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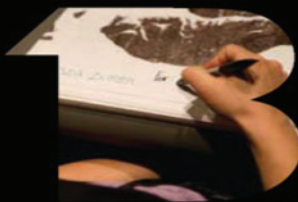


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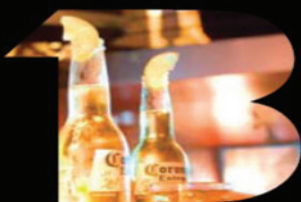


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VOL. 20 • ISSUE # 50 • OCTOBER • 09

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dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Cover Photo: David Newkirk

Cover Design: Joshua Joye

Issue Design: Joshua Joye

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Newkirk, Barrett Doran, Adam Heath,

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Ad Sales:

Angela Brown:

sales@slugmag.com

Kate Wheadon:

kate@slugmag.com

Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

Darren Muehlhaus

Darren@slugmag.com

JP

JP@slugmag.com

Marketing: Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette Moses, Jessica Davis, Erica Bobela, Matt Moon

Distribution Manager: Eric Granato

Distro: Eric Granato, Tommy Dolph, Tony Bas-

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Contributor Limelight



David Newkirk • Photographer

I spy with my little eye a SLUG photographer whose name appears on nearly every other page in October's issue of SLUG. We've kept David Newkirk busy shooting portraits of Sister Dottie Dixon, various studio engineers, ad images and everything in between. Newkirk started toying with photography right after high school, but only recently became serious about it over the last two years. SLUG snagged him approximately nine months ago and assigned him his first SLUG cover shoot last May. We dug it so much that we let him shoot October, too. When SLUG Mag isn't consuming Newkirk's free time with last-minute assignments, he can be found skiing, biking, drinking excessive amounts of coffee or running his own business making custom concrete countertops and furniture.

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

The other night, I found myself sitting in a sticky, red pleather Denny's booth at 3 a.m. With my head resting on my hand, I watched, helplessly, as one of my drunkard friends squeezed a lemon into her open peeper, trying to "see if it worked!" (lame ass!) Because I was bestowed the privilege of being the Double D (yes we do it safe... except for Shantel, she has herpes), I didn't find humor in it. To pass the time and drown out the sounds of dirty dishes moving through the "steam cleaner" and waitresses bitching about their shifts, I started looking over my cheaply printed placemat, and to my utter shock saw what they called "The Rockstar Menu." On this list of grody food, I found Hoobastank HOOBURRITOS! WHAT THE FUCK? HOOBURRITOS!? Last time I checked, Hoobastank meant BALL SWEAT. BALLSWEAT BURRITOS! Who would eat that, other than my neighbor, and maybe Tom Cruise? But seriously, would YOU eat it? TELL ME, TELL ME TRUE! Truly yours,

The Bitchess of York

Dear Bitchess of York,
If I had to guess the Hoobastank Hooburrito weren't referencing ball sweat, but that extremely mediocre alt-rock band. Here at SLUG, we refuse to settle for the mediocre. The Hooburrito sounds as boring as the band that it was named after—crispy chicken strips, pepper jack cheese, cheese sauce, fried onion, bbq sauce and a side of ranch—I'll pass. Next time the drunk munchies hit your wasted friends, I'd suggest dropping by Bayleaf Café. They are open 24/7 from Friday at 6 a.m. to Sunday at 6 p.m., and their food is probably less likely to give you heartburn the morning after.

Dear Dickheads,

I have a kind of strange request and I was told that you might be able to help me out. My husband is currently at the Oxbow Jail here in Salt Lake. He is a huge fan of the magazine, and aside from going through heroin withdrawals,

he is also going through SLUG withdrawals—although not as shitty :) He has been there for about five months and he's scheduled to be released at the end of October. Do you think he would be able to get SLUG if it is sent straight from you guys? I know that he is able to receive magazine subscriptions as long as they come directly from the publisher. After his release, I would like to have the magazine sent to our home. Your receptionist said that the subscription is \$12 a year. That sounds great!

Let me know if that would even be something that you would be able to do.

Thank you,
Sari *-*

Dear Sari,
It's not a strange request at all. Your husband wouldn't be the first, nor will he be the last, person getting SLUG Mag in the klink. I personally have met a guy that got SLUG when he was at the point and told me it helped him. We don't usually send them from the office, but if payment is received before the next issue hits the streets, we will hand-mail it ourselves from the SLUG offices.

The only catch is that due to crappy economy and rising postage costs we have had to up our yearly subscription price—but don't fret, it's only \$15. Just email the info (his full name, inmate number and the address for Oxbow) to granato@slugmag.com and then send in a check for the aforementioned 15 buckaroos and we'll get SLUG to your hubby. When he gets sprung, we can switch the mailing address over to your home for the remainder of your subscription.

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SLUG Mag's 250th issue salutes Salt Lake City's audio engineering experts. Recording engineers have always played an important role in our music scene and for the most part, have gone widely unnoticed and unaccredited for their work.

This month, *SLUG* unearths 14 of these local recording gurus. Without these dudes, we wouldn't have the records, CDs and digital downloads by our favorite local musicians. Essentially, a ton of great music would go undocumented and become buried forever.

All of the audio engineers featured in the following pages have made personal and financial sacrifices in order to do what they love—record local music. Salt Lake City's music community today is healthy and vibrant and in part because of the personal choices these people made to follow their dream.

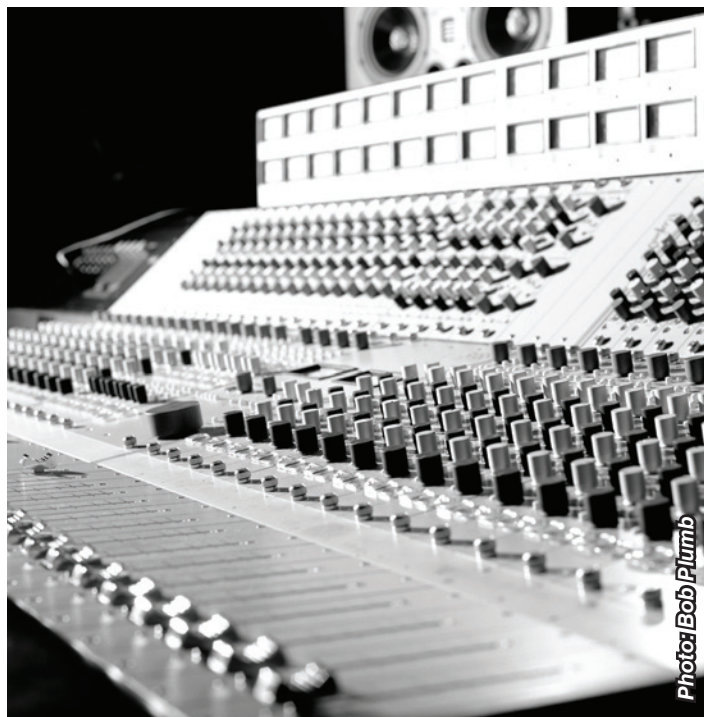


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Photo: David Newkirk

Irony Man

Localized

By Bryer Wharton

bryer@slugmag.com

October is upon us—a month where dressing up or allowing oneself to be another person or character is accepted as the norm. *SLUG's* Localized features two bands that take on

characters and personas on a regular basis. **Irony Man** channel the sound and members of early 70s-era **Black Sabbath**. **Poo Pee D and the Family Jewels** take the approach of being larger than life, performing as ingloriously odd characters. **Kiss Thiss**, a Kiss tribute band, will open up the star embodiment night. It all takes place Friday, Oct. 16 at the *Urban Lounge*.

Jermy Sundias — vocals/Ozzy Osbourne
Andy Upchurch — bass/Geezer Butler
Bob Sutton — drums/Bill Ward
Russ Millhem — guitar/Tony Iommi

Irony Man are a Black Sabbath cover band that play the 1970 to roughly 1975 era of the band's music. Despite being a cover band, Irony Man is not copying a style for easy attention, recognition or money. They perform in a cover band because of their adoration for an era and genre they love.

The play on words for the name of the band itself has a nice reference to why they came to do what they do. "Iron Man" is one of the most well-known Sabbath songs, and [Millhem] just put a twist on it, because it was kind of ironic after all these years of playing in original metal bands that we've all come back around full circle and are playing in a goddamned cover band," says Sundias.

The guys joke a fair amount about the validity of what they do, saying it would be nice if **Sharon Osbourne** heard them and wanted to give them an endorsement. Joking aside, the band takes what they do seriously, but with a light step. "I don't know if cover bands are relevant or necessary, period. I always said in my younger days I'd never play in a cover band unless it was Black Sabbath, just because

that's the only band I could really see pretending to be and enjoying it, something you can take some pride in playing the songs and not feel like a tremendous asshole just trying to make money," says Upchurch.

Irony Man is all about embodying the specific vibe of the original and highly influential Black Sabbath songs. Sundias, Millhem and Upchurch all wear costumes while performing to meet this goal. "We want to make it more like the Black Sabbath experience, like we are the band. For all those people that never got to see the original Sabbath during the early 70s, we want to give them that experience," says Upchurch.

"I try to channel the ghost of Ozzy," Sundias says. "Ozzy hasn't had a soul for the last ten years. It's been cruising around in limbo, so I try and channel that, and every once in a while I get it."

Expect to hear the Black Sabbath you know and love and the songs that molded what metal is today. Though the guys are always open for requests, they admit they're still learning some of the later albums. Just don't expect to see Irony Man playing "Rock and Roll Doctor" or "Johnny Blade" anytime soon. Although many cover bands have a gimmick or play songs from different artists, Irony Man sticks to Sabbath. "If you're a Sabbath fan, you'll love us, but if you're not a Sabbath fan, you're not going to like us," said Sundias.



Poo Pee D (James Shuman) – freestyle rapper/vocalist, Casio keyboard, slide whistle
Millionaire – guitars
Molester – bass guitar/music arranger
Gene the Rhythm Machine - drums

Meeting up with **Poo Pee D** and a few of his band cohorts at his undisclosed compound, I found myself amongst a crew of delightfully deranged oddball characters. They have irreverent attitudes, are nowhere close to drug free, drink excessively and do anything they can to entertain themselves and their audience.

From the get-go my bullshit detector went into full swing. Poo Pee D claims he is originally from Atlanta, where he spent eight years in prison until he gained the financial support from the **Millionaire**, who brought in a helicopter and broke him out. The duo then rescued the **Molester**, who was dumpster diving at the time on the Atlanta streets. "When Poo Pee D found me it was raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock there in Atlanta and he saved my life, praise the lord," says the Molester. Right ...

Stories like these wove their way in and out of our interview, leaving me to decipher fact from fiction. The band is great at blurring the line between fantasy and reality, which actually give them some credibility. Instead of coming off as a lame gimmick, you end up with some genuine fun.

Each member has their own persona and they play off of one another quite well. As to how Millionaire is a millionaire wasn't fully divulged other than he's the bands Adidas spokesmodel. He also hopes to become a billionaire by developing a way to smoke weed through the Internet. The fact that the Millionaire arrived in a Porsche and was wearing a hefty and expensive looking watch, only added to the confusion of deciphering reality.

So what is real in the ridiculous world of Poo Pee D? When Poo Pee D isn't performing, you can call him **Jamie Shuman**. Shuman has played in a number of Utah bands since the late 80s including **Crapshoot** and the notable hardcore/punk outfit **Massacre Guys**, who toured with the likes of **The Dead Kennedys** and **TSOL**. Throughout the Massacre Guys existence, its members included **Stephen Egerton & Karl Alvarez** who later on became members of **The Descendents** in 1987 and eventually formed the band **All**. It looks like there are crucial pieces of SLC hardcore history behind the mystique of Poo Pee D.

What do the Family Jewels sound like? The band doesn't have any recorded music, but according to Poo Pee D, the band is "Sonic Porno Rock, with a twist." He went on to talk about a new song the band wrote called "Juicy." "It's about a female area that we appreciate, although I have not ventured into that area in over three or four decades." Molester mentioned the band has a goal of creating a soundtrack for an adult film.

"We actually try to be un-cool as or un-hip as we can, as well as to be completely devoid of anything that would fit the modern musical mold," says Poo Pee D. Although their sound may not be rooted in Shuman's musical past, the attitude seems to remain the same.

Poo Pee D hopes that he can get a lot of plastic surgery done as well as a new hairpiece in time for the **Localized** show. "We have no idea what we are doing at any time. I plan on being blackout drunk by song three," says Poo Pee D.

According to Millionaire, this is when his voice really comes alive.

Come out and witness the ghosts of 70s era Black Sabbath with the juxtaposition of the ludicrous and ridiculous sounds of Poo Pee D and the Family Jewels. The show takes place on Friday Oct. 16 at the **Urban Lounge**.



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A skateboarder, Matty Coles, is captured mid-trick on a concrete structure. He is wearing a light-colored t-shirt, khaki pants, and a beanie. The structure features a set of stairs with a metal handrail. The background shows lush green trees under a clear blue sky.

Getting Dirty with Matty Coles

Words/Photos by Weston Colton
Weston5050@yahoo.com

I'll save all you stair counters some time. 16.

Matty Coles isn't one of the big names that come to mind when you think of Utah skateboarding. He hasn't had a part in a *DH/48/Random Lurkerz/SK801* video. He hasn't been out to many skate contests in SLC because he is too busy managing the *Blindside* in Layton. In fact, most of his skateboarding has been done north of SLC—he grew up in Kaysville before migrating south to Salt Lake.

I've had the privilege of shooting with Coles a number of times, and have always been impressed by his skateboarding and his character. Coles doesn't say a lot—he lets his skating do the talking. He is incredibly humble, yet completely confident in his abilities on a board. I've never heard a single complaint or even a curse word come out of his

mouth when a spot was hard to skate, or the trick just wasn't coming, or when I asked him to do a trick that he had never even done before (front nosegrind pop out). He always went for it and made it happen. Would you jump over a 16-stair ledge in Emerica slip-ons?

For this article, I wanted to incorporate Matty's love for the outdoors into some of the photos we shot. On Labor Day, we set out to make something out of nearly nothing, and Coles didn't disappoint. After much lower-back strain from moving concrete slabs, a lot of dirt under the fingernails and one sacrificed set of bearings, here are the fruits of our labor.

Four Questions for Matty Coles:

SLUG: Do you prefer Matt or Matty?

Coles: I really don't care, but I sort of like both for different reasons. "Matt" is what I've gone by most of my life, and that's what a lot of my good friends call me. "Matty" is different. Depending on who says it, it's either really personal or really impersonal. But strangers usually call me Matty—that's why I like it. It makes me feel popular or something. I think I first started liking "Matty"

"I think the first trick I ever filmed was on a 12-stair handrail."





Keepin it sketchy, nose grind pop out



Nose pick off a dirt mound

“Skateboarding is what you do. It’s what YOU make it.”

in high school, because that is what a lot of girls would call me... and it made me feel like a total babe.

SLUG: How has working in a shop changed your perception of skateboarding, as far as the kids, the scene, the industry, other shops (or mall chains like Zumiez), etc?

Coles: Well, skateboarding itself hasn't really changed. I don't want to sound too phoney-baloney, but “skateboarding” is what you do. It's what YOU make it. It only changes if you change it. I think the thing that has changed for me is just how I've been exposed to the reality of many things skateboarding related and unrelated. The kids, the shops, the companies, the reps and the product... just like anything else, it can be very rewarding, but also disheartening. Things now don't seem as simple as they were when I was just a stray shop kid. It's a much bigger industry now, and it's growing... for everybody except the shops. I feel like the industry as a whole has lost a lot of class. A lot of younger kids these days seem like they have little respect. They don't realize there is no “best” in skateboarding. That applies to product, too. It's all preference. I say that a lot when I am at work. If these kids don't wise up quick, they'll lose the local skate shops, local teams and local support. Save a skate shop—don't buy ZUMIEZ!

SLUG: What are some of your interests outside of skateboarding?

Coles: I've gotten into a little bit of everything from electronics, computers and video games, to cars and sports, to sewing and crafts, to drawing,



Outdoorsy and dangerous, 3 flip in the woods.

photography, and video work. But what really makes me happy is anything outdoorsy. I love it so much—hiking, climbing, backpacking, camping, fishing, hunting. That's what I am really interested in. I love the adventure of it, the exploration, the danger, the peace, the beauty, the freedom and the simplicity. I also really like traditional archery. I would shoot my recurve every day until I moved to Salt Lake. I've recently moved again into a house with **Dirk Hogan, Tony Washington and Cameron Starke**. Now that I have a backyard again, I'll be back at it. I really wish I could just make for the mountains, start a colony and live off the land. Someday.

SLUG: Only one of the tricks we shot for this article was filmed (the 16 stair ollie). What are your thoughts on filming and how does filming affect your skating?

Coles: Well, first off, let me say that I think filming is great. I love being able to make a record of something you do and work hard at... and then being able to take a collection of these records and make something you're proud of to show people is awesome. I especially like taking photos because they seem so timeless. I had actually never filmed or been filmed skating until a couple of years ago when we made the *SHOTGUN* video. I think the first trick I ever filmed was on a 12-stair handrail. It's like a treat for me when I get a chance to go

out and film, so yeah, I want to do something worth filming, while I have the chance. Having said that, I'm not trying to go pro or anything. When I film, it's for fun, and mostly it's for me. I'll never see something I want to do and not do it or wait just because I don't have a camera. Skating is one of the hardest things I do, but I can't stop. I love it too much. That's why I skate.



Keeping it adventurous, with an ollie over some dilapidated crete.

“There is no ‘best’ in skateboarding.”



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Words by: Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com

we pulled up to a massive red ranch. Behind the ranch was a picturesque campsite of perfection. Perched on the banks of a surging river, the ground was evenly leveled, covered in soft yellow grass and free of hard rocks and thorny weeds. Everyone plotted out a spot to set up a home for the night. An old dilapidated mini ramp lay near by—unskateable and overgrown with bushes, it would be partially sacrificed as we danced and howled around a blazing inferno late into the night. The sun dropped swiftly and darkness followed. We used the fire to prep a feast of gypsy foil dinners and chili cheese dogs for all to gorge until our bellies were plump and bloated with goodness. Zwan pounded away a beat on his hand drum that evoked a tribal beast in each of us. Nephi Beh followed suit with his guitar while Nevins and

skate. Flynn tossed a full sheet of plywood he had dragged over from the ramp onto the fire. Hadley immediately grabbed his board and began to skate on top of the flaming sheet. Flames spat out the sides as he cracked small ollies and shuv-its. Rocking back and forth as the board bowed to the ashes, Hadley slipped out, falling to his back on the board. The fire gods were generous as Hadley stood without a single singe. His board ejected behind him, landing in the river. Isaiah moved with a ninja-like swiftness, climbing quickly into the water to retrieve Hadley's board. We celebrated the retrieval and concluded the outrageous fire skate spectacle with another feast of fire-grilled chili cheese dogs. We wallowed in gluttony, consuming everything we desired. For the night, this was our kingdom, this was our land. We lived like kings: damn hell-ass kings.

Labor Day is the official mark of summer's end. Naturally, this meant an epic gypsy skate adventure needed to ensue. Everyone convened at **Jared Smith's** house. Our gypsy caravan included **Kendal Johnson, Willy Nevins, Rob Peterson, Tully Flynn, Isaiah Beh, Sean Hadley, Nephi Beh** and **Tyler Zwan**. Also, not to forget the guard dogs **Gonzo, Koi**, and **Lucy**—no gypsy caravan is complete without dogs. It was Sunday afternoon, the destination was Oakley Skatepark for an all-day skate session and the hunt for a free campsite afterward.

The day was perfect: a mellow cool breeze kept the temp down, puffy white clouds filled the sky with no dark ominous ones in sight. Looking for the same journey we were, some fellow skate locals and a few other SLC rippers greeted us upon arrival. Everyone scattered in their own direction, feeling out the new terrain. Hadley was speeding into everything, laying down massive crail slides over the loveseat, huge fly-out airs up to a ledge and an onslaught of tricks on the down rail: front blunt shuv, front blunt bigspin, and front feeble fakie, to name a few. Nevins surfed it ratchild style, while Isaiah Beh caught it all on tape. The session shredded into power hour when the light

Isaiah Beh enchanted our ears with a flute and tambourine. This was pure gypsy divinity. We raged into the night with the dogs at our sides, keeping good guard of the territory. Lucy temporarily got lost in an animalistic dementia as she ran in circles bellowing a thunderous bark into the air and diving blindly into the black water of the rushing river. With each jump, only a splash was heard and only two glowing red eyes could be seen drifting with the water.

Embracing our own animalistic dementia, we piled on mounds of wood blazing six-and-seven-foot flames into the sky. A plank was laid across the pit and a fire-walk took over only to expand into a fire-



photo: Swainston

BSTS, Rob Peterson

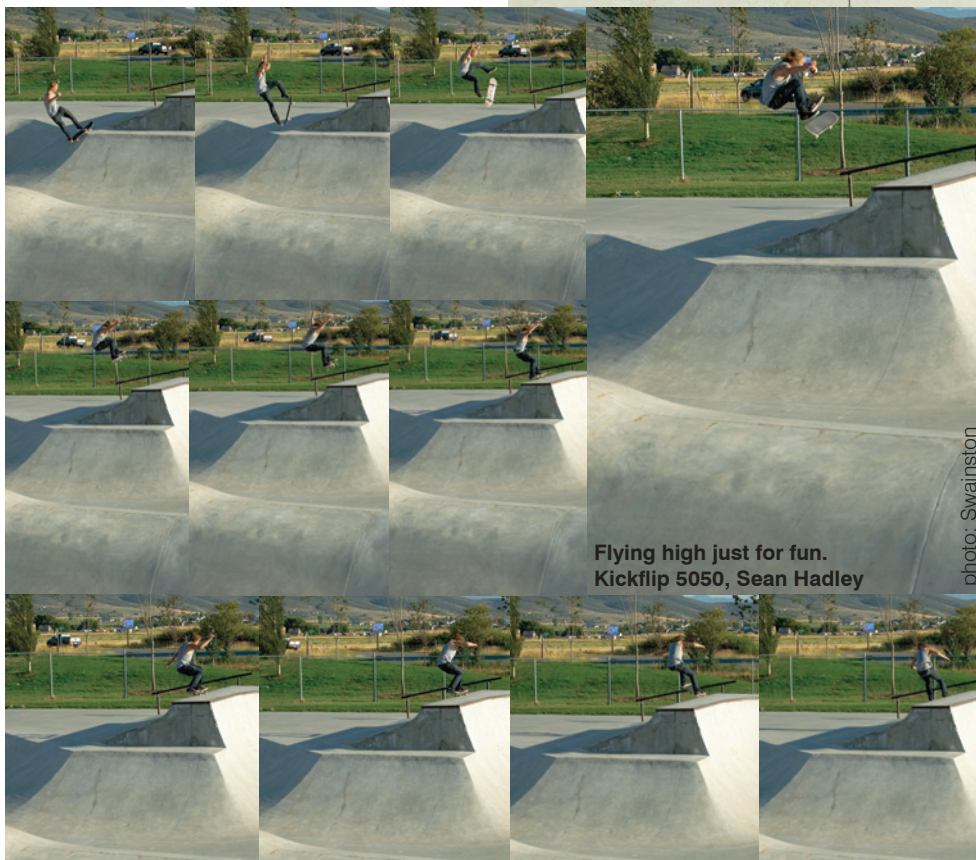
Fire pivot, Sean Hadley



Photo: Zwan

turned gold just before the sun dropped behind the horizon. It was time to venture out and find a home for the night. Peterson had a trick up his sleeve for a spot we could poach for the night. Little did we know how perfect it was going to be.

We pulled off the highway onto a dirt road. Kicking up dust, I drifted around tight corners, passed by a farmhouse and a dirt motocross track as



Flying high just for fun.
Kickflip 5050, Sean Hadley

photo: Swainston

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If Jesus Can Walk on Water, I Can Walk on Beer

by: *Giuseppe Ventrella*
Photos by: *Sam Milianta*
info@slugmag.com

When unbelievably heartbreaking shit happens to a man, he goes a little crazy. That's been the story of my life for the last two years. If you know me, you realize what I'm talking about with my crazy illnesses, leaving my home of 30 years, financial burden, and most of all, true, unbridled heartbreak. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned? How about hell hath no fury like a man heartbroken.

Now I'm on a living trip, meaning I want to live as much as I can because I feel like I'm going to die at any moment. What the hell do these words have to do with the photos you see on this page? I don't really know, but I do know a few things. I've spent way too much of the last four years staying in when I should've been going out. So now I'm trying to soak it all in and live it up.

Just like **Christopher Columbus** when he discovered the world wasn't flat (I know you

history buffs are cringing at this reference), I've decided to see the world. And by the world, I mean the area beyond North Temple and 2100 South. The world isn't divided into corners—it's limitless.

So, I went to Ogden. I know you travel buffs are thinking, "Shit, here he is talking about Ogden when I've been all the way to Portland and Mexico, Ogden isn't that far away." Granted, I know Ogden isn't really considered traveling, but I bet you and your fixed gear bicycle have never been there, unless your dad took you there as a teenager. No one ever wants to go to Ogden, despite the fact it's only a 40 minute drive. Sorry, bike dudes, my lust for life necessitates a car so I can go places.

I've been trying to get people to go skate Ogden with me for the last two years and no one ever would. My dad lived there practically my whole life (until he retired last year) and so I

A luminous glow falls upon a heavenly couch made of beer.





That's a stale grab over a fresh stair set, Keaton McDonald



Flying gypsy tail tap nosegrab, Taylor Bird

“... I’ve spent way too much of the last four years staying in when I should’ve been going out.”

always felt I was an honorary citizen there. I had a bedroom there, okay? Lately, I’ve been skating with **Dirk Hogan** and **Keaton McDonald** a lot, who are both down with Ogden. I finally had skate cronies who were willing to go. All of a sudden, it was on.

In a *Transworld* interview in the 90s, a pro skater named **Jason Maxwell** was asked out of all the places he’s traveled, what places were rad to skate. He replied with some place I’d never heard of in France and Ogden, Utah. Jason skated there back in the day, though, so he never knew rad dudes like **Ryan “Swayze” Coleman**, **Omar Budge**, **Cameron Starke**, **Matty Coles**, **Brian Brown**, **Tony Washington** or the two guys named **Casey** that I met. All these guys kill it harder than you and can drink you under the table. Shotgun a few beers? They’ll kill it harder. It’s Ogden, bitch, and that’s how they do things up there.



Flippin' out over a makshift beer-set, Nollie flip, Dirk Hogan

If you decide to go to Ogden to skate, don't worry about hiding your beer in a coozie. **Mike Brown** told me about some event in Ogden where he noticed a lot of drinking in public. He wondered why no one was hiding his or her adult beverage in a coozie, to which someone replied, "It's Ogden, no one gives a fuck." We actually made a couch out of beer to watch the skating go down. Heard of DIY skatespots? In Ogden, they don't pour concrete—they stack up beers. As Dirk said, "If **Jesus** can walk on water, I can walk on beer!"

I went to Ogden two separate times to work on this article you're holding in your hand. I would love to go more. Hey, *SLUG*, how about you give me a travel budget and I do an Ogden skate column every month (except the shitty winter months)? If that's not possible, at least check out some of the skaters I mentioned above in **Ham** aka **Swine Flu**'s new video *Touch It Again*, which should be out around when you read this. And remember, Ogden is very real and exists only 40 minutes north of here.

"The world isn't divided into corners—it's limitless."



Ninja kick off the fence, Dirk Hogan



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JAY HENDERSON

by James Bennett

bennett.james.m@gmail.com



Jay Henderson of Feral Frequency.



Jay Henderson knows what it means to pay for studio time. An accomplished musician and member of local roots-rock heroes **Band of Annuals**, Henderson has spent his share of time both inside and outside the recording booth. "I've always been a huge fan of music—writing, recording, producing, the works," he says. This zeal for all things musical led Henderson to a sound engineering program at Orlando's *Full Sail University*—one of the nation's leading training grounds for music business-related fields. His experiences with recording have led him to the conclusion that a quality, professional recording session was prohibitively expensive for a lot of artists. He explained, "People get in there and they're so pressed for time that their creativity suffers." The sometimes excessive expense of booking a studio and

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 7

Studio Location: Current Location: 748 S. Kilby Court
Future Location: 301 E. 1700 S.

Gear Found in Studio: Hybrid analog and digital studio featuring a vintage 32-channel Trident 80b British recording console, a 24-track tape machine and 24 channels of Protocols HD.

Notable Acts Recorded: Chaz Prymek, Will Sartain

Website: feralfrequency.org, feralfutures.org

hiring an engineer ended up weeding out those who couldn't afford it and discouraged bands from using their time in the studio to experiment and have fun. In other words, there really wasn't a studio out there for those who could have benefited in both tangible and intangible ways from being able to push the record button and sing their hearts out. Henderson is out to change that—to run a studio that caters to the everyday man. It rings true when he says, "We're in the business of keeping dreams alive."

Feral Frequency is a 501(c)3 non-profit recording studio. It is part of the larger non-profit cooperative, *Feral Futures*, that aims to "create community art, healing and learning spaces that provide opportunities for exploration, expression and places for people to gather, dream and create." The key word there is community. Henderson clarified, "This, for us, is more about supporting the local scene than anything else. It's just one part of a much bigger picture and we enjoy every minute of it." In the case of the recording studio, Henderson and company are determined to run a space where people of all stripes can come and lay down a few tracks. It should be noted that being a non-profit doesn't mean that there is no cost associated with the space. Those wanting to record at *Feral Frequency* will still need to rent the studio and pay for any necessary support staff. Where the situation differs is that Henderson is more concerned with creating a useable, creative workspace for musicians than he is with turning a profit. The hope is that the studio will serve as a gathering place for talented people, those who want to "play, be wild and be happy." He continued, "We want to be an asset to the local community. We want to keep costs as low as we can for artists by keeping our overheads low." He also spoke of offsetting costs by offering "workshops and classes on all parts of the recording process—from pre-production and writing to recording and even repairing equipment."

The studio is currently located at *Kilby Court*. This is a temporary situation, as Henderson and his crew ready a new recording space in a recently acquired building. "We are really excited about the new space. It will be a really nice and vibey facility once it is completed," Henderson says. After the relocation at the end of this year, the further hope is that the studio will become a destination for creative people—a spot where touring bands can stop over for a few days and lay down a couple tracks. A place where local musicians can take the needed time to record the songs they always knew they had in them. A place where people are encouraged to reconnect with their wild selves and to help build the community that they always wanted to be a part of. That is *Feral Frequency*.



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SCOTT SELFRIDGE

by Ryan Fedor
sentrldoh_j@yahoo.com



Scott Selfridge can often be found recording live at the Urban Lounge, but also shares a home setup with B-Side Studios.



I had the opportunity of getting to know Scott Selfridge over a period of two years as he patiently recorded and re-recorded my band's (**Tolchock Trio**) last album, so it was with great pleasure that I got to pick his brain one night in his bedroom studio for this piece. Instead of attempting to condense our one-hour conversation into a narrative, I'll just let him speak for himself.

The Beginning:

"I just walked into a music store and they had it there for like \$800 (Yamaha cassette 4-track recorder). I threw down a wad of cash that was in a *Sabbath Bloody Sabbath* cassette case and the guy thought it was so cool that he gave it to me at cost. The cool thing about that era of recording for me was that fidelity wasn't even a gleam in my eye, I didn't give a fuck about how good someone else's album sounded. I was 16."

Digital or Analog:

"Well, there are benefits to both and if the positives outweigh the negatives for each one, then you should go for that one. It's a waste of time to try and debate what's better—it's what works. It won't work for me to have a tape machine to lug around in my car—it will with a computer."

New Recording Technology:

"I think with all the recording gear that's around, musicians are getting into recording and it's ruining their musicianship. You can't do everything—you can't be a racecar driver and a mechanic at the same time and do both really, really fucking well. I don't think I've written a song in the last three years because I've been doing more recording and investing more time in that."

Ultimate Recording Opportunity:

"**John Coltrane**. That would probably be pretty amazing, because I don't really enjoy creating something that's going to compete with the radio. I don't think I'm very good at

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 10

Studio Location: In-house / mobile

Gear in Studio: Desktop computer / Laptop

Notable National Acts Recorded: None to date.

Notable Local Acts Recorded: **Tolchock Trio**, **Blackhole**, **Red Bennies**, **The Wolfs**, **Gammera**, **The Horns**, **KITeS**, **Coyote Hoods**, **Purr Bats**, **The Cunted**, **Laser Fang**, **Giant**, **The Electoral College** and bunch of live performances.

Website: imdrecordings.com

that, but I also like things that are a discovery and people that aren't afraid to discover things about themselves. Coltrane, to me, is an embodiment of being candid. He's just naturally in that state of being totally open and fucking free."

Favorite Recordings:

"The **Purr Bats** album I did, (*And the Cows Came Home in Pirouette*) some of the **Ether Orchestra** recordings I've done and **The Cunted** album."

Power Animal:

"Probably some kind of livestock. Maybe, like a buffalo or something? I don't know. Some kind of livestock. A cow or a bull. A chicken?"

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MATT MATEUS

by Peekaboo Chadwick

info@slugmag.com



Photo: John Lascaris

Matt Mateus in his studio at home.



SLUG: How did you get started?

Mateus: I think I really started getting interested after I met **Herc Ottenheimer**. He taught me pretty much everything I know. I was so jealous of his lifestyle—getting to record bands for a living seemed like the best job in the world. When I was living in New York City, I bought a bunch of gear, some ADATS, a Mackie board, and some mics and started recording bands. I got really lucky and landed an internship at a fancy studio where lots of big names recorded. I learned about technique and the fundamentals of recording. From there, I moved back to Salt Lake. Actually, it was me, my wife **Tamara** and **Andy Patterson** in a bench-seat U-haul driving all our shit across the country. By the third day, we weren't allowed to mention anything about recording. When we got back, I helped start a little studio with Andy, but realized that he definitely had more passion and patience for recording bands than I did. I happened to luck out and get a job teaching recording at **Spy Hop Productions**, where I am currently the programs director. It is the best day job that a person like me could ever hope for. I have discovered how great it is to work with young people, and it allows me to be around people that inspire me.

SLUG: What is your studio setup like?

Mateus: My studio is nothing spectacular or out of the ordinary: just a bunch of toys, an iMac and a 003. I am a huge fan of Ableton Live and all the Native Instruments software. I love sampling and messing with found sounds. As far as the design of my home studio goes, I think that it's a reaction to how much time I've spent in dark, windowless studios. I wanted to be surrounded by a bit of nature. So, I put one of those huge 70s wallpaper murals of a forest up and built my control room like a cedar cabin, with shingles and everything. My wife is an interior designer, which definitely comes in handy. She helped me design the space around this concept of a little haven in the woods. It's small, but very relaxing. Last spring, some birds built a nest above my control room and that really sealed the concept (but I had to do all my voiceover work at another studio until they left).

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 10-12

Studio Location: Home

Gear Found in Studio: Digidesign 003, Pro Tools 7.4, Ableton Live 7, Logic Pro 8, SM57s and other various cheap mics, Space Echo RE-201, Virus A Synth, M-Audio MicroTrack II, Yamaha MT120 4-Track, various guitars and basses, vibes, piano, drums and glockenspiel

Notable National Acts Recorded: N/A

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Not currently recording local bands. Recently recorded a song for Passion of Sister Dottie S. Dixon, sound design for a Nintendo DS game, film scores for *Darkroom* and *Natural Family Values*

Website: mattmateus.com

SLUG: Any final thoughts?

Mateus: I have the privilege of knowing many of the recording engineers in town and I know how dedicated they are to providing the best possible experience to the local music scene. Many of them struggle to pay bills and keep their studios updated, but it's that dedication, which often goes thankless, that moves me.

SALT LAKE RECORDING

by Ricky Vigil

ricky@slugmag.com



Photo: Barrett Doran

L to R: Brad McCarley and Nathan Tomlinson's studio resides in a century-old warehouse space.



From the moment you step inside *Salt Lake Recording Service*, you know exactly what **Brad McCarley** and **Nathan Tomlinson** are going for. The century-old warehouse has a heavy air that only comes with age, and the worn wooden floors root you firmly in the past, but the modern flourishes like the art hanging from the walls, the low hum of electronic equipment and a sleek overall aesthetic fuse the past and the present into something that isn't quite either. "I really like to go for a sound from the past or to try to make a song sound like it's coming from the past," says McCarley. "When we were talking about building this place, pretty much from the get go, we wanted to get older, vintage gear and try to re-create the golden age of recording," says Tomlinson.

Salt Lake Recording started as a small operation in McCarley's basement eight years ago, but McCarley's roots can be traced to his hometown of Memphis, Tenn. As he was growing up, McCarley recorded his own bands and his friends' bands on a modest setup of a PA mixer and an 8-track reel to reel. McCarley was also a part of the Recording Technology program at

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 8

Studio Location: About five blocks south of the Gateway.

Gear Found in Studio: 1976 MCI JH428 Console, 1960 Ampex 351 mic preamps, 1978 UREI LA-4 compressor (stereo), 1940s RCA PB 46 Ribbon Microphone (44 prototype), Peluso P12 tube condenser microphone (AKG C12 clone), 1970s AKG 452eb small diaphragm condenser microphone. We got lots of other stuff, but that's the stuff we're most proud of.

Notable National Acts Recorded: Wisebird

Notable Local Acts Recorded: The Radio Rhythm Makers, 2 1/2 White Guys, Kate LeDeuce & the Soul Terminators, Pink Lightnin', Mean Molly's Trio, Mad Max and the Wild Ones

Website: saltlakerecordingservice.com

the University of Memphis before moving to Utah. Three years ago, Salt Lake Recording began to take its present shape when McCarley and Tomlinson built their new studio using money from Tomlinson's divorce. "It was all downhill from there," Tomlinson says. "We looked for the right building for three months, got our place and started working on it that night."

Salt Lake Recording is closely modeled after the legendary *Sun Studio*, which McCarley visited as he and Tomlinson were creating the vision for their own studio. "We looked at the size of their live room and how it was all set up, and that really informed us and what we wanted to do with this space," Tomlinson says. The sheer size of the live room is the most striking thing about *Salt Lake Recording* and it is one of the key tools that allows them to recreate the past. "With live recording, you can capture the energy of a live performance and the interactions between the musicians as they play," says McCarley.

As musicians themselves, Tomlinson and McCarley are ideal engineers. "A recording doesn't sound very good unless it's on time and in tune. Being able to hear that as a musician is huge," says McCarley, who is a member of Kate LeDeuce & the Soul Terminators and **Triggers and Slips**. Playing in a number of bands has also bestowed an unexpected advantage on McCarley: it's good for business. "The number one way we meet people is through playing shows with them," he says. Though McCarley and Tomlinson are known for recording bands rooted in classic American genres like country, blues and soul, they have also recorded musicians in genres as disparate as jazz, reggae and even a comedy duo. McCarley and Tomlinson have proven that they can update sounds from the past, but these other ventures have also proven the slogan that runs at the bottom of their Web site: "will record anything, anytime, anywhere."

HYRUM SUMMERHAYS

by Tad Wagner
info@slugmag.com



Photo: Chris Swainston

Hyrum Summerhays at the board in Audio Space.



SLUG: What is **Audio Space** setup like?

Summerhays: You know the scene on *Back to the Future* with the giant guitar amp? It's kind of like that. I have yet to build a time machine out of a DeLorean, though I did make a sketch of some of the key components after slipping in the bathroom while trying to hang a picture.

SLUG: How did you get started?

Summerhays: Started in my mom's basement, then as soon as I had a car I would stuff it FULL of gear and drive to people's garages, practice studios, or wherever we could set up for a few days and record some music. My poor Chevy Sprint could barely move with all the gear inside.

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 18-19

Studio Location: 435 W. 400 S.

Gear Found in Studio: A vintage high end Soundcraft Venue Console refurbished and modified for studio use, Pro Tools HD 8, Logic 9, a veritable smorgasbord of mics for a whole band (drums and all), Midas XL42 Preamp, a variety of analog outboard compressors including Urei LA12 and a DBX 266 (when trashiness is called for)

Notable National Acts Recorded: voice over for Jason Connery

Notable Local Acts Recorded: The Child Who Was A Keyhole, The Salt Town Greasers, Theta Naught, QstandforQ, Band of Annuals, The VCR Quintet, Monorchist, Kid Madusa, Wisebird, Mary Tebbs, etc.

Website: thisisyouraudiospace.com

It only had three cylinders after all. It was great, however, for the pizza-delivery job I also had at the time. I was attracted by the blinking lights and strange machinery. I remember when bands and musicians would perform at my elementary school, I was often as interested in the sound equipment and the people running it as I was in the band. So once I was in a band myself, it just made sense to start recording in order to surround myself with music and blinking lights.

SLUG: Is recording music something that you do full time?

Summerhays: I am a general music and technology geek, so most of time is spent doing something that relates to one or the other or both. I also build and repair electronic accordions for Accordions International. I am looking forward to this year's *Las Vegas International Accordion Convention* (Oct. 19-22).

SLUG: What are some of the features of your studio that set it apart from other local studios?

Summerhays: The studio itself consists of one main tracking room big enough to fit a whole band, a secondary tracking space of decent size, control room big enough for band and significant others to fit in and make unhelpful remarks while some of us are trying to mix. Perhaps best of all is a rooftop break area for getting some fresh air between takes or conversely getting in a quick smoke if you are so inclined.

SLUG: Do you have any interesting studio instruments?

Summerhays: A gigantic upright piano that, no matter how many times you tune it, kinda sounds like it's in an old west saloon, Fender Rhodes (how could you not love it?), Hammond Organ complete with Leslie Speaker (it's not real if you don't hear the sound of the rotating speaker!), 3 or 4 different accordions in varying states of repair, Etherwave Theremin (built this from a kit, complete with custom 2 tone paint job, RIP **Bob Moog**), miscellaneous percussion goodies, and various other sundries I shouldn't get into here.

HERC

by Jesse Hawlish
jhawlish@gmail.com



Herc in his studio/living room aptly named **Herc's Living Room**.



For a moment, walking into Herc's home is like walking into anyone's home, until you empty out into **Herc's Living Room**, and the scene changes from cozy to state-of-the-art.

Although Herc's high-end set up spans four rooms of his abode, the comfy furniture, carpeted spaces and secluded backyard garden keep the house that doubles as a recording studio feeling like a home.

A Salt Lake native, the soft-spoken Herc (just Herc) has quite literally a lifetime of experience as both an engineer and musician. Herc started laying down tracks professionally for Salt Lake's local talents in 1993. In the last 16 years, he's recorded around 150 albums. Herc has seen the Salt Lake music and recording scene grow up around him. Past clients such as **Andy Patterson**, **Terrance DH**, **Matt Mateus** and others have themselves become audio engineers at studios in the valley. However, when it comes to the technology of recording, Herc's not entirely nostalgic for the old days. "I would never go back to analog in a million years," he says. "I *remember* analog. I mean, it was a big pain in the ass. Daily maintenance on the equipment, dropout, hiss, you know, stuff that you just don't worry about anymore."

When it comes to all things recording from the era of the ADATs to today's digital landscape Herc is self-taught. "What do they say? 'If you remember the 60s, you weren't there' . . . I guess I was there. I don't remember the first time I recorded music, really, late 60s or early 70s . . . when I started there was no *school*," Herc says, "There was nothing . . . I just figured it out." He paid bills as a computer programmer before opening **Herc's Living Room**. "I started the studio . . . because I didn't want to work for other people anymore," he says. A career as an audio engineer with such a lasting and successful

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 16

Studio Location: a well-kept secret

Gear Found in Studio: the primary space is set up with seven guitar amps, two bass amps, a Fender Rhodes electric piano, drum kit, 24 mic lines, eight available headphone mixes and a pretty silver Telefunken U47 (**The Beatles'** mic.) The control room holds the console, recorders, racks of mic-preamps and compressors, and three sets of monitor speakers. Downstairs are two isolation areas for guitar speakers, a big guest room for the artists and a secondary recording space with 24 more mic lines and a Hammond organ.

Notable National Acts Recorded: Jerry Joseph, Ike Willis, Bernie Worrell, four members of George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic, The Fowler Brothers, Eric McFadden and Enemy Squad.

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Jahnre, Townie, J Rock, The Red Rock Hot Club, Swoon, Leraime Horstmanshoff, Sick Lake Records and Zion Tribe.

Website: xmission.com/~herc/

recording studio out of your home seems like a pretty damn sweet gig, but it's life as usual for Herc. "I don't have any complaints," He says. "I've been doing this a long time now. The upside is you don't have to go anywhere, the downside is your girlfriend sometimes isn't happy with the band upstairs, banging away."

Nevertheless, in **Herc's Living Room**, the musician's comfort is second to none—an approach to engineering informed by decades of experience. "I did a lot of recording as a musician in other studios in the 80s, and it seemed like most of the engineers were kind of jerks," Herc says. "If you said, 'Hey, can we put a mic here?' They said, 'No'. Unfuckingbelievable—I vowed not to be like that." Herc leaves ego at the door—it's the musician's time and space. "I don't try to control the process too much," he says. "Often the best results are the product of accidents. If you over-control the process, accidents can't happen. I think that if an artist can interact with the process of recording, they will have better ideas, be more productive and have a lot more fun and less stress in the studio."

The **Living Room** is nestled in a quiet neighborhood close to downtown. If you'd like to know specifically where, you'll just have to shoot Herc an email. The studio is open to the public, but only with prior warning. It is the man's home, after all. Herc's client list occupies a wide variety of genres, but if he could ask for anything it'd be "more rock bands!" Herc says, "I like to do rock bands. I do a lot of acoustic stuff, a lot of hip-hop stuff, but [rock is] what I play." Interested parties can Google "Herc's Living Room" for a complete equipment list, more contact info and photos of the digs.

MIKE SASICH

by **Gavin Hoffman**

reigniforever666@gmail.com



Mike Sasich of Man vs. Music Recording Studio



"I had a 4-track cassette recorder years ago when I first started playing," Mike Sasich says about his initial foray into engineering. "I was always interested in how the bands I listened to could do separate guitar parts and such." Initial experiments aside, when Sasich moved back to Salt Lake from California roughly eight years ago, he began doing live sound, which somewhat naturally flowed into studio recordings, initially conducted in his house. "That didn't work too well," he says. "Recording in a house can turn out good, but it's just not as optimal as having a space like the one I have now."

The space he has is a very pleasant environment for recording. Located just outside of downtown Salt Lake, the large-ish space offers plenty of room and plenty of options for each band, depending on their wants and needs. "I like to record live as much as possible, as opposed to doing separate sessions," he says. "I think the drums are the most important piece to a recording. You can have the best guitar and vocal sounds in the world, but if the drums sound like shit, the whole recording sounds like shit." When recording live, he can isolate guitars in a separate small room in the studio, and he usually runs bass direct and then re-amped so nothing interferes with the drum microphones. "I'm also not a fan of click-tracks—I don't think people should set music to a

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 6+ years

Studio Location: 1519 S. Major Ave, Salt Lake City

Gear Found in Studio: Toft ATB24 Mixing Console with Trident Series 80 EQ, John Hardy M- (x4) Mic Preamps, Demeter VTMP-2b Tube Mic Preamps, Empirical Labs Distressor (x2), Empirical Labs Fatso, 16 Track 1" Reel To Reel, Pro Tools Version 8, 1965 Fender Jaguar, 1967 Guild Starfire Semi-Hollowbody, 1967 Guild Starfire Semi-Hollowbody etc.

Notable National Acts Recorded: N/A

Notable Local Acts Recorded: **Blackhole, SLAJO, iAndale!, Thunderfist**

Contact: *mjsasich@yahoo.com*

grid," Sasich says. Additionally, The studio also offers a full range of equipment, which bands are welcome to use—guitar and bass amps, drum kits, etc.—but they are also encouraged to bring their own equipment.

Sasich has an excellent ear for music, and he puts it to use before any band's music is even put to tape. "Anyone that says, 'We'll fix that later'... that's a bad sign," he says. "Sometimes setup can be as quick as 30 minutes, depending on mic placement and equipment and player quality, but sometimes it can stretch to several hours." Sasich pays close attention to the recording mics being in phase, placed correctly and making sure that optimal sounds are drawn from each instrument being recorded. "I think the better it sounds going into the board, whether being recorded digitally or to tape, the better it sounds when finished," says Sasich. Easily preferring to simply "sweeten" a recording as opposed to having to "fix" a recording is a habit to him, and a good habit, at that. "I do use compression and EQ when recording to tape," he says. "Now that I know the room and the problem areas, I have a very good idea of what needs to be done in preparation to achieve the best recording possible for each band."

Sasich admittedly has no formal training for recording, although he spent years honing his craft by doing live sound. "I started learning to do live sound back at the *Zephyr*, before it closed," he says. "I also learned a lot from (local engineer) **Herc** when I was playing in **J.W. Blackout**." Seemingly, however, Sasich's best learning experience was when his band **Thunderfist** recorded with **Jack Endino**. "I learned a lot from him—he's one of my favorite engineers, and we both do things similarly... stripped down and kind of 'guerilla,' I guess," he says. The results shine through in Sasich's recorded output, which seems to be able to reproduce a band's electricity and musicianship in a live setting extremely well when laid to tape.

For the moment, Sasich does not have a website for people to visit, but he encourages bands to contact him via e-mail to set up recording times. Locals (and nationals) take note: Man vs. Music Recording Studio is an up-and-comer that offers amazing results in an atmosphere that allows musicians to realize their full potential on record.

NEIL BLY

by JR Boyce
jrboyce@gmail.com



Photo: Adam Heath

Neil Bly engineers the Provo scene.

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 18+

Studio Location: Provo

Gear Found in Studio: Prism Sound Orpheus, Otari mx5050b-4hr ¼, Neuman u67 mic, Pearlman tm-1 mic, Gibson Les Paul 1957 goldtop guitar, Fender jazz bass, Vox ac30 amp, Fender Champion 600 amp, Abelton Live, Digidesign Pro Tools

Notable National Acts Recorded: Prefers to collaborate with international acts

Notable Local Acts Recorded: The Eden Express, The Weak Men, Boots to the Moon

Website: friendlessrecords.com



Unless you are a devotee of a certain few bands out of Utah County, you've probably never heard of **Neil Bly**. He doesn't solicit bands to record with him. He doesn't advertise *Friendless Records*, the studio he runs in his Provo basement. He doesn't even have a set price on hours. He has a Web site that not many people seem to know about, but Bly's reputation, if not widely known, is indisputable in terms of his vast abilities in the studio. Be it the folktronica of **The Eden Express**, the oscillation between *pp* and *ff* on **Weak Men's** "Dog," or the whisper-in-your-ear intimacy of **Boots To The Moon's** self-titled release, a record that Neil Bly works on will invariably sound professional-level good. "Just because a band is 'local' doesn't mean that the recording has to sound shitty," says Bly. "The terms 'national act' versus 'local band' are maybe what's holding the industry back. I record real bands."

Friendless Records is like a museum for analog synths, reel-to-reels and vintage microphones. Bly has been compulsively collecting equipment for years for his own work, **Shifty Individual**. "Everything I bought for recording was with the intention to fit into my personal grand scheme of things, rather than for recording whoever," he says.

Producing others happened accidentally. "I approached The Eden Express about jamming. Then they showed up at my house intending to record," says Bly. After The Eden Express' "*Common Sense EP*" dropped, more musicians in Provo began asking Bly to work with them. However, for all the people who request his services, Bly is pretty selective about who he records. "I choose bands where I would fit as a temporary member," he says. "I come to recording more from a songwriter perspective than an engineer's, more a musician than a producer. I don't want to be a hired gun that places mics."

Despite not operating as a traditional studio, *Friendless Records* continues to slowly build its reputation. Maybe it's foolhardy, but Neil Bly's *modus operandi* is different from others. "If we work out a deal, we work out a deal," he says. "But I built up my studio for *my* music and people who I feel musical connection with." Musicians interested in working with Bly are welcome to visit friendlessrecords.com. But remember, if Bly wants to record your band, *he'll* probably call you.

WESLEY JOHNSON

by Jessica Davis

ms.lovelyq@gmail.com



Wesley Johnson recorded in various basements before putting together his own home studio.



Wesley Johnson, owner/founder of *Archive Recordings*, became interested in recording at age 13 when his band, **Quiet Color**, began visiting local studios. "I had a blast in the process of it. Naturally, I started hanging around sessions, then took on an apprenticeship [under **Matt Mateus**] at *Spy Hop* in 2003," says Johnson. During this apprenticeship, he met **Tate Law** and **Jeff Adams** with whom he eventually started the band **The Lionelle**. After completing his apprenticeship at *Spy Hop*, Johnson started recording in random basements. In 2006, he moved into a house, altering four rooms into a comfortable studio where he records with friend and bandmate Jeff Adams.

At only 21, Johnson is already making a living recording full time. "I work well with bands my age. It's easier for them, compared to working with somebody much older. They feel more comfortable, which helps the outcome of their music." Johnson makes it clear that he's not just the guy in a band with a studio though, "I'm an engineer, not a hobbyist."

Johnson took Pro Tools Certification classes in California after graduating high school and did a two-week workshop in Nashville with metal producer **Michael Wagener** (**Metallica**, **Dokken**, **Alice Cooper**, **Accept**). Johnson says that experience is a crucial part of recording. "Even for people without all the high quality equipment, if you know what you're doing, you can get a great sound. You just have to do it." *Archive Recordings* is equipped for any genre or small project. "We have all the standard supplies to make an awesome

IN / OUT

Years Recording: Six

Studio Location: Approximately 900 S. and 300 E. SLC, UT

Gear Found in Studio: Basic control room and live floor plan.

Pro Tools 8 with Neotek Series 1 console. All the outboard, microphones and instruments needed to make a killer recording.

Notable National Act Recorded: **Picture It In Ruins** (Green River, Wyo.)

Notable Local Acts Recorded: **Fox Van Cleef**, **Jacket Weather**, **Shark Speed**, **Fire In The Skies**, **Kid Theodore**.

Website: archiverecording.com

recording. Bands are always welcome to bring anything they want to try out. I never turn down an idea," says Johnson.

Johnson plans to continue saving so he can eventually expand into a larger studio and achieve the stability of recording bands for weeks or months at a time. "If that doesn't happen I'm not going to complain and quit. I'll keep doing everything as long as I enjoy it," says Johnson. Whether it's recording, mixing, mastering an album or laying down a few drum tracks, he'll do the job.



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JUD POWELL

by Lance Saunders

Saunders801@yahoo.com



Jud Powell of *B-Side Studios*.



When an average person walks into a room, they don't think about how it could potentially be set up for proper sound diffusion, but the kind of equipment needed for such an occasion. "I was interested in knowing the how, why and what to do, etc." Powell says "The original reasoning behind *B-Sides Studios* was to be more involved in the recording process of my own music. I'm not trying to take over any sort of market—or compete at all, but to make a studio that was affordable for people just like me who want to make a bitchin' record and have it be cheap. I know it's tough out here." Powell also wanted to keep his studio very private and thought it wise to not wave it around in anyone's face. His honest goal was to simply get people more involved in making their own records. The allure of owning and running his own recording studio was so uncompromising that he started to compile equipment as quickly as he could.

A few years ago Powell was recording an album with his band **Le Force** and found himself wondering how everything worked. Not just the music recording process, but the kind of equipment needed for such an occasion. "I was interested in knowing the how, why and what to do, etc." Powell says "The original reasoning behind *B-Sides Studios* was to be more involved in the recording process of my own music. I'm not trying to take over any sort of market—or compete at all, but to make a studio that was affordable for people just like me who want to make a bitchin' record and have it be cheap. I know it's tough out here." Powell also wanted to keep his studio very private and thought it wise to not wave it around in anyone's face. His honest goal was to simply get people more involved in making their own records. The allure of owning and running his own recording studio was so uncompromising that he started to compile equipment as quickly as he could.

As a recording studio, Jud Powell's spot is the only locally owned, all out board-analog studio in Salt Lake City. The difference between *B-Sides Studio* and everyone else's in the city comes down to the fact that he hates computers—or just has an adamant disdain for them. Using his "analog-only" gear offers the musicians who record there a chance to make a one-of-a-kind sounding album rather than a mechanically reproduced body of work made to sound like it was polished to perfection. He uses his profound technical know-how to man his Trident 80 console, which offers a legendary sound that has been behind so many classic hits (**The Beatles** used the same console in the late 60s), and naturally, it has that 'retro' look and feel of sheer quality, but it also has many advances that you would want to see in a modern console for today's recording needs. He also uses a 24 track with a two-inch analog tape machine and all classic outboard gear. In short, Powell knows what kind of gear to buy and how to use it.

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 3

Studio Location: 9th and 9th area

Gear Found in Studio: trident 70 series console 28 x24 (recapped), studer a800 mkIII 24 track 2" (recapped, relapped), ampx atr102 2 track 1/4 " (recapped, new heads), protocols 8 mbox, alesis masterlink, panasonic sv3800, yamaha ns10m (yamaha p2200 amp), nht a20 pair (w/ amp), krk v6 pair, realistic minimus -7 pair, sony 7506, beyer dt770, sennheiser hd280, furman hds-6 (3 remote stations), chandler ltd-1 pair, little labs ibp junior, alan smart c1, dbx 160x (recapped), dbx, 160xt pair, adr vocal stressor (recapped), empirical labs el8 distressor, universal audio 1176ln etc.

Notable National Acts Recorded: Only live performances (with permission)

Notable Local Acts Recorded: **Fallen, Compound Fracture, Mammoth, The Switch, Redd Tape, The Heaters, Future of the Ghost, Evolver, Out Time in Space, Cornered by Zombies, The Album, Le Force, The Wolfs, Rope or Bullets, The Chronies, Agape, Cathexes**, and many others.

Website: imdrecordings.com

Powell's most recent recorded piece of work is *Famous Last Words* by **Cornered By Zombies**, a hard hitting and heavy album written by **Basil Eiseman** and **Jason Denney**. "We recorded the whole album in a couple of days," Powell says, "I mixed it in a country and jazz studio."

Jud Powell is not your regular monkey engineer pressing buttons all day. He literally pushes the musicians he records to extensive limits by making suggestions for them to record in more unconventional ways than they're used to. "I want more out of the album than most musicians do. I never do the same thing twice and I have never tried to copy another person's record. Some bands get very uncomfortable when I recommend that they use different amps or gear that they're not used to," Powell says. It's clear to see that he has a no bullshit attitude, but he is also open to whatever the band is willing to do. "The gear is secondary. It's all about the musician's talent. I have always stressed the player side of recording because it keeps 'me' from getting lazy. I get people to play for hours and hours, yes, it wears people out and the first and second takes are usually the best, but people are as good as they play. Most musicians are fairly consistent." Powell says, "I don't do click tracks or layer cake jobs anymore. I want to get something different every time."

Now that the new and improved *B-Sides Studios* is finally re-vamped and open for business, Powell is now ready to take on more clients. "I'm kind of bummed that I didn't do this years ago," Powell says regarding the new additions. *B-Side Studio* is an "L.A. style" dual level space filled with classic recording equipment, tube preamps, compressors, tape echoes, peddle boards, Marshall stacks, Ludwig drums, maple drums, a bad ass console, monitors and everything else you need to make your album sound great. Upstairs is where you can find the control room all set with a slope in the ceiling that is downright acoustically pleasing. Powell says, "I wanted to be isolated from the sound source so I can get the sound I want." Downstairs is one huge room measured around 26'x 20' for the bands to track their sounds.

If you are looking for a hands-on recording experience and don't have a lot of funds, give Powell a call. He should be open.

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DAVE PAYNE

by **Conor Dow**

tomservo@gmail.com



Dave Payne in his Spaceship Arcade Studio.



When he's not busy being a father of twins, fixing up his house, performing with several bands, or up late playing arcade games in his basement, Dave Payne is at the helm of his very own recording studio known as *Spaceship Arcade Studio*. Music runs deeply in the Payne family, including **Marvin Payne**, Payne's father who had a music career in the 1970s. Payne and three brothers, **Joshua, Joe and Sam**, reformed along with their father as **Marvin Payne and the Gifted Seed** to play Marvin's old music in a live setting. Marvin never had a full band to play these songs entirely live until recent years. Some of the prestigious bands who have been recorded by **Payne** include **Red Bennies, Coyote Hoods, The Glinting Gems** and **Ether Orchestra**. He also helps run a music school for children called **Rock n' Roll Academy**, located just north of Salt Lake City, where people of all ages, currently ranging from 7 to 40, come from all over to learn everything about music.

"Your perception of music is more than just ears," Payne says, when explaining his philosophies on recording music, "You aren't trying to capture what it sounds like, but you're trying to capture what it feels like, which is a very different experience." He's been recording music for over fifteen years, starting with a 4-track recorder, and then moving on to ADATs (Alesis Digital Audio Tape), which uses a VHS tape and was widely used throughout the 1990s. These days Payne prefers a computer. For multi-track recording, he started with Vegas, made by Sony, which he has also made videos with. He has since moved onto a program called Reaper, which is very similar to Vegas, but is more open ended, and provides many more options to the end result. "The thing that really bothers me about modern recording culture is that people go equipment crazy, including program crazy," Payne says. This includes many majorly popular applications such as Pro Tools, Sonar and Cubase, all

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 16

Studio Location: Mansion Basement

Gear Found in Studio: Presonus Firepod, Computer/Reaper, Nady Starpower Series and Inheritance Mics, Plugins from the internet representing the finest efforts of the entire human race.

Notable Acts Recorded: Epoxies Live!

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Red Bennies, Purr Bats, The Glinting Gems, Ether Orchestra, Optimus Prime, Stiletto, Heaters, Wolfs, Invisible Rays, Morlocks

Website: rest30.com

of which exceed several hundred dollars in price. "You can get plugins and programs that are phenomenal for free."

Compared to many others, Payne's recording techniques are somewhat unconventional. Setting up everything to get the most pristine sound out of the recording is something he tries to avoid. "I think the whole concept of trying to construct something that sounds so much better just to capture live is blasphemous. I try to only do live recording, and or at least only first takes." Much of this is to avoid making a recording that sounds overly polished. "The better you are at making something good, the better you are at stripping the personality away." This is where Payne's affinity for computer software comes into play. While many recording studios that lean toward a rawer or more visceral sound will opt for analog equipment or older methods, Payne prefers to get those same results during those first take recordings. "Musicians pay big bucks to have someone capture your music as stylistically neutral as possible, I prefer to do it as stylistically as possible for cheap," Payne says.

"I try to record in a way that is a little more sculptural, meaning once you have the recording you can mess with it. The mixing is the big part. Recording the tracks is no big deal to me, but mixing them really well on the computer is the major part." The mentality of sculpturing plays a large part on how Payne approaches recording. "I approach recording like a lump of clay, then you see what you can do with it and present it in a nice way. If you're working with paint, it's 'just colors,' but then you make them into lines and they become 'just lines,' and then you make them into shapes and they're 'just shapes,' but all those shapes combined have many distinct emotional implications to the listener." The subjectivity of these implications is important, because they can convey everything from the overall mood of the album as a whole, or a specific song, or a specific moment in a song. "I took a sculpture class in college where we talked about elements of 'subject matter' where people will respond to images differently and also different elements of 'form' and how people perceive things differently on an instinctive universal scale," Payne explains.

These elements of form are crucial to Payne's recording style, and the results show strongly in his work.

TERRANCE DH

by Jeanette Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com



Terrance DH of Counterpoint Studios at the 32 Channel Neve 5088 Analog Mixer.



Terrance DH's introduction to recording was an accident, really. In the early 90s, his band **Bad Yodelers** were recording with an engineer who had a bad habit of disappearing for three to four hours at a time. "I was the singer in that band and the vocals during a recording session usually get done at the end," DH says. To deal with the engineer's disappearing act, the Yodelers' drummer, **Brent Peacock**, sat Terrance behind the console and taught him the basics of recording. "I would hit play and record and they would do takes of their drums," DH says.

For a few years DH bounced around from studio to studio learning as much as he could from various engineers. "I felt like right from the get-go I had a knack for what a song needed. And being a musician, I [felt I] could always really help the musicians through past experiences of mine," DH says. Terrance has been involved with the local music scene since the late 80s, spending time in **The Stench**, **Bad Yodelers**, **Top Dead Celebrity**, **Magstatic** and most recently **Danger Hailstorm**.

DH found himself hanging around **Counterpoint Studio** about a decade ago. "I would dump garbage, put away microphones and wrap cables," DH says. He knew where everything in the studio was and after a while, when he wasn't around, "[The engineers] were asking 'where's Terrance?' like they needed me. I worked my way into it really, and lucked out," DH says. Eventually **Gianni Skolnick** (**Counterpoint's** CEO) hired DH to work as an engineer and the studio manager.

Although **Counterpoint** opened 14 years ago, according to DH the studio has only just reached **Counterpoint** CEO Gianni Skolnick's initial vision. "It's the best it has ever been—right now we're at our peak," DH says.

Over the past few years the studio has gone through some major changes. The addition of the 32 Channel Neve 5088 analog mixer allows DH and the other engineers at **Counterpoint** to mix the traditional way instead of spending hours staring at a computer screen. "I think you listen better [when] you don't look at the

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 14

Studio Location: Counterpoint Studio 2334 S. West Temple

Gear Found in Studio: World Class Facility featuring 32 Channel Neve 5088, Pro Tools HD, tons of vintage outboard gear and mics, tons of amps, guitars and basses.

Notable National Act Recorded: The Used, Air Supply, Sum 41, The Click Five

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Danger Hailstorm, Calico, Labcoat

Website: terrancedh.com, counterpointstudios.com

waveforms and it just warms up the signal." DH says, "It's just more magical. I don't know why, but the computer takes the magic away or sucks it out of you."

All it takes to understand this magic that DH speaks of is a listen to the Danger Hailstorm track "Bouncer." **Michael Wagener** ("one of the biggest engineers in the world," according to DH) recently rerecorded the track as part of a recording clinic held at **Counterpoint**. "We did one song for seven days. It turned out so good. He rearranged the song and everything. It was an amazing experience for me. I learned so much," DH says. The result is nothing short of mind blowing—the sound resonates off of the walls of the studio and feels warm, organic and encompassing.

Creating a comfortable work environment in the world-class studio is where other changes have stemmed—like the addition of a studio bong and a pool table. According to DH, many local bands don't feel like they can afford to record in a multimillion-dollar facility like **Counterpoint**. "[**Counterpoint**] is so nice and it scares a lot of bands, but then they come here the vibe is so good. It's like it's *their* studio," DH says. DH's recording rates run \$70/per hour, which is steep compared to low-end studios, but incredibly reasonable in the big scheme of things. "If you're ready and we knock it out and capture it, [your album] could be done easily for \$500, which is nothing. In 1987 [bands] were allowing \$1000 to do a record," DH says.

The good vibes that exude from DH and the Counterpoint space have drawn in numerous local bands, national acts like **Air Supply**, **Sum 41** and **The Used**, but also other local engineers. **Andy Patterson**, **Michael Green** and **Matt Winegar** have all spent time using the **Counterpoint** facility. "We love other engineers to come here and work. Use our studio for tracking and to get the benefits of it," DH says.

After playing in local bands since the late 80s, DH estimates that he has recorded with over 40 different engineers. "I learned a little bit from all of them—their flaws and their strengths," DH says, "A lot of people are really un-fun to record with. It's like a science to them and they don't want to talk about it."

DH's goals when it comes to recording seem to mirror the environment of **Counterpoint**. He wants his clients to be comfortable, involved and have a good time. "Creativity is the top priority for me. That's when the magic starts," DH says, "The band is seeing their vision, rather than me making them sound like I want them to sound."

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ANDY

by JP
jp@slugmag.com



Andy Patterson is one of the most prolific sound engineers in SLC.

Photo: David Newkirk

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 10

Studio Location: 3400 South 300 West

Studio Set Up: Pro Tools run through G3 Mac OS 9.1

Notable National Acts Recorded: DJ Shadow, Cut Chemist, Shelter, Ascend, Meg and Dia, Zach de la Rocha (narration)

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Red Bennies, Big Gun Baby, Mindstate, Julio Child, The Kill, Cub Country, Gaza

experience under his belt in an LA studio where **Blink 182** and **Melvins** tracking had been done, Patterson moved back to Salt Lake with his new skill set. He setup his first official studio space in the old KRCL studio space on 5th West. There Patterson officially started his infamous recording career that led to nationally respected engineering work with over 250 bands. It was a perfectly setup skeleton for a recording studio and an ideal space until he was kicked out for being too loud during a recording session. Patterson took to the streets and found his current studio space off 3400 South and 300 West where he can be as loud as he wants, sometimes blowing three fuses at a time while harnessing monstrous amounts of electrically-fueled sound.

His current location is where bands like **Blackhole** and **Cool Your Jets** have recorded sessions between diverse acts ranging from **SLAJO** to **Cub Country**. Some might wonder at an engineer's ability to record members of SLC's straight edge scene and then push the "record" button on a pop record for **Meg and Dia**, but Patterson has played it all, so he can do it all. Patterson had a vibrant time in the 90s and 00s as a touring drummer with national acts in Europe and Japan with huge groups such as **Shelter**, **State of the Nation**, **Blue Tip**, **Baby Gopal** and **Inside Out**.

After drumming around the world Patterson started recording and using some of the same mantras he learned while on the road back in the studio. Cub Country's **Jeremy Chatelain** confirms this "He's punk rock to the bone. He's a fast, no-bullshit engineer who's interested in doing the best job he can with the cards he's dealt in the studio." Using creative solutions to curtail possible stumbling blocks, Patterson isn't afraid to morph his studio in order to accommodate the specific needs of his clients: "One time, we were recording a friend's vocals and she was super nervous," local emcee **Fisch** of **Julio Child** and **Rotten Musicians** says, "Andy made like a mini-room and talked her through the recording process. After a while she was killing it." On a recent tour of his studio for **SLUG** Patterson recalled the kinds of rare incidents where he's constructed temporary walls with at-hand textiles (bedsheets on those rare occasions). As we enter a large room with mismatched acoustic wall paneling he points at a cluttered closet made of glass: "This is a vocal booth, but it's just storage. Honestly I just set up a mic right here," Patterson points at the floor in front of the window into his production room. "The only time I've built a booth is about four times and it's usually just [a] singer being embarrassed because nobody can look at them," he says. When he's not building privacy blinds Patterson just sets up his microphone and records



Back in the late 90s drummer Andy Patterson was looking to make it in LA. He placed an ad in *The Recycler* about his interest in joining a band and a woman responded. Patterson showed up to her apartment to talk about the group—instead Patterson ended up shaking hands with her roommate **Critter (Jeff Knewel)** and started an accidental mentor/student relationship that would later impact the Salt Lake music scene. Critter (former **Ministry** and **Guns 'N Roses** engineer) taught the inquisitive Patterson about the Pro Tools rig that sat in the center of Critter's living room.

Patterson took Critter's advice to fuck engineering school and spent his savings on a Pro Tools rig instead. With the old-school engineer's recording/editing advice bouncing around his head and a few months of Pro Tools

PATTERSON

vocals ranging from operatic singing to whispering, and does it in the same room everything else is recorded in. Recording vocals outside of a booth is tantamount to blasphemy in some engineering circles. Patterson doesn't give a fuck. He'll build stuff to avoid a traditional method. It's *his* method, even if it takes some extra work.

That extra-mile work really makes the records sizzle. So good you can hear it—listen to **Ascend Ample Fire Within** for confirmation. People might wonder how Patterson can get such awesome sound from his admittedly old-school gear, but he puts it this way: "The phrase in the audio community is 'it's not the gear, it's the ear.' You can have a guitar—same guitar, same amp, same pedals. You have two different players [and] it will sound completely different." Patterson says, "Having an assload of equipment doesn't mean you'll have good sound. I hope it's because I make things sound good with my ears and not because of any equipment. It's like cooking. Some people make a shit sandwich—another person makes a great sandwich, even when they have access to the same ingredients." You can't record hundreds of bands and not have a rep for being good. That's what keeps Patterson working tirelessly as a producer/engineer.

Regarding that, Patterson would like to make a clarification on semantics and titles here: Engineer versus Producer. "They're just titles and they do have connotations. People go to this producer because 'he's made awesome records and slick shit.' A lot of the time they're looking for that person to guide them." Patterson says, "I consider an engineer to be more utility than coach—more like I'm making sure everything's running OK—making sure the vibes all right. But ultimately my job is technical over creative. The lines get blurred once in a while, but I think the connotation of producers is that I'm a guy in the couch on the back saying 'No. That's not the take. Do it again—this time with feeling,' Patterson says.

Continuing his explanation, Patterson repeats an analogy he's made before, but one epically sized enough for reiteration, "I say that I'm the sherpa up The Mountain of Rock, but I'm not going to carry your backpack either," Patterson says. "I'm not some grand dude that's above it all. But what if a producer got a hold of a **Hendrix** nowadays? Or **Janis Joplin** nowadays? They'd be like 'You don't look the part. Your voice is too weird.' We would have lost a lot of shit if people were producing in that regard. I think there's a place for honest recording," Patterson says.

Honesty in recording is a big thing for Patterson. He's very much a purist in that regard. "There's been discussions about different engineers in town and one thing comes up that I take defense to. Most people refer to me as 'the laid back guy.' Like I'm not going to say anything about your record, I'm just going to press record and I'm going to lay back, let you do your thing." Patterson says, "There is some truth to that: I am mellow. At the same time I'm respecting the idea that you are bringing your honest music to me that you want me to capture so other people can listen to it. Not 'I'm going to bring my band in

'cause we're really awesome but we don't practice.' " Patterson says, "and, 'Why does it sound like shit?' 'Well, Andy was lazy and he didn't make it sound good.' I take defense to that because it's not my job to make your music. My job is to capture your music and be helpful."

Patterson doesn't capture music 24/7, though his lengthy resume appears to make it so. In his spare time he watches flicks (horror being one of his preferred genres) with his wife Cindi and smokes meat on his grill, among other things. Smoking meat and watching movies about people becoming meat aside, one may still be wondering why? Why did the recording impetus even strike the late 90s era Patterson? "I wanted my own voice. It's because I'm a drummer and I'm at the mercy of whoever's writing the songs. I wanted to take the power back so I made beats." Moving from behind his kit and the making of beats in Acid Pro to a more behind the scene use of Pro Tools, Patterson started writing his own tale that has yet to reach its finale. But the rest of the story is out there building momentum: on CDs, vinyl and digital media all with Patterson's impact on it, for better or worse—mostly better, though. Patterson agrees.

"I always tell everyone you'll never find me complaining about anything because my life rules. I have a studio and I get to record awesome bands all the time. My wife works at a brewery [**Utah Brewer's Co-Op**]. What the hell do I have to complain about?" Patterson asks. "I wish I made more money but that's about it. I make enough to sustain so I can't complain."

Patterson is still sustaining and living his old dream of playing and recording music. He's still drumming, with local band **Iota** (which recently played a **SXSW** showcase in Austin) and he's also old-school enough that he loves working with tape when he can. He used to go to **Counterpoint Studios** to utilize their tape (analog) machine until it became outmoded and retired. He will still take bands there to record when they want "slick shit," and he would love to branch out to their space eventually. "I would love to work there and utilize their gear and their minds. I'll figure it out somehow." If that doesn't work Patterson will still be plugging away in his own space into infinity, apparently. He will also be using his old Mac G4 and the Pro Tools rig he first bought in LA. Patterson says of his rig, "It is the same. I wouldn't be keeping it real with the same gear if I had more money. By the time I'm in my 40s I'll have great gear. But instead of buying a new microphone today I'm paying my bills so my electricity won't turn off so I can record some more shit," he says. That's because Patterson works on a shoestring to keep his costs inexpensive enough for most local bands to record with him, utilizing his ear and decades old experience to make honest music you have listened to, and will again, well after Patterson has reached his 40s. Looking around the studio with a reflective gaze Patterson closes by saying, "I still have this place after all these years so I've been able to pull it off where I didn't fail in the first year. So somehow I keep it together almost in spite of myself."





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MATT WINEGAR

by Brian Kubarycz
knaib@hotmail.com



Photo: Michelle Emerson

Matt Winegar detests "fake-raw" music.



Matt Winegar is a local producer, audio engineer and musician. All this he sums up tersely as "making records." "Lots of kids get confused by this," he says. As he explained why this is the case, we spoke of recording studios and the state of musical technology in the broadest sense—drums and wires, but also the body parts and skills that make up the total experience music.

"Some kids don't know what a record is." Or what a record was. Winegar makes a strong distinction between how music is recorded now and how it has been recorded in the past. A big fan of classic rock, not just bands, but also producers and engineers. Winegar tells me about the great soundmen of a bygone era. "Today a CD can contain up to 80 minutes of music, so everyone feels that they *have* to fill it." Still, some of the greatest rock albums ran only half an hour, and they provided a completely fulfilling musical experience. "There's almost too much music now," Winegar says. Maxing out is certainly an option, but it shouldn't feel like a necessity, he tells me.

Maxing out can also take the form of compression. Compression, Winegar explains, is the digital manipulation of volume dynamics. Instead of natural peaks and valleys, you get one cinder block of sound. It's everywhere. "I think the trend began with 6-CD changer. Everybody wanted to sound louder than everything else in the machine," Winegar says. This led to what Winegar calls the "internet volume wars," in which every band is always way up in your face, but has almost nothing to say. Winegar calls this "fake-raw"—like painting a hamburger pink.

Winegar prefers the sincerity of early recordings. He puts on a copy of **Lou Reed's** *Transformer*, produced by **Mick Ronson**. The first thing you hear is the humanity of the vocals. Instead of a single block of icy "vox" I can hear each background singer distinctly. Recent records, with an excess of compression, Winegar calls by one generic name—"Captain Crush." Earlier producers were able, however, to use little equipment, and yet capture a huge sound which still felt alive. Winegar cites **Glyn**

IN / OUT

Years Recording: 20

Studio Location: 247 West 3680 South

Gear Found in Studio: API & Neve mics and pre-amps, Nuendo and Pro Tools digital audio, Aurora preamps, compressors and converters

Notable National Acts Recorded: Primus, Faith No More, Coheed and Cambria

Notable Local Acts Recorded: Royal Bliss, Gorgeous Hussies, Mutton Hollow, The Recovery

Website: myspace.com/matthewwinegar

Johns, who produced **The Who**, **The Rolling Stones**, **The Kinks**, the early **Faces** and the later **Beatles**, **Led Zeppelin** and **The Clash**. He also mentions, **Roy Thomas Baker**, responsible for the sound of classic **Queen**.

This ethos, perfected by the British, Winegar traces back to the great America recording studios of the 60s—*Motown*, *Muscel Shoals*, *Chess*, *Stax*. "They came to America in search of the secret of each studio." What they discovered is that the source of these unique sound prints was nothing artificially. Everything depended on the real physical rooms, and the studio's actual musical instruments—these drums in *that* corner. Winegar says it's this that the best producers, from both sides of the Atlantic, have always remembered.

Winegar grew up in San Francisco and revealed a musical aptitude by the age of three. By twelve he was already recording. Over the years Winegar has accumulated a vast knowledge of recording lore. In Hollywood with his band **The Spent Poets**, Winegar was bewildered by all the pointless hobnobbing he observed. This mania for establishing social connections has gotten worse with the Internet, Winegar says. "Everybody is trolling around, trying to connect with the stars." We have fun imagining **Keith Richards** on MySpace, chuckling as he turns down friend requests. "Deny!" Winegar says and laughs. "Nobody in Hollywood seemed interested in the actual music. But when I met someone in the business, I always asked about recording sessions, about the details of studio craft." This curatorial attitude has paid off, landing Winegar work with the likes of Primus. He recalls introducing them to a crusty songwriter named **Tom Waits**. **Les Claypool** liked what he heard and convinced Waits to add vocals to "Tommy The Cat," and Winegar was there to record it.

What matters most, Winegar says, is trust and planning. "A producer needs to be an honest guide, to communicate clearly what seems best for the band." And bands need to keep an open mind. Most bands tend towards an excess of emotion and instrumental overkill. It's Winegar's job to detect the basic feeling trapped in a song and bring out the nuances. Toward this, Winegar plays the recording studio like veritable musical instrument. The easy accessibility of technology today, allows almost anything—say, a proto-string synthesizer like a melotron to be faked instantly. It's a great temptation to include more than is needed, or to tweak a record to death. But a good producer will know when to hold back, and when to let go. One of Winegar's favorite bands is **The Flaming Lips**, whose albums are dense with studio-generated effects. But for Winegar their records all show tremendous taste. "Yes, the production is heavy, but it all sounds right," Winegar says. Great recording begins and ends, for Matt Winegar, with a trained and working ear.

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Freedom of Choice in an Otherwise Cookie Cutter World

A look at

REVOLUTION Manufacturing

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

There's nothing better than buying a new snowboard: a clean top sheet to customize with stickers, a freshly tuned base and the feel of that first flex under your weight. It's a very intense feeling knowing that for the next season or two, this piece of material will be bringing you the best of times and the worst of times. What's better than this? Well, how about not only designing your own board, but watching the whole process take place. Thanks to *Revolution Manufacturing*, I had the opportunity to do just that.

Starting in a warehouse in Orem, Revolution has been in the building business for almost seven years. Over the course of the past few years, business has steadily grown, thus allowing Revolution to be a fully in-house operation. This means that nothing in their board construction is assembled elsewhere. From start to finish, the factory has complete control over the process, allowing them to not only be comprehensive and hands-on, but also to have one of the fastest turnarounds in the business. On average, the factory is able to fulfill an industry order in about a month. One of Revolution's most unique processes, and the one that I had the opportunity to take part in, is their Build-a-Board process. This allows the consumer the complete freedom to design their very own board, from the art to the shape to the core, these fully customizable boards will be kicking ass all over the mountain for years.

For my snowboard, I recruited the help of an old friend and artist, **Rory Stack**. With little notice, Rory was able to come up with some clean graphics. Design in hand, I drove down to the factory where I was greeted by the head of marketing, **Matt Pinnell**. After a brief introduction, we were off to start building. Our first stop was the art department where **Tyler Fox** would bring our design to life. "Whatever you want to do, I can make it happen," he told me. After some fine-tuning, the images were printed out on the super printer (think personal printer just 40 times larger). Revolution offers two ways to have graphics transferred, screen print or sublimation. I



Photo: Brian Mayrose

**A BOARD MAKER AT REVOLUTION MFG ROUTES THE EDGES
OF WHAT WILL BE A PERFECTLY SHAPED SHRED-STICK.**

chose to have my graphics sublimated (or heat transferred). This process results in a better quality than the cost-effective screen printing technique. Once the graphics were transferred to the top and bottom sheets, they were cut then placed on a template and routed.



Photo: Brian Mayrose

A SPECIAL HANDS-ON TECHNIQUE IS APPLIED TO THE BOARDS EDGES TO ENSURE THEY DON'T SEPERATE FROM THE SIDEWALLS.

After the art aspect was completed, we headed into the core room. Many manufacturers receive cores from an outside source—not Revolution. In this room, planks of poplar and aspen are glued and cut to make cores. Once cured and stripped, a computer cuts the core to match the correct size. Armed with my graphics and my core, it was off to have my board assembled in the largest area of the factory the construction area. This area consists of several stations: cap construction, sidewall construction, fiberglass, press area and finishing.

Revolution has a different technique when it comes to the construction of the boards' edges. I can't say much about it, but I can tell you that **John Mon** takes a very hands on approach to make sure that the edges are perfectly constructed and not going to separate from the board's sidewalls. Once the edges are done, it's time to add the second most important part of the snowboard, the fiberglass. Pinell explained it like this: "Think of the board as a body, the core is the bones or the skeleton and the fiberglass is the muscles." At this point, I met up with **Jordan Thurston** who showed me the difference in the glasses used. We went with a 19 oz. biaxial glass to give the board more flex and reduce weight (more park specific). A thicker, triaxial glass will make for a stronger, less-flexible board, more proficient for a big mountain feel. To make sure it wasn't too soft, we add a few strips of carbon fiber to the tip and tail area.

Now we have our basic board built in layers: base, sheet of glass, core, another sheet of glass then the top sheet. What's different from other manufacturers is the amount of options that the Build-a-Board process offered. They have different presses for pretty much any camber (bend or shape) you want, recently adding the ability for what Pinell says is "huge now but eventually [going] to be a dying fad,"—reverse camber. We kept mine classic, however. I'm not sold on the whole reverse camber gig myself. We called it a day to let the hydraulic heat press cure the resin and let it cool so we could assure top quality.

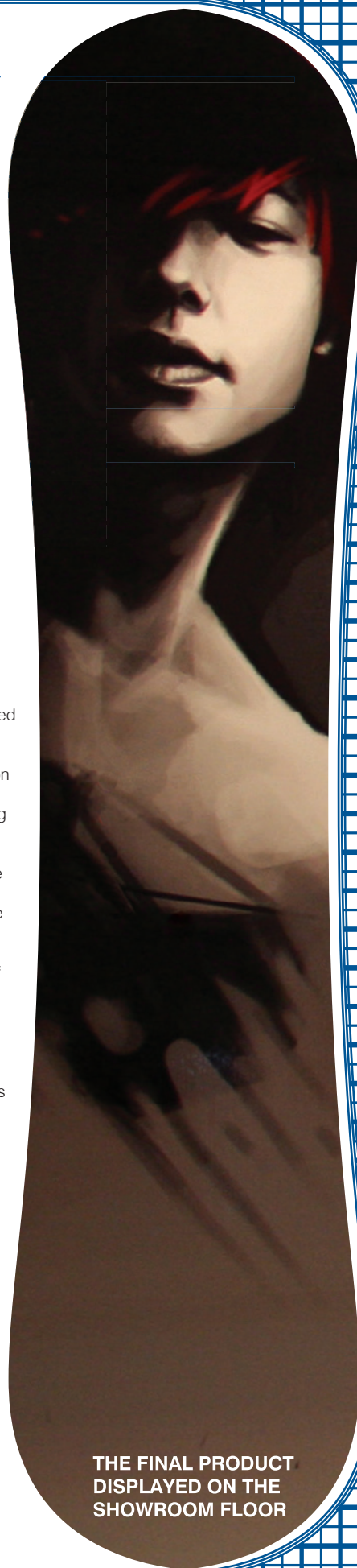
Bright and early the next morning, I arrived to see my board completely constructed. I was amazed at how they were able to sandwich together my designs, a core and some fiberglass to make such a life changing vehicle. Though we were not quite done, the board still had some finishing processes to go through. Protective eyewear back on. After an hour of dry and wet grinding, routing the sidewalls and drilling out the inserts, the board was finally ready for its detailing through the Discovery car wash (picture automated car wash for a snowboard). This machine marks the completion of the process, as the base gets stone ground and waxed, and the edges are sharpened. After a thorough inspection and touch up by **James Hulett**, the board is then bagged and ready to be shipped (or just

handed to me).

Being a part of the building process is unforgettable, and having a fully customized board is special. It's awesome to see that a company like Revolution is able to exist in this industry of ever growing giants. For, as **Matt Miller**, CEO says, "We're here for the love of what we do, not to build our wealth." While other companies are selling out to bigger corporations outside of the snowboard world, Revolution is on a steady path to bringing "freedom of choice to the consumer," something that appears to be dying every day.

Thanks to all the Revolution employees for taking the time to walk me through this process. Also, thank you to **Rory Stack** and **Ben Rose** for the all work done converting art to design.

Revolution also offers custom skateboards, long boards and wake boards. Visit revolutionmfg.com to see what the boys are up to and design your own board.



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Dear Cop,
This began with an empty gas tank. My beau, who I'll call "D," was driving and his car gave out on the side of the freeway. As we waited for his dad to bring us some gas, red and blue lights appeared in the rearview mirrors. The cop asked why we were parked on the shoulder, and then ridiculed D for forgetting to fill up. The cop swept the beam of his flashlight around the front seats, and asked to see a pill bottle in the middle console.

When he saw a small nug of weed in the bottle, the officer's attitude changed. He went from ridicule to disrespect toward both of us, all after having been dispatched to help our stranded vehicle. I had coincidentally finished my FAFSA just that morning, and was required to admit any drug convictions on my record because that would render me ineligible for federal student loans. I told D this, and he pled with the cop to let him off—not to ruin his life. The cop responded saying he "should have thought of that before [he] smoked marijuana," and had no sympathy.

He asked D to exit the car, administered two sobriety tests and from the shivering result (it was freezing!), determined a 69 percent chance of intoxication. After handcuffing and arresting D, the officer read his Miranda rights to a "Mr. Chadwick," (my last name, not his), and put him into the back of the car. I was driven home by D's shaken dad, and after five hours of uncertainty, D arrived home from jail.

D went on to fail his classes—without his license, he couldn't get to school from work in the short time required.

My question is this: Do you ever consider releasing those involved in non-violent crimes, in order that they may be more productive members of society?

Dear Victim,

Somehow, your blaming of everyone and everything else and convincing your boyfriend to take the blame for your shit results in a cop ruining lives? Seriously? Yes, I've toked a doobie (or a million) long ago, but NEVER did I put any of my shit on anyone or anything else, and especially not the cops. Sorry, unable to empathize, but I can sympathize with what you are.

You're a victim. Sociologists call it victimology, but cops just call you a five percenter. You see, 95 percent of the incidents cops handle are with five percent of the population. We know you by name, attitude, family, teeth or lack of, which specific trailer park you're from, everything. Why? Because 95 percent of the time we're dealing with you!

Yes, cops let people off—generally, that percentage of the population we deal with only five percent of the time. Why? Because they've learned their lesson. They look in the mirror and call themselves a fuck up. They will beat themselves up far more than the court system ever could. Believe it or not, there are people that get busted for DUI who stop drinking instead of drinking more.

Dear Cop,

What is up with cops driving slow on the freeway? A highway patrol cop was going 65 mph, which made the rest of us go 55 behind him, which made me late for work. A Sandy cop, or maybe a Salt Lake cop passed him, which made some other people (including myself) pass him as well. Doesn't he know what a problem he is? He was the dangerous one for going to slow. I swear to God, he was laughing at us when we drove by. Why can he just do that in the fast lane? Who can I complain to about him to teach him a lesson? How come some cops drive fast and some slow?

Dear Motorist,

Straight up, cops going 65 mph on the freeway, in the fast lane, know you're all going 55 and pissed off behind them. And they probably are laughing.

Ninety-five percent of traffic cops are good enforcers per their training, "Facilitate the traffic flow." Their job is to make everything on the roadway run smoothly. Obviously, going 65 mph in the fast lane in a marked car isn't facilitating shit—they're impeding the traffic flow. Some cops are just dicks.

Why do some cops drive slow and some fast? Some might have a lead foot like you, and some might be responding to a call. Just because a cop doesn't have his equipment going doesn't mean he's not trying to get to a serious call, fast. You'd be surprised how absolutely stupid some people become when they see the lights and hear the siren. At times it's easier and safer to not use your equipment.

How do you complain about a dick cop? Every law enforcement agency has an internal affairs division. You'll get the most bang for your tax buck if you complain in person. It's usually the "victim" population who complains. Responsible people don't generally complain. Where agencies screw up is when they fail to recognize the responsible complainer. That's when they end up getting successfully sued. If the agency does nothing to satisfy you, your complaint can also be made to POST (Peace Officer Standards and Training).

*Always with love,
Asshole COP*



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HOUSE

PARTY

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I love Halloween. With the changing of the leaves and the brisk fall air, something begins to happen. Kids reluctantly return to their dorms to get an overpriced piece of paper that says they can complete four years of listening to pretentious professors babble. In other words, they return to college.

And with this comes the return of the epic house party! House Party season correlates well with football season. And since I hate football, I'm gonna write about some stupid shit I've done at other people's houses over the years.

I used to love crashing house parties. I have "being the unwelcome dipshit" down to an art form. Sometimes it's totally fun to be the guy who the host keeps asking people, "Who the fuck brought this guy, and why is my toilet flooding, and why did he dump wine in the bean dip?" You're welcome.

Anyway, I was recently invited to crash a house party that Natural Light threw for some guy who won a radio contest. It was held in the city west of where I live simply known as West Valley. The promise of free beer when I got there was the only carrot I needed on my stick. I'm a sucker for free booze.

I couldn't be too disorderly because there were a lot of guys named Chad there who looked like they just got back from Iraq. But I did manage to steal about 20 beers, and when some girl who was catering food for the event gave me a bunch of stickers, I used all of them by seeing how many I could get on peoples backs without them noticing.

I called that the phantom sticker game. It was harmless compared to some of the other shit I've done at house parties over the years.

I've written a lot about drinking etiquette before, because of the bars I've worked at over the years. When you go to the bar, you need to show respect or you get kicked the fuck out. Granted, I've been thrown into the gutter in front of a drinking establishment a time or two, or 12 to 20, but I know that when drinking at the bar you are on their turf and you should show some respect.

For some reason, I feel the complete opposite about house parties. I don't really go to them anymore, and I think it's just the age thing: fortunate consequence of getting old. After 30, when you get invited to someone's abode to booze it up, it's no longer called a house party, it's called a cocktail party and its not as fun.

So, the last time I crashed a house party I was probably the oldest guy there. This lead to feelings of insecurity, like I kept thinking in my head I had to keep up with the kids—Show them how it's done, you know? So I got wasted and found a hammer. Me, tools, and booze is a bad equation any way you look at it.

I started smashing canned food and flicking it on people, then I talked Sammy, the drummer from the **Naked Eyes**, into climbing on the roof with me to pee on people. Looking back, I don't know how I didn't get my ass handed to me on a silver platter of fisticuffs. But I don't think any of my urinary secretions actually hit anyone and the host

was cool enough to let me stay at the party.

I don't believe in karma, due to my distaste for hippies and horoscopes, but I did get hit by a car coming home from that party. So if the hosts still feel like they need justice from that night, it was indeed served.

When I was younger and the bar was not an option, house parties were your best bet for the two T's in life: Tanked and Trim.

Here's some other stupid shit I've done at house parties. One night, my friend Danny threw a party at his house, he did so all the time because he lived between a power plant and an office building and could be as loud as he wanted without the pigs showing up. He passed out early one night and wouldn't come out of his room. I was not satisfied with his behavior, so I broke his window from the outside and yelled at him to come out. He threw a punch at me, but was so drunk he missed by three feet and fell back asleep. So I lit his hair on fire to wake him up. He didn't get burned or anything—I'm a fairly decent arsonist when it comes to hair (check the YouTube link on my Facebook, yo). The ironic part about that incident was that during the next party Danny threw, the office building next door to him caught on fire and everyone had to leave. Fires are cool though. If you are throwing a house party and want everyone to leave, start

a big out-of-control fire. It's pretty effective for shutting things down.

Also, when I was younger, me and my roommate Paul would crash house parties and had the running policy that if they sucked, we would steal all the booze and have our own party. We were good at it too—we'd have someone create a distraction, like start a fight or something, and then we'd make our move, grabbing all the liquor and running like crazy. Me and Paul also hung out with these crazy kids from Baltimore and Cleveland.

Somehow, they knew about every house party that was going on every weekend. One time, we went to this house party with them and due to the high amounts of frat boys there, we clearly weren't welcome.

So we stole as much booze as we could and to show that we didn't like them or their house, Shatzer, the kid from Baltimore, peed in their dryer full of clothes and I peed all over the inside of their front door. Then we went around back, rang the doorbell and hid in the bushes. Giggled relentlessly as a frat boy opened his door with his hand now covered in my own pee-pee.

We also decided that night that since all the frat boys were partying at that house, that we should break into their frat house and steal their Playstations. Shatzer and I hopped the fence to the frat house's backyard, but we were too drunk at this point to take our plan any further.

Basically, if a house party isn't fun, I feel it's good to take initiative and make it fun.

Whether that means pooping in the top part of the toilet (commonly referred to as an upper decker) or pissing in the dryer.



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"Marcee as a Cowgirl" by Marcee Blackerby

October's Art Happenings
 By **Mariah Mann Mellus**
 mariah@slugmag.com

respectful but often amusing and never, never boring." Opening artist reception is October 16 from 6-9 p.m. The show is on display through November 13.

The official Salt Lake Gallery Stroll takes place the third Friday of each month with extended gallery hours until the late evening. Never one to conform, **SLUG** brings you the highbrow and lowbrow art happenings across the valley all month long.

Friday, October 9 at 7 p.m. the *Salt Lake Arts Center* and the *SLC Film Center* are screening the film *Beautiful Losers*. The screening is free and open to the public. Rooted in the DIY subcultures of skateboarding, surf, punk, hip hop and graffiti, *Beautiful Losers* made art that reflected the lifestyles they led. In the early 90s this loose-knit group of like-minded outsiders found common ground at a little NYC storefront gallery. Developing their craft with almost no influence from the "establishment," this group and the subcultures they sprang from have transformed pop culture as we know today. The screening will be held at *Salt Lake Art Center* on 20 South and West Temple.

Opening October 16 *Art Access* (230 South 500 West) is *My Life*, which features the work of **Marcee Blackerby** as a mixed media journey through the poignant, but always amusing life stages of the artist as she searches for identity. Dimension box artist Marcee Blackerby has always identified with the misfit and the outlaw. Losing her ability to walk at age six caused her to rethink and relearn everything. "I stepped out of the audience of normal people and onto the stage of the strange ... costumed in a colorful variety of philosophies and lifestyles... not always

Alpine Art (430 East South Temple) hosts artists **Lane Bennion**, **Erin W. Berrett**, **Scott Buckner**, **Lenka Kenopasek** and **Derek Mellus** (yes, of some relation, but only by marriage). A strong group with very different techniques and styles was compiled by show creator **Lindsay Peppinger** who felt the artists all conveyed a "contemporary vintage feel." Lane Bennion is admittedly influenced by the great **Edward Hopper** and his landscapes of American culture during the 20s. Scott Buckner's paintings focus on structure and scale, while Kenopasek's work flows and floats inspired by journeys around the globe. Erin Berrett's timeless still life images have won several awards including **Best of Fest** at the Salt Lake and Park City Arts Festivals and Derek Mellus' found object boxes breathe new life into forgotten remnants, surviving the past and getting a second chance at purpose and meaning. The show opens October 16 with an artists reception including food from *Elizabeth's Bakery*, seated massage by *Boku Studio* and music by **DJ Damian** from 5-9 p.m.

Looking for a Halloween celebration? **The Underground Artists Association** and the **Utah Arts Alliance** (127 South Main St.) announce Salt Lake City's First Annual Halloween Art Exhibit. All work on display is related to Halloween, either in historical context or contemporary interpretation. All forms of art and craft will be displayed from local and national artists. The exhibit opens October 6 with a reception on October 9 from 6-10 p.m. and will close with a costume party including live performances on October 30 from 6-12 p.m. The celebration is open to the public. Gallery Hours: Tuesday through Friday, 11a.m.-8 p.m., Saturday 12-6 p.m.

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DOT YOUR I'S AND CROSS YOUR TIES

By Princess Kennedy

theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

I've been writing my column for a year now and I hope I've helped readers of *SLUG* realize that this gender-bending world I live in isn't as cut and dry as a feather boa and a fierce lyp-sync at the club. I myself was born with a very complex persona, but my rich theatrical background has spawned many a side character I play with and bring out of the armoire every now and again.

Let's see, there's Christy Yummycochie, who's my Asian porn persona, Corvette Summers, a coke whore madam, Rotunda Bunsagger, the obese shut-in, Mozilla Foxfire, an afro-sporting cyber crime detective, Fawn Vonblondenberg, my wild socialite heiress, and Viola Ated, a 16-year-old polygamist compound child bride.

This isn't stuff that's just born off the rhinestone cuff. To help delve into the complex richness of character development, I spent an afternoon with the co-creators of Salt Lake City's very own theater darling and major gay rights activist, **Sister Dottie Dixon**. If you've grown up in Salt Lake, Dottie Dixon is someone that you've met before—a mother, aunt or maybe a neighbor. I sat with actor **Charles Frost** and activist **Troy Williams**, who explained why it took two men to create such a powerful matriarch.

Three years ago, Williams (who is the Public Affairs Director and **RadioActive** Producer for *KRCL*) was doing the now defunct half hour program *Now Queer This*. Williams felt that the program could use a little light heartedness to invert the heavy narrative of the show's material—bashings, suicides and drug addictions that sometimes run rampantly through the gay community. Sounds like most of my mornings.

To achieve this goal, Williams approached Frost, a decade long friend and respected thespian, to help head up this relief society. Frost felt overwhelmed with the prospect of writing, recording and editing a weekly satire, but eventually rose to the challenge and Sister Dottie was born. A housewife from Spanish Fork (Spaneesh Fark), Dottie is in her 50s with a gay son, Donny and husband Don, who is a laid-off steel worker from Geneva. Frost pulled many of the best mormantics for Dottie from his Spanish Fork born and bred mother and her besties.

"She's [Dottie] fabu in her own way," Frost says. "She's not well educated, yet she's worldly wise. She's full malapropisms, poor grammar and loves her gay son." Frost wanted to make Dottie everything he wasn't—a devout Mormon mother who embodied the true-natured women who are the advocates and champions for, as Sister Dottie puts it, "The miniturized and minoritized people of the world."

Williams, who edits the episodes, wanted to jump on the covered wagon and help write the Sister Chronicles. As an Oregon native, Williams confessed it was initially difficult to develop the syntax for Dottie, luckily he had a few Spaneesh lessons from Frost. Pulling from Frost's childhood memories, Williams was able to add an extremely complex back story and genealogy, including Dottie's three times great grandfather, Heber Orson Maxwell O'Donovan (notice the initials) who married a Sioux Indian, helping fulfill Brigham Young's prophecy of

turning the native people into a white race—an actual story of Williams' polygamist lineage.

Initially, Dottie made guest appearances on *Now Queer This* once a month. After the program was canceled, she got her own 3-minute spots. She currently appears every Friday at 3 p.m. and Saturday at 10 a.m. on *KRCL*. It's really not surprising that Dottie's persona outgrew these small time slots. She needed her own stage show. One that could deliver a more positive message than say... *Broke Back Mountain*, which in the end shows if you're gay, you're going to get fag-bashed and live in a trailer for the rest of your life. It took some convincing to get Frost on board. He feared actualizing the character and putting himself out



Left - Right: Troy Mum, Sister Dottie Dixon and Princess Kennedy's alter ego Viola Ated, At Gilgal Gardens.

there to be judged. He was quite comfortable living Dottie behind the mic, but worried about being able to deliver her joie de vivre with the same bravado. Well thank god he got over it, because what trans-pired was *The Passion of Sister Dottie S. Dixon*, a powerful show that profiles a woman who, like Joan of Arc, is fiercely loyal to her convictions and fights a battle to stay true them in a hysterically endearing way. It premiered last May at *Rose Wagner Theater* and every performance sold out.

Luckily, Dottie received a 'calling' to bring it back with more spirit than ever. A newly revised *The Passion of Sister Dottie S. Dixon: Second Helpings* will open up Oct. 2-25 at *Pygmalion Theater Co.*

I hope I've helped to inspire you into finding that amazing drag hag within. Caress it, embrace it and when you hit a rough patch of creative developmental block, I want you to drop to your knees, brothers and sisters, raise your arms to the Lord and shout, What would Sister Dottie do!

Five things you didn't know about Dottie Dixon:

SLUG: Favorite thing to cook?

Dottie Dixon: Well kid, I'm known fer ma famous dishes such as Common Ground Beef Casserole, Patatas and Peas and Horseradish Cobbler and what not. But I guess ma favert thing would haveta be ma famous Marmon Cookie Salad. After all, it got me on the front cover of *Wasatch Women*, and that's not something ya can shake a finger at!

SLUG: Favorite Mormon swear word?

Dixon: "Donnie you little shit!" I have ta admit I've said it enough in this life to git me permanently assigned to the Terrestrial Kingdom when I die. I just hope the good Lard is fergivin' on this one.

SLUG: Luxury item on Survivor?

Dixon: Cases & cases of Jumbo Diet Dr. Pepper. You simply don't want ta be around me when I haven't had enough in one given day. Nothing better than a Jumbo Diet DP and a Xanax. Either that er the onion loops downta Glade's Drive Inn.

SLUG: Favorite Temple? Why?

Dixon: Well it hasta be The Provo Temple I guess, cuz that's where me and ma Don was married. But it certainly ain't the prettiest. I'd have ta give ma vote fer prettiest ta the St. Garge Temple I guess, all that white against that red rock of Southern Utah, it simply takes yer breath away kid. Plus it is the only place in Utah you can find Palm Trees. Lawsie—that should say somethin'!

SLUG: What did you last spend money on?

Dixon: Cartons and cartons of Hubby-Hubby Ice Cream, Ben & Jerry's new flavor. It replaced Chubby Hubby, in honor of Vermont legalizing gay marriage and what not. I was sa proud of those creative folks overta the Ben & Jerry's factory. Donnie and I bought up every carton in every 7-11 in Utah County, and held a big old-fashioned Ice Cream Social fer Donnie and all his gay friends, in hope that one day Utah may be as wise and enlightened as Vermont! Don't hold yer breath honey! What flavor of ice cream will Ben & Jerry's create when that marvelous day arrives, maybe Elder-Elder Elderberry? Hell, maybe I'll just create it, and send that idea right to em! Nothin' like bein' prepared fer when pigs start flyin'!

Princess
Kennedy

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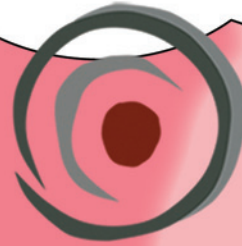
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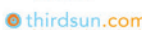
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FRESH, a new modern-apparel store that recently popped up in SLC, is spreading their name wisely in the form of some pristine sunglasses styled after that classic Ray-Ban look made popular by **Tom Cruise** in *Risky Business*. The sleek frame design comes locally engraved with the FRESH logo on the left arm and are available in a variety of limited-edition colorways from solid black to speckled arms with green frames and everything in-between. The lens also differs in shade and tint from a dark, black hide-your-eyes style limo tint to a light, faded, I-wear-my-sunglasses-at-night look. Whatever your predilection of time for wearing sunglasses, you can rest easy knowing that these glasses offer a UV rating of 400, keeping your retinas safe from that cancerous ball of fire in the sky. At \$20 for two pairs and their tremendous variety in color combos, it's certain that these sunnies will be flying out of the shop quicker than a jackrabbit on crank. Oh, and did I mention once the current stock sells out, they'll be gone 'til next spring? —Swainston

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ZAGG
zagg.com

When it comes to laptops and speakers, most just don't cut it for crisp, quality sound. ZAGG has taken notice of this and released a lightweight, portable laptop speaker that easily connects into any USB port and fits into just about any backpack. The sound comes out clear and maintains full detail even at the highest volumes. The bass doesn't reverb and buzz and the high notes ring through with clarity. Whether it's a cute snuggle-fest over a movie, personal dance party while your roommates aren't home or simply some extra volume to spice up a backyard BBQ, these laptop speakers pitch the harmonious tune your ears lust after. With almost two feet of cord connecting the speakers to a laptop, you're bound to find a good position no matter what the setting. Scroll over to zagg.com and check out the other audio products ZAGG has to offer. —Arnesto Rodriguez

Slut Maker Shirt and Smoked Sturgeon Deck

Bacon Skateboards
baconskateboards.com

Based out of Portland, Ore. Bacon Skateboards is sizzling up some greasy goods. The Slut Maker Tee was love at first sight for me: a white-on-black graphic of a crack pipe wrapped in ribbon with the words "slut maker" scribed on it is priceless. Pure comedy. I didn't take it off for five days and almost wore it to breakfast with my girlfriend and her parents. She didn't seem to think it was as funny as I did, though. When it came time to shred, the Smoked Sturgeon, measuring in at 8x32.5, had been cooked to perfection: well-done and extra crispy. It's a prime cut shape with a well-balanced nose and tail that has a perfect pocket for those lusted-after tre-flips. Like a fat boy at a Vegas buffet, I was fully satisfied after my first few sessions, which is to be expected when you are repping rippers like **Benji Galloway**. If I haven't convinced you of the tantalizing treats offered by Bacon, cook your way over to their website to check product, photos and videos of dudes that skate way better than you. —Swainston

Bern High Boot

Keen Footwear
keenfootwear.com

Every winter, I face the same struggle when it comes to the perfect boot. If a pair of boots is cute, then it's almost guaranteed that they won't be warm, good in snow or rain, or comfortable. If a boot will keep my feet warm and dry as I stomp through ankle-deep snow, then it will probably look like a winter boot—ugly, clunky and something that I wouldn't be caught dead in. Luckily, Keen has created the Bern High Boot. These are fashionable and functional boots for the wintertime. They are made of water resistant leather, faux sherling lining and memory foam, and the two buckles at the top give them some serious style points. I'm counting down the days when the snow starts to fall and I can start rocking these babies daily. —Jeanette Moses

AKA Blanks

TAGÜR
tagur.com

When it comes to shoe art, I've realized that simpler is better, or else you could end up with bowling shoes for a clown. The large blank space on the AKA Blanks for customized artwork is the hook for these shoes. They accept acrylic paint, spray paint, permanent markers and also blood (stupid x-acto). The prime retail space on the toe panel is punctured with ventilation holes that made an annoying dot pattern in my artwork that I had to scrub off and cover with a grey wash to cover the mess I made. One drawback were the pieces of plastic packaging stuck between the seams and lace holes that needed to be cut off before I could draw on them. I dig this style, and the overall look reminds me of a pimp shoe. They were comfortable and broke in with ease as I strutted down the street. In the end, this was a fun project and I got to get creative with two pairs of brand new shoes. Obviously, the art you put on it will determine how rad yours are, which is what makes this concept so cool. —Manuel Aguilar

Shred Sled

The Shred Sled
theshredsled.com

Shred Sled, why can't people just skateboard and call it good? This dangerous device is a four-wheeled fear inducer. I am sure that some of you know of the **RipStick**—this is kinda like that, but more pointless. Four free-spinning rollerblade wheels attached to two platforms joined by a twisting center arm. Do you think this sounds safe? It's really not as bad as it sounds. I did enjoy making some awkward turns on this contraption, but also found myself wondering how to stop once I got going, and wondering who in their right mind would choose this over a regular skateboard. Why these things keep being introduced to us, I don't know, but I do know that people are never satisfied with the status quo. Keep on inventing ladies and gents! I say try it before you buy it, or just, come try this one with me. —Hehshun

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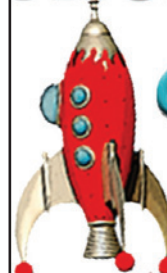
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GAME REVIEWS



Batman: Dirty Harry ain't got shit on me!



Taste my space slugs, alien assholes!



Wolfenstein: Mecha-Nazi Punks must die!

Batman: Arkham Asylum **Rocksteady Studios / Eidos Interactive / Warner Bros. Interactive**

Reviewed On: Xbox 360
Also On: PS3, PC
Street: 08.25

There have been countless manifestations of the Dark Knight in the gaming world, but none of them have truly captured the demonic essence that surrounds Gotham City's renowned villains or the meticulous detective nature of Bruce Wayne and his alter ego. After capturing The Joker for the umpteenth time (this instance being a little easier than usual), Batman personally delivers the psychopath to the padded walls of Arkham Asylum. With the help of a few classic criminals, the legendary hero falls victim to a well-orchestrated trap and must prepare for a surge of battles with some of **DC's** greatest bad guys (and girls). Rather than providing a rock 'em sock 'em type of gameplay, the majority of the encounters force gamers to carry out shadowy stealth attacks, making for a much more interesting experience. To say that the animation and character designs

are stunning is an understatement. The vocal performances provided by members of the 1992 animated series original cast (**Kevin Conroy**, **Mark Hamill** and **Arleen Sorkin**) are remarkable. While the game can be defeated rather quickly by today's standards, the captivating storyline of **Bob Kane's** creation makes this one of the greatest adaptations of the caped crusader. —*Jimmy Martin*

Fallout 3 – DLC: **Mothership Zeta** **Bethesda Softworks** **Reviewed on:** Xbox 360 **Also on:** PS3, PC **Street:** 08.03

Need a reason to return to playing *Fallout 3*? *Mothership Zeta* is the last of five game add-ons that have become available since the original game's release. The concept for *Zeta* is truly out there, even for the realm of the *Fallout* franchise. At the beginning playing *Zeta*, you're beamed aboard the alien ship and there is no return to the wastes of the world of *Fallout 3* until you've completed all the quests pertaining to *Zeta*. Early on, the ship provides some refreshingly clean and easy-to-navigate environments, though

objectives and exploring can get old in a short amount of time. The set-up, while a bit clunky, does give way to satisfaction when you get to blow aliens to pieces in vengeful bliss. The aliens remind me a lot of the aliens from **Mars Attacks!** with their barking dialogue that leaves you with no idea what they're saying. But take heed: These short-statured little buggers pack a challenge with their strong weapons and their strange, stealth-type armor that provide a challenge to even high-level characters. You'll find yourself at times suddenly surrounded by the little stinkers in the blink of an eye. *Zeta* adds a lengthy and challenging bit of gameplay, even with its tendency to become tedious. —*Bryer Wharton*

Wolfenstein **Activision** **Reviewed On:** Xbox 360 **Also on:** PS3, PC **Street:** 08.18

Wolfenstein is a video game franchise that will always have my heart. *Wolf3d.exe* was the beginning of my love for first person shooters, and at the tender age of 13 there were few things more exciting than seeing the "GET PSYCHED!" loading

screen for a few moments as the next level of Nazi-killing, maze-exploring goodness loaded onto my computer. This is the seventh installment in the *Wolfenstein* IP, and it doesn't disappoint. On the other hand, it's nothing really special, like just about every other release from the same series. Raven Software, responsible for some classics such as *HeXen* and *Soldier of Fortune*, uses id Tech 4 (the *Doom 3* engine) to create a typical Raven-esque adventure in a relatively cartoony World War II setting. The story arc immediately steers toward Nazi occultism and by commandeering occult artifacts that the Nazi's have dug up for themselves, you waste no time in becoming a one man army determined to stop Heinrich Himmler's and the SS's occult force called Black Sun. What the game turns out to be is a non-stop action narrative with decent level design and combat with a few twists thanks to some zany artifacts. The game is by no means amazing, but it certainly is worth checking out if you enjoy FPS games, slaughtering Nazi jerks and all of the benefits that come with it. —*Conor Dow*

Concert Announcements

Thu Oct 1: Local Band Recognition Night w. Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday, 801 Flyboys, Cunning Stunt

Fri Oct 2: NYC, Blood Of Saints, Lidsore, Hooga

Sat Oct 3: BandWagon Live w. BadGrass, Tombstone Jesus HardLuck

Sun Oct 4: THE ACCUSED, The WillKills, Life Has A Way, Desolate

Mon Oct 5: TANTRIC, ARANDA, VAYDEN, ATOM SMASH, Scripted Apology

Wed Oct 7: JULIETTE LEWIS, AMERICAN BANG, THE ETTES

Thu Oct 8: SOULFLY, Adjacent To Nothing, Balance Of Power, I Am The

Fri Oct 9: Bandwagon Live w. Truce, Skychange, tba

Sat Oct 10: KMFDM, ANGEL SPIT

Mon Oct 12: HAR MAR SUPERSTAR

Wed Oct 14: DIGITAL LEATHER, Little Sap Dungeon, Riverhead

Fri Oct 16: Separation Of Self, SCARLESS, Vinia, Skies Of Redemption

Sat Oct 17: SILENT FATE, SOUL MADE VISIBLE, Still-Born, Reveeler, Massacre At The Wake

Mon Oct 19: THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS

Wed Oct 21: PELICAN, BLACK COBRA, SWEET COBRA

Thu Oct 22: BRIGITTE HANDLEY, THE DARK SHADOWS, Hog Luvdog and The Sleazetones

Sat Oct 24: STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, tba

Sun Oct 25: Reverend23's Black Lagoon Day (At Lagoon)

Mon Oct 26: FU-MANCHU, IT'S CASUAL, ASG, Under Radar, Top Dead Celebrity

Thu Oct 29: THE DAMNED, DANKO JONES, Redemptionn

Fri Oct 30: HALLOWEEN'S FREAKY FRIDAY...Special Guest: JACKSON COUNTY...Costume Contest

Sat Oct 31: HALLOWEEN PARTY with GENITORTURERS, Dirty Loveguns, Corivd, Seventking, Costume Party, Prizes

Fri Oct 30: SILENT FATE, SOUL MADE VISIBLE, Still-Born, Reveeler, Massacre At The Wake

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Thu Nov 5: KOFFIN KATS **Fri Nov 6:** SKINNY PUPPY

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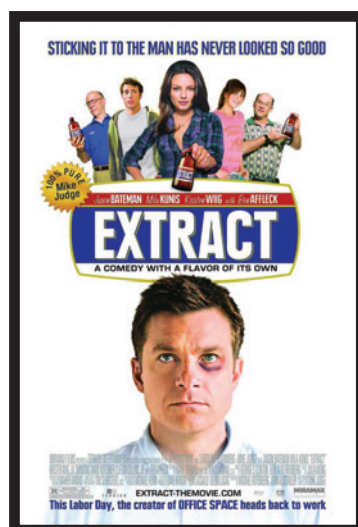
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MOVIE REVIEWS



9

Focus Features

In Theaters: 09.09

It's a tricky feat to expand a short film into a successful feature-length expedition (ask **Jared Hess** about the conversion from *Peluca* to *Napoleon Dynamite*), but that's exactly what director **Shane Acker** attempted to do with his 2005 Oscar-nominated animated short, *9*, with the assistance of two veteran filmmakers, **Timur Bekmambetov** and **Tim Burton**, acting as producers. The new adaptation follows the basic premise of its predecessor by following a group of breathing, mechanical burlap sacks who dodge death's touch time and time again against an evil, soul-sucking metal contraption. However, this revival of old fails to expose anything fresh or unique, even with its massively extended running time. The entire story goes like this: Run from monster, kill monster, argue about fighting more monsters, run from new monster, repeat. The finest element to come out of the production is the morose visuals depicting an ash-ridden apocalyptic future devoid of any human existence. Its magnificently mournful tone is unlike any other animated film. If the creators had put the same amount of time and energy into the screenplay as was done with the enamoring environments, the overall execution would have generated a far better end result. —*Jimmy Martin*

Big Fan

First Independent Pictures

In Theaters: 09.25

What do you do when your life's passion betrays you? Paul Aufiero (**Patton Oswalt**) is obsessed about

the New York Giants. Actually, "obsessed" isn't the right word—try "fucking nuts." His room, located in his mother's house, is decorated with NFL bedsheets and posters of his favorite player, Quantrell Bishop. When an act of admiration for his idol leads to a misunderstanding and a vicious act of violence, Paul must question where his loyalties lie. Oswalt successfully transitions from comedy to drama (without neglecting his traditional art form too much) as the reclusive fanatic who's repulsed by his family's traditional lifestyles. As a warrior of words, both onscreen and off, Oswalt is the perfect candidate for the character's sardonic rants and raves on Giants pride. Once again, **Robert D. Siegel**, author of *The Wrestler*, has emerged triumphant with his never-ending spectrum of writing capabilities, and has added the accomplished director notch on his winning-at-life belt with this addition to his filmography. With an unforgettable ending that'll leave the audience thirsting for more, this perfect blend of comedy and drama is an outstanding presentation with some of today's most talented artists. —*Jimmy Martin*

Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs

Columbia Pictures

In Theaters: 09.18

About once or twice a year, a film comes along with promotional pieces that abstain from doing its product the justice it sorely deserves, but leaves an unexpected surprise for those who decide to witness its contents anyhow. Such is the case with **Phil Lord** and **Chris Miller's**

animated adaptation of **Ron and Judi Barrett's** 1978 children's book. Flint Lockwood (**Bill Hader**) is an aspiring inventor who creates mind-blowing devices that generally don't function properly. After a series of unintentional misfires and accidental misdemeanors, the optimistic creator fortuitously generates a machine that makes food fall from the sky, bringing international attention to his small island town, saving it from the economic woes of a failing sardine enterprise. The directing duo has incorporated the ideal blend of childish tomfoolery with jokes only the accompanying parents will understand—but don't let that deter those without children from attending. Along with the comedic visuals that attack any and all clichéd disaster movies, the vocal talents of Hader, **Anna Faris**, **Andy Samberg**, **Bruce Campbell** and **Mr. T** offer the quintessential collaboration to bring out the non-stop comedic punches with a dash of moral value. Forget about being one of the funniest children's movies of the year, it's undeniably one of the funniest movies of the year overall. —*Jimmy Martin*

Extract

Miramax

In Theaters: 09.04

If there's one thing that irrefutably unites America together (other than horrifying catastrophes), it's our hatred for the everyday annoyances found in the common workplace, and no one captures those aggravations better than director **Mike Judge**. Stepping out from *Office Space's* cubicle and walking directly into the shoes of the CEO, the film follows the

owner of a small flavoring extraction company (**Jason Bateman**) as he deals with the daily hassles of a loveless marriage and playing head honcho during a work-related accident that could bankrupt the entire company. Once again, Judge amusingly spotlights the common workingman's plight with a spot-on depiction of the trials and tribulations that most of us will also encounter sometime during the grind. Bateman succeeds, as always, as the down-and-out protagonist you can't help but to root for regardless of his idiotic decisions. Look out for the legendary Bigfoot (or it may be a bearded **Ben Affleck**) providing a well-performed role as the best friend with nothing but bad ideas. Slightly lacking that cultish comedy status after one viewing, it may take multiple screenings, as with all of Judge's previous comedies, to leave a pleasant and permanent aftertaste. —*Jimmy Martin*

Ghosts of Girlfriends Past

New Line Cinema

Street: 09.22

The concept of **Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol** has been passed around more times than a ham sandwich at a gathering of anorexics. Four years after **Bill Murray** added his comedic take on the holiday tale in *Scrooged*, **Jim Henson's** Muppets presented their furry adaptation with **Michael Caine** as the one declaring, "Bah! Humbug!" Needless to say, the story's been around the block quite a few times. Now, in another affirmation that Hollywood's idea wells have run dry, **Matthew McConaughey** trades the role of an overbearing workaholic for a womanizing nymphomaniac,

and swaps the top hat and cane for a botched fake tan and an inability to act. Connor Mead (**McCon-a-Tan**) is a successful photographer who was taught by his Uncle Wayne (**Michael Douglas**) to treat women like dirt ("and not that fancy store-bought dirt") and to remain a cocky, self-indulgent bachelor to the end of his days. When Connor unsupportively arrives at his brother's wedding to stand as the best man, he soon discovers his lifelong love, Jenny Perotti (**Jennifer Garner**) is the maid of honor. In order to deal with the uncomfortable scenario, Connor chugs tumbler after tumbler only to become so liquored up he's confronted by his deceased uncle, who informs him of three forthcoming apparitions ... and you get the gist from there. The only peek of originality comes from **Emma Stone's** witty performance as The Ghost of Girlfriends Past decked out in 1980s sand-blasted denim, scrunchies, permed hair and a mouth full of metal, but since her presence only lasts approximately a third of the film, there's an additional 70 minutes of monotonous dialogue to sift through. With the likelihood that this sexy/holiday revitalization trend will continue (because, like Lay's potato chips, one is never enough for Hollywood), I'm eagerly anticipating the rejuvenated release of the Jewish classic, *Diddler on the Roof*. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Informant! Warner Bros. In Theaters: 09.18



President W. once eloquently articulated, "...fool me once, shame on ... shame on you. Fool me ... you can't get fooled again." Those brilliant words should be forever imbedded in the mind for anyone who witnesses the dubious actions of ADM Vice President-turned-whistleblower, Mark Whitacre (**Matt Damon**), during his mid-90s escapades in Decatur, Ill.

At first, Whitacre comes across as a dweeby, panicked scapegoat lost in the middle of a billion-dollar enterprise's lysine price-fixing scheme, but as the deceptive layers shed to the floor, our once-noble hero soon becomes the debatable man of the hour. With every question, there's an answer, but with every answer, there comes another question. Nothing is what it seems, and no one's testimony can be trusted, especially Whitacre's. Along with his outrageous physical appearance (gaining an impressive 30 lbs.), Damon roars in the laughter with his neurotic behavior and deranged inner monologue while being subtly supported by an assault of stand-up comedians/actors including **Joel McHale**, **Paul F. Tompkins**, and **Patton Oswalt**. **Steven Soderbergh** presents these recent criminal antics with a priceless 60s crime caper approach (probably an accurate depiction of Middle America circa 1992), utilizing legendary cinematography tactics and corny mischievous soundtracks, and delivers a bizarre true story that will keep audiences speculating 'til the end credits—and probably long after they're over as well. —*Jimmy Martin*

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia: Season Four 20th Century Fox Street: 09.15

Sunny is the funniest comedy about a three-guy, one-girl gang since Seinfeld (their tagline appropriate states "It's Seinfeld on crack."). The obnoxious crew from the City of Brotherly Love continues one-upping each other season after season as they pillage and plunder political correctness in every fashion imaginable. The fourth season continues to reveal the true soullessness of the fearsome foursome as they partake in ridiculous shenanigans, including hunting homeless people for sport, exploiting their own friends and family for profit, and reveling in the hilarious mystery concerning an inexplicable turd found in Charlie and Frank's bed sheets. As each actor gives it their all, including the incredibly versatile **Danny DeVito** as the older, more immature parental guardian, everyone not only escalates the absurdness of their own character in every episode, but in every scene. It's homophobic, homoerotic and undoubtedly distasteful. Who knew being so offensively wrong could be so deliciously right? —*Jimmy Martin*

Jennifer's Body 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 09.18

You know nothing worthwhile can come from a movie whose biggest appeal is the sexual prowess of a star that isn't widely appreciated for her acting abilities. As the head

cheerleader and most attractive girl in school, Jennifer (**Megan Fox**) rules the small town of Devil's Kettle with her pouty lips and her nerdy best friend, Needy (**Amanda Seyfried**), lurking in the shadows by her side. After the teen queen spends a mysterious evening with a traveling indie-rock band, she somehow becomes a demonically possessed beast using her irresistible sexual charm to lure in her male peers. As mutilated bodies start to become a regular occurrence in the small town, the girls' friendship is tested once the truth is revealed. Part tasteless comedy, part crude horror flick, the only noteworthy element to reach the surface is the quirky dialogue found in **Diablo Cody's** (writer of 2007's *Juno*) screenplay that attempts, but fails, to resemble **Sam Raimi's** *Evil Dead* and **Michael Lehmann's** *Heathers*. It's a semi-win for the diverse author, but as soon as she finds her stride with story structure and character development, an array of interesting projects should soon follow. —*Jimmy Martin*

X-Men Origins: Wolverine 20th Century Fox Street: 09.15

Patton Oswalt said it best when discussing the prequels to the Star Wars franchise: "I don't give a shit where the stuff I love comes from. I just love the stuff I love." Now, granted, he was discussing the act

of documenting children versions of the adult characters we've all grown to love, but the same argument can be applied to the decision to reveal Marvel's most beloved characters' origins. As a recounting of how James "Logan" Howlett became one of the most dangerous and unstoppable forces the U.S. government ever created, *X-Men Origins: Wolverine's* story focuses on the unwavering vengeance for a falling loved one and the ultimate test of brotherly love between siblings journeying down separate paths. We've already seen the clawing recluse strut his stuff in three feature films, so to waste half of a fourth adaptation on a powerless star seems monotonous. The idea of revealing the unearthed past of Wolverine could have been an appealing attraction, but director **Gavin Hood's** final delivery plays out more like a bad teen drama on the WB rather than a captivating standalone feature. None of the actors—**Hugh Jackman**, **Liev Schreiber**, **Ryan Reynolds** or **Taylor Kitsch**—are given enough substance in order to convey anything meaningful, and substandard CGI effects muffle the majority of fight sequences. —*Jimmy Martin*

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YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

This is your future if birth control fails.



Shorts

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 08.21

I can appreciate the fact that **Robert Rodriguez** wants to direct films his children can help create and watch, but what I can't condone are these meaningless, immature endeavors stocked with unforgiveable corniness that have millions of dollars invested in them. Whatever happened to well-crafted, epic children's films like *The NeverEnding Story* and *The Goonies*? This time around, a series of short stories are revealed in random chronological order depicting the discovery of a magical rainbow rock that grants the beholder unlimited wishes. Set in the cookie-cutter community of Black Falls, the majority of residents find themselves on the verge of unemployment as their sinister CEO, Carbon Black (**James Spader**), aggressively demands innovative perfection on the version X upgrade to his corporation's multipurpose product, the Black Box. From a detailed accounting on how to clean your braces to a walking

booger monster, Rodriguez sluggishly crawls to the 89-minute mark without touching upon anything worthwhile. I completely understand that a 27-year-old male isn't the prime demographic for this type of production, but when an audience comprised mostly of children under the age of 12 aren't laughing at the supposed relatable material either, I think it's time for Rodriguez to reevaluate his material source and reclaim creative control. —*Jimmy Martin*



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ZINE REVIEWS

A Thousand False Starts:

Volume 3.5

Robin Banks

What's not to like about this zine? The bulk of the carefully hand-drawn pages are filled with short comics featuring a dreadlocked vegan protagonist and his misadventures in dumpsters, on buses, and dressed as Batman. The comedy is brief and heartwarming, normally my least favorite kind, but in this case, it works. But even better, the zine goes on to include two nicely illustrated vegan recipes as well as a game. The coconut curry soup sounds especially tasty. And that's not all—perhaps my favorite part of this well-loved labor is the free CD included in back bearing a whopping 24 tracks, most of which are by bands no longer in existence and plenty of it previously unreleased. It features a variety of hardcore, ska and Riotfolk-style acoustic stuff from well known, long-dead acts including **The Upstarts**, **Azon**, **My Man Friday** and **Vanzetti Crime** as well as current operators like **Illegal Beagle** and **Bombs and Beating Hearts**. I love how much ska is included! My favorite tracks are from **The Mooks** and **James Miska**. Pick this one up for the sheer bang-for-your-not-buck value, 'cuz, like it says, it's "never for profit, sukka!" It was worth it for me just to see the picture on the back cover of a knife-wielding banana slipping on the skin of a recently eviscerated human. Classic. —*Riordan Connelly*

Life Savings Issue 2

Nate Adams and Greg Duoso

I had mixed feelings about this zine at first glance. The cover art was appealing and kept me interested enough to pop it open and give it a gander. The first piece I came across was "Track One 00:04:11" by Nate Adams, is an obscure free-verse ramble. I really didn't feel like investing the time to take it apart or derive any meaning from the words that seemed to be placed at random. Flipping through the comics, I thought the zine was headed in the direction of obscure juvenile literature. Getting past Adams' poor drawing skills, I found that he has a great talent for storytelling. "The Near Side of Death" is a moving and thoughtful piece that touches on dealing with death through art. Greg Duoso provides some top-notch illustrations and comics for the zine as well as "Jason," which chronicles the creative process of catchy T-shirt design. In the end, I really enjoyed everything *Life Savings* had to offer. —*Ben Trentelman*

Sofa King #3

Willy Nevins

Sofa King issue no. three is a seven-layered burrito. Photography, art, skateboarding, fiction, enviro-loving, list-making, sex drugs and rock'n'roll (that counts as one) and sour cream. Every page is wildly different, and the quality of the artwork and photography



is surprising. This issue makes about as much sense as the last, which is somewhere between plenty and almost none at all. Shit's rad. I laughed a hernia at that dinosaur's "Review Of Things You Might Be Entertained By." Reading the letter from the disgusting old man was like falling into a giant anus—gross, but once you've started, it's hard to stop. Zines are always where you'll find people doing it for the love of the process. "Whoever don't get it, ain't supposed to," reads this issue's epigraph from **MF Doom**. I can see how some folks might feel that small circulation zines like Nevins' read like an inside joke they're left out of. Those folk ought to stop worrying about what it means and just enjoy it for what it is. Besides, there aren't enough copies to go around anyway, so leave yours on the bus or in a public bathroom and let someone else take it home. —*Jesse Hawlish*

Women, Duh! # 1

Mike Brown

Everything you could possibly ever want to know about Mike Brown's forays with the opposite sex are included in this zine. Bishop's daughters? ("Notorious for being wilder than an untamed horse.") Check. Meth-addicted girlfriends? ("Bad idea to ever date any girl who would rather smoke a glass pipe than smoke me.") Check. Pregnancy scares? ("The longest seven minutes of my life") Check. *Women, Duh!* also features his hilarious musing on periods, masturbation, marriage, divorce, a scale for rating women related to fish and a scale to assess how much emotional baggage a girl might be lugging dependent on her age. It's ripe with spelling mistakes and run-on sentences, but the content is amusing enough that it doesn't really matter. If you don't spend time reading portions of this zine out loud to your friends, it's probably safe to assume that you don't have a sense of humor. Or you fall into one of Mike Brown's many "deal breaker" categories—crystal-meth users, girls with dreadlocks, girls that don't shave, Mormons, Dave Matthews' fans, chicks with eating disorders and most importantly ... Lakers' fans. —*Jeanette Moses*

BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Slutty costumes are by far the best part about Halloween and all of October in general. Profuse drinking is not as frowned upon this month, either. In fact, some of the best drinking holidays happen to fall in this time frame—Oktoberfest and Halloween (pagan version please) being the most noteworthy. So I ask of you, please do your part and make this state all the more intoxicated. From the looks of it, I think we all may need to get a head start, because the shitty X-mas season seems to be rearing its cheerful face. Fuck. So in honor of the drinkfest that this month bestows, I figured I would do some quality German-styled brews and even a fancy new “high point” that almost missed my radar. To make this month’s reviews sweeter, I have thrown in some beer pairings with Halloween candy, because I can.

Double Black Lager

Brewery: Hoppers Brewing Company

Abv: 4.0 %

Serving Style: On Tap Only

Description: Into the pint this lager is a deep, deep hazelnut color (basically black) with an off-white head that leaves some tread around the pint as you drink. The aroma is rich in roasted character with a light powdered chocolate, a pinch of butter and a grassy hop undertone. The flavor is thick with lots of that roasted character, and some more of that toasted chocolate, but not too much to be overwhelming.

Overview: For those of you that do not have the emotional capacity to leave Salt Lake City, and God forbid you make it past 3300 South, the fine folks of Hoppers now officially will have a tap at the new Beerhive Pub. So now you can sleep easy knowing you can get beer from “that side of the valley” in the downtown area. This is a dangerously easy-drinking brew, and I have yet to be displeased with any of Donovan Steele’s seasonals. Dart for the licorice to pair well with this malty beast.

Oktoberfest

Brewery: Squatters

Abv: 5.5 %

Serving Style: 18 oz Bottle/42 oz.

Growler

Description: Out of the bottle there is a heavy malt intensity and some subtle toasted malts that hit your nose. The color is orange-red with an off-white standing head that leaves behind some decent lacing. The palate is light to medium in body with a nice little kick of malty sweetness, some moderate hop bitterness and a mildly dry finish that is lightly cloying to your mouth.



Overview: Oh, shit. look what you have done, Utah legislature: Our breweries have gone crazy. They are producing beer a whole percent-and-a-half more alcoholic than before! The streets are going to be overrun with criminals, abortions and good literature! Prost to **Jenny Talley** and **Jason Stock** over at Squatters for this one. This brew was spot on and with such easy drinkability, it was hard not to order another. Match this beer with a caramel apple, minus the razor blades.

German Pilsner

Brewery: RedRock

Abv: 4.0 %

Serving Style: On Tap Only



Description: Off the tap, this pilsner pours a soft yellow color with a thin white head that recedes quickly, but leaves some lacing around the rim. The smell is a subtle malty grain with some traditional noble (German) hops that all equal to a balanced nose. The taste is light and crisp with some malty sweetness, and a flowery/grassy hop pinch at the end that is nice and refreshing.

Overview: German beer reviews would be nothing without a decent pilsner to talk about. So why look any further than the folks at RedRock when it comes to the style? Head Brewer **Kevin Templin** is constantly producing amazing German brews, so it only makes sense that they are now expanding their brewing setup with some promise of a bottling line. Keep your fingers crossed, folks. As for pairing, this beer was a touch harder to put my finger on, but I noticed that it went well with anything that had coconut in it. Just avoid chocolate with this one.

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earth, wind and beer

LOCAL CD

Emme Packer

Earlier/Later

Blue Siren Records

Street: 07.28

Emme Packer = Karli Fairbanks + Jewel (w/o the whine) + Kathryn Cowles



This album couldn't be more beautiful in any way. Emme Packer's lofty, American folk-inspired melodies and guitar plucks hypnotize as you walk to the edge of the cliff. Delicate and instantly appealing, her voice is the force that pushes you over. *Earlier* holds you in everlasting suspended animation, while *Later* lets you down softly and leaves you with a higher consciousness and lingering jovial feeling. Emme captivates you with her interpretation of the universe through song. Each track illuminates her poetry and forces you to acknowledge the interconnectedness of the universe and entrances you, instilling a surrounding spirit with her voice to make you feel less lonely. She tells stories of concentrated energy attuned to her own prominent life experiences. Songs like "In Japan" delve into your psyche with caddies full of intuitive poetry and a circular guitar style. I am truly in awe of this album. —*Lance Saunders*

Feel Good Patrol

Gon' Cheat on Me Demo

Self-Released

Street: 09.1

Feel Good Patrol = Tomorrow's Bad Seeds + 311

There's something going on with Feel Good Patrol, but I'm not sure what. Well, that's not true, it sounds like what a scene mainstay named **Ryan Workman** once described as "White-Boy-Frat-Funk-Rock," with some rappin' and scratchin' thrown in. Not much should be

decided from a first listen to these gents—you must press through some really echoey vocals on the first track and listen to the lyrics, which aren't too bad. Was it a conscious decision of the band to throw on some heavy reverb, or an engineer's? I'm not sure, but the music is good enough that it doesn't need to float in a sea of echoes—the guitar is really solid funk, and the singing is on-point and well done. If they get a bit more direction, they could really have something, and put Utah on the White-Boy-Frat-Funk-Rock-Rap scene map. Props to their inclusion of local character—listen for shout outs to *City Weekly* and *In This Week* magazine included in the third track. —*JP*

Fox Van Cleef

Cigarettes, Terrorism, Etc.

Self-Released

Street: 09.01

Fox Van Cleef = Jookabox + The Naked Eyes



"Don't laugh at me if I make a really crazy face," is heard as you put Fox Van Cleef's latest EP on for a spin—and we won't—these cats are cool. Some pyschedelic guitars start in at that point and make for a very interesting intro track called "Torpedo." This is a great effort from a local group that shows what kind of talent can emerge if given the right outlet like the Salt Lake City scene is offering right now. They have some balls-to-the-wall guitar and drum lines reminiscent of another great local group, The Naked Eyes, with some extra-tripped-out vocals, including out-and-out laughter for a chorus (or is it a pre-chorus?) on track two, "Chestnut, BOOM!" which may not make sense in print and is best experienced aurally.

Download this eight-song EP for free at foxvancleef.com. —*JP*

Glade Sowards

Glade

Self-Released

Street: 07.01

Glade Sowards = Black Wagon + David Williams + No Comparison



I was at *SLUG Mags*'s July *LOCALIZED* which doubled as **David Williams'** CD release show at *The Urban Lounge*, when it turned into "Glade's Surprise Record Release Party." I have to say, it plucked my heart-strings. Glade had no idea that **Jeremi Hansen, Brent Dreiling (Band of Annuals), Brinton Jones (The Devil Whale) and Jesse Ellis (Blue Sunshine Soul)** had recorded, mastered, pressed and duplicated 250 discs from four years of Glade's collected demos. Let me say that they do NOT sound like demos. I think of Glade as chief of his own market. "New York City" stands alone as a somber ballad of missing someone, while "Again" reflects the return of a love lost. Every song on this record is honest, heartfelt and beautiful. —*Lance Saunders*

Herban Empire

For the Empire

Self-Released

Street: 08.03



Herban Empire = (311 + Sublime + OAR) / Bob Marley

This is the kind of music that brightens my day. Comparing things to Sublime is shitty, I know, but here I can't help it—the down to earth, feel-good vibe and even **Andrew Cole's** vocals smack of **Bradley** and the crew. The members are better musicians and the sound is less stoner-jam than you might expect from a band with a name like Herban Empire. I think I only heard a bong-rip sound in there once—I might have even imagined it. The catchy, chill and technical guitar riffs have been stuck in my head for days—"Sweet Cherry O" is a personal favorite of the four tracks. These guys are talented, to be sure, and the recording sounds professional. This is their first EP, but Herban Empire often play at *Liquid Joe's*, *Lumpy's* and other venues around the valley. Go, and be happy. —*Jesse Hawlish*

Malevolent MC

Definition

SpyHop

Street: 06.02

Malevolent MC = Blue Scholars + Black Star + Del tha Funkee Homosapien



SpyHop is known locally as an organization for teens, and their record label is teen-run, but the debut from Malevolent MC doesn't sound immature. There's not, however, much malevolence to be found here. He rhymes about the importance of music, love and respect. He has a pretty solid talent for rapping, and *Definition* fits comfortably into the new-old-school "conscious" model of underground hip-hop. His production is spare, but the addition of electronica-style beeps and whistles over otherwise bare-bones beats

REVIEWS

makes his rhymes stand out. It's a little too wholesome for my tastes, but maybe his next record will see this MC taking on more interesting subject matter. —Cléa Major

Rob Alvord

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 05.05

Rob Alvord = Jack Johnson + G. Love + Willy Porter



Alvord's debut album makes it obvious he has some guitar playing skills. Too bad his voice is like an awkward accessory—it's nasally and reaches some highly uncomfortable pitches at times. His bio lists all the predictable influences: **The Beach Boys, The Beatles, and Bob Dylan**. Funny, it doesn't mention Jack Johnson, because the melody and structure of Alvord's "La Dat Da Da" sure does sound like Johnson's "Inaudible Melodies" from *Brushfire Fairytales*. Hell, just using La Dat Da Da sounds like a Jackism (the chorus of "Bubble Toes" sure does come to mind). The cover of Rob's debut release shows him sitting on a front porch strumming a guitar and wearing an outfit pulled from the 70s when it should have had a background of a beach with him decked out in swim shorts, puka-shell necklace, bare feet and a surf board. —Miss Modular

SubRosa

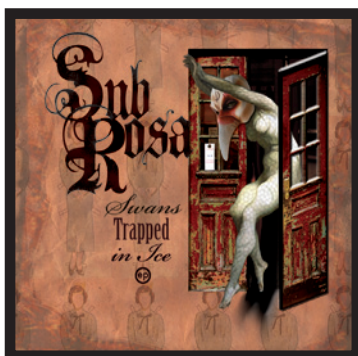
Swans Trapped in Ice EP

Self-Released

Street: 09.09

SubRosa = Melvins + Audrey Horne + Ai Aso

The ever-changing lineup of SubRosa has yielded some musical surprises over their brief recording history, and they continue to surprise with



Swans Trapped in Ice, their latest three-song EP. The dual violin works very well at rounding out the mood created by plodding bass and crunchy guitars, but this release unfortunately falls a bit flat. The songwriting (and musicianship, for that matter), is absolutely top-notch, but this thing needs heft. Balls. Volume. In essence, SubRosa needs to take their excellent songs and showcase them on a recording the way they showcase them live: moody, loud, and unapologetic. I think once the band releases themselves from the quiet restraint that is far too obvious on this release, they'll find that heaviness suits them. —Gavin Hoffman

The Wilderness

Everything Is Golden

Sound Vs Silence

Street: 10.20

The Wilderness = Finch + Lostprophets + Blinded Black

The Wilderness is definitely solid. The band is tight and the compositions are on point. There is enough variety among the songs to not get too annoyed or bored. However, it's nothing that is gonna change the world. These guys, while extremely talented, are definitely a band that could get lost in the shuffle. There is not a specific song or section of a song that has anything that I haven't heard in one form or another at least a few times. If they would open and try to incorporate some other influences besides **Every Time I Die** while still keeping their power, I think this would be one of the best local bands around. —Jon Robertson

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CD

REVIEWS

The Accüsed

The Curse of Martha Splatterhead

Southern Lord

Street: 08.18

The Accüsed = D.R.I. + Obituary + Exodus

I'm not familiar at all with the history of The Accüsed. I know the band has gone through lineup changes and then some, though I have heard tunes from most of their catalogue. They're doing what they do well since 1981, with guitarist **Tommy Niemeyer** as the constant and malevolent force behind The Accüsed. While the new album enjoys a clearer, thicker and overall louder production, the thrash-death/crossover sound that has influenced so many metal, hardcore, punk and whatever-else artists remains the same. For the best experience, listen to this as a whole album—hell, it's only 30 minutes. But the tracks are strong enough to slaughter up all the playlist types. The style that the Accüsed helped create has undoubtedly been played out, but this record is just as strong as any of the band's back catalogue and is a welcome addition for long-time fans and for newbies. It provides an opening into a world of alcohol, violence and death-fueled, fun mayhem. (10.04: *Burt's Tiki Lounge*) —*Bryer Wharton*

Alice Donut

Ten Glorious Animals

Alternative Tentacles

Street 09.22

Alice Donut = Butthole Surfers + the Pixies + psychedelic drugs

For much of the 1990s, Alice Donut was the only thing that kept Alternative Tentacles Records afloat. As lawsuits from various former members of the **Dead Kennedys** piled up, this was one of the few acts that actually put money back in the coffers. There was a time when they almost broke big, but the world was never quite ready for their decadent style of unfriendly music. More than a decade later, and back on **Jello Biafra's** San Francisco-based label, Alice Donut is once again turning heads. This latest effort is a little tamer than their earlier work, but it still gives off their classic **Mudhoney**-on-acid vibe that is really difficult to describe, but even more difficult to stop humming along to. Some songs sound like classic 1960s psyche-rock and others have more of a post-punk, happy pop feel to them. The crown jewel of this disc, though, is a cover of the Pixies' "Where Is My Mind." It starts off very

faithful to the original, but soon melts into a fully instrumental, troubling and heavy-handed version of the classic song. The result is twofold: We are reminded of what a good songwriter **Frank Black** can be, and we are shown how easily his singing voice can be replaced by a trombone. —*James Bennett*

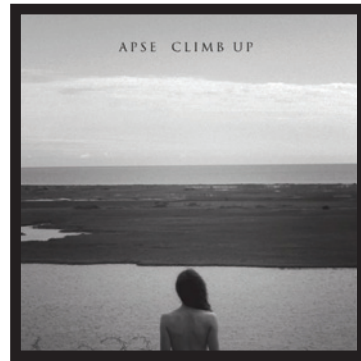
Apse

Climb Up

ATP Records

Street: 10.20

Apse = Radiohead + Ladytron



"Wow, this shit is tits!" I thought on a first spin of Apse. The second album from this East Coast band is really, well, mammary-tastic stuff. **Thom Yorke**-style vocals and Radiohead-esque rhythms are great if they can be pulled off without too much mimicry, and Apse has found that balance. They have an interesting sound, unlike other American groups, so it's no wonder a Spanish label, **Acurela Discos**, has them on their roster as well. Listen for some horns on tracks like "Return" and other interesting noises/rhythms on songs like "The Age". It's nice to see bands on the East Coast formulating their own sound in opposition to what the scene on the West Coast seems to be churning out. —*JP*

Banner Pilot

Collapser

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 09.01

Banner Pilot = The Lawrence Arms + Dillinger Four + American Steel

What's that, you say? Fat Wreck Chords has released an album by a band from the Midwest with a penchant for alcohol consumption? And this band will likely only appeal to regular visitors of *punknews.org*? Unheard of! As much as I love bands who have an unrelenting boner for **Jawbreaker**, it's hard to deny that the orgcore style is getting a bit stale as the years pass. I genuinely en-

joyed Banner Pilot's first EP, but now it seems they're just pandering to an audience that lives inside a musical bubble in which **Brendan Kelly** and his ilk are gods. Every song on *Col-lapser* sounds like Dillinger Four as played by The Lawrence Arms, and I can only take so many references to alcohol (whether you be drinking it, swimming in it, or merely obtaining it) and how cold and empty the Midwest is. Banner Pilot definitely have the potential to move beyond their influences, but they seriously need to rethink their approach. —*Ricky Vigil*

Belphegor

Walpurgis Rites Hexenwahn

Nuclear Blast

Street: 10.20

Belphegor = Behemoth + Dark Funeral + Dimmu Borgir – the keyboards

Austria's Belphegor started their career out in the early 90s playing sheer black metal. Good or bad, there isn't a whole lot to say about *Walpurgis Rites Hexenwahn*—the album runs close to the lines of the band's last two albums, which is a good thing if you like said releases. Belphegor play well-produced, speed-driven blackened death metal with some slight semblances of melody (the evil black metal kind), all with a fairly technical edge to the playing style. Although this new offering feels like it has a bit more depth than the last couple releases, it's just a bit. The band has definitely entered a comfort zone with their sound and they do it well. The only real complaint with the album is that it also has that "I've heard all this before feeling," with the exception of the dominantly cool mid-tempo war-call-type tune "Der Geistertreiber." —*Bryer Wharton*

Black Cobra

Chronomega

Southern Lord Records

Street: 09.29

Black Cobra = Acid King + Cavity + High on Fire

One of Southern Lord's more recent signings, *Chronomega* is Black Cobra's third full length release since their formation in 2002, and they get better and better with each one. Comprised of **Rafa Martinez** (ex- Acid King) and **Jason Landrian** (ex-Cavity), the duo have taken the best parts of their previous bands and expanded upon them masterfully. Crushing metal, combined with sludge, and at times, drone, *Chronomega* hits the ground running a fucking marathon, and doesn't let up. Even when the damned thing's

over and no sound is emanating from the speakers, the fucker still pounds one's eardrums. I don't remember their live show being anywhere near as good as this here record, but if I get the chance to see them again when they tour this fall, I'll most definitely give them another chance to bring the pain. (Vegas: 10.21) —*Gavin Hoffman*

The Black Dahlia Murder

Deflorate

Metal Blade

Street: 09.15

The Black Dahlia Murder = Dissection + Arsis + Through the Eyes of the Dead



The Black Dahlia Murder somehow manages to be great at nearly everything I love about metal. Oh sure, they don't do the long, sweeping tracks and ridiculously atmospheric soundscapes I love so much, but sometimes a guy just wants to stomp around his bedroom, bang his head, and smash some furniture to energetic metal about murder, destruction, zombies and **Castlevania**. That guy is me, and Black Dahlia is the perfect band to do that with. *Deflorate* is their fourth album and it is well written and fun, just like the others. Despite continual lineup changes, the band manages to keep a consistent style, which actually impresses me the most. Black Dahlia are one of the few bands I love where I'd be bummed if they did try to branch out. When in doubt, give me their consistent style with **Trevor Strnad's** alternating Orc growl and banshee shriek any day. (10.19: *Murray Theater*) —*Conor Dow*

Blind Man's Colour

Season Dreaming

Kanine Records

Street: 08.19

Blind Man's Colour = Spiritualized + This Heat + Radiohead + Wolf Eyes Blind Man's Colour's integration of tape loops, acoustic instrumentation and reverb-heavy vocals immediately

bring to mind 90s shoegaze, along with Radiohead concerts and reverb pedals. Then the listener is surprised by some phenomenal and melodic noise building the base for an otherwise calming and ambient pop record. This unification of noise and pop is done very impressively, never straying too far to either extreme. One would be hard pressed to attempt a duplication of this album as the sounds are so drenched in effect and reverb that the original instrument is often indistinguishable. Unfortunately, the vocals are as well, giving it a sort of stereotypical Spiritualized type of sound that, while appropriate, fails to stand out amongst the instrumentation. In the greater scheme of things, though, this album is outstanding in its unique listenability and dynamic atmosphere—extending and building ambient sounds in a way that is exciting and calming simultaneously.

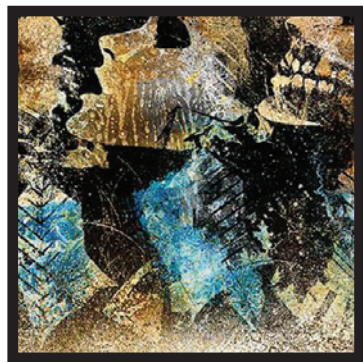
—Ryan Powers

Converge Axe to Fall

Street: 10.20

Epitaph

Converge = Coalesce + Tom Waits + Municipal Waste



There may be a couple of reasons Converge released "Dark Horse" and "Axe to Fall" prior to the release of *Axe to Fall*—one obviously being that they are two of the best songs on the album, but it may also be that they are trying to show a return to all around ass-kickery after the muddy *No Heroes*. Unfortunately, there is still some of that "been here done that" feel to a good chunk of *Axe to Fall*. There are four or five tracks where Converge has ultimately found itself in the artistic rut of writing Converge songs. However, there are plenty of shining moments in the album that show just how seriously Converge take their art form. "Cruel Bloom" (which features **Steve Von Till** of **Neurosis**) is hands down the best and most musically interesting and nontraditional Converge song in their catalog and along with "Wretched World" is one of the two most interesting on the album. Maybe I'm just getting older and fast guitars and screaming aren't all there is to music anymore. I'm sure Converge has

come to that realization as well. The current 80s thrash revival isn't lost on Converge either, with "Reap What You Sow" and "Cutter" being their own blistering take on the resurgence. As for a good portion of the rest of the album, what can be said? They melt speakers, and it's good to know that 20 years into being a band you can be relevant, maintain artistic integrity and still show everyone how it's done. (*Saltair: 10.09*) —Peter Fryer

Cymbals Eat Guitars Why There Are Mountains

Sister's Den Records

Street: 09.22

Cymbals Eat Guitars = Modest Mouse + The Shins + Pavement

Cymbals really do eat guitars, as **Lou Reed** once famously complained about, but you won't find much **Velvet Underground** influence anywhere within earshot of this album. What you will find is a comfortable knit sweater with patches from all your favorite indie bands of past and present sewn prominently on the sleeves. Modest Mouse, Pavement, **Built to Spill**, The Shins, **Superchunk**, **Polvo**, even a small **My Bloody Valentine** pin tacked on the lapel. Most of the songs are pleasantly forgettable—hazy pastiches of scribbled guitar, twinkling keyboards and gentle ambiances, but perhaps these things are indicators that the album is a slow grower that needs more than five or six spins to blossom and make its fruits known. Or maybe it's just an indicator that I'm too old and cranky to care about another wave of indie rock. Yeah, probably. —Ryan Fedor

The Entrance Band Self-Titled

Ecstatic Peace!

Street 09.01

Entrance = Devendra Banhart + Will Oldham + Cat Power

The Entrance Band is the current musical outlet for guitarist/vocalist **Guy Blakeslee**, drummer **Derek James** and bassist **Paz Lenchantin** (**Zwan**, **A Perfect Circle**). On this disc, the hard, psychedelic-folk trio errs on the powerful side of psyche music without being crippled too much by the fanciful, glitter-strewn muck that sometimes infects those who turn to the 60s for inspiration. Truth be told, though, Entrance sounds more like a 1980s goth-rock band. There is a serious **Ian Astbury/The Cult** feel to this disc, with the band's forays into guitar orchestration, mysticism and an **AC/DC**-style three-chord smack. Thankfully, the music is heavy but completely void of the pluggy, ambient style that has recently become the trend in metal music. It is listenable, but really not that remarkable. None of the 10 tracks really stood out to me, and I feel strongly that there are better representations of this style

of music out there. Sure, the songs are good and they are well performed and recorded, but my overall reaction was, "So what?" If I wanted to listen to The Cult, I would listen to The Cult. And if I wanted to listen to something that was put out by a former member of Zwan, I would put on the LP of acoustic **Misfits** covers recently released by **David Pajo**. —James Bennett

Every Time I Die New Junk Aesthetic

Epitaph

Street: 09.15

Every Time I Die = Botch + The Bronx + Her Candane

New Junk Aesthetic begins with a quiet feedback squelch, a stony groove and dark lyrics that stay the course of the band's fifth album. "Roman Holiday" is an uncharacteristic side note from the band that seems to get bigger every month. "For the Record" is a more typically frenetic ETID song that has primo pit potential, while "Turtles All the Way Down" keeps it slower and brings the Southern groove in rebel-flag-clad droves. ETID's signature wall of buzzy guitars and frantic yells are as prominent as ever on this disc. **Matt Caughthran** of The Bronx appears on "The Sweet Life," but **Keith Buckley**'s voice is so similar that the guest spot seems a bit unnecessary. The artwork (all drawn by guitarist **Jordan Buckley**) is impressive and strewn about the packaging, while the supplemental DVD is a bit lackluster compared to *Shit Happens*. *New Junk Aesthetic* is a different version of the same flavor, but kids will line up to give this one a taste. —Nick Parker



Exene Cervenka Somewhere Gone

Bloodshot Records

Street: 10.06

Exene Cervenka = Sara Carter (Carter Family) + Emmylou Harris + Patti Smith

Probably the best voice in all of punk rock as the lead singer of **X**, Cervenka shows another side of herself on *Somewhere Gone*. Her voice set to the melody of a folk song such as "The Willow Tree" is hauntingly stunning. Along with her evocative

vocal talents, there has been some brilliant production work done jointly by Cervenka and **Lou Whitney** of **The Skeletons**, where they've taken a less-is-more approach and let the song get served up on a silver singing platter. Cervenka's lyrics are poetry. "Paper weight and pen heavy/ Sound escape and stream ready," a line from the song, "Sound of Coming Down," is just one example of many instances on this record where melody and word join together perfectly. It's amazing that this woman has already made her mark on history and is still challenging herself with projects as daunting and intensely personal as this one. —James Orme

HEALTH Get Color

Lovepump United

Street: 09.08

HEALTH = Justice + Holy Fuck



The clear, bold text on the album cover gives one simple instruction to the listener: "THIS RECORD SHOULD BE PLAYED AT A MINIMUM OF 90DB." If you've listened to their previous, self-titled release, you should certainly know this by now. But for all the newcomers to HEALTH's distorted cacophony, heed their message carefully. Driven by an amazingly talented drummer and layered with intricate, driving noise, distortion and ghostly vocals, *Get Color* was designed for you to push your ears to their limits. Notable tracks include the explosive "Die Slow," punch-distorted "Death+" and the tightly orchestrated "We Are Water." As of right now, noise rock really does not get much better than this. —Ross Solomon

Jeff The Brotherhood Heavy Days

Infinity Cat Records

Street: 10.13

Jeff The Brotherhood = Butthole Surfers + Ramones + Roxanne

Three guitar strings, four drums and vocals is all that the two Orrall brothers use to compose their sound. Bananas! These guys remind me of **Sonic Youth** circa *Confusion Is Sex*—rough and raw around the edges, just like ya momma. The thing that I really appreciate about these dudes is that they are gnarly sounding yet are

poppy as fuck. I feel like I am being scrubbed down with some steel wool at a magical theme park. One thing that bothers me about this release is that it is a vinyl-only release. So dumb, because people totally have record players in their cars. Vinyl snobs can bite it! —Jon Robertson

Karl Blau Zebra

K Records
Street: 10.06

Karl Blau = The Microphones + Beck



On *Zebra*, Karl Blau pays tribute to Africa and its musical influences, but you really wouldn't think "Africa" by listening to his latest effort. It's more like a psychedelic, hint-of-jazz and breezy indie-rock album. The intro track, "Waiting For the Wind," introduces Blau's out-of-key voice over what sounds like a bicycle bell, warning the audience of his presence. "Crucial Contact" is full of space-influenced beeps and blips over a droning bass line, reminding me of **Brigitte Bardot's** very own "Contact." By far the standout track is "Apology To Pollinateurs," with its smooth and pulsating deep bass, simple drums, and Beck-like voice joined with guest vocalist **Melanie Valera** (a.k.a. **Tender Forever**). This album is just too smart for its own good. It's cleverly put together and engaging, with a subtle surprise at every stop, all the way until the final fuzzy, spaced-out, electric, ass-backwards track, "Gnos LeVohs." —Courtney Blair

KRISTEENYOUNG Strippers, Hookers, and the Odd On-Looker

Tony Visconti Productions
Street: 10.13

KRISTEENYOUNG = Tori Amos + Dresden Dolls

KRISTEENYOUNG is a guitarless duo featuring the pounding drums of "Baby" **Jef White** paired up with the continuous piano beatings of **Kristeen Young**. They have been abusing us since 1997 and on *Strippers, Hookers, and the Odd On-Looker*, it continues with the opening track slapping you across the face with heavy thumping chords and Young's killer **Kate Bush** impression

on "Son of Man." Track two hits and the problem is obvious—it sounds just like the first track ... meh ... boring. They redeem themselves briefly on "You Must Love Me," showing some variety and sharing qualities of **Bush's** beautiful "Big Sky." The duo will gain commercial points on "That's What It Takes, Dear" which features **Patrick Vaughan Stump** of **Fall Out Boy** on vocals. Thank God the album has an end. Quick, someone dust off *Hounds of Love* to comfort me after this abusive mess. —Courtney Blair

Liturgy Renihilation

20 Buck Spin
Street: 08.25

Liturgy = Ulver (Nattens Madrigal) + Blut Aus Nord + Mayhem + Deathspell Omega

Need to have your jaw drop a few inches permanently? Brooklyn, New York's Liturgy have released quite possibly the best black metal offering this year. With firm roots planted and influences worn with a badge of honor, *Renihilation* twists its black metal into a mind-bending, brain-altering trip and further pushes the boundaries on modern black metal. If one wants to get technical, Liturgy take the artful approach to their black-drenched themes: it's eerily clean-sounding yet nowhere near overproduced or remotely slow or soothing-sounding. The songs are arranged in a partition fashion with two (or one) black metal cuts split up by odd and ghostly short, matter-of-fact drone noise tracks. The dual guitar approach within Liturgy's sound works amazingly well while giving the songs the wall-of-sound effect. Yet it still somehow captures the essence that there actually is space in between the riffing when there quite honestly isn't most of the time. The entire album culminates in the buzzing sensory assault that literally pulsates your cranium. Also, the louder you play the album, the bigger the result. —Bryer Wharton

Lou Barlow Goodnight Unknown

Merge Records

Street 10.06

Lou Barlow = Dinosaur Jr. + Sebadoh

— J. Mascis, Murph and Eric Gaffney Lou Barlow sometimes gets lost in the mix. As he collaborates with bandmates from both Dinosaur Jr. and Sebadoh, his contributions can sometimes seem like those of a hired hand—technically sound, but without much heart. Every couple of years, though, Barlow does a solo record that reminds us all of how capable and inventive he is. *Goodnight Unknown* is a heavy record. It is as dense and impenetrable as bulletproof glass. The songs are shorter than they seem, all about two-and-a-half minutes long, and packed

to the gills with layer upon layer of instrumentation. It is sometimes reminiscent of early Sebadoh in the sense that the songs are aggressive yet composed with acoustic instruments. There is more synthesizer and keyboard work here than I would normally associate with Barlow, but the overall forceful nature of the record is completely him (force that comes at times from **Dale Crover (Melvins)** on drums). An all-around great disc. (10.31: *Urban Lounge*) —James Bennett

Lullabye Arkestra Threats / Worship

Vice

Street: 10.13

Lullabye Arkestra = Big Business + Death From Above 1979 + The White Stripes

Lullabye Arkestra consists of **Kat Taylor-Small** on bass and vocals and **Justin Small (Do Make Say Think, Broken Social Scene)** on drums and vocals. These two are married and I would think that being in a band with someone that you were doin' it with would be really strange, but to each their own. Even though these two are boning, I still have respect for their music. I have always had a fondness for bands that are duos, because it always seems that they are fully capable of making thick, full songs as bands with a million musicians. These two lovers are legit. They are all about **Mudhoney**-ing it up all fuzzed-out and post-punk style. Plus, I wanna see them make out. —Jon Robertson

Malfeitor Incubus

Agonia Records

Street: 08.31

Malfeitor = Marduk + Horna + early



black metal Rotting Christ

This black metal band from Italy shares various members from projects such as **Blood Tsunami**, **Thorns**, the better known **Aborym** and several others. Despite the various works they have all done, Malfeitor is pretty standard black metal. The album builds a nice atmosphere for a lot of nasty aggression, but they space it out neatly by taking time to build up. One notable thing about the production is the drums, which sound

fantastic. That isn't to say that the album is clean and crisply produced like all recent **Dimmu Borgir** work, but the clear drum sound allows for that aggression to be better communicated, rather than beating the trashcan lid snare to death. Don't expect this project to change the face of black metal, but they certainly represent a lot of potential here. —Conor Dow

Merauder God is I

Regain Records

Street: 08.18

Merauder = All Out War + Sick of It All + Slayer

Believe it or not, there was a time when the word metalcore didn't induce cringes. Instead, it referred to bands that began to break the barriers between the worlds of hardcore and metal. Merauder was one of the torchbearers of this particular genre. Although they are at the head of the class when it comes to crossing over, they don't seem to be given the same amount of thought as others that came during the same time or shortly thereafter. Fortunately, with the release of *God is I*, Merauder brings credibility back to "metalcore." Although the album feeds off of newer trends in the genre (namely, cleaner production, the double bass work, and skews more **Shadows Fall** than Sick of It All), there is still plenty of hardcore and metal worship in there. Merauder brings it legitimately and keeps the hardcore vibe alive as very few bands can do. Poseurs need not apply—for Merauder, *God is I* is a return to form while simultaneously moving forward. —Peter Fryer

Mew No More Stories ...

Columbia Records

Street: 08.25

Mew = Yes + Rush + SSPU

I admire a band whose intro song on their new album is completely backwards—and if they pull it off, all the better. Mew does just that with their fifth album and they do it well. This band does an excellent job of straddling very different genres, as most great bands seem to do, and even garnered an opening spot on some **NIN** tour dates—they're that spectacular. Before you get the wrong impression about these Danes, don't think they're industrial and NIN-y—they're quite the opposite. Their sonic soundscape is somewhere between a land comprised of lush-looking grasslands and scary forests. Some of the highlights of *No More Stories ...* include some very interesting rhythms on the second track, "Introducing Palace Players," with some classic Mew riffs and some great keys underpinning an almost perfect song, and their awesome utilization of some sort of mallet percussion on "Hawaii." If you're just now hearing of them, pick

this up and give a spin to *Frengers* for a great experience. —JP

Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson

Summer of Fear

Saddle Creek

Street: 10.20

Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson = The Sleepy Jackson

Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson's self-titled release in 2008 was my small addiction for the past year. With Robinson recently signed to Saddle Creek Records, *Summer of Fear* held high expectations. The album starts strong with "Shake a Shot." The bold bass drum and Robinson's low gruff vocals draw you in and carry you through "Always an Anchor," which lightly mixes in glockenspiel and stringed instruments. Then the album takes a bit of a stumble with almost cheesy 90s "smooth jazz" keys and overbearing back-up vocals. At points, even Robinson's vocals make it hard to enjoy. Luckily, it fades back to the simplicity that works well for Robinson—stable acoustic guitar, the occasional keys and best of all, raw storytelling. —Jessica Davis

Pissed Jeans

King of Jeans

Sub Pop Records

Street: 08.19

Pissed Jeans = The Birthday Party + Flipper + The Melvins

This album should be sweet redemption for anyone who was disappointed by *Hope for Men* after hearing the glorious slice of dumb-guy Flipper rock that was their first album, *Shallow*. Pissed Jeans have tightened their focus while retaining an appropriate looseness in both style and production, eliminating the types of songs that plagued *Hope for Men*. (See "The Jogger" and "Scrapbooking") The production perfectly matches the music, huge slabs of guitar and bass slide and bulge out over pounded rhythms, barely contained within the sound field. Lyrically, "False Jesii Part 2" sums up the vibe of the album nicely: "I could put on a tight black shirt / but I don't bother / I could hit the gym so it looks real nice / but I don't bother." If any band is ready to wear the pig-filth encrusted crown that bands like The Birthday Party and **The Jesus Lizard** left behind, it is these men from Allentown, continuing to provide hope for our future. —Ryan Fedor

Reno Divorce

Tears Before Breakfast

I Scream

Street: 09.02

Reno Divorce = Social Distortion + The Generators + Green Day + Custom Made Scare

This Denver quartet has the melodic punk rock n' roll anthem down—in fact, that's how I would describe each and every one of the 11 tracks on *Tears Before Breakfast*. All the

songs have fast-placed rhythms and don't change too much in style, either. Rapid guitar riffs and street-tough vocals play well, but melodies turn a little too poppy at times, like on the song "All Show and No Go." Lyrics like "When we're walking in the moonlight and holding hands, I don't wanna let go" bounce along to a sweet, predictable tune. At the same time, a blistering rocker like "Firecracker" will get even the staunchest punk moving. The bottom line is that we've heard so much of this down-and-out music before, that even though Reno Divorce does it pretty well, I still want to hear more dimension from a band like this, like some different instrumentation; i.e., let's hear some different guitar distortion or no distortion at all. I want to hear them build on all the stuff they've obviously been influenced by. Don't regurgitate Social Distortion and expect us to call it fresh and new. —James Orme

Reverend Horton Heat

Laughin' and Cryin'

Yep Roc

Street: 08.25

Reverend Horton Heat = Carl Perkins + ZZ Top + Screaming Jay Hawkins + Johnny Horton

It's funny that this record has been touted as having more country leaning—I personally think The Rev's last record, *Revival*, had more country to it, but that doesn't mean the cowboy hat The Rev has been wearing isn't well deserved. "Aw the Humanity" is a slow-moving, cheeky tune, and "There's a little bit of everything in Texas," is a fun little country tune that bumps along. There are a few times where I could have sworn the same riffs used on low-point songs could be found on previous records, but the moments of brilliance, like the fast-paced "Death Metal Guys" more than make up for any redundancies. This band has still got it: great instrumentation, **Jim Heath** even playing pedal steel guitar on "Space Walk," **Jimbo Wallace**'s standup bass perfectly complementing the Heath guitar virtuosity, and new skinman **Paul Simmons** fitting right in with this band known for being amazing players. —James Orme

Soriah

Atlan

Projekt

Street: 08.25

Soriah = [(Dead Can Dance - Lisa Gerard) + Peter Murphy] x Paul Pena

This third release by Soriah is an unsettling, esoteric gumbo of central Asian throat singing, Mesoamerican tradition and darkwave stylings. Soriah, a.k.a. **Enrique Ugalde**, intones dark, otherworldly meditations over **Ashleion Sain**'s (**Trance to the Sun**) ambient layers of sound and rhythm. No dabbler in Tuvan-style throat singing, Ugalde was

recently named "Best Foreigner" in an Ustuu-Khuree festival competition. The seven Nahuatl (Aztec) language songs, two traditional Tuvan chants and two instrumental tracks would be equally at home in a horror film or as the aural background for a romantic evening (the part after dinner, when something earthy and not-too-distracting sets the mood for, uh, "romance"). The title track and "Xopanucatl" are the most contemporary, with beats an expressive dancer could catch and release bats to, but don't expect to hear this disc at the club, and don't add it to your "Driving All Night" playlist. —Madelyn Boudreaux



Still Life Still

Girls Come Too

Canvas Media

Street: 08.25

Still Life Still = Minus the Bear + Broken Social Scene + Moving Mountains

My affection for this CD stems almost entirely from the chorus of the track "T-shirts:" "If you don't mind my cum on your tits/Then I don't mind your blood on my dick." Poetry! And the rest of the album's all right, too, I guess, even if the references to pearl necklaces and period sex end there. Still Life Still play guitar pop with a dash of shoegaze and general indie weirdness, and just when you think they might be getting a little too dreamy, they hold your attention with surprisingly sharp lyrics and just a touch of grunge. It's satisfying, in a way where you can either zone out or dance around to it. —Cléa Major

Thrice

Beggars

Vagrant

Street: 09.15

Thrice = Thursday + Alexisonfire + boysetsfire

Let's get this out of the way: Thrice is pretentious. Shocking, right? Usually only modest musicians conquer lofty concept albums (the elementally themed *Alchemy Index*), inject their music with Christian themes (most of *Earth* and a good chunk of *Vheissu*), or write two separate songs about a single mythological story ("Daedalus" and "The Melting Point of Wax"). *Beggars* is also shocking, but only because it's far less adventurous



than the last few Thrice projects. The furious energy and harsh vocals of early Thrice are all but gone, giving way to a more subdued style that isn't exactly radio-friendly, but is definitely accessible. "All the World is Mad" delivers sharp bursts of guitar over a plodding baseline, and "Doublespeak" throws in some piano, but the title track is probably the album's best, building nicely from a quiet beginning to an explosive finale. This isn't as revolutionary as *Vheissu* or *The Alchemy Index*, but it also isn't as heavy-handed. This is a solid rock album, no more and no less. —Ricki Vigil

The Twilight Sad

Forget the Night Ahead

Fat Cat

Street: 09.22

The Twilight Sad = The National + Frightened Rabbit + Explosions in the Sky

Starting off with a stellar debut full-length, The Twilight Sad has been a band that many have had their eyes on since *Fourteen Autumns & Fifteen Winters*' release in 2007. Their heavy, reverberated and emotionally charged tunes were a pleasure to listen to, and have made a full comeback in their most recent LP. Vocalist **James Graham**'s signature Scottish accent adds something special to the already dramatic lyrics. The album also features many instrumentals by ex-*Aerogramme* member **Dok**, as well as some violin by **Laura McFarlane** from **My Latest Novel**. Take all of this and combine it with some incredibly expansive and heavy instrumentals (à la *Explosions in the Sky*), and we've got another fantastic album from our friends in Scotland. —Ross Solomon

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SOUTHERN LORD

PELICAN

What We All Come To Need



Pelican - What We All Come To Need - CD

What We All Come To Need is Pelican through and through and the apex of their creative aspirations. As punishing as it is calming, this album is Pelican at their most inspired and sonically adept, delivering 50 minutes of weighty riffs and textured progressions in momentous succession. Featuring guest performances from Greg Anderson (sunnO))) and Aaron Turner (ISIS).

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***Wolves In The Throne Room- "Black Cascade" CD+2xLP
***Orcustus- "S/T" CD
***sunn O)))- "Monoliths and Dimensions" Album CD
***Thou-Tyrant LP
***Pelican-Ephemeral EP LP



Black Cobra - Chronomega - CD

Black Cobra is ready to take the heavy music world by storm! Formed by Rafa Martinez (Acid King) and Jason Landrian (Cavity) this duo's sound is a crushing mix of High On Fire-tinged metal and Buzzov'en's Southern-fried sludge, with a heaping dash of Melvins-style drone. Produced by Billy Anderson (Melvins, Neurosis, Sleep, High on Fire), Chronomega is one of the heaviest records of '09 or, for that matter, any year!

PELICAN / BLACK COBRA
LIVE @ CLUB VEGAS
SALT LAKE CITY,
OCTOBER 21, 2009



Eagle Twin - The Unkindness of Crows CD

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



The Accused - The Curse of Martha Splatterhead CD

Martha Splatterhead returns! The pioneering kings of Splatter Rock The Accused are back from the wrong side of the grave! The Accused axe slinger and founding member Tommy Niemeyer has resurrected the unholy Splatterbeast with a new lineup that is an efficient killing machine! The new album The Curse of Martha Splatterhead contains even more face ripping riffs, more brutal throat shredding and more intestinal morbid devournment than ever before. 14 songs clocking in at 29 minutes = FASTER, MORE VICIOUS, MORE BRUTAL than you can handle! Crushing production courtesy of Billy Anderson (Melvins, Neurosis, Eyehategod, Brutal Truth, Sleep etc.)

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Thursday October 8

SOULFLY



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FRIDAY: DANCE & TECHNO (UPSTAIRS) THE DUNGEON INDUSTRIAL & EBM (DOWNSTAIRS) \$2 CORONAS \$3 KAMAKAZES
SATURDAY: ALTERNATIVE & TECHNO (UPSTAIRS) INDUSTRIAL & GOTH (DOWNSTAIRS) \$3 SEX ON THE BEACH • \$2 DRAFTS

OCTOBER AT AREA 51!

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THURSDAY - 10/29**

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SATURDAY - 10/31**



Daily Calendar

Send us your dates by the
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Friday, October 2

Poor Boyz Triple Threat Tour – *U of U Fine Arts Auditorium*
Colbie Caillat, Howie Day – *In The Venue*
Brother Ali, Evidence, Toki Wright, BK One – *Sound*
Sleepy Sun, Assemble Head in Sunburst Sound, Silver Antlers – *Kilby*
Church – *Velour*
Spiral Diary, Swans of Never – *Muse*
Royal Bliss – *Liquid Joe's*
Bicycle Film Festival – *Post Theater*
Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Feel Good Patrol, Funk & Gonzo – *Urban*
NYC, Blood Of Saints, Lidsore, Hooga – *Vegas*
Double or Nothing, Nate Baldwin & The Sound, Alicia McGovern – *Why Sound*
Billy Baxter – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Saturday, October 3

Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*
Triple Threat After Party – *Harry O's*
Thursday, Fall of Troy, Young Widows – *In The Venue*
JP Haynie, Little Teeth, The Awful Truth, Boy of Bark – *Kilby*
Hotel on Baltic, Summer Last Forever – *Muse*
White Hinterland – *Slowtrain*
Bicycle Film Festival – *Post Theater*
Floater, I Am The – *Urban*
Ghost Towne – *ABG's*
Angelfelt, Kiss Me Kill Me, Mary May I, The Departed – *Velour*
Band Wagon, Bad Grass, Tombstone Jesus, Hard Luck – *Vegas*
The Skars, Chucks, Love Astronauts – *Why Sound*
Miles Crockett – *Johnny's On Second*
Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel Cafe*
SLUG Booth at Farmers Market – Pioneer Park

Sunday, October 4

The Accused, The Willkiss, Life Has a Way, Desolate – *Vegas*
St. Boheme, Midwest Dilemma, Giant – *Urban*
Floater – *Murray Theater*
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*

Monday, October 5

Tantric, Aranda, Vayden, Atom Smash, Scripted Apology – *Vegas*
Sian Alice Group, Mammoth, Cornered By Zombies – *Urban*
Palace of Buddies – *Slowtrain*
Charlie Hunter, Terrence Higgins – *State Room*
Musicology & Spy Hop Records classes start – *Spy Hop Productions*
Palace of Buddies – *Slowtrain*
English Beat – *Depot*
Jument, Killfoor, Xavier – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday David DeAustin!

Tuesday, October 6

The B Tour, Autographs 5pm, Movie 7pm – *Megaplex Gateway*
The Academy Is, Mayday Parade, Set Your Goals, The Secret Handshake, You Me at Six – *In The Venue*
Captured! By Robots – *Urban*
Acoustic Open-Mic – *Velour*

Wednesday, October 7

Juliette Lewis, American Bang, The Ettes – *Vegas*
Scarub, Project Cave Light, Burnell Washburn, Malevolent MC – *Kilby*
Passion Pit, E 603 – *Urban*
SOJA – *In The Venue*
Film: *The Freeheel Life* – *Brewvies*
Dandy Lies & Daffy Dealings – *Why Sound*
Lee Madrid & Nathan Spencer – *Johnny's On Second*

Thursday, October 8

Red Eye Junction, San Luis Obispo, Honkey Tonk – *Piper Down*
Soulfly, Prong, Adjacent To Nothing Balance of Power, I Am The – *Vegas*
Kylesa, Saviours, Red Fang, Bison BC – *V2*
Swans of Never, Emme Packer, Spiral Diary, Double Or Nothing – *Kilby*
Chris Smither – *State Room*
Burning Olympus, Al Deans, Galaxy of Heartbreak, Pat Driscoll – *Velour*
Stephen Lynch – *Depot*
Tribal Council, Jesse Walker – *Urban*
Richard Smith & Julie Adams, Zeus – *Why Sound*
Gaylen Young – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Friday, October 9

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
Brand New, Manchester Orchestra, The Builders and The Butchers – *Salt Palace*
The Shaky Hands, The Young Yet Brilliant, Sleuths – *Kilby*
Dr. Dog, Jolie Holland, Jeffrey Lewis, Matt Bauer – *Urban*
J. Wride, Victoria – *Muse*
Devil's Cuntry, The Reckless Ones, Hog Luvdog and the Sleazetones – *Burt's*
Belly Dancing: Kashmir, Nepenthe, Amina, Kita Zira – *Highland High*
Tacocat, GreenGreen, Jared – *Provo Compound*
Muscle Hawk, Sex on the Run, DJ Hot Noise – *Edge*
Voodoo Organist, Neighborhood Zero – *ABG's*
Hello Helicopter, Kid Theodore, The Yaks, Robbed – *Velour*
Dethklok, Mastodon, Converge, High on Fire – *Saltair*
Bandwagon, Truce, Skychange, – *Vegas*
Elemental, Armorie, WOK! – *Why Sound*
Abrcabb, Through The Eyes Of The Dead – *V2*
Jimmy Knobs – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Saturday, October 10

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
The Used, The Almost, Drive A – *Saltair*
Why?, Au, Dark Dark Dark – *In The Venue*
Snow Patrol – *McKay Events Center*
Lyle Lovett, John Hiatt – *Kingsbury Hall*
Fictionist, The Spins, Kid Theodore – *Kilby*
Butthole Surfers, Psychic Ills – *Urban*
Chump Reunion Show – *Velour*
Black Hat Society: Witches High Tea – *Grand America*
KMFDM, Angel Spit – *Vegas*
Old Crow Medicine Show – *Depot*
Old School – *Tony's Bar*
Pieace & Quiet Rock Band – *Johnny's On Second*
Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel Cafe*
Happy Birthday Fletcher Booth!

Sunday, October 11

The Bugs, Sad Horse, Vile Blue Shades – *Kilby*
Souls of Mischief, Strong Arm Steady, Deep Rooted – *Urban*
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Owl City, The Scene Aesthetic, Brooke Waggoner – *Murray Theater*

Monday, October 12

Aimee Mann, Fountains of Wayne – *State Room*
The Subjects, Bad Veins – *Kilby*
Yo La Tengo, Cheap Time – *Urban*
Har Mar Superstar – *Vegas*
Yusuf Jerusalem, Thomas Function, Jowls – *Provo Compound*
Will Sartain – *Slowtrain*

Tuesday, October 13

Angelfelt, 30 Grit Slurry, Against the Season, The Epic Ragdoll (6pm) – *Kilby*
Sugar & Gold, Tennis Camp – *Urban*
Straylight Run, Lydia, Anarbor, Last Fall – *V2*
Last Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*

Wednesday, October 14

Digital Leather, Little Sap Dungeon, Riverhead – *Vegas*
Strike Anywhere, Polar Bear Club, Crime In Stereo, Ruiner – *Sound*
The Darlings, The Grates – *Kilby*
Marcy Playground – *Urban*
Lit-Knit – *Sam Weller's*
The Lawmen, Hard Luck – *Velour*
Ronnie Baker Brooks – *State Room*
Advent Horizon – *Muse*
Box Elders, Fresh & Onlys, Broken Spells – *Provo Compound*
Dark Star Orchestra – *Depot*
At Last An Atlas, Midwest Dilemma, Ben Hibshman – *Why Sound*
DJ Happy Hands DJ Phat Pat – *Johnny's On Second*



10/14 STRIKE ANYWHERE, POLAR BEAR CLUB, CRIME IN STEREO, RUINER – SOUND

Thursday, October 15

Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down*
One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
Tony Lake, Wings of Normandy, The Passing Trees, Chris Bjorn – *Kilby*
A Hawk & A Hacksaw, Damon & Naomi – *Urban*
Pierced Arrows, Hectic Hobo, Lifesize Model, Hotel Le Motel – *Burt's*
Dark Star Orchestra – *Depot*
WPA, Sean Watkins, Glen Phillips, Luke Bulla – *State Room*
Speakeasy Tiger, Gorgeous Hussies, The Deception – *Why Sound*

Friday, October 16

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
Brakes Brakes Brakes, Ezra Furman & The Harpoons, Rachel Goodrich – *Kilby*
Book on Tapeworm, The Second Estate, Becca Russell – *Velour*
Madraso, Thunderfist, Victims Willing – *Burt's*
The Republic, Discourse, The Hotness – *Edge*
Hectic Hobos, Triggers and Slips – *ABG's*
Satyricon, ChthoniC, Bleeding Through, Toxic Holocaust – *Sound*
Separation Of Self, SCARLESS, Vinia, Skies Of Redemption – *Vegas*
Werewolf Bar Mitzvah art show – *Signed & Numbered*
Edward Bateman – *Ken Sanders*
Until Further Notice, Lump Sum – *Why Sound*
Derrick Wright – *Tin Angel Cafe*
SLUG Localized: Irony Man, Poo Pee D, Kiss Thiss – Urban

Saturday, October 17

Swagger – *Piper Down*

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*

Ingrid Michaelson – *In The Venue*
Hit The Lights, There For Tomorrow, Fireworks, Sparks The Rescue, This Time Next Year – *Sound*

Final Farmers Market of 2009 – Pioneer Park

Madraso Lp/CD Release show – *Burt's*
Lake, Karl Blau, Josaleigh Pollett – *Kilby*
Will Sartain, Band of Annals, Casey James Prestwood – *Urban*
The Devil Whale, Moses, The Archers Apple, Red Jacket Mine – *Velour*
Silent Fate, Soul Made Visible, Still-Born, Revealer, Massacre At The Wake – *Vegas*
Herban Empire – *Tony's Bar*
Shameless Bastard – *Johnny's On Second*
Tony and Talia – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Sunday, October 18

Zion I, Sick Sense & Skinwalker – *Urban*
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*

Monday, October 19

Say Anything, Bayside, Eisleys, Moneen, Moving Mountains – *In The Venue*
Mount Eerie, No Kids, JP Haynie – *Kilby*
And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead, Future of The Left – *Urban*
Girl In A Coma, Black Gold, Lost by Reason, Hello Loneliness – *Burt's*
Vile Blue Shades – *Tower*
David Williams – *Slowtrain*
Black Dahlia Murder, Skeletonwitch, Toxic Holocaust, Trap Them – *Murray Theater*
The Mighty Diamonds – *Vegas*

Tuesday, October 20

Le Loup, Nurses, Homebodies – *Kilby*
Gossip, Men, Future Of The Ghost – *Urban*
Marianne Dissard, St. Boheme, Andrew Collberg, Mark Growden – *Burt's*
Great Lake Swimmers – *Slowtrain*
Great Lake Swimmers, Wooden Birds – *State Room*
Acoustic Open-Mic – *Velour*
Happy Birthday Aaron Day!

Wednesday, October 21

Pelican, Black Cobra, Sweet Cobra – *Vegas*
Mirah, Blitzen Trapper, Norfolk & Western, Wye Oak – *Sound*
Weatherbox, Little Brazil, Ask For the Future – *Kilby*
Queerreads – *Sam Weller's*
Mumiy Troll, Andale – *Urban*
K.I.C. Comedy Show – *Velour*
Mae, Locksley, Deas Vail, Local, Mury – *In The Venue*
Hoots & Hellmouth, William Elliot Whitmore, The Rocketz, Death Valley Drifters – *Burt's*
Book Festival – *City Library*
Pelican, Black Cobra, Sweet Cobra – *Vegas*
Big Black Sky – *Johnny's On Second*

Thursday, October 22

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
Grand Archives, Drew Danburry – *Kilby*
A Place To Bury, Strangers, All the Saints, Laserfang – *Urban*
Eric Baines – *Velour*
Chase Long Beach, Blinded By Truth – *Burt's*
Book Festival – *City Library*
Brigitte Handley, The Dark Shadows, Hog Luvdog, Sleazetones – *Vegas*
Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel Cafe*
Michael Miller, When Ravens Dream, The O'Valleys, Brewce the Weaksauce – *Why Sound*

Friday, October 23

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
 Uzi & Ari, Matt Ben Jackson, Future of the Ghost, Sleepover – *Kilby*
 Michael Miller, Code Hero, Katie Brandenburg – *Velour*
 Youth Brigade, Negative Charge, Never Say Never – *In The Venue* at 6 pm
Youth Brigade Screening of *Let Them Know* – Spyhop 10 pm FREE with RSVP
 Book Festival – *City Library*
 Dysrhythmia, Invdrs, Nine Worlds – *Edge*
 Slim Chance and his Psychobilly Playboys – *ABG's*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Crumb Snatcha's, Sole & The Skyriider Band, Tableek, Astronautalis, – *Urban*
 Kirsten Bennet, Tina Ferguson, Colleen Darley – *Why Sound*
 Rob Alword – *Tin Angel Cafe*
Happy Birthday JP!
Happy Birthday Nicole Dumas!

Saturday, October 24

One Act Plays & Performance Monologues – *Sugar Space*
 Will Sartain, CD Rel, BOA, Devil Whale, Mighty Sequoyah, Continentals (6pm) – *Kilby*
 Sunset Rubdown – *Slowtrain*
 Sunset Rubdown, Tune-Yards – *Urban*
 Allred, Acoustic Storytellers – *Velour*
 David Sedaris – *Capitol Theater*
 Fetish Ball – *Area 51*
 Struck By Lightning – *Vegas*
 Book Festival – *City Library*
 DieMonsterDie, Tough Tittie – *New Song Underground*
 Jonah Smith – *State Room*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Buffalo, Henry Worley & The Button Factory, Paul Christiansen – *Why Sound*
 Soggy Bone – *Tony's Bar*
 The Wolf Bell Band – *Johnny's On Second*
 Billy Baxter – *Tin Angel*

Sunday, October 25

Jay Brannan – *Urban*
 Nico Vega – *Burt's*
 Book Festival – *City Library*
 Greensky Bluegrass – *State Room*
 Final People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
 Reverend23's Black Lagoon Day – *Lagoon*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Mason Lindahl – *Kilby*

Monday, October 26

The Daredevil, Christopher Wright, David Williams, Bronco – *Kilby*
 En Esch & Slick Idiot, Tragic Black – *Urban*
 Crucifixation, Gentleman Ghost, Heroes of Fiction – *New Song Underground*
 FU-Manchu, It's Casual, ASG, Under Radar, Top Dead Celebrity – *Vegas*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*

Tuesday, October 27

Kiss Mania – *Urban*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Jonah Smith, Cory Mon – *State Room*
 Red Cortez – *Kilby*
Hard Boiled: The Boat by Nam Le – Sam Weller's

Wednesday, October 28

Mat Kearney, Vadera – *In The Venue*
 Vinyl Williams – *Kilby*
 Ghostface Killah, Fashawn, Kno It Alls, DJ Juggy – *Urban*
 Emmitt-Nershi Band – *State Room*
 Lit-Knit – *Sam Weller's*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 USU Jazz Night, Gudmundson – *Why Sound*
 DJ Happy Hands, DJ Phat Pat – *Johnny's On Second*

Thursday, October 29

Blues Control, Kidneys, Stag Hare – *Kilby*
 Blues Control, Palace of Buddies, Super Buttery Muffins – *Urban*
 Chuck Ragan, Jim Ward, Austin Lucas,

Audra Mae – *Sound*
 The Damned, Danko Jones, Redemption – *Vegas*
 Thriller 80s Zombie Prom – *Area 51*
 Chuck Ragan, Jim Ward, Tim Barry – *In the Venue*
 Warsaw Poland Brothers – *Piper Down*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Dance Evolution Dead Man's Party – *Edge*
 Alicia McGovern – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Friday, October 30

The Sounds, Foxy Shazam – *In The Venue*
 Strung Out, Pour Habit, Nations Afire, Fail To Follow – *V2*
 Black Hounds – *Kilby*
 Langhorne Slim – *Slowtrain*
 Freaky Friday: Pre-Halloween Dance Party – *Area 51*
 Langhorne Slim, Dawes, The Devil Whale – *Urban*
 Dungeon Art Show – *Fresh*
 Warsaw Poland Brothers – *Piper Down*
 Halloween's Freaky Friday costume contest, Jackson County, Silent Fate, Soul Made Visible, Still-Born, Reveeler, Massacre At The Wake, American Hitmen, Kettlefish, Split Lid – *Vegas*
 Ether, Laserfang, Wine of Astonishment – *Edge*
 Tough Tittie, Big Gun Baby – *ABG's*
 Shadows Fall, Five Finger Death Punch, Otep – *Saltair*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel Cafe*
Happy Birthday JR Boyce!

Saturday, October 31

Blackwater Jack – *Piper Down*
 Lights, Stars of Track and Field, Oh Be Clever, A Cassandra Utterance – *Kilby*
 Halloween Party – *Area 51*
 Dinosaur Jr. (Early Show), Ted Dancin (Late Show) – *Urban*
 Drew Danbury, Return to Sender, Gypsy Cab, Second Estate, Hallelujah the Hills – *Muse*
 DieMonsterDie – *Brewski's*
 Shinkicker, Fully Blown – *ABG's*
 Neon Trees – *Velour*
 Genitorturers, Dirty Loveguns, Corivd, Seventking, costume party – *Vegas*
 Radio Hour: Alice – *Rose Wagner*
 The Disco Villains – *Edge*
 Battle School, WeDroplikeBombs, Shuttles – *Why Sound*
 Feel Good Patrol, Synthesis – *Tony's Bar*
 The Velvetones – *Johnny's On Second*
 Derrick Wright – *Tin Angel Cafe*

Sunday, November 1

VooDoo Glow Skulls – *Burt's*
 Jason Isbell, 400 Unit – *State Room*

Monday, November 2

Chicago Afrobeat Project – *Urban*
 Christ on Parade – *Vegas*
 Dave Bazan, Say Hi – *Kilby*
 Brandon Sanderson In Store Lit-Knit – *Sam Weller's*
 Christ on Parade – *Vegas*

Tuesday, November 3

Five For Fighting – *State Room*
 Acoustic Open-Mic – *Velour*
 Valient Thor – *Vegas*

Wednesday, November 4

Swollen Members, Common Market, Big B – *Urban*
 The New Heathers, Tonka, Meese – *V2*
 Over The Rhine – *State Room*

Thursday, November 5

Art Brut, Electric Tickle Machine – *Urban*
 Koffin Kats – *Vegas*
 Seafinch – *Velour*

Friday, November 6

Regina Spektor, Jupiter One – *In The Venue*
 Skinny Puppy – *Vegas*
 Headlights, Anni Rossi, Pomegranates – *Kilby*
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IT'S CASUAL - ASG
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JIM WARD - TIM BARRY
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THE DAMNED

DANKO JONES
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STRUNG OUT

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THE YOUNG BUT BRILLIANT SLEUTHS
- 10** FICTIONIST
THE SPINS
KID THEODORE
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