

# SLUG

A skateboarder with long hair and tattoos is captured mid-trick, balancing on a concrete ledge. He is wearing a blue and white patterned tank top and dark pants. The background shows a city skyline at dusk, with various buildings and a clear sky. The skatepark itself has blue-painted concrete surfaces and yellow safety markings.

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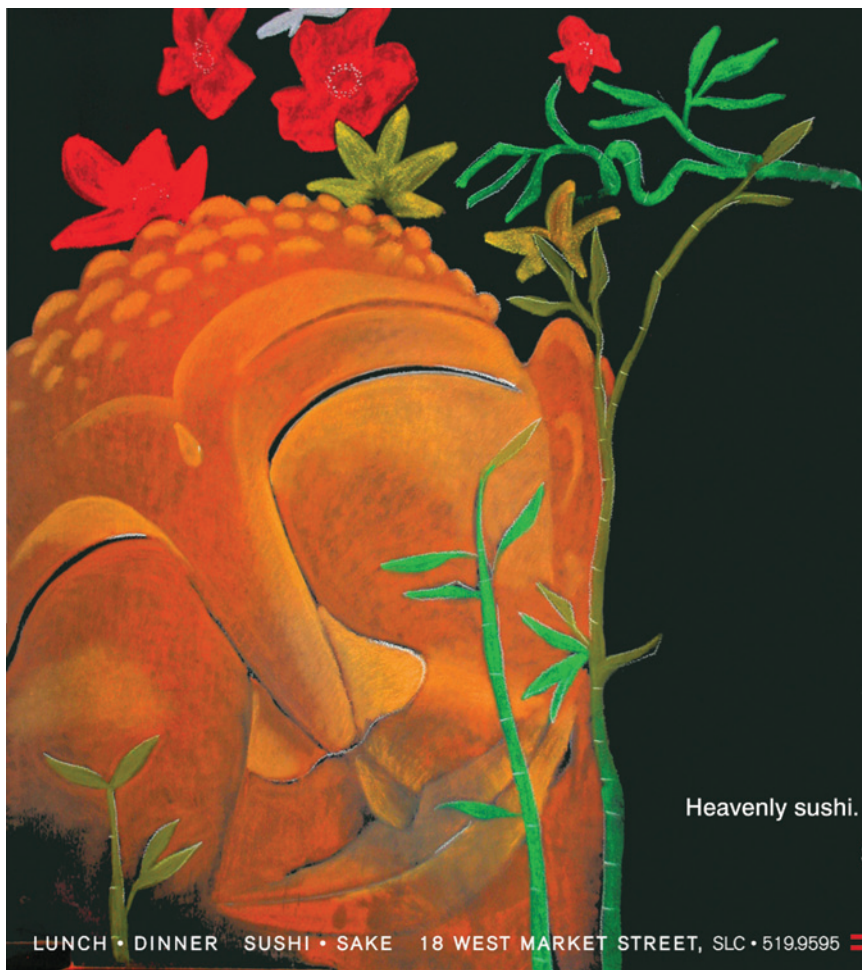


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On Saturday, August 8, 2009 nearly 3,500 people joined SLUG Magazine at the Gallivan Center for the first annual Craft Lake City alternative arts and craft festival. The event featured live music all day from eight local bands, 75 artists selling unique handmade goods, and various craft demonstrations—from wizard making with **Tommy Dolph**, to bead making with **Gentry Blackburn**. In short, the event was a huge success and we can't wait for next year's festival. SLUG would like to thank all the bands, sponsors, artists, volunteers and attendees who made this event possible. If you missed out, make sure to save the date—August 14, 2010 marks the second annual Craft Lake City. For festival updates and additional photos: [craftlakecity.com](http://craftlakecity.com).







Special Thanks to all our photographers that came out for the event. Adam Heath, Barrett Doran, Chris Swainston, Christy Baugh, Jeremy Riley, John Carlisle, Katie Panzer, Michelle Emerson, Ruby Johnson and Sam Milianta.



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## Contributor Limelight



### Jessica Davis • Writer / Daily Calendar Coordinator

Don't let her affinity for mustaches fool you, Jessica Davis is one of the un-creepiest members of the SLUG family. Jessica's adventure with SLUG began last year when she came on board as an office intern. As if sweeping the office and making numerous trips to the dumpster for the SLUG higher-ups didn't provide enough excitement, Jessica became a full-fledged monkey with a computer in late 2008. She made her feature article debut with a Mirah interview in our April 2009 issue and wrote about **Compound Provo** for our July 2009 issue. More recently, Jessica went into intern overtime mode, lending a giant helping hand in organizing **Craft Lake City**. When not slaving away in the SLUG office, Jessica moonlights in her solo mustache-core musical project, **S.L.F.M.**



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# Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

I started riding a fixed gear when I realized I couldn't afford a car and was seduced by the movie "Fast Friday." As it's my main form of transportation, I want it to look good and represent my personality, so I've customized it with my favorite colors, which happen to be colors I also wear often. Needless to say, I get accused of using my bike as an accessory on a regular basis. The thing is, I absolutely can't stand the kids that are buying custom bikes just to look cool at social events. The over-priced hipster mecca, Urban Outfitters, has made it even easier for trendy posers to make us true urban cyclists look bad. Now you can add a color customized fixie and \$50 v-neck tees to your online shopping cart in just a few clicks on UO's website. Don't get me wrong, it'd be a dream come true if enough kids out there thought bikes were cool that we'd outnumber cars, but anyone that's gonna spend \$400 on one of these pieces of shit from a fucking clothing store isn't going to be serious about riding it. I ride my bike every single day, through snow, rain and heat. Now I have to watch a bunch of Nylon reading trendsters prancing around Gallery Stroll with their color-fucked bikes in hand like they own the bike scene. Let's see them weave through traffic on the icy roads in the middle of a February blizzard. I'm betting their expensive "accessory" will be tucked away in the closet along with their gladiator sandals and high-waisted daisy dukes long before then. Where will I be? Shiverin and sweatin through track stands. All. Year. Round.  
—Fixie Fake-ster Hater

Dear Fixie Fake-ster Hater,

**The only thing trendier than Pitchfork-reading, v-neck wearing, facial hair growing, attention-whoring hipsters is hating on said hipsters. We both know once the first snow storm hits, these silly motherfuckers are gonna permanently park their newfound rides in their parents' garage and latch onto neon snow shoes or some stupid shit. What we really need to address is how you think your bike "represents your personality." Seriously? It's a fucking bike. That's like saying my broken-ass '93 Chevy Astro I bought from my parents for 400 bucks is the physical manifestation of my soul. The real problem, Fixie Fake-ster Hater, is that you realize you're not so special now that everybody has a "cool" bike like you. Why don't you find another means of transportation that represents your personality? You can probably score a Razor scooter at the DI for dirt cheap, and nothing is more unique than a unicycle! In the meantime, get the fuck over yourself.**

Dear Dickheads,

I wanted to talk to you about the club scene in Utah and the lack of support for independently run clubs. I work at Bliss on Friday which is a  
(8) SaltLakeUnderGround

big club night, Latin upstairs and I play hip hop in the lobby. I also work for U92 which is also structured and formatted. People support these big businesses although most people will attack big business for putting locals out of business. this oxymoron puts local clubs with an open format out of business.

I have a new Saturday at Club Orange which is at 533 South 500 West, it's right off of the freeway at 6th South. I have been doing this night for three or four months and I have had some parties that were busy and I have had some parties where me and my girlfriend were the only ones there. Club Orange is run by Lance Edwards, he is an artist who has lived in New York, Chicago and LA and has been a part of the cycle as well. He moved here years ago, now he is in his 50s to settle down and build a life. He bought Club Orange when it came up on the market from the Jazz player who bought a warehouse and turned it into "Rib Alley."

The real comparison between the two is the prices: \$10 at the door for most big clubs and \$10 Patron shots, \$4-\$5 Well drinks and \$2 Drafts. Also the freedom of the performance. Underground shows and things that hold an artistic value won't be seen in big clubs, big clubs do what makes money, independent clubs like Club Orange love the art. We are starting to tell people to come visit the artistic side of town and come to Club Orange.

—Dj Dao (Day-O)  
U92 All-Star / EVENT MASTERS

Dear Dao,

**Here at SLUG we're all about supporting all things independently run. We also dig cheap drinks and the absence of Chad's buying \$10 dollar shots of Patron. But as a small independently owned magazine (Fun Fact: Did you know the SLUG office consists of one big room) we've learned one thing—shameless self-promotion is key if you want to blow your shit up. Here are some tips to make the next night a rager.**  
1. Social network the shit out of your events—facebook invites and updates, tweeting and make sure to keep your myspace page updated.  
2. Paint the town red with flyers to keep the night fresh in the public's mind.  
3. Squeeze in mention of your night at Orange in any conversation that you have.  
4. Send your dates to [dailycalendar@slugmag.com](mailto:dailycalendar@slugmag.com).  
5. Buy an ad with SLUG Magazine—did you know that SLUG Mag gives local musicians a killer discount on ad rates? Fuckin' A, you know now.

**Dao, if you try all of these options and still get a shitty turnout, maybe you've got a shitty Saturday night DJ set,**

Dear Dickheads,

I was out to pizza at The Pie last night and I usually see the City Weekly and pick it up. Right on to switching up and grabbing something new! I waited, however, to open up SLUG until my strong 7AM cup of coffee with an out-of-state old friend. By noon, I had graced every page and had laughed out loud to the most refreshing paper around. I had to write and give a big-ass thank you. I'm hooked! Nowhere else am I going to read asticles that so easily use words like "douchebag," "bullshit" and "dongs." I look forward to picking up all issues from now on. Keep up the great work. I have been inspired to attend the crafts fair on the 8 of Aug. and drag my husband. He is a closet artist and needs to be exposed. Thanks again!

—Shannon Quintana, Roy City, UT

Dear Shannon,

**Roy City, Utah? You people can call yourselves a city all you want to but we Salt Lakers know the REAL truth—Roy is nuthin' but a podunk farm town turned suburban because farmland in the middle of nowhere is cheap.**

**We're glad to know we've corrupted at least one of you inbred Roy-ites and hope our September issue meets the maximum quota of douchbaggery, bullshit and dongs that you've come to expect from our fine publication. Keep reading and stay classy!**

Dear Dickheads,

You've written the worst bad review of a good album I think I've ever read. Why not pass it on to someone who might appreciate it instead of childishly putting these hard-working kids down?

—Pete / Slovenly

Dear Pete,

**When considering an album for review, we assign it to a writer we feel is best qualified to evaluate said release. While we do enjoy bashing major label material, it is never our intent to purposely rip on the independent dude. However, we have to stay true to our journalistic integrity and print our honest opinion. You wouldn't want us to give those "hard-working kids" a good review just because we know you, now do you? Besides, any publicity is good publicity.**

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# Unleashed Animal:

The Queen of Punky-Reggae Ari Up  
by Courtney Blair [courtneyb@krcl.org](mailto:courtneyb@krcl.org)

It's been 30 years since the release of **The Slits'** influential debut album, *Cut. Ari Up*, only 14 years old when she started the group, was a woman destined for greatness—after all, she grew up in a household that became a stomping ground for punks and, well ... her stepfather was **Johnny** fucking **Rotten** of the **Sex Pistols**. In 1981, The Slits released their sophomore album, *Return of the Giant Slits*, and split shortly after. These chicks left their mark and inspired a whole generation of bands like **The Gossip**, **Le Tigre** and **Sonic Youth** and even spurred the riot grrrl movement of the 90s. In 2005, Up reformed the band with original Slit **Tessa Pollitt** and brought a few new members aboard. Together, they are about to release The Slits' first full-length album in 25 years titled *Trapped Animal*. I had the awesome opportunity to interview Ari. I had a feeling it was going to be an entertaining conversation ... and she didn't disappoint.

**SLUG:** Why do you think The Slits are still making an impression on music today?

**Ari:** The Slits provide something deeper for specifically, women, but even guys, too.

I think people have grown [in] appreciation over the years, especially due to the riot grrrl movement. We have to thank them—we should make a tribute to them. I've always wanted to do some kind of convention like the Star Trek people have ... a Trekkie convention.

**SLUG:** Like a Slitsicon?

**Ari:** Yeah ... a Slits convention ... all these girl groups come and play, old and new ... I just want a whole bunch of people. There are some of these girl groups that I really like, I even appreciate something like the **Pussycat Dolls'** music. I don't mind these girls who are just singers and get produced by industry. They sound good, they look good and they got to get by, right?

**SLUG:** Uh ... sure.

**Ari:** Good power to them, but it is really difficult when there's only space for those types of groups. It's very important that The Slits exist and that we're out there—it gives something to girls and it empowers them.

**SLUG:** The Slits split in 1982. Why did you and **Tessa Pollitt** wait until 2005 to reform the group?

**Ari:** The Slits just haven't finished their mission. This is our purpose. We are supposed to be doing music in such an important female group. It's bigger than life now—it's become a responsibility. There are too many people into it and dependent on it.

**SLUG:** What was the writing process like on the new album, *Trapped Animal*?

**Ari:** I've written it, basically. The rest of the band, they are not in the flow right now. Tessa's picking it up slowly but surely. With **Hollie [Cook]**, (daughter of **Paul Cook** of the Sex Pistols)], I had to force her to show me a song. She is reluctant to show me anything. When she finally did sing to me, I told her it was lovely and I wrote a bass line and beat for it and it ended up being the track "Cry" on the new album.

**SLUG:** That's the nice downbeat track at the end?

**Ari:** Yeah, I really pushed it into her. She didn't have the confidence. Tessa also didn't have the confidence, which isn't true [to her character], because back in the day, she would just whip up a great bass line and contribute to a lot of great melodies. Tessa and I wrote the melody for "Had A Day." The next album, she'll have a lot more songs.

**SLUG:** So there will be another Slits album?

**Ari:** Oh yes ... I've got a million songs. I did write some new ones for *Trapped Animal*—for instance, "Pay Rent" and "Lazy Slam" were written very recently.

**SLUG:** I personally enjoy the title track, "Trapped Animal."







**Ari Up and the Slits**

It's different for The Slits.

**Ari:** Yeah, that's really a great one. It gets pretty funky in the verse, right?

**SLUG:** Oh, yeah.

**Ari:** It's like the musical *Oliver*. Hollie sings that bit, you know? She sings the verses while the rest of us sing backing vocals. We deliberately made it sound like a musical.

**SLUG:** I also enjoy "Issues"—the subject matter is about abuse. Where did the viewpoint come from?

**Ari:** Oh, I'm glad you really like "Issues." I think that might be my favorite. I went through relationships like that. What I like about "Issues" is it's an unpredictable sound ... it's like a poppy R&B song, which is not expected by The Slits. I liked the contrast of the poppy sound with the controversial lyrics.

**SLUG:** Have you read the upcoming book, *Typical Girls? The Story of The Slits*, by **Zoë Street Howe**, and what are your thoughts on it?

**Ari:** Basically, any press or any book about us at this time is good, but I haven't read it. It's good to be remembered—in one way we are remembered as a band, in another way we've been written out of history. In every punk book ... there's hardly any mention of The Slits and the whole reggae punk connection. There's a link missing—I think The Slits are the link.

**SLUG:** So you're concerned about having your place in punk history?

**Ari:** Not only punk history, but as a phenomenon-changing band altogether. Nothing was the same after us. We changed the way women dressed and the attitude about wearing clothes and hair. It changed through us—what we did changed music forever.

The Slits' new album, *Trapped Animal*, will be released Oct. 6 on **Narnack Records**.



# Alex Caldiero *Poet or Wizard?*

By Elliot Secrist [elliotsecrist@yahoo.com](mailto:elliotsecrist@yahoo.com)

Alex Caldiero is stuck in a strange balancing act: On one hand, he tries to defy the "poet" label in order to avoid being categorized and pushed aside as such. On the other hand, he longs to be recognized and remembered for his life's work and art. Caldiero prefers his own terms "word shaker" and "sonosopher" over conventional terms. He has performed his unique brand of poetry alongside local musicians **Gentry Densley** and **Theta Naught**, appeared in **Trent Harris'** film *Plan Ten From Outer Space*, and was featured in the *Dictionary Of The Avant-Gardes* by **Richard Kostelanetz**. Much of what Caldiero does is hard to swallow and many think that what he creates is just pure nonsense. Aside from his fans and detractors, many others share **Ken Sanders'** view on the subject: "Who cares?" In other words, if you enjoy it, good, if you hate it, move on. Caldiero's performances are wild, uncomfortable and mesmerizing all at the same time. In addition to his poetry, he is a teacher in the Humanities and Philosophy Department of Utah Valley University.

In 2007, **Travis Low** and **Torben Bernhard**, two of Caldiero's students, started a film project that would eventually become *The Sonosopher: Alex Caldiero in life...in sound*. Bernhard and Low followed Caldiero for the better part of two years filming every performance. They traveled to New York and Italy with him, revealing more of his amazing story at every turn.

Both filmmakers found Caldiero in different ways. Low first witnessed Caldiero at a cross-genre show in Provo featuring the now defunct **Parallax**, the jazz group **Acres of Mass** and hip hop group **The Numbs**. Low describes Caldiero's performance as being "more brutal and visceral than all the bands that played that night," but what really caught his attention was the tome that Caldiero read his pieces from. "I wanted to know what was in that book—it was massive," says Low. The book happened to be one of Caldiero's many works in progress. Bernhard found Caldiero by listening to students at Utah Valley University talk about what teachers and classes were the best. "I just paid attention and played a sort of class detective," says Bernhard. Bernhard eventually ended up taking a class on the beat generation. It was in this class where he and Low first met.

Early on, Bernhard and Low realized how difficult it was going to be to cover someone's whole life. To give their film structure, they made the decision to focus loosely on Caldiero's journey to Utah, his work and his process. "Any event can provide a spring board for narrative," says Bernhard. "We focused it down to these three parts of his life and left them fairly vague so you can interpret it for yourself. We wanted it to seamlessly move between the three so you're left wondering what's life, what's poetry, what's performance? We had to fight the urge to narrate and tell why we think he is important, and in turn the viewer will have to fight the urge to immediately dismiss what he does."

To achieve their desired product, narratives were edited out of the final version of the film. Caldiero's time in New York attending school, his apprenticeship under Sicilian poet **Ignazio Buttitta**, where he learned to read and write in Sicilian, the founding of *Arba Sicilia*, a group dedicated to preserving the Sicilian language and traditions, and even his family life were cut in the editing room. Some footage

was also lost while editing. "We started at square one and taught ourselves how to edit—some files would just end up missing," says Bernhard.

The filming and editing are Low and Bernhard's attempts to capture one of Caldiero's live performances. "Surprisingly, you can't just turn on the camera and render the experience. We used a lot of grainy layering to convey what we imagine while we watch a performance," says Bernhard. They were inspired by film techniques from avant-garde filmmakers like **Bruce Conner** and **Stan Brakhage**. Low says, "We tried on certain pieces to put you in a catatonic state with a jumbled proliferation of images, with only the sound of Caldiero chanting." They both mentioned that the editing process was full of "happy mistakes." It's right in line with jazz and improvisation, which flows well with what Caldiero does. Caldiero's performing and writing is influenced by many sources like the theory of jazz and improvisation that are not immediately recognizable, including bard techniques like assonance (cutting of vowel sounds to create rhymes in certain phrases), Dadaism, other anti-art movements and beat poetry. When taking a look into those influences you start to understand some of what Caldiero is doing. The noises and sounds he makes with his voice are part free jazz and part beat poetry. He has melded those elements and has given himself a title that goes with them, "sonosopher."

Sonosophy is a term of Caldiero's making that very loosely means sound and poetry. According to Low and Bernhard, they didn't even have a solid idea what sonosophy meant even a year into the making of the film. According to Bernhard, "Caldiero speaks in very vague terms. He doesn't offer the superficial, clear, defined answers you want."

Throughout the film, Caldiero constantly avoids definition, calling himself anything but "poet," but contradicts all of this by saying he wouldn't mind if poet was engraved on his tomb stone. By way of explanation, Low says, "If you are defined, you can easily be categorized and pushed aside like, 'oh he sounds like Ginsberg,' but who doesn't want to be remembered for their life's work?" Low mentioned a particular class in which Caldiero discussed the Latin root of the word definition, which literally means fence in, so you can trap it. Low attributes that to partly why Caldiero defies definition. Both Bernhard and Low believe that Caldiero is trying to get you to imagine yourself on a primal level, to envision the roots of language. When did a grunt and a hand on a belly turn into "I'm hungry"? Bernhard also thinks that a lot of what Caldiero is doing is exploration and trying to push his own boundaries, he doesn't have a clear defined answer for you because, according to Bernhard, "He is a person that is always in mid-stream, so when you ask him what he is doing while still exploring, you get vague answers. This doesn't mean he doesn't have a profound understanding of what he's doing."

Low and Bernhard are hosting two fundraising screenings to help with the costs of getting the film on the festival circuit. The film will be screened on Sept. 25 at 7 p.m. at the *Ragan Theater* at *Utah Valley University*. Tickets for this screening go on sale September 1st at *Campus Connection* for \$5. On October 2, the film will be screened at the *Salt Lake Library* at 7 p.m. Tickets for this screening will go on sale Sept. 1st at *Ken Sanders Rare Books* for \$5.



**Directors of *The Sonosopher*, Travis Low (bottom L) and Torben Bernhard (bottom R) and their muse Alex Caldiero (Top).**





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# I Am The



Photos: Barrett Doran

**Sam Whittier:** Vocals  
**Brian Corollo:** Guitar  
**Jon Robertson:** Bass  
**Jaime Horton:** Drums

## September Localized

**By Nick Parker**  
[nick@slugmag.com](mailto:nick@slugmag.com)

On Friday, Sept. 18 *SLUG Magazine* brings **I Am The**, **Neon Trees** and openers **To the Death** to the stage of the *Urban Lounge*. Five bucks gets you in.

The Salt Lake City local scene can serve as an uphill obstacle for bands trying to break out onto the national stage. Momentum is important, so it's a bit surprising that a band with occasional radio play on X96 and *KBER* would change their name. That's exactly what **Almost Undone** decided to do in March of 2008 after about three years of performing under that name. After letting go of their singer, **Brenna White**, and picking up Sam Whittier, the band became **I Am The**. A new name, full-length LP and renewed sense of creativity have given the four-piece a shot to branch out from Salt Lake and make their mark on a bloated mainstream rock scene.

**SLUG:** Why did you guys change your name from Almost Undone?

**Whittier:** I just wasn't feeling the name—it wasn't a good representation of what we were putting out.

**Robertson:** We had a singer [in Almost Undone] who we would write songs around. Sam is different because he doesn't need that. He gets what we're doing.

**SLUG:** How did you find Sam after the split with Brenna?

**Robertson:** Sam happened to be at the show when Brenna left the band right beforehand. We decided to play instrumentally, and he approached us after. We invited him to a show the next day, and then to sit in on some band practices.

**SLUG:** You've played all types of different shows, from places like *Club Vegas* to house shows to all-ages venues like *The Avalon*. Which is your favorite type of show

to play?

**Horton:** I like playing with places that will work with us. I like having everything sound good with a respectful sound guy.

**Whittier:** It's all about playing to crowds that are artistically awake. If they're not giving you any energy, they're draining it from you. It's all about energy.

**Horton:** When we played with **Chevelle** at *The Gallivan Center*, that was great. There were a lot of people there and they seemed to get it. That was probably our best show so far.

**SLUG:** Obviously the more people in the crowd the better, right?

**Horton:** Having people at the shows is cool, but I'd rather play to five people who truly appreciate us than to five million fucking lemmings. I want to make a living doing this, but once you start getting outside of a modest lifestyle, everything becomes frivolous. If we ever got there, we'd have ticket prices and t-shirt prices capped at something like 10 or 15 bucks. You can allow your fans to save money and still make a living for yourself. Ego doesn't come into [our band]. We're not rock stars.

**SLUG:** So you guys want to make a living out of this band?

**Robertson:** Yeah, man. Everybody wants to get there. We've put together a press kit and have been sending stuff out to labels and management.

**Whittier:** We haven't been too aggressive, though.

**Horton:** We'd like to do some touring, but we need to play some places where people know us. We can play to five people here, ya know? It's funny to me when bands say they want to get signed. Nobody ever works for it anymore. They think they can just play a couple local shows and add some friends on MySpace. It takes a lot of work and even more talent to be able to do that stuff.

**I Am The** is beginning to overcome the label of "Formerly Almost Undone" and will be bringing their ambience-infused alternative rock to this month's *Localized* with **Neon Trees** at *Urban Lounge*.





Photo: Emile Campbell

**Tyler Glenn:**  
Vocals/synth  
**Chris Allen:**  
Guitar  
**Elaine Doty:** Drums  
**Branden Campbell:** Bass

Utah isn't exactly the first destination on most bands' minds when they decide to make it in music. Neon Trees is an exception to that sentiment. Vocalist Tyler Glenn and guitarist Chris Allen relocated to Happy Valley from southern California in 2005 and ended up signing with **Island Records** in December of 2008. They are currently prepping their debut album to be released in early 2010.

**SLUG:** What's the story of Neon Trees?

**Glenn:** Well, Chris and I are originally from southern California [Temecula]. We moved to Utah so he could go to school. We started in 2005, but really started focusing in 2007. We wanted to do this for a living because we really aren't good at anything else. We found Elaine and Branden eventually and then signed this major-label deal.

**SLUG:** So why the change in members?

**Glenn:** Well, the others weren't really working out so well and we had seen Branden in bands before. He used to play in a bunch of projects, including Joshua James. He's from Vegas originally. Elaine was in another band before us. She's originally from Chicago. It's funny because Chris and Elaine actually dated before. Luckily, they get along fine now and didn't just become

another statistic.

**Doty:** I was in a band before that was a little more experimental [called Another Statistic]. I actually tried to convince [Neon Trees] to let me in the band. They had me fill in for a few shows and then I guess I fit well enough to be in. It was kind of weird for me at first because my other band was a little different. It took some time to get used to the whole 4/4 timing thing because I was doing more out-there tempos before.

**SLUG:** You said you didn't fit into the vision of the band at first. Is that because you're a woman?

**Doty:** Yeah, I think so. I never really thought of myself as a "female drummer," but as just a drummer. It sounds a little sexist, but most girls can't actually play. I always focused on being able to play well.

**SLUG:** So who are some female influences that you think can actually play?

**Doty:** I dunno. I never really took influence from chicks specifically. I guess the first ones that come to mind are the girls from Heart. They could actually play.

**SLUG:** You've been holed up in LA recording your debut full-length since April. Why has it taken so long for

you to finish?  
**Campbell:** We've been doing a lot of pre-production and are about halfway through with tracking. We just want to make a timeless record. I don't think many of the bands putting stuff out today are thinking beyond what's going on right now.

**SLUG:** What bands have influenced that thought of timelessness?

**Campbell:** We've been listening to The Clash and The Jam recently. They knew how to make timeless albums. Fleetwood Mac knew how to make timeless albums.

**SLUG:** How is recording for a major label different than what you've recorded before?

**Campbell:** It's nice because we have a lot more at our disposal. We obviously have a bigger budget. There are definitely more opinions from more people saying, "Maybe you should try to do it this way." That's not too bad, though. They signed us because they respected us as artists and we get to do what we want for the most part. The producer we were working with had some suit come in and give an idea that he hated once. He said, "Ok, why don't you go do that in your band?" The guy said, "Oh, I don't have a band." So our producer said, "Exactly." We thought that was pretty cool.

Lucky for Salt Lake, Neon Trees haven't forgotten about The Beehive State. They will be returning to play *Urban Lounge* with **I Am The** and **To The Death** for this month's *Localized*.



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"Fuck you cakes"  
and French movies:

# THE USED's

Bert McCracken  
talks food and flicks

By JP  
jp@slugmag.com



Photo: Paul Brown

Say what you will about Orem's The Used, but I have a small place in my heart for the first local band I ever interviewed on air and the first rock band to really "make it big" outside this small bubble. **Bert McCracken** has also been known to call my work line when he's in town and really, really drunk to talk about his life as a rockstar in Venice Beach, Calif. The last time we spoke, it was to reminisce about Asian massage parlors on Pico and Bundy (no shit). This time it was a bit more professional as Bert got away from the music and started dishing on his life outside of rock and roll.

"They're called 'Fuck you cakes,'" McCracken says, explaining a culinary creation he's been working on lately. "It's like this little kind of chocolate soufflé that I've kind of perfected over the years." That was just one of the many foods McCracken was crafting for a barbeque to celebrate getting home from Germany a few days ago. The rest of the meal, including some beer-battered shrimp and a pork butt he's been roasting for tacos, shows McCracken's recent fascination with food going in further directions. "There's tons of chefs that I would love to cook with for sure. I'm really obsessed with new up and coming chefs—even old school established chefs. **Mario Batali**—I'd love to hang out with that dude in the kitchen all day. He's one of the Iron Chefs. He's a badass." For somebody who has already met one of the kings of rock (remember that little TV show called *The Osbournes* featuring **Ozzy** as the Doddering Old Fool character?), it is apparently time for McCracken to work with luminaries from different disciplines.

I've never really asked McCracken about his take on that show and MTV in general. "Fuck MTV. I wish MTV would play music," McCracken says in response. "I really have no regrets about my past or the way they tried to present me on the show. I met a girl who was cool and it became this really big blown-out-of-proportion thing. What can you do? They'll do whatever they want to do," McCracken says. As somebody who first watched that show solely to see MTV make McCracken fall on his face, I was surprised by his response. "We all have things in our past that aren't the raddest things. I'm still good friends with her, she's a really cool girl." McCracken also adds that he thinks it was "pretty punk rock" the way his character was depicted on screen.

There does seem to be a disconnect between his on-stage character and the off-stage/screen representation, which McCracken acknowledges with a word about names. "All my friends call me Rob, my wife calls me Rob. I was in a punk band called **I'm With Stupid**. It was with a kid named Robby and

he gave me the nickname Bert. I like it. It's kinda the 'crazy guy' who's on stage—not the guy who's making 'fuck you cakes' in his kitchen."

McCracken always waxes nostalgic about his time in Utah, if you can ask him about it during a moment of lucidity. He has this to say about why he left such a beautiful place: "I kept getting arrested in Utah. I figured instead of paying 15 grand for a lawyer for every time I got fucking busted, I'd come out here and not have to talk to any cops." It seems to be working: No shocking headlines have followed McCracken since he moved to California, which you wouldn't think coming from a guy who kept getting busted for "just driving around drunk with our guns and doing cocaine." Utah County pigs just didn't appreciate that, apparently.

If you're curious about what McCracken thinks about this little publication he still has fond memories, "I remember almost the very first interview we ever did was with *SLUG*. We did a little photo shoot up in Salt Lake City. And all the banging punk records—like I heard about **The Bronx** first from *SLUG* and they're fucking sick—one of my favorite bands."

When he's not reading *SLUG*, **C.S. Lewis** or the latest **Chuck Palahniuk**—"His new book *Pygmy* is off the hook"—McCracken is doing something else you might not think he enjoys. "I'm obsessed with foreign film. One of my favorite movies is this French movie called *Irreversible*. I saw it in a theater and half the theater walked out," McCracken says—due to the 20 minute rape scene which McCracken actually used as a selling point for the film. He is also interested in, and already is, making his own cinematic work. "I guarantee within five years me and **Quinn [Allman of The Used]** will have made a movie." That's not the only project he's envisioning though, "The Used is in pre-production for a short horror movie with **Alec Gillis**, who did all the special effects for *Alien* and *Predator*. It's about a small concept we came up with," McCracken says. A concept involving a bus gassing and a creepy basement where organs are harvested.

The Used will be coming back home very soon, and McCracken's final words are meant for you, dear Used fan. "Some of the most hardcore Used fans are in Utah and I'd like to send all of the love in my heart. We'll see you in Salt Lake in October."

On Saturday, Sept. 5 The Used will do an in-store *Graywhale* in Orem at 1 p.m. and another at the Taylorsville location at 4 p.m. The band will play at *The Great Saltair* on October 10th.



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## Forks, Ranch, Pineapple and the Red Sox are for Suckers

by Fred Worbon  
worbon@slugmag.com

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This is a bittersweet column for me this month, because it will be my last for a while. Life has become a bit crazy for me so I decided to pass the torch to some other *SLUG* writer who thinks too much about their food, but if you can't live without me, you can always send me an email for a quick thought on some dining spot you've never been to or if you want to pick a fight over a meal you've recently had. I'm always down to talk some shit and push my opinions on you.

So, with that out of the way, I decided to write about one of my favorite places for this last article: Este Pizza—the downtown location specifically. It's not that I like it any better than the Sugarhouse location, it's just that I live about a block from 200 South and I am too lazy to venture out of my immediate surroundings unless I have to.

Located in the old Guthrie Bicycle Building, this is a much easier location to find than the Windsor Street spot—no driving down back streets and pulling up behind buildings to walk down an alley to find the entrance. Just drive up 200 South and there it is in a beautiful old brownstone next to *FICE*. It's been almost a year since the downtown Este opened. The idea came about as a plan that **Dave Heiblim** (Este's founder) had to sell a franchise to his manager **Brook Lund** to help raise the money needed to keep the original space going after a kitchen fire shut them down and the reopening process took longer and cost more money than expected. The end result: two Este's, it was a win-win situation. The downtown space is comfortable and simple with plenty of old concert posters to check out while you wait. It's often the case that it is hard to find a table at lunchtime or on the weekends, which is why I often take my slice to go. They also offer delivery for those too lazy or lacking in the appropriate transportation to find their way over.

I'm not sure how closely Lund and his staff follow the regulations Heiblim put in place at the original location involving no forks, no ranch, no pineapple and no Red Sox attire, but I am often tempted, when I've got my pizza at home, to flip on a Red Sox game, throw some pineapple on top of the pie, grab a knife and fork and dip that fuckin' slice in some ranch dressing. If you are caught doing any of the afore mentioned acts, considered by many fans of New York style

pizza to be sins, you might be asked to leave. This is true New York style pizza in a shop with New York attitude, meaning: large slices, generous toppings and a house-made sourdough crust that is firm enough to hold up when folded in half. This is pizza that should be eaten by hand with its grease spilling over your chin.



Photo: Michelle Emerson

**Wes O'Keefe enjoys a slice at the Este Downtown.**

Aside from the dozen plus specialty pizzas offered, available in three sizes, 14", 16", and 18", like The Clay (\$17-\$21) a meat lovers heart attack waiting to happen or The Lasagna Pizza (\$18-\$22) piled with marinara, ricotta cheese, and house-made meatballs, Este also offers an assortment of pasta starting at \$11 with one "toss-in" included and \$1.50 for each additional "toss-in." With four pastas to choose from as well as a sauce of your choice before you even get to thinking about your "toss-ins," it's easy to get overwhelmed. I'm of the opinion that simple is best, like linguini with marinara and sausage. There are also the Stromboli (three toppings) and Calzone (two toppings) options (\$8 for the regular and \$14 for the large and \$.75 for each additional topping). While there are similarities between the two dishes, they are distinctly different. The Stromboli consists of pizza dough folded over sauce and mozzarella whereas the Calzone is made by wrapping the dough around mozzarella and ricotta. Both are fantastic! One fairly unique thing about Este is all of their vegan options. There are pies with both vegan cheese and assorted vegan toppings like vegan meatballs.

When my wife and I eat at Este, we tend to keep it pretty simple: a cheese pizza (sometimes a pepperoni) a House Salad (regular

\$5 and large \$9) with the house made tomato vinaigrette and plenty of fresh ingredients, a pint of Uinta Brewery's Cutthroat Pale Ale and a side of Garlic Knots (\$4.50) just to make sure that my breath is really bad after dinner. We do this often, and have always had a good experience, but I hear from friends regularly that they are unhappy with the service, often complaining about the staff being rude and abrupt. I think that the New York thing might go to a few of the employees heads, but the food is still good enough to make it worth the abuse.



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# OM VESPER AND VIGIL

By Conor Dow  
tomservo@gmail.com

*Ascend. A light skyward to the field rise claimant to freedom.*

In the late 90s after the much respected **Sleep** parted ways, two bands were formed in its wake. The first one being Sleep guitar player **Matt Pike's High On Fire** and the second one being **OM**, formed by **Al Cisneros** (bass, vocals) and **Chris Hakius** (drums.) Since then, they have released four full-length albums, a handful of live releases and splits with bands such as **Current 93** and **Six Organs of Admittance**. In early 2008 Hakius parted ways with OM, and his spot was filled by **Emil Amos** who is also part of the enigmatic **Grails** from Oregon.

The groundwork for this new chemistry was put down during an OM / Grails tour about two and a half years ago. Cisneros says, "We immediately connected in an ability to speak and relate musical verses back and forth to one another, and we were both honed in on the same nuances and elements."

Shortly thereafter, despite living in separate states, this new formation began putting together the framework for the newest album *God is Good* which will be released on Sept. 29. "Our writing and recording process for this record was generally all in a Taoist flow. We barely realized we had written a record. Even though it sounds pretty developed and thought out, we really didn't have to use much analytical thought ... which is very rare when approaching the technical side of making records," Amos says.

*God is Good* was produced by **Steve Albini** who has worked with a wide range of bands such as **Melt Banana**, **The Jesus Lizard**, **Neurosis** and his own band **Shellac**. "Albini thankfully made the sonic aspect largely easy for us and we were free to just be players," Amos says.

OM are often quick to be classified as stoner metal. Although this style will typically incorporate gruff vocals and heavy, layered guitar riffs, OM completely side-steps those characteristics and does things somewhat

differently. The first thing one may notice is that the band keeps things minimal by use of bass, guitar and drums almost exclusively, negating excess aside from occasional instrumentation that makes subtle appearances throughout their work. The minimal approach of bass guitar and drums allows for the band to be rather flexible in creating a journey for the listener. OM's tracks range anywhere between just under five minutes to just over 20 minutes in length, and because of this flexibility, each song manages to stay fresh without becoming over-repetitive and without beating catchy hooks into the listener's ears.

*God is Good* invites the appearance of additional instrumental pieces more noticeably than previous albums, "I played mellotron and piano, Emil did percussion," Cisneros says. Some guest pieces also included use of tamboura and flute. The writing process and the inclusion of additional instruments was nothing but a result of an organic process as they continued to write the album. "I heard these lines in these other sonic ranges and when I first heard the melody I wasn't certain whether it was to be played on piano or violin, or in what way it would come out in the end. As we continued to evolve the songs it became clearer and at that point, we started to really write the accompanying lines and find the right tones to bring out that certain extra color in the sound." Cisneros says.

The vocals of OM are unique in the fashion that they are not prominent above the music, nor are they layered beneath it. Instead, they are mixed to blend with the instrumentation, and every syllable of each word is timed with the tempo of each song which results in patterns that resemble something closer to meditative chanting rather than singing. "The conversation between the instruments has more lyricism, energy and light, it renders the sonic shrine at higher ground," Cisneros says. The new dynamic between Cisneros and Amos has worked naturally for the band. "Our writing process feels often as if it happens to us, the songs seem to just unfold themselves. That process has been intensified. We both have spent our lives absorbing music and working at it

ourselves, and when we write together it seems we both already know what's good about what we are hearing, or what is in need of reworking." Al says.

One last element that separates OM from the wide majority of their peers is the obvious spirituality in the lyrics, and subsequently the music as a whole. "The verses, or lyrics if you will, are certainly not written in view of being grammatically sound. They serve as vehicles to arrive in the same place as the other instruments, pointed toward the same place, all for the same reason. Every part of the sound is devotional and surrendered as prayer. I guess you could say they are my version of prayer or devotion." Cisneros says. OM is not your typical religious band however, nor do they claim any type of denomination. The themes OM tend to revolve around involve self-growth, both personally and spiritually, which as a listener, you must simply take from it what you will. "It's an ongoing journey and refinement and the theme continues to evolve through life and through ones' devotions. The entire movement should evolve. Some call it The Light, some call it God, some call it Truth, and some call it Nirvana. There are a million different words for it." Cisneros says, "We're here now. These are present living, active songs."

In early December 2007, during Hanukkah, the band had the opportunity to play live in Jerusalem. "The day preceding the show we spent the day in the Old City. We went to the Western Wall and witnessed the orthodox doing their vespers and devotions, on the actual day of show we had visited Golgotha. The forces and energies of those places put me in a different space than what had been the norm," Cisneros says. The energy from the show built up and resulted in a performance that lasted for over five hours. "We began right around 9 p.m. and it wasn't done until close to 3 a.m. It didn't seem that way though." Cisneros says, "The audience was with us through every note ... it was very emotional." OM practiced their vigil in a few other locations as well. "Tel Aviv was also an incredible show, and many people who



were at Jerusalem the previous night attended that as well. It was just really overwhelming and it turned more into a tour of gratitude rather than a performance of any kind, on a personal level," Cisneros says. This personal level is greatly apparent in everything OM does, and it shows from listening to Cisneros talk passionately about his experiences and about the journey of his own

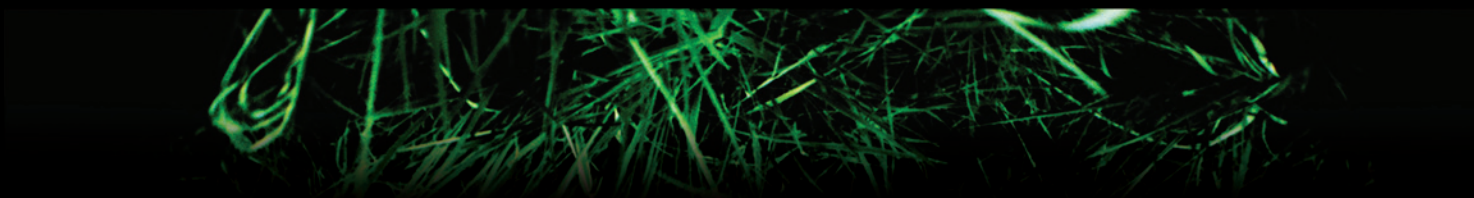
spiritual growth. "I can definitely see the growth in the 'rings of a tree' type of way, where I was when I was there, and what my perceptions were at that time. It's a beautiful and inspiring thing to realize how expansive all of it is, and when that all happened, no matter how far you've gone you realize you haven't gotten anywhere, and as a student it's always learning and always

going to be learning." Rather than keeping up appearances, OM truly exists to seek nothing but their own spirituality. "I would rather be practicing, than just waiting for results," Cisneros says.

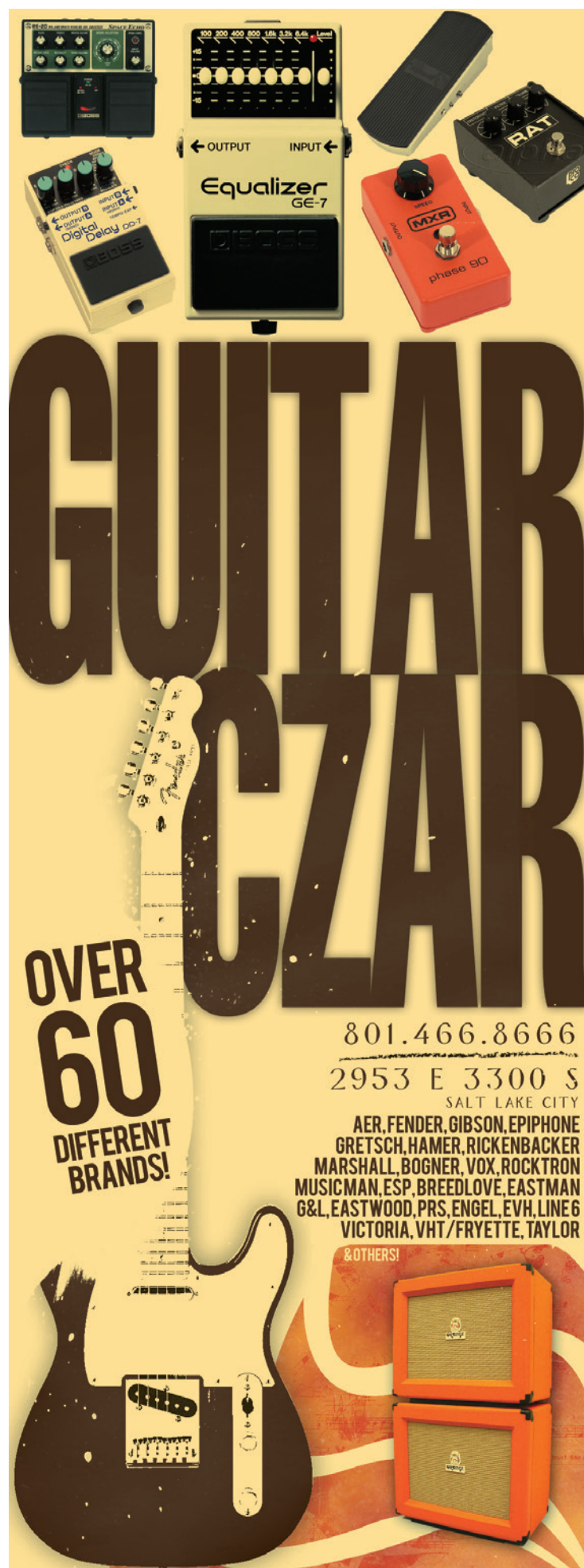
*And a new day dawns - the swan rise - the field cranes - aperture and fade away.*



Photo: Jake Hall








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## THE INVERSION TRAWLER

### Sister Polka Leviathan

#### Filed by Oom

Illustration: Craig Secrist

Our first encounter with Polka Leviathan was monumental. Physically, she is a larger woman, but her presence is enormous. Boo and I had been arm-twisted into attending a Christian youth pep rally organized by Cumorah Hill DeGarde and her brigade of busy bodies. The event was billed generically as "Christian" for a broader appeal, but under Cumorah's command, the afternoon was a wholly LDS experience. It was held at Liberty Park and was sparsely attended. An "inspirational musical guest" was performing with both an acoustic guitar and the vocal mic run through delay pedals and then out through a distorted amp and a crackling PA system. At the end of every verse, the singing guy would draw out the last word with a dramatic "AAAAAAWH!" which would echo to seriously cheap effect. Predictably, there was a large picnic table entirely covered in refreshments. At one end of the table and sitting in a lawn chair that was so deluxe it could easily have been mistaken for a LA-

you make?"

I naturally assumed that Polka Leviathan wouldn't have a clue about most of the music we listened to and I adopted a patronizing and slightly elitist attitude when I replied, "We are called The Weeping Giblets and we're very influenced by early British and German noise artists, bands you wouldn't have heard of, Throbbing Gristle, Einstürzende Neubauten, Psychic TV, Zoviet France, people like that."

Polka chuckled again while keeping eye contact, the glint in her eye flaring up and a grin spreading across her face. Cumorah suddenly appeared like a wraith next to me and in a loud and appalled whisper, spat out, "Sister Leviathan, you MUST modify your posture! It is indecent!"

Polka looked down at her wide open lap and then up to Cumorah. There was a pause and then Polka replied in the sweetest of tones, "But Cumorah dear, I'm



Z-LOUNGE recliner was an ample woman wearing a bright floral muumuu with her hair cropped short. She was reclining back a bit and had her legs spread widely apart so that the muumuu was bunched up enough to almost reveal undergarments—whatever they may be. As Boo and I neared the proceedings, this strange woman called out to us saying, "Ahhhh, this must be Katherine's legendary niece and nephew. You two report to me immediately." If anybody else had commanded us in such a way, they would have faced the legendary and lethal wrath of Boo, but the sly glint in this woman's eye diffused Boo's trigger mechanism and we obediently stood ourselves directly in front of the mega-chair. The woman looked us over and nodded approval saying, "I'm Sister Leviathan: Polka Leviathan. Your sweet Aunt Katherine tells me you have a band—a band that makes SUBVERSIVVE music, even."

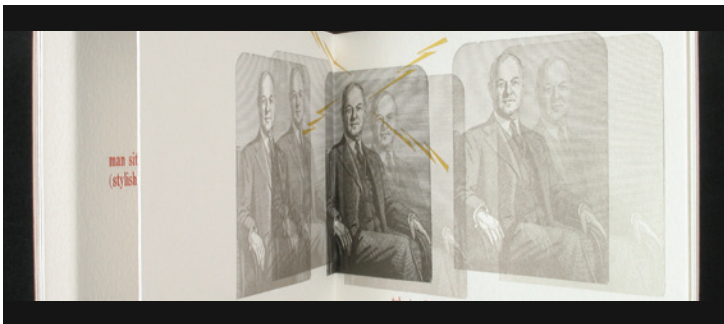
At this point, the singing man let out one of his dramatic AAAAAWHs and Polka let out a deep, rolling chuckle. She then looked at me and asked, "What's the name of your band? What sort of music do

keeping the flies off the food." With that she motioned to the table of refreshments and roared with a hurricane force laugh that lasted forever. Cumorah stared blankly for a moment as she processed what was just said. When she finally grasped Polka's meaning, she screeched out, "OH VILE!" and slithered away. After that, I was mortified to learn that not only did Polka know who Throbbing Gristle was, she knew them personally. It turns out that in her teens, Polka had run away to London, England—at the prompting of our equally independent and adventurous Aunt Delia. While in London, Polka became very involved in the underground music and art scenes and was active in the early British punk explosion. She even helped run Throbbing Gristle's own record label, Industrial Records.

Lucky for me, Polka is not a nasty mean person and only chided me good naturedly for my dismissive attitude. Boo, on the other hand, will never let me live it down and takes great pleasure in singing out, "bands you wouldn't have heard of" at every opportunity.



# Gallery Stroll



**Becky Thomas' "Sonnet LV"**

## **SLUG's Salt Lake Gallery Guide**

By Mariah Mann-Mellus  
[mariah@slugmag.com](mailto:mariah@slugmag.com)

New to Salt Lake City? September means back to school for thousands of young adults. For many, its their first time out of the nest, migrating to a new city, or for those in-staters maybe this is your first time living downtown. Salt Lake City's monthly Gallery Stroll is a great introduction into the highbrow and lowbrow Salt Lake art scene, expanding one's interests in the arts, fashion, nightlife, landscape and social worlds. Think of it as required attendance for those wanting a taste of what Salt Lake City has to offer.

Mark your calendars for the third Friday of every month and stay tuned to *SLUG* for renegade one-of shows and underground art happenings all month long.

Whether you're decorating a whole apartment or your half of the dorm room, finding artwork that represents your taste and interests at a price you can afford is a must! Love Ikea but want something more original? The 300 South art district is your first stop. 300 South, also known as Broadway, from State Street to 400 East, contains everything you'll need to express that new sophisticated taste. On this route, you'll find this month's *SLUG* Gallery Stroll pick at *Signed and Numbered*, located at 221 East Broadway in the basement of Slowtrain. Known for original prints herself, gig-poster artist **Leia Bell** opens up her shop walls to the University of Utah Book Arts Program beginning Sept. 18. The Book Arts Program is part of the J. Willard

Marriott Library and houses a fully equipped studio for bookbinders, printers, and book artists looking to utilize type, letterpress, photo engravings and bookbinding equipment. The program offers workshops and full-semester classes exploring letterpress printing, bookmaking and artists' books to University students and members of the community. This show titled *Impressed?! will* feature books, letterpress prints and drawings by Book Arts Program artists including **Becky Thomas-Williams, Laura Decker, Marnie Powers-Torrey, Elizabeth Smith, Claire Taylor, Amber Heaton, Mary Tocsin, David Wolske** and **Allison Cornu**. For more information about the Book Arts Program, visit [bookartsprogram.org](http://bookartsprogram.org)

Inspired to become an artist? A major part of success in any field is finding a community or support system within that interest. The **Poor Yorick Studios**, which houses over 50 artists in 39 studios, is a space where established artists are intertwined with aspiring artists, allowing everyone to influence and inspire each other. Brainchild of working artists and professor **Brad Slauch**, Poor Yorick has played a major role as a community builder, launchpad and safe haven to many Utah artists. Their long tradition of an equinox open house studio stroll will continue Sept. 25 (6-10 p.m.) and 26 (1-5 p.m.) 126 Crystal Ave ( 2590 S. ) for more information visit [pooryorickstudios.com](http://pooryorickstudios.com).

Settling into new digs and getting to know your surroundings can be difficult, but if you want to make a splash, you have to jump in.

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# A Sunday at the Market

By Ross Solomon ross@slugmag.com

Ah, it's another beautiful Sunday afternoon at the market. The cool fall breeze is blowing through the gardens. Kids and adults are sack-racing. One of the vendors is taking a break for a moment to huck a few lines in the skatepark. Fresh produce is available all around, along with all sorts of unique and handmade crafts. The lady over there is offering a free coconut hand scrub, and the group meditation is going to start in 20.

Wait—which market are we at again?

Welcome to the People's Market. Every Sunday morning and into the afternoon, vendors and farmers from all around the Salt Lake Valley and beyond gather at the Peace Gardens on 1000 West and 900 South to sell their produce and wares. All of this hoopla was started four years ago by **Kyle LaMalfa** selling produce on a lone card table just a few blocks down the street from his home. "A couple people came to that, really not too many," says LaMalfa. As it went on, attendance began to increase. Some people expressed interest in selling their own goods. Others offered services for the market, such as painting signs and advertising it in newsletters. "Before you knew it, there were people that started wanting to give more and more. It just sorta took off on its own two feet."

As the People's Market grew over the years, it found its current home at the Peace Gardens. "It was the best place on the west side that had the right shade, and it was close to the parkway," says LaMalfa, who also mentioned the other amenities the park has to offer, such as the skatepark and the gardens themselves. The location was also a great place to serve as a central meeting place for the neighborhood. "We wanted to build a community and create something special for the neighborhoods that, for a large part, have a bad reputation," says LaMalfa.

Grown from that single table of produce four years ago, the People's Market now sports dozens of tables selling an impressively wide array of goods. Any sort of produce, from green onions to tomatoes and squash, can be found from both farmers and home-gardeners alike. Alongside those edible goodies, one can find anything from handmade soaps and scrubs to children's toys and metalwork. There are very few restrictions as to what can be sold at the market. "You don't need a business license, but things you



**Kyle LaMalfa in his garden, where he harvests fresh produce every week for the People's Market.**

sell must have been created by you," says LaMalfa. No one is allowed to sell things that are imported, and there are no yardsale-type items either. "You've gotta have your creativity embodied in that thing that you're selling on your table, whether you grew it, baked it, painted it, sculpted it, whatever."

Among the many booths you find at the People's Market, one of the most notable ones is LaMalfa's very own produce table. At his home, LaMalfa has managed to grow an absolutely breathtaking garden. Nearly any produce one could imagine can be found in this garden, ranging from tomatoes and squash to hops, herbs and even nearly a dozen beehives. Every Sunday before the market starts, LaMalfa harvests a load and sells them at his table. "My booth is sorta like *One World Café*: Take what you need, pay what you can. I did it last year and made enough money to keep that system going," says LaMalfa.

In addition to the booths and tables at the People's Market, you can expect to see all kinds of unique events taking place there every Sunday. "There's live music all day, and sometimes we have a meditation," says LaMalfa. He also mentioned the contests they often hold, such as the paper airplane contest and sackraces, which always gain the attention of the youngins. Another great opportunity the People's Market offers for the 17-and-younger crowd is the chance to be a vendor for only \$1 a day. LaMalfa says this idea is to foster young entrepreneurs who might not get that chance elsewhere.

"The other thing that we like to do is party," says LaMalfa. Four parties are held every year at the People's Market. "We have a seed exchange party in January, a season kickoff party in June and an end-of-season party in October." This year, they've added a new party called "The Crop Swap," which will happen on Sep. 12 and 13. Contributing to the "Eat Local Challenge," where one attempts to eat only locally grown foods for one week, LaMalfa said that the premise of the party is to bring your homegrown veggies and goods to the market and swap them with other attendees.

The People's Market happens every Sunday from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Peace Gardens, located at 1000 West 900 South, from June 14 to Oct. 24. Some events coming up are the Harvest Swap Party on Sep. 12 and Job Fair Day on Sep. 27. If you want a more relaxed atmosphere than the Downtown Farmer's Market, or just want to check out the scenery on Salt Lake's west side, come check out what the People's Market has to offer. Anyone is encouraged to set up their own booth. More information can be found at [slcpeoplesmarket.org](http://slcpeoplesmarket.org).

Photo: Katie Panzer



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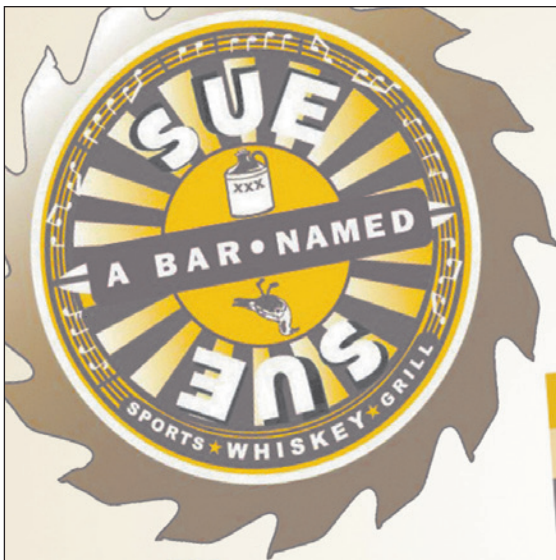
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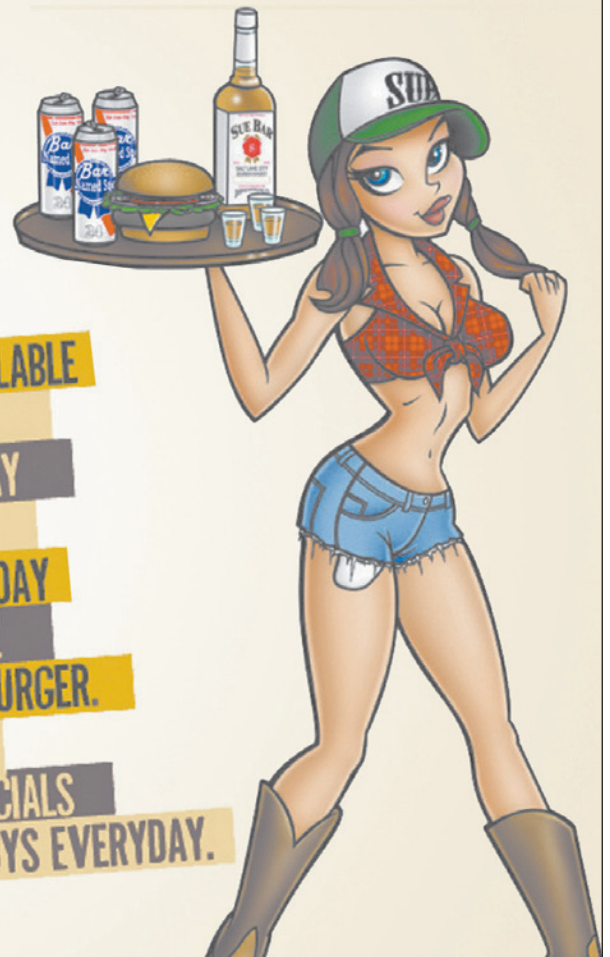
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## "Changing in a Big Way": Spinnerette's

# Brody Dalle

By JP  
jp@slugmag.com

## Reveals Herself

Spinnerette's first album opens with erratically grunged-up guitar and the unmistakable voice of frontwoman Brody Dalle letting you know she's just a "girl out looking for love." Before you react with your preconceived notions about what that might mean—which a lot of people might do based on Dalle's much-publicized makeout sesh with current husband **Josh Homme** of **Queens of the Stone Age** while she was still married to **Rancid's Tim Armstrong**—she's a lot more settled down than her lyrics and image might suggest.

A typical day with Dalle usually begins with the most unremarkable of homemaking tasks: preparing breakfast for her daughter, **Camille**, and a spot of tea for herself, "which is really Australian of me—still sticking to my roots," Dalle says. Her day might then include talking shit and buying music for her daughter at *Amoeba*, her sister in tow, picking up a **Go-Go's** record most recently—"I told my sister what dirty slutbags those girls are." Dalle's day usually concludes with some sort of exercise routine and might finish with a two-hour long hike in the hills around the Los Angeles area, "I'm a valley girl," she hints as to where she might have been wandering. Quite a laid-back routine from the former leader of **The Distillers** and a lady sporting some fabulously ghetto tats—a "Fuck You" etched on her arm, for one.

When Dalle isn't doing matronly things, she's paying due diligence as a rockstar, performing with her band on *The Late Show* with **David Letterman** recently and filming music videos in the auteur **Liam Lynch's** basement. Speaking of the video Lynch made for "Ghetto Love," Dalle says, "It's one take. I went over to his house—he's also a valley girl. He had his camera and a green screen in his house cuz he's always making crazy-ass movies and videos. He made this beauty light for me, handmade on a lazy susan. It was amazing. I was really impressed. He's so creative. He's a fucking genius." Carousing with the comfortable and crazily creative must be a nice lifestyle for her, and Dalle concurs, "It's great being friends, but if you can also do things together, it's even better."

The Australian-born singer, who still keeps her citizenship in case she needs to leave the US if "shit is getting nuts," is working on being a bit more creative herself by dabbling in the videographic arts. "I want to make a documentary. I



**BRODY DALLE:  
A Girl Looking  
for Love**

want to interview all the great women [of punk], like **Patty Smith**, **Chrissie Hynde**, **Blondie**, **Tobi** from **Bikini Kill**. I'd interview **Courtney [Love]**. I want to interview female musicians and female comedians because I think their plight has some kind of connectors there." Dalle says. She's apparently been in this creative frame for a while, starting with an interview she did with **Janeane Garofalo** in New York a few years ago. Asked if she used a cinematographer for the shots, or if she will, Dalle says, "I don't think it's too much brainwork—you set it up and let it run. I got this video camera in Japan and I still don't know if I'm fucking using it right, you know. I think it's one 'On/Off' button to me. The rest is all Chinese to me—or Japanese, in this case." Dalle says of her proficiency with these sorts of things, "The guys used to call me 'T.G.': Technical genius. If things broke on the [tour] bus, I'd fix them."

Dalle has always been DIY and fiercely independent, it seems, and that extends to her music as well. In fact, it's best not to compare her work with her husband's projects. "By no means am I going out of my way to sound like my husband's band. That's ludicrous and why the fuck would I do that, you know?" Dalle says, "It's the sound of it. Those guys [Spinnerette/QOTSTA guitarist **Alain Johannes** and **Homme**] work in the studio together, so maybe they picked up some of the same techniques. And our latest song, "Baptized by Fire," sounds nothing like *Queens of the Stone Age*. Nor does fucking "Spectral Suspension" or "Sex Bomb." Maybe the dirtier grungier shit you could put in the same pocket, but it's not the same. It's not the same at all."

Speaking of dissimilar things, Dalle is OK with bucking current trends in the industry. She is quite content being a harder-edged rocker and says, "You know, it's better than being a folk singer anyway." Continuing comments on the biz, she says, "It's about time for some fucking rock n' roll to come back. Everyone's so complacent about music now. I think there's about to be a whole bunch of stuff that we've been missing for quite some time. That's the point—when something goes away, it's like a necessity for the hole to be filled. All the record companies saying 'You can't sell rock' is bullshit. It's about to change," Dalle says: "It's about to change in a big, big way." Dalle is one helping to change the scene while putting all your preconceived notions about her on their ear. "I liked when people gave a fuck. People are like, 'Hey, chill out,' and I'm like 'No.' I don't like to stand by and let shit happen."





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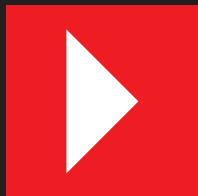
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# Antipop Consortium

## Continuum: an Interview with M. Sayyid

By Aaron Day  
Pure.Gamerbilly@gmail.com

CUE

Saying that Antipop Consortium is like any other hip hop group is not only a grossly uninformed generalization, it's objectively wrong. Each member brings a different background and paradigm of influences to the collective making possible their signature blend of unorthodox lyrics and experimental production. APC formed in 1997 and released three albums before breaking up in 2002. The members of APC went on to explore solo careers, but in 2007,

**Beans, High Priest, M. Sayyid and Earl Blaize** reformed the group. On October 13, Antipop Consortium will release *Fluorescent Black*, their first album since their reformation. As with any art form, it is essential to be able to draw inspiration from any source, and Antipop Consortium's M. Sayyid has been known to do just that. *SLUG* recently spoke with Sayyid about Antipop, art and the new album.



RWR

FAF



**SLUG:** On the new album, in the song "Get Lite," I noticed a line that mentioned being banned in D.C., which I assume is a reference to the **Bad Brains** song of the same name.

**M. Sayyid:** Absolutely.

**SLUG:** So, you're into punk rock too, then?

**Sayyid:** Oh, hell yeah man, always have been. D.C. hardcore, New York hardcore.

**SLUG:** How were you involved in those hardcore scenes?

**Sayyid:** When they were poppin', I was a teenager and I was going to C.B.G.B.'s, I mean, I'm deep into the D.C. hardcore scene. All those early 90s hardcore bands.

**SLUG:** What was it about punk rock and hardcore that attracted you to those scenes?

**Sayyid:** It was kinda the free thought, the expression in the music. The kinda non-sequitur approaches to the vocals. Phenomenal song writing and chords.

**SLUG:** How did that influence the music that Antipop Consortium creates?

**Sayyid:** It's definitely an influence. Our background and everything, it's different in terms of specific genres, but it's all about that kind of experimentation. Same kind of mentality that was behind a lot of the punk and a lot of electro stuff. It is that APC kind of mentality.

**SLUG:** You guys have toured with **Bright Eyes**, **The Faint** and **Radiohead**. Do you identify more closely with non hip hop acts?

**Sayyid:** Oh, it doesn't really matter. We just toured with **Public Enemy** and **Kool Keith** also. So, it's like, I'm down with whoever's down. I think the fans react to the stuff that we do a little bit differently than they do to traditional rap, know what I mean? So, yeah, they're open, they're down.

**SLUG:** Speaking of which, you guys just returned from Europe. How did the fans respond to the new material?

**Sayyid:** Everyone's loving it. Like, we haven't performed any old material ever since we got back together, pretty much. We played a couple songs from the past, but that's about it. So all our shows have been all new stuff. Everyone reacts to it real well. I mean, we get nothin' but love, love. Starting on the right foot with the fans by not doing old shit and talkin' about your album coming out. It's like, this is exactly where we're at, we're doing new shit and they rhyme with us.

**SLUG:** What happened that brought you guys back together?

**Sayyid:** We were just giving it a shot man. We said yo, let's give it a shot and see if we can make an album and make some heat. It's no problem making heat. It was just like, can we give it a shot, can we deal with each other? So, we finished the album man and it's definitely a great look.

**SLUG:** How has the creation process changed since you guys reformed?

**Sayyid:** Oh, it's changed hugely. The amount of time has changed everything. I think the level of confidence individually is much more there. We've been through a lot, man. Like, under the radar, but we've been through a lot. So, if and when the story's told, that's the main story, really—it's just resilience in anything you do.

**SLUG:** When did you guys start working on *Fluorescent Black*?

**Sayyid:** End of 2007. It took longer than I wanted it to take, but it is what it is when you're working with other people. It took a little longer, but nonetheless, everything straightened out and we were good to go.

**SLUG:** We talked a little bit about you being into

punk rock and hardcore, but what else were you doing before Antipop?

**Sayyid:** I was in art school. I was working a lot, just various jobs. Like, in corporate graphic design. I still do graphic design. I do all the digital flyers for Antipop. I do flash programming. If you guys ever need any flash people, holler at me. Gotta get on the digital flyer campaign, man! Digital flyers are the future, man!

**SLUG:** Antipop's goal was once to disturb the equilibrium. What did you mean by that?

**Sayyid:** It was at a time when we were making a statement based on our name and coming out as newer artists. I don't think it holds as much water now on the disturbance shit. I think Antipop's main goal now is to continue to push the envelope and to step outside the box. Keep steppin' outside the box.

Even though Sayyid may not think APC is disturbing the equilibrium like they once were, *Fluorescent Black* is proof that they're still pushing the boundaries of hip hop. Somehow, Antipop Consortium have managed to put out whole albums of material that can't be mistaken as being created by anybody else. It's hard to find something that genuinely sounds like it hasn't been done before, especially in hip hop. APC's music may not appeal to most people and may not be some hip hop purists' thing, but for those who can handle a little more exploration in their music, APC is still disturbing the equilibrium.



PHOTO: TSACCENTI



# Hepcat: Right on Time

by Ricky Vigil

ricky@slugmag.com

During the 90s, there was no other ska band in the world like Hepcat. While other bands from the era built upon the punk-influenced ska of 1970s England, Hepcat created a potent mixture of 1960s Jamaican ska, jazz, latin music and American soul for a smooth, cool sound all their own. Hepcat's energetic live shows quickly became the stuff of legends, and the band's unique sound, led by dual vocalists **Greg Lee** and **Alex Desert**, infiltrated the world of punk rock as they performed on the **Warped Tour**, toured the world with **Rancid** and became one of the first bands signed to **Hellcat Records**. Then, all of a sudden, Hepcat broke up in 2000. Just as suddenly as their departure, the band announced earlier this summer that they will be reuniting to play their first set of shows outside of California in more than a decade in September. Greg Lee recently spoke with *SLUG* and gave us the lowdown on the history of Hepcat and the band's highly anticipated return.

Greg Lee lived in Los Angeles in the late 1980s as the American ska scene was developing. Even though Lee was initially interested in the punk and 2-Tone influenced ska that the bands in LA were

us, it was vital that we played this music right," Lee said. "We had a Jamaican culture on the line—we had these people's cultural identity that we were playing around with as American kids." Hepcat quickly made a name for themselves on the west coast and scored a spot as the openers on a tour with their idols and the originators of ska in Jamaica, **The Skatalites**, in the early 90s. While on tour, each member of The Skatalites served as a mentor to a member of Hepcat. "Every day was like a military training course on ska music," Lee says. "Nobody got that education except the Jamaican guys that played with them in the 60s and us."

Hepcat released their first album, *Out of Nowhere*, on **Moon Records** in 1993 and followed it up with *Scientific* on **BYO Records** in 1996. Even after releasing two albums, Hepcat struggled to find a niche in the increasingly punk-influenced ska scene. While touring in support of *Scientific*, Hepcat often played to unresponsive crowds. "At the first dozen or so shows, everybody just stood still and looked at us, nobody danced," Lee said.

a trip because we went to Jamaica with these punk rock guys who have tattoos on their necks and all over their bodies. In Jamaica, that's not something that you do," Lee said. "We'd be walking down Orange Street with these guys checking out record stores and people would be closing the shutters on their windows, little kids would be throwing rocks at us and



creating, he soon became much more interested in the classic Jamaican records being spun in between sets at ska shows. "We would go to ska shows to check out bands like **No Doubt**, but it got to the point where we'd really only be paying the ticket price to listen to the DJ and dance to the old stuff," Lee says. Inevitably, Lee and his friends needed to know more about the smooth, cool style of Jamaican music they had fallen in love with. "We would pile into somebody's old car and make the trek to some old record store just to get the chance to buy old Jamaican records. We'd read the backs of the records and the liner notes and pass em all around the car on the ride home, just trying to learn as much about the music as we could," Lee says.

With their newfound knowledge of Jamaican music from the 60s, Lee and his friends formed Hepcat in order to emulate the classic Jamaican sound. "To

While doing an interview during the tour in St. Louis, Lee discovered that his band was well liked, but people didn't know how to dance to them. Lee said, "It was weird, but the people just learned how to dance to ska overnight!" Luckily for Hepcat, the ska explosion of the 90s was in full swing by the end of the tour and they were met by much more enthusiastic crowds, and Hepcat became a full-fledged headliner.

After a performance in Hollywood in 1997, Hepcat joined the roster of Rancid frontman **Tim Armstrong**'s Hellcat Records. The band was approached backstage by Armstrong, **Brett Gurewitz**, and, to seal the deal, **Joe Strummer**, and Hepcat joined the Hellcat roster that very night. Hepcat's 1998 album *Right on Time* became their most successful and was one of *Time*'s best albums of 1998, and Greg Lee and Alex Desert were even invited to Jamaica to record backing vocals on Rancid's *Life Won't Wait*. The members of Hepcat and Rancid shared the studio with Jamaican legends like **Sly & Robbie** and **Buju Banton**, but the thing Lee remembers most was how the members of Rancid were treated by the natives. "That was

When Hepcat was at their peak and just before the release of their fourth album, they suddenly disbanded. "There came a point where a few members of the band just couldn't do it anymore," Lee said. When news broke that Hepcat would be supporting **Flogging Molly**, it was a huge cause of celebration for ska fans. "We wanna be back. We all want to play, we all have our heads in the right place," Lee said. For long time fans as well as newcomers and the curious, Lee promises that a Hepcat show is not an event to be missed. "Even if people don't like us at first, they love us by the end of our set," Lee said. "People could be throwing stuff at us, spitting at us and yelling at us, but by the third song, everybody in the crowd is always dancing."

Hepcat will be playing at *In the Venue* on September 25 with Flogging Molly.



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Wayne of spmsrme.com



Best Slam



Cops end the last spot early

# ROAD WARRIORS

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



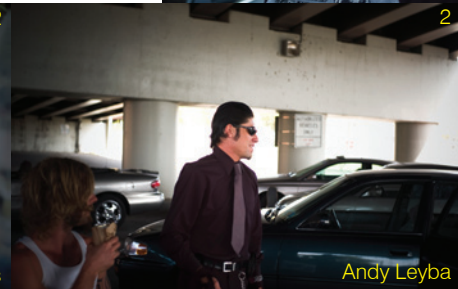
Alex Woodruff



Brooks



Amador and friends



Andy Leyba

I pulled under 600 North, astonished by the number of people that had gathered for the fourth year of SLUG's street-style skate contest. It was half an hour before *Summer of Death: Road Warriors* started and more the 50 people were already on the scene shredding and sipping some undercover, frosty, adult beverages. The first spot was a quintessential Jersey barrier with concrete transition that SLUG Mag had built along with **Dick Weed** and **Chuck Langlois**. This was no fluffy spot. There is nothing easy about jamming straight into a concrete wall.

The contest kicked off and everyone started powering at the barrier in one big jam session. As most were still trying to figure out what the hell they were going to do on the thing, **Sean Hadley** powered past everyone and layed down massive frontside 5-0 variations. **Israel West** got vertical with a miller flip, while **Isaiah Beh** backed his bible brother up with a blunt fakie. **Andy Leyba**, (2nd place winner from the *Kickflip the Economy* contest) rolled up to the scene dressed to impress with a black tie and slicked back hair but that's about all he had to offer for this spot. **Kordell Black** ripped in with a feeble fakie and **Brandon Hobush** layed down a lengthy boardslide rock. This was not going to be an unambiguous decision for the expert judging panel consisting of **Tully Flynn**, **Jason Gianchetta**, **Keaton McDonald** and guest pro **James Atkin**. As the session roared on, nearby train yard workers started taking heavy notice to all the skaters filling up the spot. Fearful of our sheer numbers, they kept it on the sidelines and radioed for back up. **Dave Amador** caught word of the fuzz coming in for some crowd control so the call was made and the session ended. Everyone piled into their cars and scattered to the next spot with haste.



5-0 front shuv, Hadley



Blunt, Hobush



Jason Gianchetta



Cordell Black and Dudes





The best part about this contest is the unrestrained street-skating essence that it embraces. These are real street spots, there is no special permission to skate—it is rough, rugged and raw. If the cops come, you better run.

The next spot was very well concealed. Nestled among tall buildings, it is primarily a flat ledge. However, to those with a keen skate eye, there is much more to offer than that. Hobush got tech with a smith kick-flip and smith bigspin, **Chase Strikwerda** cracked an ollie over the hand rail leading up to the loading dock and **Mark Judd** kickflipped his way up the step. Hadley, frustrated with everyone's slow feeble trick attempts on the ledge, took a different route, cutting against the grain with a kickflip wallride off the steep up bump. Leyba killed the comedy act momentarily for a 50-50 finger flip and West shut the spot down 50-50ing the handrail coming off the loading dock. This was the gnarliest trick of the day. There is virtually no runway to get any speed and you have to cut into it from almost a 90-degree angle. Pandemonium unleashed once he rolled away. Nothing else needed to be seen and nothing else could be done. This session was over. It was off to the third and final spot: the Sunny Side handrail.



This rail is wide open to the streets, nothing around to keep you hidden, which meant no time to pussy foot around with tester slides and ollies. As soon as everyone arrived at the spot, it was go time. Beh wasted no time, putting down a crooked grind first try and later backing it up with a front board smith grind and front tail. Hadley touched down with a front-side nose-slide and bigspin down the stair set while Hobush blew through a frontside hurricane. Following right behind him with a skillful front feeble was a random kid I've never seen before. The session was heating up quick and then two patrol cars rolled in bringing it to an abrupt end. The boys in blue stood confused, not having any idea what they were going to do with all these skaters overrunning the place. We, however, weren't about to sit around and wait for them to make the first move. A couple kids gave the rail one more go and everyone quickly fled the scene down to the afterparty at **Helen** and brother **Ian Wade**'s new shop **Fresh** on 900 South and 870 East.

Ian Wade already had the grill fired up to feed the wolf pack and Natty Light kicked it off right with a tub full of beers for those that could legally indulge. Yudu kept it creative, screen-printing custom shirts and sheets of grip tape for the crowd. **Randy Riddle** got everyone connected at the Evolution Wireless booth and the Board Bunnies evened out the babe to bro ratio. F1ND and Odeus held





Kickflip wallride, Hadley



Boardslide Rocks, Hobush



Judges and SLUG Crew



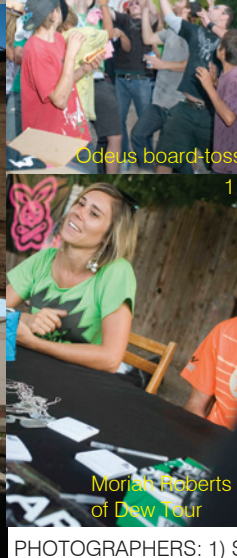
Odeus board-toss



Yudu



Ollie, Strikwerda



Moriah Roberts of Dew Tour



180 nosegrind, Beh

down the local board company scene. **Moriah Roberts** hyped everyone up for the Dew Tour while **SLUG Mag** gave the A.D.D. skate rats a chance to win some free product from Celtek, Skull Candy and Milo Sport with a carnival-style prize wheel tagged with skate tricks. One spin, one trick, one try. Sevenfold kicked in \$77 in cash for first place while C1RCA gave out some goods in the product toss along with our other sponsors Salty Peaks, XMission, Blindside, Bacon Skateboards, Lenitech, XSI Insurance, Borosyndicate, spnsrme.com and FUEL TV. Tully Flynn over at the Deadly Metal Shop presented some ferocious hand made weaponry for trophies. Third place received a butcher's knife, second a razor sharp machete and first received a terrifying battle-axe. My personal favorite of the set was the war hammer for best trick. Once again, we conquered the streets and despite the cops' petty efforts at shutting down the scene, it was one hell of a contest. Some serious skating unfolded and some unknown rippers unveiled themselves. Until next year, keep running them streets.

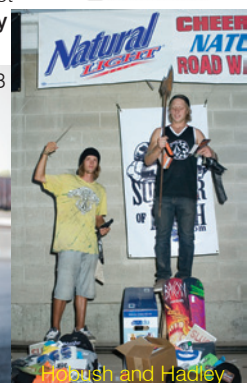
## WARRIORS

1<sup>st</sup> Sean Hadley  
2<sup>nd</sup> Israel West  
3<sup>rd</sup> Brandon Hobush

Best Trick: Israel West  
50-50 handrail at 2nd spot  
Best Slam: Sean Hadley



Israel West



Hobush and Hadley

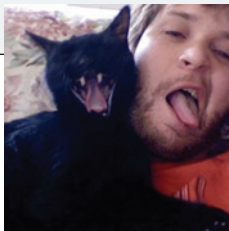
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By Mike Brown

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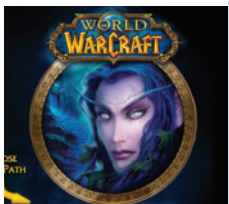
Utah Jazz



Myspace Tom



Natural Light



World Of Warcraft

Like a haystack in a hurricane, I sometimes have the tendency to get carried away with things. Like when *Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic* came out for the Xbox a few years back, I literally lost three months of my life. Playing a fucking RPG (Role Playing Game) that's three months of time that I will never, ever get back.

I know for a fact it was close to three months because the game logs how much time you've spent playing it. But after about two months into the digital quest to destroy the Sith, I learned the game was just playing me.

"Hey Mike, we're going skating, get off your ass," My roommate Paul would say. To which I would reply, "Fuck you Paul! I gotta level up!"

This is why, barring a major life crisis, I will never start playing *World of Warcraft*. It's the exact same reason I don't play poker, shoot heroin or listen to **James Taylor**: I'm afraid I will never stop if I start.

Who knows? I could be the worlds best poker player or have the most bestest wizard on WOW, but if I start doing things I can't stop, I'm not gonna have time to dedicate to my other time-consuming vices. I try to rotate my bad, addictive habits out like a revolving Chinese dinner table.

Like during basketball season, it's pretty much a guarantee where I'm going to be during a Jazz game, and it's not in the Delta Center (I refuse to address the house that **John Stockton** built as the Energy Solutions Arena! Blasphemy!). It's on my couch pounding beers and pulling tubes.

But once basketball season is over, I need to replace that vice with something else. Like a junkie looking for his next fix, I feel incomplete during the off-season. So what did my dumb ass go ahead and do after the LA Fakers dropped the Jazz in the playoffs? Got a Facebook account.

Facebooking fits well with the theme I gave my life for year number thirty, which is to become everything I've ever hated so I can find more things to like. So I bought a fixed-gear bike, an iPhone, and a couple of V-necks. Now I know how to update my FB status on the nations fastest 3G network while doing a track stand and exposing my three chest hairs.

I actually started my FB account while slaving at the *SLUG* office one day. **Angela** suggested I do it to get ahold of all the motherfuckers that I was having trouble getting in touch with for various *SLUG* events I help out with. I also wanted to promote a **Fucktards** show and heard that promoters were killing it with the FB.

It seemed harmless enough. I thought it would just be like my Myspace page that I never use (sorry, **Rupert Murdoch**). I never got into the whole Myspace thing. The leading cause for college kids dropping out seemed more retarded to me than the parking lot at the special Olympics.

I didn't get making friends over the internet. I always thought that was what real life was for. Like "Two Girls, One Cup," it just seemed wrong. Facebook would soon prove otherwise.

So I sent out a ton of friend requests and people were accepting my friend requests as fast as NASCARs. Then I realized that in real life I'd never want this many friends—way too many birthdays and shitty party obligations to fulfill. Remember what I said about my vices taking up my time? As of right now my friend count is at 479. I know, I'm popular right? No offense to my 479 digital buddies, but there's no way I really like all of you. I just want all of you to come to the next Fucktards show, that's about it.

There's no real way to tell people to go eat a bowl of douche flakes on the FB. I really wish there was though. Everything's all positive and nice like candy canes. You can only "like" comments and pictures. So sweet. The only real way to tell someone to go get fist fucked on facebook is summed up by a new word. A new word that, like "sexting" (Cell Phone Humpage,) will be recognized by Webster's within the year if my calculations are correct. And the word of the day is **DEFRIENDING!**

I've taken a liking to making friends with people who annoy the shit out of me just so I can defriend them. I have no other way to let them know I don't like them. It's immature, but so is Facebook and the amount of time I spend on it.

After changing her FB status from "in a relationship" to "it's complicated" to "single," a friend of mine got defriended by her ex-boyfriend. This is so hilarious to me. Like, "I'll show her! Now she'll never know how I did on the 'how well do you know *The Goonies* quiz' and she'll never know what my 'Authentic Hooker Name' is or that I am now a fan of chocolate pudding! Take that, ex-girlfriend!"

I wish they had a little box or something on FB that said who defriended who. I really think that would be helpful. In real life, it's just as important to know who your friends shouldn't be as much as it is to know who your friends should be. Why should Facebook be any different?

For as much shit as I'm talking on Facebook, I'm on it like a hooker's on her back, which is why I consider it a vice. I hate blogging, but I love blurbg, and FB has been my favorite place to blurb lately. Actually I don't know where else I would blurb. But sometimes people put the stupidest shit on their FB blurbie thingies. I hate it when they talk about the weather. I know we all have to vent, but fuck, I already know it's hot or raining outside and that you and everyone else hates it. I can look out my window to know the

weather, or actually put my computer down and go outside, so knock it off with the weather updates people. As I'm writing this I sent out a "what's on your mind?" update that stated that I was going to write my next *SLUG* piece about the evil powers of the FB, and asked for suggestions. The best one I got was not to Facebook drunk. It's as dangerous as getting behind the wheel after 15 Jagerbombs. A drunk update safeguard was suggested, which I think is a tremendous idea.

Another comment I got was about how if we keep updating each other on our pathetic little lives on FB we won't have anything to talk to each other about when we see our FB friends in real life. I can't believe how some of my best friends on FB won't even really talk to me at when they

see me outside the Matrix. I'm not offended, just weirded the fuck out.

I think it even lead to one guy I know canceling his Facebook account all together. He put a post up saying that he was gonna do it in three weeks, and a couple people tried to tell him not to and wanted to know why.

The reasoning made perfect sense to me, but may not to others. He commented that he was naturally too introverted of a person and that the evil powers of FB were making him feel the need to have real conversations with people. He found it strange that people he normally wouldn't talk to were posting every weird shitty detail about his life.

So yeah, like a fat kid in a pudding pile, I don't see myself stopping my FB consumption any time soon. It sucks. But on the bright side, it has made cyber stalking much much easier. We already had the Craigslist killer, I think it's only a matter of time until we have the Facebook Assassin.

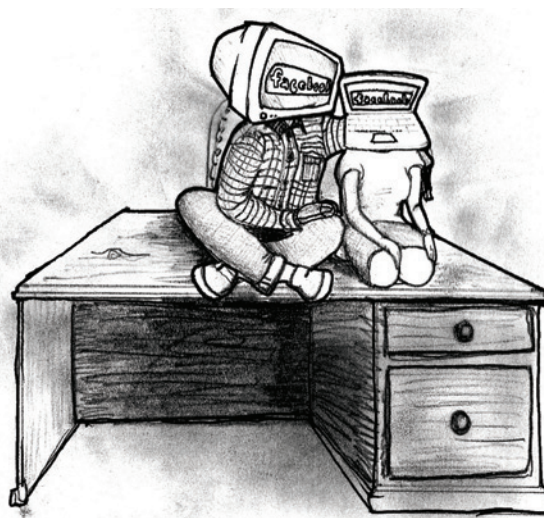


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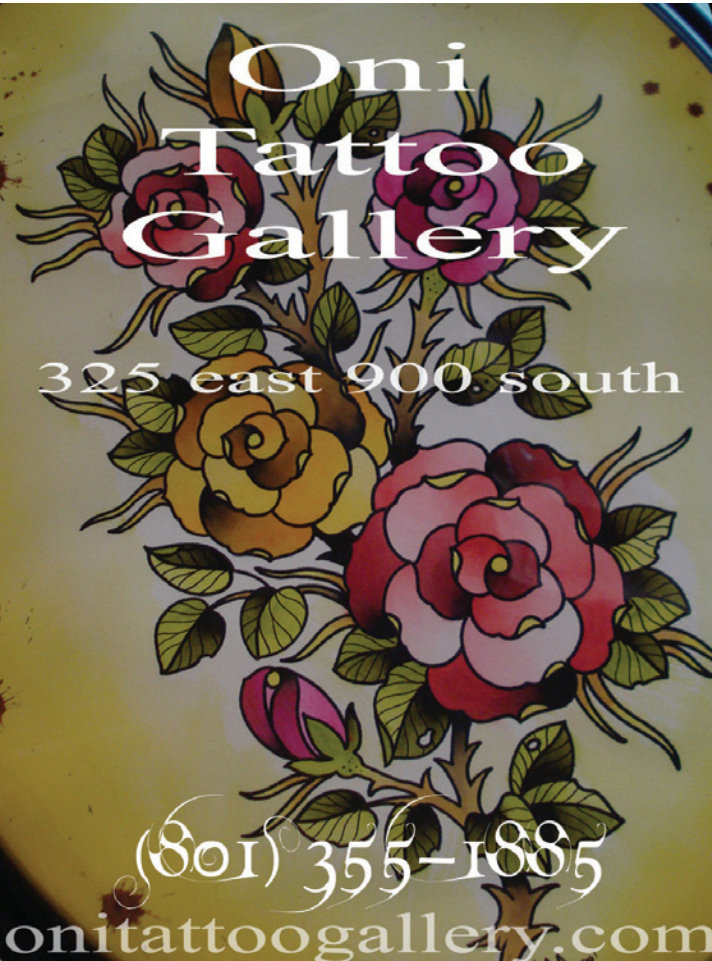


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# SNUG LIFE:

## THE JARED SMITH STORY

Words and Photos by: Chris Swainston  
chris@slugmag.com



Enjoying the good life with man's best friend and a backyard ramp. Backside ollie out of the extension, Snuggles

"He's a swindler, a shyster, a cynical bastard," says local skater and *SLUG Mag* writer **Tully Flynn**, of his friend for 14 years, Jared "Snuggles" Smith, "He's family [though] and I have come to appreciate his goddamn given talents." "He's basically my surrogate older brother," says **Sean Hadley**. "I would be fucked without him. I sleep at his house like every night. He is always down to help out a friend in need." Hadley has been friends with Smith since middle school and has shared multiple skate video parts with him such as the Milo video *Cosa Nostra* and the Salty Peaks video *Makin' Moves*. 29-year-old **Jared Smith**, more commonly known by the nickname **Snuggles** (which he was given on a skate trip when he was found napping in the grass in a passionate embrace with his skateboard) has been pushing around the skate scene for more than 15 years. It all started for him back in Lawrenceville, Georgia doing early grab cannonball ollies over sewer lids. By the time he was 13, his mind was made—he would either fulfill a career as a skateboarder or produce the artwork on the bottom of the boards.

Growing up, Smith traveled around the world with his father, an accountant for the Mormon Church, who would move from one country to the next adjusting church budgets and helping to build new LDS temples. From a very young age, Smith was exposed to the jarring realities of living in countries riddled with destitution. "There were days when Americans couldn't go out in the streets... I was about six or seven... I remember my brothers and I got jumped for our shoes at knife point. I grew up thinking that was a normal occurrence," Smith recalls from his time living on the dirt streets of

Buenos Aires. At age 12 his parents split up and Smith moved to Mexico City with his father. "We lived in a spot where people had makeshift fences with broken bottles glued to the top of the fence to keep people from breaking into their homes. What was really captivating for me were the rolling hills of pink, orange and green shack houses covering the land," Smith says.

Living in environments like these were the building blocks for Smith's humble, honest approach to life. After Mexico City, he came back to the states, living in Utah for around a year before leaving for Germany on one last worldly adventure. In Germany, he was exposed to a different way of living. The European lifestyle differed from the "American way"—it was more about having fun. "You work so you can enjoy life, you don't live to fucking work. I just got that European lifestyle: be happy enjoy life and have fun," says Smith. Upon moving back to Utah, skateboarding started taking over on a ferocious level. He has had a part in almost every major Salt Lake video from *Loco 48* to the Binary video *Does Not Compute*, both *Mutiny I and II*, *DH 48*, the Random Lurkers videos *Claim Jumpers* and *Test Monkeys*, *True Passionate Thugs* and most recently **Erik Jensen's** video *Weast Infection*. "I remember Smith in skate videos doing every trick I ever wanted to do. He was just a little kid so I hated him for it," says *SLUG* writer **Dave Amador**.

Determined to follow his passion for skateboarding, a week before his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, he jumped into a car headed for L.A piloted by local skateboarders **Mike Hayes** and **Dan Hadley**. He spent his days

skating and eventually a chance kickflip landed him a contact in the movie business. "I was out one day skating around, I kickflied up a curb and this business dude was like 'Hey do you want to do that kind of stuff in movies?' He gave me his card and set me up with an account to see what was available the next day," says Smith. He would call the account number daily, see what jobs were available and started earning a living doing extra work in movies. He landed a multitude of gigs—everything from *Get Real* and *Malcolm in the Middle* to being Doogie Houser's stand in and even landed a one-liner in the movie *Delivering Milo*. This romantic lifestyle only panned out for eight months though. Smith was young, fresh out of high school and inexperienced with living on his own. "We were a couple of youngin's testing the waters of a new state. Three of us lived in a tiny little studio and it just didn't work," says Smith.

In 2000 Smith returned to Utah, the dream of becoming a pro skater still burning wildly inside him. In 2002 he took a second run at California. This time moving to Carlsbad with pro skaters **James Atkin** and **Jon Allie** with the main goal of making it in the professional world. He started meeting all the right people and pushing himself in the right direction to fulfill his aspirations. Living

**... I remember my brothers and I got jumped for our shoes at knife point. I grew up thinking that was a normal occurrence."**





**"Skateboarding has given so much to me that I just want to give back and stay in the industry my whole life."**

Sitting on the front of South Temple makes this spot a huge bust. It took two trips to make this trick happen. Shortly after, the spot was capped. This may very well be the last trick that ever goes down here. Frontside tail, Snuggles



in Carlsbad gave him the opportunity to see the truth behind a professional career and ultimately changed his mindset. "I remember meeting **Mike Carroll** and **Guy Mariano** and seeing them so stressed out about getting their photo or meeting a deadline. I didn't want to be like that. I just wanted to skate," says Smith. Smith put an immense amount of pressure on himself to succeed in the pro skate world, it began to affect his physical ability and eventually led to a broken ankle. "I started injuring myself because I wasn't doing it for the right reason," says Smith.

At 22, Smith left California and returned to Utah. He enrolled in Dixie College for one short semester before a run in with the cops and a strict possession of marijuana charge got him kicked out of school and landed him in drug court. Not wanting to stay in St. George, Smith transferred his drug court up to Salt Lake City where he started filming for the *Random Lurkers* skate video and taking care of probation. Probation wasn't all bad though—it kept Smith sober and motivated to skate. This was around the time when local professionals **Mike "Lizard King" Plumb** and **Adam Dyet** were starting to make a big impact in the skate world. Smith, being close friends with both Lizard and Dyet, started to rethink the possibility of becoming a pro skater and ended up on a chance road trip with Lizard, filmer **Brian "Slugger" Forwood**, pro skater **Nyjah Houston**, and *SLAP* magazine photographer **Sean Peterson**. That skate trip led to Smith having photos published in *SLAP* magazine. "Peterson totally wanted to blow me up but, I was like no I want to skate just to skate," says Smith.

At this point, skateboarding took a back seat and his second childhood passion, art, began emerging as the new focus of his life. He was always sketching as a kid and involved in art classes. In his early 20s, the art of stencil making became his preferred medium. He drew inspiration from artists like **Banksy**, **Alphonse Mucha**, **M.C. Escher** and locals like **Mike Murdock**, **Dave Dolmen**, **Andy Pits** and **Trent Call**. What started as simple one-layer stencils eventually evolved into meticulously hand drawn and shaded, technical multi-layered stencils.

In 2005, Smith noticed stencil artists using Photoshop to trace the layers they wanted to cut out. This development made Smith's feelings towards the medium turn sour. "It's not street style, it's easy, in my eyes it's cheating," says Smith. He started looking towards new mediums of art—like refining his drawing skills and using acrylic paints. Over the past year, he has been working with *SLUG Magazine* doing illustrations for *Skatepark Etiquette* and **Mike Brown**'s column. This work helped him receive a pell grant for schooling at the Salt Lake Community College. Smith says his goal is to develop his skills with programs like Illustrator and Photoshop to produce well refined professional work. From a business standpoint, he wants to stay involved in the skateboard industry making a living designing and producing artwork. "Skateboarding has given so much to me I just want to give back and stay in the industry my whole life," says Smith. "I'll generate the energy and power I need through different people and resources to end up where I'm supposed to be." Smith is a man with unsurpassed drive to obtain his ambition. Without question this will not be the last time you hear of him.



This pup has got some pop. Gonzo snatches up a tasty stick from Poppa Snugs.

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life,—you don't  
live to fucking  
work."**



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# SAN DIEGO COMIC CON INTERNATIONAL

# COVERING THE CON

By Jimmy Martin  
jimmy@slugmag.com

Photos: Jason Young courtesy of  
bigshinyrobot.com

Thirty-nine years ago, the greatest gathering of sci-fi nerdery and fantastical dreams known as *Comic Con International: San Diego* (originally titled The Golden State Comic Book Convention) was founded by a modest group of San Diegans and only attracted 145 comic book enthusiasts. Fast-forward to present day, and the once humble congregation has exploded into the largest convention of its kind with over 125,000 attendees walking through the San Diego Convention Center's doors to witness the freshest offerings from the worlds of comic books, films and video gaming (that's an increase of 86,107%).

*Comic Con* starts on a Wednesday night with an exclusive look at the exhibitor's floor and all the merchandise and promotional material available. The biggest draw of the floor, apart from the scantily clad "booth babes", comes from the elaborate booths erected with massive structures. This year's most impressive decorations included a life-size Bumblebee from *Transformers 2* and a futuristic war machine from **James Cameron's** upcoming CGI epic, *Avatar*.

Along with the impressive environmental aspects of the exhibitor's floor, another interesting characteristic of the sneak peek includes testing products not yet available to the general public. Mattel, the same company of Hot Wheels and Barbie, invited me to test their new board game that tracks brainwaves in order to move a foam ball with your mind. Yup, you just read that. The game is called Mindflex and the objective is to move a ball around a circular obstacle course with the power of concentration. I was skeptical at first, but it's real! However, my concentration level was either nil and the ball sat there, or it was through the roof and the ball flew

off on the table. I should probably see a psychiatrist about that.

The next four days are when the real events commence, and being the lover of cinema that I am, the primary location for all the film events are held in the building's largest room, Hall H (capacity 6,500). Each morning, I arrived at 8 a.m. to find thousands of people already anxiously waiting in line (some having camped out over night). The majority usually consisted of giggling pre-teen girls wearing "I heart Edward" shirts and the noticeably annoyed comic bookers despising the new patrons. It's quite the sight to see.

Here's the greatest and worst offerings provided by the panels and after parties that made the 2009 *Comic Con* the pimple infested place to be!

Thursday:

Best

James Cameron's return to the directing chair: After screening twenty-five minutes of appealing footage from the highly anticipated sci-fi flick, *Avatar*, I'm eager to see how well the king of the box office follows his preceding successes.

Worst

6,500 screaming *Twilight* fans: Shit, my ears are still ringing as thousands of prepubescent girls' eggs dropped upon witnessing footage of a shirtless **Robert Pattinson** and **Taylor Lautner**.

Greatest After Hours Activity:

*Vice Magazine's* Metal Meltdown: For years, my brother said, "You've never been to a real concert until you've seen **GWAR** live." Holy shit, he was right!

Friday:

Best

The Visionaries Panel with James Cameron and **Peter Jackson**:



Life-size Bumblebee from Transformers 2



The two masters of filmmaking discussed the possible gloomy future of cinema and the 3D technology that could rescue it that waits around the corner. On a side note, do you think they played chess with their Oscars back at the hotel?

#### Worst

Lucasfilm: Star Wars Spectacular: Not only did we have to put up with the obnoxious hosts of G4's Attack of the Show, the only major announcement was a traveling symphony performance that performs music from the films ... really, **Lucas**, really?

#### Greatest After Hours Activity:

Disney's Flynn's Arcade Replica: If free arcade game play, a souvenir Tron token, a sweet "Flynn Lives" shirt and music by **Daft Punk** wouldn't stop your heart, a secret look at a neon-lit, life-size lightcycle certainly would ... mine did. Someone call 911!

Saturday:

#### Best

*Iron Man 2* Panel: **Robert Downey Jr.** knows how to rev up a crowd, but with the stunning never-before-seen footage that director **Jon Favreau** brought, he didn't have to do much!

#### Worst

Sony Pictures' 2012 Panel: How many different tedious ways can director **Roland Emmerich** destroy the planet? You know you're in trouble when the audience laughs at your "dramatic" action sequences. Whoops.

#### Greatest After Hours Activity:

X-Sanguin VIII (Z-Day): The last stand of the Zombie Defense Network has found out the perfect weapon against the flesh hungry beast ... alcohol and dancing! Keep on fighting the good fight.

Sunday:

In reality, Sunday is the day of recovery from the previous days' events. Sure, you may find some stellar deals from the exhibitors who are trying to get rid of crap before heading back to their parents' basements, but the panel selection is weak and everyone appears worn out. It's the perfect day to pack it up, head home, and acknowledge that the people wearing costumes are actually in the minority outside the Con's walls ... we should all work on changing that.

See you next year!

Photo Caption (right): The cast and crew of *District 9*: From left to right: Sharlto Copley, Peter Jackson, & Neill Blomkamp.



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# DEVIN YORK:

## A CINDERELLA STORY

Words: Giuseppe Ventrella

Photos: Sam Milianta

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

**Devin York** is a bit of an anomaly. He was a child prodigy who could salad grind handrails at the age of 13. He grinded a double-kink that most pros wouldn't touch (and some pros have looked at this rail) during his sophomore year of high school. Yet in this day and age of **Shecklers** and **Hustons**, York never quite received the "extreme" sponsorship he deserved.

Maybe it was because he didn't do enough fly-outs at the local Orem skatepark. Maybe he didn't wear a helmet when he destroyed gaps and rails. Maybe he wasn't cool to all the people who could've forwarded his career (i.e. he didn't kiss the right ass). Or maybe he was just too gnarly and original to be considered "marketable."

The truth is, York thought outside the "skateboarding box" a little too much, and he lived in Utah County. Both of these things contributed to the fact that York killed everything put in front of him for years and still remained relatively obscure.

These days, York isn't just a rail chomper. He's a bonafide all-terrain shredder. He'll get all **ANTI HERO** in the bowl, roll out, half-cab crook a ledge, impossible a gap, then slappy a curb on his way to the parking lot. He'll skate any spot you put in front of him, not worrying about what's already been done there. If it's a "famous" spot, he'll just skate it in a way you never even thought of.

Skateboarding needs more Yorks and less Shecklers. If it wasn't for people like York we'd all be getting corporate sponsors and wearing team jerseys. Without people like York, skateboarding might turn into (choke) a team sport. So, if you meet York and he comes across as being kind of dick to you, you should thank him. He's just keeping skateboarding raw, like it's supposed to be.



Prior to this Neolithic Pole-jam, York used a rock to bash the pole into the asphalt

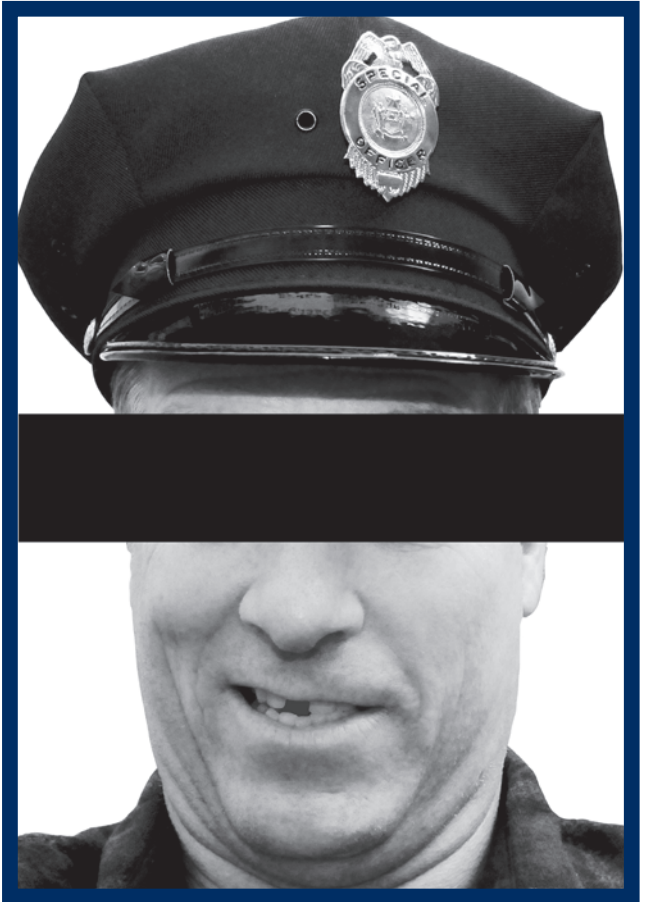




Front shuvs are stylish like flannel. Take a close look on the pop out kids, York takes it into the bank the hard way.



# ASK A COP



Dear Cop,

**A friend of mine was recently given a DUI while driving home from the bar. The circumstances seem a little sketchy, though. He was pulled over and passed two field sobriety tests, but the cops still insisted that he had to take a breathalyzer test. The cops also failed to read him any of his rights when they pulled him over. He agreed to be breathalyzed (even though he had passed his other two tests) and blew something over the legal limit. His car was impounded and the cops told him that he needed to find a ride home or else they would arrest him and he would spend the night in jail. What would have happened to him if he had refused the breathalyzer? Why didn't the cops just arrest him on the spot? Were they trying to bust someone else for a DUI by having someone come pick him up around 2 a.m.? And what is the whole deal with having your rights read to you? I heard somewhere that cops don't have to do it anymore because of the patriot act. The whole situation seems a little sketchy. What is the likelihood that he'll be charged with the DUI?**

Dear "I have a cousin, who knows this guy, who....."

Cops stop people based on reasonable suspicion. Reasonable suspicion of DUI is easy: lane travel, excessive slow or high speed, sitting through greens or running reds, etc. If you're stopped for a DUI, then they'll give you Field Sobriety Tests (FSTs). These could be a nine step turn, leg lift, etc. They have several choices. Your BAC (blood alcohol content) can be checked with a portable breathalyzer test (PBT). I imagine you, I'm sorry, your "friend" did well enough on the FSTs, and the PBT result wasn't high enough, so they kicked your friend loose.

Now, a PBT result isn't evidence. To get evidence of a DUI, the cops would've had to "arrest your friend on the spot" and escort him off to an intoxilyzer machine (they aren't portable). Your friend would blow into an intoxilyzer machine, or do a blood draw or piss test if they believe drugs are causing his impairment. Also, he'd receive a verbal admonishment that if they refused to blow, his driver license would be revoked. If you

refuse, they'll just get a search warrant and take your blood anyway. Save your license. After your friend blows, the machine spits out a printed form. The form shows information like time checks, air blank results showing no contamination, and your friend's intox result. This form is accepted as evidence at trial.

If your friend had gone through the intox machine process, and assuming he blew over a .08 BAC, the cop would've advised him he was under arrest and interrogated him. Prior to asking any "in custody" or "interrogation" type questions related to the DUI, he'd be read his Miranda Rights. It's all on a "fill-in-the-blank" DUI citation form, step by numbered step, so even the cops can't screw it up.

It makes no sense that they'd try to set someone up who's coming out as a ride home (unless the ride is the cop's ex-girlfriend). DUI's are everywhere. The odds the ride would be smashed vs. all the drunks who just drove past your stop are slim. The policies of most departments require your friend's drunk, stinky, puking, obnoxious ass to be released to a responsible adult.

Absolutely no charges could be filed now for DUI. No probable cause for his arrest at the stop equals no trial now. A DUI results in a "state tax impound" of the car. Why did they hook it if there was no DUI? Most cops in this situation (drinking but not drunk) will allow you to park your car and get it later or let a sober driver take over.

The Patriot Act doesn't absolve a cop of the Miranda requirement after a DUI arrest. However, if your "friend" graduates from DUI to planning a terrorist attack in the USA, and he calls his buddies in Afghanistan for help, then he'll probably become well acquainted with the USA Patriot Act.

And, if it was your boyfriend who told you the DUI story, he has a new lover. Dump him.

With Love,  
Dr. Dick

**Need some advice from a friendly, anonymous police officer? Email your question to: [askacop@slugmag.com](mailto:askacop@slugmag.com).**

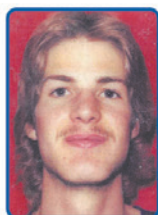


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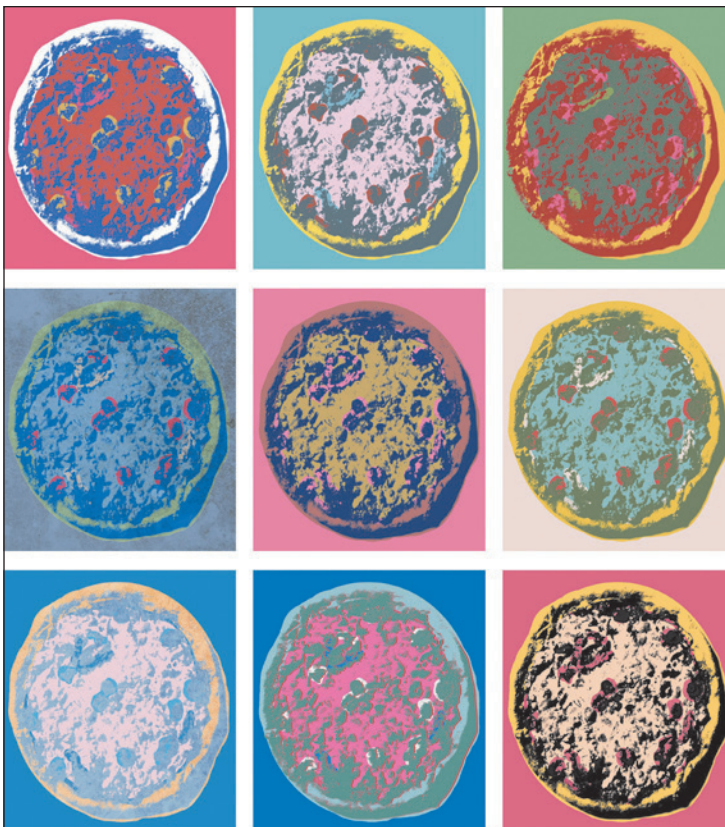
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# PRODUCT REVIEWS

## F1nd Skateboards

"Sunset Blvd" 1986 Natural  
www.f1nd.org

F1ND is doing things right straight from the get go, making their boards with that quintessential 100% hard maple right here in the USA. The particular board I got my hands on was the 1986 Natural, a part of the "Sunset Blvd" series created by artist **David Born**. A little linier than I'm used to, the board measured up at 7.75in. Seeing as how I hadn't skated a board this small since high school, I decided to keep the first session nostalgic with a church parking lot flat-bar and flat-ground sessions to break her in. It took me a minute to skate away the skepticism of a smaller board, but after an onslaught of tricks started firing out of my feet, I was hyped. The board had a nice medium groove of concave—not too deep like a canoe and not flat like a pancake. The best way I could describe this board was it felt like I was skating the essence of California, smooth, crisp and flawless. The one exception being that the bolt holes for my back truck were drilled slightly askew so I couldn't get all four bolts locked in. It made no difference to the way she skated and I'm quite certain it was only a manufacturing defect. I give F1ND two thumbs up with a bonus thumb for being local. Hit up their web page for a full view of their line up. —Swainston



Photo: Swainston

## Jan Sport

Sole Vert Messenger Bag  
Jansport.com

Typically, when I'm toting my laptop around, I just tuck it under my arm. It's convenient if I'm just hopping in my car to cruise to work, but can be a bit hazardous when I'm biking, catching a flight or going on a multi-hour road trip with a Subaru full of people that's packed to the brim with pillows, backpacks and eventually a ton of beer smuggled across the border. In cases like these, the Jan Sport Sole Vert bag has saved my ass from having to replace my MacBook. The bag has two sections—one that holds a 13" laptop and one similar in size with a key ring and two smaller pockets (which have turned into great stash pockets for my *SLUG* business cards and loose change). Unlike the Jan Sport bags I sported in junior high school, this bag is a great burnt yellow color and has a hip modern design. My only real complaint with the bag is the rubber bottom that looks a little like the sole of a shoe. Although this feature looks rad, allows the bag to stand up straight and makes me confident that this bag won't fall victim to deteriorating after just a few uses—it also makes me fear getting a gnarly vertical bruise from the hard rubber banging against my thigh as I run through an airport attempting to catch a flight. This bag is great if you can pack up your stuff, load in and quickly load out. If you're traveling by foot ... beware of the bottom—it's sure to protect your stashed goods, but your butt and thighs might take a beating. —Jeanette Moses



Photo: Dorobiala

## Shogo

Pocketed Tank Top  
Available at Fresh (900 s. 840 e.)

Shogo has definitely given us something to talk about, but his designs speak for themselves and make others speak too. The gear brings out compliments from every Tom, Dick and Harry each time you wear it. Within fifteen minutes people start saying, "Wow, that's nice," or, "That looks so comfortable." The only proper response to both those statements are, "I know, right," and "Yes, yes it is." Seeing that I have always wanted a shirt with the same luxury of a hooded sweatshirt pouch (or similar) and this tank top has sewn in pockets on the sides, (which makes it easier to keep that money folder ready for spending, as well as mixing up the design worlds ideas of what a tank has to be) it is a perfect fit. Not too long, not too tight, just like the right-temperature porridge, of the vesture nature that is, for these bones to roll in. Not to boss you around or anything, but I

would recommend that if you want to get some frosty new clothes to sport in the summer that can easily be used as an undergarment when skiing season hits, you gotta get over to *Fresh* before the shelf is looted and pillaged of this fine apparel.

—Jonathan Livingston

## Velo City Bags

Large Backpack with the Organizer upgrade  
velocitybags.wordpress.com

With the bike-messenger-type bag and backpack already holding ground as a must have for trendy cyclists and non-cyclists alike, it was only a matter of time before someone started a legit bag company local to Salt Lake City. Think *Chicago Wig* but closer to home and with better prices and you've got *Velo City Bags*. If you're actually a messenger, the huge backpack I tested out all week would make perfect sense. It has everything you'd ever need in order to carry even the most awkward item across town. On top of that, it has space left over for your phone, wallet, even laptop. You can upgrade the already handy backpack with extra pockets like this one, with an organizer that even has a spot for pens. If you aren't a messenger and just want to look cool with a smaller functional and waterproof bag, you can buy the standard size instead of the large one. My only negative critique is that the fabric isn't breathable, but what backpack isn't going to leave you with a sweaty back when you ride your bike during a Salt Lake City summer day? Call *Velo City* to custom order a bag with your choice of colors and features or check them out in person at *FRESH*. The backpack lives up to everything a bike backpack should live up to and, best of all, it's local so your friends won't make fun of you for selling out and buying *Chrome*.

—Chelsea Babbish



Photo: Dorobiala



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# The Princess and the Pro

By Princess Kennedy

[theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com](mailto:theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com)

People constantly ask me how I keep my lithe stature and showgirl calfs. My answer is as simple as my regimen: a mix of bicycling with light jazz-handing on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I'm an avid cyclist 365 days. Like, haven't-owned-a-car-in-15 years, road-my-bike-across-Europe-twice kind of enthusiast. Riding your bike to the store or work or the corner allows you the freedom to eat what you want and not spend countless hours in the gym.

In fact, I think that if you live, like millions of Americans, within a two-mile radius of your life, then you're a total dumbass for even owning and wasting thousands of dollars yearly on an auto. One of the concerns about bike riding I've heard is people not wanting to be sweaty when they get to work. First off, if you bike a mile, to work and can't recover with a change of shirt and a quick whore's bath, then get to a doctor pronto and ride the bike a lot more. The city is wonderfully flat and you'd be surprised at how easy it actually is to get around in the winter. Just bundle up and take side streets, they get plowed in the morning and no one is on them.

I've decided to immerse myself in bike nation while I write this month's column and find out the madness of the passion, hoping to talk at least one of you into winter cycling. I started by pulling inspiration, as I always do, with a photo shoot by the amazing **David Newkirk**. I asked two of my friends to be in the photos with me: one that has something to do with the BMX world, and one first time bike owner, seven-year-old **Sawyer Evan**. I asked these two in particular in an attempt to capture the spectrum from the beginning rites of passage of bike riding to the professional. High art!

Next, I decided to hang with our friends we met at Pride for a couple of nights: the Salt Lake Bike Collective, who valets bikes for the Farmer's Market and the Twilight Concert Series. The Salt Lake Bike Collective have been around for seven years and do a lot of good things for the community, including charity work, youth programs, community service provision and rights activism. Monday nights from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. they have this really cool arrangement to come in and volunteer time working on bikes for people

of all needs: refugees, missionaries, victims, low-income families and fellow care providers. I was totally blown off my stiletto by the laborers' dedication and enthusiasm towards the cause. All types of talent from mechanical pros to former community service workers come back to use the Collective as a safe haven while learning a trade. They start with a class promptly

at 5pm (usually of the volunteer lay-person's expertise), then for the next couple of hours, you help and learn on the charity rides.

The wall is filled with thank you cards from elementary schools and the numerous other organizations that they work with. On Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5-9 p.m., they offer an open workshop where the average tranny can come in and grease up with a knowledgeable professional that will help you understand and fix anything on your ride.

I next made the effort to go to the monthly Mayor's Bicycle Advisory Committee pow-wow, which is held at the City and County Building in room 335 on the second Wednesday of every month. As dedicated to the cause as I am, I just can't concentrate in this sort of structured environment. I did, in between nail polish daydreams, hear what I went looking for: they do take measures in the city to make cycling safer and friendlier for

winter riders. For example: reflective tape on dangerous curb "bulb outs" that disappear in the snow.

I searched in every nook and tranny of my life to find the people I know that actually live the life cycle. I remembered I had this friend with this cute hobby in the BMX world. I invited him over to find out about his little pastime and get him to help me work on my new dream BMX: hot pink with gold El Camino rims and pegs. **Matt Beringer** is this super nice, super hot guy I met at a party about four years ago. He looked so adorably vacant and I was instantly taken by his mellow nature and sense of humor. The



Princess, after an uncomfortable 10-minute conversation, usually freaks out most boys of this brand. Matt was so genuinely nice, I knew that I had made a new friend. A couple months ago on a hike, I was surprised to hear that he had toured the world with his little trick riding. The story he told me over burgers and monkey wrenches completely took me off guard.

Receiving his first bike at the age of six, he promptly started racing the local circuit. Momentarily side-tracked by a skateboard, he retired until the age of 16 when he got back on and into the national races. It wasn't until 1997 while working at *Bingham Cyclery* in Layton that he was spotted showing off his famed, what we queens call a gimmick, front flip. Like that, his career started. His heyday with *Red Line* featured him dirt jumping his magic across the world, competing and conquering such acclaimed events as: *The X Games*, *MTV's Sport and Music Festival*, *Vans Triple Crown* and *The Dew Tour*, and snatching up sponsorships along the way from companies like Bingham, Schwinn and Airwalk. Moving over to S&M in Y2K, he's been their team manager for almost ten years. On his first video trip for *Road Fools 7*, he started to discover he was losing his passion to compete and has now thrown himself head over wheels into stunt video, traveling city to landscape to skate park being recognized by his throngs of fans for the super-god that he is.

Wow. I feel like a total asshole! Here is some guy that in a different circumstance, I ashamedly admit, I would have probably looked through totally for the sake of 'different world' bullshit. I thought I was being so cutting-edge coming out and surprising people that I'm a green queen with more than drunken war stories. What I've learned is that this super nice, super hot guy never once judged this transcycle by its frame. In all the time I've spent Google searching, Youtubeing and obsessing on myself, I've had an extremely accomplished friend that I never took the time to know and give the props he deserved. Matt, this article is for you and I apologize for talking down to you about "your little bike thing." I get it. The pedals go both ways. Thank you for pulling my head out and helping me realize that maybe, just possibly, there are people more interesting than me.

Have a safe and fun Labor Day weekend. Don't forget to check out the Paper Bag Princess blog on [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com) to find what your holiday plans should be.



Photo: Dave Newkirk

Kennedy and her bike cronies.

Princess  
Kennedy



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## SEPTEMBER

4 TED DANCIN + Alexis Gideon, Shelley Short  
 5 ETHER, Vile Blue Shades, Samba Gringa  
 6 Mike Brown Ping Pong Tournament featuring singing by Mohammed  
 7 Ching Animal Sanctuary Benefit with The Plant Shop, Wasnatch  
 8 oVo (Italy), SubArachnoid Space, Subrosa, Bird Eater  
 9 Tennis Camp: Gay Night At Urban Lounge  
 10 Starfucker, We All Have Hooks For Hands, Birthquake  
 11 Dank Squad Presents Pep Love (Hiero), Nima Fadavi, Scenic Byway

12 Dave Combs Birthday: Pleasure Thieves, Red Bennies, Black Hole  
 13 EARLY Austin Lucas, Two Cow Garage, Mike Hale  
 13 LATE WAVES, Ganglians, Tolchock Trio  
 14 Frightened Rabbits, Twilight Sad, We Were Promised Jetpacks  
 15 SING FOR CHINA TOUR: Hedgehog, Queen Sea Big Shark, Casino Demon  
 16 Blue Turtle Seduction, The Velvetones  
 17 TED DANCIN  
 18 SLUG LOCALIZED: I Am The, Neon Trees, To The Death  
 19 Audio Flo 10 Year Anniversary  
 20 The Proclaimers  
 21 Lubriphonic, SLAJO  
 22 Sarah Custen's Going Away Show: Fauna, Vanessa Shuput, Hectic Hobo  
 23 Autolux, Furs, Mini Mansions  
 24 Hill Country Revue, Blues Dart  
 25 Meat Puppets, Dead Confederate, Ume  
 26 Medicine Circus CD Release, Starmy  
 27 Ming & Ping

28 Vile Blue Shades, The Hand That Bleeds, The Super Buttery Muffins  
 29 Slim Cessna's Auto Club, These United States  
 30 Dearly Departed  
 Oct 1 The Devil Whale Return From Tour! Hello Kavita, Aye Aye  
 2 Brother Ali After Party: Sick Sense & Skin Walker, Feel Good Patrol, Pat Maine  
 3 Floater  
 \*Doors open at 9pm for all shows  
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 NOVEMBER 3: The Rakes 4: Swollen Members 6: Mike Brown Fest 3 9: The Curious Mystery 17: Electric Six 18: Cash'd Out (Johnny Cash Tribute) 19: The Dutchess & The Duke



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CMD: />
PASSWORD: /> LAMDA LAMDA LAMDA = TRUE
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c: /> INPUT> By Jesse Hawlish \_ jhawlish@gmail.com

Illustrations: Manuel Aguilar

**Roger Altizer** has a job that's so cool you probably haven't even thought to wish for it. While pursuing his PhD at the U of U, Altizer has proposed and implemented the University's first gaming classes. That's right, this enviable fella is actually a professor of video games. The U has been offering Altizer's video game classes since 2005. This year there are three and the students in the senior capstone course ultimately produce a video game that becomes available in Xbox LIVE's community game forum. It's not all computer science—Altizer's classes also study video games critically, much like dissecting the intricacies of literature or film. 'Videogame studies' is not an oxymoron, friends. At least, not any more. "There was a little backlash," Altizer says of the video games' incorporation into academia. "Games are perceived as a toy, a children's thing—which, of course, often they are—and because they don't have the artistic respect and they don't have the history, they're far more open to critique."

In the past, games have been a pretty easy source for a bit of fire and brimstone from the national press, but Altizer shrugs off the prosaic critiques. "People have been studying the effects of media since the dawn of time and no one's been able to prove that even watching T.V. causes violence." He says, "Look at countries like Japan that have just massive violent and sexual media consumption," yet the country's crime rates are famously low.

As gaming is gradually recognized as a viable artistic medium, public opinion stands to change. When Altizer began his career as a gaming professor, there were only a handful of traditional universities offering gaming courses. Today *gamecareerguide.com* lists almost 500

institutions offering gaming education. Our fair city is on the map too: "Salt Lake City is actually really exploding," Altizer says. "Depending on who you ask, we're somewhere around the number ten city in terms of game



development right now." Disney, EA, and Sony have studios in and around the valley. "[We have] a host of indie studios, too," Altizer says. "There's lots of growth here, it's exciting to see. My dream is that a lot of these kids are going to go and make their own indie studios in town. To get a cool indie gaming community here in Salt Lake would be rad." Amen to that, Mr. Altizer.

It looks like the gaming industry is beginning to get the credit and consideration it deserves. "There is no excuse to not study what may become the most important cultural and artistic development of the new millennium," Altizer says, and there's plenty of room for growth.

As a relatively young expressive medium, video games are constantly progressing and being reimagined with every new leap in technology. So what can we expect in the future? Will I plug *World of Warcraft* directly into my eyeball? Will graphics ever be indiscernible from reality? Well, I'm glad you've asked because there's an expert right here:

"If I see gaming going anywhere in the future, it's away from physical media," Altizer says. With concepts like OnLive already revealed, this

evolution isn't far off. "Rather than seeing traditional games miniaturized, we'll see mobile devices allow for new types of gaming . . . more ubiquitous gaming. That is, games on devices that don't typically have games. So instead of playing WoW on the road, we'll see games that are designed to work with mobile devices that might *involve* reality . . . non-traditional locations and altered states," Altizer says.

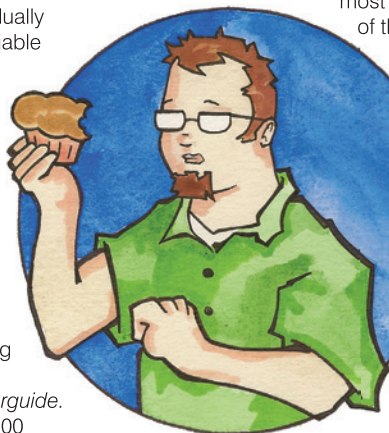
Sounds trippy, but your average hardcore gamer might not take so kindly to the thought of his iPhone as the future of gaming. Never fear, Sir Fragsalot, uncanny valley is here! Or, at least, according to Professor Altizer, it's on its way. "I think that day will come," says Altizer of indiscernible graphical realism, "but it's an interesting question to me . . . because the obsession with hyperrealism is an American phenomenon. We love really real looking games. But if you look at Japanese games for example, they're really stylized, right? If you look at European games, same thing. The obsession with making things look real," Altizer says, comes from film. "People want to make games look like movies . . . to be running around shooting people that look like real people—I don't know if that's a lofty goal or not, but I understand the desire. I think part of overcoming uncanny valley is to stop aiming for reality and start aiming for what triggers the right emotions in the mind—the hyperreal."

The awesomeness will come at a price: "If EA's willing to experiment with micro-transactions on games you paid \$60 for [*Ahem: Madden*], I wouldn't be surprised to see loading screens with commercials. As long as [tomorrow's games]

put in a script that allows them to upload whichever

ad is new, it becomes a service," says Altizer. Gotta love marketing. But for every *Madden NFL 10*, there's an indie development studio offering something beautiful like *Braid*. For every blockbuster movie

with a licensed (crap) game there's a professor like Roger Altizer helping video games take firm root in academia as a medium that is rich, expressive and undeniably valuable.





# Concert Announcements

**Thu Sep 3:** Devils Cuntry, Formerly So, Mana Poly Allstars

**Fri Sep 4:** Bandwagon Live w. Seventking, Three Reasonz, Kiss Me Kill Me, Hardluck

**Sat Sep 5:** PROJECT INDEPENDENT w. Separation Of Self, Eminent, Balance Of Power, Blood Of Saints, Maim Corps, Scripted Apology, Denots, Embrace The Fallen, Season Of Change, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, Hooga. Show Starts at 4:00

**Sun Sep 6:** HURT, Monarch, Radio Courtesy

**Thu Sep 10:** HAVOK, HATCHET, Reaction Effect, Dead Vessel

**Fri Sep 11:** Such Vengeance CD Release Show w. Skies Of Redemption, Means Nothing, Lidsore

**Sat Sep 12:** Big Salty Customs Biker Event w. Bike Wash, Bike Show, Bands: Thunderfist, Killbot, Tombstone Jesus, Shadow, Nine Piece Trio - Starts at 2pm

**Tue Sep 15:** REVCO (REVOLTING COCKS), JIM ROSE CIRCUS

**Thu Sep 17:** Uncle Scam, The Departed, Ember Eyes

**Fri Sep 18:** Jezus Rides A Riksha CD Release Show w. Deny Your Faith, Adjacent To Nothing, Scripted Apology, The Examples

**Sat Sep 19:** THE B FOUNDATION W. MIKE PINTO, Ivy League, Melon Robotics, Darren Thornley & The Burgs

**Tue Sep 22:** TUMBLEDOWN W. MIKE HERRERA (MXPX)

**Thu Sep 24:** URGEHAL, SPEARHEAD, Cave Of Roses, Iconoclast Contra

**Fri Sep 25:** RIPCHAIN, HALF THE WORLD, FAULT PARADOX, KRYTERIUM, Tera Vega

**Sat Sep 26:** Kiss Me Kill Me, Lights Out Vegas, KHP

**Mon Sep 28:** NICO VEGA

**Fri Oct 2:** MOTOGRATER

**Sun Oct 4:** THE ACCUSED

**Mon Oct 5:** TANTRIC

**Wed Oct 7:** JULIETTE LEWIS, AMERICAN BANG

**Thu Oct 8:** SOULFLY, PRONG

**Wed Oct 14:** DIGITAL LEATHER

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# VIDEO GAMES



## Megatron: Back for Another Beating

### Blueberry Garden

**Erik Svedang/Steam**

Reviewed On: PC (Exclusive)

Street: 06.10

Imagine, if you will, a wonderful garden full of fresh fruits, veggies, trees and wonders. Freak chicken-like alien beings graze harmlessly on the swaying grass, and basketball-sized acorns perpetually sprout and roll down the hill. You, being some sort of bipedal mutant bird wearing monochrome clothes from the 20s, could not be happier in this mystical garden. The blueberries keep your stomach full, and you can even fly awkwardly. But wait! While you were munching on some delicious fruits near the piece of swiss cheese that's about eight times larger than yourself, you notice something ... peculiar about the water. Hey, the lake wasn't that deep before! And then, it begins. Welcome to *Blueberry Garden*, an artsy indie game that bursts with charm from beginning to end. The world, the main character, the water and everything else are hand drawn works of art. The whole world is absolutely bursting with life, and it's a blast to fly your little birdman through it all. Very little instruction is given as to what you're really supposed to do, but your wanderings help you discover your mission quickly: Get to higher ground. This is accomplished by solving puzzles, eating certain foods, and stacking massive tomatoes on top of cameras and swiss cheese. The game is short, but the price is just so right. At only five dollars, the quality of

work put into this game is positively astounding. The melancholy piano in the background is great, as is the artwork, which is as pleasing to look at as the game is fun to play.

—Ross Solomon

### The Conduit

**High Voltage Software / Sega**

Reviewed On: Wii (Exclusive)

Street: 06.23

If the Wii's library is missing any one thing, it's a game that makes me give a shit. Until *The Conduit*, my Wii was a technologically advanced dust receptacle. But it was only a matter of time before someone finally grabbed the Wii's control mechanism by the balls and finagled it to perform in a way that would appeal to *actual* gamers (you know, as opposed to soccer moms and granddads hooked on *Wii Play*). High Voltage Software's new FPS controls are as good as it's going to get, my friends. They're fully customizable, and believe me, with the Wii's shitty button layout, you're going to want to switch things around. The game itself plays like a throwback to *Goldeneye* and *Perfect Dark*, which is hardly a bad thing, but don't expect a gameplay revolution here. The developers adhered to the goal of solid FPS gameplay and quality graphics, and in doing so created the Wii's best title for traditional gamers. Of course, if you own *Gears of War 2* or any new *Call of Duty* game, the only advancement is the new Wii control scheme. Nevertheless, if you've been neglecting your Wii lately, *The*



## Say it like Leonidas: "This. Is. Motorstorm!"

*Conduit* is a great way to reopen the relationship. —Jesse Hawlish

### Motorstorm: Pacific Rift

**Evolution Studios / Sony**

Reviewed On: Playstation 3 (Exclusive)

Street: 08.28.08

Fuck *Gran Turismo*, man. If I wanted to drive in smooth circles avoiding other cars for hours I'd take my Ford Escort on the belt route. *Motorstorm*, on the other hand, is a personal favorite among racing titles. The recent sequel *Pacific Rift* awakens the angry redneck within, feeds him peppered jerky and sour mash, straps him onto a rocket bike and sends him tearing through an active volcano. Yeah, *Gran Turismo* can lick my muddy hick balls. Yee-haw! All aspects of *Pacific Rift* are tightened and polished over the original. If you feel like you're flailing out of control – about to spin out into a wall or off a giant cliff – for the entirety of the race, then you're doing it right. The sense of impending death by massive car wreck is always with you in *M:PR*. Every moment is exciting and every vehicle class is a distinctly different challenge. When you give the finger (press L3) to a pack of ten speeding monster trucks while boosting between them on your ATV, cackling wildly to yourself, I guarantee you'll be hooked. The learning curve can be steep, but *M:PR* is controlled chaos at its most raucously enjoyable. —Jesse Hawlish

### Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen

**Luxoflux / Activision**

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: PS3, Wii, PS2, PC, PSP, DS

Street: 06.23

For as long as video games have been around, developers have capitalized on blockbuster movies to create games, and generally they suck. Much to my surprise, since the game from the first Transformers movie and the general rule that movie games are lame, *Transformers: ROTF* is an addicting gaming experience in its simplicities and mission and environment similarities and its, at times awkward, controls. It's just fun to roam around as an Autobot or Decepticon and blow the crap out of stuff, drive off rooftops, fly around or pound on your foes. Like the movie, the plot of the game is irrelevant and you won't even be paying attention to it. This is just an excuse to play as a big transforming robot and blow stuff up, each campaign Autobot or Decepticon is pretty straightforward. Missions are graded on time, accuracy, bonus objectives, etc. all in the goal of gaining energon to upgrade your squad of bots. If you're an achievement/unlockable whore like myself, the game warrants itself multiple playthroughs. There are some big-time boss fights, the most challenging of which is taking down the Constructicon, Devastator (a Decepticon made up of multiple bots) is not only graphically awe inducing but it is one of those classic taking-up-the-entire-screen boss fights. —Bryer Wharton



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# Movie Reviews

## A Perfect Getaway

Rogue Pictures

In Theaters: 08.07

The horror film can be a complex entity to master. In order to create a memorable experience, one must either provide an appropriate amount of terror to resonate well after the end credits, or offer an ample quantity of silliness to be declared a cult classic. It's a disastrous notion is to believe both characteristics can be successfully executed in the same production. Someone should have explained that to director **David Towhy** before he moved forward with this unbalanced pseudo thriller. Newlyweds **Cliff (Steve Zahn)** and **Cydney (Milla Jovovich)** are honeymooning on the wilderness trails of Kauai, Hawaii. Yet, after discovering a series of murders and becoming involved in an unpleasant altercation with a trashy local couple, has disrupted their tropical paradise the tourists find companionship and protection in the form of another couple, **Nick (Timothy Olyphant)** and **Gina (Kiele Sanchez)**. For a film that's only 97 minutes long, wasting more than two-thirds of the film on idiotic accusations (especially on a mystery that can be solved almost immediately) and non-stop footage of people hiking is unappealing. The film finally finds its stride in its final scenes where the only action takes place. The tone strays away from seriousness, and the goofy-yet-entertaining gore sprays across the screen, only it's too little too late. Ironically, Zahn's character, a screenwriter, announces his intention to refrain from creating "another big craptastic movie." Whoops. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Cove

Roadside Attractions

In Theaters: 08.07

In the 1960s, **Ric O'Barry** helped create the family-friendly television program *Flipper* by training the program's animals. Forty years later, he's a well-known activist spending every waking minute of his life rescuing captured dolphins. His biggest challenge lies in the remote location of Taiji, Japan, where each year over 23,000 dolphins are horrifically slaughtered in a veiled cove, in which no one has ever been allowed to film...until now. With assistance from every source imaginable, Ric and his covert team risk their lives to reveal the true horrors shrouded in the land of the rising sun. Comparable to last year's heist documentary on artistic expression, *Man on Wire*, director

**Louie Psihoyos'** crucial message can ultimately save lives. Did you know that dolphin meat's mercury levels are considered toxic, and yet it is still secretly sold to the unknowing citizens of Japan? Not only does the abundance of jaw-dropping content make this film a masterpiece, but the oceanic cinematography is some of the most fascinating imagery to reach the screen in ages. Winner of the 2009 *Sundance Film Festival's* Documentary Audience Award, *The Cove* will not only save lives, but will change them as well. —*Jimmy Martin*

## District 9

TriStar

In Theaters: 08.14

Director **Neil Blomkamp** and pro-



ducer **Peter Jackson** have created one of the greatest science fiction action films since the original *Matrix* in 1999. For over 20 years, a massive alien mother ship has remained stagnant over Johannesburg, South Africa as its intergalactic inhabitants, cruelly referred to as "prawns," have been forced to reside in the rustic slum below deemed District 9. As the crime levels surge inside the ghetto and the human outcry becomes increasingly louder, the government agency of alien affairs, MNU (Multi-National United), has decided to relocate the 1.6 million residents into a more restricted facility comparable to a concentration camp. The director of the project, **Wikus van der Merwe (Sharlto Copley)**, willingly executes his duties of handing out eviction notices until a direct encounter with an alien toxin forever changes his view on humanity. Newcomer Copley provides a commanding performance, while the dynamic duo of

**Blomkamp** and **Jackson** prove what excellence can be generated on a smaller budget when the right talent is at the helm. Shot and mixed with a faux documentary style, *District 9* provides an accelerated, guns blazing thrill ride that actually embeds an innovative, sentimental angle on the horrors of South Africa's apartheid. —*Jimmy Martin*

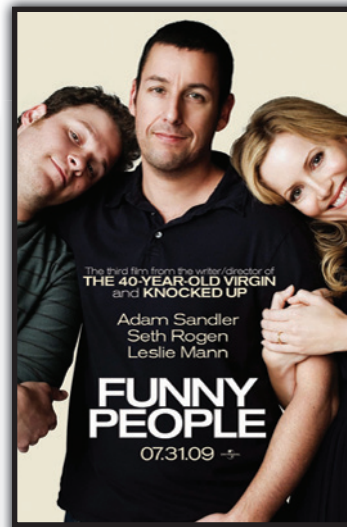
## Funny People

Universal Pictures/Columbia

Pictures

In Theaters: 07.31

**Judd Apatow** and his jester regulars



have taken over the Hollywood comedy scene for the last four years with their riotous, profane humor and uncanny improvisational skills. However, Apatow and friends have attempted to unveil a more constructed set of dramatic layers with this dramedy that questions the various paths toward the pursuit of happiness. Immersed in the world of stand-up comedy, the story focuses on **George Simmons (Adam Sandler)**, a Sandler-esque superstar who discovers he has a rare form of leukemia. Rather than sulking in his million-dollar mansion, George returns to his roots in the Los Angeles comedy club scene where he meets aspiring comedian, **Ira (Seth Rogen)**, and takes the inexperienced hopeful under his wing. This synopsis alone would have made for an engaging narrative, but Apatow chose to continue introducing new characters and dilemmas an hour into this unnecessarily long two-and-a-half hour piece. There are witty jokes and remarkable chemistries throughout the entirety, but the abundant amount

of dull fluff diminishes their overall impact. **Sandler**, who hasn't been this entertaining since *Punch Drunk Love*, is successfully unleashed from his restricted family-approved collar and allowed to wreak comedic havoc as he pinpoints the pros and cons of wealth and fame. The film's greatest downfall is its long-winded approach to storytelling. Comedian **Jerry Seinfeld** always preached the art of exiting on a high-note and leaving the audience craving more. If Apatow had followed this regimen, *Funny People* would be an hour shorter and the majority of audiences wouldn't be parting with such a sour taste in their mouths. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Goods: Live Hard, Sell Hard

Paramount Vantage

In Theaters: 08.14

**Jeremy Piven** sticks a little too close to comfort as he portrays a loud-mouth, pretentious, overconfident car salesman in charge of a group of dollar-thirsty mercenaries hired to salvage a deteriorating dealership on the brink of foreclosure in Temecula, California. Don "The Goods" Ready (Piven) was born to sell cars and set trends (He regrettably launched the Von Dutch hat phenomenon). Everything with Don is go, go, go, but once he lays eyes on the owner's engaged daughter, **Ivy**, the thought of settling down crosses his conceited mind more than once. As the team arms the battlefield with free hot dogs, inflatable gorillas, attractive floor models, and a motto of "Sell the Metal," an explosive Fourth of July weekend war is set for second-rate absurdity. A simpleminded plot for a simpleminded film, *The Goods* is idiotically amusing as it crudely stomps on every politically incorrect racial stereotype, religious sacrilege, and social indecency director **Neal Brennan** could muster into 90 minutes. Piven is undoubtedly upstaged by every member of his wittier entourage including ladies' man, **Jibby Newsome (Ving Rhames)**, and female child predator, **Babs Merrick (Kathryn Hahn)**. To put it briefly, the film is a barrage of vulgar one-liners supporting a meaningless script. —*Jimmy Martin*

## Inglourious Basterds

The Weinstein Company

In Theaters: 08.21

**Quentin Tarantino** confidently strolls through Nazi occupied France with this World War II epic that encompasses endless classic 70s





homages and the director's unmistakable cinematic signature. In 1941, a ragtag group of Jewish-American soldiers (a.k.a. The Basterds), led by Lieutenant Aldo Raine (**Brad Pitt**), are determined to place the fear of death throughout Hitler's entire Third Reich by unleashing an infinite wave of deplorable brutality against every Nazi they can grab. Five words guarantee this viciousness: machine guns to the face. While this is the only storyline the commercials and posters promoted, there is a completely separate yet engaging narrative juxtaposed within the film's content. The alternate tale follows Mélanie Laurent (**Shosanna Dreyfus**), a Jewish orphan who escapes the massacre of her entire family and restarts her life as a theater owner in Paris only to find herself in the enemy's sights yet again. Separated by five individual chapters (converging in the finale), one arch provides the explosions and gunfire while the latter presents a poignant portrait of redemption and revenge. With that said, another film needs to be placed into production immediately focusing solely on The Basterds and their devious activities, because Pitt, who is hysterical as the 100% pure blooded John Wayne American, and crew need nothing but more on-screen time to shine. In every aspect, Tarantino continues to perfect his craft with this impressive cast. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Merry Gentleman

*The Samuel Goldwyn Company*  
In Theaters: 08.21

I'm a sucker for hitman flicks. Anytime I'm reading a synopsis and those six letters slide so perfectly together, "H-I-T-M-A-N", I'm instantly intrigued. For his directorial debut, **Michael Keaton** premiered this tale of vindication and purification at the 2008 Sundance Film Festival. The story begins with Kate (**Kelly Macdonald**) as she escapes from an abusive relationship and starts a new, secluded life in Chicago. Roaming the streets completing death



contracts for profit is Frank (Keaton), a quiet hitman who constantly questions his own self-worth with a pistol under his chin. After inadvertently preventing the proficient killer from another suicidal attempt, a chain of events bring the pair closer together with neither of them knowing about the other's past and neither caring to ask. As their relationship develops, a bump in the road in the form of Chicago police officer Dave Murcheson adds to the tension as he investigates one of Frank's former targets. In all honesty, the love triangle story has been done time and time again, and the professional killer motif does little to expand its reach. If you were to re-edit the film and only keep the scenes where any action is occurring, you'd be left with only an hour. What partially rescues the film are the acting skills of Macdonald and especially Keaton. Known for his outlandish and expressive performances, Keaton centers himself so profoundly around his character and projects a frighteningly calm performance usually unassociated with the gifted actor. —*Jimmy Martin*

## The Middleman: The Complete Series

*Shout! Factory*  
Street: 7.28

Wendy Watson is recruited by The Middleman to combat big giant angry monsters and demons for a top-secret organization. This is like the mutant offspring of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* and *Men in Black* by giving a spunky good looking twenty something the ability to kick butt and take punches without batting an eye, all while making clever jokes and making fun of her boss. This show is clever, but more the kind of clever that appeals to young teenage boys and girls. Clever being constant cliché catch phrases, hip fast-talking loft dwellers who carry guitars and never play them, and *Scarface* quoting gorillas wearing neck gold. This all sounds good and fine, but this **ABC Family** show screams young

adult. Watch it with your cousin over sugary breakfast cereal and you are sure to love it. —*Ben Trentelman*

## Ponyo

*Disney*

In Theaters: 08.14



While **Walt Disney** remains frozen in carbonite underneath the Magic Kingdom at Disney World, another master of animation has surfaced and firmly grasped the reins of the cartoon industry. Since the 1970s,

**Hayao Miyazaki** has directed an onslaught of epic fantastical animated features that appeal to both young and old. His latest creation follows a fish with a human face, Ponyo, as she discovers affection for a young boy, Sosuke, on the mainland. However, her absence from the sea disrupts the balance of Earth and creates catastrophic tsunamis threatening thousands of lives. Her only hope to forever remain with her love is to completely transform into a human, even at the explicit disapproval of her father who despises humans for their careless treatment of the oceans. Miyazaki has captured the purest form of childhood innocence with these endearing characters who glide through life, only acknowledging the brighter side. The animation, as it always is with Miyazaki's films, is absolutely stunning with endless variations of sea creatures swimming across the screen in vibrant colors. The simplistic storyline is similar to *The Little Mermaid*, but that added dose of superb mythology is what allows it to stand apart. Not as intricate or profound as his other projects, *Ponyo* is a welcoming party for the next generation of Miyazaki fans and a reminder for veterans of why they're still supporting his legacy. —*Jimmy Martin*

## YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

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## The Spectacular Spider-Man: Season One

*Sony Pictures*  
Street: 07.28



Whenever an adaptation of a comic book legend is brought to life, whether on the big screen or small, there's always a wave of overly concerned fans nipping at the heels of its creators demanding authenticity

to the source material. I can only imagine the flack developers **Victor Cook** and **Greg Weisman** received once they announced their intentions to create an animated series following Peter Parker/Spider-Man during his early high school years. In a similar fashion to Superman's *Smallville*, *The Spectacular Spider-Man* documents its central character in a pivotal period of discovering his powers and maturing into a young adult faced with responsibilities both in his public and private lives. The animation is well-crafted and stylized, while the action sequences are far superior to any other Spider-Man adaptation. Cook and Weisman don't underplay their audience by releasing a kid-friendly version of the iconic superhero that adults can't enjoy. The key to the series' success is that anyone can enjoy its content both young and old, and comic aficionados can rest easy as the treatment of Marvel's memorable villains such as Lizard, Electro, Black Cat, Doctor Octopus, and Green Goblin have been handled with the greatest of care. —*Jimmy Martin*



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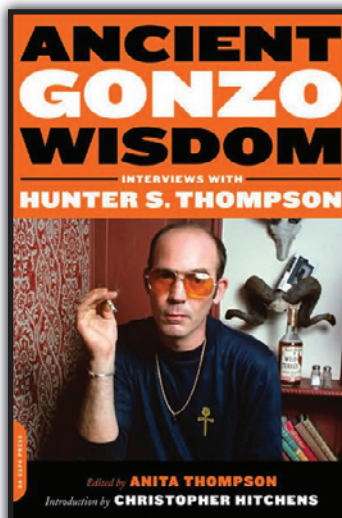
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# BOOKS ALoud

## Ancient Gonzo Wisdom: Interviews with Hunter S. Thompson

Edited by Anita Thompson  
Da Capo Press  
Street: 07.15



I'll be the first to admit that I'm a Hunter S. Thompson fan boy. I own every book he ever wrote (and I've read some of them multiple times) and know tons of pointless trivia gleaned from the tomes that have been released since he offed himself in 2005. Despite my somewhat unhealthy obsession with this author, I just couldn't get interested in this collection of interviews. I'd pick it up, read a few pages and ultimately find myself putting it down to revisit *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* or *Hell's Angels*. Ultimately, this collection feels like a repetition of *Gonzo* (both the film and the novel) and *The Gonzo Tapes*. I think its time the world collectively stopped beating this dead horse. —Jeanette Moses

## I Lick My Cheese and Other Real Notes From the Roommate Frontlines

Oonagh O'Hagan  
Abrams Image  
Street: 4.09

"I'm sorry I had to put my pee in the fridge. I sealed it in a plastic bag, then this box, then taped it shut. —E" If you have ever had a roommate or lived with anyone, you have probably had the pleasure of playing a part in the exchange of polite, nasty, rude,

and passive aggressive, angst ridden, or frustrated notes with the people you have the pleasure of living with. O'Hagan has collected a number of these communications into this book and given the reader a very intimate peek into the lives of hundreds of co-habitants. O'Hagan comments briefly on all letters by explaining some of the circumstances surrounding notes and also offering humorous interpretations. The notes are broken up into four different categories: "I pay the rent. What do you do?" "You Stink Like a Big Fat Stinker." "I Lick My Cheese." and "Why is My Bed Damp?" so there should be a little something in here for any roommate scenarios you may have encountered in your own life. I would recommend this book to ambitious youngsters setting out to endure "not-completely-optional co-habitation" for the first time. It may also be useful in dealing with that roommate who can't figure out "Ashtray next to the bath — you can tell which is which by the size. Signed X (The one who uses the bath)" —Ben Trentelman

## Precious Metal: Decibel Magazine Presents the Stories Behind 25 Extreme Metal Masterpieces Albert Mudrian (editor) Da Capo Press Street: 7.13

Running the gamut of styles from high-pitched arena rock bands (**Black Sabbath** and **Diamond Head**) to the depths of death metal (**Cannibal Corpse** and **Repulsion**) to the stony grooves of the south (**Eyehategod** and **Down**) to late-'90s hardcore harbingers (**Botch** and **Converge**), *Decibel Magazine* has compiled the stories of some masterful albums from the mouths of the artists who made them. These tales of hyper-inflated egos, band tragedies and bad luck amount to member changes and breakups (**Kyuss**, **Dillinger Escape Plan** and **At The Gates**), while only one is still intact with the same lineup (**Slayer**). Almost completely in chronological order, the stories weave through the trends of heavy music with subtlety and nuance. Most of the stories reference other bands and influential albums that made the book. *Precious Metal* is required reading for any fan of heavy music (and any other genre, for that matter) who aspires to make an album for the ages. —Nick Parker

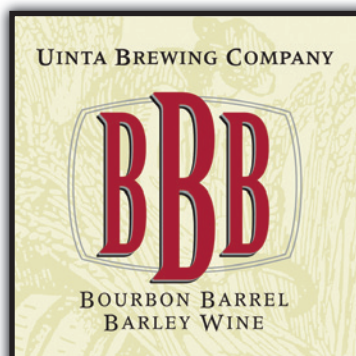


# BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell  
tyler@slugmag.com

I have not had a chub for beer like this since they said **The Rêve** was coming back. Why am I so giddy, you ask? Well, that's simple—the craft beer scene in Utah has hit an all-time high in my book. We are seeing the release of new styles of beer that years ago were just a dream in a Utah brewer's recipe book. If you have not seen the recent explosion of styles, I recommend setting down that Natty and getting your ass out to the SLC scene and drinking beer that doesn't taste like refined piss. With the easing of statutes regarding beer distribution from the Reich of the DABC, brewers are resting somewhat easier when it comes to the sale of "high point" beer. Here is a lineup of some kick-ass styles new to SLC.

**"BBB" Bourbon Barrel  
Barley Wine**  
**Brewer/Brand: Uinta Brewing  
Company**  
Abv: 11.4%  
Price: \$12.99  
Size: 22-oz. Bomber



**Description:** Out of the wax-dipped seal, the "BBB" pours a rich amber color and pitches off a beautiful dense head that sticks around. The aromatics are straightforward, with balanced breadly malts, heavy amounts of bourbon, a kiss of oak, and some more bourbon. The taste is strongly influenced by the bourbon, but still is able to mask the alcohol of the beer and provide you with some richly complex malt character.

**Overview:** This flew off the shelf so damn fast it was hard to even snag a bottle. So if you catch word that someone may have this in their cellar, do almost anything to get your hands on a bottle. While I would normally say to keep this to age for a while,

the folks at Uinta say drink now, as it is already aged two years.

**Desert Select Black Imperial IPA**  
**Brewer/Brand: Moab Brewing  
Company**  
Abv: 8.59%  
Price: \$14.99  
Size: 1 Liter Bottle

**Description:** Out of a massive flip-top, the BIIPA pours a deep brown-black color with a medium-sized off-white head. The aroma is a wonderful coupling of roasted malts, a touch of bread, and of course, a definite presence of piney, grapefruit-y, grassy American hops. It hits your palate with a nice spike of pine and then works its way to all the outers of your mouth with roast and a soothing malt character, leaving you dry, bitter and wanting more.

**Overview:** The Black IPA has been something that I have been seeing a lot of in the craft industry lately, but you have to hand it to brewmaster **Jeff Van Horn** for taking this style above and beyond. Once again, this is another really rare bottle that will be rough to get your hands on (mainly because it is only sold in Moab).

**Hop Rising Double IPA**  
**Brewer/Brand: Utah Brewers  
Cooperative/Squatters Label**  
Abv: 9.2%  
Price: \$1.39  
Size: 12-oz. bottle



**Description:** This new release pours out a deep murky orange, just a couple shades darker than their standard IPA, and has an off-white head that leaves some wicked stick all around your pint. A couple of huffs of this and you are pretty much smelling hops for the rest of the night. The hops are a rich, American-backed character with some notes of pine, citrus, and grapefruit. The taste does not steer too far from the aroma. All of the aromas are packed into the flavor and it coats your mouth with a nice, oily hop resin.

**Overview:** Short of feeling the enamel peel off my teeth, I will say that this is spot-on for what I like to see in a double IPA. The balance of hop resins mixed with a medium caramel malt backing makes this quite a killer brew. Not to mention, this bottle really does come together with brewer **Jason Stock** on the label with a **Michael Landon**-like sex appeal.

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# LOCAL CD

## Eagle Twin

*The Unkindness of Crows*  
Southern Lord

Street: 07.21

Eagle Twin = The Iceburn Collective + Ascend + Sunn O)))



Salt Lake City's own Eagle Twin have (finally) released an album that is sure to wind up on many top 10 lists at the end of this year. The band's debut full length, recorded in Seattle by Southern Lord's "go-to guy" **Randall Dunn**, simply oozes heaviness. From beginning to end, the record sets a new standard for doom/drone metal, featuring guitar tones that must be heard to be believed and plodding, thunderous drums that will doubtless have little trouble shredding even the most high-end speaker systems. The musicianship, excellent riffs and arrangements, and plain ol' eardrum-busting volume on *The Unkindness of Crows* ensures that this release stands head-and-shoulders above most other bands in the genre. —Gavin Hoffman

## Fictionist

*Invisible Hand*  
Red Owl Records

Street: 01.09

Fictionist = The Mamas & The Papas + The Byrds

Fictionist, formerly under the guise Good Morning Maxfield, is a jazzy little throwback to the 60s, complete with candy-pop keyboards and glockenspiel. With so many pop bands churning out albums that sound like everything else you'll hear being played on every other station, this group is really a breath of fresh air. The songs are bright and upbeat, sounding more like they walked right out of the 60s folk-rock movement and somehow managed to land here. This is a great release here and definitely worth picking up for any of you hiding go-go boots or leather-fringe vests in your closets. —Kat Kellermeyer

## Jahnre

*Jahnre*  
Independent

Street: 09.08

Jahnre = Jack Johnson + Sublime + Mr. Marley



Oh, the smooth, sultry sounds of Jahnre. They soothe the soul and make one think of far-off tropical landscapes and nothing but BTM (big-titty mermaid)s for miles. As much as I feel like the whole no-worries, punk-reggae beach music has run its course, it's still hard to deny the laid-back attitude of the music. Part of me secretly admires the kind of people that can sit and write songs about just hanging and having good times, because the majority of the time when you meet these people in real life they usually are as laid back as their jams. So if one day I ever meet the dudes in Jahnre, they better be all chill and not uptight, or I won't dig their music anymore. —Jon Robertson

## Lord Mandrake

*The Best Of All Possible Worlds*  
Self-Released

Street: 07.07

Lord Mandrake = Mushman + Evangelicals



*The Best of All Possible Worlds* proves that Lord Mandrake is both talented and interesting, but the album's overall execution leaves something to be desired. Spooky delayed guitars and reverb vocals lazily flow over each song and each track blends nicely into the next, but the

songs all sound too similar and nothing really grabs your attention. Lord Mandrake tries to switch things up on a few songs (a scream that could be bigger at the end of "Se Me Subio el Muerto" and tricky, time-changing vocals on "Radioshonde"), but none of it is enough to give the songs the edge they need. I want to like Lord Mandrake (especially because *The Best of All Possible Worlds* comes in awesome screen-printed packaging), but I just can't find anything to hold onto. —Jessica Davis

## Michael Gross and The Statuettes

*Dust and Daylight*

Self-released

Street: 05.31

Michael Gross and The Statuettes = Tom Petty + The Wallflowers + Remy Zero



Immediately upon listening to *Dust and Daylight*, I feel like I have been sucked into an old creepy bordello, drunk on some gnarly booze and cavorting around with ol' busted-ass skeezers trying to get me to spend my time and money on them. All the while, Michael Gross and The Statuettes are playing in the background trying to inspire me to get down with my situation, but I am refusing to buy into it. Michael and the band keep trying to play me into submission with their mashup impersonation of **Gin Blossoms** and **Dada**, but it just never works, and eventually I come to my senses and get on with my bad self. All and all, I would say that Michael and The Statuettes music has a strange yet somehow comforting quality to it. —Jon Robertson

## Monarch

*How I Tried EP*

Self Released

Street: 08.14

Monarch = Disturbed – the nu-metal crap + Soundgarden + Staind

Salt Lake City's Monarch have offered up a fairly somber modern post-grunge EP with five tracks



running a little over a half an hour. That's a good number of new tunes for an EP. There are moments on the EP when vocalist **Aaron Pulsipher** sounds like a dead ringer for the singer of Disturbed. Fortunately for him they're just moments, and Pulsipher showcases a broader vocal range that is a great vehicle for darkened mid-tempo tracks. The keyboard/choir type elements of the EP are refreshing, although no member is credited with them. With the first couple listens, I found myself wanting the band to move out of second gear and up the angst. After that initial period, I changed my mind and enjoyed the melodies. Songs can run together at times and feel a tad redundant, though for what the band is purveying, it has more appeal than most of the tripe you can currently hear on the radio. —Bryer Wharton

## nonnon

*The Entitlement Generation*  
Automation Records

Street: 09.01

Nonnon = The Crystal Method – Lyrics + Lootpack



The first reason this release was led into my hands was the fact that it is a cassette ape/ digital release,



# REVIEWS

and seeing how myself keeps it old school with a tape deck in the car, it was only obvious to check it out. The dark-sounding instrumental uproar *The Entitlement Generation* exudes is a force to be reckoned with. One might say it's a paranoia-induced masterpiece that leads to rhythms unknown to most human ears, while keeping them wanting more with the Egyptian hip hop, kick and snare. nonnon's musical pandemonium brings about an ancient feeling and I can only imagine it would feel how King Tut must have felt while watching the madness of his people unfold before his eyes. **Dave Madden** has come back with some fiercely extraordinary beats and completely original sounds. This is the record of the year for anyone who loves to get lost in the static clamor of daily life. —Jonathan Livingston

## OK Ikumi

*Nano*  
Self-Released  
Street: 05.09  
OK Ikumi = Classic Nintendo  
This is the second release of OK Ikumi's mini CD series. *Nano*, created using a Game Boy and a program called Nanoloop, sounds amazing. Just close your eyes and hop into any Nintendo video game (preferably ones from the Classic Nintendo that you had to blow on the games and hope to magic the game started). They captured the hopping sound as you land on a Goomba, distorted shooting fireballs, space travel, and kachinking through a line of coins. Don't forget the fire level, and spooky dungeons with pits of death. Then it all comes to an end with a switch to Doctor Mario's pile of blocks overloading. I love it. —Jessica Davis

## Ravings of a Madman

Self-titled  
Self Released  
Street: 07.09  
Ravings of a Madman = Anthrax (post *Persistence of Time*) + Deftones (*Adrenaline era*)  
Yes, it's true I suffer from white man's syndrome: I have absolutely no rhythm. That's what makes critiquing any musicians' work difficult. If I attempted an instrument I'd fail horribly. All that said, Ravings of a Madman's self-titled album doesn't suck or anything, but with any band there is room for improvement. For ROAM it lies mainly in the songwriting. They have unique bouncy-style thrash metal playing about them and yeah, there are some leanings of old

nu-metal bands, but no rapping or any of that painful stuff. The album has that garage-band quality to it in its production. Everything's clear, but it could use a bit of thickening on the guitar and bass. The album is only 33 and a half minutes, but it feels much longer, which for my opinion means the songs run too similar and get a bit dull after repeated listens. Negative thoughts aside, the record has a great live sounding quality. Hell, I'm a picky cynical bastard and I'd check the band out live. —Bryer Wharton

## UNCLE SCAM And The Current Administration

Self-titled  
Self-released  
Street: 05.01  
UNCLE SCAM = Every shitty bar band you've ever heard  
I was once speaking to some people about local music when guitarist Raffi Shahinian politely interrupted and said he was in a band. That band happened to be Uncle Scam. Shahinian described his band as sounding somewhat like **System of a Down**. Not to steal any of his thunder, but I don't think that guy has ever actually heard SOAD. Uncle Scam is that band playing at a bar that is just overly loud white noise that gets in the way of your drunken evening. Their three-song recording sounds pretty decent and has a good mix, but the guitar tones are overfilled with lame effects that don't progress the songs at all. The guys are all tight musicians, but their songs are uninspiring and unoriginal. Hopefully, they have fun playing in this band at local bars, because that's all they're ever going to do with these subpar rock tunes. (*Club Vegas*: 09.17) —Nick Parker

## Up.River

Self-Titled  
Old News Records  
Street:  
Up.River = Clear + The Acacia Strain + Terror  
Apparently, Old News Records has been started in order to either release or re-release recordings, primarily from Salt Lake-based hardcore bands, that were either initially released in small quantities, or never released at all. Not a bad idea. Up.River's self-titled album, although not necessarily my cup of tea, is certainly deserving of a listen, even if it's nothing very original. It's still too new to sound dated, having been recorded in 2005, but it's also, for the most part, pretty standard Salt Lake

City metalcore. The lads know how to write a song for sure, and they keep it interesting throughout by adding time changes and better-than-average slow bits. But in the end, this release isn't something that I can envision myself listening to at any point down the road. By all means, check it out and support the idea behind Old News Records, but don't expect anything groundbreaking. —Gavin Hoffman

## The Vibrant Sound Downtown



Northplatte Records  
Street: 06.27  
The Vibrant Sound = Minus The Bear + Shwayze + Citizen King  
The Vibrant Sound has some seriously cool jazzy tunes. This four-piece band knows how to lay down the creamy sounds. Then, when the band comes in with their falsetto background vocals, it fits the music like they were born to bone for eternity. The only part I am not totally into is the lead vocals, or should I call them rhymes? I feel like the music is so cool and pimp that it could do away with the hip-hop frontin'. However, the music is so legit that it almost makes up for the shortcomings of the lead vocals to the point where I almost kind of like them. So keep pressing on with the shnazzy sounds and hopefully people will let the rapping on grow on them. —Jon Robertson

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# CD

# Reviews

## 16 Horsepower

*Secret South (Re-Issue)*  
Alternative Tentacles

Street: 07.28

16 Horsepower = Nick Cave + Devil  
Makes 3 + Gun Club

If this is something you haven't heard before, you need to. This Denver band has captured the music of southern hill folk and propelled it to a new level by giving it dark and moody overtones. *Secret South* has been previously hard to find, so this re-release on Alternative Tentacles is great news for the band's fanbase. The somber folk standard "Wayfaring Stranger" is stark and grey in its presentation here, but keeps the original spirit of the song, and the rough Appalachian edge of "Praying Arm Lane" stands out as the best example of what 16 Horsepower is able to achieve. It's so tempting to call this "folk music with an attitude" or to give it some other stupid one-liner, but this music is so much more than that. The dark, earthy, moody 16 Horsepower will take you down a long shadowy road of American folk music. —James Orme

## Ahab

*The Divinity of Oceans*

Napalm Records

Street: 09.22

Ahab = Nortt + Solitude Aeternus +  
Herman Melville



"Funeral Nautic Doom Metal," thy name is Ahab. Now, I'm no stranger to strange meldings of genres in order for bands to make themselves sound cooler, what with the recent emo-crustcore-electronica-powerviolence thing going on, but Ahab is the only band I can think of that uses the word "nautic" as a descriptor of their band. Sure, this is above-average funeral doom, but I somehow highly doubt it was recorded in the middle of the ocean on a whaling ship. If it was, you'd think the guys would have incorporated the crew's shouts and the sound of harpoon guns being fired into the album somehow. Call

me Ishmael. I am a fan of this here record. —Gavin Hoffman

## Alvin Band

*Mantis Preying*  
Intelligent Noise

Street: 09.22

Alvin Band = Bjork's Medúlla + Beach  
Boys + Animal Collective

Alvin Band is a one-man band composed of **Miniature Tigers** drummer **Rick Alvin Shaier**. Remember when **Bjork** released her vocal composition *Medúlla* back in 2005? Well, Rick has taken a similar approach on his solo debut album, *Mantis Preying*, and has created every aspect of a band—bass, percussion and harmony—using nothing but his mouth. This album is like the Beach Boys harmonies being smashed together with some Timbalandish beats, packaged with catchy slurs and burps, which are very obvious on "Ate." Highlights include "Cyberspace 2008," full of heavy breathing and all of the ooooo and ahs you could ask for, and the brilliant tribute to **Andrew Lloyd Webber**, gathering up melodies and elements from *The Phantom of the Opera* on "Mystery of the Yellow Room." *Mantis Preying* isn't just a vocal album; it's a composition trying to reinvent pop music. —Courtney Blair

## Ancestors

*Of Sound Mind*

Tee Pee Records

Street: 10.06

Ancestors = Iota + Neurosis + Far-  
flung + Witch

Ancestors were well under my radar before I received this album to review, but boy, am I glad I did. These gentlemen have a nice heavy stoner-rock style, but most of their music is tuned low enough to be paired with various doom-metal acts. There's an organ-heavy 1970s vibe here which is appealing, and the band pulls it off effectively with use of long, vocal-less jam sessions and interesting sections of ambient noise. The highlight of the album for me is the drumming, which doesn't just keep the beat but instead drives each song forward from one progression to the next. Each fill and cymbal hit sound like they were all placed with a very specific and planned purpose. Even though much of the album feels like something straight from the dirty 70s, there are some nice moments that remind me of Neurosis' recent material as well. Take heed. —Conor Dow

## As Tall as Lions

*You Can't Take It with You*

Triple Crown

Street: 09.15

As Tall as Lions = Blue Merle + U2 +  
Silverchair (circa *Diorama*)



I think now that **Dredg** has become poppy douchers and lost the majority of their legitimacy, many bands are following suite and realizing how easy they can make up-tempo psychedelic pop. As Tall as Lions is no exception from this trend. While this isn't an entirely bad thing, I always listen to music like this and just wish that some of the light-hearted, fast-paced action would go away. While I feel like there are some extremely interesting elements on *You Can't Take It with You*, I also feel the band is trying to be way too big and anthemic for their own good. It's too bad, because there is some serious talent being put to waste here. I promised myself I wouldn't cry. —Jon Robertson

## Behemoth

*Evangelion*

Metal Blade

Street: 08.11

Behemoth = Vader + Nile + Melech-  
esh + Immortal



The pummeling brutal death metal with tinges of black metal that Behemoth is now known for is in full force on *Evangelion*. Statements that band frontman **Nergal** made long ago about him wanting the band to be known than more than just a Polish death-metal band rings truest with this new offering. Whereas the

last few records left a big emphasis on groove-styled death-metal force, *Evangelion* ups the black-metal ante and offers up a giant Sumerian/Middle Eastern sound. Plenty of the blasting chaotic moments are here, but there is an overall just epic feeling to the album and it doesn't get tiresome—repeated spins will have listeners finding more and more within the songs. I didn't really think Behemoth was going to top their *Demigod* album, but *Evangelion*'s evil and glorious lead guitars with a huge and diverse assault of songs is something that fans will be digging for years to come. —Bryer Wharton

## Bloody Panda

*Summon*

Profound Lore Records

Street: 08.11

Bloody Panda = Khanate + Khlyst +  
Monarch

Sometimes I wonder about sludge/doom bands. I mean, really, how many more three-beat-per-minute bands can actually form and expect to release music that anyone outside of their little social circle would want to hear? Thankfully, Bloody Panda have thus far been smart enough to stay on the outer-rim of stereotypical sludge/doom. Sure, the detuned guitars and plodding drums are a major factor on *Summon*, but there are hints of industrial, noise, and classical strewn throughout. These elements, combined with Yoshiko Ohara's gorgeous vocals, help *Summon* stand out amongst a sea of bogged-down (bonged down?) bands with no real idea of how to use music to set a mood. —Gavin Hoffman

## Bone Gnawer

*Feast of Flesh*

Pulverised Records

Street: 09.01

Bone Gnawer = Vomitory + Denial  
Fiend + Malevolent Creation



Bone Gnawer is definitely as advertised, a death metal band blending



the great styles of brutal Swedish death metal and Florida-styled death metal. That said, in the instance of *Feast of Flesh*, I'm actually going to complain that the solid production value of the record actually makes the album suffer a bit because this combination of styles sound more like the latest era of the aforementioned styles instead of the early 90s sounds. There are some truly killer groove-based riffs on *Feast of Flesh* and the lineup is a solid one made up of members that have plenty of band credits to their name. But I see Bone Gnawer ending up as just another of their credits and not as a longstanding band. Everything on the album is done well, yet it still lacks a catchiness or raw vibe that makes you want to revisit the album. In a sense, it's too clean and almost forced-sounding. *Feast of Flesh* isn't a bad album, it just doesn't quite meet the highly demanding standards of brutal death metal. —Bryer Wharton

## Brian Bonz and the Dot Hongs

*From Sumi to Japan*  
Triple Crown  
Street: 08.14

Brian Bonz and the Dot Hongs = Kevin Devine + The Matthew Good Band



The best word I could use to describe **Brian Bonz's** debut is probably "lovely." **Brian Bonz** sings folksy, soft-spoken indie pop, the kind of music that's ideal to listen to on lazy summer afternoons. It's loaded with bright jangly acoustic guitar and Bonz's earnest crooning vocals, with his band adding depth through instrumentation. Each track is as pretty as the next, but even so, there's plenty of variety. Bonz is a gifted songwriter, and most of the songs stand strong on their own. There are hints of intensity that I hope Bonz might explore in future albums, since "quiet," "calm" and "lovely" do get old after a while. While *From Sumi to Japan* is easy to listen to, it's definitely more than "easy listening" in the elevator-music sense. —Cléa Major

## Chuck Ragan

*Gold Country*  
SideOneDummy  
Street: 09.01

Chuck Ragan = Rumbleseat + Austin (68) SaltLakeUnderGround

## Lucas + Two Cow Garage

Chuck Ragan will likely never be able to escape the "ex-**Hot Water Music**" tag, but *Gold Country* finds the gruff-voiced, flannel-clad, bear-killing everyman at his most comfortable as a solo performer. *Gold Country* strikes an interesting balance in Ragan's personal style, as it is more firmly rooted in country than earlier solo efforts, but is delivered with the intensity and urgency he displayed in HWM. "Glory" is a great example: The arrangement is sparse but full, with fiddles at the forefront, but Ragan sounds as though he might let loose with a full-volume scream at any second. "The Trench" finds Ragan & Co. making use of electric instrumentation, "10 West" takes the "hooh! hahs!" straight from **Against Me!**'s "Anarcho Punks" and "Good Enough for Rock and Roll" sounds like it could've been a **Creedence Clearwater Revival** song. Chuck Ragan is the real deal, and he just keeps getting better and better. —Ricky Vigil

## Dethklok

*Dethalbum II*  
Williams Street  
Street: 09.08  
Dethklok = The most metal fucking thing ever



This album makes Slayer look like Abba. This album makes Iron Maiden look like a bunch of Care Bears fucking in a puddle of rainbows. Seriously, imagine this: You pop this CD in your Civic or whatever shit-ride of a car you have at the time and all of a sudden, Jack Daniels falls into your back seat and stabs you with a piece of fucking beef jerky. Imagine the Great Salt Lake starting on fire and spewing midgets and strippers like a motherfucking goddamn volcano of fucking metal. Seriously, you little shit-squeaks: This. Album. Is. Fucking. Metal. Maybe, nay, *definitely* the most metal thing to ever grace this pathetic excuse for a planet. This album is Halliburton metal, motherfuckersticks. This album is mermaid-killing metal. Fuck, they even have a song about that shit. —Ross Solomon

## Ensiferum

*From Afar*  
Spinefarm Records  
Street: 09.09

## Ensiferum = Turisas + Moonsorrow + Equilibrium + Wintersun

Here's a theory: The gentlemen of Ensiferum heard Equilibrium's album *Sagas*, which was released this time last year, and like many others, including myself, later spent some time pulling their jaws off of the ground. It is rare that I get to say this about a band's new material, but I am without a doubt convinced that this is Ensiferum's best work yet in just about every way. Most notably, the keyboards and backing vocals contribute so much more, and the song lengths are more adventurous than most of their previous work. I truly didn't know what next to expect from Ensiferum, but this is as wonderful as I would have hoped it to be. If you want some new, epic and triumphant metal that steers away from the cheese, look no further. This is a perfect album to climb summits to, and once again, metal from Finland shows its undying quality. —Conor Dow

## Frank Turner

*Poetry of the Deed*

Epitaph

Street: 09.08

Frank Turner = Billy Bragg + Ninja Gun + The Loved Ones

Unlike most punk frontmen who decide to strike out on their own, Frank Turner has a rare advantage: Few US residents know of his former band, **Million Dead**, and have nothing to compare against his solo stuff. Despite this, Turner has made a name for himself over the past few years as a solo performer, and thankfully, Epitaph noticed and provided Turner with the resources to make a great album. If you're tired of punk-rock types taking cues from **Bruce Springsteen**, there's nothing for you here, but if you ever wondered what the bastard son of The Boss and Billy Bragg might sound like, "Live Fast, Die Old" and "Poetry of the Deed" may hold the answer for you. "Sons of Liberty" has an interesting Irish folk feel to it, and "The Road" finds Turner moving beyond his influences and establishing his own style. The album drags on a bit at the end, but there's still a lot to like about *Poetry of the Deed*. —Ricky Vigil

## Gwar

*Lust in Space*

Metal Blade

Street: 08.18

*Lust in Space* = *Scumdogs of the Universe* + *Beyond Hell* + outer space

Yep, Gwar has been around for 25 years: That's 25 years of fantastic records and glorious blood-soaked, mayhem-filled concerts. Some may say that Gwar only records albums to give them a reason to tour, which sadly, probably is somewhat true. There's no question the band makes more cash touring than they do selling albums, which is a shame, because Gwar is still musically relevant

and just as metal as ever. What better way to mark their return to Metal Blade than the balls-out metallic shred-fest that is *Lust in Space*? The album retains that spirit of the fantastic and classic *Scumdogs* album, while mixing it up with their modern styles, mainly in the realm of their last record, *Beyond Hell*. Take *Beyond Hell*, multiply its worth by 10 and you have *Lust in Space*. It is hands-down the best Gwar record in quite a long time. Where past albums have been hit-or-miss or contained only a few good tracks, this thrashing, punk rock-tinged record has nary a bad track. —Bryer Wharton

## Horisont

*Två Sidor Av Horisonten*

Crusher Records

Street: 09.25

Horisont = Ace Frehley + Flamin' Groovies + Hawkwind



Unlike their futuristic disco countrymen **ABBA**, **Horisont** (Swedish for horizon), take us 30 years back and scrimshaw up some retro boogie rock. You could slip this album into any Woodstock-boasting Baby Boomer's collection and they wouldn't realize that it's new rock, 'cept when they realize a few songs are in the band's native tongue and freak out about those no good "peaceniks." It's unpretentious and refreshing compared to the enormous amount of soft-cock drivell record labels are churning out to the listless teen cutters. —Cinnamon Brown

## Imelda May

*Love Tattoo*

Verve

Street 08.11

Imelda May = Amy Winehouse + Eartha Kitt + rockabilly swing

When it comes to picking music, the British usually get it wrong. A few recent examples of this would be **Amy Winehouse** and the **Arctic Monkeys**—both colossal buckets of shit. But sometimes our friends across the pond end up championing music that would otherwise go unnoticed (see: the northern soul movement, **Gene Vincent**, etc.). Such is the case of Dublin-born and big-in-England Imelda May. Where rockabilly, swing music and the blues go hand-in-hand, the addition of a boogie-woogie piano really



transforms this disc into something that had to get its start overseas. I really wanted to hate it. I wanted the country-swing sound to clash horribly with the gravel-y Eartha Kitt-sounding voice, but it actually paired well together. The players on this one have the rockabilly thing down pat, and this, coupled with the simple, live-sounding recording ends up being a rather listenable record. It still isn't my thing, but if you've been looking for a songstress that sounds like a rattled **Billie Holiday** fronting a band full of dudes with pompadours and chain wallets, then this is for you. —James Bennett

## Infernal Stronghold

*Godless Noise*  
KVN Records

Street: 07.19

Infernal Stronghold = Discharge + Angelcorpse + Amebix



Whoa. Now *this* is what I'm talking about! Infernal Stronghold have released an album that melds the best elements of thrash metal, black metal and crust punk, and does it in a way that absolutely crushes skulls. Blasty drumming, hummingbird guitars, and droning bass flow seamlessly from hair-twirling, headbanging thrash into all-out-war circle-pitting crust an-thems, and do so convincingly. The stagnating retro-thrash movement and overplayed, overhyped black metal hordes need to take notice of this band. While they'll never be on the "new release" or "best seller" walls at your favorite CD shops, this is a band that has the means to blow up in underground metal circles, and blow up big. —Gavin Hoffman

## Jay Reatard

*Watch Me Fall*  
Matador Records

Street: 08.18

Jay Reatard = Lost Sounds + No-

bunny + Box Elders

Jay Reatard's style of dirty, simplistic, loud garage-punk has been getting a lot of attention lately, and Watch Me Fall proves he deserves all of it. The album starts off with a ton of energy on "It Ain't Gonna Save Me" and Reatard doesn't let up through all 32 minutes of Watch Me Fall. Like **The Cramps**, Reatard's songs are witty and have a seemingly evil essence,

but the catchy lyrics and upbeat riffs keep it far from scary. Buzzsaw guitars, fuzzy bass, heavy drums and Reatard's demented vocals are sure to keep anybody moving, and slower songs like "My Reality" help to keep the album from getting repetitive. I'm going to be humming this for weeks. —Jessica Davis

## Joakim

*Milky Ways*

IK7

Street: 09.15

Joakim = Alex Moulton + LCD Sound-system + Simian Mobile Disco



In the twilight of the short-lived indie dance movement, there are bound to be hundreds of albums released that are reaching out to what will be the next big thing. Joakim's album, *Milky Way*, is a pastiche of psychedelic rock, New York dance, disco and new wave and falls victim to an identity crisis. Every track is deceptive because while they are completely enjoyable, the instrument combinations and melody lines are nothing but a conglomeration of current über-trendy bands. Joakim didn't take the concept of experimental disco dance music far enough, and it makes for a frustrating listen because of what could have been. All of the hooks are there, but it is possible that there are no more fish to be caught. —Andrew Glassett

## Kittie

*In the Black*

E1 Music

Street: 9.15

Kittie = Sepultura + a less-technical Arch Enemy + Arsenic Addiction

What angsty metal kid doesn't remember when Kittie blew onto the scene with 2000's *Spit*? Here we are nine years later, and the gothic Canuck chicks have a new album. Instead of blowing onto the scene with *Into the Black*, they just blow. Sure, the Lander sisters are older and musically more mature, but the raw feel of *Spit* is what made the girly metallers into something special. The new album attempts to ride the waves of modern metal, but the slow guitar sweeping on "Sorrow I Know" and faux groove in "Cut Throat" are regressive and completely forgettable. Since they're signed to a major label, the album has obligatory

sing-songy choruses that serve only as placeholders between chunky, road-to-nowhere riffs—much like the shitty guitar solos. The first half of "The Truth" is the only worthwhile spot on the disc with some bluesy groove, but three minutes out of 30+ isn't worth the price of admission. Go check out locals Arsenic Addiction if you're into the dark female vocal metal—they do it better than post-*Spit* Kittie. —Nick Parker

## La Coka Nostra

*A Brand You Can Trust*  
Suburban Noize

Street: 09.15

La Coka Nostra = Linkin Park + DMX + Cypress Hill + Wu Tang + Tech N9ne

La Coka Nostra is a super group of sorts. At least, if you consider the members of **House of Pain** super. That's right, **DJ Lethal**, **Everlast** and **Danny Boy** are back together again. I bet you never thought the day would ever come and you probably just had an excited eruption run throughout your entire body. So LCN is basically the same as HoP, but they have added a few other MCs that no one should give a shit about and they changed their sound to rap n' roll, whatever that is supposed to mean. The tracks that are produced by DJ Lethal, while buried by overly aggressive misogynistic lyrics, are creepy and cool, reminiscent of Wu-Tang's first album. The most ridiculous song title from the album is "Fuck Tony Montana"—the most ridiculous lyrics are "I'm an American/I need a blowjob and a pizza." WTF!! How can someone seriously use that phrase as a chorus to a song? Basically, picture **The Transplants**, but more insecure. Maybe instead of having a theme song for a shampoo, LCN can have a theme song for the newest ED treatment. —Jon Robertson

## Lord Newborn and the Magic Skulls

*Self-Titled*

Ubiquity

Street: 09.08

Lord Newborn = Phish + DJ Shadow



Lord Newborn is founded on the music that was taking the world by storm during the 1970s. The drug culture as we knew it was outland-

ish, experimental and euphoric. Lord Newborn is a product of the 70s, but has mastered the ability to combine genres of today, concocting a web of soulful electronic bounty for all to enjoy. Funky breakbeats are sampled, entangled with crispy keyboard melodies and guitar rhythms to set your brain into a hippie jamfest. A great change of pace for me, I was delighted and intrigued by the composition and saturation that is delivered with this album. Take a funky ride with Lord Newborn and the Magic Skulls. Drugs not included. —Jrapp

## Man the Helm/The Counterlife

*Split 7"*

Not Backbone

Street: Out Now

MtH/TCL = Quicksand + These Arms Are Snakes + Arkansas

Arkansas. What a fucking useless state. Hillbillies and moonshine may have ceded their place to hipsters and meth dependency as of late, but the Ozarks are still the Ozarks—overgrown, creepy and far from anything worthwhile. Thank God **Bill Clinton** had the sense to trade the governor's mansion in Little Rock for the big house in DC before he had to listen to this steaming platter of shit come out of Fayetteville—a limited edition split 7" record, pressed on yellow vinyl, and without any information on the label or the two bands. Strike one. The first band, Man the Helm, should really be called Man the **Helmet**. Though heavy on the kiddie keyboards, the odd time signatures and repetitive rhythm section are way too reminiscent of **Page Hamilton**'s group. Strike two. The other band, the Counterlife, is a little better, but little is the key word there. They also sound like they're trying to give Page Hamilton a handjob, but in more of a VH1 kind of way. Strike three. Get the fuck out. —Woodcock Johnson

## Mariachi El Bronx

*Self-Titled*

Swami

Street: 09.01

Mariachi El Bronx = Mariachi + The Bronx

The Bronx have always been a rather baffling punk band. They're from LA, yet named themselves after a New York borough. They've titled all three of their full-length albums *The Bronx*. And now they've started a mariachi band. A FUCKING MARIACHI BAND! The most baffling thing about *Mariachi El Bronx*, though, is that it's really, really good. Rather than half-heartedly injecting a whole lot of punk attitude into mariachi, Mariachi El Bronx play it strictly traditional, complete with trumpets, guitarron, vihuela and even a string quartet. There isn't a single ounce of sarcasm in vocalist **Matt Caughthran**'s delivery as he and the rest of Mariachi El Bronx



aply recreate all of the romanticism and melodrama one would expect from mariachi on tracks like "Cell Mates," "Silver or Lead," and "My Brother the Gun." This album likely won't transform many Bronx fans into rabid mariachi lovers, but it is surprisingly good for what it is. —*Ricky Vigil*

## Nurses

*Apple's Acre*

**Dead Oceans**

**Street: 08.04**

**Nurses = Yeasayer + Bon Iver + Grizzly Bear**



Having added percussionist **James Mitchell** to the project and moved their roots to the musically alluring city of Portland, Nurses' latest has taken quite a departure from their previous album. In *Hangin' Nothin' but Our Hands Down*, many tracks tended to be overtly minimal, often leaving more to be desired. With *Apple's Acre*, a more expansive sound can be found on nearly every track. The familiar resonance and drifting are still found throughout, but are manifested in much more cohesive manners. The result can certainly capture the interest of anyone with a fondness for such artists as **Animal Collective** and **MGMT**. The members of Nurses are moving toward a sound that is uniquely their own, and have made significant strides from their previous work. (*Kilby Court: 10.20*) —*Ross Solomon*

## The Ocean

*Fluxion*

**Metal Blade Records**

**Street: 08.04**

**The Ocean = Cult of Luna + ISIS + Dirge (FR) + Esoteric (UK)**

If you enjoy sludge, chances are you've heard of Germany's The Ocean, who are actually quite unique compared to their peers. This album was actually released several years ago, but has been re-recorded with new vocals. Rather than having one vocalist, they have many who are simply contributing to the cause, so to speak. There is also a consistent use of orchestral elements which add another layer to the already dense chaos without being intrusive or wanky. The Ocean's song writing is consistent and each song stands out as an interesting entity of its own, which is something not all of their

peers can pull off consistently. I've always been of the opinion that this band is fairly underappreciated, and I highly recommend this contemporary peek at some of their older work.

—*Conor Dow*

## Portugal. The Man

*The Satanic Satanist*

**Street: 07.21**

**Equal Vision Records**

**Portugal. The Man = MGMT + Band of Annuals**



Admittedly, it has been a while (since I listened to them, since 2007's *Church Mouth*, to be exact)—but Portugal. The Man are still doing things their own way and doing it very well. This latest album is a bit less heavy, more focused on plumbing the depths of the sound pipes and seems to be leaning toward a more listenable vibe, but not in the same way that Portugal.'s contemporaries in other genres are crafting sounds. There are enough repetitive bits to satisfy the hook-hungry and enough pleasant synthesizers to defy the "catchy" moniker, making this release an almost unreachable level of good—possibly great. Usually I'm not one to fall for such things, but the folding/packaging of this release is quite notable and very beautiful in your hands. The whole thing unravels in a carefully constructed mass that needs careful re-folding to make it fit right again. A side note: This album is available sans vocals as *The Majestic Majesty*. If the previous three sentences don't explain how very unique Portugal. The Man's approach to music is (or at the very least, their design), you should re-read that shit and listen to these Alaskan natives. —*JP*

## Slaraffenland

*We're on Your Side*

**Rumraket**

**Street: 09.15**

**Slaraffenland = Animal Collective + Olivia Tremor Control**

Through their previous two major releases and handful of EPs through the years, the Danish band Slaraffenland has managed to maintain a sound that is almost all their own. Yet, as their list grows ever longer, the complexity and delicacy of their music has scaled accordingly. Horns accompany percussion reminiscent

of **Caribou's** *Andorra*. Guitars and synths dance harmoniously with a multitude of other instrumentals. Everything just comes together so nicely, creating a refreshingly diverse album that can be listened to over and over again. Even though *Private Cinema* was a good album, *We're on Your Side* tops it quite nicely. Fans of any sort of controlled chaos à la **Broken Social Scene** should definitely check this one out. —*Ross Solomon*

## Subhumans

*Re-Issues*

**Blurr Records**

**Street: 07.14**

**Subhumans = The Exploited + Conflict**



Many years ago on the Fourth of July, I bought my first Subhumans record. The record was *The Day the Country Died* and I was hooked immediately. I've claimed the Subhumans as my favorite punk rock band ever since. So naturally, I'm pretty hyped that their records have been re-released. *EP-LP's* title should tip you off to what the record contains—four of the group's early EPs. Some great tracks, like "Who's Gonna Fight in the Third World War?" and one of my favorites, "Parasites," is on this one. *The Day the Country Died* displays some of the group's musical diversity and contains my all-time favorite Subhumans song, "Subvert City." *From the Cradle to the Grave's* too-visionary-for-its-own-good, three-act punk rock-opera title track shouldn't be missed by anybody. *Time Flies/Rats* is another EP collection and contains my least favorite Subhumans song ever, "First Aid." It also contains "Susan," one of the band's most striking tunes. *Worlds Apart* is another diverse one and sort of marks a turning point for the band to a more thought provoking, less-in-your-face style. "Can't Hear the Words" is a classic and is contained on this one. Lastly, we have the decidedly different 29:29 *Split Vision*. Of all the albums, I suppose this is my least favorite, but still worth a listen or two. Overall, this is essential punk rock. When listening to these albums, I suggest that you pay attention to the ideals in the songs, which are solid, as opposed to the specific times and places contained

in them. Yeah, it isn't 1984 anymore, but the ideas are the same and they still apply today, so the Subhumans' body of work is still pertinent. This is punk rock you can set your watch to. —*Aaron Day*

## Vader

*Necropolis*

**Nuclear Blast**

**Street: 08.21**

**Vader = Gorefest + Decapitated + Vader**

Poland's Vader is back with a new record apt to please longtime fans and hopefully ensnare some newcomers into their groove-based death-metal assault. Considered one of the elite Polish death metal bands, there is good reason why plenty of bands have attempted to borrow from Vader's simple-yet-pummeling beat-riff beat-riff, duhna-duhna-duhna dun-dun style. Yes, it can get repetitive at times, but hell, what death metal band doesn't? There isn't really anything new on *Necropolis*, although the album sounds more like their mid-career album *Litany* than the last few offerings, be it in the form of a bit rawer production value or lots more guitar solos. **Piotr "Peter" Wiwczarek's** voice is one of the most definite parts of Vader and he's in full form on the new record, with perfectly enunciated death growls. Vader is set to return to SLC in December, and *Necropolis* will satisfy the Vader hungry until the winter. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Wildbirds & Peacedrums

*The Snake*

**The Control Group**

**Street: 08.25**

**Wildbirds & Peacedrums = Joanna Newsom + Bat For Lashes + Siouxsie & the Banshees**

Swedish husband-and-wife team **Andreas Werliin** and **Mariam Walentin** have returned with their sophomore effort, *The Snake*. With this album, they have outgrown their previous simpler approach of percussions and vocals—they have shed a layer of skin and exposed new instruments like piano, xylophone, harmonica and flutes to deepen the richness of their sound. The album starts off with the haunting a cappella track "Island," with the second track quickly snapping into place, full of **Banshees**-esque drums accompanied with **Polly Jean**-like yelps and screams on "There Is No Light." The funkiest moment arrives on "Places," with a hopping deep bass drum and Mariam's voice shuffling across the speakers. *The Snake* is full of evocative transitions, but that's what's so unique about W&P. It's time we all wait together in anticipation to see which layer the duo will expose next. —*Courtney Blair*

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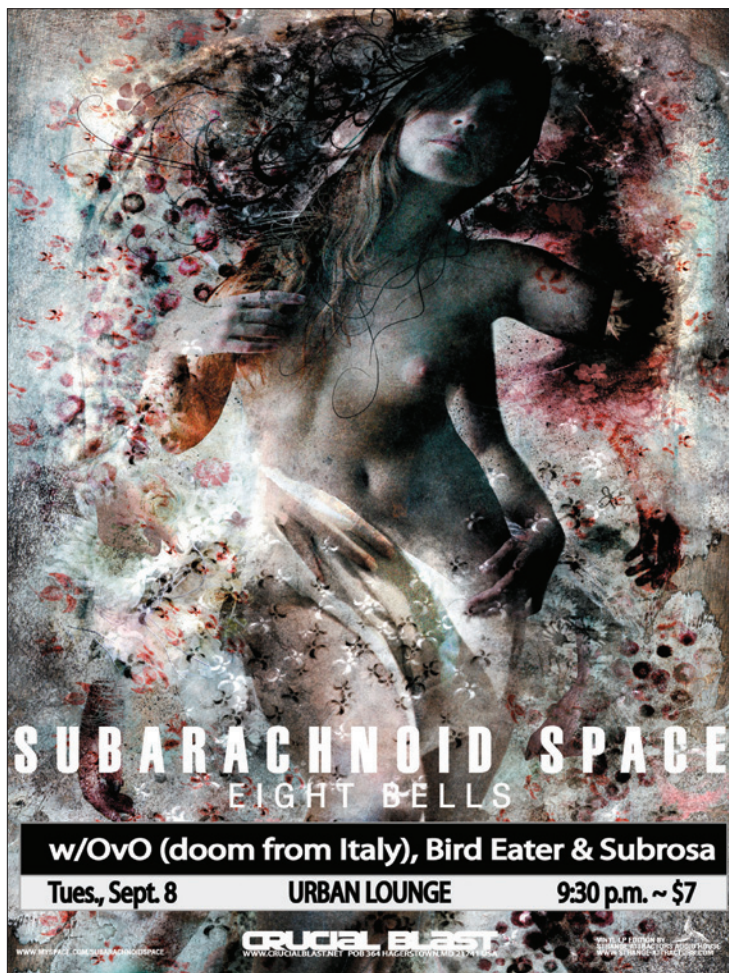
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Fri-Sat 7a-12a  
Sun 7a-10p

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# Daily Calendar

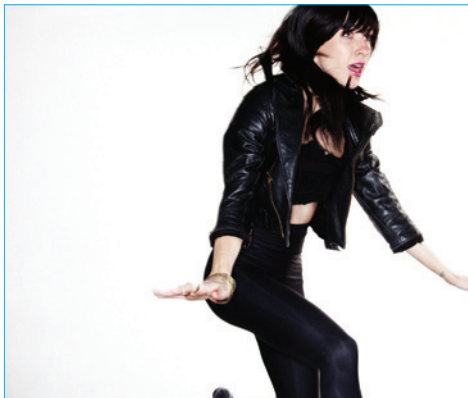
## Friday, September 4

Busdriver, Abstract Rude, Open Mike Eagle – *Kilby*  
Fictionist, Gypsy Cab – *Velour*  
Shelley Short, Alexis Gideon, Ted Dancin – *Urban*  
Corvid – *Abyss*  
Derrek Wright – *Tin Angel*  
The Goddamn Gallows, Spooky Deville, Hog Luvdog & the Sleazetones – *Burt's*  
Herban Empire, Vicious Starfish, Melodious, Fame On! – *Liquid Joe's*  
The Gorgeous Hussies – *Brewski's*  
Felina's Arrow, KiraMesa, We Fight The Giant Squid – *Why Sound*  
Seventking, Three Reasonz, Kiss Me Kill Me, Hard Luck, Bandwagon Live – *Vegas*

## Saturday, September 5

### SLUG at Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

Ryan Bingham & the Dead Horses – *Kilby*  
Shark Speed, The Delta Mirror – *Velour*  
Project Independent, Separation of Self, Eminent, Balance of Power, Blood of Saints, MAIM Corps, Scripted Apology, Denots, Embrace the Fallen, Season of Change, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, Hooga – *Vegas*



## AMANDA BLANK

w/ Matt & Kim at In the Venue on Mon, Sept. 7

Acoustic Mad Man – *Johnny's*  
Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel*  
Ether, Vile Blue Shades, Samba Gringa – *Urban*  
Gods of Macho, Alright Alright, Shackleton – *Burt's*  
The Huckleberries – *Brewski's*  
Halloween Casting Call – *Nightmare Mansion*  
Centervol, Lump Sum, The Blu Storks, Per Hero From The Shadows – *Why Sound*  
Marilyn Manson – *Saltair*  
**Happy Birthday James Bennett!**

## Sunday, September 6

Mike Brown Ping Pong Tournament – *Urban*  
Anni Rossi, Kaiser Cartel, S.L.F.M – *Kilby*  
Karaoke – *Burt's*  
Hurt, Monarch, Radio Courtesy – *Vegas*  
The People's Market – *Peace Gardens*

## Monday, September 7

Blink 182, Taking Back Sunday, Chester French – *McKay Events Center*  
Matt & Kim, Amanda Blank – *In The Venue*  
The Plant Shop, Wasnatch – *Urban*  
Unpunk'd – *Burt's*  
Robert Earl Keen, Jill Sobule – *Deer Valley*

(74) SaltLakeUnderGround

## Tuesday, September 8

fun., Miniature Tigers – *Kilby*  
Buckwheat Zydeco – *State Room*  
Tony and Talia – *Tin Angel*  
oVo, SubArachnoid Space, Subrosa – *Urban*  
Lock N' Load, Aerials, Knuckledragger – *Burt's*  
The Casualties, Krum Burns, Mouth Sewn Shut, Off With Their Heads, The Willkiss – *In The Venue*  
Loo Steadman, The Earthworm & The Angels – *Why Sound*

## Wednesday, September 9

Zoe Boekbinder, Drew Danbury, Adam & Darcie – *Kilby*  
Pre-Teen Sensations – *Urban*  
Gov't Mule – *Depot*  
Hollywood Holt – *W Lounge*  
Jack & the Offbeats, Junior .45, The Fully Blown, Dacho – *Burt's*

## Thursday, September 10

Tyrone Wells, The Vibrant Sound, Matt Ben Jackson – *Velour*  
Starfucker, Palace of Buddies, We All Have Hooks For Hands – *Kilby*  
Starfucker, Birthquake, We All Have Hooks For Hands (9 pm) – *Urban*  
Hotel Le Motel, ESX, Big Gun Baby – *Burt's*  
Havok, Hatchet, Reaction Effect, Dead Vessel – *Vegas*  
Brandi Carlile – *The Depot*  
Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*  
Stevie – *Tin Angel*  
Free Cancer Survivor Class – *Intermountain Medical Center*  
Ministry Of Love, Broken End Stereo, The Deception – *Why Sound*

## Friday, September 11

Black Hounds, Death Achey Blues, Babble Rabbit, The Get Together – *Kilby*  
Joshua James – *Velour*  
Accidente, God's Revolver, DJ Curtis Strange – *Edge*  
Pep Love, Nima Fadavi, Scenic Byway – *Urban*  
Motherless Cowboys, Velvetones – *Burt's*  
DJ Knucklez – *Piper Down*  
Screening of Il Postino – *Sprague Library*  
Towline – *Brewski's*  
Such Vengeance, Skies of Redemption, Means Nothing, Lidsore – *Vegas*  
Gold Rush, Danny Hunt, Irv Nelson – *Why Sound*  
Ministry of Love, Broken End Stereo – *Sho*  
David Allen Coe – *Harry O's*  
Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel*

## Saturday, September 12

We Shot the Moon, Mansions, The Record Life (5 pm) – *Kilby*  
Division Day, Bad Veins (7:30 pm) – *Kilby*  
Joshua James – *Velour*  
Psychedelic Furs, Happy Mondays – *In The Venue*  
Pleasure Thieves, Black Hole, Red Bennies – *Urban*  
Drop Dead Julio, AM Revelator – *Brewski's*  
Wasnatch – *Downtown Farmers Market*  
Tony & Talia (Brunch) – *Tin Angel*  
Kris Zeman (Dinner) – *Tin Angel*  
Every Time I Die, Bring Me The Horizon, Oh Sleeper – *Murray Theatre*  
The Crop Swap, Harvest Swap Party – *Peace Gardens*  
Thunderfist, Killbot, Tombstone Jesus, Shadow,

Nine Piece Trio – *Vegas*

Victims Willing, Tough Tittie, The Prick and The Burn – *Burt's*

Tuning For Tuesday, Benton & Nate, Pacific Pride – *Why Sound*

**SLUG booth at the Avenues Street Fair – Avenues**

## Sunday, September 13

The Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The Depreciation Child, Cymbals Eat Guitars – *Kilby*  
Yeah Yeah Yeahs – *In The Venue*  
Two Cow Garage, Austin Lucas, Mike Hale (6:30 pm) – *Urban*  
Wavves, Ganglians, Tolchock Trio (9 pm) – *Urban*  
Karaoke – *Burt's*  
The People's Market: Crop Swap – *Peace Gardens*

## Monday, September 14

We Shot The Moon – *Velour*  
Frightened Rabbit, Twilight Sad, We Were Promised Jetpacks – *Urban*  
Unpunk'd – *Burt's*  
Libbie Linton – *Slowtrain*  
PM Today, Vinyl Williams, Gloves for a Tiger – *Sho*

## Tuesday, September 15

Hedgehog, Queen Sea Big Shark, Casino Demon – *Urban*  
Cotton Jones, Oh My God, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm – *Kilby*  
Tiger City, Royal Bangs, Werewolf Afro – *Burt's*  
The Belleville Outfit – *State Room*  
RevCo, Jim Rose Circus – *Vegas*  
Billy Baxter – *Tin Angel*

## Wednesday, September 16

The Get Up Kids, Youth Group, Pretty & Nice – *In The Venue*  
David Wilcox – *State Room*  
The Wolf Bell Band – *Johnny's*  
Blue Turtle Seduction, The Velvetones – *Urban*  
The Most Serene, Republic, Still Life Still, The Mighty Sequoyah – *Kilby*  
Riverboat Gamblers, ODS – *Burt's*  
Electric Valentine, Blood On The Dance Floor, Crush – *Why Sound*  
**Happy Birthday Jessica Davis!**

## Thursday, September 17

Mindstate – *Urban*  
Kilby Fest: Navigator, Stag Hare, The Continentals, Super Buttery Muffins – *Kilby*  
Quick and Easy Boys, Ugly Valley Boys – *Burt's*  
Umphery's McGee, Keller Williams – *Depot*  
Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down*  
Free Cancer Survivor Class – *Intermountain Medical Center*  
Chris Merritt, Clayton Pabst, Clay Summers – *Why Sound*  
Jimmy Knobs – *Tin Angel*  
Uncle Scam, The Departed, Ember Eyes – *Vegas*  
Dance Gavin Dance, Emarosa, Of Mice and Men, Tides of Man – *Murray Theater*

## Friday, September 18

### Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC

The Ataris, Laruso, Hearsay (5 pm) – *Kilby*  
Kilby Fest: Loom, Vile Blue Shades, Ether, Accidente (8 pm) – *Kilby*  
Issac Russell, Sayde Price – *Velour*  
Spearit Music – *Teazer's*  
The Lee Boys – *State Room*



# SUBMIT YOUR SHOW BY THE 25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH TO: **DAILYCALENDAR@SLUGMAG.COM**

Impressed Group Show – *Signed & Numbered*  
The Fully Blown – *Woodshed*  
Ed Mudshi, Cornered By Zombies, Hellpress – *Edge*  
August Burns Red, The Acacia Strain, MCMB,  
Impending Doom – *V2*  
1 Adam 12 – *Brewski's*  
Jezus Rides A Riksha, Adjacent to Nothing, Deny  
Your Faith, Adjacent to Nothing, Scripted Apology,  
The Examples – *Vegas*  
Making April, Backseat Goodbye, Ian Walsh  
– *Avalon*  
Blood on the Dance Floor, Electric Valentine, The  
Crush – *Sho*  
Rob Alvord – *Tin Angel*  
Paper Mache, JD Keller, Brandi Frampton – *Why  
Sound*  
Old Timer – *Burt's*  
Slightly Stoopid, Dilated Peoples, 1st Class – *UofU*  
**SLUG LOCALIZED: I Am The, Neon Trees, To The  
Death – Urban**

## **Saturday, September 19**

Noah Dundersen, Paper Machete, Mury (5 pm) –  
*Kilby*  
Kilby Fest: Tolchock Trio, Future of the Ghost,  
Palace of Buddies, Birthquake, The Spins – *Kilby*  
The Velvetones – *Johnny's*  
Chris Merritt – *Velour*  
Spearit Music – *Moe's Bar*  
Halfway to St. Paddy's Day Party: Swagger, The  
Roving Boozers, The Heathen Highlanders – *Piper  
Down*  
Derby Girls Fundraiser – *Burt's*  
Peace N' Quiet – *Brewski's*  
Stevie – *Tin Angel*  
Cara & Wade – *Why Sound*  
The B Foundation, Mike Pinto, Ivy League, Melon  
Robotics, Darren Thornley & the Burgs – *Vegas*  
The Honorary Title, Cory Branan, Good Old War, Ask  
for the Future – *Avalon*  
Built to Spill – *Murray Theater*

## **Sunday, September 20**

The Proclaimers – *Urban*  
Karaoke – *Burt's*  
Michael Franti & Spearhead, Hey World! – *Depot*  
The People's Market – *Peace Gardens*  
Scout Niblett, Lindsay Heath ESX – *Kilby*  
Sunny Day Real Estate – *Murray Theater*

## **Monday, September 21**

Lubriphonic – *Urban*  
Unpunk'd – *Burt's*  
Michael Franti & Spearhead, Hey World! – *Depot*  
Mayer Hawthorne & The County – *Kilby*

## **Tuesday, September 22**

Arctic Monkeys, The Airborne Toxic Event – *In The  
Venue*  
Fauna, Hectic Hobo, Vanessa Shuput – *Urban*  
Sea Caves, Northwest Breaklines, Second Estate –  
*Kilby*  
Almost is Nothing, Top Dead Celebrity – *Burt's*  
In:Aviate, Dr. Manhattan, Tastydactyls – *Avalon*  
The Tumbledown, Mike Herrera – *Vegas*  
Acoustic on the Loose – *Tin Angel*

## **Wednesday, September 23**

Autolux, Furs, Mini Mansions – *Urban*  
Loaded .45, Brothers Gross, Game On – *Burt's*  
Sugarhouse – *Johnny's*  
Trivium, Whitechapel, Darkest Hour – *Murray Theater*

## **Thursday, September 24**

Vintage Flea Market – *Velour*  
Rancid, Resistor Radio – *In The Venue*  
Iconoclast Contra, Urgehal, Spearhead, Cave of  
Roses – *Vegas*  
Hill Country Revue, Blues Dart – *Urban*  
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*  
Red Wire Black Wire, Sex on the Run, The Deception  
– *Kilby*  
Free Cancer Survivor Class – *Intermountain Medical  
Center*  
Failed Safety – *Why Sound*  
Alicia McGovern – *Tin Angel*



## **THE ENTRANCE BAND** w/ **Amazing Baby and Naked Eyes** at Kilby Court on Fri, Sept. 25

## **Friday, September 25**

Flogging Molly, Hepcat – *In The Venue*  
Sea Wolf, Port O'Brien, Sara Lov – *Sound*  
The Body, Scenic Byway, DJ Chaseone2 – *Edge*  
Meat Puppets, Dead Confederate, Ume – *Urban*  
Dan Weldon – *Brewski's*  
Billy Baxter – *Tin Angel*  
New City Skyline – *Murray Theater*  
Melody, Tyler Forsberg, Water & Walls, Chase Gillins  
– *Why Sound*  
Shinedown – *Saltair*  
Ripchain, Half the World, Fault Paradox, Kryterium,  
Tera Vega – *Vegas*  
The Summer Set, This Century – *Sho*  
Amazing Baby, The Entrance Band, Naked Eyes –  
*Kilby*

## **Saturday, September 26**

Medicine Circus, Stormy, Labcoat – *Urban*  
Melissa Kelley – *Johnny's*  
Tony & Talia (Brunch) – *Tin Angel*  
Gaylen Young (Dinner) – *Tin Angel*  
Salt Lake City Derby Girls Championship Bout:  
Leave it to Cleavers vs. Sisters of No Mercy – *Salt  
Palace*

The Killers – *E Center*

Laruso, Allred, The Trademark, Mason Jones –  
*Kilby*  
Kiss Me Kill Me, Lights Out Vegas, KHP – *Vegas*  
Savage Henry, Harvest Moon – *Brewski's*  
Careless on Canvas, Jay Burns, By Now – *Why  
Sound*

## **Sunday, September 27**

Ming & Ping – *Urban*  
Karaoke – *Burt's*  
The People's Market: Job Fair Day – *Peace Gardens*  
Talkdemonic, Grey Fiction – *Kilby*

## **Monday, September 28**

Erin McCarley – *Kilby*  
The Hand That Bleeds, Vile Blue Shades, Super  
Buttery Muffins – *Urban*  
Jucifer – *Burt's*  
Nico Vega – *Vegas*  
David Cross – *In the Venue*  
Stars Rush Into Her – *Slowtrain*  
Psychon Nine, Imperative Reaction – *Avalon*  
Pearl Jam, Ben Harper – *E Center*

## **Tuesday, September 29**

Deer Tick – *The State Room*  
Slim Cessna's Auto Club, These United States –  
*Urban*  
The Reprints, The Castanettes, Citizen K – *Kilby*  
Clutch, Wino – *The Depot*  
You & Yourn, The News Boys, Deadbeat – *Why  
Sound*  
Subrosa, Desolate Realms – *Burt's*  
**Hard Boiled Book Club – Sam Weller's**

## **Wednesday, September 30**

REEL ROCK Film Tour – *Tower Theatre*  
Dearly Departed – *Urban*  
Deadline to submit films to Slamdance – *slamdance.  
com*  
You and Yourn, Spooky Moon, Hectic Hobo, Little  
Foot – *Kilby*  
Great American Taxi – *State Room*  
USU Jazz Night, Jon Gudmundson – *Why Sound*  
Big Black Sky – *Johnny's*  
Family Force 5, Breathe Carolina, Cash Cash,  
Queens Club, I Rival – *Avalon*

## **Thursday, October 1**

The Devil Whale, Hello Kavita, Aye Aye – *Urban*  
Burnell Washburn, Malevolent MC, Rock Bottom –  
*Kilby*  
Free Cancer Survivor Class – *Intermountain Medical  
Center*  
Insane Clown Posse, (hed) PE – *Saltair*  
Colin Robinson Trio, Will Lovell, Brian Thurber –  
*Piper Down*

## **Friday, October 2**

Sleepy Sun, Assemble Head In Sunburst Sound –  
*Kilby*  
Colbie Caillat, Howie Day – *In The Venue*  
Brother Ali, Evidence, Toki Wright, BK One – *Sound*  
The Wailing O'Sheas – *Brewski's*  
The Sonosopher: Alex Caldiero in Life ... in Sound  
Screening – *SLC Library Auditorium*  
Motograter – *Vegas*  
Sick Sense, Skinwalker, Feel Good Patrol, pat Maine  
– *Urban*  
Creed – *E Center*  
**New SLUG Mag hits the streets find it anyplace  
cool!**



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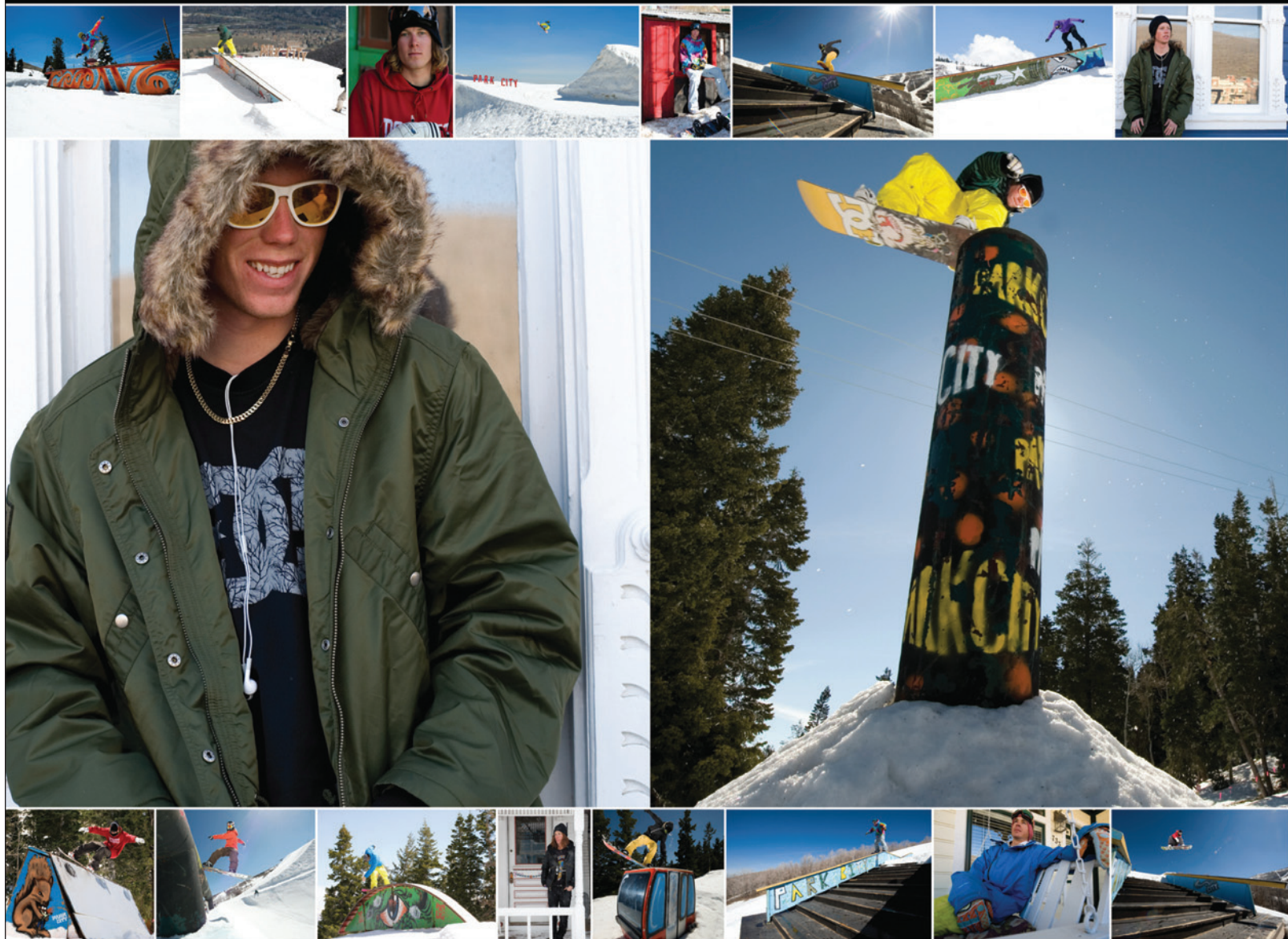


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## september calendar

- 1- Verona Lane, Junior Giant, Forgotten Ambiance, What Went Wrong (late show 10pm) Dead Meadow, Furs
- 2- A Cassandra Utterance, Against the Season, Spiral Diary, The Trademark, + one
- 4- Busdriver, Abstract Rude, Open Mike Eagle
- 5- Ryan Bingham (Postfontaine)
- 8- fun. (members of the Format), Miniature Tigers
- 9- Zoe Boekbinder of Vermillion Lies, Drew Danbury, Adam & Darcie
- 10- Starfucker, We All Have Hooks For Hands, Palace of Buddies
- 11- Black Hounds, Death Achey Blues, The Get Together, Babble Rabbit
- 12- We Shot The Moon, Mansions, The Record Life - Division Day, Bad Veins, Patterstats
- 13- The Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The Depreciation Child, Cymbals Eat Guitars
- 15- Cotton Jones, Oh My God, Paul Jacobsen and the Madison Arm
- 16- The Most Serene Republic, Still Life Still, The Mighty Sequoyah
- 17- Kilby Fest: Navigator, Stag Hare, The Continentals, Buttery Muffins
- 18- Kilby Fest: Loom Tour Send off, Vile Blue Shades, Accidente (8pm) The Ataris, Larusso, Hearsay (EARLY - 5 PM)
- 19- EARLY SHOW 5PM: Noah Dundersen, Paper Machete, Mury (late show: 8PM) Tolchuck Trio, Future of The Ghost, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake, The Spins
- 20- Scout Niblett, Lindsay Heath, ESX
- 21- Mayer Hawthorne & The County, TBA
- 22- Sea Caves (members of Pinback), Northwest Breaklines, The Second Estate
- 24- Red Wire Black Wire, Sex On The Run, The Deception
- 25- Amazing Baby, The Entrance Band, Naked Eyes
- 26- Larusso, Allred, The Trademark, Mason Jones
- 27- Talkdemonic, Grey Fiction, TBA
- 29- The Reprints, The Castanettes, Citizen K
- 30- You and Yourn, Spooky Moon, Hectic Hobo, Little Foot

ALL SHOWS START @ 7pm  
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9.15 **THE BELLEVILLE OUTFIT**

9.16 **DAVID WILCOX**

10.12 **AIMEE MANN**

10.15 **WPA: GLEN PHILLIPS, LUKE BULLA  
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visit the website for complete lineup



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Visit [naturallight.com](http://naturallight.com) to submit your own nattyisms!

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