, and introductions by some of the best writers, artists and poets in the nation as they were shaped by the WritersCorps experience as teachers. The group focuses on emboldened intervention through teaching the creative process in the lives of people on fringes—in homeless shelters, prisons, embattled schools, and more. The work of some of these poets (works I'm most partial to) is really evocative given the rare opportunity they have at the beginning of their section to explain how the WritersCorps program shapes their art. —*JP*

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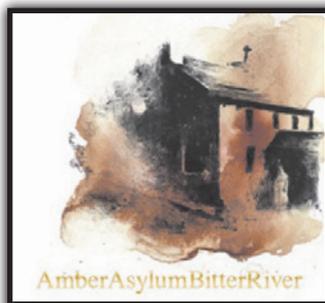
Amber Asylum

Bitter River

Profound Lore Records

Street: 06.09

Amber Asylum = Grouper + Jarboe + Stars of the Lid



Amber Asylum are not metal. However, as a metal fan, I am familiar with their close relations with several of my favorite acts, such as **Neurosis**, **Grayceon**, and **Giant Squid**. Here are four ladies devoted to creating solitary, austere music which primarily relies on sparse piano, groaning cellos and operatic vocals, and has a tendency to quickly absorb the listener, offering no chance to escape. Even though this has a summer release date, the experience offered here is actually quite fitting for wintertime. It may have a warm, intimate atmosphere, but the music is bleak yet detailed and expansive enough to draw me in for repeated listens. The highlight for me is the last track, reaching almost 15 minutes in length: it draws out a long, fitting ending with some soft speaking and acoustic guitar work. Don't pass up on this fantastic album. —Conor Dow

Anaal Nathrakh

In the Constellation of the Black Widow

Candlelight Records

Street: 06.29

Anaal Nathrakh = Agoraphobic Nosebleed + Bergthron + Abruptum



Anaal Nathrakh have invited black metal, grind core, industrial and folk metal to the same orgy, producing the hideous and wrong-eyed hybrid of *In the Constellation of the Black Widow*. As harsh and borderline unlistenable as **Stalaagh** or **Abruptum**, as gravel-throated as **Extreme Noise Terror**, and as schizophrenic as **Pig Destroyer** or **Agoraphobic Nosebleed**, this release honestly shouldn't work. And while the stitches nearly burst with so many writhing bodies under the sheets, the stinking fruit of all that effort manages to hold one's attention from beginning to end. While the production reeks more of a studio's console than a sweaty practice space, the synthetic sound somehow anchors and defines this band's approach. Tentatively recommended for metal fans who prefer to be abraded and blistered by their musical selections. —Ben West

Arkaea

Years in the Darkness

E1 Music

Street: 07.14

Arkaea = Threat Signal + Fear Factory + Spineshank



I didn't have huge expectations for Arkaea. The band is half Fear Factory with guitarist **Christian Olde Wolbers** and drummer **Raymond Herrera** and drummer **Raymond Herrera** and bassist **Pat Kavanagh**. While I'm an admittedly huge Fear Factory fan, I despise Threat Signal—thus I enter a strange love-hate relationship for me with Arkaea. For the record, Arkaea is modern metal all the way: big emphasis on grooves and subtle melodies with Raymond's trademark machine-gun-styled drumming and some small bits of industrial-styled programming. The riffing and drumming really isn't that bad, but then again, it's not Fear Factory, either. The mightiest crap factor with Arkaea is the vocals: they are terrible-

sounding, forced, whiny, ass-sounding screams and strangely awful-sounding attempts at melody. If it weren't for Mr. Howard, Arkaea would be listenable—not anything fantastic, but at least listenable. Every time he chimes in, my ears cringe and I instinctively run for the stop button. —Bryer Wharton

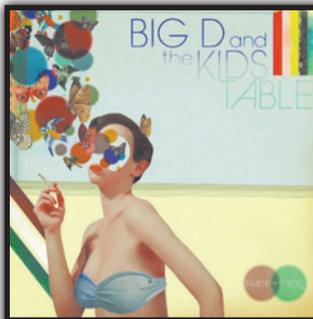
Big D and the Kids Table

Fluent In Stroll

SideOneDummy

Street: 07.07

Big D = The Pietasters + Rancid + Madness



Big D have apparently created a new genre: stroll. Yes, it's kinda stupid to claim to invent an entirely new genre, and yes, it's stupid to give said genre a crappy name like "stroll," but *Fluent in Stroll* really is unlike any other ska-punk album out there. Big D has taken the blueprint from 2007's *Strictly Rude* (traditional ska/reggae filtered through Boston punk) and made some interesting additions, most notably, three female backup singers called **The Doped Up Dollies**. Again, stupid, but the Dollies make a lot of the songs on *Stroll* really work. On the title track and opener, "Doped Up Dollies on a One-Way Ticket to Blood" (I know, stupid), the Dollies' schoolyard chants combined with the band's jerky, funky horn-driven instrumentation create some really catchy and unique songs, and the band's incorporation of funk and soul into their sound makes *Stroll* feel as much like a progression as *Strictly Rude*. *Fluent in Stroll* isn't for everyone and isn't even for every ska fan, but it's the most unique ska album released in years. —Ricky Vigil

Breakneck the Mage

Breakneck the Mage is Dead

Sonic Swings Records

Street: 06.03

Breakneck the Mage = Slug + Heiruspecs + Eyedea

First off, props to Breakneck, who

did all the production, mixing, writing, artwork and album-pressing. Recreating Midwest swagger can be tough given all of his predecessors. Breakneck the Mage swings straight to the jugular with his sophomore album. With a combination of all the gritty musical elements of backpack raps, Breakneck reminds me of a version of **Atmosphere**, **Eyedea** and **Hieruspecs** with a downtrodden twist. Breakneck tells stories revolving around love, misery and angst in every song on his album. If this is appealing to you or you are just having one of those rough days, then Breakneck might be the cure for you—or he might just make it worse. Production value is high and lyrical creativity and storytelling ability is up there as well, but are expressed in a very depressing tone. Standout tracks are "True Stories," "Nowhere to Go," "I Don't Mind" and "Drunk Driving." Something for the emo folk, peep. —JRapp

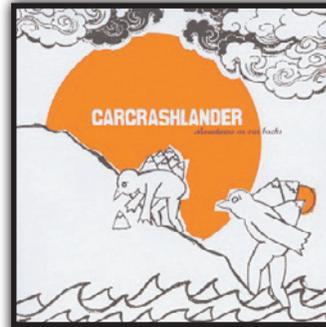
CarCrashLander

Mountains on Our Backs

Jealous Butcher

Street: 07.15

CarCrashLander = Kayo Dot + The Deers + Nirvana



CarCrashLander is legit. This is some seriously experimental, dissonant, beautiful music. It has a beautiful art rock feel to it, with all the horns and flutes that come in and out. Yet it's tough and dirty at its core, with the guitar, drums, bass and vocals sounding raw, gnarly and distorted. Kinda like your favorite drag queen. The band recorded and mixed all nine songs on the album in just two days. That is amazing to me, judging by the complexity of the songs and amount of instruments included. These guys put out music faster than anybody around. Their first album came out last year and they already have a new album that is waiting to be released. These guys are my heroes. —Jon Robertson

Cool Devices

Cool Devices

AAM

Street: 07.21

Cool Devices = Jesus Lizard + Shellac + Toast

OK, apparently there is this dude named **Jason Fredericks** and he likes to think of himself as this way popular iconic legend in the Chicago and Ohio area. Well, I guess one of the bands he founded got back together without him and he is way bummed, and since he thinks he is the god of the Midwest, he wrote a record to vent about his former band, **The Means**. This self-titled EP is nothing special, just like ol' JF. It's a bunch of half-baked post-rock songs that sound like someone worked on them for two days and put no effort into making it original. I get that post-rock punk stuff is supposed to sound cheap and sloppy, but when it's obvious there is nothing cool going on, it's whack, just like Fredericks. Maybe that's why his old band ditched him. —*Jon Robertson*

The Darbuki Kings

Been Laden You Too Long

Darbuki Kings Records

Street: 06.30

The Darbuki Kings = Oregon + Mickey Hart

Been Laden You Too Long is the third album by The Darbuki Kings. The Kings are a collaborative project between **Antonio Albarán** and **Robin Adnan Anders**, who create modern and traditional world music ranging from Indian to Moroccan. Within the first 10 seconds of the opening track, "Berber," you find prog-rock-infested guitar riffs that are so incredibly annoying that they take away from the great hand-drumming action in the background. Three tracks in on "Mango Tango," it sounds like the soundtrack to the fourth *Aladdin* straight-to-DVD movie. The damn prog-rock guitar makes another appearance on "Gilgamesh"; this time, it's more like an episode of *Animusic*. The best thing about *Been Laden* is the fantastic drumming, but the rest of the album may make you feel like there's a fly stuck inside your head trying to find its way out. —*Courtney Blair*

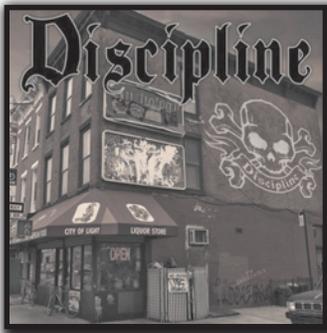
Discipline

Anthology

I Scream Records

Street: 06.09

Disciplines = Resist + Pennywise + Murphy's Law



European working-class gents, Discipline are another old-school streetcore band picked up by I Scream Records. This is an anthology with two discs, for a total of 28 songs about working proud, being young, talking about the streets and a bunch of other things I don't relate to. I'm not the biggest fan of working class "oi" and never will be, but this anthology will probably be a great addition to your library if you are an old fan or actually live the kind of life they're talking about. Discipline's light-hearted punk and faint rockabilly sound may also please you. The song I liked more than any of them, "Hooligans Heaven," sounded like an old **Rancid** song, and that's about as good as it got for me. —*Nicole Dumas*

Double Dagger

More

Thrill Jockey

Street 05.05

Double Dagger = Future Islands + Ponytail + Fugazi

Is it possible for a noise band to be completely on their game and still have a fair amount of melody? Apparently so. This guitar-free trio from Baltimore manages to make hectic, active music while still maintaining a certain level of pop melody. On this, their third full-length disc, Double Dagger whips together 10 songs that are both really loud and exceptionally listenable. The bass, drum and **Ian MacKaye**-style vocal combo is augmented by the sounds of a broken kid's keyboard and various other droning machines. And even though there is no guitar, the ensemble sound doesn't seem to be lacking anything at all. Some songs are louder than others, and some take a little time to hit their stride, but the head-splitting feel of the record never wanes. The end product is reminiscent of early Fugazi—the band's proximity to D.C. must be a factor. Much of the lyrical content of the songs is lost in the muffled vocals of singer **Nolen Strals**, but with song titles like "No Allies" and "Surrealist Composition with Your Face," there's no reason to believe that the music won't be mean as hell. One listen and your suspicions will be confirmed. —*James Bennett*

Eminem

Relapse

Interscope Records

Street: 05.15

Eminem = Dr. Dre + 2Pac + Nas

Four years have passed since **Marshall Mathers'** last album, *Encore*, and the Motor City motormouth wants you to know that a) he's back, and b) he still wants to be hated. Mather's flow and wordplay are as sharp as ever—he still possesses all the technical skills that make him one of rap's best, and Dr. Dre's instantly recognizable production is similarly on point. Lyrically, the album follows a fairly repulsive storyline, beginning with Mathers in rehab, relapsing, and then committing a series of murders, rapes, acts of cannibalism and celebrity insults.

Number of tracks describing murders: 8

Number of tracks describing rape/being raped: 6

Number of tracks describing cannibalism: 4

Number of tracks containing celebrity insults: 6

Number of tracks not deleted from mp3 player after this review: 3

("Beautiful," "Crack a Bottle" and "We Made You") —*Ryan Fedor*

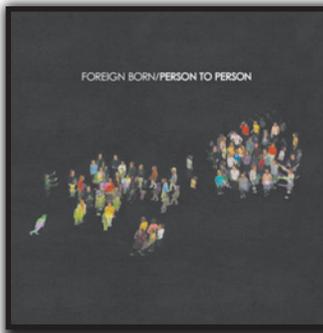
Foreign Born

Person to Person

Secretly Canadian

Street: 06.23

Foreign Born = Rogue Wave +



B.R.M.C. + Beach Boys

The mass sing-along qualities of this album are apparent early on, in one of my already-favorite tracks this summer, "Vacationing People." It never fails; I'm a sucker for the galloping handclaps, cowbells and chimey guitar combos. The album comes complete with the **Vampire Weekend**-esque, Afro-pop song "Early Warnings," **Richard Ashcroft**-laced vocals on "It Grew On You," and the intertwined **Verve**-like guitar riff on "See Us Home." The downfall of the album hits during the last three tracks; it's as if the band hit their naptime and it becomes a bit sluggish. As a whole, *Person to Person* is a pleasant enough listen to keep you singing all summer long. —*Courtney Blair*

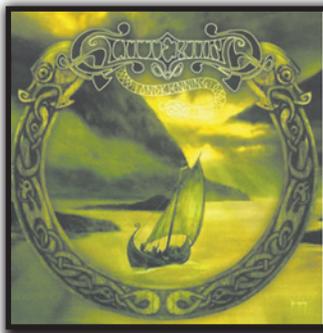
Glittertind

Landkjenning

Napalm Records

Street: 06.02

Glittertind = Månegarm + Fejd +



Åsmegin + Kampfar

With two other albums under their belts, here we have **Glittertind's** first full-length with Napalm Records. Much like the bands listed above, the work these Norwegians create can basically be considered as Nordic folk music with a light metal garnish. Glittertind is not shy on using men's choral vocals or wind instruments, and the result here is excellent. Though the group only consists of two members, the result is impressive and not at all watered down or cheap-sounding. In fact, the quality of recording here is very robust and organic-sounding. Much of the lyrics are in Norwegian, but there's also one in English, and a handful of instrumental material as well. I'm really rather excited to see this form of metal proliferate, and this band is certainly among some of the best. —*Conor Dow*

PJ Harvey & John Parish A Woman A Man Walked By

Island Records

Street: 03.31

PJ Harvey & John Parish = *Dance Hall at Louse Point* (1996) + 12 years' marinating + *The Harry Smith Project: Anthology Of American Folk Music Revisited*

Dude, did you know PJ Harvey has been buds with John Parrish since she was 19? She joined his then-band Automatic Dlamini in 1988 as a saxophonist/guitarist/back-up vocalist. The air of two vet musicians who are as familiar with each other as family members shines through here. Parrish's music-writing and PJ's vocals and lyrics sture together sans stitching. *A Woman A Man* captures the same broken, old-timey, jangly, epic softness of *Dance Hall*, but gets more brave, varied and funnily enough, accessible. "Black Hearted Love," the first track, is without a doubt the "hit" of the album, with its rich, pounding pop hooks. However, every song thereafter draws you in, not with a huge striped stage cane, but with bands of choking silk. PJ's vocals seem to have taken a cue from the understated, wispy *White Chalk* vocals in many tracks ("April," "The Soldier") but continue to foray into uncharted realms of musical no-man's-lands as in the title track, her vocals running the gamut from high, mocking falsettos to abrasive, abusive, mocking cursing, not to mention rancid bellowing in "Pig Will Not." "Passionless, Pointless" is my favorite track. All in all, a solid treasure (bonus: 12 years' personal evolution) from John & PJ once again. —*Rebecca Vernon*

Holiday Shores

Columbus'd the Whim

Twosyllable Records

Street: 07.28

Holiday Shores = Grizzly Bear + Evangelicals

Dreamy reverb, awkward explosions, and distant, tangy guitars seem to be the new fad. Not bad if it's done right, but many attempting to fit in get lost in the one-sound-for-every-song rut. Holiday Shores is a penciled name on the

to-be-forgotten list. They have a lovely feel, but each song sounds like the last, and holds very little for my imagination. The song "Bradley Bear" is a little fairy tale of happiness, and another vessel for their loved "Whoahoo's," and lazy "la-la-la's." *Columbus'd the Whim* is not an attention-grabber, but serves as a pleasant filler in a quiet workspace. —*Jessica Davis*

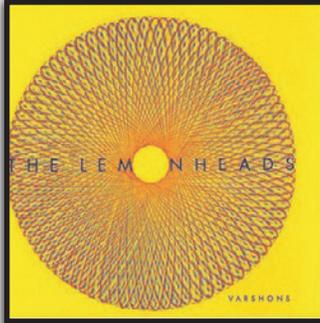
The Lemonheads

Varshons

The End

Street: 07.07

The Lemonheads = Screaming Trees + Wilco



90s throwbacks The Lemonheads have released an album's worth of covers. Holy shit! This is going to be the most relevant record of all time. The Lemonheads seem like a band that should have never been popular—their only popular song was a freaking **Simon & Garfunkel** song. Maybe that's why they decided to release this record, hoping they can get big again by covering some other people's songs some more. There are some vocal guest appearances by cocaine model **Kate Moss** and Miss Elven Princess herself, **Liv Tyler**. Surprisingly, both ladies do a fine job, so they are hot and can sing. Fantastic! I just wish The Lemonheads would try and get famous off their own material instead of other people's songs and hot guest stars. —*Jon Robertson*

Lights

Rites

Drag City Records

Street: 07.21

Lights = Chic + Fleetwood Mac + Black Sabbath

Rites is the second album from the Brooklyn band Lights, and I have to admit that it confused me upon first popping into my car's CD player. It consists of lazy guitar lines sprouting through the cracks of loose song foundations, airy production that left little to no impression, and a general feeling of being led through a dew-drenched forest by a group of stoned and possibly unreliable fairy children, all the while being sung tales of raindrops, giants, dreams, and pale wings, voices harmonizing beautifully as we stumble towards some unknown destination. As we amble along, the bass line from the song "Fire Night" jumps out in front of us, begging us to dance. We boogie briefly and

continue moving diagonally—past the gentle current of "We Belong," around the charred metal skeleton of "War Theme," and suddenly, we've arrived at a reverent and wonderfully executed cover of Fleetwood Mac's "Save Me A Place." Worth the trip. —*Ryan Fedor*

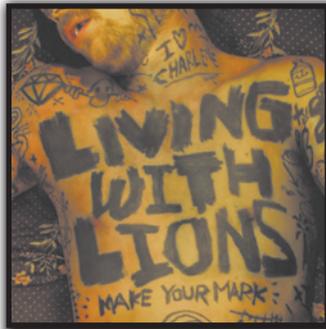
Living with Lions

Make Your Mark

Adeline

Street: 07.21

Living with Lions = Ryan's Hope + Set Your Goals + Latterman



I'm rarely invested in the present. I'm in the exact same state of mind whether I'm taking a shit, seeing a show, eating pizza, or getting a tooth pulled. When I look back, though, I get nostalgic. Man, that was some *really* good pizza. And that tooth? It's only now that we're apart that I truly cherish the time we had together. Living with Lions, on the other hand, deliver their songs with a sort of instant nostalgia, as though any given moment is truly the greatest of their lives. Admirable, but it makes every song on *Make Your Mark* too similar. The basic formula is solid, if not unique (loud/fast/melodic/aggressive), and it would probably be a blast to see these guys live, but on record, you get the whole experience after three or four songs. I'm sure someday I'll look back on *Make Your Mark* fondly, but listening to the album again would kill the nostalgia. Ah, memories. —*Ricky Vigil*

Mad Sin

20 Years in Sin Sin

Hepcat

Street: 06.26

Mad Sin = The most insane psychobilly that blends elements of metal, punk, ska, and what ever else this one-of-a-kind outfit can think of



I can't believe that Mad Sin have been around for over 20 years—know they have only gotten better with age. Starting out as a three-piece, the evolution of this band to the six-piece beast it is today has been one to watch for anybody who wants to hear some of the most creative tunes imaginable. These German boys actually hit the 20-year mark back in 2007, but it's taken some time for them to see a proper US release. Landing on Hepcat Records, us Yankees finally get a chance at this double-disc set that contains new studio tracks along with hard-to-find and unreleased tracks, and that's just disc one. Disc two contains live audio from a sold-out show in Hollywood—this is where Mad Sin shines. Songs spanning their entire career are here as evidence that more than anything else, this is a live band. When the intros for fan favorites like "Communication Breakdown" and "Scarred Ol' Heart" start up, it's like the fuse to dynamite being lit—you just know the explosion's going to hit at any moment and goddamn, does it ever. Mad Sin is at the top of their game and only continue to get better. I'm looking forward to 20 more years of sin! —*James Orme*

Maker Shalal Hash Baz

C'est La Dernière Chanson

K Records

Street: 07.21

Maher Shalal Hash Baz = Sufjan Stevens + Cornelius

Intriguing. That one word may be the only—and best—way to describe the songs on the double disc serving as conductor **Tori Kudo**'s second K release. Two hundred "songs" were originally recorded for this work, but only 177 made the cut. The lost 23 were probably equally intriguing. This whole release is aimed straight at expanding and challenging common ideas of what music should and shouldn't do. Two to three seconds of a bassoon playing a discordant note with a clarinet may not be a song to some people, but it qualifies in Kudo's mind. As Kudo's handful of French studio musicians play strange interludes with the mindfulness of jazz and punk rock's ideas of song length through my stereo, I began thinking about what my own interpretation of music was and felt gladdened at the end of my multiple listens to hear an artist still exploring the sonic playground. Thank you, Mr. Kudo. —*JP*

Miss Derringer

Winter Hill

Nickel and Dime

Street: 07.14

Miss Derringer = The Ravonettes + Chris Isaak + X

"My heart is like a mausoleum carrying the memory of a dozen lost loves." The beginning of Miss Derringer's song, "Mausoleum," is just one of the poetic verses where vocal harmonies and fascinating musicianship meet to form a beautifully downhearted record. The band, Miss Derringer, is a diverse combination of dark, melancholy atmo-



sphere and vintage characteristics from 50s and 60s pop groups, conveyed in a punk-rock mindset which is then heavily frosted by the vocal talents of lead singer **Liz McGrath**. Although each of these 10 tracks is solid, an obvious standout is "All the Pretty Things," which sounds like the song **Johnny Cash** and **June Carter** should have recorded right after their famous hit, "Jackson." Rich, twangy guitar works in a colorful country feel which just adds to the color and vibrancy that Miss Derringer has crafted. Smart, gloomy, melodic songs are the winning recipe that calls for you to devour. —*James Orme*

Obituary

Darkest Day

Candlelight

Street: 06.30

Obituary = Autopsy + Six Feet Under + Brutality + Possessed



Obituary were a huge part of the basically now-defunct death-metal scene that was brimming forth in the Tampa area of Florida in the early 90s. *Darkest Day* is by far the best of the three albums since the band's reunion in 2005, but like its predecessors, it's a shell and a clone of what Obituary's first few records were. I'm not by any means saying *Darkest Day* is a bad album—there actually quite a few great songs with great death-metal, groove-based riffing and a fantastic drum sound. But when you listen to *Darkest Day* if you are even remotely familiar with the band's 90s-era albums, there is no avoiding comparison. You will think to yourself, "I've heard these type of riffs before." Unfortunately, the thing that truly holds the album back is its moot attention at guitar solos that don't fit the core guitar

sound, and also have that tossed-in-at-the-last-minute feel to them. In the end, new Obituary is better than no Obituary, right? —Bryer Wharton

Pine Hill Haints

To Win or Lose

K Records

Street: 07.21

Pine Hill Haints = 6oz. of eerie ghost stories + 1 cup of runaway train + ½ a cup of junk yard musicianship + a dash of strange deep Southern culture + mix vigorously and bake in the kitchen of a haunted house for three hours



The Haints are like a legend that when you're first told, makes you excited and then reality sets in and you realize that there is no way that such a band can exist: a band that keeps old music traditions like storytelling alive, a band that can bring their music to life with a passion that you can't help getting up and dancing to, and feel something real. Well, I tell you, my friend, that's just the type of band that the Pine Hill Haints are. They've taken the exemplary fractions of music and placed them together to form this lean combination of blues, folk, acoustic indie, and even a touch of punk. Elements such as a washtub bass (which is basically a stick, a wire and a big tub), awesome accordion, and plenty of snare drum give the record that old-time funeral march feel while at the same time getting the blood pumping. Songs like "Never Gonna Die" are so different than anything we're used to that it's something that sticks with you. *To Win or Lose* is another impressive record from a band that stands out, to say the least. —James Orme

The Rippers

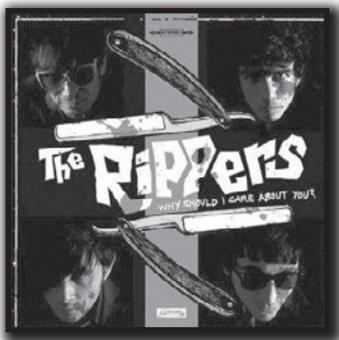
Why Should I Care About You?

Slovenly

Street: 07.28

He Rippers = Jet + The Vines + The Hives

It is strange that so many bands try to sound like the **Rolling Stones** in the early 60s. Is it because they are trying to make music that their parents can relate to? Is it because they want their moms, dads, uncles and aunts to come out to their shows and rock out? It boggles my mind that music like this was ever popular, and if you think about the bands that were totally biting on this style, they are all gone. This was a stupid little sub-



genre of music that I am very grateful went away. So if you're a dork and you like jamming out with your pops to your new old-school garage-rock album, then go on with your bad self and buy this album. —Jon Robertson

Sean Bones

Rings

Frenchkiss

Street: 07.21

Sean Bones = Satori + Bedouin Soundclash + The Wailers

If you ask any white person between the ages of 17 and 30, chances are they are "really into reggae." What this really means is they own a copy of both **Bob Marley's Legend** and **Sublime's 40 Oz. to Freedom**. Sean Bones is an anomaly: he's a young Caucasian hipster who totally knows his shit when it comes to classic Jamaican music. From the rocksteady stylings of "Cry Cry Cry" to the **Island**-era Wailers feel of "Act so Casual" and the, uh, dancehall-ish "Dancehall," Bones runs the gamut of reggae styles on *Rings* more aptly than most established artists of the genre. A few of the songs feel like they would work perfectly well as non-reggae songs, and some probably shouldn't have been forced into a reggae framework ("Visions"), but overall, *Rings* works surprisingly well. Here's to hoping all those "reggae" enthusiasts get rid of their **Jack Johnson** albums and give Sean Bones a chance. —Ricky Vigil

Spindrift

The Legend of God's Gun

Tee Pee

Street: 07.21

Spindrift = The Velvet Underground + Brian Jonestown Massacre + The Outlaw Josey Wales

Whoa ... I think **The Man With No Name** just rolled back in to town, six shooter a-bla-zin' and one-liners oozing from his cigar-stuffed maw. This is the soundtrack (literally) to 2007's Spaghetti Western timewarp *The Legend of God's Gun*, which I apparently must now track down and watch. Complete with a full narration of the film, including character introduction and plot summary, Spindrift have recreated the feel of the old classic Western, and have taken no chances, and few liberties, in being true to the spirit of movie soundtracks for films like *Pale Rider*, *For A Few Dollars More*, and *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*. Twangy guitar, rusty old harmonica, and horse-gallop drums invoke dusty

trails, lynch mobs, and tavern brawls. "I think I'll take me a walk in the desert ... catch me a breath of fresh air." —Gavin Hoffman

Swashbuckle

Back to the Noose

Nuclear Blast

Street: 07.24

Swashbuckle = Slayer + D.R.I. + Destruction + a pirate theme!

One wouldn't think Jersey to be the home of pirates, but lo and behold, we have thrash trio Swashbuckle ready to swab the deck with the lot of the thrash revivalism bands. *Back to the Noose*, the band's Nuclear Blast debut, is their follow-up to the awesomeness of the pirate-thrash that was their debut record, *Crew by the Damned*. Swashbuckle are largely a mishmash of just about every thrash-metal style, American and European. Not only is the music fast, heavy and just plain old ass-kicking, it has its own little pirate humor, i.e., the song "Cruise Ship Terror" has a short vocal sketch preceding it in order to set up the tale of a pirate crew attacking a cruise liner. The fact that these guys definitely don't take themselves too seriously leads to a creative energy and fresh offering of thrash-booty. While bearing obvious influences, Swashbuckle creates their own sound and make for an album worth blasting and blasting and blasting some more. —Bryer Wharton

The Most Serene Republic

... And the Ever Expanding Universe

Arts & Crafts

Street: 07.14

The Most Serene Republic = Broken Social Scene + Arcade Fire

"Gadzooks, gadzooks, gadzooks, what have you got to lose?" sing MSR vocalists in "Heavens to Purgatory," from their upcoming album. It's easy to say that what you will lose while listening to this album is all sense of direction. I've always had a soft spot for this younger, more hyperactive version of Broken Social Scene, but after 10 listens, most of this album still sounds like a mess. Their unique layer-upon-layer instrumentation makes its usual appearance, but my hell, were they preparing for 50° below extreme weather? It's like every band member had a brilliant idea and every idea has been used. It's too scatterbrained and overcomplicated. There are a few nice moments, like the breathy beat box action on "Phi," or the night-at-the-symphony-esque track "Patternicity." Maybe I have outgrown the young lads and lass, or maybe their ever-expanding universe has expanded a few too many belt sizes. —Courtney Blair

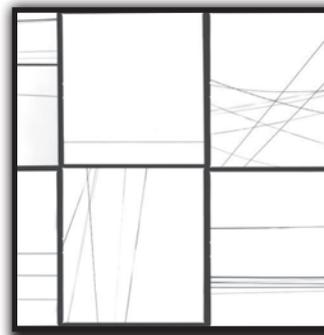
Tortoise

Beacons of Ancestorship

Thrill Jockey Records

Street: 06.23

Tortoise = I'm Not a Gun + Cul De Sac



With plenty of synth and elements of electronica thrown into a faux-indie mix, one cannot deny that Tortoise's latest carries on their longstanding trend of making unique music. Having been around for nearly 20 years now, though, their sixth full-length just doesn't deliver what I was expecting. Many tracks just drone on for uncomfortable periods of time, often sounding muddled and boring. I got the impression several times that these guys just recorded some of their jams and threw them into the mix to fill up space. It's not to say that this album is a complete failure, but it just doesn't live up to the name these guys have made for themselves. If you want to really get some enjoyment out of Tortoise, go pick up one of their previous releases or try and catch them live. —Ross Solomon

Various Artists

We Just Call It Roulette Volume Two

Russian Recording

Street: 03.29

We Just Call It Roulette Volume Two = Medusa + Kentucky Nightmare + Trio in Stereo + others

Limited to 500 copies. Hand-silk-screened and die-cut. "Carefully and painstakingly sequenced." All just a bunch of words and gimmicky nonsense that distracts us all from what a decent compilation this really is. It features a solid collection of bands most of you probably haven't heard of and adequately showcases a lot of good music coming out of Russian Recording's Indiana-based studio. Most of the bands are comprised of the standard drum/bass/guitar rock combo, but that doesn't mean there aren't some catchy tunes to be heard. If you can find one of the limited copies around here, I'd recommend picking it up. Of course, these guys would be much wiser to just release the comp on **eMusic**, since I doubt many people who haven't heard of any of these bands will be willing to pay top dollar for a hand-cut, limited-edition comp. —Ross Solomon

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THE INVERSION TRAWLER
 An Interview With Murgatroid McGillicutty
 Conducted by Boo



“Into The Light”

Having attempted to interview Aunt Leona’s spirit guide, Alfredo, it was natural that we’d want to interview our own guiding ghost, Murgatroid. Murgatroid is not a typical spirit guide. Oom and I did not summon her, she attached herself to us. Because she was a suicide, Murgatroid is disqualified from being an official guide in the Genuine Guild of Guides. Instead she has joined a new movement of loosely organized guerilla guides who follow few rules and guide at their leisure. It’s all very DIY. For my part, I’m still not wholly at ease with the idea of having a spirit wafting about and giving me advice. I’m not sure I even believe in spirits. Oom and I have both seen her and have had seemingly intelligent conversation with her, but for all I know we could be experiencing a joint hallucination—probably caused by a miasma or nasty vapor from the lake. We decided to conjure up Murgatroid in Oom’s bedroom and conduct the interview there. To our surprise, we found Murgatroid in the room waiting for us. She was elaborately dressed in slinky black with a huge feather headdress. As we shuffled through the doorframe, she feigned surprise and said, “Oh! I was just doing a bit of dusting.” She then bent her head down and waved the headdress over the dresser like a feather duster, breaking into girly laughs. Oom made a weird noise in his throat. I probably did too. Murgatroid turned back to us, sat down on the corner of the bed, winked and said, “Alright, I’m ready.” Still standing at the door beside Oom—who was bug eyed and frozen—I started, “Ok...um...Where are you from originally? Oh, and what is your full name?” Murgatroid: “I’m Murgatroid McGillicutty and I lived most of my life in Savannah, Georgia. Boo: So, why did you off yourself? Murgatroid (shifting a bit): Well, at times I could be a very silly girl and work myself up

into all sorts of irrational states. I suppose it was partially the times, the mid 1920s. Everything had to be enormous and over the top—every emotion, every gesture. Life was like a constant cocktail party full of thespians who never stop acting and are always trying to out-do everybody else. I was utterly in love with Rudolf Valentino, and I was convinced it was only a matter of time until our two paths came together and joined into one. We would love for eternity and fate would be satisfied. Then he up and croaked! Just imagine the depths of absurd emotion I flung myself into. I knew that Rudy had immersed himself in the Great Salt Lake, and I believed the lake would be the conduit through which Rudy and I would come together. I traveled by train to Salt Lake City and out to the resort that used to be at the lake. I had planned to swim out a way and drown myself. Well, that lake seems to be only three feet deep and is so salty a person cannot sink. Oh, I was annoyed to be sure. I tried to hold my head under the water for the longest time. Suddenly it dawned on me how silly I was being. I laughed inadvertently, sucking in gallons of salt water and brine shrimp. That finished me. I felt so silly—it was probably a good thing Rudy wasn’t on the other side to greet me. Boo: What’s the other side like? M: Oh, it’s absolute hell! I can’t get a good mint julep, and my hair goes frizzy like you wouldn’t believe. I went through the light initially, and I’ll occasionally pop through every now and then to visit friends, but it is really a great disappointment. What beckons from the other side of the legendary bright light is a vast but rather depressing games room. It isn’t hell, purgatory or limbo either. It is the Great Reward. The holiest of holy are disporting themselves in there. Saint what’s-her-name with the droopy eye is there engrossed in an eternal game of BINGO—of course she always wins, but I ask you, would you want to be eternally winning games of BINGO? Oh, and the décor hasn’t been updated since September 1985. I prefer to spend my time in your environment. Oom finally regained his power of speech and blurted out, “Who does your costumes?” M: “Oh, this old thing? Ha ha ha. Cumorah Hill-deGarde would tell you it was knitted by Satan in Hell. Ha ha ha ha ha... hey Boo, you should start a clothing line with that title—Knitted by Satan in Hell. The wasp ladies—they make clothes to die for, pun intended. They also supply me with various fright costumes for my other hobby of haunting the Gateway mall. Oh those poor night security people, I should do something nice for them.



Illustration: Craig Secrist

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Daily calendar

Get your event listed for free: dailycalendar@slugmag.com. Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month.

Friday July 3

Sex On The Run, Zack & Jace – *W Lounge*
 The Donner Party – *Tracks*
 VNV Nation, War Tapes – *Murray Theater*
 Michael Mann – *The Sandtrap*
 The Gorgeous Hussies – *Brewski's*
 Liz Woolley – *Rocks at the Marriott*
 Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
 Monarch, Screaming Condors, Orbis Intus – *Liquid Joe's*
 Michael Dean Damron and Thee Loyal Bastards, Triggers & Slips, Rev. DeadEye – *Burt's*
 James Miska, Chaz Prymek – *Terrace Hills Mountain Top*
 Ok Ikumi, Paul Baribeau, The Boy Who Could Fly, Big Trub – *Muse Music*
 Vile Blue Shades, Ether, Super Buttery Muffins – *Urban*
 Lord Mandrake, The Lionelle, Bob Moss, Professor Plum – *Kilby*
 Rev 23, Stem Cell Ghost – *Vegas*

Saturday July 4

Nick James, Danny Dance – *W Lounge*
 Violence Unfolds, M.A.I.M. Corps, The Akashic, Embrace the Fallen – *Vegas*
 Adam Kozlewski – *Rocks at the Marriott*
 Avenue – *Mojo's*
 Parsec – *Brewski's*
 Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – *D&R Spirits*
 Voodoo Swing, House of Cards, Tater Famine – *Burt's*
 CJ Boyd, James Miska, Billy Mack Collector Backyard BBQ – *Boing!*
 Skeleton Hearts Band – *Johnny's*
 The Naked Eyes, Futurists, The Whirlings – *Kilby*
 Ted Dancin – *Urban*
SLUG Mag Farmers Market Booth – Pioneer Park

Sunday, July 5

Stormy, Pleasure Thieves, Fucktards – *Urban*

Monday July 6

Chicago Afrobeat Project – *Washington Square*

Vitamins, Human Quena Orchestra, Night Terror – *Burt's*
 The Average, Radio Courtesy, Victims Willing – *Kilby*
The Horse Boy (film) – *City Library*
 Ukulele Loki's Gadabout Orchestra, Sits In Trees, Haun's Mill Massacre – *Urban*

Tuesday July 7

Boys Like Girls, Never Shout Never, The Ready Set – *Avalon*
 The Straightjackets, Free Press – *Burt's*
 Radio Rhythm Makers – *Washington Square*
 Indigo Girls, Gregory Alan Isakov – *Red Butte Garden*
 Boyce Avenue, Hana Pessele, Rescue Cadence – *Kilby*
 The Devil Whale, Cub Country, Bronco, Cameron Rafati – *Urban*

Wednesday July 8

ABC, Wang Chung, Missing Persons, Cutting Crew – *Depot*
 Girl in a Coma, Miss Derringer, Lost By Reason – *Burt's*
 Kairo By Night – *Washington Square*
 You Me and Apollo, Courtney Marie Andrews, Cody Taylor – *Muse Music*
 Maybelles Music Box – *Johnny's*
 David Dondero, S.L.F.M, Julia Meacham – *Kilby*
 Garrat Wilkin & the Parrotheads – *Urban*
 Mountain Music Festival – *Snowbird*
 Happy Birthday Peter Fryer!
 Happy Birthday Cody Hudson!

Thursday July 9

The Expo and Company, Virtue and D. Taylor, Native Witch Doctors, Wicked Hergan, Tha Dank Seid – *Vegas*
 The Swaggerin' Growlers, Knuckledragger – *Burt's*
 Shanahy – *Washington Square*
 Warsaw Poland Bros. – *Piper*
 Local Band Appreciation Night – *Point After*
 The Trademark, The Recovery, The New Nervous, Mary May I – *Muse Music*
 Unrestrained, Parasitic Skies, Signs of Hope – *Kilby*

Ted Dancin – *Urban*
 Mountain Music Festival – *Snowbird*
 Twilight Concert Series: Bon Iver, Jenny Lewis – *Gallivan*

Friday July 10

Salt Lake Jazz Festival – *City & County Bldg*
 Bad Boy Bill – *Harry O's*
 Alexis y Fido – *Saltair*
 Stormy, Discourse – *Brewski's*
 SS I Am The, Lifeline, Anti-Vibe – *Avalon*
 Post Honeymoon, Accidente, Blackhole, Birdeater – *Burt's*
 Doug Wintch Band – *Washington Square*
 A. Smith – *Muse Music*
 Patterstats, Dynamite Rocket, Solar Euphoria, Kid Theodore – *Kilby*
 Diemonsterdie, Spooky Deville and Stellar Corpse – *Vegas*
 Mountain Music Festival – *Snowbird*
 Happy Birthday Jaleh Afshar!
SLUG LOCALIZED: David Williams, Band of Annuals, Will Sartain – Urban

Saturday July 11

Doctor Doctor, DJ Audius, Freq-sho, Lord De Tracy, Eric Hill – *The Outer Rim*
 Salt Lake Jazz Festival – *City & County Bldg*
 Kap Bros – *Brewski's*
 Fallen Traces, Double Or Nothing, Eye.Dee.Kay, Brogan Kelby, Double S-7, Heroes of Fiction – *Avalon*
 Dance for Destruction, Azon – *Burt's*
 Mountain Music Festival – *Snowbird*
 Roots Rock Reggae Festival – *Park City*
 The Iso Priciple, ByNow, Electron Deception – *Muse Music*
 Chasing Zen – *Johnny's*
 So Many Dynamos, The Auto Pirates, Stem Cell Ghost – *Kilby*
 Cage, Yak Ballz, Blue Collar Theory – *Urban*
 Hemlock, Separation of Self, Godawful and Scarless – *Vegas*

Sunday July 12

Salt Lake Jazz Festival – *City & County Bldg*
 Mountain Music Festival – *Snowbird*

Roots Rock Reggae Music Festival – *Park City*
 Jinga Boa, Fauna, Wine of Astonishment – *Urban*
 Sinn Bodhi, Bebe and Tombstone Jesus – *Vegas*

Monday July 13

Haste the Day, The Chariot, Sleeping Giant, Project 86, Gwen Stacy, Agraceful, For Today, A Plea for Purging, Corpus Christi, Oh Sleeper – *Club Sound*
 Final Summation, The Skaficianados, In Key Dropouts, Suburban Bordumb – *Burt's*
 Mensajeros Del Tiempo – *City Creek Park*
 Death Cab For Cutie, Andrew Bird, Ra Ra Riot – *Red Butte Garden*
 The Rural Alberta Advantage, Cody Rigby – *Kilby*
 SLAJO, The Joshua Payne Orchestra, reVolver – *Urban*

Tuesday July 14

Valet Park This – *Burt's*
 Ridin' The Faultline – *City Creek Park*
 Wayne "The Train" Hancock, Joe Buck Yourself (5:30 PM) – *Heavy Metal Shop*
 Wayne "The Train" Hancock, Joe Buck Yourself (9:00 AM) – *Vegas*
 The Wilderness, I am the Ocean, Vinyl Williams, The Hotness – *Kilby*
 The Abyssinians, Etana, Roots Revealers, Babylon Down – *Urban*
 Sherwood, – *In The Venue*
 Monstrosity, HOD, Torn the Fuck Apart – *South Shore Bar & Grill*

Wednesday July 15

The Blackbird Projects, The Mange, Tiffany Thorn – *Burt's*
 Bozwell – *City Creek Park*
 Queereads: Geek Love – *Sam Weller's*
 Brandon Taylor – *Johnny's*
Lords of Nature (film) – *City Library*
 Dank Squad Party, Scenic Byway, Feel Good Patrol – *Urban*
 Brandon Tyler, Citizen K – *Kilby*
STORE OPENING! – Fresh

Thursday July 16

Incubus – *USANA*
 Archons, Subrosa – *Burt's*



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Xillow Jazz Quartet – *City Creek Park*
 Sean Campbell Band – *Piper*
 Long Distance Operator, This Passing Moment, American Hollow – *Vegas*
 Local Band Appreciation Night – *Point After*
 Songwriter Showdown: Day 1 – *Muse Music*
 Ted Dancin, Electoral College – *Urban*
 Doomtree – *Kilby*
 Connecticut Four – *Why Sound*
 Twilight Concert Series: Black Keys, Human Highway – *Gallivan*

Friday July 17
 Benny Benassi – *Saltair*
 George Strait, Blake Shelton – *USANA*
 The Barrelhouse Trio – *Brewski's*
 Reverend Horton Heat, Nekromantix – *Depot*
 The Radio Rhythm Makers, Monkey Knife Fight, The Fevered, Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators – *Burt's*
 Alice in Wonderland prints – *Signed & Numbered*
 Dos oestes – *Sam Weller's*
 Dave Lefler – *Decades Barbershop*
 Cameron McGill & What Army, Devil Whale, Sayde Price – *Velour*
 Songwriter Showdown: Day 2 – *Muse Music*
 Swak, Knuckledragger, Big Gun Baby, The Fully Blown – *Kilby*
 Hal Cannon, Teresa Jordan, Anke Summerhill – *City Creek Park*
 Stormy, Furs, Blue Sunshine Soul – *Urban*
 Jaun Crocier's "Dirty Rats", Aerial, Werewolf-Afro – *Vegas*
 Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*

Saturday July 18
 The Fray, Jack's Mannequin – *USANA*
 Skint – *Brewski's*
 Red City Radio, New Tomorrow, Negative Charge, Under Radar – *Burt's*
 Cub Country – *Kilby*
 Songwriter Showdown: Day 3 – *Muse Music*
 Five Live – *Johnny's*
 Cub Country, Cameron McGill, Bluebird Radio – *Kilby*
 SLC Film Fest Benefit: Vile Blue Shades, Cornered By Zombies, Mammoth – *Urban*
 A Balance of Power, Vinia, Deny Your Faith, Lidsore – *Vegas*
 Happy Birthday Ben Robertson!

Sunday July 19
 Red This Ever – *The Woodshed*
 The Wallflowers, Vadera – *Red Butte Garden*
 Time To Talk Tween Tunes – *Urban*
 Tool – *EnergySolutions*

Monday July 20
 Blazed & Confused Tour – *USANA*
 Fake Problems, Ninja Gun – *Burt's*
 Making the River (film) – *SLC Library*
 Ember – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 The Builders & The Butchers, Illinois, The Futurists – *Urban*
 Josaleigh Pollett, Josh Seppich, John-Ross Boyce, Fox Van Cleef – *Kilby*

Tuesday July 21
 The Showdown, Hands, The Becoming – *Avalon*
 Rainman Suite, Game On, Sorry For Yelling, – *Burt's*
 The Sex Machine – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Tenants of Baltazar's Castle, Cloud Kiva – *Urban*
 Happy Birthday James Orme!

Wednesday July 22
 Burning Daylight – *Burt's*
 Blue Sunshine Soul – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Band of Annuals – *Ed Kenley Amphitheater*
 Ladysmith Black Mambazo – *Rose Wagner Center*
 Sugarhouse – *Johnny's*
 Josh Ritter, Langhorne Slim – *Urban*
 Theta Naught, I Hear Sirens, Gifts From Enola – *Kilby*

Thursday July 23
 1/4 Mile Combo, Aroarah, Hog Luvdog and The Sleazetones – *Burt's*
 Gross National Product – *Exchange Place Plaza*
 Swagger – *Piper*
 Local Band Appreciation Night – *Point After*
 Elemental – *Velour*
 Nate Baldwin, Double or Nothing – *Muse Music*
 Ted Dancin – *Urban*
 Blinded by Truth, Radio Courtesy, Sorry For Yelling – *Vegas*
 Twilight Concert Series: M. Ward, Land of Talk – *Gallivan*

Friday July 24
 Stonefed – *Brewski's*
 Three Bad Jacks – *Burt's*
 Rock & Blues Festival – *Snowbird*
 Follow The Earth, Starchild Rover – *Muse Music*
 The American Night – *Urban*
 Malichi, Killbot, Truce, Redneck Mafia – *Vegas*
 Kilby 10th Anniversary: Palace of Buddies, Drew Danburry, Birthquake – *Kilby*

Saturday July 25
 Josh Turner, Little Big Town – *Uinta County Fairgrounds*
 Hotel Le Motel – *Brewski's*
 Gabriel Sullivan, Eugene Chadbourne – *Burt's*
 Rock & Blues Festival – *Snowbird*
 Gypsy Cab – *Muse Music*
 Ember, La Farsa, Libbie Linton, Knight Queen Temper – *Urban*
 Salt City Sprints: The Time Trial Diaries – *Kilby*
 Potcheen – *Piper*
 Fourth Year, Thunderfist, Top Dead Celebrity, The Screaming Condors – *Vegas*
 CV Family Reunion, John Kelly, Nebula, B-Rohmer – *Wind Walker Guest Ranch*
 Barefoot Bellydance benefit for Viktoriya – *Academy of Performing Arts*

Sunday July 26
 BBC3 Jazz Trio – *Wine Cellar*
 Rock & Blues Festival – *Snowbird*
 The Start, Normandie, Tragic Black, Laughter – *Kilby*
 Blue Root – *Johnny's*
 Themselves, Dead Beats, Mindstate – *Urban*

Monday July 27
 Duffy Kane Blues – *Wine Cellar*
 The Slants, Belly of the Whale, Venus Ventriloquist – *Burt's*
 The Smashing Bumpkins – *Washington Square*
 Texan Summer Patio Party: Dale Watson & the Texas Lone Stars – *Piper*
 Ivoryline – *Velour*
 Bowerbirds, MegaFaun, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm – *Kilby*
 Awol One, Factor, Ceschi, (ninth) cloud, DJ Che – *Urban*

Audrey Session, Paper Route – *Vegas*
 Tuesday July 28
 Blue October, Switchfoot – *Saltair*
 Bill Kirchin – *Burt's*
 Huan's Mill Massacre – *Washington*

Drop Dead Gorgeous, He is Legend, Before Their Eyes, Eyes Set to Kill, Watchout! There's Ghosts, Breaux – *Avalon*
 Local Band Appreciation Night – *Point After*



Square
 Texan Summer Patio Party: Dale Watson & the Texas Lone Stars – *Piper*
 Hard Boiled: Citizen Vince – *Sam Weller's*
 The Lymbic System, Dust the Books – *Kilby*
 Ha Ha Tonka, Big Sky Tribunal, Bluebird Radio – *Urban*
 Total Chaos – *Vegas*

Wednesday July 29
 Rat City Ruckus, Neon Nights, The Fully Blown, The Insurgency – *Burt's*
 Bronco – *Washington Square*
 The Stereo Fidelics – *Johnny's*
 Steve Lyman, It Foot It Ears, Fauna – *Kilby*
 Vetiver, Charlie Parr – *Urban*
 Happy Birthday Shawn Mayer!

Thursday July 30
 The Body, Street Wave, Slow Ride – *Burt's*
 The Prairie Dogs – *Washington Square*

Casy and Brian, Futsetta – *Kilby*
 Ted Dancin, Tolchuck Trio – *Urban*
 2 1/2 White Guys – *Piper*
 Motograter, Dark Sun, NYC – *Vegas*
 Twilight Concert Series: Sonic Youth, Awesome Color – *Gallivan*

Friday July 31
 Dokken – *Teazer's*
 Parsec – *Brewski's*
 Blackhole, Oldtimer, Birdeater – *Burt's*
 Satisville – *Washington Square*
 Diana Krall – *Red Butte Garden*
 3rd Annual Cupcake Social – *Frosty Darling*
 Matt Hopper & the Roman Candles, Desert Noises – *Velour*
 Stag Hare, Silver Antlers, 7 Feathers Rainwater, Some Beasts – *Kilby*
 Pioneer Park Picture Show & Craft Market: Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid – *Pioneer Park*
 Erin Barra, New York Funk Exchange, Feel Good Patrol – *Urban*
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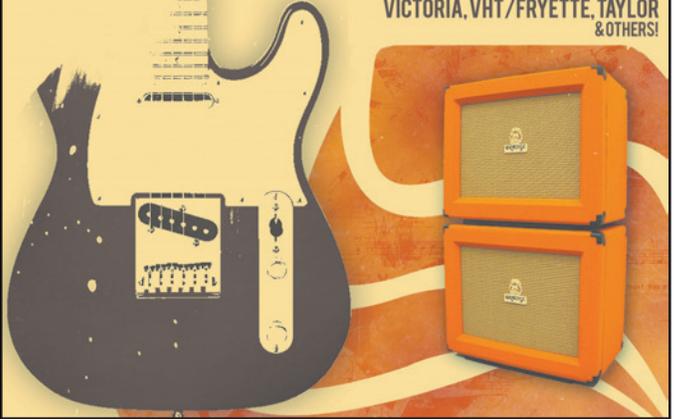
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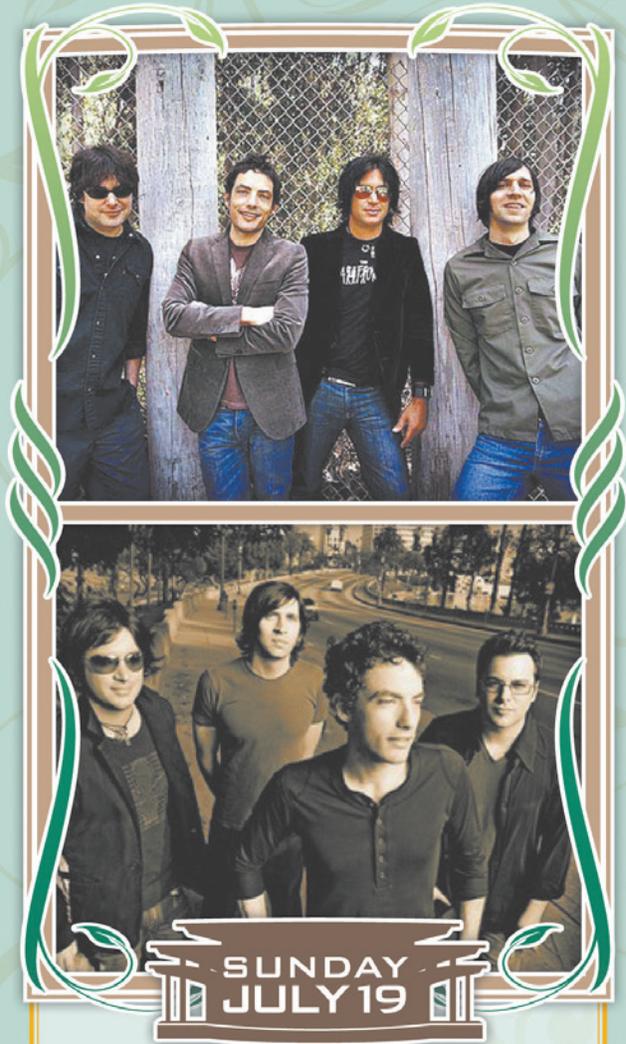
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KILBY COURT JULY CALENDAR

ALL SHOWS START AT 7PM
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- 2 - Jonathan Richman (of The Modern Lovers) feat. Tommy Larkins
- 3 - Lord Mandrake CD Release, The Lionelle, Bob Moss, Professor Plum
- 4 - The Naked Eyes, Futurists, The Whirlings
- 6 - The Average, Radio Courtesy, Victims Willing
- 7 - Boyce Avenue, Hana Pestle, Rescue Cadence
- 8 - David Dondero, S.L.F.M., Julia Meacham
- 9 - Unrestrained, Parasitic Skies, Signs of Hope
- 10 - Patterstats, Dynamite Rocket, Solar Euphoria, Kid Theodore
- 11 - DAY TIME: NOON-6 Salt Lake City Film Festival blowout!
Check kilbycourt.com for more info.
LATE SHOW: 7pm: So Many Dynamos, The Auto Pirates, Stem Cell Ghost
- 13 - The Rural Alberta Advantage, Cody Rigby (full band), TBA
- 14 - The Wilderness, I am the Ocean, Vinyl Williams, The Hotness
- 15 - Brandon Tyler, Citizen K, TBA
- 16 - Doomtree (original crew of P.O.S. 'Rhyme Sayers'), TBA
- 17 - Swak, Knuckledragger, Big Gun Baby, The Fully Blown
- 18 - Cub Country CD Release, Cameron McGill, Bluebird Radio
- 20 - Josaleigh Pollett CD RELEASE, Josh Seppich, John-Ross Boyce, Fox Van Cleef
- 22 - Theta Naught, I Hear Sirens, Gifts From Enola
- 23 - **KILBY COURT 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY!**: feat. Palace of Buddies, Drew Danbury, Birthquake
- 25 - Salt City Sprints: The Time Trial Diaries
- 26 - The Start, Normandie, Tragic Black, Laughter
- 27 - Bowerbirds, MegaFaun, Paul Jacobsen and the Madison Arm
- 28 - The Lymbyc System, Dust the Books, TBA
- 29 - Steve Lyman, It Foot It Ears, Fauna
- 30 - Casey and Brian, Futsetta, TBA
- 31 - Stag Hare, Silver Antlers, 7 Feathers Rainwater, Some Beasts

- COMING IN AUGUST!**
- 4 - The Bloody Hollies, Furs, Red Caps
 - 5 - Piles (members of NUMBERS), Work (mbrs of 16 Bitch Pile Up), High Castle
 - 15 - Bad Weather California
 - 27 - Eyedea & Abilities (early show @ Kilby (all-ages), late show @ Urban Lounge (21+))





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JULY 30
SONIC YOUTH
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AUGUST 13
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AUGUST 20
IRON AND WINE
OKKERVIL RIVER



AUGUST 27
ROBERT RANDOLPH & THE FAMILY BAND
BLACK JOE LEWIS & THE HONEY BEARS

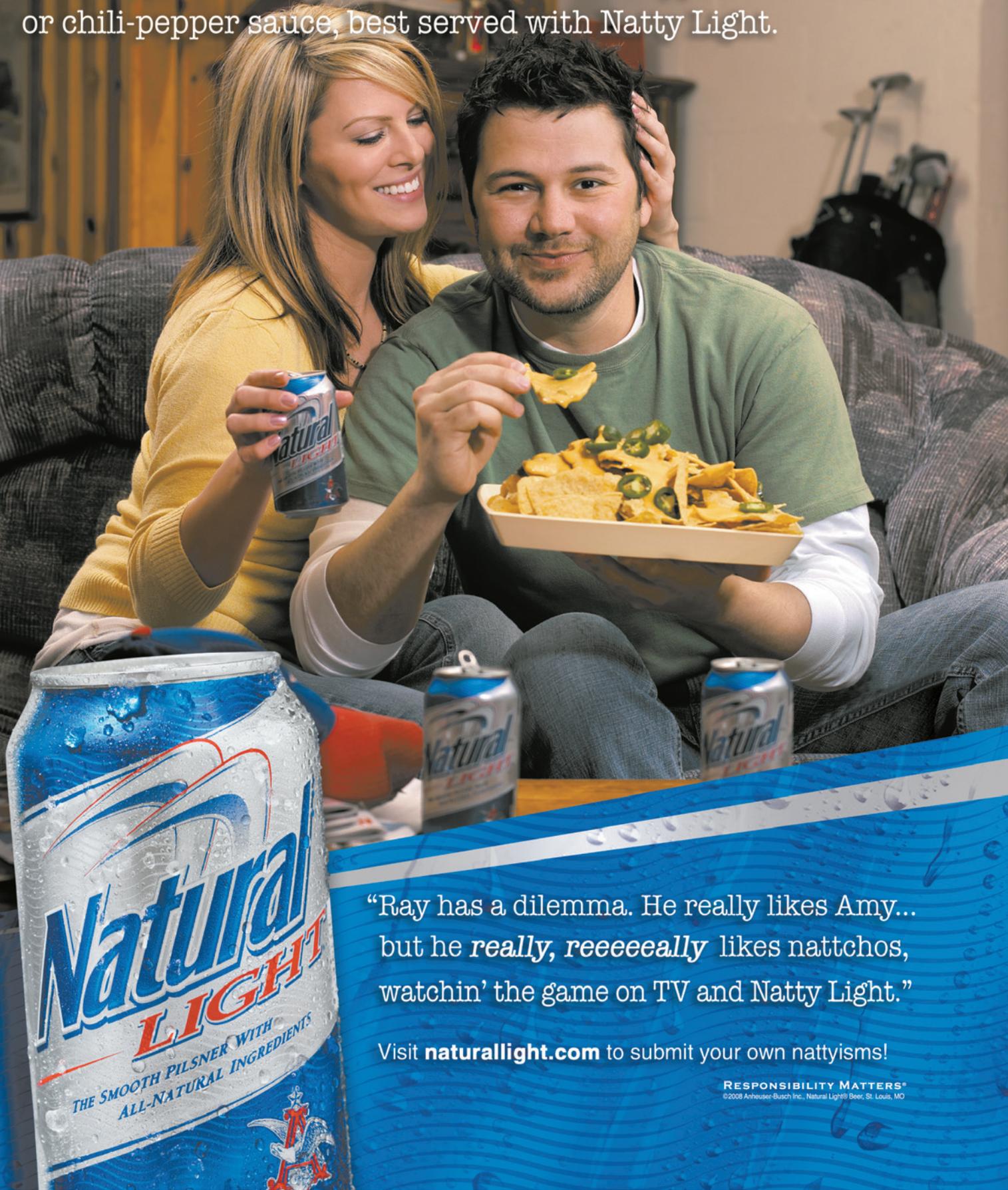
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