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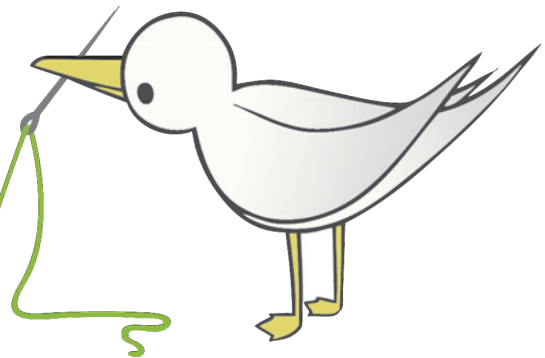




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VOL. 20 • ISSUE # 248 •

AUGUST • 09

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## Contributor Limelight



### Chris Swainston • Action Sports Coordinator

Chris Swainston teamed up with *SLUG Magazine* in 2006 shooting action sports photography. Since then he has busted ass in numerous areas of the magazine—shooting cover photos, writing skate and snow articles, planning, designing and building courses for the *Summer of Death* skate series and *The SLUG Games* ski and snowboard contests. In addition to being published in *SLUG Magazine*, Swainston's work has been featured on *TypicalCulture.com*, *Transfer Mag* (based out of Australia), *Automatic* and others. Swainston recently snagged the title of Action Sports Coordinator and will be covering all things action sports here at the SLUG offices while his counterpart and partner-in-crime Adam Dorobiala travels abroad this fall.



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**sunn O)))**  
**MONOLITHS & DIMENSIONS**

**Eagle Twin**  
*the Unkindness of Crows*

**THE ACCUSED**  
*the Curse of Martha Splatterhead*

**WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM**  
*Black Cascade*

**sunn O))) - Monoliths & Dimensions CD**  
 The 7th studio album from sunn O))). Core members Greg Anderson and Stephen O'Malley are joined by key contributors Attila Csibár (Mayhem vocalist) and Oren Ambarchi. On Monoliths & Dimensions sunn O))) incorporate influences from a plethora of guest musicians, bringing the SUNN O))) sound to epic new levels. The band collaborated with composer Eyvind Kang on various acoustic ensembles, in addition to the helios fueled electric guitars and basses. There's also an upright bass trio, French & English horns, harp & flute duo, piano, brass, reed & strings ensembles, and a Viennese woman's choir led by Persian vocal savant Jessica Kenney (Wolves in The Throne Room). Intensely beautiful and massively powerful, Monoliths & Dimensions is practice in density, gravity and momentum.

**Eagle Twin - The Unkindness of Crows CD**  
 Behold the debut album from Salt Lake City's own Eagle Twin! Geoptry Densley (vocals, stringed instruments) along with behemoth skinsman Tyler Smith have created a most epic masterpiece. The duos' music and riffs definitely have familiar reference points (Casper 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 O))), Kinski, Ascend).

**Appearing with The Accused and sunn O))) @ The Avalon Theater 8/14!**

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 \*\*\*Wolves In The Throne Room- "Black Cascade" CD+2xLP  
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 \*\*\*sunn O)))- "Monoliths and Dimensions" Album CD

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\*\*\*Thou-Tyrant LP  
 \*\*\*Pelican-Ephemerat EP LP

**Wolves In The Throne Room- "Black Cascade" CD**  
 The third album (and second released on Southern Lord) from the grim Cascadia black metal horde: **Wolves In The Throne Room**. Black Cascade further solidifies their death like grip on the jewel throne of American Black Metal. Blazing and crystalline Metal riffs slowly collapse and shift into ritualistic dirges that invoke endless rain falling upon the ancient cedars of the pacific North West. It is as if the instruments are controlled by shadowy and elemental forces of nature rather than three forest-dwellers from Olympia, WA.

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# Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

Out of curiosity, how would you suggest making a mormon wedding more entertaining without the alcohol? I happen to be LDS and do agree that wedding receptions suck. If I get married, I want people to have fun and not fall asleep. And I'm sure pin the tail on the donkey isn't the answer. Sorry you had such a negative experience with LDS persons. There just seemed to be a lack of **respect** for the faith in the article, which makes me believe you had a very terrible experience. Some of my LDS friends who have left the church for various reasons are able to maintain some kinder feelings because nothing really happened to them that incited their leaving. Honestly, I don't know you or haven't read any of your other articles, but from this one article, a strong lack of **respect** comes across. I think it would be very difficult to be non-mormon in Utah. It's just sad, because there could be a little more **respect** while still conveying the message of the inane nature of LDS weddings and culture while maintaining that counter-culture edge you are going for. I tend to be a hippie and think everyone should **hug it out** and be **respectful**/tolerant of everyone else. Although, I can understand the intolerance because you didn't receive any from the LDS community, so why should you be tolerant in return? To be honest, I have felt the need to backhand the Mormon community myself. But still, it doesn't do anyone any good to have two parties fighting. Both the dominant and sub-dominant culture need to learn to be more tolerant towards each other. And that goes for all sub-dominant cultures like the gay, black and latino communities.

**Kerstin-**

**Where to begin? It must first be noted that Mike Brown hates almost everything. From Christmas time to bluegrass music to helping old ladies shower, Mr. Brown is not a fan. And he will tell you about it.**

**That's what he does. The only things he likes are the Utah Jazz, a cat named Jetpack and pissing off SLUG readers. Does it come as a surprise that he also finds Mormon weddings to be on the healthy side of dull? Not to me. The wedding reception that he described would be torture for any sane, breathing person. As SLUG Magazine's Highest Ranking Mormon™, I have to say that I cannot imagine Mike Brown having fun at any standard Mormon function.**

**Since your question was really about how to spice up an LDS reception without booze, let me address that. There could always be better food, a live band, some dancing, or some other sort of hired entertainment. Getting your uncle Hyrum or your local Relief Society to do something distracting really wouldn't work—entertainment is something that needs to be handled by paid professionals. We're talking about celebrating eternity for christsakes.**

**As for Mr. Brown, don't worry about him. He may not know the difference between the Liahona and the Urim and Thummim, but there is still hope for him. He is baptized, and I plan on doing his temple work just as soon as he dies. I would even be happy to reserve the cultural hall for him when his time for civil marriage comes around. In the mean time, Kerstin, you should really limit the number of times you use the word respect in your correspondence, and you should go easy on your references to the HBO show Entourage (hug it out? Really?). You'll never meet a nice Mormon guy if you spend your weekends watching racy shows that star Kevin Dillon. Read your copy of the For the Strength of Youth pamphlet if you don't believe me.**

**James Bennett  
Professional Mormon Apologist  
Second counselor in the 11<sup>th</sup> Ward  
bishopric**

**Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!**

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# Creation and Crucifixion: INVDRS in the Studio

By: **Conor Dow**  
tomserve@gmail.com

**Phillip White- Vocals**  
**Dave Moss- Guitar**  
**Sean McClagherty- Bass**  
**Gavin Hoffman- Drums**

For the members of **INVDRS**, as well as many other local musicians, **Andy Patterson**'s studio is simply a home away from home. Through many years of indirect association, even I don't need driving directions to the slightly secluded location where many local and national acts have

recorded. The studio is modest in size, with rows of compact disc cases lining the entrance to show off much of the illustrious work that has been recorded within these walls. Album covers that jump out to my eyes immediately are **Iceburn**, **GAZA**, **Anima Nera** and the mighty **Parallax**. Relics from previous or other, current

recording sessions are also prevalent through sketched portraits of Patterson hard at work created by various hands, a whiteboard covered in frenzied drawings and scrawled obscenities, and a stack of empty beer boxes tucked away in one corner. The amenities are fairly minimal and obviously efficient, right down to the old school white CRT computer monitor which looms in the center of the control room more like a monolith, than an essential piece of hardware. It feels comfortable, like the bedroom of a friend or brother whom you used to just hang out and play *Contra* with after school.

When it came down to **INVDRS** recording their material, Patterson has always been the man for the job.

"Working with Andy is kind of like putting on your favorite pair of jeans—it just fits," says **Sean McClagherty**, who has recorded various projects with Patterson, including **Iodina** and **Hammergun**, over the past 15 years. Bearing witness to a portion of the recording process for **INVDRS** on a particularly hot Monday evening, it was quite apparent to me that this harmonious fellowship of creativity is something that comes naturally between these old friends. Recording inside the studio is very much business as usual for everyone, and fosters a mood more as a collective of friends, rather than professional colleagues. "He's always kind of been like an extended member of the projects I've worked with and we've established a great friendship over the years." The friendship between these guys shows too, with frequent cigarette breaks to discuss everything ranging from the current recording decisions to reminiscent stories of thwarting nosy police officers. "Initially, the plan was to release the album on CD and vinyl," **Gavin Hoffman** says referring to plans that ultimately fell through. **INVDRS** however were quickly picked

up by DIY label **Corruption Recordings**, which is based out of Los Angeles and also fosters label mates **Dusted Angel** and **Dopefight**. When this happened, the band was able to continue recording with hardly any snags. "The actual instrument recording was done in less than a week," which was the result of an initial deadline, Hoffman says. "Due to scheduling, it's taken a few months to get the vocals completed and begin mixing." Currently it is estimated that the mastering process will begin sometime in August, perhaps by the time you pick up this issue at anyplace cool.

Since **INVDRS** formed, it's been a short but eventful path from just jamming out ideas and blowing fuse boxes at local bars, to these final weeks of recording their

first full length, *Electric Church* which is a follow-up to the concise EP release (reviewed July 08). From the material I heard during my visit, I could only later describe it to a friend as if "someone had just dropped a filthy coffin full of stones onto my chest," or in short, the EP was merely a trial run. The band has definitely maintained their distinct sound, but there's been some adjustments made with heavier riffs, drawn out segments and some more experimentation. "I think we made a conscious decision to put faster punk kinds of riffs in and also to slow things down a little in the right spot. Over all, we spent more time getting the mood of the song right," **Dave Moss**, who was present in Patterson's studio with **Art of Kanly** several years ago, says. The mood he speaks of unearths several styles of heavy underground music rather effectively, with influences from all over. "We wanted to take our favorite elements of punk

rock, heavy metal, doom, and sludge and make the most ugly, devastating record we could. Our primary focus was consistency—we want this record to destroy," McClagherty says.

**INVDRS** are four friends and professional musicians who create crusty doom metal which may conjure up visions of biblical malice and elder misanthropy. "I tell stories of holy destruction," **Phil White** says. The dirges they seek to profer toward the congregation are to be enjoyed only if your ears are up to the challenge. With a few minor pitfalls, the band remains on track to release *Electric Church* in late 2009, which will likely be supported with some minor touring in and out of Utah. Their purpose is simple: destroy. No frills or flashy press packages. "There is no concept," White surmises, "just pure evil."



From left to right: **Gavin Hoffman, Dave Moss, Phillip White and Sean McClagherty** give one of their more finished tracks a listen.

Photo: Conor Dow



# Negative Charge

## Localized

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com

August's *Localized* features three punk bands that seem to hold their high-energy performances together with a healthy (and sometimes excessive) amount of booze. Headliners **Negative Charge** and **Dubbed** have toured together once, shared stages locally numerous times and each band had plenty of booze-fueled stories about those experiences. Check out the show with openers **Desolate** on Friday, August 14 at *Urban Lounge*. It will be a night of first class local punk rock, heavy drinking and a whole lot of debauchery.

**Nick Charge— Vocals**

**Mikey T – Drums**

**Tay White –Lead Guitar**

**Brock Grossl – Bass**

**Preston Hughes – Rhythm Guitar**

Negative Charge formed in the summer of 2004 in the back room of Tay's mom's house. "It was just us getting drunk, and we decided that Salt Lake needed a good punk band," Tay says. Since that summer, the band has gone through five drummers and four bassists. Their current lineup has been in place for about a year. The band's combined track record reads like a who's who of the SLC punk scene. Before joining Negative Charge members of the band spent time in **The Fictions**, **Le Frey**, **The Dregs**, **Endless Struggle**, **The Willkills** and many others. The band released their first and only full-length album in March 2008.

Over the years I've seen Negative Charge at numerous gigs. They've played house parties, a strip club in Ogden, *In the Venue*, other all-ages venues that have come and gone and mainstay dive bars like *Burt's Tiki Lounge* and the *Double Down* in Las Vegas. Once while on tour in California, they even performed on a boat.

The list of legendary punk bands that they've opened for is much too long for anyone to remember. This summer alone they have shared the stage with **The Germs**, **Vice Squad**, **Lower Class Brats** and **The Briggs**—often outperforming and expelling more energy than the national acts that they

open for. Like many punk bands, the real power of the music is found in their live performance. Brock describes their shows as being "4/5 energetic," because, according to Mikey T: "Preston likes to hide behind stuff."

The description is spot on. In June, when the band opened for Vice Squad, Nick, Tay and Brock took center stage and never stopped screaming their faces off. Although Mikey T was shoved behind a drum set at the back of the stage, his metal-influenced double-bass drum beats seemed to propel the energy of the crowd into the other band members. Preston hung off to the side of the stage, but if one of the members didn't keep things mellow, the band might implode. Negative Charge relentlessly assaulted the crowd with their version of hardcore-infused street punk for half an hour.

Unsurprisingly, during the first part of the summer, the band was playing almost every week. "We haven't unloaded our van for a month," Nick said in June as their onslaught of live shows neared its end. "We would much rather go on tour than play Salt Lake all the time," Tay says, "We love Salt Lake, we love playing here, but we like to keep it fresh."

Although the band doesn't currently have any regional tours planned, they're hoping to do some weekend warrior dates soon—hitting two or three cities near Salt Lake City in two or three days. They also have a date booked at the *Double Down* in Las Vegas on Aug. 22. Last summer when they played the quirky punk rock bar, they went on at 3 a.m. and were dubbed "Negative Trainwreck" after a night of excessive drinking on the strip. According to Nick, the five-member band was playing six different songs.

Dubbed was also playing the *Double Down* that night and witnessed the appearance of "Negative Trainwreck." "We play with them all the time. When they get so drunk they can't play its funny to us," Nick Skunk says. "They've seen us do the same thing. It's funny to see your friends turn into a god-awful mess."

Dubbed's bass player, Mike the Bass, summed up the show with a single comparison. "Nick Charge was channeling **Elvis**," he says.

Negative Charge assured me that they would try to hold back the Negative Trainwreck for the *Localized* show. And for their upcoming show at the *Double Down*... "Hopefully we'll get a better spot. Go on at 1 [a.m.]," Nick says.



Photo: Sam Milantia





**Nick Skunk – Vocals/Guitar**

**Mike the Bass – Bass**

**Brettley – Skins**

**Erik – Ecks – the Crux – Saxophone/Squeeze Box/Vocals**

"Our band is held together with drugs and alcohol," Nick Skunk says as he drinks a PBR.

Dubbed started nearly a decade ago when Nick Skunk was still in high school. "Nick used a fake ID. We learned how to play in front of people. You had to be drunk to endure such humiliating circumstances," Mike says.

In those days the band was a three-piece that mostly played **Sublime** cover songs. Luckily, they ditched the **Bradley Nowell** worship and, as Nick Skunk describes it, "got good."

"We moved away from some of the reggae stuff and we started to get really fucking angry and fast," Mike says, "We played everything really fast."

Ecks joined the band on his saxophone two years ago on Valentines Day and calmed the band's style down a bit. "We did a reggae dub and wanted a horn section to give it more balls," Nick Skunk says, "We had him do it live a few times and then told him he had to be in the band." Brettley joined the band on drums last April.

The current lineup is what makes Dubbed a band that can jump from **Bad Brains**-style punk anthems like "Shut Yer Mouth," to ska songs like "Gamblin'" and "Stone Dead" and even the occasional country song. "I think that's the one thing we really have going for us and against us. None of our songs sound the same," Ecks says, "People really don't know how to wrap their heads around us when they see us live."

The band credits their musical schizophrenia to the boredom that comes from playing one style of music over and over again and to their "musical ADD."

This past summer, Dubbed took a break from playing live to focus on recording with their new lineup. The band is recording their upcoming album in true DIY style: using an old Apple computer, logic pro and whatever cheap condenser mics the band can get their hands on. The recording space doubles as the band's practice space and is located in the backroom of Ecks and Nick Skunk's house.

"We're trying to follow the **Gaza** paradigm. They did it right. They put out a really good EP that they just put their full fucking effort into. Then they gigged on weekends, four or five day tours and played to kids in smaller cities," Ecks says. "Kids in smaller cities actually appreciate music."



Dubbed is planning to release their album by August or September. Although there are no solid tour dates in the works for the band, there is talk of an upcoming east-coast tour and the ever-popular weekend warrior schedule. To finance the time on the road... "[We'll] pray to **Joe Pesci** that people buy our merch so we can make it to the next town," Nick Skunk says.

As far as their *Localized* performance with Negative Charge goes, they're confident that it will be a boozy affair. "I can say one thing, we can sell beer," Ecks says.

They also seem genuinely excited to play. "We're gonna bust our asses. I'm going to play until my fingers bleed a bit and we're gonna put on a good show," Mike says. The bloody finger bit apparently isn't bullshit either. "He has to put super glue on his fingers every time he plays or they bleed profusely," Ecks says.

Come check out Dubbed, Negative Charge and openers Desolate at *Urban Lounge* on Friday, August 14. Five bucks gets you in.

Photos: Sam Miliana





# THE INVERSION TRAWLER

Conny!

Filed by Boo

From the Observation Files of  
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

Aunt Leona, Oom and I were making our way through the front gate and up the walk of Aunt Kate's home, Weedpatch, when we heard a frantic female screaming, "HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!" It was a high-pitched, cartoon mouse of a voice, and we could hear the click click click of small but speedy steps accompanying the screams and coming toward us up the sidewalk. Oom jumped back through the gate in superhero readiness, followed closely by Leona and me. Two houses up, right arm held up pointing at the sky and taking a billion steps a second while getting almost nowhere, was a bizarre looking woman. She matched her squeaky voice perfectly. Naturally she would have stood about 4 ½ ft tall, but her high heels and higher hairdo added a good foot to her height. Her hair was a great pile of golden ringlets that bounced madly as she ran in spooky contrast to her enormous boobs that stuck straight out and didn't bounce at all. Her face was powdered white, she had silver shadowed eyes, and her lips were drawn on tiny like Lillian Gish's in old silent movies. She looked like a mime! She wore a royal purple jumpsuit and hunter orange stiletto heels.

She continued screaming, "OH PLEASE, HELP ME PLEASE! SOMEBODY PLEASE STOP THE ICE CREAM VAN." I turned to look up the street and sure enough, waaaaaay up there, practically in Nevada, was an ice cream van. It turned a corner and was gone. The strange woman dropped her arm making some resigned exclamation in cartoon language and continued towards us. She was walking now but seemed to be moving at exactly the same pace as when she was running. When she reached Oom (still poised on the sidewalk ready for action), she greeted us with an overly enthusiastic "HELLO!" Then she froze and let out a, "LEEEONAAAA!" I was starting to suspect that she communicated only in exclamations.

Aunt Leona pushed past me saying, "Conny, I knew that had to be you. You nearly gave us a heart attack. We thought you were being chased by Bigfoot or something. How are you? This is my niece Boudica and my nephew Oomingmak." She waved over us like a game show model waves over a fabulous prize. She then turned to us, "You guys, this is Conny Likkit—spelled C-O-N-N-Y. She's an old friend and old foe, but we won't go into that."

Conny, smiling widely, looked us over and said, "Oh Leona they're AH-DOOR-AH-BLE. You do come from the Addams Family and they were sooooo much cooler than the Munsters." I suppose she meant it as a compliment, and I can take it coming from a bizarre mutation of the Telesmurphies.

Aunt Leona beamed proudly. Conny continued, "Oh, I need to fill you in on my latest juiciness. You know that from the get-go I always thought you were a bit looney—adorable but a bit of a

wing-nut. You'd go on about spirit guides and all that. I never believed in ghosts until I was forced to do battle with a demon."

Aunt Leona gasped, "Oh golly, do tell!"

Conny: "I was house sitting for a friend, just a coupla blocks away and I went in to feed the cat. While I was passing through the kitchen, I heard an evil and disembodied male voice. I couldn't understand what it said to me so I thought it must be speaking in tongues or in Latin which could only mean it was a demon or my dead mother who had an evil male voice and wasn't far from a demon herself. I fled to a nearby bedroom and locked myself in. I was in there for a day and a half! Every so often the voice would call out to me and I would shout back that Jesus was on my side. Eventually my friend returned home and discovered me in a real state of total insaneness. I told her my story and after a few moments she started shrieking with laughter, went to the kitchen and pushed a button on a thingy which made the voice call out again. Turns out it was just the speaking carbon monoxide detector alerting that the batteries were low."

Leona: "Oh sheesh! That's totally something I would do."

Conny: "Well it got me to thinking. What if a real demon decided to come sniffing around and I wasn't prepared. I thought of you and your ghost friend Alfonzo (suddenly an annoyed and disembodied male voice interjected, "ALFREDO!" which made Oom and I jump and gasp but which had no effect at all on Leona or Conny) and I decided to get a guide for myself. I did the meditation and tried hard not to think about pasta or food at all, no offence, but I don't want to be led around by visions of food. I'm usually dieting to keep my girlish figure. Anyway, it worked! Out of the mist walked Frostess LeGloss." Conny paused dramatically and we all gawked in silence waiting for an explanation.

Conny: "Frostess is a recently deceased drag artist from Elko, Nevada. Poor thing. Always hoped that when the time came she'd have a dramatic or mystical death that would play beautifully in a movie. Instead, she was hung over and dressed in dirty sweats as Raymond—her real name. She'd popped into a dollar store for balloons, was pushed aside by a dumpy hog of a woman, lost her balance, fell over and brained herself on a clearance rack of plush reindeer antlers and other holiday head wear. I'm helping her through the shock and disappointment. We've made some real progress! Hey! You should bring Alfonzo over to my place and we can have a play-date for the spirit guides."

The sound of a disembodied and seriously annoyed male voice interrupted, "NOT EVEN IF YOUR TORPEDO TITS DEPENDED ON IT!"



Illustration: Craig Secrist



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546903

# ROOM FOR ONE MORE:

## The Birth of the Salt Lake City Film Festival

Interview by Jimmy Martin [jimmy@slugmag.com]

Introduction by Lilly D. Scott [info@slugmag.com]

546903

Forget freezing your ass off in Park City while hoping to snag a peek of Paris Hilton at some exclusive screening that you probably won't be getting into. On August 14, 15 and 16 **Chris Bradshaw**, **Matt Whittaker** and the rest of their nine-person staff are bringing a brand new film fest to Salt Lake—the *Salt Lake City Film Festival*. Don't expect to rub shoulders with the rich and famous though, at the *Salt Lake City Film Festival* you're more likely to run into local folks who are interested in seeing films without the frills of exclusive parties, sponsor lounges, free gift bags and the hubbub associated with mainstream mainstream film festivals. The three-day event will host screenings at *Tower Theater*, *The Post Theater* and *The Salt Lake City Library*.

**SLUG:** What made you want to create a film festival in Salt Lake City when we already have *Sundance* and numerous others in our backyard?

**Whittaker:** We look at it like this: Salt Lake has a great film scene, but all too often when you put independent film and Salt Lake into the same sentence people think *Sundance*. Don't get me wrong, *Sundance* is great! Utah should be very proud of that gem, but there is so much more that goes on with independent film in our town. There is this complicated web of film-based programs and organizations available all over the valley and literally all year long. We wanted to add something new to that landscape. Something that only happens for a handful of days in August which spotlights not only the independent filmmaker, but also the independent business, the independent musician ... etc. We wanted a festival for Salt Lake City by Salt Lake City.

**Bradshaw:** Salt Lake City is our stomping ground, our home and *SLCFF*'s new playground. We are making an effort to unite with local businesses and venues that can add some serious flare, providing an event worth looking forward to. We are not just going to be screening great films—we will make every film selection an event. For instance, one of this year's selections is the documentary *Best Worst Movie*. Not only are we going out of our way to get the filmmakers and cast here, we are also screening the cult classic and subject focal point of *Best Worst Movie*: *Troll 2*.

**SLUG:** What are the backgrounds of the festival's creators and jury members?

**Whittaker:** I was born in Salt Lake City. I lived half my life here and half my life in Sandy, where I spent most of my time growing up on a steady diet of skateboarding, obsessing over movies and playing drums in bands like: **Birthquake**, **El Toro**, **Airliner**, and **The Assassimators**. As for film, I've been doing things on all sides of the camera for several years. I hold a BA in Film and have worked as an actor in a number of commercial and independent films including, the infamous Sci-Fi Channel cult classic, *Ice Spiders*. I feel a bizarre mix of shame and pride with holding that in my bucket of background information. Most of my attention is focused on everything behind the camera—direction, production, and cinematography. Everyone on our staff has spent most their lives in and around the local art, music, and film scene. Chris and I are lucky to work with people as creative and connected, not to mention *dedicated* to their community.

**Bradshaw:** I am a freelance film and video editor who has worked his way from the drudges of wedding videography to the more rewarding industrial production. I am the director of 10 narrative short films, two documentaries and five industrial spots. I have edited over 30 productions. Independent film is not simply an interest, it is a sick and unhealthy life long obsession.

**SLUG:** What other film festival's have inspired *The Salt Lake City Film Festival*?

**Bradshaw:** Last year Matt and I attended *CineVegas*, I'm sure that's where the gears started turning. I always try to attend *Sundance* as well but I can't say I was ever influenced whilst freezing outside in a standby line—not a very inspirationally motivating climate.

**Whittaker:** For me, both *CineVegas* and *SXSW* have been especially influential. *CineVegas* keeps up the party while simultaneously screening great films and keeping everything cozy/accessible to everyone. It's a very healthy mix. Likewise, *SXSW* is simply a masterpiece of organization/coordination. What they do is so complicated, but you'd never know. We hope to emulate, over time, that type of widespread fun. After all, a festival is supposed to be just that.

**SLUG:** What type of audience do you want/hope to attract?

**Whittaker:** I love talking about demographics in our meetings. It makes me feel like making graphs and pie charts until Chris reminds me that we don't have money for pie or charts. Really though, I personally hope that little by little we're able to attract as diverse a crowd as the one that attends the *Arts Festival*—men and women, young and old, accountants and artists. Our films this year are so diverse and independent from one another that we really should have a healthy mix from every walk life.

**SLUG:** What types of film can people expect to see at the festival?

**Bradshaw:** We have a lot of documentary features this year and I'm excited about every single one. *Best Worst Movie*, *Hi My Name is Ryan* (Utah/Arizona produced), *Chip on My Shoulder: The Cautionary Tale of Slapshot*, [documenting the 1980s straightedge hardcore band from Boston] *In Pursuit of Panama* (Utah produced) and many more. As for Narrative Features: *Breaking Upwards*, directed by **Daryl Wein** (featuring **Zoe Lister Jones**—*State of Play*, **Julie White**—*Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* and **Peter Friedman**—*The Savages*).

**Whittaker:** *White On Rice*—directed by **David Boyle**. This film is set for theatrical release in September but Dave was kind enough to lend us the print for a sneak preview so to speak. The *SLCFF* is excited to screen it. It has screened at several festivals.

**SLUG:** How can local filmmakers get in on the action?

**Bradshaw:** Submissions are closed for 2009, but will open early next year. As far as upping your chances of being accepted, (this really goes for everyone) the best advice I can give local filmmakers is if you're going submit a short film, keep it under 15 minutes. Some of the best short films I have seen are around five minutes.

**Whittaker:** My advice is to get that damn film done—the one lurking on your external hard drive—and submit it early. As of now we only work out of three venues and one of those is free to the public. In other words, our programming space is very limited, which doesn't leave too much room for procrastination.

Visit [saltlakecityfilmdestival.com](http://saltlakecityfilmdestival.com) for the most up to date information about the festival and a complete schedule of screening times. Tickets for all screenings can be purchased *Tower Theater* and *Slowtrain Records*.



(Left – Right) The organizers of Salt Lake City Film Festival : Trevor Hale, Matt Whittaker, Justin Allred, Nick Whittaker, Jessica Braiker, Chris Bradshaw, Scott Whittaker and Josh Rathburn.



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# THE MAN WHO PUT THE R IN MUSIC: A CONVERSATION WITH

# TOOTS

by Courtney Blair  
courtneyb@krcl.org

While most everyone was mourning the loss of the King of Pop, I was preparing myself to interview reggae legend **Frederick "Toots" Hibbert** of **The Maytals**. When I emailed my good fortune to a few friends, they all sent back the same question— "Who's that?" I wondered how I could possibly call such clueless people my friends. I played them a few classic Toots tracks, "Pressure Drop," "Monkey Man," "Sweet & Dandy," and the results were simply embarrassing! Shit, they didn't even recognize "Pressure Drop." People, you HAVE to know at least that track.

It was the day after MJ's television takeover tribute when I called Toots. He answered from his hotel room in Amagansett, NY, and I immediately noticed his thick Jamaican accent. "I'm a very, very busy man," he said politely, "I have only five minutes." Luckily, I was able to get a few more minutes out of him.

Toots' role in Jamaica's music scene is monumental. He has been around since the early 60s and since then has been involved with many of the key transitions, ranging from ska to rocksteady to reggae. It's this musical blend that makes Toots & the Maytals sound unique.

Toots' career began when he heard soul artists on the radio. "Radio in Jamaica played these great songs y'know, like **James Brown**, **Ottis Redding**, **Ray Charles** and **Sam Cooke**." He says, "In Jamaica you have ska music, which was originated by the **The Skatalites**, and I was there singing ska music with the Maytals then the rocksteady sound come in, and then the reggae come in." Ska is all about high energy, but it was these American soul artists with their slow tempos that really influenced the way Jamaicans played music. In the mid 60s, Jamaicans slowed things down and that's what became known as rocksteady.

Reggae followed soon after in the late 60s, Toots makes it very clear that he is the reason why we call reggae what it is today. "I was the one who put the R in music, most people know that," he says. It was his 1968 single "Do the Reggae" that coined the term. "We were sittin' there, me and my two friends playin' my guitar and the word reggae comes up. Nothing planned, y'know. I just simply said, lets do the reggae. Just a few words y'know and that's it." He says, "Reggae always be positive

and sentimental, that's why I sing reggae and late great **Bob Marley**, **Jimmy Cliff** sing reggae. So much music coming from the same place— Kingston, Jamaica, y'know. It's all different music, people try to compare it to reggae, but nothing comparable to reggae."

At this point in our conversation I could hear the horn of a car calling for the busy man. Somehow, I managed to get him to hang on the phone with me a while longer.

In 1972 *The Harder They Come* was released. It was the first feature film to come out of Jamaica and it introduced the world to reggae music. It also made The Maytals a household name. "Those days I was called The Maytals, nobody knewed that they called me Toots. Toots is my nickname." The nickname was given to him by his brother when he was a baby, "In those days, I was the number one artist in Jamaica, so they want the number one group to go on the film, they use my songs 'Pressure Drop' and 'Sweet & Dandy', and my intelligence to help make the movie strong and make it good, y'know?"



"Pressure Drop" is just one of the many great songs Toots has recorded. This song, in addition to his countless other early tracks, influenced many British bands during the late 70s including **The Clash** and **The Specials**. More recently bands like **Reel Big Fish**, **Big D and the Kids Table**, **Amy Winehouse**, **No Doubt**, **311** and **Sublime** have all taken turns covering classic Maytals songs. When Toots first heard the covers he says he was shocked, but pleased. "I was feeling good to know that I write songs that people want to sing, y'know? My words are good, everything is good."

Toots is a legend. He has made music and performed for well over three decades. This summer Toots embarked on a tour that took him across the United States. On August 13 Toots and the Maytals will perform for free at the *Gallivan Center* as part of the *Twilight concert series*. What can be expected from the performance? "I make very special performance for my audience so they have something to remember years to come. I always have the younger generations coming to my shows and they keep love in me, y'know, and I keep love in them."





Cable emerged in the early nineties right along with the early pioneers of "noisecore" like **Rorschach** and **Deadguy**. What set Cable apart from most of their contemporaries was their melody—a very jarring, dissonant melody. Somewhere along the line, Cable moved away from the chaotic structures they helped create and started to mix in some dirt and whiskey, a heavier southern rock sludge started to dominate their albums. Due to Cable's almost bi-annual self-destruction, they have been largely overlooked and surpassed in popularity by the very bands that copied their formulas like **Coalesce** and **Botch**. They have also called some very important labels home, including **Hydra Head**, **Doghouse** and **Translation Loss**. After twelve years, a few breakups and about ten releases, I thought Cable was done for good. Especially after they released *Last Call*, a documentary/live album on Translation Loss Records. The title of that album said it all: it was to be their last release. Then a year after *Last Call* I found an article where Cable had mentioned that the one studio track on *Last Call* had the line-up they wished they had on every album, and that gave me hope that, true to Cable form, they would get back together. Sure enough a year or two later, a friend with friends that work at ex-Utah label **The End Records**, mentioned that The End signed Cable!

Cable's latest offering is called *The Failed Convict* and is due to be released August 18 on The End Records. *The Failed Convict* is the culmination of a long career and it shows. This album is every Cable release wrapped in one with some new twists. This band has more than paid their dues, and it is time for them to take the credit they deserve for putting out some of the heaviest, most pissed sludge music since **Eyehategod**.

**SLUG:** Can you give a brief history of Cable and explain what the goal was when starting the band, as far as sound and influences and how far you have or haven't exceeded your goals?

**Vic Szalaj:** Well, we started the band out of the ashes of a band that broke up that **Randy Larsen**, **Jeff Caxide** and myself were in, I guess it was late 1993 or early 1994. The first goal of any of our bands back then was to do a demo and play some shows, which we did in the summer of 1994. We self-released a three song demo tape and started doing any show that came our way and the rest is history, really. I think we exceeded our original goal because we were able to release many albums and play with a lot of great bands over the years, at this point Cable is like a family unit, even with past members.

**SLUG:** How many times has Cable broken up?

**VS:** Shit man, I lost track a long time ago, probably around six or eight times.

**SLUG:** Why won't cable stay broken up?

**VS:** We enjoy ourselves too much and for the most part get along with each other. Like I said earlier, we are a family and with any family you have your issues, problems, disagreements, but you still love each other because you have to. The band really means an awful lot to us. We protect our legacy while continuing to push ourselves to make the best records possible within our ability. We are just stoked that people still care.

**SLUG:** Did you guys consciously do away with the title "The Royal Fuckers" or did people just forget that name?

**VS:** We never called ourselves The Royal Fuckers, that was **Aaron Turner** at Hydra Head, he coined the phrase around the time of *Gutter Queen*, I think, probably because we did the album and then broke up two months later.

**SLUG:** Montana seems to be a running theme from *Gutter Queen* to *Pigs Never Fly*, it got to the point where I actually asked Caxide at an **Isis** show if you guys moved there. What's the story?

**VS:** Big sky country, man ... it's the ultimate freedom state, you can disappear, go off the grid if you will. It's interesting, frightening and beautiful, why the fuck wouldn't we sing about it? The idea of vanishing into the wilds of Montana has been a point of interest in our songwriting for years and its undertones are forever lingering, freedom.

**SLUG:** How did the deal with The End Records come about?

**VS:** A couple of the dudes from The End came to a show we did in NYC last Spring and we got to talking about shit and it all snowballed, it was actually almost a year in the making. We couldn't be happier with the way we've been treated. All involved with that label are dead serious about music and about pushing bands. We can really appreciate that.

**SLUG:** The new record sounds massive, bigger than all your others in my opinion. What was different about this recording?

**VS:** Thank You! Well, first and foremost the amazing job that **Joel Hamilton** and his assistant **Francisco Botero** did, they were fucking prepared for the recording as much as we were. The overall vibe was great, the room was amazing, the choice of instruments and mics were perfect. Every now and again I guess the stars align and things just go perfect. That is what happened at the *Convict* sessions, mood, sound, people, location, it all clicked.

**SLUG:** You've mentioned that you have worked on the upcoming record more than any other. Explain Cable's writing process.

**VS:** Our "process" on earlier records was simple, book some time in the studio





a few months out into the future and then come up with material in time to record it. Very basic and primitive. The writing for the new album, *The Failed Convict*, was a LOT different, very methodical and thought out. We wrote the record for almost a year. Essentially, it is a lyrical story from beginning to end so we wrote the songs musically to follow a certain pattern, and the lyrics are written out like a movie, so to say. Track three directly impacts track four and vice versa, it was very, very unusual for us, but it was a blast and of course we leave it open-ended and open for interpretation.

**SLUG:** How did the song "Outside Abilene" come about? And how did you get **Mike Watt** on board?

**VS:** We actually sort of planned out the song to have **Christian McKenna** sing on it. I wish it was a more interesting story, but unfortunately, it's not. Mike Watt is a good friend of Joel Hamilton's; they have recorded and played together in the past. Larsen is a huge Watt fan and in passing mentioned it to Hamilton, and he got on the phone and got Watt on board.

**SLUG:** Now that you have done an album with the line-up you've always wanted, what is next?

**VS:** Well, we are planning a series of shows in July, August and September. I think around 10 dates to support the album, it's not much by many standards but for us these days, it's a lot. We are looking forward to playing the new material live. After that, the winter will be creeping in on us and I'm sure we'll hole up and start playing with some new material.

**SLUG:** The lyrics of the new album, although telling a story, mention coming west, any chance of that?

**VS:** We discussed maybe doing a West Coast tour in the Spring of 2010 but you know, I hate to look too forward on stuff like that, it's been talked about but that's about it.

**SLUG:** What do all of you do for work, since you obviously aren't a full time touring band?

**VS:** We have a truck driver and manufacturing guy, a social worker, a fuel technician and a writer. We all have serious full time jobs, which is part of the reason we do not tour much anymore.

**SLUG:** I think Cable outweighs my band **God's Revolver** by a few hundred pounds, but what do you think will/could happen if we challenge Cable to a drink off?

**VS:** At this point you might have us beat, the years have caught up to me, man. I can only drink about 42 beers in a sitting now compared to the 86 I used to put down, but even old dogs have new tricks sometimes, boys.

To all fans of the heavy: *The Failed Convict* will be out shortly, get your grubby little mitts on it and start pressuring Cable to come out west, something that, in the fourteen or fifteen years they have been around, they still have not done. Convert to the true faith of pills, cheap whiskey and your own self-loathing.



# AUGUST

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**3** Slowtrain presents:  
 Magnolia Electric Co, The Donkeys, Thousand Arrows  
**4** Tinsley Ellis, The Huckleberries  
**5** RZA of Wu-Tang Clan, Concise Kilgore, DJ Juggy, The Kno It Alls  
**6** Ted Dancin After Gallivan + Chicago Afrobeat Project + Samba Gringa  
**7** Shelter Red, I Am The Ocean, Bird Eater  
**8** The Devil Whale, Casey Prestwood & The Burning Angels, Bluebird Radio  
**9** Nelo  
**11** Montana Slim String Band, Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Blue Root

**12** Goblin Death Machine, Kinnetik, Smash Bros  
**13** Ted Dancin After Gallivan + Stray Night  
**14** SLUG Localized: Negative Charge, Dubbed, Desolate  
**15** Vile Blue Shades, Palace of Buddies, Red Bennies + Lil G  
**16** SLC Film Fest After Party + Birthquake, Blue Collar Theory  
**17** Cornered By Zombies, Kidneys  
**18** Red Pony Clock, Giant, Fauna  
**19** Dale Baker, Percee P, Mindstate, MC Eneone  
**20** Ted Dancin' After Gallivan  
**21** The Octopus Project, The Future of the Ghost, Imaginary Color  
**22** TBA  
**23** Sweatshop Union, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Scenic Byway  
**25** Black Hens, Calico  
**26** Shades of Grey, Blues Dart, The High Council

**27** Eyedea & Abilities, Kristoff Krane, Feel Good Patrol  
**28** Lee Scratch Perry, Afro Omega  
**29** Band of Annuals, Tolchock Trio  
**30** Opio of Hieroglyphics, Z-Man  
**31** Trampled By Turtles, Puddle Mountain Ramblers

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# Concert Announcements

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**Mon Aug 3:** **THREAT SIGNAL, THE AUTUMN OFFERING, THE AGONIST, SYBREED, Separation of Self, Drifen**

**Wed Aug 5:** **THE TRASHCAN SINATRAS, BROOKVILLE, Dulce Sky**

**Thu Aug 6:** Shift & Shadows, Broken Silence, Towline

**Fri Aug 7:** SAVIOURS, Thunderfist, Shackleton, Reveeler

**Sat Aug 8:** Arsenic Addiction, Dead Vessel, Truckasauras, Uncomfortable Silence

**Sun Aug 9:** NEBULA, I Am The, Old Timer

**Wed Aug 12:** CAT, SYNDIKA:ZERO, Cervello Elettronico, Stem Cell Ghost

**Thu Aug 13:** Hard Luck, The Shredded Skies, Lost Cause

**Fri Aug 14:** KREEP

**Sat Aug 15:** Reaction Effect, Skies Of Redemption CD Release Show, Vinia, Unthinkable Thoughts

**Wed Aug 19:** ABIGAIL WILLIAMS, GOATWHORE, Abysmal Dawn, S.W.A.T.S., Cave of Roses

**Thu Aug 20:** THE AWAKENING, Domiana, Elegant Curse

**Fri Aug 21:** Irony Man, Rattlesnake Shake, Heart-Shaped Box

**Sat Aug 22:** Scripted Apology, Destruction Of A Rose, Massacre At The Wake, Driven AD

**Wed Aug 26:** THE PHENOMENAUTS, THE RE VOLTS, tba

**Fri Aug 28:** NATHEN MAXWELL (OF FLOGGING MOLLY) & THE ORIGINAL BUNNY GANG

**Sat Aug 29:** Corner Pocket, THE VIGGS, Skint, Azon, Hoglove & The Sleeztones

**Sun Aug 30:** PRIMER 55

**Sat Sep 5:** PROJECT INDEPENDENT 11 Bands  
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### EXCHANGE PLACE PLAZA – 350 South Main Street

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<b>AUGUST 24</b> Red Rock Rondo Chamber Folk	<b>AUGUST 25</b> Daniel Weldon Acoustic Soul	<b>AUGUST 26</b> Michael Lucarelli Classical Guitar	<b>AUGUST 27</b> Zivio Ethnic Arts Ensemble Folk Dance	<b>AUGUST 28</b> Kate MacLeod New Folk





# THE beehive BAZAAR

## Not Your Grandma's Craft Fair: An Interview with the Brains Behind Provo's Beehive Bazaar

By John-Ross Boyce  
jrboyce@gmail.com

"Most craft boutiques are, in reality, shit fairs," Molly Call says casually. It's not the sort of opener I'm expecting from the demure mother of four who, along with Noelle Olpin, coordinates the Beehive Bazaar in Provo.

indicative of prevalent attitude at the semi-annual crafts expo. "A lot of craft shows tell you 'pay us five hundred dollars and you can set up'," says Olpin, "but that doesn't do a lot to filter out the mediocre, the shlock."

"Shlock," which the craft world is apparently spilling over with, is a sort of double-edged pair of knitting needles. On the one hand, the homemade, DIY nature of crafting allows for some beautiful, one-of-a-kind works that carry with them a tangible, personal intent. Call mentions that at the *National Portrait Gallery* in Washington D.C., the most interesting, creative works were found in the folk art exhibits. "These people who were

just doing their work in their garage made the most interesting art, because they didn't have the pressure of the established art community to limit them. For all these guys knew, no one was ever going to see their work."

On the other hand, the American mass consumption contraption has slipped its slimy way between the proverbial thighs of handmade crafts as well. "We go to a lot of craft boutiques and fairs where we see the same tired frilly aprons, the same wooden, acrylic-painted 'Mom's Rules' signs that we've seen a thousand times before," says Olpin, "and a lot of times, the people who apply to sell their stuff at the Bazaar are frustrated when they don't get in. It's mostly because they are bringing us that kind of work—it's not

something a person did because they were bored, maybe, to pass the time."

This is, in part, the philosophy behind the Beehive Bazaar—to showcase singular, thoughtful crafts that can compete any day with more "traditional" art. The way Olpin and Call speak of crafting

is reminiscent of the unnamable driving force that motivates **Conrad** to write or **Herzog** to film. "We're looking for people whose works are something more than a hobby. We want people who have to create, need to create, and just happen to do so in this medium."

Molly Call (L) and Noelle Olpin (R) two of the crafty ladies behind Provo's Beehive Bazaar



Photo: David DeAugustin



Call says, "Sometimes, we get an application and we can see where they're going with it, we can see that it's almost there. And we try to help people get to that point, where their pieces are actually communicating something, rather than killing hours and taking up space. We're more than willing to provide craft counseling."

"Not everything has to be funky or weird," says Olpin, "but it has to be quality and innovative. If you're making jewelry, we don't want to see another bottle-cap necklace."

Furthermore, Call and Olpin try to eschew the "get in, get out" attitude that has dominated our culture. The Beehive Bazaar is not Wal-Mart and it's not McDonald's. "Sometimes there are 45-minute lines," says Olpin, "but we're serving free food and drinks, there's music, all of your friends are there—we started this event not as a business venture, but as a gathering of people getting together and admiring each others' works. We want people to take their time and enjoy it."

The Beehive Bazaar was first held a few years ago, in a house that Call and her husband owned, which was between renters. In the relatively brief years of its existence, the semi-annual affair has become a large-scale event, with 50 contributors and thousands of attendees from all over the state and beyond each year.

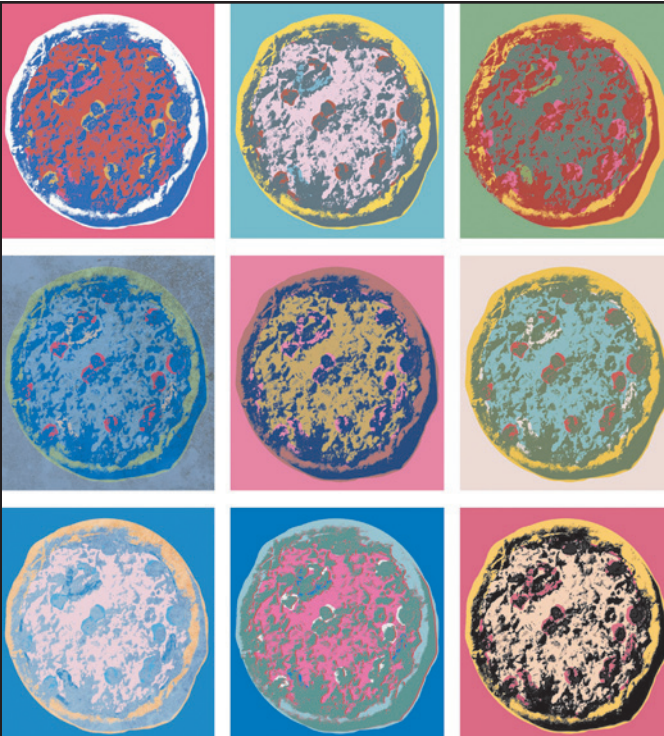
"A lot of us were stay-at-home moms," Call says, "but we didn't want to sit around on the couch, eating bon-bons and watching Oprah every day. We felt like we had more to contribute. We wanted to express a side of ourselves beyond the traditional 'wife and mother,' in the traditional Provo definition."

Provo certainly has a knack for definition that in some cases rivals the Oxford English Dictionary itself. There is a very palpable cultural force in Cougarville that tends to divide things into two categories: acceptable and heretical—at least on the surface. However, once one gets past the superficial image of Provo as a giant Mormon rabbit hutch, a very interesting sub-culture emerges, which the Beehive Bazaar tends to attract. Many contributors to the Bazaar are college kids trying something new. Others are artists who have established themselves in one medium and are looking to branch out.

Call acknowledges that sometimes a few eyebrows are raised on the part of Provo's more tradition-bound milieu. However, she points out that if there were nothing at the Bazaar that made people say "that's crazy," they'd be doing something wrong. "Not everyone is going to love everything, and if they did we'd wonder to ourselves if we were pushing the envelope enough." Having said that, it is not Beehive Bazaar's express mission to freak out the establishment, or anything as quixotic and juvenile as that.

Olpin and Call try to maintain a balance between objects d'art and more pragmatic items. "Sometimes, there are more practical things—the aprons, the handbags, etc. Sometimes you see something and you say 'I don't know what it is, but I've got to have it.'" As could be predicted, a lot of times the older ladies buy the more practical things. Every now and then, some sixty-year-old grandma leaves with an armful of alt-crafts and funky knick-knacks."

Call and Olpin are thoroughly pleased with the growing stature of the Beehive Bazaar. "We've seen too much crafting with no brains, which is a shame. There is something singular and great about a handmade item, and maybe that exclusivity is part of our mission. We really like it when someone says 'Ooh, where can I get that?' and they can't. They just have to try their luck at the next Bazaar."



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# Soly Craft!

By Princess Kennedy  
Theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

While I was hanging out with Bea Dazzler (this super fierce RGDQ/ designer), I coaxed her into helping me patch a pair of my favorite skinny jeans. While I sat crafting my pants back together, I realized how much I missed sitting around a good old-fashioned stitch and bitch with my girlfriends. My craft (besides my word and wit) is hair, specifically wig making—a talent I'm proud to say that landed me a job with the San Francisco Opera plus a Tony and Emmy credit. There has been a lot of buzz about the first annual *Craft Lake City* coming to the Gallivan Center on Aug. 8. It's about time we get our own "Bazaar Bizarre." It makes perfect sense that Salt Lake has master crafters lending forte and finesse, simply because it's a huge part of culture and history. I realized, regardless of my personal opinion, Mormon handcraft is an important part of Americana folk art. Some of the coolest things I came across in my research were elaborate shadow box flower arrangements, made completely of hair. These can be seen in a couple of the historic houses at Heritage Park.

I needed to get to the bottom of this craft, so I hunted down the organizers of *Craft Sabbath*. This Salt Lake Magazine award-winning pageant of four women meet on the first Sunday of every month to smear their craft on the walls of *Nobrow* coffee shop and gallery on Broadway. (The next *Craft Sabbath* lands on August 2, from 12–4.) I recently met with the ladies for a private viewing of their goods and to check out the level of craft SLC has running down its streets.

**Mary McClaugherty** ([poppycockshoppee@etsy.com](mailto:poppycockshoppee@etsy.com)) had quite possibly the cutest craft. Her monster dolls are button-eyed imaginaries with mischievous characteristics. Two of them were lovingly named Toot

and Rebler by her 4-year-old **Ryder**, who was also sporting one of his mom's mod-prim feathered hair clips. McClaugherty also makes baby slings of chinoiserie, night-lights with creepy baby faces and, my favorite, belt bags made of upholstery fabrics that could be very functional for

the kind of jobs that hip, young people have. Her selection was the largest, rounding out with jewelry, bamboo coasters and becrafted, clip-in hair extensions.

**Sonya Evans** ([fullspectrum@etsy.com](mailto:fullspectrum@etsy.com)) pulls provocation from being a mom to a 4-year-old and 8-month-old. Her pickings are extremely well thought-out, screen-printed tees, dresses, hoodies, baby rompers and bungee bags, sporting subjects including poppies, bikes, jellyfish and owls just to name a few. She's extremely dedicated to her business and can also be found selling her wares weekly at the Downtown Farmers Market in SLC and at the Park Silly market in Park City.

**Kali Mellus** ([bykali@etsy.com](mailto:bykali@etsy.com)) has been traveling to bazaars and earning a living with her art for an impressive seven years. It's no surprise—after all, it's in her and brother artist Derek Mellus' blood. At first sight, her accessories have a fantastic 60s-like modern design. On closer inspection, you find hardware encapsulated in resin creating the geometric shapes. Her work with belt buckles opened her world to leather crafting a unique, hand-dyed belt collection. Her first love, sculpting, is apparent in the attention to detail.



Photo: Michelle Emerson

**Meghann Griggs, Mary McClaugherty, Kali Mellus and Sonya Evans of Craft Sabbath.**

**Meghann Griggs** ([thelewdquill@etsy.com](mailto:thelewdquill@etsy.com)) crafts feather clips and embroidery. Griggs is completely self-taught when it comes to her stitching. Upon hearing this confession, I immediately looked for flaws in





### Princess Kennedy crafts with the ladies of Craft Macaroni and Girls.

her vital organ pillow set and sugar skull tea towels. I also inspected her tote with pin-up space girl and couldn't find a single one. The way she displayed her feather hair clips and hand-made earrings on blue tulle totally brought out the old French whore in me.

*Craft Sabbath* debuted with its "Holiday Bazaar" last December at *Kayo Gallery*, and from there decided to keep the crafts coming monthly and feature a different artist each month. Past participants have included **Xkot Toxsik**, **Tim Thompson** and **Sarah de Azevedo**. **Carmen Nydeger** will be guest of honor Sunday, September 5.

Feeling completely full of it, I needed to find where a girl could make a craft around here. My connections lead me to *Craft Macaroni and Girls*, a group of ladies from all walks of life—housewives, mothers and career gals who meet once a month at local artist **Tracy Strauss'** spacious south city work studio. Organizer **Felicia Bacca** of the band **Azon** (who owns a Michael Jackson doll ... jealous?) says *Craft Macaroni and Girls* has grown into friends of friends hanging out with red wine and doughnuts crafting. Don't get too excited about attending their next meeting though, as new attendees must be invited to join the ranks of the *Craft Macaroni and Girls*. The group chooses a new theme each month, and each attendee brings and shares relevant materials.

On the night I attended, the project was silk screening. I had no silk screening experience, so I was really excited and showed up with t-shirt in hand. All the crafters brought their own fabric remnants, art books, stencils and tracing paper. Bacca provided me with a stack of print outs to put on my shirt. I had trouble deciding between the scissors or the canary, but in the end, I chose the fowl craft. We all sat at a huge table in the round, clucking over computer graphics and carbon paper. Everyone helped instruct me on cutting out the negatives and gladly shared x-acto blades with one another.

To my left, fellow crafter **Lindsey Heath** worked on a bleach-faded denim swatch of fabric that she was stenciling to use as a bass drum cover for her band **Kid Medusa**. On my right, **Dallas Russell** embroidered a "D" on a patch of yellow gingham. Russell has been busy gearing up for CLC, and also sells crafts at *Frosty Darling*, which is a mecca for local goods. After carefully cutting out my artwork, I had Strauss take me through the actual printing process. I decided to use both the cut-out and the outline to give a reverse negative/positive feel running down the left side in red, and it turned out awesome! My friends will be just thrilled to hear me talk over and over about me being a clothing designer, too. I left the group with bird craft on my shirt feeling very satisfied.

My love for craft is back and I think I'm going to try and get some of my friends to craft with me regularly. Simply hanging out with a creative vibe is some positive energy the Princess could use in her life. The best part will be coming up with a name, like OH CRAFT! I think our first project will be to shellac Ritz and Wheat Thins then cover them in Swarovski crystal olives and such, calling them craft on a cracker. Then maybe next year I'll have a booth at CLC.

Dallas Russell, Kali Mellus and Sonya Evans are all going to be flinging craft At Craft Lake City August 8 at the *Gallivan Center*.

Please stop by the *SLUG* booth that day and say hi. I'll be hanging out with the *SLUG* crew, hand-making a wig (it's a pretty crazy process). It should be a beautiful day to hang and check out fiercely steaming piles of craft.

Keep your eyes posted this month for my new blog on *SLUGmag.com*, where I'll be covering and posting cool goings-on in the city.





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# What a Notion: A Fabric Store for the Rest of Us

by Mary Enge  
marycenge@gmail.com

STYLE  
443567

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If you sew, you know the drill: You get an idea for a new project, pick out a pattern, and finally scour the fabric store for the perfect fabric. At the final step, your passion inevitably

sours. If you wanted to make your flirty new tanktop out of fleece with a Coca-Cola polar bear motif, the nearest JoAnn Fabrics would be happy to help. While you're at it, you might as well pick up some Kermit the Frog cotton to make that cute high-waisted skirt you've been dreaming of. Fabulous.

Thank God there's a wonderful local alternative. When I walked in to the newly opened *Yellow Bird Fabrics* at 2828 East 3300

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South (previously *Fashion Affair*), I nearly cried. There was not a polar fleece or cat motif to be found. When I heard new owner **Amy Royer** tell another customer, "All cottons and linens are in that room, and my silks are all in here," I rejoiced. Silks, did you say? And not a mention of polyester?

Royer was never trying to be a hero. As a seamstress and Salt Lake resident, she just wanted a place to buy quality fabric. Luckily for us, Royer's definition of "quality" ranges from her cute, casual cottons to handmade laces and decadent silks.

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This isn't your grandmother's silk, either. The young, fashion-savvy Royer has an eye for color and proudly displays rolls of silk with punchy, fun designs. She has already run out of her personal favorite—a **Vera Wang** silk with an adorable pattern of (what else?) yellow birds. She mentions that she can order any of her solid color silks in over 150 colors.

M

Royer was a salesperson at *Fashion Affair* when owner **Margit Hansen** decided to close her doors and retire. "Throughout the retirement sale, I was thinking, 'This is so

dumb that I'm not opening this store,'" Royer says. At the last minute, she stepped in. And now? "Holy shit! I have my own store...this is so weird!" Royer humbly denies that she's a brave person for opening *Yellow Bird Fabrics*. Instead, Royer praises Hansen and *Fashion Affair* veteran **Leena Mitchell** for their hard work over the years and their recent support of *Yellow Bird Fabrics*. Despite taking over *Fashion Affair*'s resources, *Yellow Bird Fabrics* is obviously infused with Royer's own style and personality.

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Amy Royer in her store *Yellow Bird Fabrics*

The store itself is humble (only two small rooms) but cozy and welcoming. The cheery yellow walls and colorful bolts of fabric will leave you feeling more inspired than when you arrived.

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Since *Yellow Bird Fabrics* opened in early May, Royer says she has noticed a younger crowd enjoying the store. Royer brings a fresh face and a hip, inviting space to a sewing community that has deep roots in Utah. She is inspired by the larger sewing community and by the diversity of her customers. She says, "It's really cool to see how all these different women from so many different

backgrounds come together, but we have so much in common still."

Whether you've been dying for a fuchsia silk out of which to fashion a quirky wedding gown or trying to re-create some of this season's vintage-inspired looks without supporting corporate interests, look no further. *Yellow Bird Fabrics* may be small, but the possibilities for inspiration are limitless.

50



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# Theron David Read

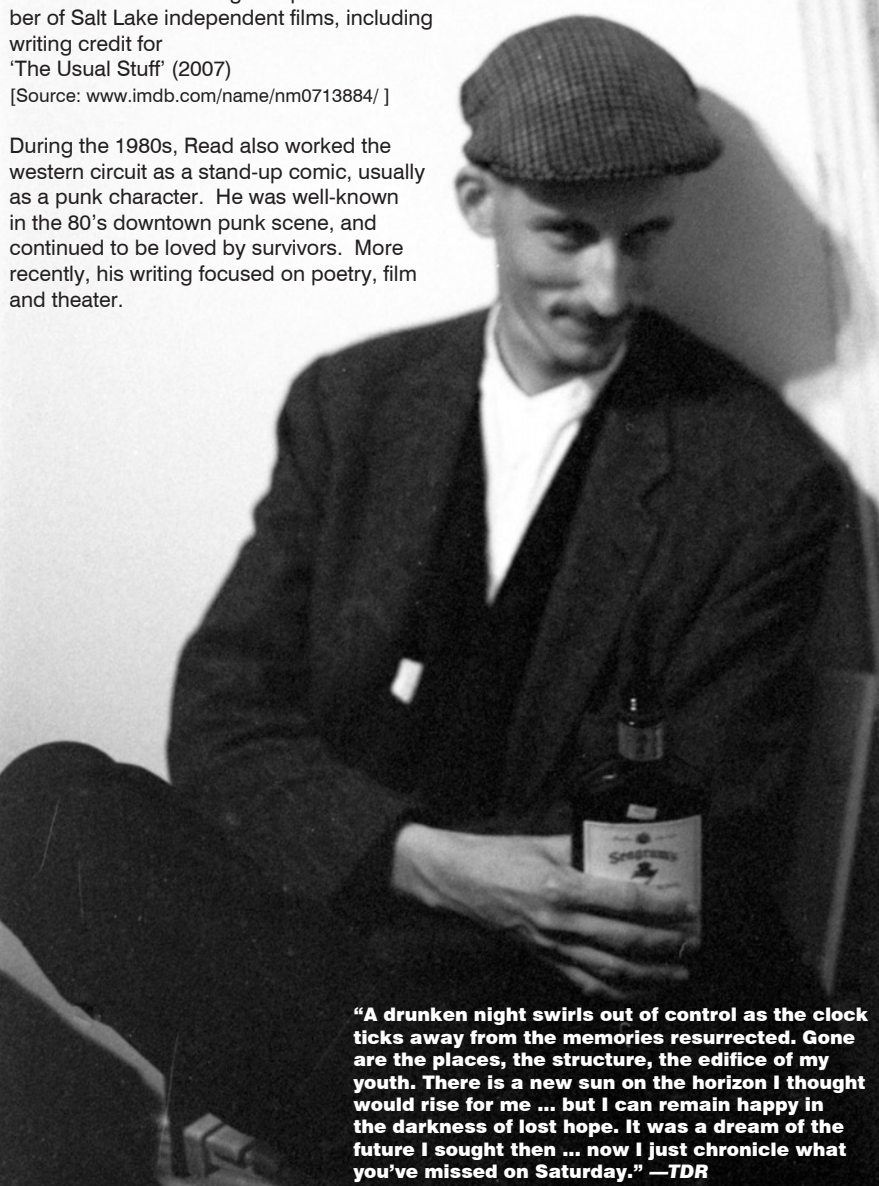
September 25, 1964 – July 20, 2009

## 'DON'T WASTE UTAH' ACTOR AND PUNK-SCENE FIXTURE THERON READ DIES

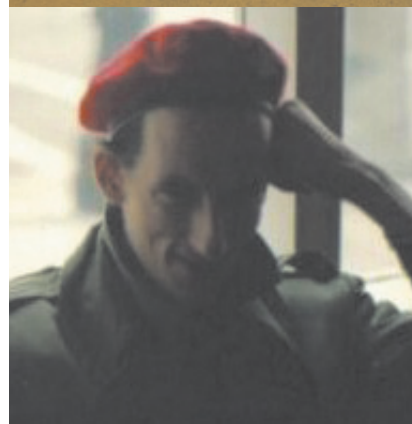
Salt Lake Actor and Comedian Theron Read collapsed on Trax and died on Monday, 20 July 2009. Read was best known for his portrayal of a post-apocalyptic punk in the "Don't Waste Utah" ads that ran for nearly a decade starting in 1989. He was featured in a number of cult films from the 80's and 90's, including: High School Spirits (1986) aka Beware! Ghosts!! , aka High Spirits Promised Land (1987) aka Young Hearts Three O'Clock High (1987) Neon City (1991) Teenage Bonnie and Klepto Clyde (1993) Plan 10 from Outer Space (1995) and was active in writing and production for a number of Salt Lake independent films, including writing credit for 'The Usual Stuff' (2007)

[Source: [www.imdb.com/name/nm0713884/](http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0713884/) ]

During the 1980s, Read also worked the western circuit as a stand-up comic, usually as a punk character. He was well-known in the 80's downtown punk scene, and continued to be loved by survivors. More recently, his writing focused on poetry, film and theater.



"A drunken night swirls out of control as the clock ticks away from the memories resurrected. Gone are the places, the structure, the edifice of my youth. There is a new sun on the horizon I thought would rise for me ... but I can remain happy in the darkness of lost hope. It was a dream of the future I sought then ... now I just chronicle what you've missed on Saturday." —TDR



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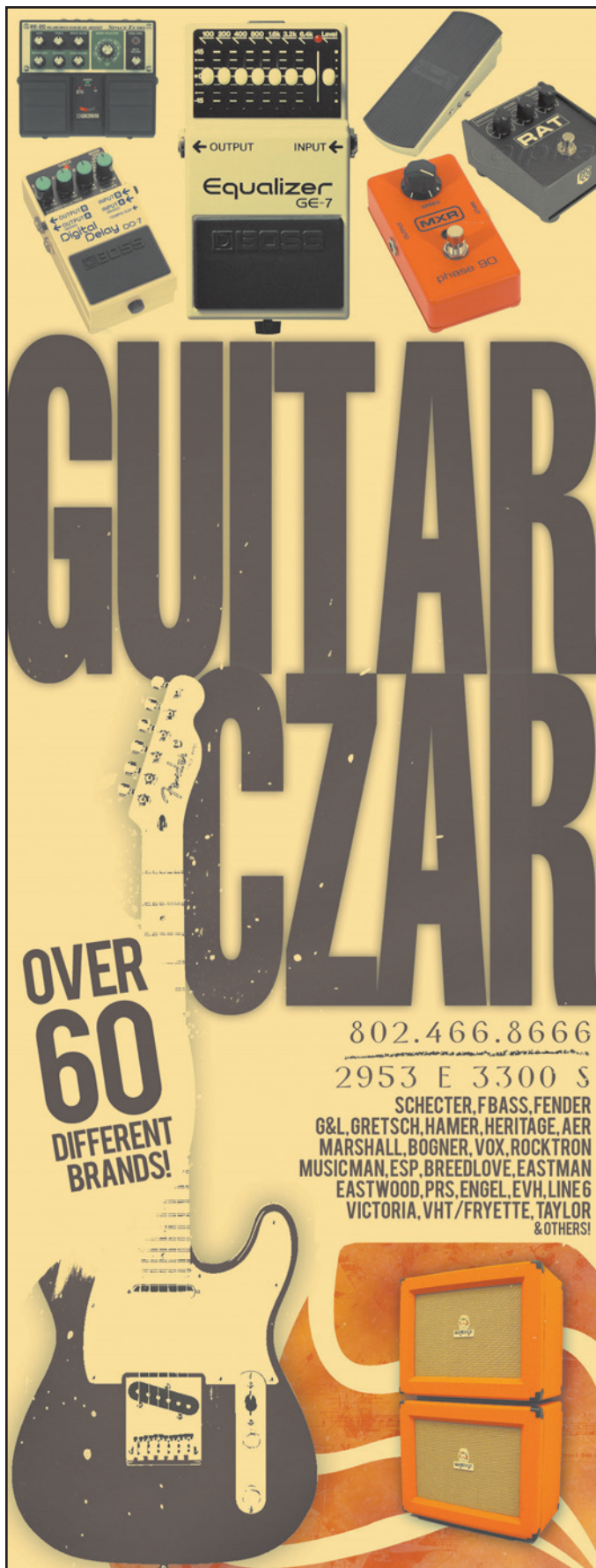
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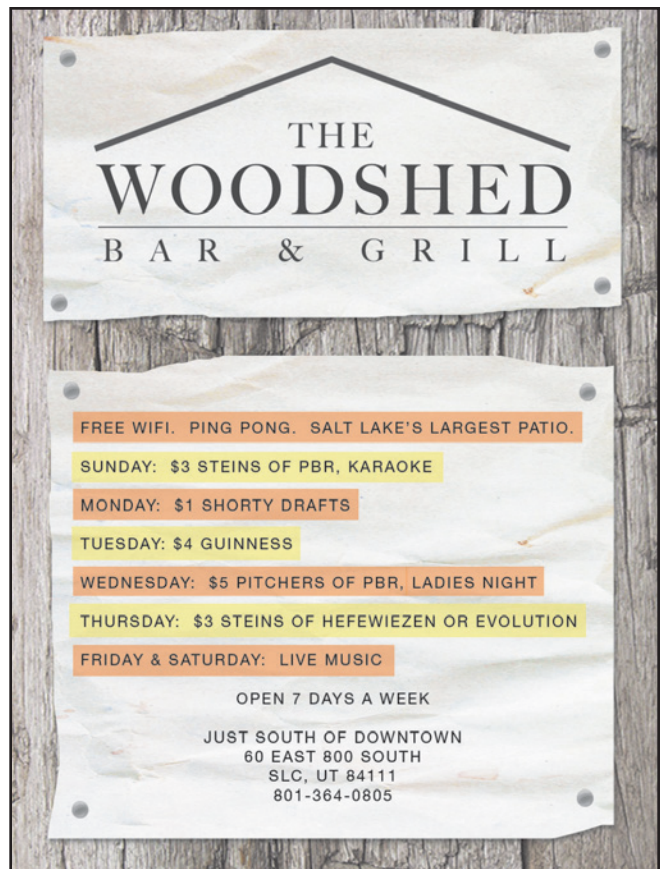


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# The Artists of Craft Lake City

Intro by Esther Meroño [esther@slugmag.com](mailto:esther@slugmag.com)

The alternative craft scene in SLC is alive and kicking. Over 120 artists submitted applications to be featured in *SLUG Magazine's* first annual *Craft Lake City* festival. From these submissions, over 70 artists were picked to sell their handmade items. The alternative craft festival will be held at the *Gallivan Center* on Aug. 8 from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. The day will include live music from *Aye Aye*, *Casey Prestwood & the Burning Angels*, *Coyote Hoods*, *Cub Country*, *Mad Max and the Wild Ones*, *Mammoth*, *Subrosa* and *Tiny Lights*. *Sage's*

*Café and Este Pizzeria* will provide food. Entry to the craft festival is free and open to the public. It would be impossible to highlight all of the great artists who will be selling their handmade items at *Craft Lake City*, but here is a sneak peak of some of the talented people who will be there.

Feel free to use this CLC bracelet pattern (created by *SLUG's* graphic artist *Joshua Joye*) to get your own craft on.

## Craft your own bracelet

### Pattern

Craft Lake City

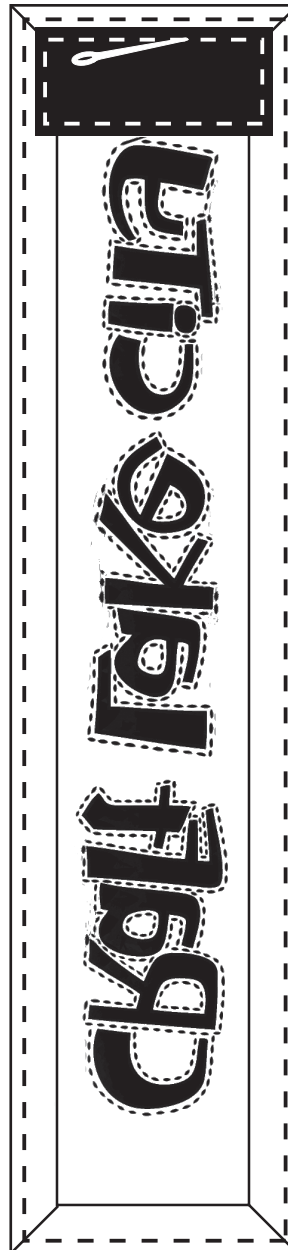
#### Materials:

Scissors / Shears  
Needle / Sewing Machine  
Velcro  
Thread  
Fabric (See Page 33)

1. Pin pattern to fabric of your choice and cut along the solid line
2. Fold edges of fabric along the dotted line -- as shown and pin back
3. With edges pinned back, hand stitch or machine sew one eighth inside of bracelet border as shown... along the stitch line --

### Fold

flip



flip

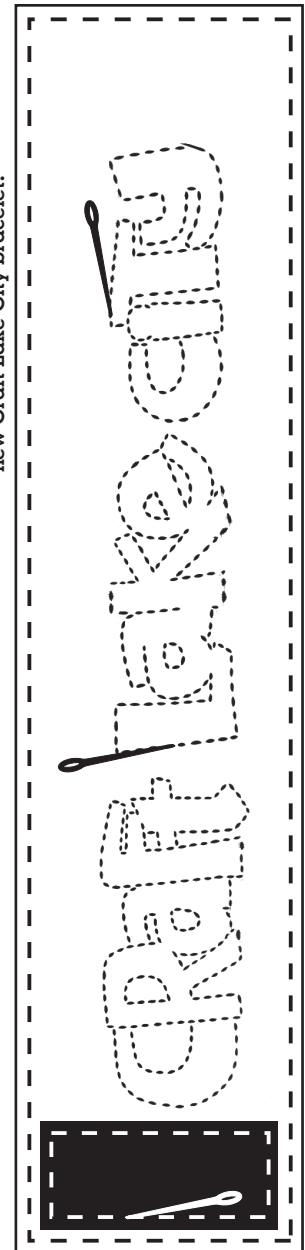
6. Pin pattern back on bracelet and begin hand stitching Craft Lake City logo using three pieces of thread.



4. Flip over bracelet and sew on piece of Velcro as shown.

5. Flip bracelet back over and sew on the other piece of Velcro.

7. Look classy at the club with your new Craft Lake City bracelet!







Variety of paintings, stuffed animals, bags, jewelry and more.  
**FrostyDarling.etsy.com**  
 Booth # s3  
 By Clea Major bluezeetle@gmail.com

Painting, crafting and running your own store: most people only have the energy to do one or two out of these three at best, but Gentry Blackburn does it all. While

her gifts and crafts boutique, **Frosty Darling**, has only been around since March 2007, it's already a well-loved staple downtown as well as a regular participant in the gallery stroll. Blackburn graduated from the University of Utah with a BFA in Art in 2003, and her artwork has been shown regularly at various galleries in Salt Lake City ever since. Some of her shows have included her "Frosty Darling" show (inspiring the name for her store) at the *Library Square Gallery* in 2003, her "ABCs" exhibit at the *Saans* downtown gallery in 2008, and most recently her "1982: Let's Start Here" show at the *Garlo Gallery* in 2009.

Everything Blackburn makes is immediately recognizable as her own. Her style evokes a sense of playfulness and nostalgia, recalling pop art from the 40s and 50s. She says she aims for "that State Fair, wholesome apple-pie" aesthetic (in fact, she regularly submits to the Utah State Fair, and has won the blue ribbon for a plush pig sty play set). Her paintings recall the 50s and 60s, with iconic depictions of classic Old West cowboys, 50s housewives and plenty of animals. She almost always utilizes bright colors and a carnival-esque, rendered style. The results are quirky and sometimes a bit kitschy—but exactly the right kind of kitschy, the kind that makes you feel like a kid again. Not content to stick to plain and simple painting on canvas, she also paints the occasional suitcase or handbag, and branches out from traditional frames. The walls of her store are lined with paintings that utilize vintage blue bowls as frames.

Making her own art and running a business present plenty of challenges for Blackburn. "After being [at Frosty Darling] all day, I'm exhausted and I don't want to paint at home. So then I paint here, but I hate painting in front of people. It's quaint and I think it sort of adds to the store, but at the same time I just hate people looking over my shoulder and seeing things not finished."

Blackburn is earnest about her interest in crafts and the craft scene, in addition to her painting. "I'm very inspired by crafters, because it's really hard to sew a purse and it gets so much less reverence than doing a painting," Blackburn says, "It can take twice as long, and most people won't pay three hundred dollars for a purse, so you can't always get as much out of it. Crafters should get more respect, because it's hard!"

Lately, Blackburn has been branching out further into the craft side of things, in addition to her paintings. She's always sewn a lot, but she says she's still figuring out the craft side of her work, and she's looking forward to representing her work at the upcoming crafts festival. Her crafts include arty stuffed animals, delightfully child-like finger-puppets and Utah-themed felt pillows with depictions of the Angel of Moroni or the Great Salt Lake sewn on. Her sunny personality and her delightful crafts contribute so much to the local arts and crafts scene, and you can check out all the cool stuff she makes if you visit her booth at *Craft Lake City*.



Handmade soaps and lip balms.  
**Soaperhero.com**  
 Booth # t11  
 By Esther Meroño esther@slugmag.com



It's a bird! It's a plane! It's ... **Chelsea Stephenson** with Soaperhero! She's here to get you clean and smelling good with—dog poop soap? That's right, one of Stephenson's made-from-scratch, melt and pour soaps is shaped like a piece of dog shit, but don't worry, it smells like apple cinnamon coffee. Stephenson is one of the local vendors chosen to be a part of *Craft Lake City*. As unique as they come in both her work and persona, Stephenson's interests include reading comic books and "really good sci-fi," going to comic cons, watching movies and learning how to make new things. Stop drooling boys, she's also engaged to be married this fall in Vegas. Stephenson started Soaperhero, a name inspired by her love of comic books, about a year ago, but has been making soap since 2005. Fortunately, *Soap Crafter* was down the street from where she lived at the time and she was able to begin learning the soap making process with teacher **Paula Mosier**. Once *Soap Crafter* relocated to Las Vegas, Stephenson sought more knowledge through internet forums and hopes to continue learning more about what has become her trade and art.

Soaperhero deals primarily in soaps and chapsticks, though Stephenson also makes body scrubs, lotions and bath balms. She makes the cold process soap from scratch with lye and oils, a process that can take up to two to three hours per loaf depending on how complicated the recipe. Vegan friendly soap can also be made upon request.

Stephenson's unique fragrances and molds are what set her apart from the rest. "I haven't seen a lot of soap makers bring unusual things to the table," she says. You definitely won't find any lavender scented seashells by Soaperhero. Stephenson makes some of her own molds and fragrances, keeping it creative and original. Ranging from delicious to humorous, some of the molds and fragrances Soaperhero offers include Guinness, Toast, Giant Gummy Bear and the popular Fight Club soap bar. In the way of chapstick, flavors include Pancakes and Syrup, Fruity Pebbles and Bread Pudding. Stephenson even makes a coffee soap with the actual qualities of coffee—caffeine that will wake you up! "It's a good morning soap," she says. "I try to be as unique as I can...I'm an unusual girl so I gotta make unusual things."

So whether you're trying to get a laugh, a date, or just stay clean, let Soaperhero come to your rescue. Meet Stephenson and get some Soaperhero at *Craft Lake City* on August 8 from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. at the *Gallivan Center*.





## Hand drawn and relief printed clothing, jewelry, and badges.

Booth # t12

by **Jesse Hawlish** [jhawlish@gmail.com](mailto:jhawlish@gmail.com)

Claire Taylor has an abiding love for animals. Wolves, lambs, pigs—subtly anthropomorphized beasts are her adopted symbols. "I choose animals because I relate to them," she says, "You can be completely comfortable around animals. They're totally non-judgmental and accepting." Though Taylor's art takes many forms, the process nearly always begins with very lifelike pencil sketches of these creatures. The drawings are then shrunk down on shrinky dink or relief printed onto a variety of surfaces, or even bound into one-of-a-kind books. Whatever the finished product, Taylor's distinctly spare, dreamy and beautifully sketched style is always readily apparent.

In college, Taylor studied printmaking and nabbed a Fine Arts degree from the U of U two years ago. In recent years, Taylor has had a solo show at the Marriott Library and has participated in various print exchanges and group shows at Signed and Numbered Poster Gallery, Sam Wellers, and Kayo Gallery. Taylor is currently part of a three person show on display at Kayo through the eighteenth of this month. Though her work continues to be recognized for the talent it readily displays, Taylor has no misconceptions about her role as an artist. "Who doesn't want success?" she says, "I would like to be able to support myself with my artwork but that, I think, is a very farfetched dream. I don't think that will happen. Even the most famous artists are really poor. You mostly always have to have a day job." Taylor, however, is fortunate enough to have a day job that also provides a bolstering creative environment. She works for the University of Utah's Book Arts Program, a creative space for arts and crafts utilizing letterpress, type, photo engraving, and bookbinding equipment. The program is in the Marriott Library and offers classes and workshops for members of the community through the library's website at [lib.utah.edu](http://lib.utah.edu).

At the *Craft Lake City Festival*, Taylor's booth will display a wide range of her chosen mediums. Along with prints of Taylor's hand drawn designs in a range of sizes, you'll find relief printed felt badges and hairpins, necklaces, bracelets, and detailed and dainty earrings fashioned from shrinky dink and pencil. Taylor prints on clothing as well: shirts and running shorts will be on sale for \$20-\$30. The rest of Taylor's crafts range from \$5 to \$50. From her work at the *Book Arts Program*, she's even bringing a few books—printed, bound and authored by the artist. "... Maybe in a way it's a release," Taylor says, discussing her attachment to the work. "It's sort of like a fantasy land. [But] I just like to do it, it's fun for me. There's something very satisfying about creating, and I like to stay occupied." For Taylor, crafting is especially applicable to her love of animals. "[Crafts] bring the idea of



the animal relationship to us full circle in that a symbol or image of them has been made to be worn—to show this relationship," she says.

Taylor is currently working on making her artwork available for purchase through an *Etsy.com* store. After you've perused her booth at this month's *Craft Lake City*, Claire Taylor can be reached by email at [pony.star.puppy@gmail.com](mailto:pony.star.puppy@gmail.com).

## Handcrafted jewelry, handbags and accessories.

Booth # 28

By **Gavin Hoffman** [reignforever666@gmail.com](mailto:reignforever666@gmail.com)

When not slaving away at Salt Lake City's own *FICE*, a men and women's clothing and shoe boutique located in the heart of the city, **Carrie Eldredge** spends her time recycling. That is, she recycles things that other people have discarded into her own art. "I like to take objects that I consider to have spirit or soul and continue that feeling, especially if they are objects that have been somewhat cast aside. Things that most people would consider trash, I can still see value and beauty in," she says.

On display at *Craft Lake City*, Eldredge will have a collection of hand-made (or altered) accessories, ranging from jewelry and clothing to hand and shoulder bags. She has what she calls a "super eclectic style," which shines through perfectly in her creations. "I make art for my own sake," she says, "I really just enjoy creating art that projects things around me that I'm into, so if I meet anyone that's into anything that I make, it really excites me." Her crafts are visual and wearable extensions of her own inspirations, and Eldredge has no shortage of inspiration. "I get inspiration from music, artwork, conversation, animals, bugs...everything," she says.

Eldredge feels excited and privileged to part of the first annual *Craft Lake City*, and she seems to be equally excited about checking out other people's art as she is about displaying her own. "I think it's a big deal," she says. "It's a great community event hyper-focusing on handmade goods, and I think it gives people an opportunity to come together and show what they're doing." Eldredge is completely aware of, and excited about, the fact that this event will not only focus on individual art, but on the diversity and uniqueness of the artists themselves. "It seems like everyone's doing something different, and I think it reflects the culture here in Salt Lake, and how much passion we have for what we do on an individual basis," she says.

Eldredge has been experimenting with and creating her own art, be it clothing or jewelry, since she was quite young. She's unable to estimate roughly what time in her life she took interest in recycling and modification for the sake of art, but one hint may be found in her childhood clothing troubles. "My mom always told me that I couldn't match my socks, and I think that helps define myself and my art."



"Come out and check out *Craft Lake City*. It's going to be an excellent way for people to meet each other, and I hope people are inspired by the crafts and art that will be on display," says Eldredge.





Kiln fired glass art.  
**Stutznegger.wordpress.com**  
 Booth # 54  
 by Lance Saunders saunders801@yahoo.com

Julie Stutznegger is a busy, busy lady. She has no time for bullshit as she is frequently performing with her punk band, **Azon** and working as a full-time artist. She has been working with stained glass since 1995, and has been fusing glass since 2005. She's been playing in local bands for over 20 years. Her most recent musical endeavors have included **Stilleto**, **Subrosa**, **Love Sucker**, her solo project **Silvox** and a European tour with **All Systems Fail**. She is a master of her mediums (glass and music) experimenting with new techniques any chance she gets.

In addition to basic stained glass and fused glass, she is schooled in glass casting and mold making, frit casting, in-kiln glass manipulation, sculptural kiln-forming and raking, coloring with frit, frit painting, relief image kiln casting and most recently—kiln casting and cold working.

Stutznegger's art career blossomed in the summer of 2008, when she was accepted into the 2008 international juried exhibit, **Emerge**, at the **Bullseye Gallery** in Portland, Oregon. Her work was accepted into the 2008 "**Pilchuck on Display: An Exhibition of International Glass Art**," a juried auction of glass art by an elite group of thirty renowned masters and new talents handpicked from around the globe. This year at the **Utah Arts Festival** she won Best of Show for her work.

Stutznegger's glass artwork is composed of multiple layers of glass powder applied to sheet glass. Through several firings, layers dissolve into and around each other, and form wonderfully intriguing results. One of her favorite things about working with powdered glass is the spontaneity. The reaction of powder in the kiln can be anticipated and controlled (to a certain point) prior to firing, but it will often do what it pleases when left alone in the kiln. "Glass will react to different temperatures. It can drastically change your work with something as small as a ten degree difference in temp," she says. The grainy, jagged, scaly, or wrinkly surface that emerges from the kiln is sometimes a surprise, but again and again, she marvels at the beautiful behavior of glass.

When asked about her influences, Stutznegger fondly speaks of her mother, who she'd watch for hours while she made her glass creations. "My mother would heat up the solder, and when it turned liquid it would bead up into a little ball and roll all over the place. I would watch her and be mesmerized." At the time Julie starting doing stained glass by herself, she worked at a glass studio and formed commercial-sized projects. She once single-handedly made 240 windows for a temple in Bangladesh, which was quite a tall order. At the studio, she got the chance to test her talents in sandblasting and kiln fire work. She was also exposed to a wide variety of techniques and styles from other glass blowing artists that have proven useful in her later works.

After mechanically reproducing "cutsie" half glass/half metal leaded glass pieces consisting of angels and/or demons, which sold on a regular basis and made her a living, Julie wasn't very happy with what she was doing. She finally realized what would truly make her happy: cancelling all of her wholesale accounts and starting fresh. She took the plunge and started her new technique with glass powder and an open mind to experimentation. "I took this huge leap of faith and it worked out for the best. I want to encourage people to realize that if you are doing something that you don't have faith in, something that your soul is not in, please, take that scary plunge and follow your heart and follow your dreams." I couldn't agree with her more.

Stutznegger's work will be for sale at **SLUG's Craft Lake City** on Aug. 8.

Check her work out online at [stutznegger.wordpress.com](http://stutznegger.wordpress.com)





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# Skatepark Etiquette

By: Dave Amador peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

This month I'm going to touch on the subject of keeping the park clean. I mean, what's worse than hitting a fart rock at ten miles per hour? Well, it could be stepping in some douchebag's chewed up gum in your brand new kicks. Nothing's worse than pulling up to the park only to find it littered with trash and having the bowls full of wet leaves and debris. I know that you don't own the park or anything, but if you skate there on a daily basis it's your unspoken job to clean that bitch up. They sure as hell don't pay those parks and recreation fools enough to do it, and with the current state of the economy I'm not too sure that job even exists anymore.

If you got love for skating and your local park then stop littering the place up. And yes, cigarette butts count as littering too. It's not like there aren't plenty of garbage cans around, and they aren't for tipping on their sides and doing tricks over them. If you're going to ollie the thing, be a man about it and crack one over that shit standing straight up. The other day when I was down at 9th and 9th I was pleased to see a push broom laying on the ground. The broom had "for cleaning up park don't steal" written on it.

Big ups to whoever left that thing there. I also see all the vert guys at Fairmont bringing their own cleaning apparatuses, but that's pretty much a given. Who else comes to the park during the dead of winter and blowtorches out the bowl?

The point of the matter is try picking up a couple pieces of

trash, fart rocks or cedar chips (lamest thing to ever to fill up space at parks) before you start skating. You never know—you could be saving your front teeth by doing so. Don't give any of these government fucktards any reasons to bitch. If these dongs see the park is being maintained by the skaters, we'll probably get about twenty more when this recession shit is over. Oh yeah, I keep forgetting to let you know, it's OK to fuck off. Kill yourself, or better yet, kill a mark-ass roller blade loser.

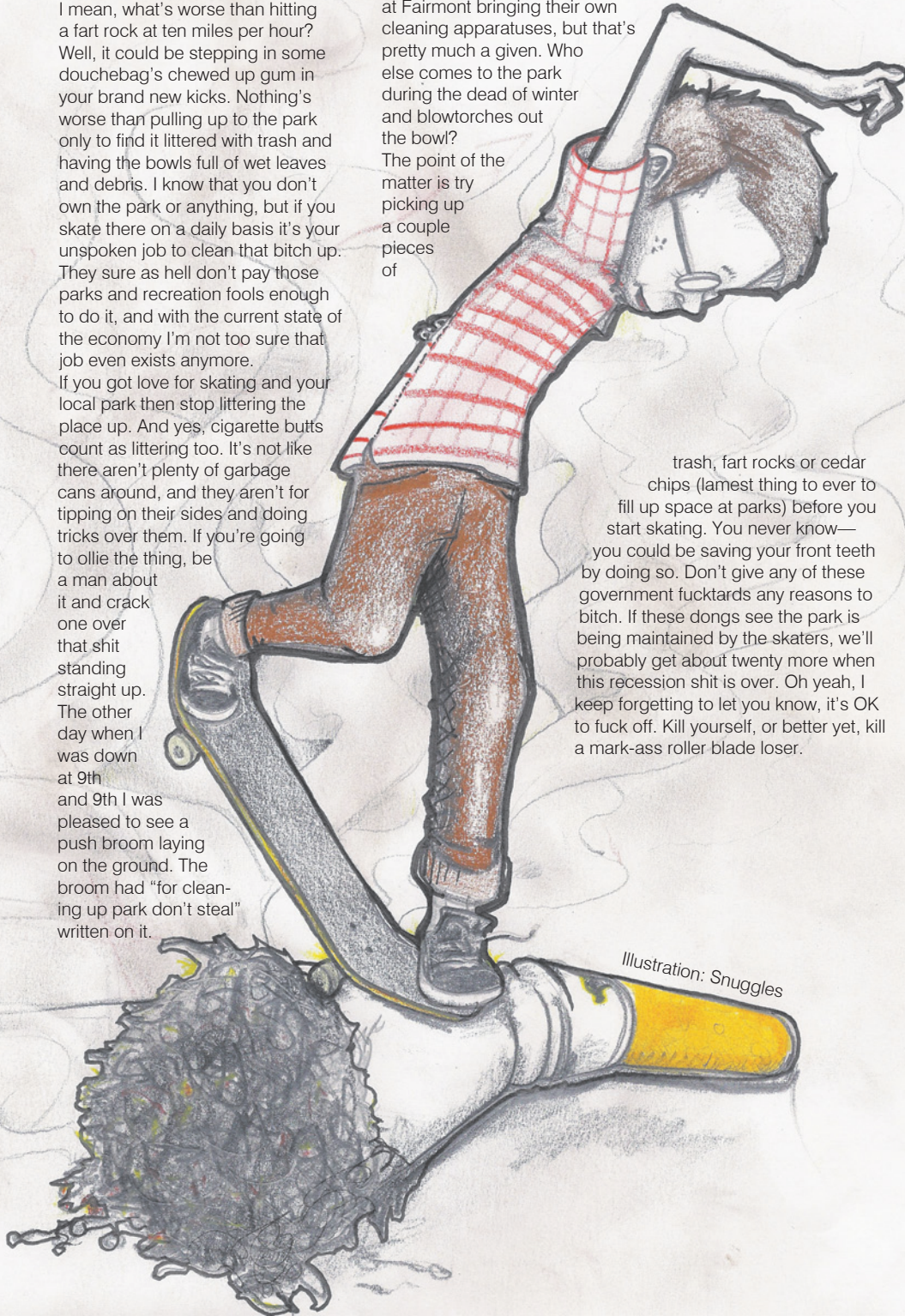


Illustration: Snuggles



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New York City is America's greatest city. Sorry Salt Lake, better luck next year. There's something timeless and classic to New York that makes it different from everywhere else. Maybe it's because we've made an icon out of it in movies and on T.V. Or maybe it's just the fact that it is the biggest city in the United States (population-wise, anyway). New York was the first destination in a recent trip I took. I was there for a short time but it was the first time I actually really got to skate there. Every other time, it was with family or just to drink myself silly. This time, I remained strangely sober (except for that one night, thanks **Marty** and **Brandon**!) and did a ton of skating in the course of a few days. Here are a few random observations if you plan to take a skate trip to New York:

1: Half the state of Utah seemed to be there when I was. A lot of my homies were staying somewhere on Long Island and I kept seeing people with **BYU** shirts on. One night I got lost trying to find the right subway. I ended up wandering around the Lower East Village through some cutty-ass neighborhoods for three hours. Coincidentally, I ran into my friend **Elisa**, who I know from Cedar City of all places, on the street. She happened to be there on her honeymoon and used her map to help me get to the subway. Like I said above, New York is America's biggest city but it occupies a small bit of land. So, I guess you can run into people pretty easily.

2. Spend \$25 and get the weekly pass Metrocard. It will get you anywhere you want to go on the subway. Don't ever rent a car in



Garrison pivot fakie, so rad.

this city, as there is no parking.

3. If you meet the guy on a street corner in Soho named **Tiger Hoods**, buy a photo from him. Also, ask to see his photos of a girl getting her vagina pierced. It is disgusting and intriguing at the same time.

4. If you go to Greenpoint/Williamsburg be sure you have a mustache and white jeans. Also, there's a nice deli next to the Mexican restaurant on the corner of Larimer and Metropolitan Ave. that has a great sandwich called a Douchebag. They also have a sandwich called Try Me Beeotch.

5. I seriously saw a fixed-gear bike in Williamsburg that had an alarm on it. Seriously.

6. The L Train (that goes to Williamsburg) has an entirely different crowd than the R train (that goes to Park Slope). If you're



Glenn can ollie and I have proof.





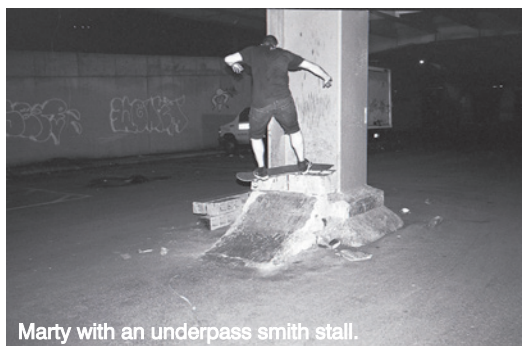


Super awesome spots lead to super awesome photos.  
Glenn with a five-oh through the kink.

a girl, wear traditional Arabic clothing to go to Park Slope. Wear skinny jeans and Converse Chuck Taylors if you're going to Williamsburg. Trust me on this one.

7. Brooklyn always has and always will do things its own way. Case in point: the virtual

12. My homies from Utah killed it on this trip. Amazingly enough, none of them had a video camera. It was fun just to skate through the streets and hit up spots on the way. Skateboarding is about fun, right?



Marty with an underpass smith stall.



I'm sure that Garrison was smiling when he did this wallride at "The Banks"

skatepark under the Williamsburg Bridge (not the Brooklyn Banks, those are in Manhattan). Somebody just started pouring concrete there and now there are banks and ledges.

8. Speaking of ledges, go to the city run skatepark under the Manhattan Bridge if you want to skate ledges.

9. Yes, I went to the Brooklyn Banks. If you go to New York to skateboard, it's mandatory that you go there. They won't even let you off the subway with a skateboard unless you tell them you're planning on going to the banks.

10. My ideas of New York skateboarding are heavily influenced by **Ari Marcopoulos'** photographs from the late '90s. I found his representation rather accurate even to this day (even though he's not a skater).

11. Coney Island is worth going to, not so much to skate, but totally to people watch.



Garrison, MVP of the trip.

13. I guess since this is supposed to be a skate article, not a "My Life is So Awesome" article, I should mention who I skated with. In no particular order, I'll start with the Utah dudes: **Andy Hill, Austin John, Garrison Conklin, Jovi Bathemess and Glenn Calvert** (I heard **Jesse Trujillo** was there too, but I never got to meet up with him). And my friends from Brooklyn: **Brandon Fonville and Marty** (I don't know his last name but he was from Pennsylvania and killed it). Also, I need to give a shout out to **Anne** for letting me stay at her house while I was there and **Mike Peters and Dennis** (from Jersey) for the enjoyable photo-nerd talk in the village.

14. Last, but not least, if you go to New York to skateboard and "get hammers" maybe you should go to San Diego or Los Angeles. If you want to cruise the street and do some wallies and some 5050's, this is the trip for you.

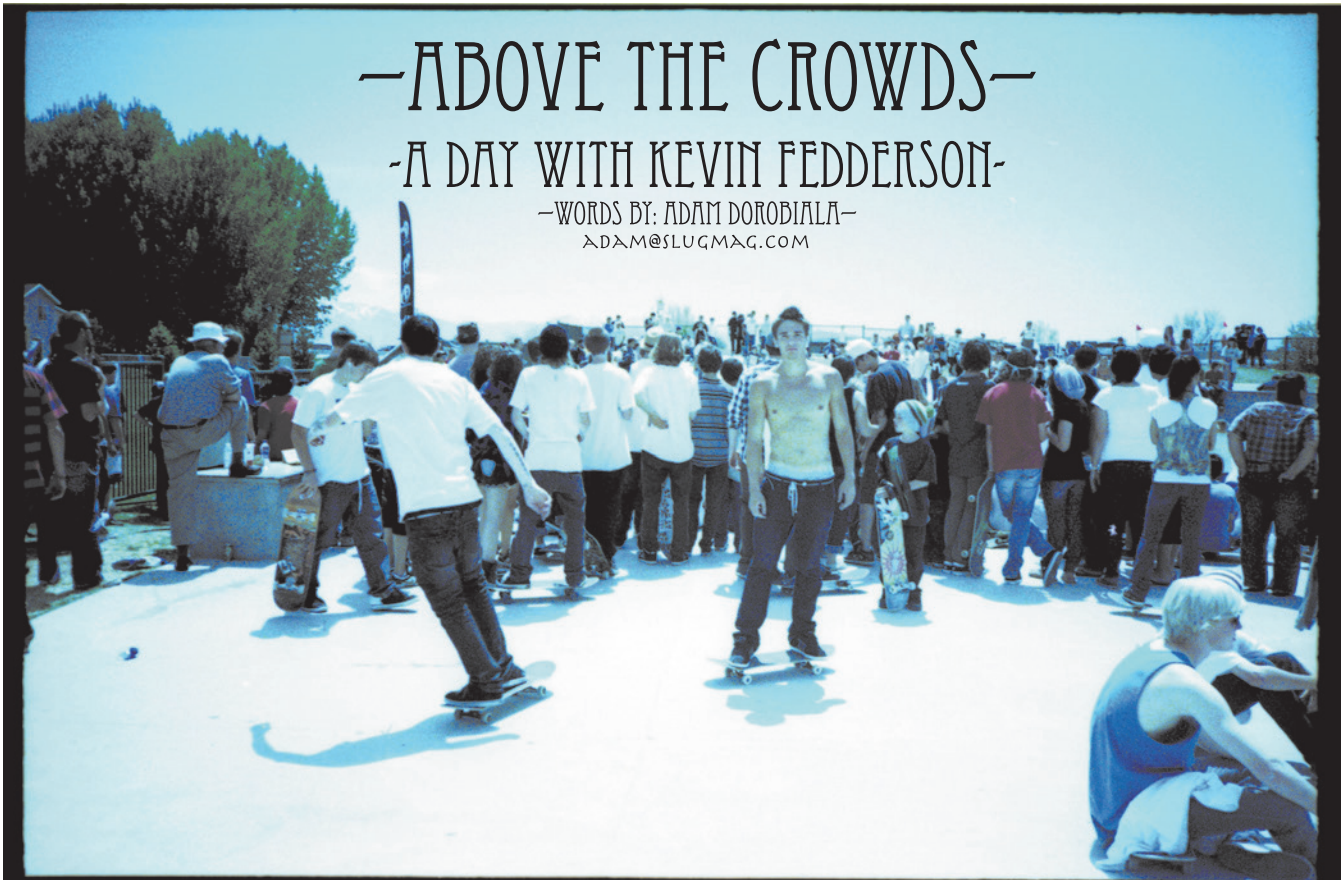


# —ABOVE THE CROWDS—

## —A DAY WITH KEVIN FEDDERSON—

—WORDS BY: ADAM DOROBIALA—

ADAM@SLUGMAG.COM



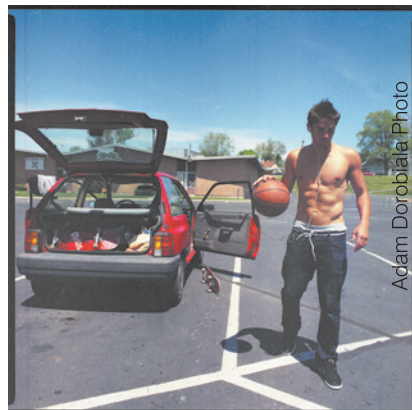
Everyone knows that a lot of the younger skateboarders today are progressing at a level beyond comprehension, and that's exactly what drew me to **Kevin Feddersen** in the first place. I remember running into him at *Sandy Park* when I was still in high school and every time I saw him there, he had at least two or more new tricks dialed in and on lock. We met up on a Saturday to go skate and just to get to know each other a little better. The day couldn't have been better.

I texted him around 8:15 in the morning just to make sure he was still on his way downtown to get some photos and skate. The best hours of the day to skate are before noon (in my opinion at least) and he was awake, soon to be on his way to Trax to come meet up. There was one spot in particular that I had in mind for him to get a photo on, but after arriving, the landing and takeoff were a bit much even for him, and that says a lot seeing that he can pretty much do any trick you could ever think of. So we headed back to the car to go home and get the sequence camera before going to the library for some sweet manny pad action. The camera wasn't charged, so Kevin, **Chris Swainston** and myself headed over to *Ninth and Ninth Park* to get warmed up for the day while

the camera's lithium ions were regenerating. Just watching him skate the park showed pure passion in what he does. He would skate the oddest obstacles, land the trick and move on, all while donning a huge smile. Swainston inquired as to where he skates most of the time, to which he responded, "I usually warm up at *Sandy Park* and then just wander from spot to spot. That's the best part about skateboarding for me ... not knowing where you

are gonna go skate."

We all unanimously decided it was time to leave, picked up the charged camera and headed over to the library to get some city skating in. Kevin lives down south so he hardly gets to skate downtown and upon arrival, he was amazed at all the possibilities of the library plaza. We briefly spoke about his main sponsor, **Element**, and what skating for them is like. "It's pretty rad skating for them, I get jeans, shoes, shirts and a couple of decks each package. It's totally a company I



Adam Dorobiala Photo



Daymay Photo



am 100 percent behind too, I see a lot of kids riding for companies just to get free stuff, but I am proud to be a part of their whole motto, Power to the Planet. I am psyched I get to wear a shirt that's organic, made with soy ink, just to lessen our impact on the planet."

**Kendall Johnson** and **Eric Hess** were already at the library waiting for us to meet up and get photos as well, so we had a solid crew to roll with as we skated. Fedderson made short work of getting a sequence and then continued to just shralp around while everybody else did their thing. Eric almost got a trick down the six-block as well, but the security thwarted any more attempts and told us it was fine if we skated there as long as "our wheels don't leave the ground." By this time, **Sean Hadley** had joined the pack and we brainstormed a moment before choosing to head southbound towards Murray. When we got to the next spot there were a few tikes playing basketball so we grabbed a basketball out of the trunk and Kendall, Eric, Kevin and myself played a little two on two to pass the time before **Erik Jensen**, **Quaimin "Panda" Pauley** and Sean showed up. With our legs nice and limber from the basketball game, E.J. pulled out the camera, and we all had a merry old time. Some of us got some tricks, some of us didn't, but what mattered more than anything was that we were all having a great time. It was quite hot outside and everybody was beginning to get a little parched, but luckily there was a fair going on at the park so we were able to get some mini water bottles from the Costco tent. Kendall ended up breaking the filmer board on a massive melon grab and you could tell the session was coming to a close. Chris landed his trick and then we were off, each heading our separate paths that would all cross over again within the night or the next few days. It was probably one of the best sessions I think I have ever had, getting to really know another skateboarder and spend a whole day skating everything from park to city to street with them.

Be on the lookout for Kevin, he had a spot locked in for the *Dew Tour* qualifiers in Boston, was interviewed NBC for his appearance/ performance there, already made qualifying finals for **Volcom's** *Wild in the Parks* series and plans to be entered into some other great comps too. Those are just national comps, that doesn't even count the local comps that he will most likely place in. I can only begin to try to explain his style and aura he projects from his skateboarding with one verse of **Gangstarr's** song "Above the Clouds." "Above the crowds, above the clouds, with the sounds of original, infinite skills create miracles, warrior spiritual, above the clouds, reigning/raining down, holding it down." Peep his profile on the *Salty Peaks* website under the team section, and keep an eye out for him at *Sandy Park*—he's the one landing the tricks that you only thought existed in video games.



Feeble. Proper.

Daymay Photo



Fedderson's smile on the last frame explains it all, nose manual bigspin to manual.



Adam Dorobiala Photo







# Real Life Renegade, Andy Leyba

Words by: Tully Flynn Photos by: Chris Swainston

Age: 26  
Favorite color: Purple  
Favorite food: Sardines

Before you throw this magazine at the wall in disgust, I want to assure you that this is not gonna be a mother fucking puff piece. "I'm a cutter, that's why they call me Scratch," Leyba let me know. He has cut up every inch of his body, except his penis. Andy has a rich history of violent, aggressive, drunkard behavior that has kept him in jail for the better part of the past decade. In fact the past six months has been the longest stretch he has been out of jail since he was 18. He's a lost boy, his father Jesse Leyba, three times over the legal limit fell out of a moving train and died when Leyba was just eight years old. That fateful day was 1/11/93, a significant date for sure. 111 is the symbol he carves all over his jack-o'-lantern of a carcass. "I'm lost without a dad," he says. This past year Andy found a suitable substitute, a strap-on if you ask me, but a phallus of discipline and salvation either way. Leyba was dunked recently in the holy water of Christianity. He explains the process as an awkward procedure that takes place in an oversized bathtub. "I felt all my sins, every bad thing I ever done wash away, I thought the water was gonna turn black," he says.

**SLUG:** What's the worst thing, in your eyes, you've ever done?

**Leyba:** Probably when I was humping my pillow, and I looked at my fan, because I was done humping furniture, and my fan tip toeing away, and I was like ahh dude, cause I knew if I turned it on it was gonna blow me. Just no more humping furniture.

**SLUG:** Have you humped furniture since?

**Leyba:** Yeah I still kinda do. Pillows are like shaken and shit. My pillows are like "don't roll me up I seen what you did to the fan."

It doesn't matter though, considering he can recite a memorized prayer with his goose egg omelet in the morning and with the Jesus power all is forgiven. The goose egg omelet has to do with the fact that he lives on a

miniature farm on Bountiful's west side with his wonderful grandparents Albert and Martha. Leyba showed us around his grandparents compound on a pleasant Sunday evening. There were hens, a rooster, parrots, sheds, bunnies and geese. He explained that he's here to stay, mainly because he's running from warrants in different states.

He's been a drifter living on the streets of Missouri, Phoenix and Las Vegas. He panhandled and drank, he told me stories of knife fights and drug use. He settled into Las Vegas after meeting a girl. She was three months pregnant at the time and Andy felt he could be a responsible father figure to her little girl. He tried, I'm sure. However, he found himself going to jail the night she went into labor. This time he was at a marijuana farm at the exact time of the "five-o" infiltration. Leyba spent three months behind bars for it. He got out and fathered that child for three years. It was

around this time that everything collapsed in his life once again. He was most likely drunk when he decided to put his cigarette out on his then fiancé's neck. This initiated the eventual loss of everything. He explains: "Here you go, it's like a country song. I lost everything, I lost my truck, I lost my dog, I lost my fiancé, lost my little girl, I pretty much lost it all. Most of all I lost my skateboard. Forget the little girl, forget my truck, forget my fiancé, and forget my dog. I lost my damn skateboard! It's the only thing I care about."

Andy moved up here after this last climax that subsequently lead to more jail time. He had nothin' but a **Kotton Mouth Kings** t-shirt on his back. He begged his mom for months to buy him a skateboard so he could enter the *SLUG Summer of Death* contest. She finally gave into his demands if not by the point of his knife. He rode the bus to the *Summer of Death* event.



Kickflips and heelflips are over played, Indy over the rail





homage to Rodney Mullen

He skated in soaking wet sweat pants. His life will never be the same, or were they velvet? Well, whatever the fuck those gigantic, sopping wet sleeping bags around his legs were made of, they got him noticed for sure.

**SLUG:** You're ready to take it all the way?  
**Andy:** All the way baby, Ohh!

**SLUG:** Is that why you're so full of life right now?

**Andy:** You don't even know ... this has changed my life. My second place, who paid 'em off? Second place in SLUG Summer Of Death contest series. What the hell? It was a reborn moment. It's all been goin' great right now.

Make no attempt to slow a mad man from his cause. For he'll surely strike you down with the veracity of will unleashed on the deserving victims crown.

Andy is a goddamn mad man. He skates with relentless passion, smiling and laughing with every slam and every land. With pure energy flowing through his reborn veins he is realizing that he is in control of this amazing destiny that is taking place. I say good luck Andy, good luck my friend, you truly are a man reborn.







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Judgement Day feeble kickflip transfer, Matt Fisher

## SKATE TERMINATOR: The Matt Fisher Story.

By: Sam Milianta

Photos by: Weston Colton

Technology is a bad thing sometimes. Sure, it's nice to have a self-propelled vacuum cleaner, but what happens when it turns on you? I've seen enough movies in the **Terminator** series to know that eventually technology will destroy mankind.

I think **Matt Fisher** is a terminator. He seems to be sent from the future to destroy Utah County's spots. It can't be a coincidence that he is on the same shoe team (**DC**, who gave Matt a "Golden Ticket" to their **King of Chicago** contest) as **Danny Way** (who I heard is actually from Mars, not the future).

Matt shows no hesitation when stepping to a spot. I've seen him shred switch heelflips and do 360 flips, all while skating a **Caballero** (who Matt also shares a sponsorship with through **Bones** wheels and bearings) "throwback" board on a bum ankle. He seems to be unstoppable. At one point, while discussing a gap he had skated, he told photographer **Weston Colton**, "I'll go back and switch heel it for you." Unlike so many claimers and haters today, Matt makes good on his word and doesn't brag about it after doing it.

Instead of doing an interview with Matt, it was decided to let one of his sponsors, **Benny Pellegrino** of **Milo** in Orem, and photographer **Weston Colton**, share some of their experiences with Matt. The following are excerpts from their conversation.

**Benny:** "Skateboarding comes first and everything else, his job, his girlfriend, his family, is secondary. Matt comes in the shop all the time, and doesn't ask for anything and it's refreshing. These days all the kids come in and want to know what they can do to get sponsored and get stuff for free. Matt comes in just to hang out and watch videos."

"If anything I have to push Matt to get sponsored. He's out skating but he doesn't ever ask for anything. He's the most humble kid. When he first brought in his sponsor tape,

I told him we didn't have room on the team, but he was persistent, in the coolest way possible. He'd come in and give me a new DVD of footage every month. When I would tell him there was no room on the team, he would say he was willing to wait."

**Weston:** "It's fun to shoot with him because he lands everything really quick. But he's willing to do it again after that. So I always end up with two or three different angles to choose from. He'll just go out and skate what ever I want to take him to. Any spot I go to, he has something for."

**Benny:** "And he's not the kind of kid who won't go skate unless there's a filmer. He doesn't say, 'I want to skate this but not unless there's a VX1000 around.'"

**Weston:** "Exactly. If he wants to film it, he goes back and does it again."

**Benny:** "I never see him get stressed either. He'll stop trying a trick before he gets stressed. He'll go skate around, do something else. Then twenty minutes later he'll try the trick again and just do it. It's refreshing to see someone who doesn't hate and doesn't throw fits. He's just methodical about it."

Methodical is a great place to end. Terminators, as they are machines from the future, tend to be precise. Look at the photos in this interview and you will see just how precise Matt is. However, unlike the Terminator robots, Matt has a very humble demeanor. But maybe that's just part of his programming. So when he does destroy mankind (or more likely than that, your favorite skatespot) it's unexpected.

*P.S. Any skate nerd that gets my "Terminator" reference (there is a clue in here) wins a high five from me next time you see me at a skatepark.*



Going up, NoseBlunt PopOut





FrontSide Flip



### Aggronautix

*Tesco Vee Throbbleshed*

*Aggraonautix.com/ Tescovee.com*

The folks at Aggronautix have taken on the task of making bobblehead figures of punk rock's crudest characters. One of their first attempts is this 7" likeness of **Meatmen** frontman and **Touch and Go Records** founder Tesco Vee. Limited to just 1000 throbblesheds (their word, not mine), this figure bears a striking resemblance to the Dutch Hercules. Dressed in **ABBA** clogs, white ABBA pants, a fur coat and a gold-trimmed, inverted pentagram t-shirt, little Tesco looks exactly how he does in real life. He's even flipping you off with one hand and gesturing toward his cock with the other. Classy. The only thing that would make this action figure more authentic would be if it came with a tiny microphone to insert into its tiny ass (or if it came with a miniature pink matador cap and a feather boa). It's perfect for your dashboard, but probably not safe for your work desk. And this is just the tip of the iceberg: Aggronautix is also selling a **GG Allin** throbbleshed, limited to 2000 shit-covered copies, and are planning to release a pair of **Dwarves** figures later this summer, which makes me wonder who they'll fabricate next. **Brannon? Springa? Negative Approach** fans should start sending in letters right now. Oh! And the head bobbles! Brilliant!  
—James Bennett

### The Green Element

*Organic Pirate Ship T-Shirt and Anchor Pantie*  
*Greenelementclothing.com*

The Green Element makes a quality product and is doing something most entrepreneurs can't or won't in this economic slowdown. Their incorporation of water-based inks on 100 percent organic cotton should be acknowledged and given its place in the pantheon of really creative local businesses. Their shirts are very comfy—maybe that's due to the "feel good about your purchase" quality it embodies or because it actually is very comfortable. The print on the shirt *SLUG* received is probably outdated for most readers, though, considering that old-school piracy boomed and busted in the late 18th Century and should be left there (you are not *Johnny Depp* in a shitty Disney movie, people). The logo and placement are really well done, it should be noted. The panties (as I experienced them) are very comfortable, too, but that is another subject entirely, and one more suited for an "adult" magazine. —JP

### Powell

*Pro Ligament Deck*

*Powellskateboards.com*

This deck is a phenom in the world of skateboarding. Right out of the package, you could already tell it was charged with some awesome powers. I was amazed at how much different it rode than any other previous deck I have ever feet. Inside every third layer of the deck is a ligament of polymer (although I am convinced it's some sort of super spider silk) that keeps the pop to the max over weeks and

weeks, and it's almost completely water resistant. I couldn't believe it either, but figured give it the total shit treatment and throw it in any lingering puddle, crack it on purpose, and ride it through any sprinkler spray off in the street and the thing still could pop like a motha after all that suffering. On top of those miraculous features, the K-12 concave mold, allows any and all flip tricks to just manifest perfectly without the slightest of effort. This thing is fuckin' rad 'nuff said. —Adam Dorobiala



## PRODUCT REVIEWS

Photos by: Adam Dorobiala



### Crucible Skateboards

*8.75 Vert Deck*

*Myspace.com/crucibleskateboards*

Coming straight out of So Cal to Salt Lake City is a product that I had only been dreaming about—time for my dream to be crushed. I always thought wider is better, but really when it came to flipping this beast, I definitely had some problems. Then again, the deck is made for VERT skating and I don't really get horizontal, if ya know what I mean. I am sure that **Jeb** and **Park** (local pool shredders and more) would love this deck! The wood is amazing and the shape is ridiculously perfect for that type of skating. It is just too big for my size—11 peds. But for those local shops out here that kill it with bigger decks, think about getting these in. Despite the graphic, this deck is perfect. They have two sizes to offer and not much else. Maybe one day they'll beef up the program and have more sizes, but we'll see. —Hehshun

### Reflex Bearings

*Reflex Griptape*

*Reflexbearings.com*

Reflex Bearings figured they would make some grip for the true riders out there, and man, did they nail it. This grip is extremely fine grained, but still manages to lift and hold the board to your feet just

as well (if not better) as the nittiest of the gritty. The coolest feature about this stuff is that I was able to allow countless people to ride my board in pouring rain (go to *summerofdeath.com* for photos of those shenanigans), but the next day I was able to still ride the board with no loss of grip. This is a truly original griptape formula, in my opinion, and one of the highest quality products that most people probably don't recognize. —Adam Dorobiala

### Sneaky Steve

*Cornhauer High*

*Sneakysteve.com*

I always judge people by their shoes. I can't help it. I think shoes say a lot about a person. Anyone wearing Birkenstocks, cowboy boots without actual cow shit on them or Moccasins are people I don't want to talk to or get to know. I got a pair of these weird looking shoes called Sneaky Steves. I have no idea who Steve is or what he is sneaky about, but the shoes were free courtesy of *SLUG*, so fuck it. They fit and they don't give me blisters, so I decided to put them through the ultimate test: a night of work at *The Urban Lounge*. If you've ever seen the girl's Bathroom there at 2:30 in the AM, then you know how hard this job is on shoes. They barely pass the test of me trudging through puke and period blood. I give them 3 out of 5. —Mike Brown

### Irie Eyes Eyedrops

*Irieyes.com*

Finally, a product that, unlike its users, has nothing to hide. The name and the red, yellow, and green packaging says it all. No longer will you be embarrassed pulling your eye drops out of your hash-scented Crown Royal bag, because Irie Eyes totally accessorizes with your cipa and/or dread pouch. Eye drops were invented for stoners. People were smoking pot way before they were whining about painful contacts. **Irie Eyes** knows it and they created these drops just for your "chronic" red eyes. I know what you're wondering: do these drops work any better than other drops? I knew you'd ask, so I experimented with several friends. We tried one drop of **IE** and one drop of a similar product in the other eye. It turns out that all drops work about the same. It doesn't matter if you're smoking Kompacto or the Pussy Kush, this stuff will remove the red. But Cinnamon, I pull three-foot tubes before heading to the office. Will I still be able to be irie without looking it? Yes! Here are a few statements from test subjects:

*"That's good eye-shit."*

*"I spent an evening in Cinnamon's lounge and my fiancé thought I was just walking the dog. Thanks, Irie Eyes!"*

*"I've lost three jobs in the last five years just because I smoke a little weed while I'm teaching. Is it true Obama is gonna ban vegetable gardens?"*

*Just \$5.95 a bottle. Check the web for distributors.*

—Cinnamon Brown





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# GALLERY STROLL



**"Harmed"**  
by Stephanie Wilde



**"They, Them or Us"**  
by Stephanie Wilde

## Strolling the Salt Lake Art Scene

By Mariah Mann Mellus

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

Hopefully, you're one of the thousands of Utahns out enjoying the summer weather and activities. There is so much to do and so little time, so this month I'm running them down short and sweet for your convenience and travel ease. Ride, bike or walk, but when you get to the gallery, don't forget to stroll. Events are happening all month long, but mark your calendars for Aug 21 when galleries participating in the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll will offer extended hours and hold artist receptions. All events are free and open to the public.

The Utah Arts Alliance, located at 127 S. Main, hosts *Women Who Shoot: Amanda Moore, Shalee Cooper, Zuzanna Audette and Steph Parke*. Also on display is **Marv Poulson's** show, *ELEMENTS*, Stone & Metal Sculptures, Aug. 4 - Aug. 29. The artists reception is Aug. 7, 6-9 p.m.

**Stephanie Wiled's** exhibit, *Harmed*, is about loss: moral, financial and perhaps most disheartening, loss of faith in the corporate world. The exhibition runs July 18 - Oct. 31, at the Salt Lake Arts Center, 20 South West Temple.

The Visual Art Institute (1838 S. 1500 E.) presents in the GARFO Gallery, *Micro/macro—an exhibition challenging perspective and observation via scale*. Each participating artist was asked to create at least two works: one miniature, and one oversized—literally

or conceptually. Artists include: **Nolan Baumgartner, Andrew Callis, Katherine Jones, Matthew Jones, Patrick Munger, and Ben Wiemeyer**. The exhibit runs July 10 - Aug. 28.

In *Vai's Student Gallery*, July 10 - Aug. 26, the Graduating Seniors Show featuring **Alexandra Jameson, Kourtney Keiser, and Holland Larsen**. This miniretrospective will illustrate how students benefit from the arts education program at the Visual Art Institute.

(A)perture Gallery, located at 1617 South 900 East, will host the second annual *Emerging Local Artist Showcase*, featuring **Corey Flanders, Hilary Howell, Joshua Johnston, Trevin Prince, Michael Ide, Shalee Cooper, Ian Ramsay, Dan Christofferson, Heidi M. Gress, Brian C. Hailes, Mason Fetzer, Anne Cummings-Anderson, Debbie Kirkpatrick, Stacy Phillips, Court Bennet, Michael Zetterquist, Carolyn Pryor, Jordan Halverson, Loggins Merrill, Sarinda Jones, and Ashlee Bennett Stoddard**. The show opens Aug. 8 with a private reception, but is open to the public during the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll Aug. 21 and will remain on display by appointment through Aug. 31.

In other local art news, **337 Project** is holding a contest for local artists to design a mini-golf hole for their 18-hole, fully playable course. The prize for each hole is \$2,500. More information is available at [337project.org](http://337project.org).

To submit your exhibition for entry in the Gallery Stroll Guide, email Mariah Mann Mellus at [mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:mariah@slugmag.com).



# things i hate

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

So **Snuggles**, the guy who's been illustrating my articles as of late, suggested that I write about my favorite possessions, and that he would bring them to life via *SLUG Magazine*. I looked around my apartment for my favorite things and a massive writers block fell on my face.

I'm sorry, Snuggles, but it's so much easier for me to write about shit I hate. I think my writing has always been that way, an emotional outlet of sorts. Since I turned 30, I'm pretty sure I'm slowly becoming everything I've ever hated, it's time to document it.

**Cocaine:** I had a history teacher in eighth grade that told the class that if guns were outlawed, only outlaws would have guns. I think the same case can be argued for all illicit substances. I think whatever you put in your body should be your choice, not the government's, whether it's drugs, another man's wiener or fruit.

I still hate cocaine, mostly because it makes my friends more annoying. Riding the white train was once described to me as drinking a pot of coffee without the diarrhea. Why would I spend \$200 on a pot of coffee? People get sweaty and all "I love you man!" on this drug.

Besides, does anyone really know where this drug comes from? Besides your dealer with bad jewelry and a too tight New Era cap wearing a **Michael Vick** jersey? My guess is the federal government, but it's most likely smuggled in a pile of dead Colombian babies before making its way up your American Apparel-wearing hipster nostril.

**Old Crow Whiskey:** I think I do my best writing hung over (like right now) but god, I've been flying with the Old Crow way too much lately. Mostly because it's only two dollars a shot at the bar I work at, toasts over Old Crow have become an after work tradition.

The ramifications of this cheap spirit are massively inconvenient as of late. Some guys think with their dick, I think with my liver. Come save me, uncle Jack Daniels, and whisk me away from the "BACAW's" of the Old Crow. "Never More!" The raven beckons.

**Jazzies:** You know those electric wheelchairs that sneak up on you oh so quietly? I'm going to shoot myself before I ever end up in one of these. No disrespect to the genuinely crippled or the elderly, I think those champions are in real wheelchairs. I'm gonna be an asshole here and just assume that most people scooting along in Jazzies are just lazy pieces of shit.

They never seem to be that old and they always have an entitlement complex programmed into their little electric battery. There's this guy that comes into the bar I work at on one of those things. He refuses to pay a door cover and doesn't tip the bartenders.

The last time he came into the bar, he got out of his Jazzy and played pool for two hours. I wanted to take his kneecaps out so he could really use his stupid little scoot-bot. He then got way too drunk and refused to leave. As the bartender was kicking him out, he told him that drinking and driving his Jazzy could be dangerous and the guy ran over his foot. What a fucker.

Instead of getting an electric lazy boy try getting some fucking exercise. I'm no **Suzanne Somers**, but at least I can run-walk around my block without throwing up.

**The New Liquor Laws:** So everyone's all excited about the abolishing of private clubs. The local media is presenting it as such an awesome progressive step for Utah, like "Look at us, other states! We are normal now! We finally accept all your tourism dollars!" The local media can eat a bowl of dick flakes because the truth of the matter couldn't be further away.

Utah literally took one step forward and two steps back. Now, instead of paying five little dollars to enter a bar, you get your ID scanned. Your information is reluctantly held by the clubs for seven days, and then supposedly destroyed. When the man with his laptop comes to take the info out of the scanner, do we really know what he does with it or where it goes from there? How do we know it got properly destroyed?

If I'm at a bar where they can't even make a Manhattan right, how am I supposed to trust them with all my info? I think it makes it easier for cops to find you. If you get pulled over for a DUI, they can now instantly scan your ID, know where you've been drinking, and prosecute the bar for over-serving your dumb drunk ass.

Under this logic, every time someone gets shot, we should prosecute the arms dealer, not the person who shot the gun, thus shutting down most the Wal-Marts in America. Which actually sounds like a good idea now that I write it down.

A true compromise would have been tougher DUI laws (which they actually instated and I'm in favor of) for real beer in gas stations and stronger drinks allowed in bars. You still can't get a stiff one poured for you in a Utah bar, so what really changed? Nothing for drinkers, other than saving five shitty bucks. The state controls the booze in this town. Not the people who actually use it. And now they have even more control. Thanks retarded Utah Legislature!

**People complaining about the recession:** Guess what dipshits? I was poor before the recession. Welcome to my world bitches. Aww! You lost your 401K? I never had one so go fuck a watermelon.

Man! I could write forever about things I hate, but I won't because my word count is almost up.



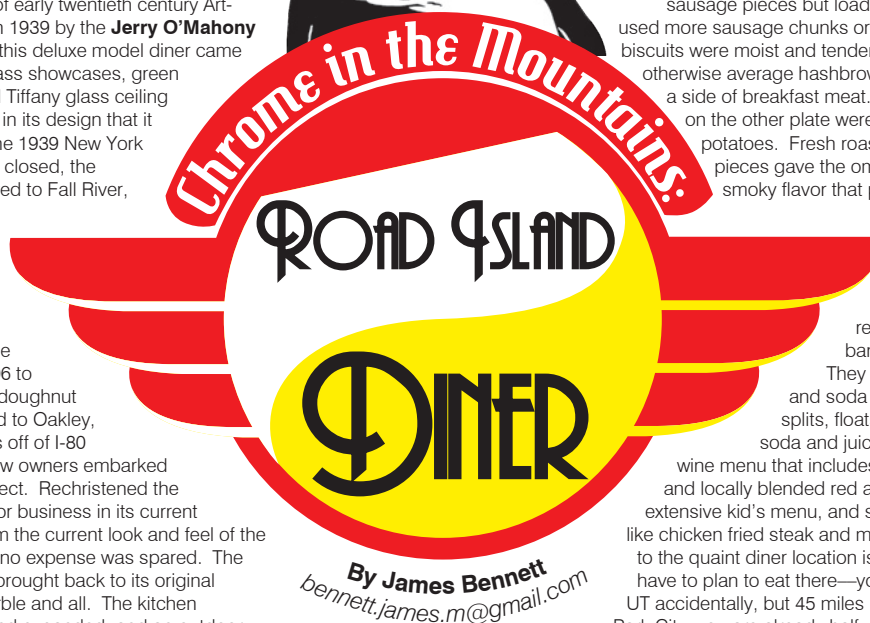
Illustration: Jared Smith



Diners have always held a special place in my heart. Greasy food, handmade desserts and dim lighting—the trifecta of honest road-side eating—have long made me a fan of this style of restaurant. As essential as the food is though, the setting can be even more important. A great burger or a fantastic breakfast special can easily be overshadowed by chintzy décor or a poorly trained wait staff. The opposite can also be true. The right surroundings can make even average food seem immortal—look to SLC's own *Lamb's Grill* to illustrate that point. That being said, it is in the combination of great food and an incredible atmosphere that the Road Island Diner really shines. Not only is the menu reasonably priced and appetizing, the location and background of the building is enough on its own to merit repeat visits. It really is unbelievable. Who would have thought that a vintage, pre-WWII dining car eating experience could be had by anyone willing to drive a mere 45 miles from downtown Salt Lake?

The building itself is a marvel of early twentieth century Art-Deco design. Manufactured in 1939 by the **Jerry O'Mahony Co.** of Elizabeth, New Jersey, this deluxe model diner came complete with chrome trim, glass showcases, green Italian marble countertops and Tiffany glass ceiling windows. It was so innovative in its design that it was included in an exhibit at the 1939 New York World's Fair. When the exhibit closed, the diner was purchased and moved to Fall River, Massachusetts, where it operated until its owners outgrew it 14 years later. It was then purchased and moved to Middletown, Rhode Island, where four generations of the same family operated the restaurant until it closed in 2006 to make room for a **Tim Horton** doughnut location. The diner was moved to Oakley, Utah in May of 2007—10 miles off of I-80 on the road to Kamas. The new owners embarked on a year-long restoration project. Rechristened the Road Island Diner, it opened for business in its current location just last summer. From the current look and feel of the restaurant, one could say that no expense was spared. The manufactured dining car was brought back to its original splendor—chrome, glass, marble and all. The kitchen looks to have been updated and expanded, and an outdoor patio and new banquet room have also been added. Other than these reasonable modern embellishments, the diner looks exactly as it would have when it rolled off the assembly line in 1939.

Enough about the building, let's talk food. My first taste of the diner was late on a Thursday afternoon, as my wife and I were delivering bread to an LDS girls' camp. The restaurant had come highly recommended. For starters we ordered the Bleu Cheese Chips (\$6.39), a plate of house cut potato chips topped with crumbled bleu cheese. It took a little while for the plate to come out, but when you consider that the chips are cut and fried to order, a small wait is understandable. It was a simple starter, but it somehow seemed better than the sum of its parts. The chips were hot and crisp, and flavorful enough to hold their own against the tanginess of the melted bleu cheese. We also ordered a pair of burgers—the Boulderville Bleu Burger (\$7.89), a standard burger topped with grilled onions and bleu cheese crumbles,



and The Diversion Burger (\$7.89), the diner's version of the Big Mac. The ground beef for the burgers is locally cut and hand pattied daily, and they come with either a side of fries or the house cut potato chips and standard burger toppings. The meat was cooked to order and remained both juicy and flavorful, unlike the frozen Costco-style burgers featured at many local restaurants. We washed our meals down with offerings from the soda fountain—a syrup-heavy Dr. Pepper with tiny ice cubes, and a custom mixed peach lemonade. We were intrigued enough to return later and try the breakfast menu.

We returned a week later and ordered the Southern Style Biscuits and Gravy (\$7.29), two homemade buttermilk biscuits with sausage gravy, two eggs and hashbrowns and the Diner Breakfast (\$7.59), two eggs and toast served with hashbrowns that were topped with green chilies, shaved ham, tomatoes, and Swiss cheese. The gravy from the first dish was light on sausage pieces but loaded with sage flavor. I could have used more sausage chunks or even a bit more gravy, but the biscuits were moist and tender and matched up well with the otherwise average hashbrowns. I know next time to order a side of breakfast meat. The smothered hashbrowns on the other plate were the perfect foil to the lackluster potatoes. Fresh roasted chilies and quality ham pieces gave the omelet-style potato dish a savory, smoky flavor that paired well with the richness of the cheese. We finished our meal with a slice of fresh Banana Cream Pie (\$3.59) that was perfect. It was light and airy, yet still really rich, and topped with both banana slices and whipped cream. They offer several kinds of fresh pie and soda fountain-style desserts (banana splits, floats and shakes). In addition to soda and juice there is a modest beer and wine menu that includes several local beer selections and locally blended red and white wines. There is also an extensive kid's menu, and several traditional diner offerings like chicken fried steak and meatloaf. The only downside to the quaint diner location is its proximity to nothing. You have to plan to eat there—you will never end up in Oakley, UT accidentally, but 45 miles is not really very far. If you're in Park City, you are already halfway there, and if you're heading to Evanston to buy a keg, you only need to take a ten mile detour off of the highway. My advice: block out a two-and-a-half hour chunk of time sometime during your week and take the scenic drive up to the Road Island Diner. And order a plateful of house made potato chips for the drive home. You'll need both hands to drive once you get back to the highway, but don't let this dissuade you from ordering the chips. They will be gone long before you make it back to the highway.

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**Future *SLUG* writer Atticus Bennett and his Dad (current *SLUG* writer), share a booth at Road Island Diner.**



# Beer Reviews

## The Craft of High West

By Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

When someone throws out the word "craft" in the alcohol industry, my first instinct is to assume they are talking about beer. **David Perkins** (head whiskey-maker at **High West**) is pioneering professional distillation in Utah and it is looking like that title ought not be reserved for beer alone. Perkins' skill in his craft is one to fear in the distillation industry—after only being on the map for a couple of years, High West's *Rendezvous Rye* has already become the flagship for their success, regularly medaling and making a name for them in the craft spirit industry. The renovation of their distillery in Old Town Park City is nearly complete. It will be the first distillery in Utah not monopolized by the Mormons (See Brigham Young's distillation endeavors) and the world's first ski-in distillery. Yes, you read it correctly. Ski-in!

### Rendezvous Rye

ABV: 46 percent

Price: \$39.99

**Description:** Lightly splashed into my snifter, this rye leads my nose into aromas of cinnamon, clove and a definite amount of spice character, all of which is tucked beneath a caramel and toffee backing. When it grazes my palate, I am overwhelmed with a whole new level of hedonistic pleasure. It is the perfect balance of new and old whiskies, blended with amazing precision.

**Overview:** As I write this, for you the reader, my head is throbbing, because I felt the need to consume as much as possible. And hell, with this bottle, how could I not? There is a damn good reason that I like to have this on hand at all times. What stands out most about this bottle is the flawless blending. By law, "rye whiskey" on the market must be comprised of 51 percent rye or more. *Rendezvous* is a blend of a six-year-old whiskey at 95 percent rye, five percent barley and a 16-year-old whiskey at 80 percent rye, 10 percent corn and 10 percent barley. These elements made for double gold medal winner at the 2008 San Francisco World Spirits Competition. I wish I could talk this up more, but you need to find out for yourself.

### Rocky Mountain Rye 16 Year Old

ABV: 46 percent

Price: \$79.99

**Description:** Off the dram, there is a pungent rye aroma, clove, cinnamon followed by the faintest amount of nutmeg blended with vanilla. The taste is always a bit more violent than the sip before, but in an exquisitely amazing way. It is rough on the palate, but the spice from the rye manages to carry on the tongue for a while.

**Overview:** This is for the people who just drank the standard *Rendezvous Rye*, and said to themselves, "I wish there was more kick." Either that means you have been chewing on pavement recently or you just like rye. If I am ever in a situation where I am just craving the complete flavor of rye, I reach for this guy every time. The potent mash bill of 80 percent rye, 10 percent corn and 10 percent barley make this well over the standard for rye intensity.

### Rocky Mountain Rye 21 Year Old

ABV: 46 percent

Price: \$129.99

**Description:** This is as full in the nose as my wallet was before I bought it. There is a delicate blend of everything right in well-aged rye whiskey: honey, mint, then some tropical fruit glazed in molasses. *Shit that's complex.* The flavors raise off your tongue with characteristics of herbal tea, all-spice, a spike of fruit and then a soft oak finish.

**Overview:** The 21-year sips like a sweetly aged scotch that is balanced enough to give you a reason to start drinking in the morning. Hell, there is breakfast beer, breakfast whiskey anyone? Wondering how in the hell these guys are selling 21-year-old whiskey, when they have only been open for a couple years? They are still purchasing the whiskey from out of state, but are currently in the process of distilling and aging their own. Knowing their crew and operation now, I will say that anything that will be coming out of this Park City distillery in the future will be worth looking into.

### Vodka 7000

ABV: 40 percent

Price: \$29.99

**Description:** Simple. In my glass, this is straightforward in its softly sweet aroma and impeccable build. The body is dense and creamy and glides down your palate leaving no rough edges like most commercial examples.

**Overview:** With how easy drinking this is, it is no wonder it recently took a silver medal at the San Francisco World Spirits Competition. Its simplicity is brought about by their use of only the finest locally grown oats and Utah's highly rated water. After tasting this, I would not rely on any other label for quality vodka, not to mention I get the opportunity to buy local! By the time this issue hits the stands, there will be the release of the peach vodka made with only the finest of Brigham City peaches. I had a chance to try an advance sample of this, and it was amazing. So opt for that over what ever Absolut piece of shit you may want to pick up.



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# GAME REVIEWS

## **Ninja Blade**

**From Software/Microsoft Studios**

**Reviewed on: Xbox 360**

**Also on: PC**

**Street: 04.10**

Ninjas killing zombies. For a geek, could things really get any better? Sort of. *Ninja Blade* isn't a bad game so much as a game that tripped at the finish line and fell into a puddle of ridiculous. And by ridiculous, I mean this game is very Japanese. So rather than trying to explain the actual storyline, just be content that you play as a ninja with daddy issues who is part of a government organization created to fight a zombie outbreak and kill creatures in the most unreasonable manner you can think of. Beyond that, don't think about it too much. Gameplay is hack-and-slash action intermixed with jumping puzzles, not unlike what we've seen in *Ninja Gaiden*. The problem is the controls are often frustrating and unresponsive, and the main combat tends to be repetitive. *RE4*-esque quick-time events keep you on your toes during cut scenes, and are well-executed. The best parts of this game are easily the boss battles, which tend to be epic in scale and more than challenging enough for most gamers. The hardest task you'll face is making yourself sit through a level to get to them. —Kat Kellermeyer

## **Overlord II**

**Triumph Studios/Codemasters**

**Reviewed On: Xbox 360**

**Also on: PC, PS3**

**Street: 06.23**

Have you ever wanted to jump into a *World of Warcraft* game and ruin everyone's fun? I sure have because I'm completely insufferable and probably a sociopath. Though I did not play the first game in this series, *Overlord II* really satisfies my desire to ruin everyone's fun. Even though this is purely a single player game, the core idea here is to run around and make your faithful gremlin-like minions lay waste to everything in your path and be a huge jerk to everyone. Although the game

is quite fun, I must admit that there are some frustrating moments as well, usually involving instances where I have no idea where to go next, or somewhat ambiguous instructions that disappear from visibility too quickly. But these are minor complaints, and even though this is a sequel, I feel like I played this without missing too much from the original. The story is written by Rhianna Pratchett, daughter of the revered Terry Pratchett. However, my favorite work is the actual dialogue and voice-acting of the elves, who are effeminate, peace-loving hippies with dreadlocks. —Conor Dow

## **Prototype**

**Radical Entertainment / Activision**

**Reviewed on: Xbox 360**

**Also on: PS3, PC**

**Street: 06.09**

It seems the majority of superhero franchises that develop into games are targeted toward younger audiences, leaving those that crave a good disembowelment in the shadows. Well, dry those teary eyes, you sloppy bitch, because the Activision folks have heard our blubbery cries and have released a title so full of blood, mayhem and apocalyptic destruction you just may have to change your pants ... twice. As Alex Mercer, you find yourself on a slab inside the New York City morgue confused about how you got there and why you're still alive. Intrigued? It gets better! As you stagger the streets, you discover you have the ability to shape-shift and that the city has been infected with a lethal virus turning humans into flesh-craving zombies. Oh, and the government is blaming you for everything. The layout, gameplay, and secondary tasks are incredibly similar to Activision's 2004 *Spider-Man 2*, which isn't a bad thing. Even though the overall experience is entertaining, the abundance of sub-missions becomes overbearing to the point where they become a little tedious. It's like eating too much candy, right, Tubby? With that said, *Prototype* is definitely the most original, interesting, adult-oriented game of the year.

—Jimmy Martin

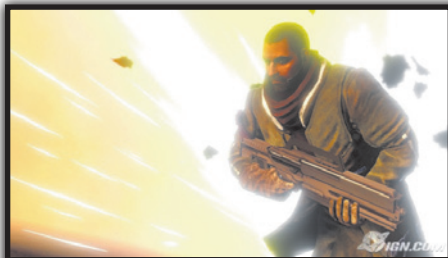
## **Red Faction: Guerrilla**

**Volition/THQ**

**Reviewed on: Xbox 360**

**Also on: PS3, PC**

**Street: 06.02**



**Mason: he's like other heroes, minus the pesky personality**

This game came so close to a perfect 10 it's almost sad. The story starts pretty strong, but it deflates like an untied balloon and lies flaccid in the corner for most of the game. Barring the destruction engine, *RF:G*'s graphics are more or less bland and altogether uninspired. The music is well implemented, but the voicework and the script are classic video game mediocrity. With all these shortcomings, why then do I consider *RF:G* to be almost perfect? Because it's fun. Remember fun? Volition does, and for all this game does wrong, it's a continual balls out blast throughout the deliciously long campaign. As soon as the credits rolled, I flipped to some multiplayer and found – lo, and behold! – fun that was even more fun. Thanks to tight controls, brilliant physics and destruction engines and innovative guerrilla combat, *RF:G* is a gameplay experience like no other. It'll make you think, challenge your pants off, and have you giggling like an over-stimulated schoolgirl. With three DLC's set to drop soon, this bastard is definitely worth your purchase. —Jesse Hawlish



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# MOVIE REVIEWS

## 12 Rounds

20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox  
Street: 06.30

It's no shocker that a film co-produced by **WWE Films** would entail mediocre acting and melodramatic situations more suitable for the ring rather than the big screen, and that's exactly what's presented in director **Renny Harlin's** sensational thrill ride across the city of New Orleans. When officer Danny Fisher (**John Cena**) outwits international terrorist Miles Jackson's (**Aidan Gillen**) heist escape attempt and inadvertently kills the criminal's girlfriend, a hatred for the roided-out hero boils for over a year forcing a prison break and an intricate plan of revenge. In a game of cat and mouse, Jackson forces Fisher to solve twelve rounds of brainteasers, endure impossible gauntlets and play God with the lives of others. Harlin has basically combined the plots of the first and third **Die Hard** films, which is ironic since he directed the second installment. When you sit down to watch a John Cena film, no one expects a well-acted performance. Well, I hope no one does because they'll be sorely disappointed, but that's fine. While **Arnold's** off playing Governor, someone needs to fulfill Hollywood's position of a scowling, walking pair of pecks. What ruins this action/adventure is the intolerable acting from others, unbearable dialogue and the spastic seizure-inducing editing style. —Jimmy Martin

## 24: Season Seven

20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox  
Street: 05.19

Jack Bauer (**Kiefer Sutherland**) returns to yet another terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day to not only face a condemning Senate subcommittee determined to tarnish the former CTU agent's covert career, but also a radical techno-nerd threatening to bring America to her knobby knees by hacking the government's firewall and overthrowing the central infrastructure. While the first batch of seasons tinkered with realistic terror plots that included political assassinations, nuclear bombs and biological warfare, this seventh installment is entering the realm of who-cares absurdity. I never thought I'd say it, but the redundant scenarios of Jack brutally interrogating suspects and whispering loudly into his cell phone are becoming monotonous. Granted, Sutherland continues to perfectly portray the renegade super agent, but the time has come to punch out on a high note. You know it's going to be a loooong day when the outlandish plot changes directions every three hours. —Jimmy Martin

## 500 Days of Summer

Fox Searchlight Pictures  
In Theaters: 07.17



With all the cheesy, clichéd, cookie cutter romantic films being forced out, it's few and far between when an original one surfaces with a story of love, heartbreak and redemption so honest it's contents make you smile as you slide back from the edge of your seat in order to exhale deeply. Tom (**Joseph Gordon-Levitt**) is a hopeless romantic greeting card author yearning to find his one true love in the world. After laying eyes on the adorably pessimistic Summer (**Zooey Deschanel**), the search is over. Well, according to him it is. The film documents the couple's on/off relationship in random chronological order which, in turn, develops a slew of ironic incidences and hilarious cutaways. As the narrator states, it's "a boy meets girl tale, but it is not a love story." Rather, it's a perfect captivation of a male's attempt to seduce, influence and control the confusing and nonsensical world of the opposite sex. Gordon-Levitt is brilliant as the down-and-out dreamer trying to make sense of an unjust world. Director **Marc Webb** has effectively and cleverly constructed a universal account of romance that everyone can relate to and feel genuinely connected to. —Jimmy Martin

## Defiance

Paramount  
Street: 06.02

Not since **Steven Spielberg's** *Munich* has a film captured such a unique side of the struggles and oppressions of the Jewish community. **Daniel Craig** provides one of his most powerful performances as Tuvia Bielski, a common farmer pushed over the edge and forced to not only defend himself, but his family, his people and the human



spirit during the Nazi regime of World War II. Director **Edward Zwick's** documentation of the real-life Bielski brothers' battles in the Poland forests should be distinctive with its subject matter, yet lacks an adequate amount of content to make it memorable. Along with Craig, **Liev Schreiber's** depiction of the recluse renegade family member stands out amongst the cast. Unlike Spielberg's well-executed action/thriller, *Defiance's* strongest elements come from the talent of the actors rather than the implementation of the overall product. —Jimmy Martin

## Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>

Warner Bros.  
Street: 06.16

It's been eight laughable years since Jason Voorhees was cuttin' bitches in outer space, so it's good to see him return from orbit and settle back into his nest at Camp Crystal Lake. When Whitney Miller (**Amanda Righetti**) goes missing after visiting the infamous lagoon, her concerned brother, Clay (**Jared Padalecki**), returns to the region accompanied by Team Abercrombie & Douche only to be greeted by the legendary machete-wielding maniac. Now, I love absurd beheadings and gratuitous nudity as much as the next guy, but when it comes from the team that successfully revamped *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* franchise, it's quite disappointing to see them take the low road and attach another predictable and clichéd addition to the *Friday the 13th* series. Rather than focusing on the dark origins or inner demons of the psychopath's saga and creating something memorable, as was done with 2003's *Texas*, director **Marcus Nispel** decided to neglect the narrative with a pair of 10-dollar tits and refrain from any type of engaging storytelling. With that said, the overall product is not total garbage. It's the true epitome of a standard horror flick. There are thrills, chills and kills, but don't expect anything cutting-edge from the jaded antagonist. —Jimmy Martin

## Ghostbusters

## Columbia Pictures

Street: 06.16

Along with the release of *Ghostbusters: The Video Game* and the announcement of a third feature film scheduled to release in 2012, the four original busters are back blasting their unlicensed nuclear accelerators in high-definition... but they didn't come alone. Accompanied by a containment chamber stocked with an abundant supply of extra features, the disc includes a featurette documenting the resurrection of Ecto-1 and a pop-up trivia track that reveals behind-the-scenes production info and unknown film facts. Did you know the role of Peter Venkman (**Bill Murray**) was originally written for **John Belushi**? The leader of the Delta Tau Chi House hooked up with the Gate Keeper? Now, that would have been a sight to be seen! —Jimmy Martin

## Gothkill

Wild Eye Releasing  
Street: 05.26

Just to set the record straight here, *Gothkill* is an all out B-movie, midnight movie or whatever label you'd like to give it—so if you do intend to view the movie don't expect anything grade A. I had high hopes that movie would mock the Goth scene culture and it actually does a decent job at doing so, mainly in the sheep mentality of much of the scene, an interesting plot point because the movie seems to be geared towards a Goth audience. The premise is simple. Nick Dread (**Flambeaux**) a priest during the inquisition finds the church corrupt and winds up condemning God. He is burned at the stake only to strike a deal with Satan to be reborn throughout the years. The catch is he is set with the task of slaughtering 100,000 corrupt souls to create his own kingdom in hell, the result of which finds the supernatural killer in a Goth club populated by the silliest of stereotypical Goth/vamps. Gothkill doesn't achieve any deep thought or higher purpose other than to entertain and it does garner some laughs in its silliness of red food coloring and corn syrup simple-styled gore and terrifically bad-on-purpose acting. First time director **JJ Connelly** did a great job with what he had, no massive editing messes, a straightforward story and he found some great settings that served the movies purposes. Go into viewing low budget expectations and you'll get some satisfaction in its camp factor. —Bryer Wharton

## The Hunger: Season One

E1 Entertainment U.S.  
Street: 06.02

*The Hunger* essentially is a show that desperately wants to be a respectable horror/suspense series like it's older, cooler brothers *The Twilight Zone* and



*Tales From The Crypt* but at the last minute decided to become a porn star instead. On average, about ten of the thirty minutes of the episode tend to be sex, while the other twenty tries to create a story. The problem isn't the sex but the cliché-inspired stories. Fully expect to have it all figured out before the opening credits finish, which eliminates the horror/suspense premise and leaves you with the soft porn. Even with the **Ridley Brothers** directing and one-episode appearances from **Daniel Craig** (*Casino Royale*) and **Lena Headly** (*Sarah Connor Chronicles*), if you're not a die-hard fan, consider this one for rental only if you have money to waste. —Kat Kellermeyer

## The Hurt Locker

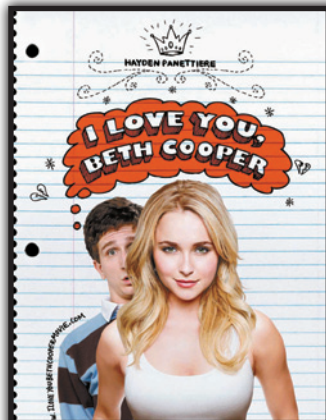
### Summit Entertainment In Theaters: 06.26

Rather than wasting time setting up a prolonged story arch with introductions and exposition, director **Kathryn Bigelow** hurls the audience directly into the intensified chaos that is Iraq with an intimate depiction of a U.S. Army bomb disposal unit. After the tragic death of their commander, Sergeant Sanborn (**Anthony Mackie**) and Specialist Eldridge (**Brian Geraghty**) are reassigned under the authority of Staff Sergeant James (**Jeremy Renner**), a reckless bomb technician that somehow continues to escape death despite his disregard for governmental protocol. With only 38 days remaining on their tour of duty, the overwhelming tension fills the dusty air as the trio work their way across Baghdad providing security for their fellow soldiers. Bigelow has executed a flawless accomplishment with this viciously raw undertaking that provides a realistic, non-partisan view of the conflict in the Middle East. Along with **Barry Ackroyd**'s mesmerizingly voyeuristic cinematography, each actor provides a sensational performance worthy of praise from the introduction to the climactic finale. —Jimmy Martin

## I Love You, Beth Cooper

### 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox In Theaters: 07.10

I am absolutely baffled that the director of such mega-blockbuster classics like



the first two *Home Alones* and the first two *Harry Potter* films has delivered such a soulless production that it doesn't even qualify as a "so bad it's good" film. **Chris Columbus** didn't just drop the ball—he wasn't even in the league with this tactless, unfunny teen comedy. Can you still call it a comedy if you don't even remotely chuckle once? When valedictorian Denis Cooverman (**Paul Rust**) decides to express his repressed love for the head cheerleader, Beth Cooper (**Hayden Panettiere**), and declare his analytical attacks on other classmates during their graduation ceremony, the aftermath results in a night everyone should forget as quickly as possible. Along for the monotonous ride are Cooper's airheaded sidekicks and Cooverman's dubiously gay film-buff buddy who can't help but recite lines to countless cinema classics that didn't steal 102 minutes from my life. Many could argue the transfer from **Larry Doyle**'s novel wasn't performed properly, but when Doyle himself carried out the service, there's no one left to blame. Newcomer Rust requires much, much more practice before he should ever be placed in front of a camera again, and it's abundantly clear Panettiere doesn't have the aptitude to headline a project quite yet. It looks like the 30<sup>th</sup> Annual Razzie Awards already has a buddy for *Transformers 2* in the Worst Picture in 2009 category. —Jimmy Martin

## Insane Clown Posse Presents: A Family Underground

### Psychopathic Records Street: 5.12

Juggalos used to frighten me in the passive way I was afraid of **Suge Knight** of **Death Row Records**. As in, "I'm afraid, but when the hell am I going to run into Suge Knight?" However, after watching *A Family Underground*, my lazy nervousness at the mention of the Juggalo community has evolved into a full-blown fear. Because I have learned that they're everywhere—even in England. *A Family Underground* is a documentary about the annual Gathering of the Juggalos in Cave-In-Rock, Ill. While it purports to be family reunion of sorts with "crazy cousins you haven't met yet," this appellation only seems to be accurate if your own personal family spends its time breaking fluorescent light bulbs over each other's heads and chanting "woop woop" as it cooks up another batch of meth. The music of **Psychopathic Record**'s make-up smeared milieu has never been something I've wanted to listen to, and despite its best efforts, *A Family Underground* does nothing to deter that sentiment. Poorly recorded concert footage is interspersed with clips of boner-repelling women's wrestling, toothless grin after toothless grin, and a Juggalo nuptial ceremony, complete with vow ala carte "do you promise to suck on her titty-nipples?" Which brings up the worst part—somehow, amid all the profanity, scatological flows, and off-key warblings about skull-fucking,

the boys at Psychopathic decided to keep it tasteful by blurring out all exposition of said "titty nipples". I for one have never been more grateful to see closing credits and have never desired a rebate for my wasted time more fervently. —JR Boyce

## Iron Maiden – Flight 666

### Phantom Music Management/ EMI Street: 06.09

Most tour documentaries imply a massive sense of self-importance for the band in question. While there is that sense with *Flight 666*, the always strong integrity of Iron Maiden shines through and you get an entertaining documentary following them on their 2008 "*Somewhere Back in Time*," tour which entails the bands singer **Bruce Dickinson** piloting a 757 airliner to five continents, playing 23 concerts in 45 days, all of which according to the film is a feat never before accomplished. You also get the normal backstage stuff and band interviews highlighting each Maiden member, which feels fun, candid and honest. The power in this film lies in its awe factor showing the band playing countries that have cultures and government that all vary. Every clip of each show has the crowd singing just as loud, if not louder than the band. Most importantly there is an underlying message that Maiden's worldwide reach gives people from all walks of life a common interest and love. The music and concert experience also gives people something they can always count on and a much needed break from the harder parts of life. —Bryer Wharton

## Terminator 2: Judgment Day (Skynet Edition)

### Lionsgate Street: 05.19

Before **McG** placed his grubby director hands on the Terminator franchise and maliciously molested it with tacky references and laughable dialogue, the series was held in fairly high regard. Ok, *Terminator 3* raped it first, but he didn't improve the situation. **James Cameron**'s 1991 sequel redefined the modern-day action film with its relentless action sequences, revolutionary special effects and captivating story structure. This re-released special edition contains over two hours of behind-the-scenes picture-in-picture footage, a storyboard-script film comparison, quizzes and interactive games. In addition, the title includes two audio commentaries, one with Cameron and co-writer **William Wisher** and the other includes tidbits from 26 cast and crew members. Relive Arnold's greatest action epic before he lamed out and became The Governor. —Jimmy Martin

## Torchwood: Seasons One & Two

### BBC America Street: 07.28

As the innovative spin-off of *Doctor Who*, *Torchwood* sets a perfect example

on how to reveal an ample amount of information to keep viewers interested, yet adequately leaves them in the dark to keep them guessing. Captain Jack Harkness (**John Barrowman**) and his team covertly lead the fight against extraterrestrials and paranormal activity with the latest in technology from this world and beyond. Whether it's crimson gas from a meteorite that survives purely on sexual activity or beastly "Weasels" wreaking havoc across the city, each episode creatively presents a new threat to our Earth's existence. It's an ideal blend of sci-fi, drama and comedy. Think *Men in Black* crossed with *Ghostbusters* and a dash of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Barrowman's charm, directness and comedic talent stands out amongst the ensemble, and the show's desire to spotlight various lifestyles makes it one of the BBC's most original shows to date. —Jimmy Martin

## YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

Watching this movie is your future if birth control fails ...  
**Transformers: Season One Shout! Factory**  
Street: 06.16



With one of the greatest/worst theme songs in the history of children's cartoons, *Transformers* laser blasted its way through television sets in 1984 following the growing popularity of Takara and Hasbro's profitable toy line. Fun fact: Before its robotic inception, the F.C.C. regulated toy companies against producing programming commercializing their own products, but the directive was eventually abolished and *Transformers* was green lit faster than it took you to read this sentence. The first season introduces the war between the Autobots and the Decepticons as they make their way from Cybertron to Earth in search of a new energy source. Through a child's eyes, the show was the definition of creativity and sci-fi fun, however, through the eyes of an adult, each new character that rolled into the frame was another action figure their screaming child would soon desire. Either way, no one can deny its everlasting attractiveness even as **Michael Bay** continues to horrifically molest away its childhood innocence. —Jimmy Martin



# CD REVIEWS

## 10ft. Ganja Plant

*Bush Rock*

ROIR

Street: 07.28

10ft. Ganja Plant = John Brown's

Body + Jimmy Cliff

The sticker on the front reads:

Guest vocals by **Kyle McDon-**



ald of **Slightly Stoopid**. How can anyone take a band with that name seriously? For years I've passed over Slightly Stoopid albums on the shelves, shaking my head as I searched for the latest **Sleater-Kinney** record. I quickly looked past the sticker, though, pressed play, and was greeted with dead-on throwback sounds of sweet, sweet reggae. When Kyle makes his first appearance on "Too Much Gun A Bust," the album is elevated to a new level. In the seductive downtempo track, "Got To Be A Soldier," his voice serves as a complement to the laid-back retro sound. The album isn't trying to break any new ground, but these guys sure as hell know the classics, so sit back, calm your soul, and let the album send you on a trip down vintage lane. —Courtney Blair

## Against Me!

*The Original Cowboy*

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 07.07

**Against Me! = Against Me! - present-day mediocrity**

Whether you think Against Me! lost it when they ditched their acoustic instruments for electric ones, signed to a major label or started punching anarchist kids in coffee shops, there's no denying that the band's best days are behind it. *The Original Cowboy* is a bittersweet reminder of just how good this band was, even if it is an entirely unnecessary addition to their catalog. It's kinda cool to hear the demos for what would become *As the Eternal Cowboy*, but the songs here are essentially the same exact

songs on the finished album. The only notable changes are a slightly rougher sound overall, a different arrangement on "Unsubstantiated Rumors" (which has been available as a 7" from **No Idea** for years), and the omission of "Sink, Florida, Sink." Unless you're an Against Me! completist, there's no reason to buy this if you already own the original. Still, this is a whole hell of a lot better than *New Wave*. —Ricky Vigil

## The Antikaroshi

*Crushed Neocons*

Exile on Mainstream

Street: 08.11

The Antikaroshi = Maps and Atlases + Rumah Sakit + Helmet

If you were going to make a mincemeat pie comprised of parts of bands, the mincemeat pie that would make The Antikaroshi feel kind of odd about enjoying it. That's exactly how I feel about these gents. I really like them, yet something is throwing me off and I'm not sure what it is. But it sure is fun listening to their dreamy prog-funk jams. These dudes are like the hippie stoner brothers of **Porcupine Tree**, but they're not vegans or tree lovers, they're cannibals. What more could you ask for? —Jon Robertson

## The Antlers

*Hospice*

Frenchkiss Records

Street: 08.18

The Antlers = Shearwater + Antony and the Johnsons + Jeff Buckley Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most heartbreakingly beautiful album of the year. You've heard the story before: an artist entering a self-imposed isolation only to emerge with a masterpiece. *Hospice* is just that. After **Peter Silberman** released *In the Attic of the Universe* in 2007, he had an idea for his next album and went into isolation for two years. The result is the story of a love affair between a patient and a healthcare worker, two people becoming one, and death tearing them apart. The album teaches us about mourning: "I've woken up, I'm in bed, but there's no breathing body there beside me. Someone must have taken you while I was stuck asleep" Silberman sings in "Epilogue." *Hospice* also teaches us about moving on. —Courtney Blair

## Bird Names

*Sings the Browns*

Upset The Rhythm

Street 07.21

Bird Names = DeVotchKa + Akron/Family + a sober Captain Beefheart Sometimes when your influences include 1950s American doo-wop, traveling carnival sounds, Slavic folk songs and country swing music, the resulting sonic mixture is both wildly inventive and catchy. All too often, though, it sounds like a mish-mash of unrelated shit strung together haphazardly. The latter is true for Chicago's Bird Names. I am not sure why this disc was made. I know they want me to describe it using words like "restless, plucky guitar" and "woozy, throbbing keyboards," and to mention that their music is frank and instinctive, but I really can't do that. I respect you too much. The truth is that almost every song sounds like someone playing the weird middle part from **The Moody Blues'** "Nights in White Satin" both backward and forward at the same time, while an ironic '80s-night DJ spins the **Ace Frehley**-sung tracks off of the **KISS** album *Music from the Elder*: not even remotely listenable. The only positive thing was that the songs took a long time to start. It was like Bird Names were being merciful for a short few seconds before reminding you that it was time to listen to something else. —James Bennett

## The Casualties

*We Are All We Have*

SideOneDummy

Street: 08.25

The Casualties = GBH + Discharge (at their best) + Circle Jerks



Every time I swear I've heard punk rock's official death rattle, I think nope, the Casualties are somewhere tonight playing unflinching hardcore punk to some kid who's going to shave their hair into a mohawk and start a band the next day. Working with legendary figure **Bill Stevenson** as producer, the

Casualties have undoubtedly put together their strongest outing yet. *We Are All We Have* may be the first record to match the incredible power this band has live. The title track has choruses that will ring in your ears for days. The band has really become a great cross section of hard-hitting punk rock—you can really hear everything from **The Ramones** to **Black Flag**. Up until now, the Casualties have only given us straightforward punk, but for the first time, a reggae track, "Rocker's Reggae," has entered the mix and feels right at home with its up-tempo counterparts. Lead vocalist **Jorge**'s trademark snarling rasp delivers each song with such bite that it lets the listener know that only an ear trained in real punk rock need apply. —James Orme

## Chooglin'

*Sweet Time*

Big Legal Mess

Street 07.07

Chooglin' = Muddy Waters + Foghat + the Streetwalkin' Cheetahs The road to hell is paved with the living souls of white-guy blues and R&B players like **Chicago**, **Daryl Hall** and **John Oates**. Literally—I'm not making this up. As a result, it is really hard for a band made up of white guys from Minneapolis to feature a deep rhythm-and-blues groove without falling into the familiar 70s pop-rock trap. Fortunately, Chooglin' errs on the side of **Creedence Clearwater Revival** and pairs this healthy Caucasian roots sound with a dynamic four-piece horn section. My biggest fear was that this was going to be another lousy Midwestern ska record, but thankfully, this was not the case. The horns are there, but they're nowhere near overwhelming. Placed rather low in the mix, the brass parts give the disc more of a **Rocket from the Crypt** feel than a **Voodoo Glow Skulls** one. The music is hard, even metal in parts. The vocals will remind the listener of CCR's soul-shouting **John Fogerty**. These features, mixed with a Memphis-meets-Foghat feel, work together to make a surprisingly good and listenable record. It's as if booty-shakin' 1970s guitar rock was just reborn in a Minnesota garage recorded at a breakneck pace and is now being served up to you in all of its huge and natural glory. Listen to it. Feel it in your hips. —James Bennett

## Darkest Hour

*The Eternal Return*

Victory Records

Street: 06.23

Darkest Hour = In Flames + All That Remains + As I Lay Dying



Don't be surprised that Darkest Hour is another metal/hardcore band enforcing the more thrash-metal rule. A resurgence of thrash has seemed to replace simpler hardcore elements. *The Eternal Return* makes sense with what the band is going for and it's all in the name. They wanted this sixth album release to be a "modern-day thrash metal masterpiece." I can agree that they've taken their sound up a notch in every aspect, and there is an incredibly pleasing amount of speed. However, I didn't hear that traditional thrash sound I was looking for. With that said, *The Eternal Return* is its own unlabeled creation. It's an electrifying boom of speed and cloud of heavy-metal looms with melodic stints that make a giant sound evolution. "A Distorted Utopia" and "Death Worship" are the album's heaviest assaults. —Nicole Dumas

### The Dear Hunter *Act III—Life and Death*



**Triple Crown**  
Street: 08.04

**The Dear Hunter = The Black Heart Procession + My Chemical Romance + Glassjaw**  
Oh bless the gods! The third installment of The Dear Hunter's grandiose rock opera, *Act III—Life and Death*, has finally been released. Sweet Jesus in the sky, let's raise an offering. While the rock opera/concept album seems to be quite the hipster thing to do these days, I would have to say that The Dear Hunter seem to pull it off quite well next to the almighty **Coheed and Cambria**. Claudio, I love you! So this album's tough and rocking parts are great, but I just wish there were less theatrics, because it seems like once the song begins to get into a groove, some weird choir comes in or a ditzy breakdown happens. But I probably shouldn't dis on this because **Anthony Green** totally has a boner for these guys and wants to give them favors and everyone knows that if someone successful says they like you, that makes it good. Right? —Jon Robertson

**The Fiery Furnaces**  
*I'm Going Away*  
Thrill Jockey Records  
Street: 07.21  
**The Fiery Furnaces = The Enflamed**

**Heating Devices + The Extremely Hot Space Heaters**  
Do you like the Fiery Furnaces? OK, then. Since we're on the same page on this one, I'll let you know this album is as good as any of their other six releases. Upper register plinkings? Check. Sudden prog-rock freakouts? Check. The delicious sound of **Eleanor Friedberger** crooning over some jazzy drums? Oh yeees. The lazy listener in me always wants to shout, "Hey you, you guys in the furnace band. Chill out with the fucking inventions and serve it to me hot and poppy—consistent-like." But the attentive listener that is still holding on inside totally digs this shit, still. Even the intro and title track, an old-school cover of a song called "I'm Going Away"—which, interestingly enough, invokes heavy blue-grass tones—made me wonder what band I was listening to when I first heard its strains at SLUG HQ. —JP

**Goatwhore**  
*Carving Out the Eyes of God*  
Metal Blade  
Street: 06.23  
**Goatwhore = Phazm + Soilent Green + Immortal (post At the Heart of Winter)**

I had this record for nearly a month, probably longer, and gave it a couple listens a week and was having trouble finding the Goatwhore I have come to know and enjoy. Then it was as if some odd devilish angel switched something on in my head and it all came together. While Goatwhore's last record, *A Haunting Curse*, marked some stylistic changes for the band—mostly in production value but also inviting a bigger death metal sound than before in—*COtEoG* takes the sound of the band's first two records and gives it a clear production, but returns the raw, bitter edge the band displayed on those albums. The new album isn't anything massively superb, but it's solid output and the least redundant material the band has ever offered up. There are moments of straightforward, grimacing death metal with some dirge-styled guitar moments, then there are some tracks that sit on the edge of full-on death n' roll. If anything, get the album for the glorious "In Legions, I Am Wars of Wrath." —Bryer Wharton

**Horse Meat Disco**  
*Self-Titled*  
Strut  
Street: 08.04  
**Horse Meat Disco = Donna Summer + the 1970s + Perez Hilton**  
Disco really is dead, and thank God for it. Though Horse Meat Disco revels in the frantic era of 1970s disco, the album is uninspiring and boring—even for dance music. Who would've thought an album with a pink horse sporting a giant boner on the cover would be so mundane? Tracks from **TJM**, **Eddie Drennon** and **Plaza** round out the compilation of nostalgia

that was put together by dudes with either a penchant for big, gay dong or a serious problem with bestiality. **Sheryl Lee Ralph's** "In The Evening," **The Two Tons'** "I Depend on You" and **Gregg Diamond's** "Danger" are very reminiscent of the actual disco era with their poppy vocals and high-energy dance beats, whereas "Freakman" by **Empire Projecting Penny** is a lackadaisical and boring with its dispassionate vocals—faked is the best way to describe them. The label describes Horse Meat Disco as "a space where heterosexual disco fans can party at a gay disco club without feeling out of place," but are there really any heterosexual disco fans around anymore? Europe doesn't count. —Nick Parker

**Municipal Waste**  
*Massive Aggressive*  
Earache  
Street: 08.25  
**Municipal Waste = D.R.I. + Nuclear Assault + Anthrax**

There is good reason Municipal Waste are one of the best thrash revival acts on the scene: Fan or newcomer, *Massive Aggressive* will suit any thrasher's palate. They're not the best because they take classic thrash and make it nice n' fresh for the millennium. No, it's because their music is packed with the energy that made all those 80s thrash bands so damn cool. I'll admit the rhythm riffs can sound a bit repetitive after awhile, and there aren't nearly as many guitar solos as I'd like, but I'll be damned if I don't keep coming back for more. This is razor-sharp and fast, punk-rocked-fueled fun with not a lot of technical guitar hullabaloo—just to-the-point, grab-a-beer and jump-in-the-circle-pit tunes. Few records win me over with style and not a lot of substance, but *Massive Aggressive* is just some good simple thrashin'. —Bryer Wharton

**Middle Class Rut**  
*25 Years*  
Bright Antenna  
Street: 08.04  
**Middle Class Rut = Local H + Perry Farrell + Nirvana + Cave In**  
Middle Class Rut is what guitar drum duos should be. The band consists of **Zack Lopez**, (guitar/vocals) and **Sean Stockham** (drums/vocals). Within the first few seconds of the beginning track, "25 Years," you can tell this band plans on mesmerizing you with their tandem attack of ball-kicking progressive post-punk awesomeness. This band is the real deal. The drums sound like they're on the verge of breaking and the urgency of the vocals and voice tone want to make you get up and start a riot of some sort. Imagine the best shout-yell-scream that **Cedric Bixler-Zavala** ever yelped out and you would have an idea of how legit Zack and Sean's vocals are. I am grateful to have discovered Middle Class Rut—I will definitely be spreading the word about this

band. —Jon Robertson

**Mos Def**  
*The Ecstatic*  
Downtown Records  
Street: 06.09  
**Mos Def = Roy Ayers + Madlib + Black Thought**  
Take a break from all this peanut-butter dance shit that is played on U92 at least 1,039,234,902 times a day and take a lesson from the mighty Mos Def. Mos has been on the eccentric tip for a minute and has failed me with his last couple albums. I had big expectations for *The Ecstatic* and the first half of the album delivers. The first half offers top-notch production from **The Neptunes**, **Madlib**, **J.Dilla** and **Preservation**. Mos goes back to rare lyrical form, dropping fresh flavor and clever lyrics. We even get a guest spot from the great **Slick Rick** on "Auditorium." Then, the downfall begins. "Life in Marvelous Times," the first single from the album, which leaked a few months ago, drops and marks the regression of the boogiemani. Mos tries too hard to be eccentric in the final half of the album, and recycles lyrics and catchy phrases left and right. My expectations were high and Mos delivered a mediocre album with a lot of filler. The first half is so good that I can't knock Mos too hard, though. Standout tracks are "Auditorium," "Wahid," "Priority" and "Quiet Dog Bite Hard." —JRapp

**Moss**  
*Tombs of the Blind Drugged*  
Rise Above Records  
Street: 07.07  
**Moss = Monarch + Corrupted + (early) Earth**  
With an album title that is an obvious take-off of the cult horror classic *Tombs of the Blind Dead*, England's Moss have once again shown why they are in strong contention for the stoner-sludge crown. While this release is tagged an EP, it contains four songs together totaling over almost 40 minutes, and is easily one of the band's best to date. The direct opposite of death-metal blastbeats, the drums on *Tombs of the Blind Drugged* could be generously clocked at 4 to 6 beats per minute, and the gut-busting tone of the guitar and bass come damn close to hitting the ever elusive "brown note." Bong required. —Gavin Hoffman

**Pelican**  
*Ephemeral EP*  
Southern Lord Records  
Street: 06.06  
**Pelican = Red Sparowes + Russian Circles + old Jesu slightly**  
Pelican has always been hit or miss with me. I hate to be one of THOSE GUYS, but I enjoyed their old material much more than the recent few releases. I'm still not sure how they've managed to gain so much notoriety for what they do. My main frustration is that there really hasn't been anything that



sticks out to me enough to warrant more than a few listens. Though they are clearly adept at songwriting, this just feels like the same uninteresting stuff again, when I feel that there is potential for so much more. Perhaps I'm taking things too seriously, and they probably are just doing what they do and enjoying it and there's absolutely nothing wrong with that, but I wish they would branch out and actually surprise me for once. This release is more of the same Pelican, as usual. —Conor Dow

## Reign Supreme

*Testing the Limits of Infinite Deathwish*

Street: 06.23

Reign Supreme = Lamb Of God + Shipwreck A.D. + Down To Nothing

Keeping it hardcore and not stepping too far away from that is the general feel of *Testing the Limits of Infinite*. This second release following their first EP, *American Violence*, is a 13-song run of catchy guitars, chorus-style back-up vocals and plenty of double-bass drumming. They don't tamper with trying to have an enormous vocal range and various styles of metal. There is a small dose of punk and the more I listened to the album, the more I heard riffs similar to 90s hardcore like *Integrity* and even *Deadguy*. What I like most about this album is that it shows its face without confusing what genre you're listening to or trying to appeal to multiple audiences. Take it or leave it. —Nicole Dumas

## Set Your Goals

*This Will Be the Death of Us*

Epitaph

Street: 07.21

Set Your Goals = Saves the Day + Four Year Strong + Rise Against

For some reason, I'm a little ashamed to admit that I really, really enjoyed the first Set Your Goals album. If I was alone, I could blast *Mutiny!* at full volume, but post-pop-punk-core just isn't as fun when you're trying to not seem like a total pussy in front of other people. *This Will Be the Death of Us* doesn't exactly make me feel any less ashamed to like Set Your Goals. SYG have toned down both the good hardcore stuff and the good pop-punk stuff on their second album, leaving a whole bunch of songs that are decent, but only a couple that truly stand out. "Summer Jam" finds the band at its poppiest and "The Fallen" features all six SYG-ers firing at all cylinders for the album's best track, but the rest of the album isn't very exciting. Plus, the inclusion of four guest vocalists (including a cringe-worthy contribution from **Hayley Williams of Paramore**) is a bit ridiculous since this band already features two vocalists. This album isn't bad, but it's a definite disappointment. (Murray Theatre: 08.25) —Ricky Vigil

## This Will Destroy You/Lymbyc Systym

*Field Studies*

Arts & Crafts/IODA

Street: 07.28

This Will Destroy You/Lymbyc Systym = Mogwai + Explosions in the Sky

I'm just going to throw this on out there: I think **Godspeed You! Black Emperor** is absolutely boring as hell. Just because your indie-kid neighbor cums all over the place when he hears a song drone on for 35 minutes doesn't



make it cool for you to do it, too. Anyways, I'll just say that the two bands featured on this split EP are not like Godspeed at all. Everything on this album is indeed instrumental post-rock, and damn, does it sound good. The horns and keyboards are absolutely stellar touches, adding their own unique touches without detracting from the wonderfully heavy sounds that permeate this release. If you need some new prog-rock in your life, this little EP might just be your best bet. —Ross Solomon

## Timber Timbre

*Timber Timbre*

Arts & Crafts/IODA

Street: 07.28

Timber Timbre = Jana Hunter + Iron and Wine + Devendra Banhart

Deceptively simple, Timber Timbre's latest release captivates from the very beginning. A hushed voice accompanies a soft, strumming guitar in the aptly-titled opening track, *Demon Host*. As the album progresses, light organs and soft beats join the mix. The sound is consistently minimal, and always very pleasing. Yet, the senses are never overwhelmed. With this being Timber Timbre's third release after *Cedar Shakes* and *Medicinals*, his sound has appropriately progressed. All of the tunes are hauntingly catchy. He takes bits and pieces from such artists as Devendra Banhart and Iron and Wine, then goes on and makes them all his own. This is one of the better albums I've heard this year, and is definitely recommended. —Ross Solomon

## Various Artists

*Ze 30*

Strut Records

Street: 08.03

Ze 30 = Tom Tom Club + Grace Jones + Funkadelic

Take your seat, kids, Strut Records has a historical music lesson for us on the influential New York label **Ze Records**, which is celebrating 30 years in the business. Ze is best known for delivering the mutant disco sound, combining elements of punk and dance music. The end result of *Ze 30* is a pinch of smartass, danceable music, like **Was (Not) Was**, with their twisty bass line on "Tell Me That I'm Dreaming" and one-time **Patti Smith** roommate **Lizzy Mercier Descloux** on "Hard-Boiled Babe" talking about how she doesn't want to be a whore. Other standouts include the French duo **Casino Music** covering "The Beat Goes On" and the classic "Contort Yourself," by **James Chance**. If you own *Mutant Disco Vol. 1-4*, pass on *Ze 30* because many of the tracks are repeats. However, if you're new to Ze, get ready to pull out your skates and hit the streets. —Courtney Blair

## We Were Promised Jetpacks

*These Four Walls*

FatCat

Street: 07.07

We Were Promised Jetpacks = Frightened Rabbit + The Twilight Sad + Danananaykroyd

I'm probably not the best person to attempt to review Scottish bands, because I just really love hearing Scottish accents. *These Four Walls* could be total shit, and I wouldn't necessarily know it because I'm just happy as a clam to hear someone from Edinburgh crooning at me. But even if you take out my exoticization of Scotsmen out of the picture, *We Were Promised Jetpacks* are still a more-than-solid band. This is a pretty straightforward indie-rock/pop album with lots of jangly guitars and impassioned melancholy, and vocalist **Adam Thompson** brings all the yearning and emotional intensity to the yard. Their only crime is sounding too much like their label-and-tourmates Frightened Rabbit, but Frightened Rabbit is a pretty fucking awesome band to sound like. —Cléa Major

## Xerath

/

Candlelight

Street: 08.11

Xerath = Meshuggah + Dimmu Borgir + Hollenthon

While the angle of the musical direction (other than being atmospheric and heavy) that the UK's Xerath are attempting is eluding me, the orchestration on */* is huge and at times shows a great depth and provides a much-needed element to the rather simplistic, chugging drudgery of the majority of the guitar-riffing on the album. But at other times, the orchestration becomes derivative and monotonous along with the rest of the

album. The screamed vocals have no range and there are some clean vocals from time to time that sound horribly forced and out of place. It feels as if the band attempted to create an enveloping sound to immerse listeners into epic territories, yet the album's tracks seem to cut themselves short while they're directly in the middle of exploring musical themes. There is potential here, but the record misses its mark. —Bryer Wharton

## YOB

*The Great Cessation*

Profound Lore

Street: 07.14

YOB = Sleep + Middian + Sunn O))) + Knut

Ah, YOB, it's good to have you back—damn good, actually. *The Great Cessation*, a monstrously and significantly darker, harsher album, is of an expected progression for the re-grouped band. When the band split up briefly, guitarist/vocalist **Mike Scheidt** formed Middian, which took on darker territories than the standard YOB fare. While different in its embrace of the darker side of doom metal, the new offering won't disappoint longtime fans of YOB. The record is still chockful of the mammoth, low, bottom-end dredge-riffing that YOB is known for and still retains the psychedelic atmospheric moments, either in the band's swirling rhythm section or in the buzzing guitar feedback. This time around, instead of a nicer, almost soothing vibe, you get a highly sinister effect. There is lightness in the dark, making said psychedelic moments that much more potent. Scheidt's vocals are immense and powerful here, with haunting clean passages and growls that are almost inhuman. I strongly urge any doom lover to take this acid-corroded, darkened journey YOB is offering. —Bryer Wharton

## Zechs Marquise

*Our Delicate Stranded Nightmare*

Rodriguez Lopez Productions

Street: 08.25

Zechs Marquise = The Mars Volta's Halloween party + John Cage

Zechs Marquise is a Mars Volta side project of **Marcel** and **Marfred Rodriguez-Lopez**. It is named after the anime series *Mobile Suit Gundam Wing*, a veritable clusterfuck of anime clichés about mankind colonizing space and being ruled by an earthly alliance until one of the leaders is assassinated and then the story meanders for forever and a day. Zechs Marquise is very similar in scope, with spooky synths and underdeveloped drum lines that wander into the stratosphere. For this music to be successful, it needs some type of visual element to make any sense. I may not be a scholar of anime or psychedelic rock, but I know when something is excessive. —Andrew Glassett



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# LOCAL CD

## Breaux

*The Brown Bag EP*

Self Released

Street: 06.31

Breaux = Clutch + Coalesce + Chrome Division

Ever wonder what Clutch would sound like if they returned to their roots, yet still retained some of their modern sound? That's the biggest vibe I'm getting from Salt Lake City's Breaux on *The Brown Bag EP*. It has almost become cliché to say, "This band defies genres," but in all honesty I really haven't come across a band like Breaux. While the EP contains metalcore-type moments with some heavy guitar breakdowns and vocal screams, the EP is more groove-oriented, southern-fried rock. While the EP has plenty of heavy moments, it interestingly doesn't come off as an obnoxious, unnecessarily angry piece of music. The vibe here is just about having fun and playing some slick grooving riffs. Breaux is off to a good start with this EP—and I don't even like metalcore. —Bryer Wharton

## Dirty Loveguns

Self-Titled

Self Released

Street: 04.25

Dirty Loveguns = AC/DC + Motley Crue + Warrant

You could play this record for someone and they'd wonder what classic 80s hard rock band it is until you told them that the members of this band were probably just small kiddos in the 80s. The band isn't out to re-invent the notion of what hard rock is, I could cite influences until the cows come home, but that doesn't really matter. I will note that there is a big AC/DC vibe mainly in the guitar licks minus the bluesy stuff. If you're looking for a simple, fun, rocking record, Dirty Loveguns aren't apt to disappoint. Their songwriting is tight enough to stand on its own and there is even some "hit song" quality, especially with album opener "Top Down." Go get rid of your **Black Tide** and **Airbourne** albums and pick this up. —Bryer Wharton

## Dubbed/Bombs & Beating Hearts

*Oh Shit, an Acoustic Split!*

Salty Hobo Records/ 45 Archives

Street: 3.13

Dubbed = Against All Authority + Swingin' Utters

BNBH = Ghost Mice + Defiance, Ohio

While I still stand firmly by my assertion that most local punk rock sucks, I'd be lying if I said this release is anything but awesome. Recorded live in the Dubbed band room, this split finds two of Utah's finest punk bands at their best, even if they are a little drunk (Dubbed) or a little rough around the edges (Bombs & Beating Hearts). Dubbed start things right, sounding like a quartet of crazed pirates marooned in a dinky



Vegas lounge bar as bari sax and accordion combine with throaty vocals and smooth basslines. Their side isn't perfect (like I said, drunk), but it's highly entertaining, and they make the transition to an acoustic band very well. Bombs & Beating Hearts then play host to a clap-along, sing-along, shout-along party, and sound a lot louder than Dubbed despite their more minimalistic setup of acoustic guitar, accordion, tambourine and drum (just one). These guys aren't quite as polished as Dubbed, but their enthusiasm more than makes up for their lack of technical prowess. If you can, see both bands live. If not, this split is almost just as good. (*Dubbed 08.14: SLUG Localized, Urban Lounge*) —Ricky Vigil

## Eagle Twin / Night Terror Split 7"

Red Light Sound

Street: 04.26

Eagle Twin = Om + Sunn O))) +

Brown Jenkins

Night Terror = L'Acephale +

Merzbow + Wold + nightmares

The split album has always been a good way to discover new music that associates with projects you may already enjoy. This highly limited release is no exception, and contains one track from Salt Lake's Eagle Twin and Night Terror. Eagle Twin's contribution is, as always, driven heavily by excellent drumming and a great deal of dirty feedback, while Night Terror submits a strong-but-short piece of horrifying noise. Both songs represent both projects nicely and the low-fi representation mastered by **Mell Dettmer (Earth, Sunn O)))**, **Wolves in the Throne Room** creates an atmosphere that is integral to the overall result. The artwork is handled by **Gentry Densley, Philip Vaughn**, and the ever enigmatic **Sri Whipple**. At only 200 copies, this release



has already sold out. (*Eagle Twin, 08.14: Avalon*) —Conor Dow

## Nolens Volens

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 06.25

Nolens Volens = Dan Deacon + VCR5 + Uzi & Ari

Nolens Volens is **Andrew Glassett**. Andrew Glassett is a damn fine musician who just released his eighth album, *Nolens Volens*. Word on the WWW is that *Nolens Volens* was distilled directly from the Glassett family bloodline, each song representative of a member of Andrew's family. I hesitate to use the word "heartfelt" because that implies that his other albums aren't, but there's an intimate vibe

running throughout that gives this album a different feel from his previous work. I'm not sure if it's the fragments of indie rock melodies/instrumentation that walk the **Sebadoh**-ish line of hokey, but heart-felt honesty, the samples of human voices, (compared with the robotic voices on other NV albums) or my own approach to old age and the whole family/bloodline concept, but this album stands as the most accessible and giving NV album yet. The next time you hear someone describe electronic music as being cold or emotionless, please smack them in the face with this album. —Ryan Fedor

## Ok Ikumi



*Sleep*

Self-Released

Street: 12.08

Ok Ikumi = Ok Ikumi

Trying to think of all the technical things that go into this is mind destroying. Based mostly around glockenspiel and music box samples, *Sleep* is a beautiful instrumental lullaby. The pieces are cut into five sections that are repetitive in a graceful, dancing way. "Sleep 5" pulls out of the pretty dream into an adventure game where you must save the knight from the vicious princess. Of course, it ends well. —Jessica Davis

## Palace of Buddies

Self-Titled

Kilby Records

Street: 03.21

POB = Health + Sonic Youth +

Blonde Redhead + Beach Boys

Palace of Buddies is the larger than life projection of two kids playing with their toys: **Tim My-**



# REVIEWS

ers slinging his axe, keyboards and sampler, while **Nick Foster** pounds the skins, percussion and even more keyboards. It is their youthful experimentation and exuberance that makes Palace of Buddies such a powerhouse in the local rock and electronic scene. In what I would consider calculated risk, Palace of Buddies stretch the boundaries of modern songwriting while still appeasing the listener with tremendous musicianship. "Dirty Diapers" is their claim to fame, with a vicious polyrhythm set to the focused single guitar note, but there are undiscovered gems throughout the album. New age, proto-casio breakdowns such as "Hope For Me" and the melodic and spiritual drive of "Noel" are my favorite tracks. This is the best local release of the year. Go to your local record store and get a copy. —Andrew Glassett

## The Skaficionados

*They're Trying to Kill Us!*

**Self-Released**

**Street: 05.24**

**The Skaficionados = Streetlight Manifesto + Mustard Plug + Catch 22**

In the great tradition of affixing "ska" to the front of already existing words (Skalloween, Skanksgiving, Skanukkah, Skarbor Day), The Skaficionados keep third-wave ska alive in a world that just doesn't give a crap. That isn't to say that this is bad third-wave ska—we just don't need more of it. "I Want a

Apocalypse"), but these young'ns stick a little too closely to the **Tomas Kalnoky** playbook. I like *Keasbey Nights* as much as the next ska dork, but The Skaficionados would do well to expand their sound. Ska bands don't even have to go strictly traditional to stand out from the third wave zombies (look at **Bomb the Music Industry!** or **RX Bandits**), but you've gotta stand out. Come on Skaficionados. I know you've got the chops to do it—ride the fourth wave. —Ricky Vigil

## Townie

33

**Self-release**

**Street: 07.02**

**Townie = My Morning Jacket + Cracker + Meat Puppets**

Townie's CD release show in July said a lot about who they are, because the show also doubled as a benefit for Utah's **Local First** organization, supporting local and independently owned businesses. Townie started humbly and has managed to remain so to this day with music that is, quite simply, rock and roll with few frills or flash, but in the best way possible. They dip their toes into several different styles without trying to overdo it, and the lyrics are as honest as they are personal, keeping each song interesting in its own way. It is only fitting for a band with this kind of small town feel to pair their album release with a benefit show. Good stuff, gentlemen. (*Park City TV: 08.12, 6:00 PM*) —Conor Dow

## The Waters Deep Here

*Sunden*

**Self-release**

**Street: 07.07**

**The Waters Deep Here = Explosions in the Sky + Tool + Cult of Luna**

"Ambitious as fuck" are the first few words that came to mind when I listened to this for the first time. *Sunden* is three tracks ranging between 12 and almost 28 minutes in length, bookended by intro and outro tracks, and separated by short but effective interludes. The album has no traditional vocals, but it does sneak in a few thoughtful spoken pieces, a recognizable sample and a well-placed and memorable choir moment. What is great about this is

there aren't any obvious influences, which is definitely a huge pitfall for so many similar bands. There are small tastes of the above bands, but nothing that beats this listener over the head to force enjoyment. The average music listener might

be put off by the long tracks, but those who enjoy this stuff will likely get into this album without a problem. This is definitely a secret Utah gem that I am glad to be privy to. (*Why Sound: 08.29*) —Conor Dow



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Skank" opens the album up with some clever wordplay (or at least it's clever if you're a ska kid) and there's some typically goofy teenage ska stuff ("Inevitable Robot



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# Books Aloud

## Black Tooth Grin: The High Life, Good Times, and Tragic End of "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott

**Zac Crain**  
Da Capo Press  
Street: 6.01

Gunned down during a performance with his band, **Damageplan**, "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott became an even bigger celebrity in death than in life—a difficult feat for the guitarist of million-plus-selling band **Pantera**. Former music editor for The Dallas Observer Zac Crain wrote this biography of the man who changed so many people's lives through his guitar and endearing personality. *Black Tooth Grin* describes Dime from his early youth and family life to his headlining festival days to his post-Pantera career rebuilding. The book starts with the moments preceding Damageplan's final performance from the perspectives of security guards and audience members. It may be a cliché, but the introduction alone will leave any reader, regardless of musical orientation, breathless. The rest of the biography only improves from there with vignettes from metal giants such as Rob Halford, Sebastian Bach and brother Vincent "Vinnie Paul" Abbott. This book is required reading for metal heads and highly recommended for anybody interested in music. —Nick Parker

## Gun, With Occasional Music

**Jonathan Lethem**  
Harcourt Books  
Street: 1.01.94

There are probably more books about private investigators than there are real-life private investigators, but books like *Gun, With Occasional Music* make one want to trade in that worthless degree for a loaded gun and a full flask. Jonathan Lethem's book, a Sam Spade-by-way-of-Aldous-Huxley story, is set in Oakland in the "not-too-distant-future" and, like many tales of hardboiled private dicks, centers around a murder. The similarities pretty much end there, as Lethem's razor-sharp first-person prose strong-arms us through a dream-like world full of anthropomorphic, trigger happy kangaroos, government provided designer drugs with names like Forgettol, and a quixotic protagonist with a gumshoe parlance who marries terms like "sleazy" and "noble" as easily as **Mother Teresa** during her years on the crack rock. Lethem masterfully speaks in this protagonist's voice, unraveling a whodunit full of quirky twists and turns, and refreshingly bereft of anything resembling redemption. Come discuss

*Gun, With Occasional Music* at the Hardboiled Book Club's next meeting. 6:30 PM, August 25, at Sam Weller's. —J.R. Boyce

## Heavy Metal Fun Time Activity Book

**Aye Jay Morano**  
ECW Press  
Street: 9.01.07

You can judge just by the title that this, uh, activity book is purely meant as gag-gift material filled with a little under 50 pages of heavy metal inspired coloring pages, mazes, word searches, crosswords and trivia. While some may get a kick out of connecting the dots to make Dimebag Darrell's goatee, and yeah, the first flip-through will garner some chuckles, the only portions of the book that may actually entertain are the trivia-based puzzles. The artwork actually leaves much to be desired—the black and white nature is a given because it's an activity book but your favorite metal icons could have been drawn better in every instance. The biggest humor and irony that lies in this book is the fact that the foreword is written by **Andrew W.K.**, whose musical career has fallen off the map, so he now hosts a kids reality T.V. game show on the Cartoon Network. But don't sweat the details—it's simply silly gag fun, because metal isn't all about the darkness and evil. —Byrer Wharton

## Stripmalling

**Jon Paul Fiorentino**  
Illustrated by Evan Munday  
ECW Press  
Street: 03.09

This is the story of Jonny. Jonny works belittling positions at his favorite strip mall. Much like yours truly, Jonny would like to call himself a writer, but fears the "tumbleweed moment" that would surely take place were he ever asked to prove it. Consequently, Jonny sells a variety of narcotics to the kids at the strip mall's drop-in centre. But he's using the money to go to college, so it's ok. Hold on—this novel is less straight-forward than I'm making it sound. It's also about Jonny the writer of Jonny the character. It's about writing a novel called *Stripmalling*, and it's about quarter-life crises, suburban homogenization, and did I mention some of it's a comic book? Picture that **P.S. Hoffman** movie **Synecdoche, New York**, except easier to swallow and way funnier. In a way, the book itself is a mid-life crisis, more than being about one. *Stripmalling* is undeniably original, brave, and a very fun thing to read. —Jesse Hawlish



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# Daily Calendar

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

## Friday July 31

Dokken – *Teasers*  
Parsec – *Brewskis*  
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*

## Saturday, August 1

Irony Man, Killbot, Babble Rabbit – *Burt's*  
Second Annual "Black & White" – *Saltair*  
Starlight Mints, JP Inc, Muddbison – *Velour*  
Bandwagon Live, Dark Blood, Blessed of Sin, Hooga, Sorry For Yelling – *Vegas*  
Midnight Munchkin Massacre, Written in Fire, My Own Time, Never Thy Slave – *Avalon*  
Charity Event: Motherfolk, Spirits! Spirits!, The Mighty Sequoyah, Panda vs. Bear, S.L.F.M., Boy of Bark, Theater of Melancholy, Soviet Unicorns, Electron Deception, Forest World, The Continentals – *Prospector Park*  
Naked Eyes – *Brewski's*  
JEBU – *Wine Cellar*

## Mike Brown Fest 2: Weast Infection Skate Premier, Fucktards, – Urban

The Rubes – *Johnny's*  
Women Protecting Wilderness Exhibit – *Sorenson Unity Center*  
Vegan Cook-off – *Sam Weller's*  
Kentucky Headhunters, Confederate Railroad – *Ogden Amphitheater*  
The Whirlings, Bearproof, Ground Control – *Kilby*

## SLUG Booth at Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

## Sunday, August 2

Acoustic All-Stars – *The Star Bar*  
Kelly Moyle, Lindsay Heath, Vanessa Shuput, Asher in The Rye, Nelle Ward – *Urban*  
Occidus – *Avalon*  
Do It At The Park '09 – *Pioneer Park*



## Chali 2na, from Jurassic 5 performing at TSR on AUG 3.

The Fling, Secret Sobriety, Paulie – *Kilby*

## Monday, August 3

Graceon, Giant Squid, Nine Worlds, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*  
Mondays in the Park – *Liberty Park*  
Mandi Perkins, Resident Hero, Thomas Jonak, Breezy Lovejoy – *Kilby*  
Magnolia Electric Co, The Donkeys, Thousand Arrows – *Urban*  
Chali 2NA – *The State Room*  
Open Mic & Free Film "Throne of Blood" – *Muse Music*  
Sherwood – *Velour*

The Vibrant Sound – *Slowtrain*  
The Platte – *City Creek Park*  
Crue Fest 2 – *USANA Amphitheater*  
Threat Signal, The Autumn Offering, The Agonist, Sybreed, Separation of Self, Driften – *Vegas*

## Tuesday, August 4

Chicago – *Red Butte*  
The Black Hollies, Furs, Red Caps – *Kilby*  
Everybody Out!, Rick Barton – *Burt's*  
Tinsley Ellis, The Huckleberries – *Urban*  
Jazz Night – *Muse Music*  
Open Mic – *Velour*  
Stacey Board Trio – *City Creek Park*  
Damon Fowler – *Pat's BBQ*

## Wednesday, August 5

Gomez, Blind Pilot – *Murray Theater*  
Piles, Work, High Castle – *Kilby*  
Cobra Skulls, The Copyrights, Shackleton – *Burt's*  
Trashcan Sinatras, Brookville, Dulcesky – *Vegas*  
RZA, Kinetik, Concise Kilgore, Kno It Ails, DJ Juggy – *Urban*  
Film: The Strangest Dream – *City Library*  
Shameless Bastard – *Johnny's*  
Bountiful Summerfest – *City Creek Park*  
Libby Linton, Emily Hope Price – *The Listening Room*

## Happy Birthday Ryan Powers!

## Thursday, August 6

Shelter Red, The Lionelle, The Meadows, Discourse, The Hotness – *Kilby*  
Labcoat – *Burt's*  
Chicago Afrobeat Project, Samba Gringa – *Urban*  
Damon Fowler Blues – *Wine Cellar*  
Smith Bros Dirt Band – *City Creek Park*  
Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down*  
Shift & Shadows, Broken Silence, Towline – *Vegas*  
**Twilight Concerts Series: Q-Tip, B.o.B – Gallivan**

## Friday, August 7

The Utah Swillers – *Burt's*  
One For The Team, Tasia Mist, Jordan Jack – *Sho*  
Chrysalis, Pristine – *Avalon*  
Saviours, Thunderfist, Shackleton, Revealer – *Vegas*  
Kung Fu Fax Machines – *Muse Music*  
Irony Man – *Brewski's*  
Pioneer Park Picture Show & Craft Market 2 – *Pioneer Park*  
Shelter Red, I Am The Ocean, Bird Eater – *Urban*  
Casey James & the Burning Angels – *City Creek Park*  
Vile Blue Shades, The Naked Eyes, Dirtbikes, Lil'G – *Club Edge*  
Drifting – *Rocky Mountain Raceway*  
Dynamite Rocket, The Love Astronauts, Patterstats – *Kilby*  
Emerson Drive – *Outlaw Saloon*  
Slow Ride, Stereotype, Forget The Whale, Send No Flowers – *Liquid Joe's*  
Badgrass Reunion with Kate LeDeuce, Rumble Dogs – *South Shore Sports Bar & Grill*  
Boots to the Moon, Drew Danburry, JP Heynee – *Velour*  
Irony Man – *Brewski's*

## Saturday, August 8

The Blanks – *Ed Kenley Centennial Amphitheater*  
Blackhole, Gods Revolver – *ABG's*  
Loud and Clear Benefit: Blue Collar Theory, Malevolent MC, Patterstats, Heterodactyl – *Kilby*  
Rhinoucket, Thunderfist, The Deathless Pros – *Burt's*  
Arsenic Addition, Dead Vessel, Trucasauras, Uncomfortable Silence – *Vegas*  
Vans Warped Tour – *State Fairgrounds*  
Movement, DJ Shortee, Keith Mackenzie – *Murray Theater*  
J. Wide – *Muse Music*  
Doug Moreland Show – *Brewski's*

The Devil Whale, Casey Prestwood, The Burning Angels, Bluebird Radio – *Urban*  
Antivibe – *Johnny's*  
**FRESH Opening Party – FRESH Craft Lake City – Gallivan Center**

## Sunday, August 9

People's Market: Book Day and Poetry Slam – *International Peace Gardens*  
Nebula, I Am The, Old Timer – *Vegas*  
Nelo – *Urban*  
Zombie Walk – [myspace.com/zombiesinslc](http://myspace.com/zombiesinslc)

## Monday, August 10

Morse Code, Novice – *Kilby*  
Brutal Dildos, Negative Charge, The Have-Nots – *Burt's*  
Mondays in the Park – *Liberty Park*  
Katsumoto, Tonight is Glory, Modern Day Escape, Forgotten Ambience, Dearest You Are Dead, Lowlands Vista – *Murray Theater*  
The Valley Arena, Little Brazil, Return to Sender, The Game List, Wings of Normandy – *Sho*  
Liaityku – *Exchange Place Plaza*

## Tuesday, August 11

Cruiser, The Spins, The Clove – *Kilby*  
Seashell Radio, French Miami – *Burt's*  
Priscilla Ahn, Robert Francis, Katie, By Tonight – *Sho*  
Montana Slim String Band, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*  
Open Mic – *Velour*  
Great Basin Street Band – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Hans Dolo, Monster That God Built, Mc Untyld, The Reader – *Liquid Joe's*

## Wednesday, August 12

Goblin Death Machine, Smash Bros, Kinnetik – *Urban*  
Elemental, This Passing Moment, Menlo, Mary May I – *Kilby*  
Git Some – *Burt's*  
Rx Bandits, Dredg, As Tall As Lions – *Murray Theater*  
Rebellion, Iratation, Tribal Seeds – *Avalon*  
In:Aviate, Alive By Design, After Midnight – *Muse Music*  
Zion Tribe – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Lit-Knit – *Sam Weller's*  
Semantic, Bad Grass – *Liquid Joe's*  
Cat, Syndika:zero, Cervello Elettronico, Stem Cell Ghost – *Vegas*

## Thursday, August 13

Jahne – *Kilby*  
Warsaw Poland Bros. – *Piper Down*  
Johnny Winter – *Rose Wagner Center*  
Hellbound Glory, Ugly Valley Boys, Southside Gentleman's Club – *Burt's*  
Rookie of the Year, Oh, Be Clever – *Sho*  
Rehab – *Avalon*  
Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*  
David Hopkins, Cory Mon – *Velour*  
Ted Dancin, Stray Night – *Urban*  
Andrew Goldring – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Hard Luck, The Shredded Skies, Lost Cause – *Vegas*

## Twilight Concert Series: Toots and the Maytals. N.A.S.A's Intergalactic Circus – Gallivan

## Friday, August 14

Tent Revival: A Celebration of Gospel Music – *Snowbird*  
Chris Isaak – *Red Butte*  
Guidance Counselor, Fleshtone, Ben Johnson – *Kilby*  
The Saddle Tramps – *Burt's*  
Sunn O))), Eagle Twin, The Accused – *Avalon*  
In:Aviate, Oh, Antarctica, Discourse, Hotel On Baltic – *Sho*  
Rookie of the Year – *The Icon*  
Canoe, Johan the Angel, Somber Party – *Velour*  
The Voodoo Organist, WoodCarver & the Hard Hearted – *Brewski's*  
Pioneer Park Picture Show & Craft Market 3 – *Pioneer Park*  
Red Rock Hot Club – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Grand Funk Railroad – *Edward A. Kenley*

## Amphitheater

The Departed, Going Second, Spencer Nielsen, Erin Scheffer – *Liquid Joe's*  
Spy Hop Records End-Of-Class Bash! – *Sound*  
KREEP – *Vegas*  
The Daniel Day Trio – *ABG's*  
**SLUG LOCALIZED: Negative Charge, Dubbed, Desolate – Urban**  
**Happy Birthday Jeanette Moses!**

## Saturday, August 15

American Hollow, Our Dark Horse, Skychange – *New Song Underground*  
Tent Revival: A Celebration of Gospel Music – *Snowbird*  
Kottonmouth Kings, Swollen Members, Big B, The Dirtball, Short Dog Tha Native – *Saltair*  
Bad Weather California, Future of the Ghost, Michael Gross & The Statuettes – *Kilby*  
Jeffrey Star, Artist Vs. Poet, Watchout! There's Ghosts, Let's Get It, Lexi Sayok – *Avalon*  
Xavier Rudd, Jeremy Fisher – *Depot*  
Victoria – *Velour*  
Koko & Camaro, The Rubes – *Brewski's*  
Vile Blue Shades, Palace of Buddies, Red Bennies – *Urban*  
Thorn Changes – *Johnny's*  
Steve Neves Relief, The Screaming Condors, Nurse Sherri – *Burt's*  
Wonderland 3D, John 00 Fleming – *In The Venue*  
Reaction Effect, Skies of Redemption, Vinia, Unthinkable Thoughts – *Vegas*  
Derby Girls: Leave it to Cleavers vs Death Dealers – *Salt Palace*

## Sunday, August 16

Jeffrey Star, Artist Vs. Poet, Watchout! There's Ghosts, Let's Get It – *The Icon*  
Tent Revival: A Celebration of Gospel Music – *Snowbird*  
Green Day, Franz Ferdinand – *Energy Solutions*  
Trevor Hall – *Kilby*  
Pete Yorn, Zee Avi – *Murray Theater*  
Blues 66 & Blue Collar Theory, Birthquake, DJ's – *Urban*  
BBQ Challenge: Utah County Swillers, Ugly Valley Boys, Naked Eyes – *Burt's*  
**Happy Birthday David Amador!**

## Monday, August 17

Lions – *Burt's*  
Mondays in the Park – *Liberty Park*  
Open Mic & Free Film "Lolita" – *Muse Music*  
Film: Older Than America – *City Library*  
Cornered by Zombies, kidneys – *Urban*  
Wasatch Music Coaching Academy – *Washington Square*

## Tuesday, August 18

Brogan Kelby, Andrew Roy Drechsel, Double or Nothing – *Kilby*  
The Beat Seekers, Southside Gentleman's Club, The Boomsticks – *Burt's*  
Red Pony Clock, GIANT, Fauna – *Urban*  
The Dead Weather, The Raconteurs – *Depot*  
Jazz Night – *Muse Music*  
Open Mic – *Velour*  
Klez Bros – *Washington Square*

## Wednesday, August 19

Los Lobos & Los Lonely Boys – *Red Butte*  
Futsetta, PatterStats, Red Pete – *Kilby*  
Lozen, Nine Worlds, Canon Canyon, Blackhole – *Burt's*  
The Real You, Abandon Kansas, A Cassandra Utterance, Ask For The Future, Goodnight Sunrise – *Sho*  
Film: What's On Your Plate? – *Swaner EcoCenter*  
Dale Baker, Percee P, Mindstate, MC Eneone – *Urban*  
John Davis & Brenda Hatling – *Johnny's*  
Debi Graham Band – *Washington Square*  
Queereads: Fun Home – *Sam Weller's*  
Abigail Williams, Goatwhore, Abysmal Dawn, S.W.A.A.T.S, Cave of Roses – *Vegas*  
Podcasters Pool Tournament – *Brewvies*  
**Happy Birthday Jesse Hawlish!**



#### Thursday, August 20

Swagger – *Piper Down*  
Percee P, Burnell Washburn, Dale Baker,  
D.Y.I. – *Kilby*  
Anon Remora, Through the Eyes of Carrion  
– *Burt's*  
Ask For the Future – *Muse Music*  
Ted Dancin, SLC Sprints – *Urban*  
John Boy's Mule – *Washington Square*  
Prince Cyhi – *5 Monkeys*  
The Awakening, Domiana, Elegant Curse –  
*Vegas*

**Twilight Concert Series: Iron and Wine,  
Okkervil River – Gallivan**  
**Happy Birthday Adam Dorobiala!**

#### Friday, August 21

Down, Melvins – *In The Venue*  
Mury, Goodnight Sunrise, Blackhounds, The  
Real You, Madison Lights – *The Icon*  
The Octopus Project, The Future of the Ghost,  
Imaginary Color – *Urban*  
Monarch and Super So Far – *Brewski's*  
Pioneer Park Picture Show & Craft Market  
4 – *Pioneer Park*  
The Black Hens – *Washington Square*  
Tragic Black, Fucktards, DJ Justin Strange –  
*Club Edge*  
Esperanza Spalding – *Deer Valley Amphitheater*  
A Benefit for Baylee Parks – *Burt's*  
Steady Machete – *Kilby*  
Jarrett Burns, Funky Violet – *Velour*  
Tall Bike Joust: 9:30 – *Gallivan*  
Irony Man, Rattlesnake Shake, Heart-Shaped  
Box – *Vegas*

**Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC**

#### Saturday, August 22

Poo Pee D and The Family Jewels – *Burt's*  
First Day of Oktoberfest – *Snowbird*  
Blue Fix – *Brewski's*  
Scripted Apology, Destruction Of A Rose,  
Massacre At The Wake, Driven AD – *Vegas*  
Bobby Creekwater – *In The Venue*  
Chasing Zen – *Johnny's*  
Esperanza Spalding – *Deer Valley Amphitheater*  
Accedente, Top Dead Celebrity – *ABG's*  
Haunted House Actor Auditions – *Castle of  
Chaos*

**Summer of Death Road Warriors  
Skateboard Comp Afterparty – FRESH**

#### Sunday, August 23

The Pretenders, Cat Power, Juliette Lewis –  
*Red Butte*  
Sweatshop Union, Sick Sense & Skinwalker,  
Scenic Byway – *Urban*  
Erik Tanner, Kettle Black, Tracy Taylor, Hilo  
Trio, Nicole Christenson, Jesse Parent – *Kilby*

#### Monday, August 24

Aushua, Middle Distance Runner, The Dead  
Explorers Club, Protect Me – *Kilby*  
The Sweet Revenge Invades Unpunk'd,  
Shackleton, Shinkicker – *Burt's*  
Red Rock Rondo – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Mondays in the Park – *Liberty Park*  
Open Mic & Free Film "Tristan Shandy" –  
*Muse Music*  
Furs – *Slowtrain*

#### Tuesday, August 25

The Avett Brothers, Heartless Bastards – *Red  
Butte*  
Desolation Wilderness, Stag Hare, Navigator  
– *Kilby*  
Hurts to Laugh, The Ignorant – *Burt's*  
Four Year Strong, Set Your Goals, Polar Bear  
Club, Fireworks, A Loss For Words – *Murray  
Theater*  
Jazz Night – *Muse Music*  
Open Mic – *Velour*  
Daniel Weldon – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Hard Boiled: Gun with Occasional Music –  
*Sam Weller's*  
Def Leppard, Poison, Cheap Trick – *Usana  
Amphitheater*  
Depeche Mode, Peter Bjorn and John –  
*E-Center*  
Black Hens, Calico – *Urban*

#### Wednesday, August 26

Black Them Boots – *The Woodshed*  
Seriously, Even, Robbie Connely, Mason  
Jones & The Get Togethers, Atherton – *Kilby*  
Strangeafter, The Naked Eyes – *Burt's*  
Shades of Grey, Blue Dart, The High Council  
– *Urban*  
Blue Root – *Johnny's*  
Michael Lucarelli – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
The Phenomenauts, The Re-Volts, – *Vegas*

#### Thursday, August 27

Eyedea & Abilities, Kristoff Krane, Pat Maine  
– *Kilby*  
Eyedea & Abilities, Kristoff Krane, Feel Good  
Patrol – *Urban*  
Jimmy the Tooth – *Burt's*  
Call The Cops, Meet Me In Alaska, Eye.dee.  
kay, Vogue in the Movement, The Golden  
Living – *Sho*  
Acoustic Night – *Muse Music*  
Zivio Ethnic Arts Ensemble – *Exchange Place  
Plaza*  
All Systems Fail, M.D.C. – *Burt's*

**Twilight Concert Series: Robert Randolph  
and the Family Band, Black Joe Lewis &  
the Honey Bears – Gallivan**

#### Friday, August 28

The Sawyer Family, Die Monster Die – *Burt's*  
Jedi Mind Tricks, MC Esoteric, Reef The Lost  
Cauze, Bound by Honor, The Strangerz –  
*Murray Theater*  
Get Groovy, Carl Cox – *Saltair*  
Lee "Scratch" Perry, Afro Omega – *Urban*  
The Vibrant Sound, Code Hero, Location  
Location – *Velour*  
Labcoat – *Brewski's*  
Pioneer Park Picture Show & Craft Market  
5 – *Pioneer Park*  
Kate Macleod – *Exchange Place Plaza*  
Invaders, Blackhole – *Club Edge*  
Emmure, Oceano – *Sound*  
Nathen Maxwell & The Original Bunny Gang  
– *Vegas*  
Art & Fashion Show – *Fawn Boutique*  
Robert Bennion Jazz Band – *ABG's*

#### Saturday, August 29

Noise Attack, Killbot – *Burt's*  
This Is Anfield, Blackhounds, Sara Janey,  
Emmy Anna, Adam Turley – *Sho*  
Allred, Larusso, New City Skyline, Marie  
Bradshaw, The Sidekick – *Murray Theater*  
Bob Weir & RatDog, Jackie Greene – *Depot*  
Broke City, The Trademark, The Material –  
*Velour*  
Debi Graham Band – *Brewski's*  
Band of Annuals, Tolchuck Trio – *Urban*  
Melissa Kelley – *Johnny's*  
Slipknot, Anthrax, The Black Dahlia Murder – *E  
Center*  
Corner Pocket, The Viggs, Skint, Azon,  
Hoglove & The Sleettones – *Vegas*

#### Sunday, August 30

June Madrona – *Kilby*  
People's Market: Pet Day! – *International  
Peace Gardens*  
Opio of Heiroglyphics, Z-Man – *Urban*  
Geek Show Podcast – *Brewvies*  
LAHPAH Fest – *Gallivan*  
Primer 55 – *Vegas*

#### Monday, August 31

Princeton, Hot Parents – *Kilby*  
Mondays in the Park – *Liberty Park*  
D-12, Potluck, SIK Brothers, The Strangerz,  
Trafik – *Murray Theater*  
Trampled By Turtles, Puddle Mountain  
Rambles – *Urban*  
Open Mic & Free Film "Medea" – *Muse Music*  
Unpunk'd W/ Skunk – *Burt's*

#### Tuesday, September 1

Verona Lane – *Kilby*  
Smokestack and the Foothill Fury – *Burt's*  
Modest Mouse – *In the Venue*  
Tony Lucca, Jay Nash, Matt Duke – *Urban*  
Open Mic – *Velour*  
Dave Matthews Band – *Usana Amphitheater*

#### Wednesday, September 2

Fishboy, The Awful Truth, Forest World – *Kilby*  
Super Happy Storytime Land – *Burt's*  
Experimental Dental School, Mattress, Palace  
of Buddies – *Urban*

#### Thursday, September 3

Cassandra Utterance, Against the Season,  
Spiral Diary, The Trademark – *Kilby*  
Nine Worlds, Loom, Sleeping In Gethsamane  
– *Burt's*  
Devil Whale, Some Guys – *Urban*  
Booker T. & The D.B.T.'s, Cracker – *Red Butte*

#### Friday, September 4

Busdriver, Abstract Rude – *Kilby*  
The Goddamn Gallows – *Burt's*  
Fictionist, Gypsy Cab – *Velour*  
The Gorgeous Hussies – *Brewski's*  
Alexis Gideon, Shelley Short, Ted Dancin –  
*Urban*  
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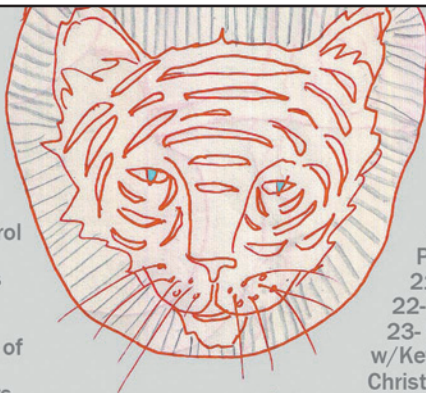
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## KILBY

### AUGUST CALENDAR

- 1- The Whirlings, Bearproof, Ground Control
- 2- The Fling, Secret Sobriety, Paulie
- 3- Mandi Perkins, Resident Hero, Thomas Jonak and Breezy Lovejoy
- 4- The Black Hollies, Furs, Red Caps
- 5- Piles (mbrs of NUMBERS), Work (mbrs of 16 Bitch Pile Up), High Castle
- 6- Shelter Red, The Lionelle, The Meadows, Discourse, The Hotness
- 7- Dynamite Rocket, The Love Astronauts, Patter Stats
- 8- LOUD AND CLEAR BENEFIT: Blue Collar Theory, Malevolent MC, Patter Stats, and Heterodactyl
- 10- Morse Code, Novice, TBA
- 11- Cruiser, The Spins, The Clove
- 12- Elemental, This Passing Moment, Menlo, Mary May I
- 13- Jahnre - Tour Kick Off Show, TBA
- 14- Guidance Counselor, Fleshtone, Ben Johnson
- 15- Bad Weather California, Future of the Ghost, Michael Gross & The Statuettes
- 16- Trevor Hall, TBA
- 18- Brogan Kelby, Double Or Nothing, Andrew Roy Drechsel
- 19- Futsetta CD RELEASE party, PatterStats, Red Pete



## COURT

### ALL SHOWS START AT 7PM

- 20- "The Food for Thought Tour" Featuring: Percee P. Burnell, Washburn, Dale Baker, D.Y.I.
- 21- Steady Machete CD Release, TBA
- 22- TBA (check [www.kilbycourt.com](http://www.kilbycourt.com) for updates)
- 23- Rhythms of the Moon, poems by Eric Tanner, w/Kettle Black also: Tracy Taylor, Hilo Trio, Nicole Christenson, Jesse Parent, art by Kristopher Thomas
- 24- Aushua, Middle Distance, the Dead Explorers Club, Protect Me
- 25- Desolation Wilderness, Stag Hare, Navigator
- 26- Seriousley, Even, Robbie Connely, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Atherton
- 27- Eyedea & Abilities, Kristoff Krane, Pat Maine
- 30- June Madrona, TBA
- 31- Princeton, Hot Parents, TBA

### SEPTEMBER

- 4- Busdriver, Abstract Rude
- 8- fun. (mbrs of the Format), Miniature Tigers
- 10- Starfucker, Palace of Buddies
- 13- The Pains of Being Pure at Heart
- 15- Cotton Jones

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**AUGUST 20**  
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