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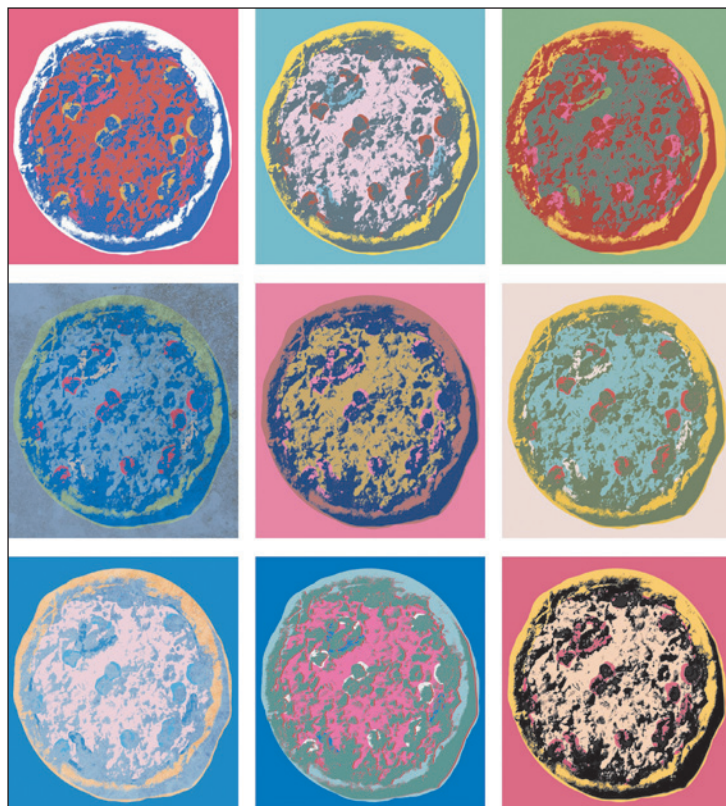
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Ad Sales:

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.

Distribution Manager: Eric Granato

Distro: Eric Granato, Tommy Dolph, Tony Bassett, Joe Jewks, Jesse Hawlish, Nancy Burkhart, Brian Mayrose, Angela "Sunny" Thompson, Darren Muehlhaus, Bryer Wharton, Tori Homen, Kirina Clark, Rikki Dunn, JP

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Contributor Limelight



Ricky Vigil • Editorial Assistant

Ricky Vigil started at *SLUG Magazine* back in 2006 as an intern. Mr. Vigil is the man that spearheaded the issue archiving project, poaching the U of U's scanners to accomplish it. Since that time Vigil has climbed the corporate SLUG ladder from intern, to monkey with computer, to office coordinator and finally to his newest position—Editorial Assistant. Every month Vigil is the man responsible for getting *SLUG Magazine* on the web. Over the years, Vigil has penned many a piece for the pages of this rag—Hepcat, Chuck Ragan and Proagandhi being some of the most recent. His cartooning skills ain't bad either.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,
A few weekends ago I was hosting a party at my house. I've done this sort of thing in the past and it's always kind of expected that the cops will show up. Usually when this happens, all the under-agers bail, the unwanted d-bags clear out, the cops politely tell us to "keep it down" and everyone worth hanging out is left to finish off the extra keg that we were storing in the backyard. It's a ritual I've gotten pretty used to during my days of throwing house parties. Needless to say, at this last party, the cops came. Instead of simply telling us to "keep it down" like they usually do, the pigs issued me a "service fee" for having to drive down and tell us to keep it down. What the fuck? A fucking service fee for having some fun? Bullshit! It's not my fault that the hag down the street with 20 cats doesn't remember what it's like to be young. It's not like the party was happening on a Tuesday night at 3 a.m. It was a fucking Saturday night and cops were at my door by 12:30. I don't know about you guys, but this sort of behavior seems like it ought to be illegal.

Peace,
—Robbie Johnson

Dear Robbie Johnson,
My sympathy goes out to you Robbie, about 99 percent of SLUG readers, and the U of U's Greek row. On Sept. 22, the Salt Lake City Council unanimously voted to adopt an ordinance that allows officers to cite the hosts of events deemed "too noisy" without a first warning. The City defines a noise disturbance as "any sound which annoys or disturbs reasonable persons with normal sensitivities, or which injures or endangers the comfort, repose, health, hearing, peace and safety of other persons."

So basically, that ol' hag down the street's got the upper hand on you now. I'm not just talking about your kind of debauchery either, Robbie. Is your mom's late-night wine and cheese shindig reminding the ol' cat lady what cheese does to her BMs? One call, that's all. How 'bout your little brother's batman-themed birthday sleepover? If the ol' cat lady hates kids, joke's on you! Of course, we're all to blame for our plight. Don't forget we're the ones who elected the City Council members, or didn't vote at all. Maybe next election year you can get all your worthwhile buddies down to the

polls to vote against Mr. BYU who lives in the upper Aves and loves his great aunt and her 20 cats just a little too much.

Dear Dickheads,
I can't believe the odd cross section of studios in your issue about local recording studios. Obviously you chose studios of people that know staff at SLUG Mag. If you wanted to highlight the studios that support local musicians and are actually making the majority of the CDs you (barely) hear in Salt Lake, you've missed the mark. Andy Patterson sure, he's been around the scene forever. What about Boho Digitalia, Woodshar and Barking Pig? These are the places local musicians actually go. Counterpoint is booked solid with corporate gigs. No local CDs produced there. Wesley Johnson? Dave Payne? Matt Mateus? No real local CDs produced there. Who even knows who these people are? Your choices of studios to highlight are confusing indeed.

—Joann Woods

Dear Joann,
We never claimed our October issue to be "The Comprehensive Guide" to local audio engineers. We included the 14 engineers that we did because they are active contributing members of the local music scene, not just studios that make money off of it. The fact that you don't know who they are is exactly why we profiled them. Boho Digitalia was initially on our lists however, due to our limited resources and page count we couldn't highlight everyone this time around. BTW Bruce, update your fucking website! The pics and information on there is at least four-years-old and from a studio that no longer exists. Hell, you could at least add a link to your myspace page—something you do try to update.

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Sleepover

By Ricky Vigil

ricky@slugmag.com

Lydia Worden - Vocals, Guitar
Braden J. McKenna - Bass
Steven Walter - Drums

"We're twee as fuck." One probably wouldn't associate that kind of confident vulgarity with the super cutesy indie pop offshoot of twee, but Sleepover singer/songwriter/guitarist Lydia Worden's assertion makes the sometimes-maligned genre seem legitimately bad ass. Before this email interview conducted with the newly formed Farmington/Provo/Salt Lake band, I had no idea what twee was, but the enthusiasm each member shared for the genre and for the music they are creating was definitely refreshing. "We are a twee band, and we pretty much just play twee music," said bassist Braden McKenna. "Ya know, simple 90s pop songs about crushing on girls you'll never get."

Sleepover has only been playing shows since August, but McKenna and Steven Walter grew up with each other and have been playing music together before they were even in real bands. "Every day after school in 9th grade we'd play punk rock in [Steven's] basement for hours." Since then, McKenna and Walter have been part of various musical projects, including Aye Aye. McKenna is the mastermind behind the experimental ambient music of **WYLD WYZRDZ** and the stylistically schizophrenic **Navigator** while Walter helms the one-man garage band **Ronald Raygun** as well as **Kalnas**, which he describes as "a doom metal thing."

When McKenna discovered that Worden was as fanatical about twee as he was, it seemed only logical to introduce her to his



So me and Braden pitched the idea of having a twee band to Steve, and he was into it." Worden says, "We were in a noisy 90s band, which dissolved pretty quickly. I started writing some songs for a solo project, **Cousin Songs**, but it was way depressing. Somehow, these adorable falling-in-love-with-cute-girls-then-letting-them-break-your-heart-because-you're-such-a-sap songs started pouring out. And there you have Sleepover."

It was clear to the members of Sleepover that they had natural chemistry. Since forming the band, it has become the primary musical project of all of the members. "All our other projects are pretty casual and basically personal projects that we get our friends to help us out with, but Sleepover functions like a real band," says McKenna. The band practices weekly (though they admit much of the time is spent consuming Mexican food and watching **Richard Pryor** movies) and has played a number of shows at

and Walter's musical cabal. "I remember me and Braden having a few conversations about **Tiger Trap**, and somewhere after or before that I found a **Go Sailor 7**", which made me really want to be as cute as **Rose Melberg**.

Sleepover comes from a unique place both musically and geographically, and, as such, perceive Utah's local music scene differently than most of the Salt Lake-centered community. "I don't think too many people even think about Utah's music scene in the first place. There are a handful of super amazing bands from the area that even locally get no attention," McKenna says.

"Salt Lake is an urban center, by virtue of that fact people from up and down I-15 meet in the middle. I live in Provo, but it seems like every week I am playing in Salt Lake," says Walter, "There are some really popular bands in Utah that most alternative Utah media outlets (*SLUG* included) don't know about, or don't write about, because these groups don't have the sound that they are looking for." Even though they're cutesy on the outside, Sleepover is indeed pushing preconceptions of what valuable local music sounds like and where it comes from.

Despite their newness, the members of Sleepover have big plans for the future. Besides the aforementioned album, the band is planning a tour for next May. "One of the plans for Sleepover is that, while on tour, we're having a competition to see how many girls we can make out with," says Worden, "Oh, and if we play house shows, there's an understood commitment on our part to have a sleepover at the house that night." As for what to expect from the band's Localized performance, Worden described the band's collective mindset thusly: "We just have fun, and think about cute things like taking naps in the sun, and kittens and napping with kittens in the sun, which does pretty well to set the mood."

"I guess I'd just describe our shows as cute," says McKenna. "Plus, Lydia usually wears a dress, so there's some eye candy as well."



Photo: Dave Newkirk

Kilby Court in their brief existence.

The band doesn't have any recorded material as of the writing of this article, but expect that to change soon. "We have twelve songs for our debut album ready to record. We'll be doing that during the first half of November," Says McKenna. "Our plan is to shop it around, see if we can get anyone interested in releasing it. If not, we'll self-release it through our friends' labels as usual."

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S.F.K. MAN ZONE

Words and Photos: Bob Plumb
bobbyplumb@yahoo.com



Chances are if you've been snowboarding or skating in the past 10 years or more, you've heard about **SFK**. Stupid Fucking Kids is group of individuals that are amazingly talented at whatever they put their minds to. I know the crew from shooting snowboarding and skating photos of them for the past five years. It's really the first group of guys that gave me a chance to go out and shoot photos. Throughout the past couple years, the crew has gone in different directions. Whether this be **Dave Doman** being the creative force behind *Celtek* gloves or **Chris Grenier** staying focused with snowboarding and holding down the first part in "Get Real" (The *Transworld* snowboarding movie), one thing remains true: They will always shred and kill it in their own unique ways. **Simon Larson** has recently been putting a lot of his creative energy into building custom motorcycles. From this passion was created the "Man Zone," a garage in the back of their house where you can find anywhere from one to 15 people skating and working on bikes. I sat down with some of SFK to check out the new bikes.

SLUG: When did you start working on bikes?
Larson: When I was a little kid.

SLUG: You worked on bicycles or motorcycles?
Larson: No, I actually started out on small engines, making little go-karts and shit. Then, my dad bought me a YZ 125, which is a dirt bike. The bike would always be falling apart, so I ended up taking things apart. I never had anyone to ask about how to fix it, so the bike would sit for a while until I just figured it out.

SLUG: When did you start working on more custom-type bikes?

Larson: A couple years ago.

Tonino: When you sold your three fixed gears and had enough money? (Laughing)

Doman: When did we start working on Green Horn? That would be the day.

Larson: Probably about two years.

Doman: Remember, we built that frame, then we were like, "Fuck it, let's cut Green Horn."

SLUG: What does cutting mean?

Doman: You take the bike, cut it in half and do what you want to it.

Larson: It's manipulating the frame. Cutting shit off the frame, bending pipes and putting it back together how you want.

SLUG: How do you guys actually cut the frame?

Larson: Tools... Ha. Just kidding. We have two different pipe benders and we make a lot of jigs.



Lizard King is a Stupid
Fucking Kid for sure.
Back Disaster.

SLUG: What's a jig?

Tonino: It's dance from South Carolina.

Larson: Ha. Yeah, a jig's a dance. No, you weld pieces of metal onto a metal table and you bend the pipe around the shape you made from your welded fixtures.

SLUG: How long did it take you to make Green Horn?

Larson: That's a hard question. It's been re-cut twice. The first time was when we were rookies and we thought it was sick. Then the second time we really did it right. We chopped the frame in half and did a bunch of work on it.

Doman: We were building the garage at the same time, too.

Doman: We would have more people to ride with.

Larson: Having more people to ride with is huge, so more people see the bikes and someone might ask where we got the bike and we can tell them that we make the bikes ourselves out of the garage. It's mobile advertising. So we got those done and now we've done a couple. We haven't done full bikes, just people coming over asking to get their bikes hard tailed.

Doman: Yeah, people come to us 'cause they have bikes.

Larson: Then we just steez out their shit, make it sick.

SLUG: And all this work people can see is done out of this garage, the Man Zone?

fine art done to it, then your gnarly manly art.

SLUG: So what's a typical day like for you?

Larson: I go to school every day except Saturday and Sunday, leave early...

Tonino: You went on Saturday

Larson: That's right. We went on Saturday to use the plasma cutter. We go up there and use their equipment. They got a ton of dope shit up there, like mills, lathes and plasma cutters. All the real expensive shit that's like 10 grand for a machine we just go up there and use.

SLUG: How have you gotten all the equipment that you have here?

Larson: That's why it's so hard to say how long it



Simon Larson and Dave Doman officially chillin in the Man Zone.

SLUG: Is that how the "Man Zone" came about, from you building bikes?

Larson: Yeah, for sure, just building bikes and the garage.

SLUG: How many bikes have you done now?

Larson: Probably about 12 or 13.

SLUG: Just in the past couple years?

Larson: Yeah.

SLUG: Were these bikes that you sold?

Larson: No, the whole thing at first was to get all the homies taken care of. That way, we have more bikes out on the road.

(12) SaltLakeUnderGround

Larson: Yeah.

SLUG: Do you guys do custom paint jobs?

Larson: Yeah, we have a paint booth in the garage. All the tanks are custom-painted. We use House of Color paints. It's the dopest, most expensive, rad shit you can get. I've been airbrushing for years, since high school, but I never really applied it to motorcycles. I was just always scared, then I just did it and it was easy.

SLUG: So basically the bikes are custom everything?

Larson: Yeah, it's a fucking sculpture with paintings on it. It's a ton of art forms in one. There's rad

took to make Green Horn and how much money it cost, because we had to buy something to make it happen. Our next-door neighbor, Steve (big ups to Steve), used our shitty welder, came back and was like, "This welder's garbage, use this one," and gave us his welder. Once we learned how to MIG weld good, Steve gave us a brand new TIG welder and a portable band saw. Just fucking everything.

Doman: He shares much knowledge, too. He comes and hangs out for the enjoyment.

Larson: Steve gave us the confidence, really. He knows everything about everything. He would tell us, "That weld is gonna hold, calm down." We would always wonder if the weld was gonna hold or if it would fall apart, then we tested it and it held.

I hit a pothole hauling ass and the back wheel felt like it was four feet higher. My handlebars were big apes and they were ripped down to my chest. I got off, looked at the frame and it was solid. I just thought, "Yeah, our shit's legit."

Doman: What about that cop in Montana?

Larson: We were riding our bikes in Montana and Dave's broke down. A cop rolled up behind us and was just super rad. He said, "Oh, I used to work in a machine shop. Who's drawing your beads? These are fucking amazing." That was just another boost of confidence.

SLUG: I noticed you have leather seats on the bikes. Is that custom, too?

Larson: Yeah, we do that, too—everything from gas tanks to fenders. We have English wheels, we make brake lights, little pussy pads, sissy bars, handle bars, any little fabrication, air box covers, foot pegs, I could just rifle off everything. The idea behind it is I'm poor as fuck, so I can't go buy all the shit 'cause it's so expensive. So I just sit and stare at stuff and am like, "Oh, I could make that. I



"Deborah"

it comes with some weird warning label... I don't know, any rad, weird art tag shit.

SLUG: Where do you get your ideas from for the bikes?

Larson: The Internet and magazines. Iron Horse. There will be bikes in there that you're like, "That's fucking ugly," but there is one thing in there that you'll be like, "That's fucking genius." There is always one rad part to a shitty bike, and then we incorporate that into our shit. Grendezz bike was inspired from this bike, El Sicko. It was just a real raw, sick-as-hell bike, just mean. We kinda took various parts from it and incorporated into his bike. That's how it was in the beginning, but after you do something for a while, you figure out how you can tweak things to make it different.

SLUG: What kind of bikes do you work on?

Larson: Some Harleys and a lot of Japanese bikes, cause they're cheap. So you can get your own bike custom chopped for real cheap.

SLUG: So how much does it cost to get kitted out?

Larson: It just depends on what type of bike you start with. With a Japanese bike, Honda or Suzuki, you can do it for dramatically cheaper.

SLUG: Where can people check what you're up to?

Larson: It's SFK992.blogspot.com

SLUG: Any shout outs?

Larson: SFK for life, Stupid Fucking Kids and Stupid Fucking Kustoms. Neighbor Steve, Rick at Dirty Rat Motorcycle. Dave Doman, Eli for Taco's. Plumb family. Guy at 7-eleven with blue fingernails that always gets us Zig Zags.

can use this part for this and try to make it before I have to buy it." It's rad 'cause it gives the knowhow to be like, "Oh, I've done this before. This is easy, we can just do this. That's how I've learned to do everything.

SLUG: You talk about gas tanks. How did you make the tank for Grendezz bike?

Larson: It's from a '67 Dodge truck. I just cut it out of the hood. It's sick, though, 'cause it's been

passed down from a truck to a bike. Now we always just buy metal because it's easier. Grinding all the paint off of something made in the 60s sucks. That paint is made out of lead, so you feel like shit after. It's a lot cheaper and easier to just buy metal.

SLUG: The inside of the garage is like a piece of art. Do you guys use that for inspiration?

Larson: Oh, fuck yeah. All of it, everything in there, anything that's rad. Say you buy a new tool and



"Le Grody"



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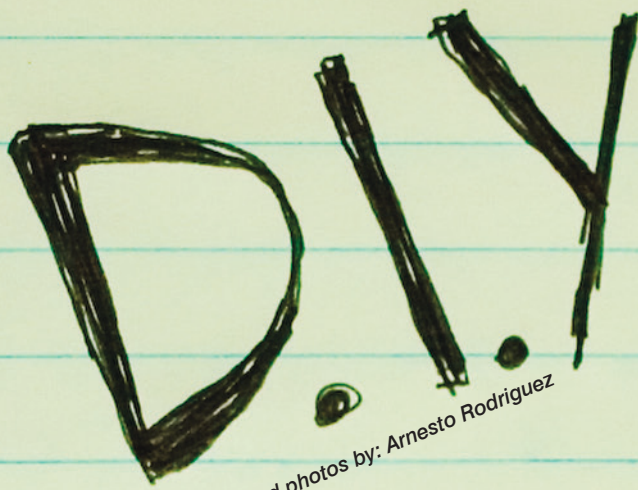
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When filled to the top with mix these five gallon buckets weigh around 70 lbs.

I can't count the number of "Almost Spots" I've seen since I've been skating that just need a little elbow grease—Bondo, filed down knobs, angle iron, a piece of plywood to land on, or some transition—to become skateable. When it comes down to it, most projects can be finished in just a few hours with help from a couple of friends and the right tools. So, with all of this in mind, I bring you step by step instructions on mixing your own concrete and shaping some transition. The city is your canvas, go out and create something.

Step one: Supplies

- Work gloves (concrete will suck the life out of your hands if they aren't covered)
- 2 shovels
- wheelbarrow
- 2-3 trowels (one small one for fine shaping)
- multiple five gallon buckets (for transportation)
- cement
- concrete sand
- aggregate (rocks about the size of a peanut used to strengthen the mix)
- water
- beer (mixing concrete isn't as easy as whisking eggs for breakfast—you'll need to keep hydrated and energized.)

This is the size of aggregate you'll want to use in your mix. Don't waste money purchasing it, just look through your neighbors garden or a construction site.



Bberex uses his professional skills and concrete trowels to bevel the ends of the transition. Beveling will help prevent crumbling.

Step two: Mixing the concrete

First off, concrete and cement are not one in the same. Concrete is a mixture of sand, gravel, water and cement. Cement is that heavy ass 80 lb bag of powder mixed in with the rest of the ingredients to make concrete. Mixing is more or less the most important part. If you fuck up the mix, then you're going to end up with a big pile of concrete shit that's ten times harder to fix than it was to make. It takes just as long to do something wrong as it does to do it right.

A standard concrete mix is two parts cement, two parts sand, three parts aggregate with one part water. Use water that is clean and free from acid, alkaline, sulfate and oil. Start by mixing the cement, sand and aggregate together with shovels in a dry wheelbarrow then pour in the water a little at a time mixing while you pour. Don't just dump it all in one big splash. Getting your consistency right is what will make or break the mix. Too wet and the mix will be weak and chip, too dry and the particles in the mix won't stick together. A good test for consistency is to create a smooth surface and cut in a groove. If the surface stays smooth and the sides of the groove hold their shape, your concrete is ready (for extra strength add an acrylic mortar).

The amount of mix you'll need depends on the size of spot you're trying to build. Here is a little guide to help you figure it out. One 80 lb bag of concrete mix will roughly give you a two sq. ft slab 4" thick.

Step three: Transporting

Concrete is heavy, kids. Remember: lift with your legs, not with your back. When creating your own street spot being swift and incognito is key. You'll want to mix off site and pack it in. Five gallon



All job sites need a good supervisor. Fuzz stands close by to observe and report.

buckets are one of the best ways to move your crete, anything much bigger and you'll have a hell of a time picking it up. If you don't have any five gallon buckets, use your mom's Tupperware and cooking pots. She'll be stoked.

Step four: Pouring and shaping

Shaping out your transition is where all the fun begins. Work in layers. Don't dump the whole lot of mix you've just made in one big pile and expect it to mold into the shape you want. Start by pouring a base 2-4" thick and work from there. While you're working keep in mind that the bigger you make it the stronger it will be—concrete doesn't adhere to concrete and you'll want to put about an inch of thickness at the thinnest part to keep the concrete from crumbling. The more you work the concrete

with a trowel the more water will be brought to the surface. This helps manipulate the shape but play with it too much and you'll be left with a sloppy mess that will sink while it dries. Depending on the weather give the concrete around 30 hrs to three days to settle. Once the crete has settled, you can Bondo the top and bottom for a smooth transition. If you're going for a really big quarter-pipe transition or ledge, build a wood frame first and fill it with large rocks and dirt to take up space.



Bberex works in the transitions shaping one layer at a time.



If the mix won't model properly, drizzle small amounts of water onto the form to make it more workable.



In case you haven't noticed, Bberex did pretty much all the shaping. Fuzz and I put in some work with the mixing and I got my hands dirty with shaping the left side, but when it came down to it, Bberex was the real concrete pro, which is why we brought him along. Pictured above, Bberex works in a lip at the top of the transition so that it won't crack and we can Bondo it to a smooth finish.



Feeble fakie accross the channel, Kordell Black



(Above and Right) A closer look at the final product after it has settled and had a Bondo treatment. A little side note on Bondo: Work in small amounts. It sets up extremely fast and isn't easy to remove.

Step five: Skate it
Congratulations! All your hard work has paid off. You have just finished building your very own street spot. Now, put it to good use and shred the fuck out of it. Then seek out and build another spot and another and another until the entire city has been modified for skate destruction. We are the rat children of the streets that don't give a fuck. Moving with swiftness under the cover of darkness, nothing can stop us. Not the boys in blue or random heroes boasting citizens arrest. This is our home and we run this city.



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DOWNTOWN SLC ALLIANCE

The Blue-Collar of Odeus Skateboards

By: Jason Gianchetta and Chris Swainston
jasongianchetta@gmail.com and chris@slugmag.com



Photo: Swainston

“We had to hurt ourselves physically, mentally, emotionally and financially for the first two years before anyone had any respect for us.”



On the come-up since 2006, **Odeus** is a local skateboard company created by brothers **Alex** and **Mitch Lemons**. The concept for Odeus started with Alex skating in the mid 80s when the only board options were a plastic banana board or a Powell Peralta. The banana boards were poor quality and the Peralta was expensive. “There was no in-between option,” says Alex, “I was going to be the guy that made that third option.” Time wilted on and the inspiration to create a skateboard company soon took a back seat to life. Alex had a short career as a professional skier, graduated from Westminster as an English and History major and then enlisted into the Marines where he would serve three tours in Iraq until 2006. At this time his brother Mitch was tumbling down a dark path, walking away from two years at Westminster as an art major and moving to San Bernardino, California where he got caught up in some trouble with the law, serving 45 days in county on a weapons charge. Alex, knowing his brother's brilliant skills as an artist, wanted to help keep him out of trouble and decided it was time to kick start an old dream into reality. Ten days after Mitch was released from county, the two of them formed an LLC and Odeus was born with Mitch as the head of art and design and Alex as the head of marketing and sales.

(Right) Alex is a strong believer in conservation. Pictured here he shows off a stool created from skateboards that couldn't be sold due to warping or other defects. It's important to him that nothing gets wasted and is used to the full extent of its life. He also actively ships used boards to underprivileged kids in Cuba where decks and other skate goods literally don't exist unless someone brings them there. He hopes to one day be able to offer kids some kind of kick back for leaving their old boards at the shop when they purchase a new one so that he can collect and recycle them.



Photo: Swainston



If Odeus flow rider Eric Hess was a comic book character he would be a cross between Skeletor and Knight Rider. Flat Gap, Melon.

Photo: Swainston

They started by working out of their garage, creating everything by hand. Because they had friends involved in the production of skis, snowboards and surfboards, the Lemon brothers were able to borrow equipment to press their own wood and basically shape the boards by hand. "The product was so shitty," Alex remembered, "it wasn't going to work." They needed to find a board manufacturer and a warehouse to run their business from. Alex didn't want to settle with just any deck manufacturer and he didn't want to contribute his money to a foreign country. "We're an American company, I believe skateboards should be made in America." He had been to factories in Hong Kong, Singapore and Korea, knew of the horrible working conditions, shoddy wood and terrible child labor laws. So, in December of 2006 without a single connection in the industry Mitch and Alex made a call to **Watson Laminates**,

"We're an American company, I believe skateboards should be made in America."

(20) SaltLakeUnderGround



Odeus flow rider Kendall Johnson demonstrates a perfectly executed backside tail slide on a library square

Photo: Swainston

“We’re the company of the inner city and the working class kids that can’t afford to get an eighty dollar skateboard.”



producers of **Toy Machine** and **Foundation** boards. Upon that first phone call Alex recalls pretty much getting laughed at when he told them they were a skate company out of Salt Lake City and wanted to get boards produced at Watson. All they wanted was to talk with the manager and owner of Watson, so they packed up and headed to California. The first person they got to sit down with and talk to was none other than **Todd Swank** president and owner of **Tum Yeto**. They told Swank about how they wanted to start their own skateboard company and gave him the short history of Odeus. “He didn’t laugh in our face,” says Alex. Swank said Alex and Mitch reminded him of himself at a younger age when he wanted to start up his own company and asked **Steve Rocco** (**World Industries**) for help. Knowing what was ahead of them (if they wanted to succeed) Swank set them up with a max order of 300 boards to sell in a period of six months. The transition from little garage shop to skateboard company was finally starting to take shape.

Right from the beginning Alex knew it was going to be almost impossible to take on the big skateboard companies of America. Alex says, “To make this happen there is no way in hell we can just open up in the United States. We need to go outside the country with American goods and an American product to build a base there and make some profit.”

They set up a plan of action and started building a following in Germany, becoming that third option providing a high quality product for an affordable price. The Odeus name really started taking off as they got a killer photographer, **Flo Hopfensperger**, to shoot their riders like **Michael Heindl** out in Germany and started bringing the kids back to the states to get footy and photos. It was hard work but things were progressing. “We had to hurt ourselves physically, mentally, emotionally and financially for the first two years before anyone had any respect for us,” says Alex. Then in August 2008, when the American economy took a plunge, Alex sees an opportunity present itself for him to bring Odeus back to the United States. So they took to the streets, hitting the ground hardcore with guerilla style advertising techniques: driving around to skateparks every Saturday, sponsoring contests, literally bringing their product to the skateboarders, showing them first hand what they had to offer. It was a major breakthrough for Odeus to start building a following in the states. Boards were



Keepin’ it krypt in the crypt on a Odeus fiberlam deck, Frontboard, Kendall Johnson.

Photo: Swainston

flying off the shelves of some local SLC city shops like **Lenitech** and **Technique**. They were reaching out into areas of L.A and New Mexico adding some more rippers to the team roster like **Jake Johnson**, **Rj Johnson** and **Erin Lopez**.

However, another complication was still holding Odeus back from supreme success: that frozen, wet and dreadful season of winter. “Just from a financial perspective it’s kind of absurd to try and be a skateboard company from Utah and just sell to Idaho, Colorado and Wyoming because you only get six months out of the year,” says Alex. Losing sales trying to ride out the cold winter months is very difficult and could very well become the guillotine to sever the Odeus head, which is why Alex and Mitch have made the decision to chase after an endless summer and move their home base to California where skateboarding goes on 365 days a year. Granted, you’ll need the funds to make it out there but the options once there are

almost endless—Not to mention the reverence that will be gained by the industry when Odeus represents as being based out of California rather than Utah. It’s an unfortunate political truth that a skateboard company trying to come up out of SLC Utah doesn’t get taken seriously. Whether we like it or not, skateboarding was born in California and because of that California will always set the industry standards. However, you can rest assured that Odeus won’t let Hollywood fry their brain. “We’re the company of the inner city and the working class kids that can’t afford to get an eighty dollar skateboard,” says Alex. They are a company that understands skateboarding is a culture, not a sport. The culture is that image of hanging out in the parking lot playing a game of skate and going to the shop for a new deck, not passing out flutes of champagne and flossy watches at ASR. With the mindset of a Trojan horse Odeus is off to infiltrate the overzealous corporate skate monsters of the industry and even out the market shares to give something back to the community.



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Photo: Swainston

Pup try'n to get a come up. Ollie, Willy Nevins



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Beef style wallie, Panda Bear.

DTX

By Tully Flynn
Paulmillsap@yahoo.com

The unholy sacrifice. The baptism in goats blood. The inquiry into hedonism. Forget your quandaries and play in the glow of eternal darkness. The horned goat man beckons, at cloven hoof thee must bow. Turn your back on the bearded white god. Wear the black shroud of mysticism. Nail the eviction notice to the temple door. Deny rapture and fall into the basement, my cloaked brethren. Bang the gong of godlessness and laugh away the sighs of prudes. Gesture with one sweeping arm motion. Sell the story with sadistic mortification. I am the newfound product of the beast, hear me roar.

Excuse my indulgence, as you must realize it is a special occasion. This November, "fall" to be vague, marks the 15-year anniversary of myself selling my soul to the devil. There is no place for god in skateboarding. We are Satanic, anti-social misfits by nature. We hate everything, especially social structures. The wasteland of pavement and cement are more or less glorified playgrounds and we do not understand why people are so fucking stupid that they don't see this simple truth as well. I bought my first skateboard 15 long years ago. I progressed slowly without the aid of cement facilities or social support. No matter, I rode the bus route 8 on epic adventures the boys and me coined as DTX: down town motherfuckin' extravaganza. I still rejoice in this ritual. Now I get to write about it.

I live downtown, so the train will suffice. DTX always begins at the top of the U. I can't remember how it started, but sometimes a friend feels the need to run their mouth. I am a believer that the impending apocalypse will weed out the weak, the debaters, the sick, the old, the inadaptable assholes who cling to silly superstitions. I will and do use brute

force to dominate a shit talker. The "chokemate" is a simple lesson to the subordinate who unwisely decides to run his mouth the entire train ride to the top of the university. In this case it's **Swainston**, silly little immigrant. I was gonna pop his head like a peanut. I bull charged his ass, put him in an uncomfortable position and slowly cut off his air supply. His pride only lasted so long and his gracious attacker accepted a tap out. After this quick domination we rolled down. Bombing is customary routine for the ritual of DTX. Back in the day we'd butt board 3rd S., shit was legit considering we were 14. I guess things have changed, just half a bit though. Instead of being kids in a candy store boardsliding every five stair rail and grinding every red curb, now at the bottom we head for the packy shack for the best deal on Modelos in the hood.

Willy found a little booty in the grass out front of **Mike Brown's** place: an unopened Bud Light. Mike was busy and couldn't come, fucker. The dogs made it over to the Masonic temple for some flat ground. I don't give a fuck what anybody else was pullin', I rolled a FS flip. No, no, just kidding, **Stew** was landing tricks too. And **Jared** took the s-k-a-t-e title so **Dirty** got all bitter and went and

Chokemate.



Photo: Snugs



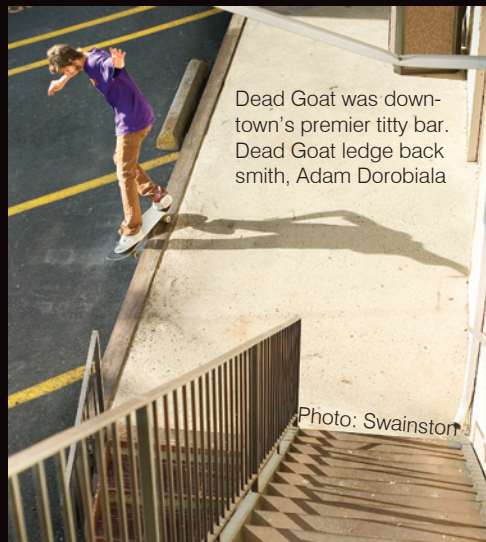
Photo: Swainston

Put that fish back in the cooler before he starts stinkin'. Switch ollie, Isaiah "The Fish" Beh



Photo: Swainston

Considering he's related to Joseph himself, I think Jake Smith deserves the right to abuse the facilities. Kickflip the new gap, Masonic Temple.



Dead Goat was downtown's premier titty bar. Dead Goat ledge back smith, Adam Dorobiala

Photo: Swainston



Disdain of a thousand dissidents rule our rabid minds



Photo: Snugs

found a roof to jump off of. I went over to the temple and walked in. I figured I knew a couple of their secret handshakes so maybe I could join them for a bloodletting, or at very least a donut and coffee. I learned the hand shakes from drunken return missionaries—yeah, those fuckin' masons stole Joe Smith's secret man grasps. Remember the molester handshake you used to give your buddy to creep him out? It's like that. They told me not to write about our bloodletting, so I'd better not—I don't wanna fuck wit dis come up. Being a first degree Grand Wizard is my calling.

Later, we made our way down South Temple. Playing in traffic is so fun on Sundays, I don't get why people are so uptight. I guess all that worship makes them uneasy and a Satanic skater in the road really gives them the willies. So, we're all skating down the road, meanwhile Swainston and **Dirty Hads** are all riding in this stupid car, breaking the first rule of DTX: no cars! I was gonna choke that pussy ass hipster out again. Oh well, I bet he got pics seeing as how he had to haul all that flash tri pod brick a brack. Blood of a thousand rotting

corpses intoxicate my blackened soul. Another lonely hill for us trespassers. I roll fakie until speed and heartbeat is fulfilled, I switch my stance with a quick twitch of my downhill facing tail. I pass a bum and spit in his ugly mug just for fun. He gives chase and as his legs give out the drunk ass face plants the sand paper cement. With face peeled back and skull partially exposed this derelict gets to his knees and quickly collapses as the thinned blood fails to fuel his brain. We all laughed, maybe **Fish** the loudest, a grand yo ho ho as the gang reaches the HK at the bottom. Supercilious landlords of this megalith on 1st S. have done all they can to prevent such perversion on their brick laid plaza. Knobbed hopeless handrail and haphazard security guard. Nice attempt, but old salts like myself and crew could give a fuck less about a rail and as for the rent a cop, fuck 'em, always nappin' always good for a half hour hessian session.

Tricks out, tricks on and tricks into these cheese wedge brick banks. It don't matter what tricks went down, Satanic grins abounded as childlike desires were fulfilled in man bodies. This is, of course, the

best skate plaza in the city. We sinners harvested the carcass of a thousand Christian sympathizers as our vain repetition of Sunday Satanism boiled to the brim. Hardy laughs and aluminum can cheers were heard for miles as we passionately adulterized the business building's commons. We mocked the bewildered security guard who finally showed up as we were already prepping to depart. What else to do but bomb some more and catch up with prematurely ejaculated comrades **Bawbo** and What's-His-Name at the titty-less bar. I make a point to note the fact of titty-lessness because of my distaste for such a prude setting. However, I willingly abided in hopes of deals on palatable lager. Four dollar shot and stein I ordered from the barkeep and realizing I only had three ones in my pocket I turned to Jared for a dollar. He obliges and I pay the drink hag in turn. This was the beginning of a few hours spent in the house of our dark lord. We toasted to the good old days and good old bus route 8. Suicide of a thousand youthful virgins whistle in the dying trees. As long as mystical union between man and maple exist, I will rejoice in fall love and childlike fantasies of a world not so mad.



Photo: Swainston

Nollie backside one-eighty kickflip, Tully Flynn.



Photo: Swainston

Trick out wit cho dick out. Kicky, Jared "Snug Life" Smith.



Photo: Swainston

Carcass huck boneless. Sean "Dirty Hads" Hadley.

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jeanette@slugmag.com

Photos: Stewart Dean Ebersole



This fall **Stewart Dean Ebersole** set out on cross-country photo tour. His mission: to document individuals who have tattooed the infamous **Black Flag** bars somewhere on their body. The eventual goal: to turn the images of his 30-plus-stop photo tour into a book that will tell the story of a band who fundamentally changed a lot of people's lives—Ebersole's included. On Sunday, Nov. 8, Ebersole will stop in Salt Lake City at *Nobrow Coffee and Tea* to photograph Utahns with the infamous Black Flag bars.

SLUG: Where did the idea for doing the Barred For Life photo tour come from?
Ebersole: About three or four years ago I was sitting in a tattoo shop in Westerville, Ohio called *Thrill Vulture*. It was raining outside, so business was kind of slow. We were all just sitting around talking when it came to our attention that all four of us had the Black Flag bars tattooed on us, so that became our dialogue for about two hours. About an hour into our conversation, another person walked into the shop and strangely, he had the bars too. He was a cop. It is not like Westerville is much of a Black Flag town, and so it dawned on me that this phenomenon may need to be documented. Last October I set up four shoots in New York using local music promoters and we had about 35



people show up, which made the idea of a national tour a bit more of a reality.

SLUG: When did you get your bars tattooed?
Ebersole: I got them in '88. I never saw Black Flag, and in fact I boycotted their live shows as of '84 (after *My War* came out). I was a closed-minded punk kid and I wanted to believe that Black Flag was really selling out. So to make up for my closed-mindedness, I went out and got the bars. In retrospect I think that I was a bit too serious for my own good as a kid. The bars added a level of comedy to my life. After about 10 years, they all bled into one another until I had just one blob of black ink on my ankle. About three years ago, I went back to *Thrill Vulture* and had **Naomi [Fuller]** cover up my tiny bars with a huge set of bars that now take up my entire calf. That tattooing was one of our early photoshoots for the book, too.

SLUG: What former members of Black Flag have agreed to be involved in this project?
Ebersole: As of now we have interviewed **Dez Cadena** and have verbal agreements with **Kira Roessler**, **Keith Morris**, **Ron Reyes**, **Chuck Dukowski** and **Bill Stevenson** (sort of). **Greg Ginn** has not signed on, though **SST** is helping organize our shoot in Austin, Texas, and **Henry Rollins** has basically said, "nope, but good luck with the book." Others, such as **Ian MacKaye**, **Brant Bjork** and **Barry Henssler** (**Necros** and **Big Chief**)



are signed on. So it is a pretty solid cast of folks helping us.

SLUG: Is there anyone who hasn't signed on that you would like to get involved?
Ebersole: Principally, I am a documentarian. I want to document it all. Rollins and Ginn, well, their testimony would be amazing but I won't let their lack of signing on ruin the book. This is a book about a band that changed a lot of people's lives. As a punk, if I were either of them, I would like to have my say, you know?

SLUG: Why did you feel like this was a story that needed to be told?
Ebersole: There are a lot of people out there with the bars. You know that there was this old statement that punk blurred the boundaries between band and audience. Well, blurring would be overstating it, but punk did confuse the boundaries. This documentary basically lays out the legacy of Black Flag from the eyes of the band and the tattoos of the fans.

SLUG: How has the photo tour been going so far?
Ebersole: So far so good. We are averaging eight subjects per shoot, and they are of all ages, sexes, sexual



orientations, and subcultural stereotypes. We have some college professors, some gutter punks and everything in between.

SLUG: Have you noticed a large age range of people rocking the Black Flag bars?
Ebersole: Unfortunately, older people are reticent to come out to the shoots. Whether they are jaded or just think that this is a stupid project remains to be seen. However, if you snooze you lose your chance to relate your experience to the book. I don't really care who comes out to be photographed, just as long as their hearts are in the right place. I don't want people running out to get the bars just to be in the book but, well, I don't want somebody who has the bars on them in stick-n-poke to think that his/her tattoo isn't worthy either.

Although Ebersole still lacks a publisher for *Barred For Life*, he hopes to release it sometime next year. At the time of publishing, Ebersole had already hit 20 cities for photo shoots, stopping at record stores, bars, tattoo shops and a handful of private residences. On Sunday, Nov 8, Ebersole will stop in Salt Lake City at *Nobrow Coffee and Tea*. If you have the infamous Black Flag bars on your body, Ebersole wants to photograph you, regardless of your age, race, gender or the quality of your ink.

**GRANNY SEX, CRACK &
HEAVY METAL:
AN INTERVIEW WITH
ODERUS URUNGUS OF**

GWAR

By Bryer Wharton
bryer@slugmag.com

The bloody mayhem, hold-nothing-sacred, in-your-face attitude that is GWAR is one of a kind. The band's more-than-shocking concept of punk-fueled thrash metal and blood-soaked theatrical live performances is legendary. Yes, GWAR are truly space aliens lead by the steady, madman hands of Oderus Urungus. GWAR are not only cult underground heavy metal figures, but household names in the musical realm. They've been pissing off conservative parents for decades and never really cared what the press or any speaker of ill had to say. I started off a telephone interview with Oderus by telling him I was afraid of him. He fed off my fears and left me stuttering out questions. Enjoy the fruits of my embarrassment from talking to Oderus.

SLUG: GWAR are basically road warriors. Every time you hit the stage you always have a lot of energy, so how do you keep up that energy for every time you play?

Oderus: Well, drugs primarily, and the fact that we are from outer space. Normal gravity doesn't affect us so badly here, so what is completely exhausting for you is something we can do easily in our sleep. Also, when I say drugs I mean we actually have to take drugs to counteract how awesome we are. The only way I can even possibly have a level playing field between me and the rest of reality is that I'm so drunk and pilled out that somehow I lower my game to everyone else's standards. It requires a lot of alcohol to keep that going. I'm already knee-deep into it now and I've only been awake about 30 minutes. It also helps because we're undead, undying, immortal cosmic warlords.

SLUG: That kind of answers my next question because GWAR has been playing as a band for about 25 years now, so I was going to ask: What do you do to stay young? Not saying that you're old or anything.

Oderus: 25 years is a lot for a human being, I understand, but for GWAR it's like a half a gnat's eye blink. If gnats had eyelids to blink, it would be about a half a gnat blink. But you see, we do have complete control and mastery over time: we can speed it up, slow it down, rewind it, fast forward it any way that we want, so when we're enjoying something we tend to slow things down. We've been enjoying our reign of terror on Earth.

SLUG: At the moment, I've been quite struck by the new GWAR album *Lust in Space* and am enjoying it quite a lot. Is there an underlying theme for the record?

Oderus: *Lust in Space* tells the story of GWAR's final escape from earth. After 25 years of bitching about it, GWAR finally managed to commandeer a Scumdog starship and return to outer space to defend the universe against the menace of **Cardinal Syn**. Now, it turns out the universe has been pretty much conquered already, so we were forced to return to Earth to defend it from the crippling cosmic intergalactic asshole that Cardinal Syn is, and of course to hook up on the cook up because it turns out that Cardinal Syn has actually stamped out all forms of drugs in outer space. Earth is the only place

left in the entire fucking universe where you can have heavy metal, get a blowjob and smoke crack. So this makes Earth, rather than being the shittiest planet in the universe, actually elevated to becoming the best.

SLUG: Well, thank you for defending Earth and keeping it that way.

Oderus: It's not really by choice. We would have nowhere else to go, if it wasn't for fucking Earth. We're definitely defending the crack fields. If Earth falls, GWAR will have nowhere to party and we cannot have that.

SLUG: Is there anything more metal than GWAR?

Oderus: I don't know. I really don't even think the solid, liquid plutonium meteors that are hurtling through the depths of space are even more metal than GWAR. Maybe diamond metal.

SLUG: I don't know. It's hard to beat GWAR.

Oderus: You're right, it is. And honestly, it's hard to have a conversation with someone who is not a fellow god, but I'm doing my best here. Do you have any other questions? I can answer more of life's mysteries.

SLUG: Is there a specific reason why GWAR has such love for heavy metal?

Oderus: Because it's the fucking greatest. It's loud and fast. The groupies are excellent. Heavy metal rules. It's the purest form of fun I can find. I mean, Jesus, the feeling of your brain almost being shaken loose inside

your skull as you headbang yourself into a frenzy—it almost beats masturbation.

SLUG: What do you think about people that go to GWAR shows just to see the show, who don't even know the music or any of the songs?

Oderus: I love them just like anyone who contributes their hard earned shekles to the colossus that is GWAR. I'm not about to point at a painting and say why it's good. People express themselves and express interest in things because of their own reasons and whatever they are is fine with me. There is no correct reason to worship GWAR, there is only a wrong way and that way is not on their knees. A lot of old people like GWAR. They're not so much into the heavy metal—they're more into needlepoint and crochet but they appreciate the GWAR spectacle, and there is always the chance that granny will be raped and feel sexual bliss perhaps for the last time in her life. A lot of people know that Oderus likes to fuck old ladies, and they'll bring their grandmother down to the show and they're hoping that if I stick my dick in her, it might shock her out of her coma—it's worked more than once.

If you have yet to have your GWAR cherry popped, or just need some bloody good metal refreshment, GWAR is performing at *Saltair* on Nov. 21 in support of their newest metal opus, *Lust in Space*. Oh, and by all means, take your grandmother. Seriously.



Intergalactic metal warriors GWAR will be melting faces Nov. 21 at Saltair.

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10 I Am The Ocean
11 Horse Feathers, A Wonderful Time, Lindsay Heath
12 DANK SQUAD PRESENTS: Crown City Rockers, Lucky I Am of Living Legends, Feel Good Patrol
13 SLUG Localized: Sleepover, Aye Aye, Kidneys

14 Le Force, The Future of The Ghost, Cornered By Zombies
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15 Ping Pong Tournament
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17 Electric Six, Gay Blades, Millions of Brazilians
18 Cash'd Out (Johnny Cash Tribute)
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20 Big Sky Tribunal CD Release, Vile Blue Shades
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Treacherous Treasures and Tour Tales with

PRIZE COUNTRY

By Nick Parker
nick@slugmag.com

The road is fuckin' hard. **Jack Black** said it best on **Tenacious D's** debut album, but **Prize Country** actually lives the difficult lifestyle of touring musicians. With almost 250 shows in three-and-a-half years, the band has carved its way from coast to coast. Touring is life for the 30-something road dogs—not a necessarily easy thing.

"The only reason we go back and get jobs is to tour again," said vocalist/guitarist **Aaron Blanchard**. "It's not getting any easier now that we're in our 30s," said guitarist **Jacob Depolitte**. "We're those old guys."

Being the "old guys" suits Prize Country. The band's maturity shows in its tight, but raw, sound that is as brash as it is groovy—a perfect match for former and current tourmates, Salt Lake's own **LOOM**.

Aaron Blanchard (L) and Jacob Depolitte (R) of Prize Country during their performance at Burt's last month.

"We love those guys and girl," said Depolitte about the experimental four piece. "We have a lot of stories with them." Those stories include drinking human urine, late-night swimming escapades and all-around drunk times.

"**Kim [Pack, violinist for LOOM]** once drank [**LOOM** vocalist] **Josh [Devenport]**'s piss, thinking it was beer," said Blanchard. "Touring with them is great because they're such good friends of ours, but it sucks because they kill it every night." Both bands are killing it now on a full U.S. tour. "Their bus is awesome," said Depolitte, referring to **LOOM's** custom-painted school bus they call **The Crucial Greaser**. "We've all drank many a beer in the bus. It's weird because even though they have such a huge bus, they always get the best parking."

Tour buddies aren't the only connections Prize Country has to Utah, though. Depolitte hails from the city of salt. "I lived in Salt Lake," said Depolitte. "I was in a few bands here, like **The Kill** and **Union of the Snake**." The guitarist left SLC for a change of scenery and the band came together through a mutual friend. "I needed to leave Salt Lake, so I got up there and **Dreu [Hudson]** from **Her Candane** [now **I Am The Ocean**] hooked me up with **Josh [Northcutt, drummer, formerly of Clarity Process]**. The rest is history, I guess."

Portland has been good to Depolitte and crew, as

they've amassed a decent following there. "Portland is great because on any given night, there are at least five shows that are worth going to—it's easy to be complacent there," said Blanchard. "The bad thing is that it's so saturated, so you really have to work your ass off to get people to your show." Depolitte agrees with his bandmate's sentiment. "Portland is a great place to be an artist. We're just another band among thousands of others, but I think we play some kick-ass rock 'n' roll," said Depolitte. "The early days of MySpace were great because you could get your music out to anyone who wanted it all around the world, but now it's so saturated that you've got

Prize Country's current tour with **LOOM** is promoting their second full-length album, ... *With Love*, which will be released on **Hex Records** Nov. 3. The boys are very excited about it because it best represents their sound and songwriting skills. "Listening back, I feel like people were stepping on toes [in previous releases] as far as songwriting goes," said Northcutt. "The new record feels different. We've adapted a whole new style of songwriting—this time, everybody shines through."

"We had four songs written before **Jon [Hausler, bass]** joined, but he made us sound great—he beefed up the band, said Depolitte." The boys worked with **Kris Crummett (Fear Before, Drop Dead Gorgeous, I Am The Ocean)** at **Interlace Audio** for their first full-length, *Lottery of Recognition* (**Exigent Records**), but tapped **Stephan Hawkes** to track ... *With Love*. "We're happy with the way the new album sounds," said Depolitte. "[Hawkes] is a very talented engineer. We trust his ears."

Hex Records is a special label for the band to be associated with, according to Depolitte. "They're great because they actually care," said the guitarist. "Releasing stuff can often be a popularity contest, but they just want to put out good music, and they believe in us. We don't want a gimmick, and they're ok with that." Depolitte is no stranger to releasing albums, as his vinyl-only label, **Failed Scene Records**, has put out some of Prize Country's releases, as well as other quality

bands. "I started Failed Scene so I could put out music I care about," said Depolitte. "I do it for stuff that's hard to get a label behind. It's hard enough to get a label to back a 7", but nobody is going to do that for an unknown band. That's where Failed Scene comes in." **Flying Elephant Records** is a France-based label that has displayed interest in the band. The label will handle limited European distribution for ... *With Love*.

Prize Country plans on breaking the 300-show mark in 2010 in order to promote ... *With Love*. Salt Lake will surely see them tear up the stage again soon.



Photo: Brian Mayrose

to work harder, even on the computer, to get yourself out there."

Getting out there is what Prize Country does best. Their tours are lengthy, and they wouldn't have it any other way. "We love touring," said Depolitte. "We go out and play as much as we can so that we'll find people who actually care about music. It's funny, though, because we don't really have fans—we have friends that come out to the shows and party with us after." Salt Lake is no different, as their *Burt's Tiki Lounge* show Oct. 10 brought out old friends and new converts.



LURKING WITHIN OUR FAIR CITY IS AN UGLY UNDERGROUND SUBCULTURE, GROWING DANGEROUSLY STRONG IN NUMBER. WHAT WILL THIS COUNTRY COME TO WHEN THESE "CREATURES," WHICH WERE ONCE AFRAID TO SHOW THEMSELVES IN THE SUNLIGHT, ARE FREE TO ROAM AND OPENLY DECLARE THEIR LOVE OF THINGS LIKE STAR TREK, STAR WARS AND OF ALL THINGS COMIC BOOKS?! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE SCOURGE OF OUR COMMUNITY IS NO LONGER THE GANG MEMBER, BUT THE GEEK. LYING IN WAIT FOR THEIR TIME TO STRIKE, THE GEEKS HAVE MADE THEIR PLAY FOR POWER. AT THE FOREFRONT OF THE MOVEMENT IS *THE GEEK SHOW*. KERRY JACKSON OF X96'S *RADIO FROM HELL* AND HIS COHORTS HAVE GATHERED IN HIS BASEMENT AND CONSTRUCTED A PODCAST THAT NOT ONLY COVERS NEWS OF THE SCI-FI WORLD AND BEYOND, BUT HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING ENOUGH TO GARNER 20,000 PLUS DOWNLOADS PER EPISODE. I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT THESE GEEKS HAD BEEN UP TO, SO I VENTURED ALONE INTO THE BASEMENT OF A SEEMINGLY NORMAL HOME AND ENTERED THE WORLD OF THE GEEK.

AS I PEERED ABOUT THE ROOM WHERE THE GEEK SHOW IS USUALLY RECORDED, I NOTICED THE BEERS WERE NUMEROUS AND THE MOOD WAS LIGHT, AS THE CONVERSATIONS ON NERDY TOPICS HAD ALREADY BEGUN. MIXED BETWEEN THE SIX GENTLEMEN GATHERED AROUND THE TABLE SURROUNDED BY MICROPHONES AND BREWS WERE COMICS AND ACTION FIGURES THAT WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE TOPICS OF DISCUSSION. MY EYES WANDERED FROM THE PRODUCTION AND REACHED THE DOOR OF THE ADJACENT ROOM. THROUGH A CRACK I COULD SEE AN ENORMOUS TREASURE TROVE OF ACTION FIGURES, SPACE SHIPS, AND MANY OTHER TOYS THAT

BY JAMES ORME
JAMES.ORME@SLUGMAG.COM

APPEARED TO BE CONSUMING THE ROOM AND HAD BEGUN TO SPILL OUT INTO THE REST OF THE HOME. AS THE SHOW BEGAN, I TOOK MY SEAT OFF TO THE SIDE, KNOWING I WAS EITHER IN THE PRESENCE OF GREAT PASSION OR BORDERLINE FANATICISM. I'D SOON FIND OUT FOR SURE.

FOR OVER 10 YEARS, JACKSON HAS SEEN THE NEED FOR A GEEK, SCI-FI AND SUPER-HERO TALK SHOW AS CULT MEDIUMS LIKE COMIC BOOK MOVIES AND TV SHOWS HAVE RISEN IN POPULARITY. STARTING OUT WITH AN OCCASIONAL SHOW ON X96 CALLED *GEEK CHAT*, JACKSON INVITED FELLOW SELF-PROCLAIMED GEEKS, LIKE *DESERET NEWS* MOVIE CRITIC JEFF VICE, TOY MAKER LEIGH GEORGE KADE AND LOCAL BARTENDER/WILD-CARD SHANNON BARNSON TO TALK ABOUT THEIR OBSESSIONS. THIS LED TO VICE AND JACKSON HOSTING A SHORT-LIVED, ILL-FATED LATE NIGHT SCI-FI MOVIE SHOWCASE ON KJZZ 14. AFTER RUNNING INTO SEVERAL WALLS, IT WAS DETERMINED THAT A PODCAST WOULD BE THE BEST WAY TO GO.

"IT WAS LIKE A RUNNING JOKE FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS BEFORE WE STARTED," SAYS VICE. "WE'D GET TOGETHER AND KERRY WOULD SAY WE'RE GONNA DO THIS, WE'RE REALLY GONNA DO THIS, AND SHANNON AND I WOULD JUST LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITH DOUBT IN OUR EYES."

IN ORDER TO CREATE A SHOW ABOUT THIS GEEK STUFF MORE REGULARLY, JACKSON NEEDED A PRODUCER WHO WAS FORWARD-THINKING AND COULD SEE THE POTEN-



Photo: Sam Miliana

THE INTIMATE BASEMENT RECORDING SPACE OF THE GEEK SHOW PODCAST.

TIAL IN A GEEK-THEMED PODCAST. ENTER: SUPER VILLAIN PRODUCER ZACK SHUTT. ONCE SHUTT WAS ON BOARD, THERE WAS NO STOPPING THEM, AND THE GEEK SHOW PODCAST WAS ON ITS WAY. "I HAD THE IDEA FOR A PODCAST, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A CAPABLE TECH GUY AT THE STATION," SAYS JACKSON. "THE GUY THAT WAS THERE WAS NOT ONLY INCAPABLE, BUT IT WAS HARD ENOUGH TO GET HIM TO BARELY DO HIS JOB, SO ONCE ZACK CAME ON BOARD, I WENT 'AHH... BOY GENIUS! MY OWN SUPER VILLAIN.'"

EVEN AFTER SECURING SHUTT'S SERVICES, JACKSON HAD A HARD TIME CONVINCING X96 TO SUPPORT THE PROJECT. JACKSON AND HIS NEW BOY WONDER PRODUCER DECIDED, LIKE VIGILANTES, THEY'D TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS. "WE JUST BOUGHT THE STUFF AND DID IT," SAYS JACKSON. "I HAD WAITED FOR X96 AND SIMMONS MEDIA TO GET OFF THEIR ASSES, BUT THEY JUST DIDN'T GET IT. SO I REALIZED THAT WE COULDN'T WAIT FOR THESE OLD RADIO GUYS, SO WE JUST DID IT. WE DIDN'T ASK FOR PERMISSION. WE JUST THREW IT ON AND IT'S GAINED MOMENTUM EVER SINCE, AND ONCE THEY REALIZED WHAT IT COULD BE, THEY GOT BEHIND IT A LITTLE BIT. WELL, THEY'RE STARTING TO, ANYWAY."

AS THE FIRST SHOW OF THE DAY (THEY RECORD THREE AT A TIME) FINISHES IN THE BASEMENT, EVERYTHING FROM CURRENT EVENTS IN COMIC BOOKS TO WHY HASBRO HAS THE EDGE ON EVERY OTHER TOY MAKER OUT THERE HAS BEEN COVERED. THE RECORDING ENDS AS EACH PERSON AT THE TABLE MAKES RECOMMENDATIONS FOR DVDS, ACTION FIGURES AND BOOKS. THE STRANGE THING IS THAT THE VIBE OF THE ROOM DOESN'T CHANGE ONCE RECORDING STOPS. EVERYONE IS STILL TALKING ABOUT STUFF THEY LIKE, STUFF THEY HATE, WHAT COMICS THEY WANTED TO SEE ADAPTED TO MOVIES AND WHICH FORTHCOMING SEQUEL WAS HEADED FOR DISASTER. WE BREAK FOR LUNCH AND I DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE WHERE IT ALL BEGAN FOR THESE GUYS.

"FOR MANY OF US, IT WAS THIS GATEWAY WHERE WHEN YOU GOT SICK, YOUR MOM WOULD BUY YOU COMICS TO READ WHILE YOU GOT BETTER," SAYS KADE. "THAT...AND WATCHING THE ORIGINAL STAR TREK SERIES ON TV." AS JACKSON RUNS DOWNSTAIRS, HE SAYS, "I'LL ACTUALLY SHOW YOU WHERE IT STARTED FOR ME." HE RETURNS MOMENTS LATER WITH A KIDDY DINETTE SET ADORNED WITH VINTAGE PICTURES OF BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE JOKER. "THIS WAS JUST SOMETHING MY PARENTS OFF-HANDEDLY BOUGHT, THINKING, 'OH, KERRY MIGHT LIKE THIS,' BUT IT WAS MY FIRST EXPOSURE TO BATMAN."



Photos: Sam Mililanta

A GEEK SHOW RECORDING SESSION IN PROGRESS.

THE CURRENT PANEL, CONSISTING OF JACKSON, KADE, VICE, BARNSON, AND DESERET NEWS TV CRITIC SCOTT PIERCE, CRANKS OUT SHOWS REGULARLY. ARMED WITH THE HELP OF LOCAL SPONSORS LIKE PC LAPTOPS AND DR. VOLT'S COMIC CONNECTION, THE PANEL HOSTS A FREE MONTHLY MOVIE NIGHT AT BREWVIES, USUALLY FEATURING SCIENCE FICTION CHOICES THAT CAN BE AS LAUGHABLE AS THEY ARE ENTERTAINING, LIKE *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE* OR *SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT*. IT IS ALSO AT MOVIE NIGHT WHERE FANS OF THE PODCAST STEP INTO THE WILDCARD LOUNGE WHERE SHANNON HOLDS COURT AND ANYONE IS ABLE TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH THEIR FAVORITE PANELIST.

"MOVIE NIGHT WAS MINE AND SHANNON'S BABY," SAYS VICE. "ANDY MURPHY, THE FORMER MANAGER [OF BREWVIES], HAD APPROACHED ME ABOUT DOING SOME PROGRAMMING ONCE A MONTH, AND WE THOUGHT ABOUT SHOWING THE BEST OF THE STAR TREK AND STAR WARS MOVIES, AND WE PITCHED TO THE REST OF THE PANEL AND IT GREW FROM THERE. WE ALL HAVE MOVIES WE LOBBY FOR AND ONCE MOST OF THE OTHER PANELISTS AGREE THEN IT'S IN, BUT IT HAS BEEN INTERESTING TO WATCH MOVIE NIGHT GROW TO WHERE NOW THE MOVIE IS ALMOST SECONDARY. HALF THE PEOPLE THAT COME ARE IN THE THEATER AND THE OTHER HALF ARE OUT IN THE LOUNGE. IT HAS BECOME A VERY SUCCESSFUL EVENT AND THE GUYS AT BREWVIES SELL A LOT OF BURGERS AND BEER."

AS TAPING COMES TO AN END FOR THE DAY, I WANT TO FIND OUT THE INTENTIONS OF THIS CREW OF GEEKS. WHAT IS THEIR GOAL FOR WHAT THEY HAVE CREATED? "THE PODCAST EXISTS FOR PEOPLE TO SHARE WHAT THEY LIKE AND NOT TAKE IT SO DAMN SERIOUSLY," SAYS KADE. "THE GREATEST THING ABOUT GEEK-DOM IS ALSO THE WORST THING ABOUT IT, AND THAT IS THAT WE GET SO PASSIONATE ABOUT IT AND SO CAUGHT UP THAT WE BLINDSIDE OURSELVES, WE OSTRACIZE OURSELVES, WE SEPARATE OURSELVES FROM SOCIETY. THAT GEEK BADGE IS A LITTLE DANGEROUS, AND IT SHOULDN'T BE."

"THE MISSION STATEMENT OF THE GEEK SHOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE IMMORTAL LINE FROM THE *MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000* THEME SONG," SAYS JACKSON. "'IF YOU'RE WONDERING HOW THEY EAT OR BREATHE AND OTHER SCIENCE FACTS, JUST REPEAT TO YOURSELF IT'S JUST A SHOW, I SHOULD REALLY JUST RELAX.' IT'S ALL TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU CAN WANT TO BE LUKE SKYWALKER AND STILL MAKE FUN OF WHAT A WHINEY BITCH HE IS, AND YOU REALIZE THAT OTHERWISE YOU'RE GOING TO END UP ALONE IN YOUR BASEMENT WITH CHEETO DUST ON YOUR FINGERS."

TO ME, IT WAS A FUN TIME TO HEAR PEOPLE DISCUSS THEIR PASSIONS WHILE STILL HAVING A GOOD TIME AND LAUGHING ABOUT THEMSELVES. I NOW KNOW IT'S OK TO BE THE GEEK THAT I AM, THE GEEK SHOW HAS SHOWN ME THAT I CAN LAUGH AT MYSELF WHILE STILL BEING PROUD OF MY COMIC BOOK COLLECTION. SO DON'T WAIT ANOTHER EON AND GO WARP SPEED TO YOUR COMPUTER TO CHECK OUT THEGEEKSHOWPODCAST.COM. MAKE SURE TO COME OUT TO MOVIE NIGHT THE LAST SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH AT BREWVIES.

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ACADEMY

By Ben Trentelman
BDKT0@yahoo.com

Playing music should be fun—it shouldn't feel like you are doing chores or homework. At least that's how **Dave Payne** and **Mike Sartain** feel about things. "We teach students how to enjoy music for the rest of their lives," says Payne. At the Rock 'n' Roll Academy the list of rules is short. The most striking of them is "Mandatory Pleasure and Happiness." Payne, Sartain and the rest of the teachers at Rock 'n' Roll Academy have made it their mission to make sure that anyone who wants to rock has the opportunity.

Payne and Sartain are two local musicians who have been playing in various SLC bands for over a decade. Payne plays with **The Red Bennies**, **Marvin Payne and the Gifted Seed**, **The Glinting Gems** and many others, while Sartain plays with **Starmy** and performs as a solo musician. Both men were teachers at the Salt Lake City *School of Rock* location until it moved to Sandy. Unable to make the trek, several rock students found themselves without a school. It was then that **Sierra Wilson**, former *School of Rock* student, suggested that Payne and Sartain start a rock and roll school of their own. "We had always talked about starting a school of our own," says Sartain, "and we had some pretty good ideas of how we would do it." Sierra Wilson brought more than suggestions to the table as well: her parents were willing to fund the academy if Payne and Sartain were willing to run it.

Payne and Sartain, along with other well known Salt Lake musicians **Shane Asbridge** (**The Wolfs**, **Vile Blue Shades**, **Laser Fang**) and **Greg Midgeley** (**The Rubes**, **Bronco**) are able to provide students with more than an opportunity to rock. Students can learn to sing, play the guitar, drums, keyboard and more. I got the impression that the Rock 'n' Roll Academy is willing to work with just about any instrument a student brings to the table. **Madison Day**, Rock'n'Roll Academy student, has been playing the piano in private lessons for years. Not only has she been livening up her piano jamming, but Payne has also been encouraging her to pick up the sax a bit more. "I like it here because we have fun and I can try anything," she says of her experience at the academy.

After enrolling, students are grouped into bands according to age, ability and personality. To maintain an educational environment, the bands are called classes, Payne is referred to as "Principal Payne" and Sartain is "Professor Mike." Payne says, "If a student has a hard time focusing, we'll put them in a group with others who have the same struggles, this way they are all on the same level and are more productive." From there, students learn as a group. Individual lessons are also available, but are much more effective when coupled with the group learning environment. "Playing in the groups allows the students to really share and understand what they are learning in the private lessons—they are creating and feeding off of each other," says Sartain. "And they get to be in a band. How many eight year olds do you know in a band?"

By writing their own music, the students have to do more than learn a part in a song, they have to create their own part. They learn to embrace the music as a tool for expression, not just as a tool to play something that someone else once felt. "They aren't just

learning that one **Metallica** solo that they'll be playing for the rest of their lives that they don't have any attachment to," says Sartain.

The teachers really want to give the students the guidance and skills needed to have total creative control of the music, and as Payne says, "We use the original scores as a means of teaching the fundamentals of the music. This way, the students are expressing themselves through what they have learned." They occasionally have to help out, but it is important that the students are able to take ownership of what they create. They write the lyrics, song titles and they even get to give their class a sweet name. Some examples of what the students have come up with are: **Depraved Indifference**, **Purple Ambitions** and **Class Act**. If you check out the Academy's website you can hear some of their original compositions as well. I was expecting something a little more like the droning sounds of my middle school band class, but this is not the case. Each band plays incredibly creative songs with great talent. I really couldn't believe what I was listening to.

The Rock 'n' Roll Academy holds standard school recitals in which the professors run the show and allow students to demonstrate how much they've learned. They also take it up one notch and give the classes the opportunity to put on a show. Payne says, "When the show comes around, the kids are in charge and get to take total control—I just try to stay out of their hair." They've played a few festivals and play regular shows at *Mo's Neighborhood Grill*.

"Each class has a set list that they work on throughout the course of their lessons. When they feel that they've got a song down we give them the opportunity to play it in a show," says Sartain. "They only play what they want to play when they're ready to play it."

"What's the most significant thing we can offer for the kids?" Payne often asks himself, "The program is oriented in a way where the kids are feeling like a part of something and they can be proud of themselves...the music doesn't even matter, it's about the students



Photo: Adam Heath

Dave Payne and Mike Sartain of Rock and Roll Academy

expressing themselves."

Don't be shy if you aren't a kid either, the Rock 'n' Roll Academy serves all ages. "We teach students who are into their 40s. That's when adults seem to get over being too cool to take music lessons and are looking for something fun to do," Payne says. Adults are welcome to learn on all levels at the academy through private lessons, group lessons and even joining in on the shows.

According to the folks at the academy, they'll teach you "music for the rest of your life," regardless of your age. Visit rockandrollacademy.info to check out a list of upcoming performances and to find out more about their program.

In-Solvent-See:

SKINNY PUPPY

By Gavin Hoffman

reigniforever666@gmail.com

visits Salt Lake City without a new album.

in-sol-ven-cy [in-sol-vuhn-see] - noun - the condition of being insolvent; bankruptcy.

On the proverbial eve of **Skinny Puppy**'s third show in Salt Lake City since officially reforming in 2003, vocalist and mad showman **Nivek Ogre** (aka **Kevin Ogilvie**) seems to be in a fine mood...despite my interrupting a Skinny Puppy rehearsal and the fact that their current label, **SPV**, has filed for insolvency, essentially putting the status of the newest Skinny Puppy album in limbo. "We're going to be doing some interesting self-promotion and hijinks over the next few days leading up to the kickoff of the tour," says Ogre. "Basically, what happened is that we planned the tour to coincide with the release of our third record for SPV, and a couple of months before the tour was scheduled to begin, SPV went into insolvency." Essentially, after working on and all but completing a completely structured album of all-new material, SPV buried it.

"Once the trouble with SPV happened, we got kind of spooked," says Ogre. "We had the album almost completed, but we didn't want to deliver it not knowing if, or when, it would ever see the light of day." Because of this, the band came up with a few different ideas, one of which was releasing an album of music commenting on the economy that would be what amounted to a "throwaway record," simply to fulfill the band's contractual obligations to SPV. However, plans changed when the band realized that if SPV actually was purchased by **Sony**, and someone at Sony happened to be a Skinny Puppy fan, more trouble may be caused by turning in an album that wasn't up to snuff for the band. Instead, the band started writing more music, which ended up sounding closer to Ogre's solo project, **ohGr**, than Skinny Puppy. "**cEvin [Key]** heard the stuff I had been working on, and couldn't really get behind any of it as Skinny Puppy material," says Ogre. "The songs were a bit too structured and a bit too different for us to consider releasing under the Skinny Puppy moniker." The bottom line is that the band wants to hold on to any new music until their label problems are completely resolved.

"We're going to kind of keep the songs we perform a bit more on the retrospective side, but we don't want to do the same things we did on the *Greater Wrong of the Right* tour again," he says. "Some of the theatrics on that tour were a bit extreme and actually ended up costing us sponsorships and caused mild protests from right-wing sympathizers." This isn't too hard to understand, considering the fact that Ogre's character on that tour was beheaded by two terrorists, who, once their black-wrapped masks were removed, were revealed to be **George W. Bush** and **Dick Cheney**.

Skinny Puppy, as a band, adheres to a the punk-rock ethic of using their music not only as entertainment, but as a method of expressing their opinions and attempting to introduce people to new schools of thought. "There's obviously something shocking about our music and our performance," says Ogre, "but we've been very fortunate to be able to use that shock to speak to people about different issues we feel passionately about. It's a great gift, and a great weapon." Scanning Skinny Puppy's three-decade-long catalog, it's easy to see what Ogre's talking about. From early recordings about animal abuse to the band's extremely graphic anti-animal testing opus *VIVisectVI*, and up through the very political *Greater Wrong of the Right* release, the band has never shied away from controversy. "The new generation of fans that picked up on us when we released *The Greater Wrong of the Right* just goes to show that people are interested in, and hungry for, music that pushes them to think," says Ogre. "The other cool thing is that, at least in Europe, we have cross-generational fans, but here in North America, we end up playing smaller shows to smaller audiences, but the reactions we receive are incredible."

Ogre is relishing his relatively unknown, anti-celebrity status here in Utah. He may be able to get away with being just another face around town before Skinny Puppy's performance at Club Vegas on November 6th, but once he takes the stage, all eyes will be on one of the few mad geniuses the punk, industrial and goth scenes have ever known.



Photo: Austin Young

The recently label-less cEvin Key (left) and Nivek Ogre (right) of Skinny Puppy will perform at Club Vegas on November 6.

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Shouting From Soapbox Tops:

UTAH

GAZZA

Coming Back
He Is Never

By JP

jp@slugmag.com

Gazza is not an "anti-" band. Anti-religion or anti-Mormon, anti-meat or anti-you, Gaza is none of these. The group is more about things than against them. Pro-thought, pro-self-interrogation and -exploration—an important point to make when your latest album has a title more attune with atheist leanings. *He Is Never Coming Back* notches Gaza's belt as their second release on **Black Market Activities** (Guy Kozowyk of **The Red Chord**'s label) and third overall release. The "he" is **John Stockton**, lead vocalist **Jon Parkin** jokes but then clarifies with a serious note: "The theme on the record is a loss of patience, and sugar-coating the religious discussion. I wanted to call it what it is. If it's delusional, it's delusional. To us, it was a tongue-in-cheek rally cry."

Fortunately, this is what we've come to expect from a band named after the most consistently violent area in the world (the Gaza strip in Israel/Palestine for those who slept through world history). "We went with Gaza for a reason: it's a religious warzone and has been. It's a great example of the extremes of the bad things religion can bring," Parkin says. The group has gained national and international notoriety as a heavy rock band with ideals and many a moniker attached to their style, but the guys pretty much say what they think and play whatever they want—including some occasional "softer" interludes. "It makes records flow a lot. Plus, that's just who we are," guitarist **Mike Mason** says, which is fitting for a band originally formed with indie/emo aspirations. "That stuff still shows through to this day. I'm honestly kinda proud of that," drummer **Casey Hansen** says. "I love being brash to be brash but it can be a lot more powerful if you can have breaks in something else and then be thrust back into it." Parkin continues the explanation, "It is funny to say but it's emo-driven music. Emotional: it used to be these sad bands that came out of the Midwest singing about cornfields and the way the snow looked in December—it was a different thing," he says, separating the original term from the pop movement it became. "It meant emotional, not cry-baby," Parkin says.

Gazza has always been a unique facet in the Utah scene, and more well-known outside of the state. They enjoy playing here, but receive better crowd response in places like Denver, Philly, Indianapolis and Boise, of all places. "We've never expected to draw people here," Hansen says. "I think we have a reputation nationally that's bigger than our local reputation. Most venues won't have heavy music, kids won't come and it's

embarrassing even to try." Hansen looks pained as he continues, "You bust your butt and nobody comes. I [booked] a couple of shows and I can't do it anymore." That still doesn't change the guys' attitude about representing their hometown (find my all-time favorite Gaza Jazz-logo shirt online for confirmation—still some of the best local band merch available). "We've made such an attempt to take and show what Utah has to do on a national level. It's all been local, every bit of it other than mastering," Parkin says.

Andy Patterson has engineered all their releases in Gaza's hometown of Salt Lake City, and the band is proud of that fact.

Gazza isn't all God-hating, abrasive, balls-to-your-brother's-chin music all the time—the gents are really well humored. Spend over an hour with the group and they'll start discussing what kind of trees they would be, (bassist **Tino Lucero**: "a brown one," and Jon, a rare and illegal Teak), or alternate album titles they might use one day (*Stretch Marks on Our Asses 'Cuz We Go So Fast* being one). They also joke about polka music and there's a few good-natured jests about orgasms—apparently one should yell the word "travesty" when reaching one's pinnacle (there's a good long story about a moment in a tour van backseat at three in the morning with Parkin, an unfortunately curious Hansen, tube socks and travesty—but it's a bit too risqué for a family publication like *SLUG*). There is also talk of a European tour on the horizon, a US tour and a return to their now regular festival slot at **Dudefest** in Indianapolis next year.

After jokingly apologizing for the worst interview ever—which it definitely wasn't—Parkin unleashes another pearl, as he does quite frequently, starting with a question about their album: "Can we have a discussion on a fair plane? *He Is Never Coming Back* is enough of a statement growing up here in this religious town—being 'blasphemous,' it feels good to say it," Parkin says, then clarifies by saying, "This isn't an anti-Mormon thing. Call it a soapbox, or whatever, but we worked our way up on top of the soapbox so why not shout from it?"

He Is Never Coming Back will be released on Black Market Activities in early Nov. If you haven't seen Gaza live, don't miss their CD release show Nov. 7 at the Taylorsville Graywhale or when they play with **Earthless** and **Baroness** on Nov. 30 at *Club Vegas*.



Gazza (L to R: Jon Parkin, Tino Lucero, Mike Mason, and Casey Hansen) will release *He Is Never Coming Back* on November 10

Photo: Chris Swainston

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FIGHTING BACK AT

Black Friday

NOVEMBER

by Aaron Anderson
twentyfour23@hotmail.com

In the early hours of Nov. 28, 2008, more than 2,000 people gathered outside a Walmart store in Long Island, N.Y., where the doors were scheduled to open at 5 a.m. Many had arrived there as early as 9 p.m. the night prior. As opening hour neared, the crowd became impatient and began to push against the sliding-glass entrance. A group of employees stood before the doorway in an attempt to control and organize the crowd as they entered the store. Before the doors could safely open, the glass and frame of the entryway buckled underneath the pressure of the surging crowd. Video captured at least twelve people knocked to the ground as shoppers rushed the store. Several of them were hospitalized, including a pregnant woman. However, **Jdimytai Damour**, 34, was not so fortunate. He died underneath the stampede of hundreds of feet. Shoppers were heard complaining as they were asked to leave the store due to the fatality. It was Black Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, the largest shopping day of the year.

Vancouver illustrator/cartoonist **Ted Dave** first conceived Buy Nothing Day in 1992. According to him, the idea occurred while working a routine 40-hour-a-week job in a downtown Vancouver office. "I was coming away at the end of the day," he recalls in a phone interview, "and saying, 'oh my god I just spent ten dollars on coffee and muffins again. What's the matter with me? I'm a big boy.'"

"I'm working the first hour of my shift just to pay for the snacks I'm eating on my shift," says Dave. "I've got to get back to my lefty-paisley-punk roots. Why am I not packing a sandwich to work? Why am I not drinking the free tea they have at the office?"

He goes on to argue that it was also "just seeing the insipid advertisements around me all the time, when some ad campaign is irksome in its tone to you, treating you like you're some kind of moron. What can I do about this?" Dave says, "it's an idea about consumer reclamation of the marketplace. If you

don't like it, don't put your money in it."

Ted ran the idea by his cartoonist and musician friends. They insisted he follow through. Dave was also volunteering at the relatively young *Adbusters* magazine as an illustrator at the time. He ran the idea by some of his acquaintances at the publication. They too agreed that it was an excellent idea. In fact, *Adbusters* liked the notion so much that it adopted the message itself and began to promote the idea.

Buy Nothing Day had humble beginnings. It certainly didn't arrive at the recognition it now enjoys without a lot of commitment and hard work.

The first few years, it was primarily promoted with phone calls, faxes and flyers on the streets of Vancouver.

Soon it managed to reach Seattle, where graffiti was found advertising the event on the retaining wall of an ocean-side boardwalk. A few years later, there were flyers on the streets of Vancouver before Dave and friends began to hang their own. Initially, Dave was hoping that a 24-hour period set aside where nothing was purchased would eventually turn into an afternoon-talk-radio conversation piece. His highest hopes included a free, local concert in recognition of the day. "Obviously, I am beyond pleased that it's had its longevity. And it does seem to gather momentum, largely due to its entrenched Web presence."

An independent secondhand store named *Echo* in Vancouver opened their doors on Buy Nothing Day several years later. The woman who owned the store converted to a barter system during store

hours, and she has been doing it every Buy Nothing Day since then. "The local independent business person has always been the first to embrace the idea," says Dave. "It's never been anti-consumerist, it's anti-corporate. It's about consumer and manufacturer responsibility. Let's just take a deep breath and think about how we spend our money. If you don't want a Starbucks on every corner, stop shopping at Starbucks."



Illustration: Dan Christofferson

"My mother always says, 'Typical of you to come up with an event that will never bring you a cent,'" remarks Dave.

Eighteen years after Dave initially came up with the idea, Buy Nothing Day has spread to all corners of the world: places like Denmark, Australia, Japan and Israel. Recently, it has been recognized in Africa and South America. It has generated everything from art and protest to free meals and clothing exchanges. There have been zombie walks through malls. There have been public credit card cut-ups. There have been 24-hour fasts. There is a prank referred to as "Whirl Mart," where a group of friends "silently drive shopping carts around in a long, inexplicable conga line without ever buying anything," as explained on the *Adbusters* webpage. There are graffiti and flyers that appear as the day approaches. In 1999, activists in Minneapolis dropped a 30 foot Buy Nothing Day banner in the The Mall of America.

"This year we are trying to become a little more edgy on Buy Nothing Day," says **Kalle Lasn**, editor and co-founder of *Adbusters* Magazine, "We want to call on a general strike where you fill up your carts and at the last minute decide not to buy anything. Start clogging up the system. Start getting a little more angry. We're living in a moment where the future looks pretty bleak. We're at a zero point of systemic collapse, with the temperature of the planet rising and the gap between the rich and poor getting wider. To me this is exactly what is needed right now. We need to start clogging up the system and push the point that this level of consumption simply cannot go on."

Lasn admits that those who go out to demonstrate and prank are a small minority of the people who actually participate in the day. "I think most people just make a pact with themselves. They just say, 'Okay, this sounds interesting, I'm going to try it.' They vow that they are not going to buy anything for 24 hours. And for those people, many of them have a very powerful life-changing moment where half way through the day they suddenly want something like a cup of coffee. They suddenly have a yearning for something. And then they start to fight that yearning and come to the realization of this impulse to satisfy any desire they suddenly feel. This is a very powerful impulse and it is very hard to go against that impulse. They go on to realize that their lives are actually fueled by these impulses. They eventually make it through the 24 hours and say, 'fuck, that felt great!' Buy Nothing Day is, for a lot of people, a day when they wake up from the media consumer trance and start living a different kind of life."

However, Lasn does insist that "sitting home and reading a book" on Buy Nothing Day is not going to accomplish what needs to be accomplished. "The big task is to change our culture. It's going to happen when people wake up to the fact that Black Friday is a horrible ritual. It's not appropriate to the 21st Century. For 300 million Americans to get together every Black Friday, the day after Thanksgiving, and have this horrible pig out belongs to some old culture that we have to give up now. It's the 21st Century and we are dealing with climate change. We're trying to reduce our carbon footprint. We can help do that by going out and clogging up the system and everything in between. I think that Buy Nothing Day is a fantastic event. We can come up with ways

to change our own lives along with symbolic gestures to begin to change our culture." Lasn admits that Buy Nothing Day is just a small part of a larger movement. However, he also insists that it is a powerful one.

Here in Salt Lake City, **Deanna Taylor** has participated in Buy Nothing Day since 2001. Initially, she and other like-minded people would gather outside the shopping malls in downtown Salt Lake on Black Friday. They would sing anti-Christmas carols (an anti-consumer message sung to the harmony of a traditional Christmas song,) and would distribute literature that promoted recycling, reducing and reusing, part of the Buy Nothing Day message. After a few years she became a little discouraged with the results of the activity. "While it was a fun, interactive type of direct action, people were in too much of a hurry. They didn't stick around long enough to hear what we were saying. The literature we passed out would be tossed to the ground."

She heard about a coat exchange that an activist colleague, and fellow Green Party member, was regularly organizing with success in Rhode Island. Need a coat? Come get one. Have a coat? We know someone who can use it. "When I heard about that, the light bulb turned on. I knew that is what I wanted to do on Buy Nothing Day." In 2006 she started a coat exchange here in Salt Lake. "There's a big hole now where we did it our first year," referring to the fenced off pit on the corner of 2100 South and 1100 east in Sugarhouse. "We did it outside the doors of a store called *Free Speech Zone*. We collected roughly 200 coats and gave away 100."

The coat exchange was then moved to *Library Square Plaza* in Salt Lake, where last year 700 to 800 coats were collected and 600 were given away. The excess is donated to *The Crossroads Urban Center Thrift Store*. "We have community partners that participate every year. Next year, (2010), we plan to expand into Ogden." This year, the Salt Lake City event will take place at Library Square between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. on Friday, Nov 27. Also there are several drop-off locations. "It gets all sorts of people in the community involved," says Taylor. "This year it is as important as ever. These are sluggish times and entire families are in need of help."

More information is available at: www.coatexchange.org or by contacting Deanna at 801.631.2998.

Buy Nothing Day is often criticized with the argument that you simply resume spending your money on the following day. However, if you pay attention to the people who observe it, it's much more than that. Whether you are pissing off the manager of a big box store or exchanging goods freely, whether you are hanging flyers, holding signs or sitting at home with a good book, it's a day to

reconsider how and where you spend your money. It's a day to recognize that the Earth's climate is changing and our collective financial and lifestyle choices have consequences. It's a day to clean out the closet and give what you no longer need to charity. It's a day to turn off the television and zip your wallet.

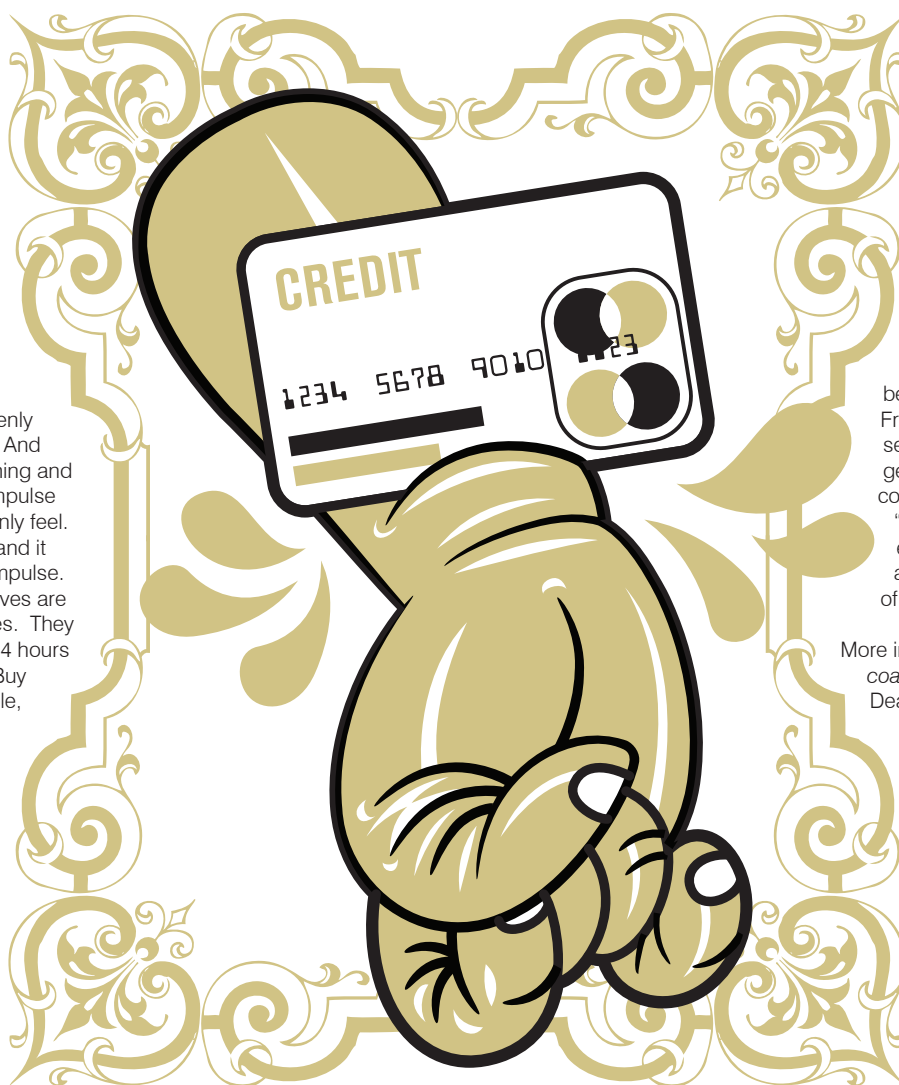


Illustration: Dan Christofferson

Tipica

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

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If there's a Little Italy in Salt Lake City, it's *really* little. The entire neighborhood is contained in a single structure—the Firestone building across

Toscana. The other side houses the **Aquarius Fish Co.**, a local fresh fish mecca, and **Carlucci's Bakery**, a source for crusty bread, sandwiches, pastries and coffee. And then there's **Tony Caputo's Market and Deli.** Caputo's has long been a source of specialty grocery items for Salt Lakers—a place to pick up quality olive oil, imported chocolate and Italian-grown canned tomatoes. And where many people come for the shopping, many more come for the deli. The salads and sandwiches are the stuff of local legend, and if it's lunchtime, you are sure to find a line halfway out the door. I had long wondered what it would be like if the deli were to offer a dinner option and recently I got to see that possibility unfold.

Elegant and simple, Tipica is a project that marries the vision of chef **Adam Kreisel** with the best ingredients Caputo's Market has to offer. The pasta is made from locally milled flour, the tomatoes are grown in Cache Valley and the bread is baked right in the neighborhood. They also make a point to use every part of the animal, not just easily recognizable cuts of meat. The grand idea is to adapt traditional, provincial Italian cuisine to use ingredients that can be sourced closer to home. The result has been the creation of a uniquely Salt-Lake-via-Northern-Italy dining experience.

We started off with a trio of appetizers. The first was the tomato

roasted marrowbone served with a grilled baguette and a cherry-flavored spread (\$6). The green salad was a perfectly blended mix of bitter and mild greens and the dressing had just enough bite to marry everything together. The star of the plate, though, was the cheese croquette—a breaded and fried piece of Beehive-brand rosemary cheddar. Cutting off the corner unleashed a deluge of melted cheese goodness that only got better with every bite. The velvety-smooth bisque had a pure and tangy tomato flavor that could only have come from slowly reducing vine-ripened tomatoes. The candied nuts were a pleasant addition. The marrow bone proved to be more awkward than mind-blowing. I was hoping for a deep, meaty flavor to the marrow, but the reality was that the bone concealed a pocket of difficult-to-remove fat globules that really didn't taste like anything. Sure, it was melt-in-your-mouth, but everything else on the plate seemed designed to disguise its lack of flavor.

Next, we ordered a pair of entrées. The first was the sweet corn risotto, made with local corn and flavored with black summer truffles and garlic chives (\$18). We opted to add duck confit for an additional four dollars. The risotto was deliciously creamy, with a pronounced fresh corn flavor. The addition of the confit provided the dish with a little extra richness, but this was a double-edged sword. There are very few things that taste better than duck cooked in its own rendered fat, but the subtle flavors of the truffles and the chives ended up being overpowered. The second entrée, Garganelli all'Amatriciana (\$15), was recommended by **Tony Caputo** himself. This dish was a penne-style pasta tossed in a sauce made from tomatoes, Pecorino cheese and two kinds of pork. The star of this entrée was the meat—pancetta, a sort of cured Italian bacon and guanciale, a strong-flavored yet delicate meat taken from the pig's cheeks. The combination of the tomatoes, cheese and pork was pure heaven. I ended up using the soup spoon to get every bit of the sauce out of the dish. I was really sad to reach the bottom of the bowl.

In all, Tipica is worthy of your dining dollar. The somewhat limited menu may seem pricey and will continue to change as different ingredients come into season, but all of that adds to the underlying charm. The food is fresh and well executed. The wait staff is excited about what they serve and are informed enough to help you choose the perfect dish and pair it with the right wine. This is Salt Lake fine dining at its best and exactly what you would expect when you see the Caputo name.

Head Chef Adam Kreisel in the Tipica Kitchen.

and leek bisque, a cold soup made with San Marzano-style tomatoes and served with candied walnuts and chive oil (\$6). We also got the green salad, a mix of organic baby greens served with a cumin-spiked vinaigrette and a piping-hot cheese croquette (\$8). Out of pure curiosity, we also ordered what was probably the most authentically Italian choice on the menu, a

from Pioneer Park. Originally built in 1925 to house the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, the building acts more like a gathering place for the culinarily minded these days. On one corner, there's the posh Italian restaurant, **Cucina**

Photo: Barrett Doran



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Concert Announcements

Mon Nov 2: CHRIST ON PARADE, All Systems Fail

Tue Nov 3: VALIENT THORR, EARLY MAN, Killbot, Spork, Speitre

Thu Nov 5: KOFFIN KATS, Corner Pocket, Hog Luvdog & The Sleazetones, Sorry For Yelling

Fri Nov 6: SKINNY PUPPY, Redemption

Sat Nov 7: PSYHOSTICK, MOWER, Massacre At The Wake, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, Mandatory Mania

Sun Nov 8: ROGER CLYNE & THE PEACEMAKERS, Angie Stevens, Cambriah & Kinfolk

Mon Nov 9: SUPERSUCKERS, THE LAST VEGAS, Bad Grass

Wed Nov 11: GENERATIONALS, Beta Chicks

Thu Nov 12: Tera Vega, Blak Lysted, Thunderdog

Fri Nov 13: The Vaudeville Avante-Garde and Cirkus Pandemonium

Sat Nov 14: American Hitmen, KettleFish, Opal Hill Drive

Sun Nov 15: Wild Bill's Celebration Of Life

Wed Nov 18: MR. GNOME, Shift And Shadows

Thu Nov 19: AM Revelator

Fri Nov 20: Irony Man, Kiss Thiss

Sat Nov 21: Bandwagon Live w. Means Nothing, Arsenic Addiction

Wed Nov 26: Little Sap Dungeon , LexionCrypt, Black Seas of Infinity, Stem Cell Ghost

Fri Nov 27: Renee's Birthday Bash w. Blood Of Saints, Separation Of Self, Massacre At The Wake, Akashic, Reaction Effect

Sat Nov 28: Rock N Fashion by Not Jake with MC Jamal Carter & music by Three Reasons

Mon Nov 30: BARONESS, Earthless, Gaza

Thu Dec 3: VADER, DECREPIT BIRTH, Cave Of Roses

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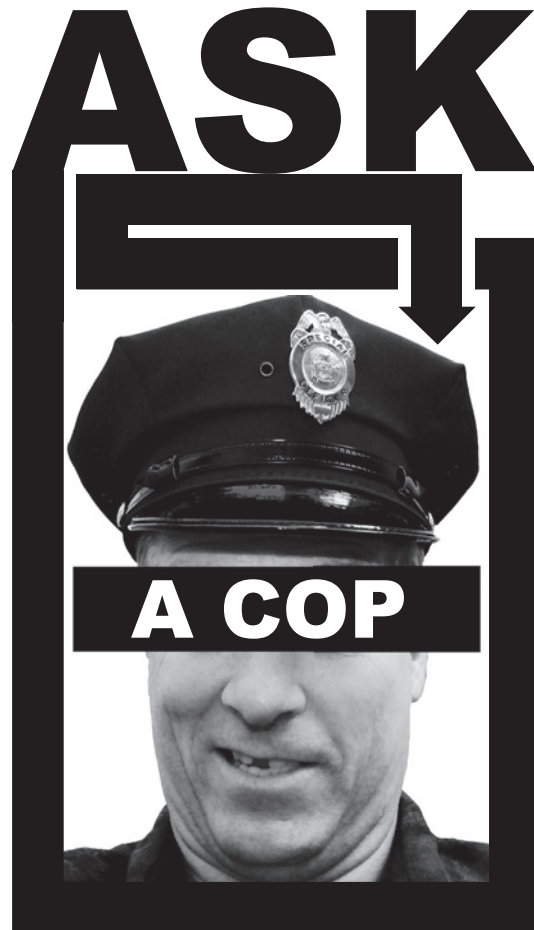
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Dear Cop,

A friend of mine is on the force and takes a lot of pride in his job (I hope you don't mind me leaving out his job title). We got to talking about what he does as part of his duties and how it differs from other officers, which led to the discussion of there being a pecking order beyond rank, and how the two lowest jobs in the city for police are TRAX Officer and Prison Guard. So now I'm curious, why are those two jobs considered the bottom of the barrel? And what exactly is the full pecking order for officers? Are cops with cruisers considered more important than bike or desk cops? Is there really a difference in their eyes, or is this all bullshit and a cop is just a cop?

Love,
Curious

Dear Curious,
You'd like to leave out his job title. Hmm... must mean he's internal affairs. The only cops who like IA cops are other IA cops. Except, perhaps those cops trying to move up in the pecking order your friend mentioned. Those movers drop dimes to the IA cops, whether they be real or imaginary dimes (but generally imaginary)—anything to give their competition a black eye so they can move up the cop political ladder.

Hell yes there's a pecking order, and every cop is in each other's way. You'd be surprised what cops do to screw their "brother officers" when jockeying for rank, assignment or just a new job with another department. Police departments, like everywhere else, are all about who you know and blow.

From the moment someone decides on a law enforcement career, they're placed on lists. There are lists to get hired, lists to become Detective, lists for SWAT, lists for promotion and a bunch of other

lists. Somebody better on the list than you? Make an anonymous call and say they're sleeping around, drinking too much, beating their wife, possibly double dipping while beating their wife and drunk—all of these and a million more have been used.

Honestly, cops are like tweakers. Tweakers sit around, smoke a puddle and tell each other how they're family for life, brothers. If anybody fucks with them they go down together, fighting to the death. But if one gets up to take a piss, the other steals all his shit, pawns it, and fires up a new shard with a new twaker friend. Cops work together in life and death, through tragedy, create camaraderie with their fellow bros, and then anonymously rat out some drunken poker/dui/escort binge when one of their "bros" is next in line for Sergeant. Worse, they do it to the guy's girlfriend who makes the anonymous call to IA.

Oh yeah, your question. TRAX and Corrections are only considered the lowest because of pay, duties and authority. A lot of that has changed, so being the lowest isn't so much the case anymore. Hope I answered it.

Cops are just cops, except, some actually are cops. The rest, the movers, well they're politicians who never quite made it as a cop.

Love,
Asshole Mover Politician Wannabe Cop

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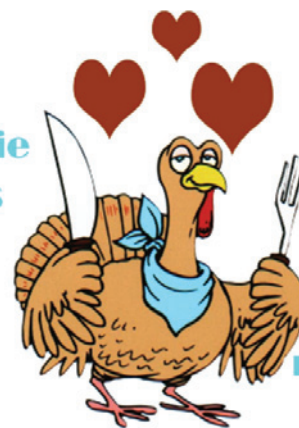
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by Mike Brown
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I Went To The ICP Show

The eye of the Juggalo Volcano



Let me start this article off by clarifying one thing: I am not a Juggalo. I mean this as no offense to any Juggalos (although it is very hard to offend a Juggalo), but I'm just not. For about the last year I have done a fair amount of research on the whole phenomenon that is the Dark Carnival in order to become a Juggalo ambassador for normal people. I am like the **Jane Goodall** of Juggalos—they are my chimps, so to speak.

Last year when I interviewed **Chaos** and his clown crew about the local Juggalo scene he asked me very seriously why I wanted to cover it. I told him that I work for a music mag and have a lot of musically-inclined friends, but none of us know what this whole Juggalo thing is about. When I was petitioning for an ICP interview with their PR people, I got the same question. Those Juggalos are skeptical of the media.

I call the local Juggalo hotline about once a week to see what the local hatchet flinging community is up to. When I got wind that the **Insane Clown Posse** was coming to Saltair, I felt a responsibility to go and cover it and try to get an interview with the head clowns. Mission accomplished.

So **SLUG** photographer **Dave Brewer** and myself headed into the eye of the Juggalo volcano, not knowing what to expect. Well, I kind of knew. You know when you see five or

six Juggalo kids acting a fool at the downtown library? It's like that, but there are 2500 of them all in one place. Those are just the ones that could afford tickets to the show and were able to get their shifts at Taco Bell covered.

In order to enhance the experience I decided to dress up as a clown—not a sad scary clown like a Juggalo, but a happy bright colored clown, make up and all. I told this plan to several friends who became concerned for my safety. I wasn't trying to get beat up by Juggalos at an ICP concert, but that would have made this story so much more awesome. I came up with a game plan in case shit hit the fan.

Phase one of said plan was to make it to and from the car in the Saltair parking lot as fast as possible. I realized that due to the heavy security that night, the chances of something going down inside were highly unlikely.

Phase two was to wear a hatchet-man necklace under my costume. If things got rough, I could whip it out to let the Juggalos know I'm down. It felt like wearing a cross around vampires. I actually had to whip the necklace out, twice.

Phase three was that I was wearing my Doc Marten steel toes. I can kick like a mule. Not that I'd want to kick anybody with those things, but if you are going down you are going down. I



Photo: Dave Brewer

Chaos (far right) and his Juggalo crew showing the camera some mad clown love.



Local Juggalos getting down with The Clown during ICP's Utah show.

knew it was unlikely things would get to that point though.

I also made Dave promise that if something bad happened to just stand back and get as many photos as he could, to which he happily agreed.

Needless to say, my clown costume was a smashing success at the ICP show. The Juggalos loved it. I also learned that night that Juggalos and Juggalettes love having their picture taken. We didn't even have to ask anyone for their picture, they just started posing for us.

Overweight girls in clown makeup were showing us their Juggalette jugs, regardless of if there were hickies on them or not, and we didn't even ask them to. I saw way more Juggalo genitals than I needed to that night—some of them felt that if you are gonna have your picture taken you need to go balls out, literally. My personal favorite picture of the night was when Dave was photographing a girl's hatchet-girl back piece and her boyfriend whipped his dick out and placed it on the tattoo for the photo. I don't think we can post that one in the online gallery (which can be found at slugmag.com), but it was a great picture nonetheless.

Me and Dave tried to get backstage with our media passes to no avail, but we did manage to get permission from security to get some pictures in front of the stage before the Faygo started flying. If you don't know what Faygo is, it's like Shasta out here. Just like corn-fed farm women, it's big in the Midwest.

I've noticed a religious undertone to the whole Juggalo thing. The hatchet man necklaces are like their crosses and Faygo is like their sacrament. I even met a guy who made me hold up some signs in the front row. He said the signs he made proved that he decoded a message in one of the ICP songs that saved him and three of his friends. I said, "You mean like Christianity saved?" and he was like, "Yeah."

So when I interviewed **Violent J** the next day, I asked him about this. Are ICP prophets in a weird way? He said no, and that he doesn't harbor any personal religious views but does believe in right and wrong.

As far as the Faygo thing is concerned, they sprayed at least 500 two-liters over the crowd throughout the whole show. I asked Violent J if ICP was officially sponsored by the number one enemy of dentists in the midwest. The answer was no. Faygo is a mom and pop company that isn't "down with the clown," as Violent J explained.

Seriously, they sprayed so much of that sticky shit on people, I felt so bad for the security guards in the front that were basically taking a shower in sugar. The smell of soda pop was

heavier than the aroma of devil's lettuce, no joke.

In case you're wondering, Violent J's favorite Faygo flavor is the cola one. He says it goes great with Captain Morgan.

I also asked Violent J what he has to say when people criticize his fan base for being, um, not that smart. He said he didn't understand how people could knock something so cool—and that it's hard to be a Juggalo.

When I inquired about just what the fuck the Dark Carnival is, Violent J explained that it is just some kick ass magic, and the basic belief of good and evil. I also wanted to know how all this shit got to where it is. The loyalty of the fan base can only be compared to two other bands I hate: **The Grateful Dead** and **Kiss**.

Was the success of ICP and their huge following planned from the beginning? Say what you want about the ICP, but to create a movement is a pretty genius marketing strategy. It worked for Joseph Smith. Violent J said that there is no way that he and **Shaggy 2 Dope** are smart enough to plan something like that. I have no reason not to believe him there.

When I asked him where the word Juggalo came from, the answer wasn't as interesting as I thought it would be, but being a responsible "journalist" right now, I'll tell you. There's a song called "The Juggler" on the first album, and they said it really fast over and over at a bunch of shows, and it just kind of stuck.

Chaos, the local Juggalo in charge of the hotline, texted me some questions he wanted to ask Violent J. He wanted to know which famous person he would most like to fuck and what position it would be in. The answer is **Beyonce**, missionary style, so he could remember looking at that shit. I promised not to tell **Jay-Z** and then had a follow up question of my own. Does Violent J fuck chicks who aren't Juggalettes? He said he does, because it is more rewarding to know that you spun a chick because she's into you and not because of your status, but that Juggalettes are fine too.

I also asked about the **Eminem** beef, and found out he had beef with **Kid Rock** as well, but that got squashed. They even recorded a song together. They never did a show with Eminem or **D12**. He had nothing bad to say about the world's most famous white rapper. Violent J mentioned he did squash the beef with D12, but Eminem didn't want to officially squash anything, but that ICP actually started the beef. Oh well! Silly rappers.

A bunch of local Juggalos are also into backyard wrestling. So I asked them if they have ever done it. Violent J thinks that backyard wrestling is the shit! But Shaggy 2 Dope can't really wrestle right now because his neck is hurt.

DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS

YOUR LUBE IS MAKIN' ME BAKE BREAD!

By Dr. Evil, Sexologist
DrEvil@slugmag.com.

When was the last time you were in a porn store? Were you dazzled by all the pretty bottles of lube and sex crèmes to "enhance your pleasure?" Did you not know what to buy, except that you knew you hated the taste of kiwi?

Why do humans need lube? Simply, not all humans have the same moisture content inside their naughty bits. An anus and colon are dryer than a vagina, but then again, some vaginas are like a soppy sponge and others are a desert oasis. Each person is different, and one should be prepared in the grocery store of love. Just like you have different condoms for different pleasures, there are different types of liquids to make love more smoothly. Lube helps reduce friction and enhance pleasure.

There are three basic kinds (not brands) of lube on the market today and they are made up of oil, silicone or water. First lesson: some people have strong silicone allergies. Best avoid that lube if you're having protected sex with random partners who need lubrication. Silicone is also an enemy of latex. Condoms are made of latex, and silicone eats latex and can cause holes in condoms. BAD! Silicone lube is not recommended for sex toys either. Second, oil is for cars. Many women find that oil based lube irritates them more than it helps. Finally, water-based lube is probably the most universal to use for all partners (men or women). It's always my first choice and recommendation. There are also organic and natural lubes hitting the market these days. Investigate any lube ingredients before you try them on a sensitive partner.

It is important that you don't keep that same ol' bottle of lube in the drawer and use it with/on different partners. You can spread

STDs/STIs this way because you can open up the bottle with a contaminated hand and leave bad bugs there to thrive and share with the next partner when you re-open the bottle. Some sex stores and many online supply houses sell individual packets of lube for one time use.

Flavored anything in sex play is just plain bad for women. Flavors are often put into crèmes and lubes with sugar. Sugar upsets the PH balance in a woman's vagina, which often leads to a nasty yeast infection. This further leads to a grumpy girl, who for a week, develops a "hands off" attitude with you! She'll be "bakin' bread" with that yeast growing inside of her and you won't get loving for a while. The ad industry has provided, on behalf of sex crème vendors, a convincing (but wrong) mindset that a woman's vagina should smell like "flowers," "berries" or "rain." If you want berries, go buy some in the fruit section at the grocery store.

There are specialty lubes for anal sex, some of which contain benzocaine, a numbing agent. There are dozens of lubes and crèmes on the market and they range in price from cheap to expensive as hell. Again, be aware of what the product ingredients are inside the container before you use it. I was shocked to go into a sex toy store in Utah this summer and find that none of the three employees working in "the back room/18-and-over-area" knew that flavored products could cause yeast infections in women.

Dr. Evil is a Ph.D. and not a medical doctor. If you have medical questions please see your medical professional or make an appointment at Planned Parenthood.

Could your naughty bits use some evil advice? Email:
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My tale this month comes from unexplored territory. I traveled up the canyon Sardine to discover the treasure town that's Salt Lake's gateway to the north, a hidden gem called Logan. Jaded by big city life, I opened my mind up to whether or not I could live there.

I wasn't excited to discover that Logan is book-ended by Wal-Martsplaces that breed zombie-esque people with very narrow minds. Because I knew this was a college town with a great school, I had high expectations for the Logan lifestyle. I hoped for Madison or Athens type cuteness: pot smoking, beer drinking, intellectual conversation and shenanigans. Our

married, a visiting Sergeant named **Thor** and the town drunk **Lefty** who sported a tramp stamp sun tattoo around his left eye (the other was black). I love the 'townie' feel here.

I reserved my last day in Logan for shopping. Main Street features about 80% mom-and-pop shops. There is the *Persian Peacock*, the adult novelty store, tattooery at *Sailor Jims*, the thrift store *Somebody's Attic*, a cool wig shop and a Mexican bakery that offers two-taco Tuesdays for a dollar. Next we had to stop at Logan's massive D.I. Aside from the mink fur cloak and

After shopping, I was taken to the most cliché place I've ever seen. Nestled beneath the shadow of the campus on **720 East 1000 North** is building that is half Sinclair station and half Tandori Oven opened by **Sham Singh**, once head chef of Salt Lake's *Bombay House*. I instantly saw I was in for a treat when upon arrival I found half the joint filled with students from India enjoying home cooked meals. We filled our table with samosas, kormas and vindaloo, and I proceeded to eat my way into a bulemic stupor. Amazing! I so could live here just for that.

BIG TRANNY

Small Town

by Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

night started early, as I guess they do in Logan, meeting friends at *White Owl*. My anxieties ran high when the door guy greeted me with a "WTF!" *White Owl* is a huge space filled with college students and locals and featuring a front sports bar, major billiard room, smoking lounge and rooftop patio. The best part is that the entire space is dripping in taxidermy, which I'm a fan and collector of. Their large selection of beer is best consumed from a Super Big Gulp-sized "Big Dog" for around \$5. Burgers, fries and beer-battered everything explained the shapelessness of the field plowin' stock I saw around me. With **Phil Collins** on the speakers and Fashion Bug couture, fun commenced and everyone was blissfully unaware they were having a 90s party.

It seems the way of the local in Logan is house parties. We left the WO around 11p.m. for a party at my friend Justin's sister, Juliette's house. We congregated on her porch somewhere on the edge of the earth pounding Jell-O shots and having a **Lady Gaga** dance party when, lo and behold, a guest arrived who I recognized from living in Europe: a super-famous Renaissance Muralist from Germany named **Rainer Latzke**. How crazy it was to find this respected artist on a stoop in the middle of nowhere! We chatted over vodka cocktails and jellied booze, loving on Europe and his crazy new life in Logan. Relocating for family, he's finding inspiration and new direction to his art. If he can live here, maybe I can too.

The next morning we took coffee at Café Ibis, which seems to be the social hub of what is called "The Avenue" (Federal Ave. just off Main). This cozy café features a menu of locally grown organic food, which makes perfect sense for a town with an agricultural college. On this Sunday, **DJ Pronto** was spinning chill beats to a large alternative crowd enjoying cups of coffee made from locally grown beans while admiring art by local artist **Royden Card**. The DJ, a recent LA transplant, has brought big-city talent to an appreciative community. This handlebar mustachioed disc jockey is setting up parties around town at venues like *Club NY*. Keep track of his success and get free downloads at earjuice.com. On the other side of the Ave. was another unexpected transplant adding to the scene. **Tim Morse**, from Manhattan, has relocated to Logan, opening up *Why Sound*, a state-of-the-art recording studio with an attached live music space. They record and host both local and touring bands nightly. Check their site whysound.com for line-ups and studio availability. Next, we popped into *Earthly Awakenings*, your one-stop head shop for tobacco, tie-dye, crystals, leather jackets and chaps, for some reason and, of course, pipes, lots of them. The craziest part of the store was the "witchy woman" shelves sporting mason jars of cats claw, fever few, calendula and other various Wiccan sundries.

Wrapping up our day on the Avenue, we closed the night at *Mulligan's Social Club*, Logan's only cocktail/night club/neighborhood bar. I was surprised to find about 40 people patronizing on a Sunday night including a wedding party, local DJs just hangin', shaved headed chicks, the over-50 swinger set and an ultra cool barmaid named **Erica**. We gossiped over Mai Tais about the locals, her recent graduation from fashion design and where the cool kids get their hair did, which is by tattooed hunk **Shane** at *Phiva*. Eavesdropping on conversations around the bar, I learned about the just-

bitchin' sweater I scored, there was the teenage tranny on one side of the store and the small polygamist family of 20 on the other. The juxtaposition would provide the diversity I would need in order to live in such a place.

We ended our staycation at friends **Michelle** and **DJ Keeb**'s house. They treated us to bong hits and beats on his in-house wheels-of-steel while we waited out a storm to head back down Sardine and reflect on Logan's many delights. If I moved here I'd want to buy the abandoned roller rink on First and Center. I'd open a skate nightclub and call it High Rolla.



Photo: Dave Brewer

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Etnies.com



Photo: Swainston

When it comes to a collaboration shoe, you can't ask for something better than *Etnies* and *Black Label*. The **Perro** collaboration has actually surprised me. Generally when you buy a Sole Tech. pair of shoes (éS, *Etnies*, *America*) you can expect about three good days of skateboarding, then about a week of rapid depreciation, which is always a big damn disappointment. But that's not the case here! The Perro comes with the always-appreciated G2 heel-support system, along with something I have never had before, an STI foam insole. The STI technology is something that I suggest you try out for yourself, it's supportive, yet allows good board-feel, and they took the time to give it a specific name, so you know it's gotta be good. Along all of the tech crap they shoved into this shoe it also looks good: classic black and white colorway with a side panel all-over *Black Label* print. Overall it's a durable, technically advanced skate shoe with a functional shape and a snazzy look. —Kenny J.

Transworld Skateboarding

Polaroid Tee
Skateboarding.transworld.net



Photo: Swainston

Keeping a *Polaroid* log of skatespots is something I've always wanted to do but never really

got around to. Now, thanks to *TWS* I don't have to bother, at least when it comes to epic Barcelona spots. Printed on the front of the shirt is just about every spot I've ever wanted to skate in Barcelona. The only things missing are the addresses to each spot. However, as the saying goes a picture is worth a thousand words, so next time I'm roaming the Barcelona streets I can just point to the pictures and say "puede usted tomarme aqui?"

—Swainston

Iblink

Iblink headphones
Myiblinkusa.com

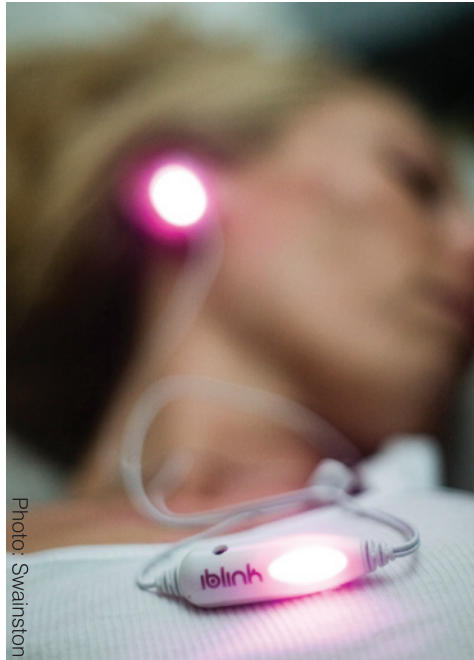


Photo: Swainston

At first glance I was like, "you gotta be kiddin me, why would I ever need my headphones to light up?" I can't even see the lights, so that means it's only about style. The headphones blink to the beat of whatever song is playing on your media device at that particular moment. The blinking of the lights to **T.I.** was the best, in my opinion. They come with a cable that you plug into your computer so you can charge them and continue to be seen in the night, no battery needed. The quality on the sound is actually pretty good, better than some others that I've had in the past. All in all, I think that if you're tryin' to make yourself seen while you're listening to music these are perfect, or if you've got some friends that like to trip out, you could give them some weird light show ... I don't know. —Hehshun

Transworld Skateboarding

Right Foot Forward
Skateboarding.transworld.net

I give this video the rating just under turkey—you know, the one *The Deseret News* has only dared give once to that epic western *Brokeback Mountain*. This vid deserves the "suck dick" rating, it's just plain bland. First off, **Cory Duffel** is a trashy faggot, his style is so terrible I can't believe he got a part in a *TWS* video. I grew up in an age where **Cardiel**, **Kirchart** and **Dollin** had parts in the same VHS cassette, so there will always be hate in my heart for the racist Duff. It's insulting that he would have a token African American friend trick in his part. Then there's Bucky (**Joey Brezinski**), more

like sucky, who skates so slow I just fast forwarded his part. Jahmal or whatever his name is (**Kellen James**) had a decent part but once again nothing to be excited about. You can just tell every trick took him a bazillion trys. Remember when **Drehobl** had the opening part? The music in this crap shoot was god awful as well. But at last there is some good news: **Matt Beach** has a good song and classic skating, but not enough to carry the whole vid. In conclusion, *Transworld* has fallen off and if they're a wheel in skateboard culture, this attempt at pleasing the masses is barfadelic. —Tully Flynn

Etnies Apparel

Growler Hoodie and Premium Denim
Etnies.com



Photo: Swainston

The *Etnies Growler Hoodie* is the only hoodie I've worn for over a week, and it's probably one of the only hoodies I'll wear all winter. It's comfortable, really warm, and looks good. The pockets are front flap cargo-style with dual entry (dual entry means behind each cargo pocket there is a standard sweatshirt pocket as well, not the thing you were thinking) which I love because the cargo pockets give the hoodie a really cool look, and it's also really comfortable to let your hands chill in the sweatshirt pockets. The zipper has a snap front closure, making it look more like a peacoat than a hoodie. Finally, the shoulders have a more square cut to them, adding another peacoat-esque feature that I thoroughly enjoy. You're probably already looking for it online, in which case you've probably already found out that it's no longer available online, so you'll have to try your luck at *Milosport*, *Salty Peaks* or any of the other numerous skate shops that populate the Salt Lake Valley. However, I wasn't quite as impressed with the *Premium Denim*. I'm not one of those tight-jean-wearing types, but even I had to take these babies in at the seam to get them to fit how I like. I mean, I can handle a little bit baggy, but these things made my legs look like a post-lipo **Michael Moore**. One thing I will say in their favor is that it's refreshing to have a pair of jeans with a zipper-fly as opposed to a button-fly. I feel like the denim world went into this button-fly craze and believe me, it looks cool, but that's where it ends. Button-flies have zero functionality whatsoever and I will avoid them whenever possible. —Proctor

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GAME REVIEWS



Halo: You best hope you have a light, Bub.

Halo 3: ODST

Bungie Software/Microsoft

Reviewed on: Xbox 360 (Exclusive)

Street: 09.22

Like the *Super Mario Bros.* franchise, the Halo series is a bloated cash cow waiting to be squeezed into any format that'll produce revenue. This newest addition to the Halo universe offers players a condensed campaign that stars an ODST (Orbital Drop Shock Trooper) rookie in search of his missing platoon on the shadowy surface of New Mombasa, which is currently inhabited by the evil Covenant. As clues of their whereabouts are located, action-packed flashbacks are initiated for gamers to relive the squad's earlier perils. The campaign itself disappoints in terms of length as the average completion time is roughly four hours, but that reason alone shouldn't deter you from purchasing this innovative accomplishment. Bungie's designers have successfully leaped mountainous hurdles in the art direction department by providing unsettling city landscape visuals that are nothing less than breathtaking. The primary reason to acquire this product is for the fresh multi-player aspects that include a four-person co-op campaign addition and the new Firefight mode that pits friends against wave after increasingly difficult wave of adversaries in various quarantined arenas. The positive features certainly outweigh the negative in this latest episode that's sure to subdue fanatics' anticipation for the next full-course installment due to release in 2010. —Jimmy Martin

Need for Speed: Shift

Slightly Mad Studios/Electronic Arts

Reviewed on: PC

Also on: Xbox 360, PS3, PSP

Street: 09.15

Okay, so I know you're skeptical. "Great, another lame racing game by those cock-masters at EA," you're probably thinking. Sure, I don't blame you: For as long as I can remember, the

(54) SaltLakeUnderGround

Need for Speed series has left even the most forgiving racing-sim fan droopy and flaccid. Oh, how things have changed, my friends. EA finally wised the hell up and got Slightly Mad Studios on board. Just like how they showed off their race-sim prowess with *GT Legends* and *GTR 2*, *Shift* changes the whole mood of the series. Gone are the fake and arcade-like street races in random urban locales. All of that has been replaced with hyper-realistic physics, absolutely stunning graphics, and ultra-customizable cars. Seriously, the *NFS* series has gone from suck to kick-fucking-ass.

Even though everything from the physics to the sound and graphics is much more realistic, the game remains very accessible to even the most novice of racing-sim players. Your grandma might still play the game like she drives cars in real life (heinously), but almost anyone else can easily get hooked on this game with almost no trouble at all. If you're mad at how the series has been as of late, I urge you to give it another chance. —Ross Solomon

Scribblenauts

5th Cell/Warner Bros. Interactive

Reviewed on: DS (Exclusive)

Street: 09.15

In the world of *Scribblenauts*, your only weapon is your imagination. Luckily, your imagination can summon everything from sniper rifles to spaceships to mangos to velociraptors to snorkels and anything else your feeble mind can think of, and probably some shit you'll never think of (one word: *Cthulu*). As the game's chicken-hat wearing protagonist, you have been tasked with retrieving magical stars (Starites) from each level with only your item-summoning notepad to help you solve a variety of puzzles. The goals range from simple, like rescuing a cat in a tree, to crazy-fucking ridiculous, like transporting three criminals from the bowels of hell to the pearly gates. The game features thousands of objects which can be conjured up



Wet: I could grow to like Ruby if she wasn't stuck inside such a crappy video game.

via the touch screen and stylus, but moving the protagonist around and getting the objects to work the way you want them to can be frustrating. You'll eventually find yourself falling back on some standbys (I never thought I'd get tired of blackholes or pegasi), but each puzzle can be solved by an almost innumerable variety of objects. *Scribblenauts* is hugely ambitious, and even if it is a bit cutesy and features semi-maddening controls, its strengths greatly outweigh its weaknesses. —Ricky Vigil

Wet

Artificial Mind and Movement/Bethesda

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3

Street: 09.15

I envision a future in which jumping sideways in slow motion and shooting your dual pistols is no longer the epitome of cool. **The Matrix** was a sweet movie, I think we can all agree, but **Keanu** did that limbo over a decade ago. It's high time we let the "bullet-time" trend go. The bad boy developers at A2M, however, feel much differently. *Wet* would have us believe slow-mo gun fights aren't a hackneyed gimmick—they're a God damn institution. They must be expanded upon! We're talkin' slow-mo knee slides, slow-mo wall runs, and slow-mo, um, swords! In fact, *Wet* uses so much slow-mo that trying to fight in regular-mo is pretty much useless, and you get shot to death in seconds. This concept hits flat-out boring by the end of the first level. The decent artistic presentation and unusually coherent storyline might keep you going for a few more levels, but by around the 500th time you knee slide and shoot somebody or wall run and shoot somebody you'll decide enough's damn well enough. *Wet* aims at being a style-drenched shoot-em-up and fails even at that—maybe the problem was picking such a mediocre genre to begin with. —Jesse Hawlish

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MOVIE REVIEWS

Adventures of Power

Variance Films
In Theaters: 10.23



Ari Gold's directorial debut tells the story of Power (Ari Gold), a New Mexico miner, and his aspirations to become the world's greatest air drummer. The story sounds ludicrous, and it is, but sometimes those are the best types of films. Unfortunately, this one refrains from falling into that category. I understand the desire to test the limits on absurdness and the yearning to be so outrageous you're funny, but the script and its cast misses the beat on 95% of the punchlines. It's abundantly clear that Gold watched *Napoleon Dynamite* and *Air Guitar Nation* and thought it would be clever to fuse the two together. It wasn't. There are a handful of gimmicks that'll make the audience chuckle, but the leftover gags will undoubtedly produce nothing more than uncomfortable silences. The majority of the production resembles an awful Saturday Night Live sketch, but instead of having the ability to change the channel, a punishment of 89 minutes of agonizing attempts at comedy is enforced. The film's strongest element ironically comes from its powerful soundtrack. Seriously, who can resist the sounds of Loverboy, Judas Priest, Rush, or Phil Collins? Wait, scratch that last one. —Jimmy Martin

Law Abiding Citizen

Overture Films
In Theaters: 10.16

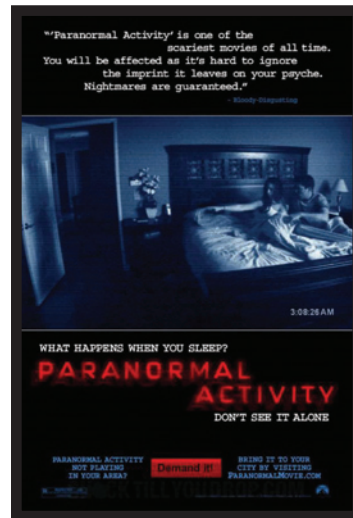
(56) SaltLakeUnderGround



Sorry ladies, but the truth is that hell hath no fury like a married father whose family was butchered right before his eyes. A year after the murder of his wife and daughter, Clyde Shelton (Gerard Butler) works diligently with Assistant District Attorney Nick Rice (Jamie Foxx) to bring the apprehended criminals to justice, but once vital evidence is deemed inadmissible, a plea bargain is established, sending one culprit to death row and the other back to the street. This does not sit well with Shelton at all. A decade passes, and a series of elaborate murders ignites, involving anyone connected to the trial. Our scorned widower obviously becomes the prime suspect, but after his arrest, the slaughter somehow continues. As the pile of bodies grows larger, the suspected killer reveals an alluring message, "It's not what you know, it's what you can prove." The film starts off solid with a handful of unexpected twists and turns and a slew of shocking death sequences, but the contrived declaration of tearing down the entire justice system collapses upon itself in a heap of gavels and black robes. It's as though John Grisham sardonically wrote the screenplay for *Saw VII* and sold it under the title *Law Abiding Citizen*. Butler outshines Foxx and provides a captivating depiction of an average man driven to insanity, but the final abysmal punch comes from the tightly wrapped ending topped with a bow large enough to make St. Nick throw up, leaving this pompous story down for the count. —Jimmy Martin

Paranormal Activity

Paramount
In Theaters: 10.09



I can appreciate the feat of producing a feature-length horror film for \$11,000, but what I can't condone is overlooking the lack of creativity in said production that generates a heightened sense of anticipation that goes entirely nowhere. Micah (Micah Sloat) and Katie (Katie Featherston), a San Diego couple engaged to be engaged, move in together in their cookie cutter home to take one step closer to commitment. As the nights drift by, random noises, thought to be rambunctious neighborhood kids, disturb the couple enough to purchase a video camera to document the nocturnal commotions, but the events they capture cannot be described as anything of this world. As the various demonic acts are revealed, from beastly groans to slamming doors, their haunting effectiveness is immediately diminished by the couple's unrealistic reactions, brought on by mediocre acting, and the repeated examinations of the recently divulged footage. Attempting to mimic *The Blair Witch Project*'s inventive style of filmmaking, one can't help but think the ruse has already been performed before and much more powerfully at that. It's as though two magicians execute the same ploy, only the second attempt is performed by Criss Angel. To top everything off, the climactic finale, which was completely altered from its

2008 Slamdance version at the suggestion of Steven Spielberg, proves yet again that the improper use of CGI can substantially hinder a film, rather than propel it. —Jimmy Martin

The Stepfather

Screen Gems
In Theaters: 10.16



Generally, stepfathers receive a bad rap in today's society and it's a shame. They're commonly the initial suspect in criminal cases involving their new family, they're the most frequent guests on The Maury Povich Show (next to knocked up 15-year-olds), and they've now been represented in not one, not two, not three, but four substandard horror films that haven't been updated content-wise in the slightest since the original premiered 22 years ago. This time around, there's no debate on whether or not David Harris (Dylan Walsh) is a psychopath as he exits the house of his former family on Christmas morning with their lifeless bodies scattered about during the opening credits. Now, with a shaved face and a new set of colored contacts, David sets his sights on divorcee Susan (Sela Ward) and her three children. While the mother and her two youngest don't pose a threat to the deadly routine, Michael (Penn Badgley), the oldest, rebellious sibling who's recently returned from a stint at military school, begins to dig into his future stepfather's past and unravels a coil of secrets some

would rather leave untouched. For a film about a sadistic murderer, you'd think the death sequences would be somewhat elaborate, especially with the Saw franchise's graphic arrival, but a toss down a staircase, a plastic bag over the head, and a deliberate drowning is all that's allotted. Thanks B-movie horror flick that belongs in 1986 on USA's *Up All Night* with **Rhonda Shear**. Not even **Amber Heard**'s bikini-clad ass can salvage this expired concept no matter how many times she skips across the screen. —*Jimmy Martin*

Where the Wild Things Are
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 10.16



From the distribution companies' logos being plastered with childish doodles to the opening sequence presenting a feral boy (clothed in the legendary wolf costume with fork in hand) aggressively wrestling his dog to the floor, it's abundantly clear this isn't your typical juvenile children's film that's been plaguing theaters for the past two decades. Director **Spike Jonze** has adapted and cleverly expanded **Maurice Sendak**'s 48-page children's book into his own flawless captivation of a child's limitless imagination. Max (**Max Records**) is a lonesome yet rambunctious kid whose only form of solace comes from the direct attention of his forlorn single mother. After throwing a tantrum in the presence of her boyfriend, Max runs away into the nearby woods only to discover a boat on the opposite side that transports him to a mythical land of infinite freedom. Upon his arrival, Max comes across a dysfunctional family of creatures in need of a leader that'll "keep all the sadness away," and after the boy's confident guarantees and assurances, the beasts unanimously declare their new arrival king.

The raw production value and astonishing cinematography, captured by **Lance Acord**, add to the comedic/melancholic mixture of tones, giving the production a matured ambience not effectively utilized since 1984's *The Neverending Story*. Add the **Jim Henson Creature Shop**'s superior costuming craftsmanship and a delightfully eccentric soundtrack provided by the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs'** **Karen O**, and the components unite to perfectly conceptualize Jonze's interpretation and offer a cinematic experience that'll transport audiences to a long forgotten initiative ... quality moviemaking for both young and old to enjoy. —*Jimmy Martin*

Whip It
Fox Searchlight Pictures
In Theaters: 10.02



If you've never taken the opportunity to witness the brutal yet alluring sport of roller derby with the local **Salt City Derby Girls**, you may want to before you check out the somewhat watered down version of the game in **Drew Barrymore**'s directorial debut, *Whip It*. Bliss Cavendar (**Ellen Page**) is a rebellious teenager who's unsure of where the small town of Bodeen, Texas will take her in life (hint: it's nowhere). Her overbearing mother with 50s-woman ideals, pushes for beauty pageants and tea party socials, but the wandering teen craves something more radical. After stumbling upon a flyer announcing an upcoming roller derby match in downtown Austin, the search for a new life concludes and a life of bumps and bruises with her new family, the Hurl Scouts, begins. Clearly written with the easily excitable female population in mind, the feel good story places a smile on both sexes' faces, especially with the endearing performance provided by **Daniel Stern** as the optimistic father any kid would want. Essentially, the

film is *Coyote Ugly* on roller skates. It comes complete with montages and a predictable template of characters, but where the mind-numbing bartenders fall short, Barrymore succeeds with cutesy girl-power moments, an obnoxious yet likable ring announcer played by **Jimmy Fallon**, and an interesting take on how a loving family can still hide secrets from one another. —*Jimmy Martin*

Zombieland
Columbia
In Theaters: 10.02



There are two types of films that have round-the-clock VIP status located directly in my heart: zombie flicks and movies with an amusement park setting. The two utopian categories have always remained separate, leaving enough space in there for functional operation, but with newcomer director **Ruben Fleischer**'s flawless collaboration of both genres, I think I might need medical attention stat. Neurotic virgin and Texan college student, Columbus (**Jesse Eisenberg**), lives by a stringent set of rules and guidelines (Don't be a hero, Wear seatbelts, Travel light, etc...) in order to survive in the blood-soaked land of the walking dead that was spawned by a tainted hamburger and a mutated form of mad-cow disease. After stumbling upon Tallahassee (**Woody Harrelson**), a reckless gun-toting redneck, and two deceiving con artist sisters, Wichita (**Emma Stone**) and Little Rock (**Abigail Breslin**), the foursome travel cross-country together to Los Angeles' Pacific Playland, an alleged zombie-free paradise. From the well-crafted pop culture enriched screenplay to the constant humorous interactions between the dastard Eisenberg and the snide Harrelson, the film avails on all aspects, especially with the greatest cameo appearance of all time. It's barbarous, brilliant, and a bloody, bloody blast! —*Jimmy Martin*

YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

This is your future if birth control fails.

Astro Boy
Summit Entertainment
In Theaters: 10.23

If there's any type of film on the market that's made the largest advancements in overall production quality and general acceptance among audiences in the past decade, it's animated features. While some will be regarded as monumental achievements in cinema (i.e. *Wall-E*) others continue to remain dull and disappointing (i.e. *Astro Boy*). In the futuristic floating metropolis of Metro City, boy genius Toby (**Freddie Highmore**) desperately wants to follow in the footsteps of his brilliant father, Dr. Tenma (**Nicolas Cage**), but after a tragic event takes the life of the boy wonder, the grief-stricken father constructs a weaponized robotic replacement of the child to mend his shattered existence. However, as the cyborg repeatedly, albeit unintentionally, hinders the doctor's plans, the decision is made to banish the contraption to the garbage-filled surface below, but not before the corrupt General Stone (**Donald Sutherland**) obtains the machine's

unique power source. Director **David Bowers**' tale of loss and acceptance has the framework of a succinct and poignant production, but its lack of detailed content with copious amounts of filler material deteriorate its chances of becoming anything more than ordinary. To make matters worse, while the entire cast delivers only humdrum vocal performances, Cage leads the charge with a laughable, monotone, lackluster spectacle. —*Jimmy Martin*



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BOOK REVIEWS

Hakuin's Precious Mirror Cave: A Zen Miscellany Edited/Translated by Norman Waddell

Counterpoint Press
[Street: 08.11]

Hakuin Ekaku was an 18th century Japanese master of the Rinzai school of Zen Buddhism. Considered responsible for reviving and bringing Rinzai into the modern era, he was a prolific writer, painter and calligrapher. You may know his work in the form of the famous "One Hand Clapping" Zen kōan. Collected here, much of it for the first time, are several key works which are instrumental for the Zen student and practitioner including, "The Tale of My Childhood," "Idle Talk on the Night Boat," and the eponymous "An Account of the Precious Mirror Cave." Norman Waddell's English translation is excellent and succeeds in not being overly vague or strange, like so many others. He has done his best to convey complicated ideas from a language with completely different structures and units of meaning into our own. That being said, this book will be difficult to get through for the casual reader. Only someone really serious about Zen is going to have the resolve to force a way through these longwinded stories and treatises. The autobiographical writings and kōans (short poems meant to be rigorously repeated) are surprisingly practical and will be helpful for any devotee, but someone with a more casual interest would do better to pick up *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* by Robert M. Pirsig first (even though that's not really about Zen). —Rio Connelly

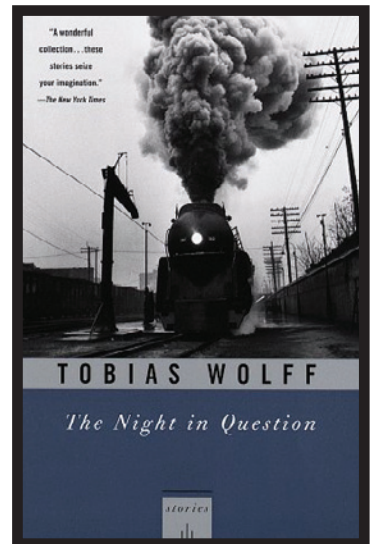
Last Shop Standing: A Journey Through an Industry in Turmoil Graham Jones

Proper [Street 04.06]

The music industry can be a cruel mistress. This book attempts to document just how cruel she can be and for the most part author Graham Jones is able to communicate that. The problem is that Jones really isn't a writer—he's a guy with a lot of work stories that he tries to weave into one narrative. Some of the tales are great, but they don't fit together quite as well as intended. Jones starts off as an independent record seller (think swap meet) who takes a job in a record store. From there, he becomes the store manager, manages a "famous" rock band on the side (the **Cherry Boys**? Never heard of 'em) and eventually takes a job as a record company representative. There are stories involving the decadence of a touring band, some that deal with

the peculiar people who buy and sell records, and some interesting ways of dealing with shoplifters, smelly customers and seemingly illiterate roadies. As a simple collection of stories, the book is fantastic, but as a commentary on the current state of the record industry, it falls short. Honestly, no one cares about what Graham Jones's position is on illegal downloading or customer service. No one even knows who the hell he is. He and I do agree on one thing though: the plural of vinyl is vinyl. Please, for god's sake, don't call them "vinyls". Better yet, don't use the word vinyl at all. Just call them records. Thank you. —James Bennett

The Night In Question Tobias Wolff Vintage Contemporaries [Street: 09.1997]



Some may be content to place Tobias Wolff as simply another member of the **Dirty Realism** school. However, Wolff is different than, say, **Bukowski** or **Carver**. Instead of sacrificing the ancillary detail of his stories, Wolff paints them in the background, almost invisible to the casual reader. Stories like "Mortals", "The Other Miller", and "Lady's Dream" illustrate a refreshing angle on sadness, neither Wagnerian nor cheap, but as resolved and reserved as the terminally ill might be. Wolff, like Carver, recognizes that, ultimately, the greatest tragedies are not those that come all of a sudden like a thief in the night or a cataclysmic asteroid. Rather, they are those we live with on a quotidian basis, which replenish themselves with the same regularity as the widow's oil cruise. Unlike Carver, the details of Wolff's woes are not removed—merely hidden. —JR Boyce

BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

In honor of the passing of this year's farmer's market, I figured I would do some reviews about beers that were brewed fresh, and what style is better than fresh-hopped ales? Before I get carried away with that beer business, the fine folks at SLUG have given me more than enough space on this page to get some shit off my chest. Listen, I like the farmers market—what I don't like is people who see the farmers market and say, "Hey, I think I want to walk my dog around in crowded areas and ensure that it shits in prime pedestrian walkways, and while I am at it I think I will bring the kids—well fuck, all the kids: neighbor kids, kidnapped kids, the entire SLC grammar school's student body while I am at it, but only if they are loud and obnoxious. If I need to keep track of them I think I will just strap them into a quadruple wide stroller or tie them onto a fetus leash so they act like a bunch of little bolas tripping down bystanders and innocent people."

All of that aside, I am a fan of the farmers market, just not suburban housewives. On to the beer. The selection we have lined up have all used hops that were either purchased from our new local hop grower or "acquired" from back alleys and back canyons of this fine state. They were all picked by locals and the brewers themselves.

Radius

Brewer/Brand: Desert Edge

Abv: 4.0%

Serving Style: On-Tap

Description: The color is a light straw with a bright white head that leaves a quarter inch of foam with some lacing around the pint. The aroma is dominated by peaches, tangerines and then the smallest amount of malt. The drink is not so much on the bitter side, but more filled with sweet fruity complexities, moderate malt and a crisp finish.

Overview: Short of the great drinkability of this beer, the major identifier is the fact that it is 100% local. From the brewer: "This is a 100% local beer, with all ingredients coming from within 150 miles of the brewery." Cheers to **Chris Haas** (Head Brewer) for keeping it as local as it gets.

Hop Bandit

Brewer/Brand: Wasatch Brewery

Abv: 4.0%

Serving Style: On-Tap



Description: Cloudy and deep orange in color, this beer is intensely ripe in the aromatics. The nose is filled with grassy apricots and oranges and this hidden backing of sweet malts. The flavor is rich in fruity sweetness, put off by the fresh hops with a definite sweetness that makes this very session-able.

Overview: **Matt Beamer** and **Ray Madsen**, along with a handful of others, laboriously plucked all the hops for this seasonal batch. Beamer found the hops from all around the Park City valley. A true local brew. The greatest eye opener about this beer is the extreme characteristics that Utah-grown hops can put off in a beer. Let's hope that this is a new regular in the seasonal releases from the guys in Park City.

Brewers Select

Brewer/Brand: RedRock

Abv: 4.0%

Serving Style: On-Tap

Description: Fresh off the tap, this wet-hopped ale pours a hazy orange with copper hues and an off-white pillowy head. The nose is dominated by floral hops and a lemony pinch with a nice malt undertone. The flavor is moderate in bitterness with a lot of grassy hop characteristics to finish with a sweet malt backing.

Overview: This brew was made with local organic hops grown by **High Desert Hops** in West Valley City, Utah. At only their first year in production, it is cool to see that there are already some breweries using their hops. I am excited to see where they go from here. On to the beer, the lightly sweet malt backing made this a killer pairing with their Creamy Pear with Bleu Cheese soup. This is released shortly behind their seasonal **Harvest Ale**, so we will have to see how it matches up.

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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

AM Revelator

Self-titled

Self-released

Street: 08.09

AM Revelator = Queens of the Stone Age + Angus Khan



At first listen, AM Revelator is pretty generic. Their riffs are boring, the vocals don't stand out and the songs don't do much moving. Repeated listens melt away the initial malaise and show a mature sense of song crafting. The lyrics are decent, but nothing to be too proud of. Groove makes its way past the lame effects and paper bass drum to give a good head nod. The semi-**Sabbath** riff in "Smash" is homage to the progenitors of metal, but the remainder of the song is a bland slice of Brit blues pie. If these Ogden boys would venture outside of their local watering hole and watch some of the young bucks on the all-age circuit, they might be able pull their heads out and capitalize on their potential. —Nick Parker

Little Sap Dungeon/ Perception Cleanse

Perception

:Split:

Dungeon Recordings/Backscatter

Street: 10.07

Little Sap Dungeon/Perception Cleanse Perception = Front Line Assembly (pre-Millennium) + Velvet Acid Christ + Bile + Hocicio



Little Sap Dungeon, also known as LSD, definitely went all out for this **:Split:** release that comes packaged in a metal case/box chained shut with a small padlock with its own personal key. To put it simply, this is dark industrial music, locally created, that fits easily into the international scene and is just as potent, if not more so, than some of the bigger names in the underground. LSD is made up of **K.J. Cazier** and **A.E. Wilson**, while PCP is the sole creation of Cazier but described as an offshoot of material that doesn't fit the vibe of LSD. The package has three CDs of dark primal horror-drenched sounds, some structured and others taking the ambient or just angry realm. One CD is a re-issued album of LSD, the other new material from PCP. There are other unreleased remixes and rare tracks plus a DVD of live performances and interview footage also included. LSD and PCP provide dark music for dark minds. —Bryer Wharton

Spiral Diary Beautiful Divide

Someday Records

Street: 06.18

Spiral Diary = Dashboard Confessional + Saves the Day + Plain White T's



This CD was a cringefest. Emo, as a genre, is sort of embarrassing by definition, even at its best, and bad emo music is so mortifying that it makes me want to curl up in a fetal position. I don't understand—why did this even get made? Why did anyone think that lyrics like "If it seems too good to be true, / it's probably too good to be true" needed to be sung by a dude with an annoyingly nasal breathy voice? Why, then, were flaccid, mealy acoustic guitar chords added? The whole venture is just confusing and awkward. —Cléa Major

Steady Machete Riots

Independent

Street: 11.17

Steady Machete = Interpol + The Cure + Talking Heads



I normally find dancey indie bands really annoying, but Steady Machete is awesome. They are tight as hell and use elements in every song that keep me interested. It's like a little bit less technical **Minus the Bear**. **Eric Hofer's** vocals have all the conviction and vulnerability of **David Byrne's** shaky vocals, yet still add an original element. The breakdown in "Riots" is a perfect example of what kind of newness Steady Machete brings to their genre. Each song has an original guitar part to prevent the album from becoming monotonous or boring. The one criticism I have is that they use the same tonal vibe throughout the entire album, but overall it doesn't affect the listening experience. You can't hate a band for keeping things cohesive. —Jon Robertson

Such Vengeance

The Time is Now

Self-released

Street: 09.11

Such Vengeance = Lamb of God + Killswitch Engage + Separation of Self



If you're a fan of modern melodic metalcore, Such Vengeance has created an album worth listening to. The five piece band from Pleasant Grove sounds like a band that could be signed with the likes of **Roadrunner, Victory**, or **Solid State** records. Truthfully, it's their loss they didn't sign this band. I'd rather listen to the

songwriting and true grit pissed off thrash n' core of Such Vengeance than some of the tripe the bigger indie labels are touting as true angst. The production, while not as thickened as the band's peers, works well for the album and the band's sound, giving it a rawer edge instead of sounding micro-chip, clean-room clean. The only real complaint here is that clean singing needs a little bit more confidence—the vocalist goes a bit wavery and uneasy sounding, and it plays out as sounding inexperienced. Other than that, if you like the genre these guys play there's enjoyment to be had here.

—Bryer Wharton

Until Further Notice The Rules of the Game

Self-released

Street: 04.09

Until Further Notice = Simple Plan + Blink 182 + Sum 41



Until Further Notice is the perfect band. There, I said it. If I knew nothing about music, I might mean it. The songs these guys play are retardedly sophomoric and lack any musical talent beyond beginner-level teenage rock camp. You know that friend of a friend who is overly aggressive and wears the Tapout shirts, but goes tanning more than your little sister? He's always talking about how he likes "wicked-heavy bands" and headbangs to anything with shitty distortion. This guy loves Until Further Notice. If **Nickelback** had vaginas instead of post-**Bon Jovi** cock rock, they would be Until Further Notice. If you're into wearing sweater vests (not in the ironic indie way, but the GAP-store, yuppie way) and love AMFs at **Liquid Joe's**, saddle up for some "heavy" rockin'! —Nick Parker

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CD REVIEWS

Arrington de Dionyso *Malaikat dan Singa*

K Records

Street: 11.03

Arrington de Dionyso = Tom Waits + Kongar-ol Ondar

This is **Old Time Relijun** front man Arrington de Dionyso's third solo release and it's miles away from being accessible. This is bizarre avant-garde jazz with Arrington's eerie throat singing (all in Indonesian). There's something about a repetitive, layering goose-like squawk of the bass clarinet on "Mani Malaikat": after a while it begins to sound like you're surrounded by 50 ships blowing their foghorns at you all at once. It's abrasive and it's fucking creepy. The instrumental "Mencerminkan Mahkota Kotor" is like a confrontation between two rival gangs of African elephants fighting over territory. "Rasa Sentuh" has a killer psychedelic intro—too bad it's short lived. Point being, this is not for everyone. Arrington is always looking for a listener who's up for the challenge. —Courtney Blair

Brother Ali *US*

Rhymesayers

Street: 09.22

Brother Ali = KRS-One + Jedi Mind Tricks + Atmosphere



Brother Ali is without a doubt one of the best in the industry right now. In a time when hip hop gets progressively worse, Ali delivers. In his latest album, *US*, Ali lets you know just how versatile his storytelling is. On "Fresh Air" he lets you know much he loves his life. On "Babygirl" he tells the story of convincing a girl who was sexually molested to feel genuine love again. Ali touches on subjects most rappers wouldn't dare. Even on a track titled "The Travelers," Ali tells (62) SaltLakeUnderGround

the story of slavery from both sides and does it over a beat that involves a xylophone. Taking a huge step forward, Ali talks less about himself and more about socially relevant issues without sounding like he's preaching. Not a feat easily accomplished. Not only is Ali lyrically ahead of the game, but with beats provided by **Ant** of Atmosphere, the entire album rises to a different level. *US* is Ali's best album yet. —Jeremie Sprankle

Capgun Coup *Maudlin*

Team Love Records

Street: 11.03

Capgun Coup = Fresh & Onlys + Kill Surf City

Punkrockabillysurf seems like a just word for the works of Capgun Coup. Screeching vocals mixed with old-time rock n' roll in "Computer Screens And TVs" are followed by bearded, hillbilly-pitched vocals and tinkering piano in "Ari Are We." "When I'm Gone" and "Breaks No Heart of Mine" bring the use of spooky reverb, vintage synth and a bit of banjo. Inconsistent or maybe drunken-experimental—there isn't a definite genre to attach to all 14 songs. If you think about it too much, then you are defeating the purpose. Have fun. Start dancing, dammit! —Jessica Davis

Chll Pll *Aggressively Humble*

Porter Records

Street: 10.20

Chll Pll = Hella + Hexlove

They totally should have called this band "Zach Attack" (**Zach Hill** from Hella + **Zachary Nelson** from Hexlove are on it), but "Chll Pll" does have a lot of Google-ability going for it, so props for that. As you might expect from an album featuring Hill, many of the beats are over-caffeinated and hyper-busy, treading dangerously close to the "dude, too much" line that separates **Neil Peart** and his ilk from everyone else. Fortunately, most of these busy moments are matched in intensity and sheer volume by a rainbow of keyboard sounds, disintegrating static textures, and pancake-stacked vocal hooks set against them, forming an enormously massive and detailed wall of brightly colored grit. ROYGBIV, ya'll. Some of the down-tempo moments are almost pop, even if the chorus "no dick moves" probably wouldn't

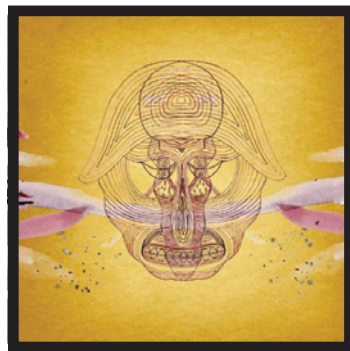
fly too far on the radio. Next time your fixie gets a flat and you can't make it over to No Brow, blast this album as a substitute. —Ryan Fedor

Devandra Banhardt *What Will Be*

Street: 10.27

Warner Brothers

Devandra Banhardt = Summer Camp + the 70s



It would be easy to hate anyone on Warner Bros these days, but it's hard to when the artist is dreamy-eyed Banhardt. His pop confections can be consumed on tween/mini-hipster movies like *Nick and Nora's Infinite Playlist* and other shitty movies I've seen, but let's not get carried away with hating just yet. Sometimes artists can transcend their media, i.e., **MJ**, **Gloria Estefan**, etc. Banhardt really should be given that shot. His music is a relaxing combination of Latin-influenced pop-folk with some really self-affected vocals—he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn sustaining a note if his life depended on it (whatever the fuck that means). His warbles aside, songs like "Angelika" are really very sweet and his romantic pinings don't go unappreciated, nor do his songs that just make you want to pull a flourish and shimmy like the King of Pop. —JP

deVries *Death to God*

Noise on Noise

Street: 11.09

deVries = The Turn-Ons + Built to Spill

Indie rock has been in a sad state of affairs as of late. For some reason, every douche in the scene gets a rager everytime they hear the same whiny low-fi shit repackaged again and again and again (read: **MGMT**, **Of Montreal**). For those of us who

still have a taste for indie rock with some actual depth and good instrumentation, deVries might be a nice change of pace. Former guitarist and vocalist **Travis deVries** has created an especially pleasant indie-rock affair. Much of it reminds me of **Built to Spill**, with heavy guitars and lyrics that aren't just throwaway garbage rhymes like so much else out there. Notable tracks include the remarkably orchestrated "Black Thursday Repeat," as well as "Mountain Meadows Massacre," a somber look at some Mormons of centuries past. This is definitely a rad album that deserves some attention. —Ross Solomon

El Perro Del Mar *Love Is Not Pop*

Control Group

Street: 10.20

El Perro Del Mar = Maria Taylor + Goldfrapp

Sarah Assbring, no jokes please, follows up last year's *From the Valley to the Stars* in a really fucking righteous way with her latest. Listening to the two albums side by side makes the differences notable and effective. *From the Valley* was more organ-ic and ethereal. This shorter "mini-album" is more concise and, appropriately enough, poppy. The really exciting part of the album is what happens after track seven—three great producers, among them **Dirty Disco** and **J Rintamäki**, remix tracks from the album. Unlike other release methods, these tracks aren't B-sides or available only in weird places people pretending to be DJs can find—internet blogs, or wherever the fuck they go—nay, these mixes are right on the goddamn album. The "L is for Love" remix by Dirty Disco, track eight, is one of the better ones. If *From the Valley* was too slow and boring, take *Love Is Not Pop* for a spin—it will change your mind about the lady going by the Spanish moniker The Dog of the Sea. —JP

The Fall of Troy *In the Unlikely Event*

Equal Vision

Street: 11.10

The Fall of Troy = Rush + Mars Volta

I have always had high hopes for The Fall of Troy. I feel like they're one of the newer bands around that are actually trying to create some interesting and genre-bending music. However, I feel like this band tries too

hard to be creative and interesting. They are going full speed all the time, without really slowing down in their songs to let all three members lock into a nice solid groove. I am not completely hating on these guys, though. There is part of me that loves the fact that they don't let up and consistently make some serious music. The older and more refined the band gets, the closer and closer they become to being the band I want them to be. I'm not giving up. Maybe when I am 69 they'll make my favorite album of all time. —Jon Robertson

Fuck Buttons

Tarot Sport

ATP Records

Street: 10.20

Fuck Buttons = Spacemen 3 + Mogwai + Rave beats



Reviewer admission #1: I've avoided listening to this band up until now because of their incredibly stupid name. Reviewer admission #2: I was bored by this album the first two times I listened to it. (while driving around in my car). Reviewer admission #3: I was wrong. So wrong. Wrong to avoid this band, wrong about the album being boring, and wrong to judge it after only hearing it through my car's crummy speakers. This is an album that needs to be appreciated through a powerful stereo system or headphones; the truth is in the details. Oscillating drones writhe and pulse with and against each other, burning white waves of beautifully damaged noise emerge, die, and resurrect out of their own ashes, the rhythmic hull taking a beating but constantly propelling itself through the sonic storm. Joyous and melancholy, sometimes simultaneously, one of the best albums I've heard all year. (Note: produced by **Andy Weatherall**, producer of **Primal Scream's** classic *Screamadelica*) —Ryan Fedor

Goonies Never Say Die

A Forest Without Trees

Deep Elm Records Inc.

Street: 09.07

Goonies Never Say Die = Explosions in the Sky + Muse

This young group of British post-rockers has ambition. That much is evident from their debut album,

which is rich with crashing symbols and droning guitars. A little bit of that grandeur seems to get lost in the execution though. *A Forest Without Trees* is a solid release, but not quite as full of the dramatic moments that make *Explosions in the Sky* or **Godspeed You! Black Emperor** records so addictive. When all the songs start to sound the same, I lose interest. That being said, the talent is there. I can't wait to see what these kids will do with a little more time to develop some creativity. This record is worth picking up for those new to the genre and interested in getting a gentle transition to some of the more difficult-to-digest stuff like **A Silver Mt. Zion** or **Joy Wants Eternity**. Otherwise, a little lackluster. —Rio Connelly

The Gossip

Music for Men

Columbia

Street: 10.06

The Gossip = Debbie Harry + Glass

Candy + Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Music for Men features 12 highly polished tracks produced by none other than **Rick Rubin**. This type of major label debut treatment might hurt some bands, but in the case of **Beth Ditto** and The Gossip, it only seems to have made them stronger. *Music for Men* is a disco dance party that manages to stay grounded in punk and garage rock found in past albums. The dance party really shines on "Love Long Distance," "Vertical Rhythm" and "Four Letter Word." On other tracks, the band takes it back to their more punk rock-inspired roots on songs like "2012," "Dimestore Diamond" and the bonus track, "Spare Me From the Mold." It's a much different album than they've created before, but it seems like an evolution that's headed in the right direction. —Jeanette Moses

Handful of Hate

You Will Bleed

Cruz Del Sur

Street: 11.03

Handful of Hate = Immortal + Mayhem + Dark Funeral



There're two routes to go with extreme metal—or any musical genre for that matter—the safe route, which is play a tried-and-true style that

already has fans upon fans, or try to break the mold. In the day and age of everyone bitching about the lack of original ideas and all that garbage, I'll admit I'm fine with either route as long as you play it with fervor, passion and do it pretty damn well. Italy's Handful of Hate dish out the traditional black-metal worship with a wallop and intriguing, not so run-of-the-mill lyrics, all building itself up and down in swirling chaotic fashion, resulting in a nice, non-dizzy head-spinning effect. So what if the record feels like you've heard it before? It sounds good for what it is. *You Will Bleed* packs mostly mid-tempo black-metal tunes with some blazers, all of which have that most important factor: repeated listenability enjoyment. —Bryer Wharton

Hawnay Troof

Daggers at the Moon

Retard Disco

Street: 10.22

Hawnay Troof = Dan Deacon + Why?

+ Peaches

Daggers at the Moon, the new album from **Vice Cooler's** solo project, Hawnay Troof, can best be described as an eclectic mixture of experimental rock, electronic dance music and hip hop. The vocals vary from repetitive singing to rap. The raps are laid over feel-good instrumentals, similar to **Mickey Avalon** or **Kid Cudi**. There is excessive repetition of single words and notes that call to mind some of **Animal Collective's** most disruptive songs, and broken, chopped-up beats juxtaposed with classic melodies, which is fast becoming a staple in today's expanding world of indie electronica. Overall, the album has its strong points, but it's not fantastic, or any more groundbreaking than any other experimental dance music already out there. I get the sense that it would be fun to dance to live, but as a studio recording, it doesn't have the qualities to stand out in its genre. —Jessie Wood

Hope Sandoval & the Warm Inventions

Through the Devil Softly

Nettwerk

Street: 09.29

Hope Sandoval = Mazzy Star + Mojave 3 + Galaxie 500

We've waited eight years, but oh ... my ... God ... she's back and it's time to prepare yourself for Sandoval to invade your personal space. Please, make yourself comfortable and take in that sultry whispering voice while it sends you on a journey into a mysterious slowcore world. On *Through the Devil Softly*, she teams up once again with her backing band The Warm Inventions featuring **My Bloody Valentine** drummer **Colm Ó Cíosóig**. Just as the title suggests, the imagery of Beelzebub pops up frequently, a guardian of the underworld on the tinkering music-box

rhythmic track, "Sets the Blaze" and the guaranteed-to-melt-your-heart, twang-tinged "Bluebird." "Trouble" hits and you find yourself once again paired up with Lucifer himself in a hazy and seductive waltz. It shouldn't be a surprise that the album is no departure from previous works, but why change something that's been perfected? —Courtney Blair

Immortal

All Shall Fall

Nuclear Blast

Street: 10.06

All Shall Fall = At the Heart of Winter + Damned in Black + Sons of Northern Darkness



I'm not sure if it's a good thing or not to say I was expecting the return of Norway's notorious black metal trio Immortal to sound exactly like it does on *All Shall Fall*. The album picks up exactly where the last, *Sons of Northern Darkness*, left off. While I have gotten a lot of enjoyment out of the last three albums, I'm hard pressed to call it straight-up black metal. Immortal have taken the pace down a hell of a lot and are quite content with creating slow rhythms and beats, creating war-like battle hymns that are nice and epic in sound, especially for a three-piece. *All Shall Fall* is a record of hits and misses, all played pretty safe for black-metal standards. There will be some toe-tapping and head-banging moments, but in the end, it feels like extreme metal-lite and in these days, when there's so much stuff to listen to, you'll be moving on rather than coming back to this album. —Bryer Wharton

J Dilla

Dillanthology 3

Rapster Rec.

Street: 10.13

J Dilla = The Roots + A Tribe Called Quest + Peanut Butter Wolf

The Dilla legacy lives on. Three years after his passing, J Dilla remains one of the most talented producers and DJs that hip hop will ever see. The *Dillanthology 3* showcases his solo work and collaborations with hip hop's elite, like **MF DOOM**, **Ghostface Killah**, **Rza** and even **Atmosphere**. Known for his raw style of beat-making and ability to play numerous instruments, Dilla's style will forever be sought after. Anyone

whose claims set to hip hop will already be aware of what's on this album, but regardless, this album is impressive. Tracks like "Reality Check," featuring **Black Thought** from **The Roots**, represent what hip hop would have sounded like if some rappers "who shall forever remain nameless" didn't fuck it all up. Just as a good warning, "So Far to Go" is one impressive song. With a strong baby making beat and lyrics from **Common** and **D'anaglo**, it's without a doubt the track to play as you take home the 7-Eleven Slurpee girl. —*Jermie Sprankle*

Jookabox

Dead Zone Boys

Joyful Noise Recordings

Street: 11.03

Jookabox = **Puscifer** + **Stereopathic**
Soulmanure-era Beck



If you have access to a sound system with a great subwoofer, put Jookabox on. Their tribal-infused drumming and pummeling bass lines will dip you into a deeply resonating universe. The Indianapolis rockers' third release is scattered, full of dissonant tones and interesting voicings that appear to have no grounding—that's what makes it a relief to listen to when your inbox is flooded with weird electro-dancey shit. You can dance to this, but it's less **Starfucker** and more **Social Registry**. The group is obviously very creative, as you can see from their song titles: "Evil Guh," "Zombie Tear Drops" and "XXXiawn Shell," and their themes equally intriguing—dealing with soulless dedication to a partner and, well, zombie tear drops to boot. —*JP*

Lewd Acts

Black Eye Blues

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 09.01

Lewd Acts = **NAILS** + **Modern Life Is War** + **Black Flag**

Black Eye Blues is as well crafted as you could hope a hardcore punk record to be. In the early days, hardcore punk wasn't a meal ticket, it was a form of expression for a whole generation of lost youth who couldn't really play instruments and needed to candidly shout their frustrations. Lewd Acts shouts their frustrations loud and clear, and candidly, but

also with poetic delivery. The musical abilities of hardcore musicians has improved since the 80s as well, with Lewd Acts playing fast and dirty, but musically interesting and dare I say, "progressive." Songs like "Night-Crawlers" start out in the familiar punk rock vein, but then inject a harmonized guitar line that simply nails it. Other tracks delve into emotional melodic crescendos but never lose their edge, due to the gruff vocals of **Tyler Densley** (who incidentally, is from UT) and gritty production (courtesy of **Kurt Ballou**, *God City Studios*, **Converge**). *Black Eye Blues* isn't a classic, but it's a solid, and surprisingly deep, foray into updated 80s hardcore. —*Peter Fryer*

Litany for the Whale

Dolores

Teenage Disco Bloodbath Records

Street: 09.01

Litany for the Whale = **Mastodon**

(early) + **Chaldeon** + **Glacial**

The first song on *Dolores*, "A Wake," starts out the album with a chugging, hardcore thrashfest and quickly becomes an epic build to what will typify the seven-song EP—epic, quick sludge that is as cerebral as it is visceral. The brooding feedback swells accentuate the pounding rhythms of heavy momentum, but simultaneously beautify the soft, droning guitars without emaciating them. Though LFTW resides in the state of The Governor, their sound evokes memories of long-lost SLC band Chaldeon. Scratchy vocals and an equally broken-up cadre of guitar distortion complete the aural aesthetic of *Dolores*, which finally brings something exciting to the independent heavy music world. —*Nick Parker*

No Friends

Self-Titled

No Idea

Street: 10.06

No Friends = **New Mexican Disaster Squad** + **Dag Nasty** + **Career Suicide**

Featuring three members of Orlando's woefully underrated New Mexican Disaster Squad as well as **Municipal Waste** vocalist **Tony Foresta**, No Friends are just about the most bad-ass punk band from the 80s, formed 25 years too late. Recorded in just four days and after No Friends had only three live performances under their belts, this album captures the reckless enthusiasm of punk rock at its best. Throughout their 19-minute debut, No Friends mix the anger of **Black Flag** with the snottiness of **Circle Jerks** and top it all off with the more melodic aspects of **Gorilla Biscuits** to create one of the most refreshingly familiar punk rock albums in recent memory. Don't expect to see these guys embark on a full-scale tour anytime soon, but the old-school fury provided on No Friends' debut is a great reminder of punk rock's glory days that shouldn't

be missed. —*Ricky Vigil*

Nile

Those Whom the Gods Detest

Nuclear Blast

Street: 11.03

Nile = **Vital Remains** + **Hate Eternal** + **Anata** + **ancient Egypt**

Being of the opinion that Nile peaked back in 2000 with their *Black Seeds of Vengeance* album and that they've kind of been coasting on their name and not really challenging what they could do since then, *Those Whom the Gods Detest* is a glorious tech-death surprise. The production for the album is one of its key qualities, with **Neil Kernon** at the mixing helm along with drum production coming from **Erik Rutan**. Nile got out of third gear for this record finally: it's superbly diverse, rich and lavishly heavy and most importantly, an enjoyable death-metal listen. It has echoes of the ancient epic war themes and brutality that the band displayed on their debut, *Catacombs*, guitarist **Karl Sanders** hit quite a stride in dishing out one punishing lick after another. The only real complaint I have coming from this album is that the drum sound feels a bit overdone and has that clickety-clack effect going on, especially when the double bass is blazing, all of which, after a few listens, is pretty damn forgivable. —*Bryer Wharton*

Portal

Swarth

Profound Lore

Street: 10.20

Portal = **Immolation** + **the mindset of SUNNO)))** + **Blut Aus Nord**



This monster is drenched in atmospheric, black, gooey, grit-filled sludge. It may not be the most innovative form of extreme music but its attitude takes hold of the listener and spins you around, smacking you repeatedly until you leave it in a daze and stupor wondering what you just heard and trying to make sense of it all. Australia's horrifying Portal have been perverting, and bastardizing death and black metal since 1994, but this is my first full-length encounter. The fact that the album is so non-linear and doesn't follow any sort of path just makes things that much scarier and confusing. Every

note played on the guitar sound is just off kilt from actually sounding like a normal note. Very frequent and pulsating beats swirl and swirl into manic frenzies. Portal may get the death/black metal tag, but they're just as much an atmospheric drone noise band as they are anything resembling death metal. *Swarth* is one of those records that challenges and dares listeners—whether they choose to like it or hate is up to them. —*Bryer Wharton*

The Raveonettes

In and Out of Control

Vice

Street: 10.06

The Raveonettes = **The Ronettes** + **My Bloody Valentine** + **B.R.M.C.**



The Danish duo continue to show their love of 50s girl groups, **Phil Spector** and **Mary Chain**-like fuzz on *In and Out of Control*, with a little more variety than their previous efforts. The album starts with the absurdly catchy "Bang!" sounding like it's a jingle for the latest toy that's keeping it "fa-fa-fun all summer long." The Raves also head into darker lyrical territory, but still manage to make everything infectious. Take the hyper-revenge track, "Boys Who Rape (Should All Be Destroyed)"—it leaves you asking, is it proper to bop around as **Sharin Foo** sings, "You'll never forget/Those fuckers stay in your head"? or, "Empty-hearted boys by your side/Lick your lips and fuck suicide" on "Suicide?" Yes, the Raves wear their influences on their sleeves, and seem to never change their wardrobe much, but it's clear they are comfortably in control of this prom-pop album. —*Courtney Blair*

Sea Wolf

White Water, White Bloom

Dangerbird Records

Street: 09.22

Sea Wolf = **Department of Eagles** + **Arcade Fire** + **The Shins**

White Water, White Bloom may be one in my Top Five this year. The album starts out bold with "Wicked Blood," a brilliant medley of guitar, piano, cello and chest-wrenching bass. Similar to Sea Wolf's last release, *Leaves in the River*, this album flows together like a soundtrack to a movie you wish you could live in. The soft "Orion & Dog" counters to an almost dark storm in

"O Maria!" and back again in "The Traitor." As the instruments catch you in a pleasant memory, **Alex Brown Church's** vocals blend a new appreciation for love. —*Jessica Davis*

Stationary Odyssey

Sons of Boy

Joyful Noise

Street: 11.24

Stationary Odyssey = Godspeed You! Black Emperor + Sigur Rós + Mogwai

There are so many instrumental bands out now that it seems like everybody and their creepy neighbor has started an instrumental post-metal ambient prog band. While part of me loves the eclecticism and prowess of these bands, it does become a little ho-hum when every other band is making this awesome music but without vocals. Part of me feels that these bands are lazy because the hardest part of being in a band is finding a vocalist that complements your music and that others want to hear. So I think these bands are just skipping the hard part and taking the easy route. That being said, Stationary Odyssey is definitely interesting to listen to. They mix elements of **Sonic Youth** and **Behold... The Arctopus** all into the second track, "Torticius". So even though instrumental prog bands are becoming commonplace, it's bands like Stationary Odyssey that do add some refreshment within the genre. —*Jon Robertson*

Strike Anywhere

Iron Front

Bridge 9

Street: 10.06

Strike Anywhere = Bad Religion + Propagandhi + Rise Against

After 10 years in existence, three albums and thousands of live shows, it's amazing that Strike Anywhere is able to release an album as full of fury and righteous anger as *Iron Front*. Strike Anywhere build upon the blueprint of 2006's *Dead FM* for *Iron Front*, combining the melodic tricks they learned while part of the **Fat Wreck Chords** roster with the unbridled energy of their earliest releases. The result is one of the best pure punk albums of 2009. Fist-pumping anthems like "I'm Your Opposite Number" and the circle-pit-ready "Invisible Colony" are tailor-made for the live setting, while "First Will and Testament" could've fit in perfectly on *Dead FM*. If you're tired of all of the blatant **Jawbreaker** and **Springsteen** worship running rampant in punk rock today, *Iron Front* will definitely help restore your faith in the genre. —*Ricky Vigil*

Talk Normal

Sugarland

Rare Book Room

Street 10.27

Talk Normal = DNA + Cocteau Twins + Kim Gordon-sung Sonic Youth

Let's call it no wave. There's really no way around it. Sludgy, noise-

riddled music made by a two-piece, all female art-rock band from New York City. Maybe not as musically severe as the stuff put out by **Swans** or **Lydia Lunch's** edgier, primal songs, but similar to the 1980s sound nonetheless. This disc is Talk Normal's debut full-length record and comes out just a year after the release of their *Secret Cog* EP. And where *Cog* fleshed out the post-punk side of this duo, *Sugarland* hits quite a bit harder. Nine original songs and a **Roxy Music** cover ("In every dream home a heartache") make for quite the listening experience—a bit like getting hit in the chest with a bag full of hammers. The songs are never lacking in rhythm or complexity, though these really aren't the types of songs that you find yourself humming along to later. You experience it more than you hear it. The vocals are a bit too screechy in parts for me, but overall, this drone-yet-solid release is certainly worth your while. Weighty, deafening and even punishing in parts, there's nothing normal or sweet about Talk Normal's *Sugarland*. —*James Bennett*

These Are They

Who Linger

The End Records

Street: 11.10

These Are They = Novembers Doom + Anathema (pre-Eternity) + Corpus Mortale



Chicago-based death metal yet highly doom-tinged *These Are They* have entered a pleasant limbo with their debut *Who Linger*, blending the doom-and-gloom atmosphere with traditional styles of American death metal. There are plenty of moments where it's quite hard to not feel like you're listening to the heavier portions of Novembers Doom, the members of which make up the majority of *These Are They*. When it comes down to the matter of fact with *Who Linger*—ignoring other members' bands, etc., the album is a refreshing listen of mid-tempo death metal tunes that either give off really gloomy feelings or thick, heavy, bottom-end grooves that can appease any death-head. The approach here is clean sounds instead of adding a bunch of technical guitar doodling. So what if there

are a lot of moments when you may think you're listening to Novembers Doom? A good album is a good album. —*Bryer Wharton*

Tiesto

Kaleidoscope

Ultra Records/Musical Freedom

Street: 10.06

Tiesto = Paul Oakenfold + Darude + Boys Noize

Sigur Rós frontman **Jonsi Birgisson's** ethereal croon is featured on the title track of Tiesto's newest release, *Kaleidoscope*. The man who performed for the **Dalai Lama** is now partnered with the Dutch DJ best known for producing post-rave trance and electronica and procuring a massive corporate endorsement from Armani—a calculated business move cashing in on the mainstreaming of indie rock. To raise your ire even more, Tiesto has recruited members of **Bloc Party**, **Metric** and **Tegan and Sara**. But don't let these affiliations fool you, aside from these collaborations (which are pretty awesome), you are still getting something the douchebag in the BMW at the red light is blasting. The album filler features huge backbeats and an occasional interesting sample or instrumental flourish under diva-esque vocals. Although dropping "DJ" from his name, Tiesto is still married to electronica. Pander all you want, but you can't fool us kids. —*Ryan Hall*

Various Artists

Let Them Know: The Story of Youth Brigade & BYO Records

BYO

Street: 09.22

Let Them Know = Someone Got Their Head Kicked In + Another State of Mind + 25 years

In the 1980s, the only way punk bands could put their music out was to form their own labels. **Minor Threat** had **Dischord**, **Black Flag** had **SST**, **Dead Kennedys** had **Alternative Tentacles** and Youth Brigade had **BYO**. Even though **BYO** and Youth Brigade are often overshadowed by the bigger names of the early 80s punk scene, *Let Them Know* proves that both the band and the label deserve their spot in punk rock history. This ambitious project consists of a documentary film, a coffee table book and a 31-track album on which new and old punk bands cover classics from the **BYO** catalog. The documentary is the best part of the package, as it offers a concentrated vision of punk rock history by focusing on a single band and their efforts to run an independent punk label in the 80s rather than briefly touching on a number of different bands without going in depth. The accompanying album is fun, if a bit overwhelming. It's cool to hear **NOFX**, **Anti-Flag** and the **Bouncing Souls** cover old **BYO**

tunes and to hear current **BYO** bands like **Nothington** and **Filthy Thieving Bastards** pay tribute to the past, but the album is about 10 tracks too long and features some disappointments (**American Steel's Alkaline Trio** cover is boring, while **Krum Bums'** is just weird). All in all, though, this is one of the most impressive and entertaining chronicles of punk rock history, and definitely deserves a spot in any serious music enthusiast's collection. —*Ricky Vigil*

Weapon

Drakonian Paradigm

The Ajna Offensive

Street: 08.10

Weapon = Dead Congregation + Watain + Nunslaughter

This is the heaviest black metal album I have ever heard. A record label that is 100% accurate in having an aesthetically pleasing roster of bands is a rare and wonderful thing to me, and every time The Ajna Offensive puts something out, I pay attention. Weapon are a new project from Canada and they create an extremely effective combination of death and black metal, while adding a few atmospheric surprises to keep things interesting. The songs on the latter half of the album tend to spread themselves a little further than the rest with extended, spaced-out song intros and transitions. This doesn't necessarily mean that the songs lose their death metal temperament—they simply explore their territory a bit further. I think this is an album that could easily be negated by those searching for metal of a higher order, but it has a pace and a mood that just insists on burying itself into your cerebral cortex. File this next to black metal bands who take what they do very seriously and have something to show for it. —*Conor Dow*

White Denim

Fits

Downtown Records

Street: 10.20

White Denim = Les Savy Fav + Cousteau + Eagles of Death Metal

Oh my goodness! The first four tracks off *Fits* are mouth-punching and aggressively sonic, off-beat, very white and soulless, but so good. Once you hit the fifth track, "I Start to Run," the album takes a different direction, sometimes showcasing **Steve Terebecki's** bass or just White Denim dishing out their unique mix of jazz, pop, or rock. The first couple trips through this album, I wasn't impressed—it seemed like there were just too many different-sounding songs. Now I realize it's brilliant and I'll hurry and dub it their seminal album. —*Cinnamon Brown*

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VALENT THORR
EARLY MAN
Nov 3 @ CLUB VEGAS*
7PM

FROM FIRST TO LAST
GREELEY ESTATES
Nov 4 @ IN THE VENUE
6PM

THE NEW HEATHERS
(LUDO SIDE PROJECT)
Nov 4 @ Lo-Fi (V2)
6PM

KOFFIN KATS
HOG LOVEDOG
Nov 5 @ CLUB VEGAS*
7PM

ROGER CLYNE &
THE PEACEMAKERS
Nov 8 @ CLUB VEGAS*
7PM

GENERATIONALS
Nov 11 @ CLUB VEGAS*
7PM

THROWDOWN
BURY YOUR DEAD
Nov 18 @ Lo-Fi (V2)
5:30PM

SAMUEL JAMES
Nov 18 @ BURT'S*
8PM

MR. GNOME
Nov 18 @ CLUB VEGAS*
7PM

DEAR AND THE
HEADLIGHTS
KINCH
Nov 21 @ Lo-Fi (V2)
6PM

FLOBOTS
KINETIX S.E.M.
Nov 23 @ IN THE VENUE
6PM

WINDS OF PLAGUE
STICK TO YOUR GUNS
Nov 25 @ Lo-Fi (V2)
5:30PM

LOCAL NATIVES
Dec 2 @ VELOUR
7:30PM

ROONEY
TALLY HALL
Dec 4 @ IN THE VENUE
6:30PM

GALLERY STROLL

November Gallery Stroll, Don't Rush From One Season to the Next.

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

Utah is known for its extreme weather conditions—hot, dry summers and cold, snowy, winters—and if you've spent much time here, you've probably figured out that we don't have much of a spring or fall season. One could compare that to the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll experience. In the art world, exhibits go from Halloween themes straight into the holiday season. It's not really surprising, given that Puritans made for boring artists, and one can only find so much inspiration from the flabby-necked beast served as the Thanksgiving main course. November's Gallery Stroll includes many great exhibits, most which will run through December with a special second reception, taking place on Dec. 4. We call it "Holiday Stroll" to be PC, but it's really about kicking off the shopping season. Seems like we're being rushed from one holiday to the next. On the brighter side, procrastinators such as myself get double the time to see the same exhibits.

The ones who started it all, the *Salt Lake City Arts Council* will host their 26th Annual Holiday Craft Exhibit and Sale, held in the *Finch Lane Art Barn* located at 54 Finch Lane (1325 E. 100 S.) in Reservoir Park, featuring jewelry, clothing, ceramics, gifts, toys, home decor, holiday ornaments, journals, greeting cards and much, much more by dozens of local artisans. Along with seeing many of your returning favorites, expect to be introduced to a slew of up and coming talent. The exhibit and sale opens Dec. 4 during the annual Holiday Stroll, and will remain on display and open for business until Dec. 20 from 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. For more information, visit the Salt Lake City Arts Council at slcgov.com/arts.

Art Access Gallery, located at 230 S. and 500 W., will host its 15th Annual Holiday Exhibition. Works on display and up for grabs include: ceramic teapots by **Vicki Acoba**, oil paintings by **Erin Berrett**, boxes by **Marcee Blackerby**, resin jewelry by **Kali Mellus**, baskets by **Connie Denton**, fused glass by **Sarinda Jones**, textile weavings by **Bernarda Lalinde**, paintings by **Bobbi Lewin**, retablos by **Jerónimo Lozano**, paintings by **Sue Martin**, paintings by **Abbas Mathlum**, Ann Mortensen Intaglio & Chine Colle, prints by **Jared Nielsen**, paintings by **Ian Ramsay**, paintings by **Cori Redstone**, winged women by **Colleen Bryan Rodgers**, stoneware pottery by **James Simister**, painted gourds by **Marilyn Sunderland** and a tree of animals and bugs by artists **Bill James**, **MyYoung Kim** and **Bonnie Sucec**. The opening reception

will take place Friday Nov. 20. The Holiday Reception is Dec. 4 with the show continuing until Dec. 19. For more information visit artaccess.com

The Utah Arts Festival Gallery, located at 230 S. and 500 W., celebrates the holidays with the work of local artists including photographer **E. Kent Eichbauer**, digital illustrator, **Stephanie Swift**, the jewelry of **Patty Street**, photography by **Julie Shipman**, jewelry by **Kayne Wankier** and Prismacolor cards by **Marion McDevitt**. For more information visit UAF.org.

Whoever said, "You can't go home again," never met **Kenny Riches**. Utah artist, world traveler, founder/original owner of the *Kayo Gallery* and current curator of the *Visual Arts Institute Gallery* Garfield location, Riches historically returns to the *Kayo Gallery* to reflect on the past year and to forge plans for the upcoming year. This year, the exhibit will consist of paintings, installation and video. The videos are vignettes put to local music created with the assistance of local artist and filmmaker **T. J. Nelson**. Riches says, "The show floats on nostalgia and grapples with history, both personal and learned. It's also a kick off to a series of fundraiser parties to raise money for my first feature-length film I'm shooting next, and I'll also have books for sale." Five years ago I said, "Watch out, this guy can do anything," and he has yet to disappoint me. *Kayo Gallery* is located at 177 E. Broadway (300 S.). The exhibit will run Nov. 20 through Dec. 1.

Concluding the month at *Kayo*, from Dec. 11 through Jan. 10, is "Small Works," a juried, group show of miniscule proportions. Small works usually means smaller price tags—a great way to get a little something for everyone on your list.

Lastly, I've got to give props to all the Sugarhouse galleries and the *Rockwood Studios*. They work hard at providing a consistent presence during the monthly Gallery Strolls, and they are keeping things alive in the neighborhood during this dirt pit of economic times. One of those establishments is the *Artistic Framing Company* located at 2160 S. Highland Drive in the alley of shops next to the old *Tap Room*. November's feature artist is photographer **Maria Palova**. Her series of surrealist photos are both beautiful and disturbing, like a car accident you can't look away from. December's artist is photographer **Jeff Clay**. For more information, visit them at artisticframingco.com.

Just because you're not in Salt Lake proper doesn't mean we don't want to know about your show. Send your info to Mariah@slugmag.com



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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Send us your dates by the 25th of the previous month: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, November 6

The Exonerated (7:30pm) – **Sorenson Unity Center**
Headlights, Anni Rossi, Pomegranates – **Kilby**
Vintage Flea Market – **Velour**
Victoria, Moonshine, Burning Olympus – **Muse**
Poo Pee D And The Family Jewels, Tough Tittle – **Burt's**
Skinny Puppy, Redemption – **Vegas**
Regina Spektr, Jupiter One – **In The Venue**
They Might Be Giants, The Guggenheim Grotto – **Depot**
Super So Far – **Brewski's**
Bad Grass – **The Fifth**
Flyleaf, Paper Tongues – **Murray Theater**
The Show, Dear Bobbie, District Of Evolution – **Why Sound**
Big Black Sky – **Bar Deluxe**
The Polaroids – **Pat's BBQ**
Mike Brown Fest #3 – **Urban**
3 Reasonz, Medicine Circus, Going Second, Manditory Mania – **Liquid Joe's**

Saturday, November 7

The Exonerated (7:30pm) – **Sorenson Unity Center**
Kid Filx Mix 2009 – **Sorenson Unity Center**
Kate Voegele, Kevin Hammond – **Kilby**
Psychotic, Mower, Massacre at the Wake, Six Guns Beyond Denmark, Mandatory Mania – **Vegas**
Fictionist, Night Night, Somber Party – **Velour**
Steve Haliday, ByNow – **Muse**
Callow, The Black Hens – **Slowtrain**
Callow, Bronco – **The Woodshed**
District of Evolution, Borasca, Accidente – **Burt's**
Callow, The Black Hens – **Slowtrain**
Cy Currin, Saved By Zero, One Thing Leads To Another – **Vegas**
Dirty Projectors, Tune-Yards – **In The Venue**
Pinback, Joe Jack Talcum – **Depot**
William Knox, Itai, Willie G & C Roy – **Brewski's**
Big Gun Baby, ESX – **ABG's**
Melody, Steven Swift, Ty Forsberg, Kole – **The Fifth**
The Daniel Day Trio – **Red Door**
They Might Be Giants – **Murray Theater**
Register for November Mustache Contest – **Piper Down**
Meet Me In Alaska, Larusso – **Why Sound**
Blues 66 – **Pat's BBQ**
NaNoWriMo-Write a Novel in a Month Workshop – **Library Square Plaza**
lionFish – **Johnny's**
Afro Omega, Rebel Zion, DJ Rebel – **Urban**

Sunday, November 8

Barred For Life Photoshoot Tour – **Nobrow**
The Exonerated (2pm) – **Sorenson Unity Center**
Evangelicals, Holiday Shores – **Kilby**
Roger Clyne And The Peacemakers, Angie Stevens, Cambriah & Kinfolk – **Vegas**
New American Mob & A.M. Revelator – **Brewski's**
12th Annual Ching Farm Vegan Thanksgiving Dinner – **Sugarhouse Park Garden Center**
Halley Taylor, Live It Up Swet, Grizzly Prospector – **Urban**

Monday, November 9

Nine Day Rebels, HardDrive To France, Welded Notes, John-Ross Boyce – **Muse**
Devil's Cuntry, The Peculiar Pretzelmen, Breaking Vegas – **Burt's**
Townie – **Slowtrain**
Count Your Blessings and Phone Calls From Home, Forgotten Ambience, S3X – **Outer Rim**
The Curious Mystery, Andale – **Urban**
Supersuckers, The Last Vegas, Bad Grass – **Vegas**
The Wilderness – **Kilby**
Chris & Don: A Love Story – **Tower Theater**
Atticus, Finch, Bless the Fall, Drop Dead (68) **SaltLakeUnderGround**

Gorgeous, Of Mice & Men, Lets Get It – **Murray Theater**

Tuesday, November 10

Open-Mic Acoustic Night – **Velour**
Crab Scratch Extascy, Vinyl Club, Advent Horizon, Alt Alt – **Muse**
March Against Fear, Me And The Captain, I Am The Ocean, The Wilderness – **Outer Rim**
Starting Out-Basic Writing Techniques – **Columbus Library**
I Am The Ocean – **Urban**
hed Pe, The Beginning at Last, SIK Brothers G.F.C – **Murray Theater**

Wednesday, November 11

PitchNic World Premiere – **Rose Wagner**
Hello Kavita, Shady Chapel, Cody Rigby, Paul Jacobsen – **Velour**
Burn The Horizon, Summer Lasts Forever – **Muse**
Neon Indian, Ancestor Croll, Huffaker – **Kilby**
Horse Feathers, A Wonderful Time – **Urban**
Reverend Deadeye's No Man Gospel, Noah Engh, Monkey Rum – **Burt's**
Dashboard Confessional, New Found Glory – **Mckay Events**
Cage The Elephant, Shackletons – **In The Venue**
Hollywood Undead, Atreyu, Escape the Fate, The Sleeping – **SaltAir**
Generational's, Beta Chicks – **Vegas**
Thunderheist – **W Lounge**
Me and The Captain, March Against Fear, Nine Cities Back, Xavier – **Why Sound**
Jeremiah Maxey Band – **Bar Deluxe**
Horse Feathers, A Wonderful Time, Lindsey Heath – **Urban**
Film-Adult Entertainment & Pornography – **Gore Auditorium Westminster**

Thursday, November 12

Lil G Spinning Vinyl – **Jackalope Lounge**
Love It Or Leave It VIP Preview – **Painted Temple Tattoo**
Cane For The Able, One Man Short, North To Alaska, The Yarrow – **Muse**
SLAJO – **Kilby**
Crown City Rockers, Lucky I Am, Feel Good Patrol – **Urban**
City of Ships, God's Revolver – **Burt's**
Imogen Heap – **In The Venue**
Deadly Remains – **Outer Rim**
Joe Krown Trio – **The State Room**
Ulrl Ball Benefit: Save Our Canyons – **Woodshed**
Pagan Love Gods – **Piper Down**
Tera Vega, Blak Lysted, Thunderdog – **Vegas**
Mikey Graves, Water & Walls, Ben Oman – **Why Sound**
Acoustic Open Mic Night – **Pat's BBQ**
Starting Out: Basic Writing Techniques – **Columbus Library**

Friday, November 13

Art for Everybody – **Fice**
Ozomatli – **State Room**
Mon & the S.G. Matt Lewis Band, Squaw Peak Road – **Velour**
SLUG Localized: Sleepover, Aye Aye, Kidneys – **Urban**
Follow The Earth, The Iso Principle, The Lovecapades, The High Life – **Muse**
Until Further Notice, Broke City, Drop Dead Julio, This Is Anfield, Ask For The Future – **Kilby**
The Stellar Corpses, Die Monster Die, Hog Luvdog and the Sleaztones – **Burt's**
Blue Fix – **Brewski's**
Nate Robinsons Trio – **ABG's**
Darren Thornley, The Burgs – **The Fifth**
Vaudeville Avante Gaarde, Cirkus Pandemonium – **Vegas**
Saosin, POS, InnerPartySystem, Eye Alaska – **Murray Theater**
1 Lump Sum, Minus-Steven, Public Decent – **Why Sound**
Screaming Condors – **Bar Deluxe**
The Buckle Busters – **Pat's BBQ**
Broke City, Drop Dead Julio, This Is Anfield, Ask For the Future – **Kilby**
Film-Con Artist – **SLC Art Center**
Leggy Meggy's Birthday Bash – **Utah Arts Alliance**
Lucky 13 Grand Opening – **Lucky 13**

Saturday, November 14

Fanfarlo – **State Room**
Archers Apple, The Very Most, Adam & Darcie, Ricky & Rayguns – **Velour**
Battle of the Bands Final – **Muse**
We Shot The Moon, Larusso, Mason Jones, The Foreground, Adam Turley, Tyler Grunstorm – **Kilby**
Izzy and the Kesstronics, Ulysses – **Burt's**
American Hitmen, Kettlefish, Opal Hill Drive – **Vegas**
Mason Jennings, Nathaniel Rateliff and The Wheel – **In The Venue**
Blues on 1st – **Brewski's**
Parley, A Fail Safe Story, Summer Lasts Forever – **Outer Rim**
Heidi's Heavy Metal Bash – **The Fifth**
The Daniel Day Trio – **Red Door**
Sherwood & Friends, Pleasant Tree, Taylor Howe Music – **Studio 600**
I Love Ibiza, Hector Romero, Damian Ardenne – **W Lounge**
Cara & Wade – **Why Sound**
The Funk Shui, Codi Jordan – **Bar Deluxe**
Kevyn Dern – **Pat's BBQ**
NaNoWriMo: Write a Novel in a Month Workshop – **Library Square Plaza**
Chasing Zen – **Johnny's**
Lacy Danbury Tailoring & Design Grand Opening – **55 N. University Ave Provo**
Le Force, The Future of the Ghost, Cornered By Zombies – **Urban**
Film: Help! I'm A Fish – **Sorenson Unity Center**

Sunday, November 15

Old Canes, Victory Heist, Discourse – **Kilby**
Black Crowes – **Depot**
Wild Bill's Celebration of Life – **Vegas**
Monthly Acoustic Café – **Urban**
3 Inches of Blood, Saviours, Holy Grail – **Murray Theater**

Monday, November 16

Real Estate, Forget The Whale – **Kilby**
Binary Star, Whiskey Blanket, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Kno it Alls – **Urban**
The Takes – **Burt's**
The Platte – **Slowtrain**
Bob Mintzer, The Crescent Super Band – **Salt Lake Sheraton**
Felina's Arrow – **Why Sound**
The Beaches of Agnes – **Main Library**

Tuesday, November 17

Open-Mic Acoustic Night – **Velour**
Wolfmother, Heartless Bastards, Thewenwo2 – **Depot**
Everclear, Sister Audio – **Murray Theater**
Electric Six, Gay Blades, Millions of Brazilians – **Urban**
NCM, Fathom, Shipping Kids – **Why Sound**
Starting Out: Basic Writing Techniques – **Columbus Library**
Best Friends, Totally Michael – **Kilby**
Devil's Cuntry, Hobo Nephews of Uncle Frank – **Burt's**

Wednesday, November 18

K.I.C Comedy Night – **Velour**
Vogue In The Movement, A Birds Sparrow – **Kilby**
Cash'd Out – **Urban**
Samuel James – **Burt's**
Throwdown, Bury Your Dead, For Today, Abacabb, The World We Knew – **V2**
Keb Mo – **Depot**
Mr. Gnome, Shift and Shadows – **Vegas**
All Time Low, We the Kings, Hey Monday, Friday Night Boys – **Murray Theater**

Thursday, November 19

Lil G Spinning Vinyl – **Jackalope Lounge**
The Dutchess & The Duke, Greg Ashley, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths (7PM) – **Kilby**
The Dutchess & The Duke, Bluebird Radio, New Luck Songs (9PM) – **Urban**
We Shot The Moon – **Velour**
AM Revelator – **Vegas**
Deadly Remains – **Outer Rim**
2 1/2 White Guys – **Piper Down**
Vandaveer, Adam Gerth, Clayton Pabst – **Why Sound**
Acoustic Open Mic – **Pat's BBQ**
Broken Borders: Debating the State of

Immigration – **U of U**
Starting Out: Basic Writing Techniques – **Columbus Library**
Film: Body and Soul – **Museum of Fine Arts**
Attack Attack!, I Set My Friends on Fire, Miss May I, Our Last Night, The Color Morale – **Murray Theater**

Friday, November 20

Gallery Stroll – **Downtown SLC**
Russian Circles, Young Widows, Git Some – **Kilby**
Imagine Dragons, Devil Whale, Shark Speed, Desert Noises – **Velour**
Ask For The Future, Sugar Stone, Atlas!, Johnny Most – **Muse**
Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators – **Burt's**
Irony Man, Kiss Thiss – **Vegas**
Thrice, The Dear Hunter, Polar Bear Club – **In The Venue**
The Spittin' Cobras – **Brewski's**
The Subtle Way And Loren Battle, 20 Stories Falling, The Champion Theory, Emissarie – **Outer Rim**
Potcheen – **Piper Down**
Triggers and Slips, Flash Cabbage – **ABG's**
Peter Harvey Band – **The Fifth**
Joshua James – **State Room**
Steven Halliday, Chris Bjornn, Jasharu – **Why Sound**
Diegos Umbrella, SoBer Down – **Bar Deluxe**
Stacey Board – **Pat's BBQ**
Art Show Benefit-SLC Bike Collective – **Bay Leaf Café**
Big Sky Tribunal, Vile Blue Shades – **Urban**
The White Tie Affair, Every Avenue, Stereo Skyline Runner Runner – **Murray Theater**

Saturday, November 21

The Devil Makes 3, Boulder Acoustic Society – **State Room**
Alela Diane, Marisa Nadler, Will Sartin – **Kilby**
GWAR, Job For A Cowboy, Red Chord – **SaltAir**
Isaac Russell, Mudbison, Moses, Elizabethan Report – **Muse**
The Question, Viewers Like You – **Muse**
The Spittin' Cobras, Thunderfist – **Burt's**
Dear And The Headlights, Kinch – **V2**
AntiVibe – **Brewski's**
Debbie Graham Band – **The Fifth**
Cirkus, Werewolf-Afro, Cosmic Hangover, Peace & Quiet – **Abbyss**
Smile on your Brother – **Why Sound**
Slippery Kittens – **Bar Deluxe**
Porch Pounders – **Pat's BBQ**
Bandwagon Live, Means Nothing, Arsenic Addiction – **Vegas**
NaNoWriMo: Write a Novel in a Month Workshop – **Library Square Plaza**
Kathy Griffin – **AbraVanel Hall**
Them Changes – **Johnny's**
Funk Fu – **Urban**
Film: Lotte From Gadgetville – **Sorenson Unity Center**

Sunday, November 22

The Moore Brothers, Sayde Price – **Kilby**
Max Tundra, Deastro – **Urban**

Monday, November 23

Flobots, Self Expression, Chasone2 – **In The Venue**
Love It Or Leave It Premiere – **Broadway**
Marvin Payne & The Gifted Seed – **Velour**
Pink Mountaintops, Black Hens – **Urban**
Unpunk'd – **Burt's**

Tuesday, November 24

Open-Mic Acoustic Night – **Velour**
Hi My Name is Ryan, Your Little Pony – **Kilby**
Nitzer Ebb, Tragic Black – **Urban**
Hardboiled Book Club – **Sam Weller's**

Wednesday, November 25

Lake Mary – **Kilby**
Winds Of Plague, Stick To Your Guns, Sleeping Giant, Oceano, Circle Of Contempt – **V2**
The Codi Jordan Band – **Brewski's**
Tonight Is Glory, Adrienne, Lions Lions,

Covendetta – **Outer Rim**
Little Sap Dungeon, Lexincrypt, Black Seas of Infinity, Stern Cell Ghost – **Vegas**
Thanksgiving Eve Turkeyoke – **Piper Down**
Rebel Zion, Wasnatch, Cosmic Hangover – **Urban**
Happy Birthday Bob Plumb!

Thursday, November 26

Thanksgiving Karaoke – **Burt's**
Little Sap Dungeon, LexonCrypt, Black Seas of Infinity, Stern Cell Ghost – **Vegas**
Fight the Tryptophan Party – **Piper Down**
Happy Birthday Cinnamon Brown!

Friday, November 27

The Mad Man Chronicles, In Dreaming – **Velour**
Cunnylynguists, Grieves, Budo, Looptroop Rockers, Tunji – **Urban**
The Heiz – **Burt's**
Minus The Bear, As Tall As Lions – **In The Venue**
Blood of Saints, Separation of Self, Massacre at the Wake, Akashi , Reaction Effect – **Vegas**
The Debi Graham Band – **Brewski's**
Winter Coat Exchange – **Library Plaza**
Meet Me In Alaska – **Kilby**
Kap Bros – **Pat's BBQ**
Suck Vengeance, Manhattan Project, And the Sky Devoured Us, Alas the Dreamer, Six Guns Beyond Denmark – **Murray Theater**

Saturday, November 28

Jennifer Blossil – **Velour**
The Water's Deep Here – **Burt's**
The Hard Hearted – **Brewski's**
The Daniel Day Trio – **Red Door**
Viking Moses, JP Haynie – **Kilby**
Dreamland, Marcel Woods, Fragma – **Salt Palace**
Doug Wintch – **Pat's BBQ**
Rock N Fashion by Not Jake with MC Jamal Carter, Three Reasons – **Vegas**
NaNoWriMo: Write a Novel in a Month Workshop – **Library Square Plaza**
Marinade – **Johnny's**
Cage, Go Metric, Blue Sunshine Soul – **Urban**
Golden Ghost, JP Haynie, Crumpler – **Kilby**
Less Than Jake, The Casualties, The Swellers – **Murray Theater**

Sunday, November 29

Blind Pilot, Laura Veirs, The Hall of Fables, Mimicking Birds – **Urban**
Gentleman – **Outer Rim**

Monday, November 30

Shift And Shadows – **Burt's**
Righteous Sound Works, DJ Roots Rawka – **Urban**
Baroness, Earthless, Gaza – **Vegas**
Film Celebrating Isabell Allende – **Main Library**

Tuesday, December 1

Acoustic Open Mic – **Velour**
I See Stars, We Came As Romans, Of Mice & Men, Broadway, Covendetta – **Murray Theater**
Vader, Decrept Birth, Cave of Roses – **Vegas**

Wednesday, December 2

Local Natives – **Velour**
Finn Riggins, The Continentals, Asher in the Rye, Mathematics at Cetera – **Kilby**
The Grouch, Mistah Fab, Fashawn – **Urban**

Thursday, December 3

Paisley Van Patten – **Piper Down**
The Jingoos – **Burt's**

Friday, December 4

Band of Annals, Grand Hallway, The Devil Whale – **State Room**
Willy & The Wolves – **Muse**
Rooney, Tally Hall – **In The Venue**
Towlune – **Brewski's**
Dubwise – **Urban**
Splittid – **Burt's**
Pick up the new SLUG – **Anyplace Cool!**



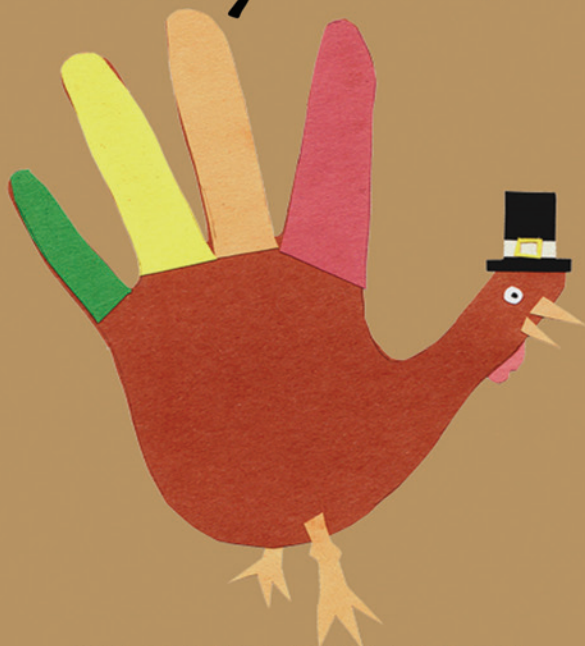
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NOVEMBER CALENDAR

- | | | | |
|-----------|--|-----------|--|
| 1 | CURSILLISTAS
TEDRONAI PROJECT
CITIZEN K | 14 | WE SHOT THE MOON
LARUSSO
MASON JONES
THE FOREGROUND
ADAM TURLEY
TYLER GRUNSTORM |
| 2 | DAVID BAZAN
SAY HI | 15 | OLD CANES
VICTORY HEIST
DISCOURSE |
| 3 | A BAJILLION
FOXWHISKEY
ROBERT THOMAS | 16 | REAL ESTATE
FORGET THE WHALE
TBA |
| 4 | THE SPINS
FLOW
THE DISCRIPTIVE | 17 | BEST FWENDS
TOTALLY MICHAEL
TBA |
| 5 | THE WHIRLINGS
THE ASTRALS
THE RIVER & THE SEA | 19 | THE DUTCHESS & THE DUKE
GREG ASHLEY
YOUNG BUT BRILLIANT
SLEUTHS |
| 6 | HEADLIGHTS
ANNI ROSSI
POMEGRANATES | 20 | RUSSIAN CIRCLES
YOUNG WIDOWS
HELMS ALEE |
| 7 | KATE VOEGELE
KEVIN HAMMOND | 21 | ALELA DIANE
MARISA NADLER
WILL SARTAIN |
| 8 | EVANGELICALS
HOLIDAY SHORES | 22 | THE MOORE BROTHERS
SAYDE PRICE
TBA |
| 9 | THE WILDERNESS
AND FOUR OTHERS | 24 | HI MY NAME IS RYAN
YOUR LITTLE PONY |
| 11 | NEON INDIAN
ANCESTOR CROLL
HUFFAKER | 25 | LAKE MARY
TBA |
| 12 | SLAJO
(SALT LAKE ALTERNATIVE
JAZZ ORCHESTRA) | 27 | MEET ME IN ALASKA
CD RELEASE
TBA |
| 13 | UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
BROKE CITY
DROP DEAD JULIO
THIS IS ANFIELD
ASK FOR THE FUTURE | 28 | GOLDEN GHOST
JP HAYNIE
CRUMPLER |

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sat nov 14
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fans of: Arcade Fire, The National

fri nov 20
JOSHUA JAMES



fans of: Ryan Adams, Damien Rice

sat nov 21
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