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SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND

SLUG

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CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

Esther Meroño • Copy Editor/Writer



Despite the fact that we spent a few months pronouncing her first name incorrectly and half the time we're leaving letters off of her last name, SLUG Magazine still has mad love for this resident word nerd and member of the copy editing team. Hell, if it wasn't for Meroño chances are we'd spell Salt Lake Underground incorrectly. SLUG recently put this feisty-fixie rider's extreme attention to detail to use and decided to let her revamp our extremely

outdated SLUG Writer's Bible. Meroño graduated last May with a BA from the University of Utah and just landed a paying gig writing copy for a beauty company. At SLUG we let her write about tall bike jousting, cupcake socials and her favorite band Thrice—which she claims makes SLUG the "coolest thing" she does. If you happen to see this lady rolling around town on her fix gear don't embarrass yourself like we did. "Esther" is Spanish and her first name is pronounced like the famous tap dancer Fred Astaire, not like the unglamorous material polyester.



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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I picked up issue #258 while visiting my favorite pizza joint in Ogden during my post birthday, the 3.14 pizza was awesome, so I needed a good read to digest to. I was happy to see that this was a no holds bar, able to print "FUCK" type magazine. Fucking Killer! So I thought, maybe this would be a good place to vent some anger. Maybe I don't need therapy, I have found my outlet! FUCK! ASS! my keyboard terrets is in full effect! But seriously, How the French Toast do I submit music to be reviewed? I mean I had to eat about 20 dozen cupcakes after reading about the Cupcake Social! So as I was stuffing my face, reading Alexander Ortega's best fuckin' ever page about Deavy Metal, I was like, "Yeah", "The Gods smile upon us" "Dear Dr. Evil, " "ask a cop" All sweet genius dripping from the teat of a goddess! BUT THEN, There, in my room, as I turned page after page, looking... past the beer review, past the local CD, I SEE... CD REVIEWS!!!! no contact info... (frown face). Please dickheads, give me some contact info, so my friends in bands will get off MY BACK!

Thank you,
Johnny Spastic

Dear Johnny,

Thanks for the support! We'll make sure that we put more "fucks" than ever in this issue, just for you. We review anything and everything local, so if you're a local band interested in having your spirit crushed by unpaid music writers who don't really give a shit about you and your "artistic" endeavors, by all means send us your cd/tape/record at:

***SLUG Magazine
351 W. Pierpont Ave. #4B
SLC, UT 84101
info@slugmag.com***

Dear Dickheads,

Hey whatsup SLUG my name is Evan Ungar and i'm 15. I was recently in SLC and the surrounding area, backpacking for a few weeks, and I picked up my first copy of SLUG while eating at the Red Iguana (if you like mexican, this place is killer, check it out). I absolutely loved it. It was my first real taste of alternative press. I live in Middletown, Pennsylvania. I was wondering if you knew of any zinesters in PA? If you did, could you let me know, so I might be able to pick up some copies, because SLUG

is the shit, and I hope that any zines in PA will be just as good. I also want to pitch an idea to you. I was on my flight home, and my buddy and I were reading the SkyMall magazine that they put in the pockets of the seats, and we were laughing at all the useless shit that dumbfucks out there actually buy, when my friend noticed that it said "Please take this copy for free, it will be replaced." So an idea hit me: what if you placed a few copies of SLUG in those little airplane pockets whenever you fly? That way it will help spread your zine around, give you a little publicity, and give the passengers some good shit to read. Another idea that kind of piggybacks on the first one: place a note on the zine that ask people to take it with them, and send an email to SLUG with their name and where they live. Or you can have a place on your website where people can record their name and where they live, and people who have had the zine in their possession can see where its been, kind of like a geocache. These are some ideas. Then the next time that person flies they can replace the zine so another person can take it. These are just some ideas, hit me up if they sound cool to you. Oh yeah, and tell Mike Brown that he should start a blog.

Fuck you Dickheads,
Evan Ungar

Hey Evan,

Thanks for the kudos. Glad you discovered SLUG Magazine on your trip out west. As far as zines operating out of Pennsylvania, I'm sure there is something. If there isn't ... maybe it's time for you to start your own zine. I'd suggest checking out websites like akpress.com, Microcosmpublishing.com, undergroundpress.org and altpress.slcp1.org to find out more info about zines that might be lurking in your neck of the woods.

Xoxo,

The Dickheads at SLUG Mag

P.S. We loved your idea about poaching the seat pockets of airplanes! Stay rad dude!

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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Dear Dickheads C/O SLUG Mag

351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B

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or dickheads@slugmag.com



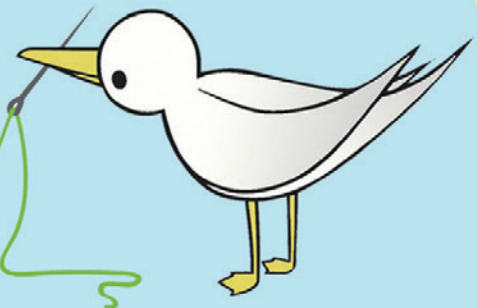
About This Month's Cover:

This month, *SLUG* had the opportunity to dive deep into the heart of the book arts program with managing director Marnie Powers-Torrey (left), Studio coordinator Claire Taylor (top) and former PR and studio coordinator Amber Heaton (right). The three were photographed by *SLUG* photographer Dave Brewer and are pictured on the cover of September's issue with a standing press—one of the many presses utilized by the *Book Arts Program* at the *University of Utah*.

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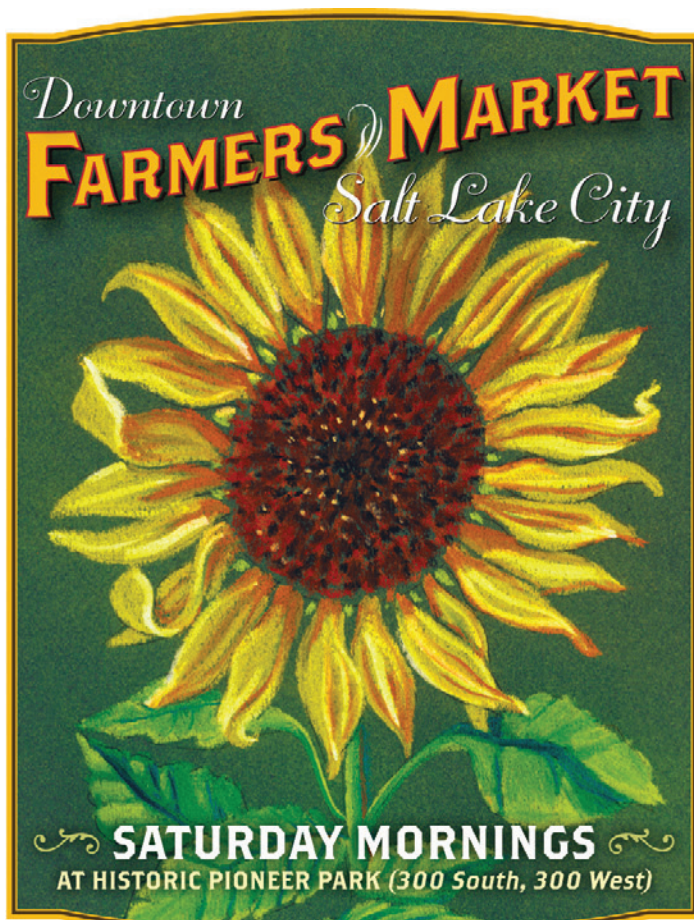
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S.L.F.M.

LOCALIZED

By Alexander Ortega
alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com

SLUG's very own **Jessica Davis** will celebrate her twenty-first birthday at this month's *Localized* with **The Broken Spells** and her solo project, **S.L.F.M.** Local favorites **Tolchock Trio** will kick off the event on September 17 for just \$5 at *Urban Lounge*.

Jessica Davis – Ukulele, Vocals

With a moustache that is thicker and bigger than mine, solo artist Jessica Davis of S.L.F.M. tells me, "Moustaches are just an idea that I enjoy. [The appeal] basically comes from villains, cowboys, sexy men on [the covers of] ridiculous novels, spies and disguises." I have a strong suspicion that Davis' 'stache doesn't grow naturally—seeing as how she is a charming young woman with a knack for writing love songs. Acquired facial hair notwithstanding, S.L.F.M. is a burgeoning local artist whom you may have seen busking around Salt Lake with her distorted ukulele.

S.L.F.M. began almost two years ago. Davis says, "I bought a ukulele, I had keyboards and I started playing as S.L.F.M. ... And then the keyboards faded out because I'm lazy and don't like to carry all that shit around." She desired to create a sound that she considers to be new and different: She uses a distortion pedal that her dad gave her from when he played guitar. Not only does she add effects to the already uncommon ukulele, but she plays it differently than most ukulele artists do—"I just play it fast," says Davis. Though her speedy technique has led to others' delineations of her work as 'uke-thrash' and 'uku-wailing,' S.L.F.M.'s dulcet singing flows above and dips into the polyphonic ridge-rhythms of her instrument.

Photo: David DeAustin

At the same time, Davis cannot help but indulge in a tad of cacophony. Davis says, "With some of the newer [songs], I push myself to yell or scream sometimes, and a lot of times, people just don't expect that and it's cool to see their faces—"What is that noise coming from that girl?" S.L.F.M. has played *Velour*, *Farmer's Market* and in and around *The Green Ant*, to mention a couple spots. She can virtually play anywhere with power outlets because her amp has a P.A. system in it. She says, "I can just plug in my amp and my vocals and I don't need anybody. Street shows have been good."

Davis draws her influences from big names like **Tune-Yards**, **NOBUNNY** and **CocoRosie**, and local acts such as *The Broken Spells*, **Tambourine Death Squad** and *Tolchock Trio*. But part of S.L.F.M.'s allure is Davis' willful submergence into random worlds and skewed conventions in love. Her song, "Adventure, We Go" is a song about adventuring in an effort to counter the norms of society. She says, "I'll be the one that saves the knight from the evil damsel in distress. It's what's expected in loves stories: The man is there to save the woman, but did you ever think that the man has been trapped by this woman?" Davis' poetic investigation of adventure has led her to yearn for it. Thus, *SLUG Localized* will only be a stop in a tour S.L.F.M. will do with **Boots to the Moon**—who also has a moustache. They'll head in from Colorado, go up in the Northwest, down through California, and end up someplace in between California and Utah—"I'm not quite sure where yet... [But] I need to adventure," says Davis, "Now!"

Oh, and I'm sure you're wondering what S.L.F.M. stands for. I'm not going to tell you. Davis won't either: "I can't tell you what the name is because it's a secret ... You have to guess it to be in the club because, technically, it's a club as well as a musical project. You get a club card." So put on your thinking caps because you only have a few more days to get into the club before S.L.F.M. adventures away after *Localized*. Here's a clue from Davis: "I like moustaches."

The Broken Spells



Joey Mayes – Guitar
Chaz Costello – Bass
David Newlin – Drums
Mystery Keyboardist – Mystery
Keyboards

The Broken Spells seem to chalk up all of their work and endeavors to one thing: "Shiny, shiny failure," guitarist and vocalist Joey Mayes says. But, with a tour that started out with a pants-less crowd-surfing dude and fans with super soakers filled with beer, that's hard to believe. From avoiding the tremors of bum fights to dancing in tunnels with excited fans, the band rocked along the coast and back, concluding the tour at a house show with confetti. Mayes remains modest though: "We fail better than most." After butchering my grandmother's Spanish rice recipe earlier that day (i.e. 'failing'), the Broken Spells' shiny failure during their set at *The Compound* taught me what making things shiny adds to failure—that is, balls-to-the-wall garage rock. Bassist Chaz Costello doesn't stop thrashing during any song and drummer David Newlin beats his drum skins like a red-headed stepchild. Mayes tops it off with reverb-ridden screams and guitar that chops at your eardrums. The sheer volume during their performances bewitches the crowd.

Ironically, the band's name comes from doing the opposite of this bewitching. After being depressed by ex-girlfriend strife, Mayes threw on some vinyl. He

says, "The lyrics were 'I can't break the spell that you put on my head.' And I'm like, 'Fuck that. I'm breaking the spell.'" Since then, the band has grown steadily for about two-and-a-half years: Newlin joined in May of 2009, and Costello followed in April of this year. They uphold the snotty demeanor with which the band was conceived—not to put them into the realm of post-hardcore acts by any means, but Mayes belts out scratchy screams akin to screamo acts of the 90s. "It's what comes out. I don't try," he says. The band derives their sound from a wide array of influences, but mostly from garage bands like **The Gories**, **American Death Ray** and **The Oblivions**. They meld a **Jay Reatard** sensibility with old soul, old blues and *Night Ranger*, Costello claims. Mayes even nonchalantly admits that ripping off other music helps shape their sound. And boy, do they love reverb. Costello says, "Reverb's like the peanut butter of the music world: Peanut butter's always good."

The Broken Spells like to keep things easy. They don't put in effort to exert a contrived, affected and overly-artistic sound—they take what they like and belt it. Hence, you can often find them at their home venue, *The Compound*, where half of them live and can access music with little travel—people come to them. And yet, after the party-time flavor of their last tour coupled with Costello's networking capabilities, the band looks forward to working their tunes in some out-of-state shows this October. Moreover, kickin' it easy never sounded better than on the band's tape, *Panic!* When I ask them why they chose the cassette format, Mayes replies, "Because it's cheap." Out of the initial 100 that their label, **Sorcerer Database**, released, only three remain—probably because it's so affordable to obtain. Essentially, they give you the tools to rock to their band with their offhand frugality.

'Easy' is why Mayes throws his lyrics into a sonic blender with his chords, rendering them indiscernible and dirty. 'Easy' is why Costello breaks bass strings so frequently, and 'easy' is why Newlin finishes The Broken Spells' sets with bruised and bloody knuckles. 'Easy' is a swift kick in your face to break you from the spell of reality to get you hoppin'—and it never felt so good. If you like letting yourself go in a rock n' roll whirlwind, be sure to make it to this month's *Localized*. You'll get to see The Broken Spells' new mystery keyboardist, and there's a slight chance that Costello will "squibbly-do" your *Panic!* tape into a Lamborghini.





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I guess the secret is out. Over a year ago, Belgian restaurateur **Pierre Vandamme** took the success of his *Downtown Farmer's Market* waffle cart and parlayed it into a permanent brick-and-mortar food destination just south of the *Gateway Mall*. Those who frequented the market knew that Vandamme was there, in the space once occupied by *Aloha Sushi*. The place was unknown to almost everyone else. The relocation of the *Twilight Concert Series* to *Pioneer Park*, a spot on a local TV broadcast and a recent snippet on the Travel Channel series *Man v. Food* have culminated in the general public's discovery of the one-time stealth waffle and frites house. This discovery is a good thing. The shop's attention to detail, use of quality ingredients and kitschy Bruggelingen décor coalesce into a uniquely Belgian eating experience.

There's something to be said about sticking with what one knows best. This is the unspoken credo of Bruges. The menu is simple and focuses on very traditional Belgian fare. When you walk in the door of the tiny shop on 300 South, it's like you've walked into a greatest hits collection of **Jacques Brel** come to life. You are first greeted by a photo of **King Albert II**. Before you even notice the King, you'll hear dripping water and look up to see a large replica of *Manneken Pis*, the famous bronze Brussels statue of a urinating four-year-old boy, resting atop the drink case. Then, there are the Smurfs littering the counter around the cash register. These combined bits of Fleming and Walloon regalia set the stage for the handful of flat land delicacies available here.

The sign outside really says it all: Waffles (gauffres) and frites. Everything offered is a variation on one of these two themes. You may think you know these foodstuffs inside and out, but if you haven't had them the way Vandamme makes them then you haven't really had them. The waffles vary greatly from the poured-batter variety we normally see on this side of the pond. Bruges makes them in the traditional Belgian way, using a yeast-raised dough that has to proof before it can be placed in the iron. The dough is infused with vanilla and is also available in a cinnamon variety. What really sets them apart is the customary tradition of sweetening them with a polished pearl sugar. The large sugar bits stay solid in the dough and melt as it cooks,



Photo: Barrett Doran

Frites and a gaufre with sliced strawberries and crème fraîche make for the perfect afternoon snack.

imparting an almost ethereal sweetness to the gauffre. At a scant \$3 a piece, it almost seems criminal to pay so little for one. Don't look for butter or maple syrup—the shop offers a variety of long-established Flemish toppings, allowing the buyer to customize the waffle to his or her liking. Ranging from \$1 to \$3 each, one can add a variety of fruits, chocolate and cream to the dish. A popular variety comes served with sliced strawberries and *crème fraîche*, a sweetened whipped cream. I usually order mine with dark chocolate and bananas. The melted chocolate competes a little with the crisp, warm gauffre for top billing, but the two parts pair well together and create the perfect platform for the chilled fruit.

The frites, or fries, benefit from the double fry method. They are cooked once to ensure that they're done in the middle. The oil is then allowed to heat up again, and they're cooked a second time to crisp the outside. The result is a crusty exterior with a tender, steamed center. They are served in paper cones and range in price from \$3 to \$6.50. Bruges also offers almost a dozen different dipping sauces. You may never want ketchup again when you know you can have Mammouth, a tarragon-and-mustard-based sauce, or Samurai, a sauce made from basil, mustard, garlic and red chili paste. A personal favorite and the most traditional Belgian sauce (if you don't count straight mayonnaise) is the Andalouse. Made with orange bell peppers, basil, mustard and cayenne pepper, it will make your eyes water and get the chorus from the **Pixies** song "Debaser" stuck in your head.

The most exciting lunch option, and the absolute best use of Andalouse sauce, is the Machine Gun Sandwich (\$8.99, tax included). A variation on the traditional mitraillette, Bruges' version is a split baguette stuffed with Moroccan-spiced lamb sausage (merguez) and topped with fries and Andalouse sauce. You'll have to eat two thirds of the fries before you'll be able to close the sandwich and finally taste the piquant North African sausage. Once you get to that point, you'll understand better what an endurance test finishing the thing can be. The flavorful and slightly garlicky bite of the elusive link will stay in your memory for a long time to come. If you manage to eat the whole thing, you may not be hungry again for days.

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SERIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

PLAN-B CELEBRATES 20 YEARS OF SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS THEATRE

By: Jesse Hawlish
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Outraged, twisted with emotion and bleary-eyed from an hour of trying not to cry, followed by an hour of weeping openly: This was my state of being when I left the *Rose Wagner Theatre* after a reading of *The Normal Heart*, written by Larry Kramer. The play chronicles one man's struggle with the AIDS epidemic among gay communities in the early 80s. It was my first experience with *Plan-B Theatre Company's* unique brand of socially conscious theatre, and it will not be my last. Now, I am an escapist at heart, and damn proud of it. However, driving home from the theatre, as the tear-filled silence in the car gave way to serious conversation about what we had just seen, my girlfriend and I came to the tacit understanding that sometimes, hard is good. A little courage as an audience member can bring you places where the truth is not covered in icing. These are places where issues relevant to you and your community are examined openly and unflinchingly — where the zygote of social change is growing and spreading right there in the room with you.

Plan-B Theatre Company is one of those places, and this city is lucky to be its home. 2011 marks *Plan-B's* twentieth year of socially conscious theatre, and this season's plays can be experienced beginning in October through November of this year, and continuing in February through May of next year, at the beautiful *Rose Wagner Theatre* downtown. Two decades of producing intimate, progressive theatre is hardly an accomplishment to be taken lightly, and at times *Plan-B* has had to fight tooth and nail. As **Jerry Rapier**, *Plan-B's* Producing Director, relates, the troupe hasn't always had a reliable roof over their heads. "Between 1991 and 2001 we performed in 11 different venues, from the *New Hope Center* in Rose Park to *Aardvarks Cabaret*, this funky old Victorian home which is now the Wendy's on 400 South 200 West. [We've used] classrooms at the U . . . *Bibliothèque*, which was an architecture bookstore, the basement of the *Salt Lake Acting Company*, the *attic* at *The Art Barn*." Rapier says, "We were kind of a gypsy company . . . we've been around." All that changed in 2007, when *Plan-B* became the resident theatre company of the Salt Lake County Center for the Arts — giving them the exposure they deserve and a permanent home at the *Rose*

Wagner Performing Arts Center downtown.

Funding, too, is always a challenge.

"Sometimes we just cannot get our foot in the door." Rapier says, "We're very small and very intimate, and we don't have a content barrier for our work, [and that's] a little bit too controversial for certain funders." But it's true that a labor of love needs no other motive, and for Rapier (in his eleventh year with the company) and *Plan-B* founder **Cheryl Cluff**, their mission: "To develop and produce unique and socially conscious theatre," has been and will continue to be all the stimulus they need. "We intentionally want to keep it small so that our choices are based on the art." Rapier says, "Sometimes funding drives choices, and we don't ever want to do that." The life of a small theatre troupe is never without struggle, but these days *Plan-B* is in a very good place.

"Every few days I'm asked about growth, but we're exactly what we want to be." Rapier says, "If we were to maintain what we are for the rest of our existence . . . that would be ideal."

2004's Slam Festival added another vital goal to *Plan-B's* mission. The event, now dubbed *And The Banned Slammed On*, was more of a success than they could have imagined, spawning two full-length plays for the following season, and readjusting the company's goals for the future. "That first *Slam* is what helped us realize the power of the local talent pool as far as playwriting goes and . . . it helped us realize the silly fear people have of new work is simply that: it's an unfounded fear." Rapier says, "No matter what play you're producing, it's new to someone and you have to introduce it to people. It wasn't enough to say 'Wow, there's a lot of talent here,' we had to do more than that . . . it was time to get back to developing new work." And that's exactly what they did. From *Amerika* by **Aden Ross**, which went on to Toronto's Fringe Festival, to *Facing East* by **Carol Lynn Pearson**, which went on to play off-Broadway in New York and tour San Francisco, *Plan-B's* original productions are locally and nationally recognized and lauded. 59 of the 80 productions in *Plan-B's* history have been original plays. "The original work that we've developed in the last five years has been incredibly rewarding," Rapier says, "It's beyond the work itself. I feel like we're helping develop a community of artists that was underserved." Fostering community growth, among artists and the audience, has always been a corollary of *Plan-B's* issue-oriented theatre.

Tobin Atkinson, co-founder of *Plan-B* and current head of *Meat & Potato Theatre*, puts it best: "*Plan B* is incredibly good at creating partnerships with other arts organizations. Jerry [Rapier] is willing to put anything on the table and see what happens: the *Youth Theatre*, the Sampler between five theatre companies, the Playwrights' and Directors' Labs with *Meat & Potato*, to name a few. These relationships create a collaborative atmosphere in an otherwise dog-eat-dog business. One of the greatest lasting effects of *Plan-B* is on the artistic community." Add that they have raised funds for 33 local non-profit organizations since 2000 and you begin to get a picture of the stalwart and vital component of Utah's arts and cultural communities that *Plan-B* has become. But as I found out during the reading of *The Normal Heart* that I attended, *Plan-B* is invested above all else in burgeoning emotion and opinion in its viewers. As resident playwright **Matthew Ivan Bennett** says, "Every community is complex. Salt Lake has Young Earthers and atheists and Mexican immigrants and transvestites . . . the ideal, positive measure of our progress should be concerned with how well we can engage whatever section of our community we're trying to in the moment." Every staff member I spoke with had a moving example of a time when *Plan-B* engaged a community, by way of a relevant issue, and set the stage for social change. Secretary of *Plan-B's* board of trustees, **Kay Shean**, relates her memorable impressions from the production of *Facing East*: "When you have an audience made up of Mormons, gays, conservatives, liberals and people from the entire political and social spectrum, and there isn't a dry eye in the room, a bridge has been built." Shean says, "*Plan-B* builds these kinds of bridges with every production. It is an amazing gift to the entire community."

Actor and member of the *Plan-B/Meat & Potato Director's Lab*, **Mark Fossen**, considers *EXPOSED* by **Mary Dickson** (07/08 season) to be one of *Plan-B's* defining moments. "Without a doubt, *EXPOSED* was a true community event that was as powerful as anything I've experienced in theatre. As the play ended we read a list of names: a list of those lost to the nuclear testing of the 50s. That list of names came from our audience. We had a big

paper . . . [where audience members] could leave the names of loved ones who were Downwinders, and each night we got a new printout with names added to the list. It was a powerful testimony that each and every life our government took mattered." Any given *Plan-B* performance stands both as a night of quality entertainment and a catalyst for the process of learning something new. It's tough stuff, I'm not going to lie: the passion and emotion coming off the *Rose Wagner* stage is enough to buckle your knees. You are no longer watching a play so much as you are gaining a wholly new perspective. "There are many wonderful things about the culture

that is Utah," says Rapier, "Unfortunately one component of the culture is fear of questioning: [it's] the feeling that your opinion, if not in line with the majority, may not have any meaning. And so it feels . . . urgent to in some way create a platform to help people find their own voices." You could ask yourself: How much do you know about the effects of nuclear testing in our state? What about the culture of reticence that leaves silent, burning doubt in the minds of so many Latter-day Saints? Do you care what happened to the thousands of Japanese Americans interned in Camp Topaz, in central Utah? How fares the LGBT movement in our neck of the woods? Everyone who reads this article knows a handful of people affected

by one or more of these issues. To gain some initial understanding of these complex topics you don't have to go pouring through weighty tomes or dive face-first into local politics. You can start by simply attending a play, where you will be shown, rather than told, the extant turmoil of our community's toughest issues. As Plan-B's Production Stage Manager **Jennifer Freed** says, "Any time we can get people talking about issues in the community, no matter what their side or views may be . . . *that* is how change is created."

For descriptions of, and tickets to, Plan-B's 2010/2011 season, log on toplanbtheatrecompany.org

Photo courtesy of Plan B Theater



Amerika by Aden Ross is one of the many original Plan B productions that went on to enjoy national success.

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MUST-COME-DOWN

GUIDING YOU THROUGH QUARTER-LIFE CRISES

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

Quarter-life crisis: Based on *SLUG Mag*'s demographics, there's a good chance a lot of you are experiencing one, especially in this economy. What do you do when nothing seems to be going your way? Even extraterrestrials know to at least phone home. That's where local artist, curator, filmmaker and screenwriter **Kenny Riches** sends the main character of his upcoming indie feature film, *Must Come Down* — back to his roots. Going home usually means a plate of cookies and a chat with mom, not trying to break into the house where you spent your childhood where someone else's mom currently lives ...

Ashley (**David Fetzer**) and Holly (**Ashly Burch**) are the two unemployed twenty-somethings "stumbling through life's final bout of growing pains" in this quirky comedy about being lost. Written, directed and produced by Riches, *Must Come Down* is his first feature-length film, no doubt inspired by his own adventures and experiences. Founder and owner of *Kayo Gallery* until he sold it in late 2007, Riches left to travel the world, including his terra patria, Japan, and returned to begin working on the screenplay. "I'd only written short films up until two years ago... I came back to Utah and had a [reunion] show at *Kayo* and I started being more interested in my family history," he says. The gallery show, titled "I Wish Things Were Different," took place last November and, like *Must Come Down*, focused on the past with the themes of nostalgia and adventure. "My favorite thing is when people tell me 'oh, I really connect with this or that part of the story,' I feel like that's important to me. This film is a lot about being lost and everyone our age is kind of there," he says. This led Riches to seek out his childhood home, which he wanted to use as a location, obviously resulting in a key part of the film's plot. Thanks to Google and Riches' persistence, he was able to make it happen. "I stalked [the family who now owns the house] a little bit, I found their names on the county recorder through their property listing ... The family that lives there is so amazing and supportive," he says.

The cast also fell right into place. The close friendship shared by Riches and Fetzer was evident as the two skillfully played off each other's comments and even finished each other's sentences.

"It's my suspicion that Kenny had me in mind from the get-go when he was writing the screenplay, 'cause when I read it, he's incorporated some of my idiosyncrasies," says Fetzer. Riches confesses the part was written with Fetzer in mind — no audition needed. Both agree

their relationship benefits the artistic process. "It's a casual collaborative dynamic between the two of us. It was just an extension of our history," says Fetzer. "We share similar comedic timing, which is really important," Riches concludes.

Phoenix native and first-time actor Ashly Burch was brought on to play Holly after Riches was introduced to her popular web video series, *Hey Ash, Watcha Playin'*? after which he sent her a Facebook message to gauge her interest in the project. Burch read through the script and loved it, as Holly holds the same eccentricities as her *Hey Ash* character. "I feel like one of the things you can recognize a good character is when you can imagine going somewhere and just having a conversation with them outside the context of the movie, and I can definitely imagine having a cup of coffee with Holly. The great thing about a film is that it's a way of knowing, in a really overdramatic way, that you're not alone," she says.

Burch's large fan base is partially responsible for the \$11,000-plus that was raised for the film through *Kickstarter.com*. People were able to watch comedic promotional videos and received pledge gifts, from stickers and DVDs to premiere tickets and production credits, depending on the amount donated. "The thing that is pretty unique about this production is that we're paying

everyone involved. Most indie productions I've been involved with just put together a team who are in it for the love of the game, which is nice, but then you have to contend with flakes and half-assed work. It's awesome that we get to be able to do that, and Kickstart helped," says Fetzer.


The film went into production from August 2-20, with all filming done exclusively in Salt Lake. Edited by **Tj Nelson** (editor, *Snowmen*), produced by **Patrick Fugit** (actor, *Almost Famous*) and **Dominic Fratto** (producer, *White on Rice*), and the score written and recorded by local musician **Andrew Shaw** (**The Platte**), this is a promising local film you won't want to miss. "I personally hope that it will inspire local filmmakers in particular to be serious about filmmaking and to make more films ... When one person just says 'I'm just gonna do this' and they do it, it creates a chain effect, and I would love to see that," says Fetzer. Riches plans to finish the film in time to submit to *Sundance*: "I can't expect to win much because it's a huge festival and tons of people submit, but it's worth trying ... I'm related to **Robert Redford**," he teases. "I didn't know he was Japanese," says Fetzer.

Check out Mustcomedownmovie.com for more updates and information.




Photo: Ruby Claire Johnson

Kenny Riches on set during the filming of his first feature length film, *Must Come Down*.



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BEAT BOYS IN THE JET AGE

THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE Sides OF UTAH'S SCOOTER CLUBS

By Nate Perkins
perkins.nate@gmail.com

The blue '59 Vespa in front of me swerves and its rider points to the ground, warning me of a potential hazard. I drift to the left and look down as I pass what isn't much more than a greasy spot in the road framed in bloody fur and broken teeth. Sure, I've seen plenty of road kill driving my car, but I've never been able to take in the full effect like I can while riding my scooter. The world's details are harsher when they aren't boxed out by layers of metal and glass. Blasting four feet over the asphalt, I'm forced to examine exactly the way in which these dead animals decompose and cook in the desert sun, eyes popping out, spilled guts filling with maggots. There's something unhealthy about this, I imagine. Constantly being so close to the more brutal side of nature must have permanent, mind-warping effects. Maybe this is why scooterists, real scooterists, are so wild and deranged.

I'm riding through American Fork Canyon as part of an event hosted by the Brigham's Bees Scooter Club—Utah's most active scooter club. It's a chaotic collective of scooter enthusiasts who get together every two weeks or so for rides and barbeques. Not only do they do local rides around Utah Valley and Salt Lake City, but in recent months they've participated in rides as far south as Moab and as far north as Antelope Island. Although occasionally known for their out-of-hand partying, the Brigham's Bees work to maintain a reputation as the friendly, harmless scooter club in Utah. But the striking sight of twenty scooters howling down the road makes quite an impression.

Leading the crew on his red Stella affectionately dubbed "The Albatross" is club president **Sean Blake**. Face obscured by scratched sunglasses and a goatee, Blake looks like some kind of crazed beatnik slicing through the heat mirages that rise from the asphalt like steamy ghosts. It has been two years since Blake took leadership of the club, and he has been instrumental in helping it reach the level of activity that BBSC now enjoys. **Boo Crandall** follows close behind. Crandall is a longtime BBSC member and local scooter legend infamous for launching off of poorly constructed jumps on his '59 Vespa. I trail the two on my orange Stella, and to my rear is a vicious crew of riders as varied as the bikes they ride. Among them is **Taylor Allen**, a barely-legal scooter mechanic on his dark purple "Frankenstella"—an unholy mishmash of salvaged parts fueled by siphoned gasoline. He has a toolbox bungeed to the rack just in case roadside repairs are in order, as they often are.

The BBSC came together in 2001, founded and led by **David Hurtado**, the owner of Orem's *Scooter Lounge*. Aside from being home to some of Utah's best and most trusted scooter mechanics and dealers, the *Scooter Lounge* serves as the Bees' official headquarters, playing host to summer barbeques

and pre-ride meet-ups. Hurtado, now a busy family man, didn't make it to today's ride, but he's logged enough miles over the years to put the rest of us to shame. In fact, this is one of his shop's major selling points.

"*The Scooter Lounge* is the best place to buy a scooter or have one serviced because we have the most knowledgeable staff and the best mechanics. We are scooter enthusiasts, we ride what we sell," Hurtado says. Before opening the shop and after years of hobby restorations, Hurtado had a gig with a Vespa dealership, and it was there that the idea struck him. "I realized that there was a need for a shop like ours, and that nobody was really interested in meeting it, so *The Scooter Lounge* was born."

It is very much because of the *Scooter Lounge* that our stylish band of real world misfits are now climbing the mountain road to Tibble Fork Reservoir. The roads are thick with weekend traffic, SUVs loaded with coolers and fishing poles, vehicles large and powerful enough to kill any one of us should they be piloted carelessly. Blake looks back to young Allen, as if to make sure he's still there. He's explained it to me before, "Taylor has nine lives like a cat, and I've seen him lose three of them." But, like any dedicated scooterist, even being sideswiped by a distracted driver in a blind intersection hasn't deterred Allen from getting back on his scooter. He grins, taking in the scenery and crowds.

We ride as a group across the narrow dam, the reservoir to our left and the rest of the world to our right. The view is spectacular, and we stop to drink it in. Everyone kills their engines and the rumbling stops, leaving a strange void in the air. The emptiness is quickly consumed by the laughter and general shit-talking that follows this crowd around. Folks pull drinks out of glove boxes and backpacks and loiter, admiring each other's scooters. Shit-talking turns into good-natured bickering and arguing about which make of scooter is the best.

"It's just in our nature to want to kick each other's ass," says Blake. The most ridiculous thing in the world to him is that scooterists get run off the road by trucks, yelled at by Harley riders and still manage to find reasons to fight with each other. This is why the BBSC is so accepting of riders of all breeds. "There should just be mutual respect between riders of two-wheeled vehicles," he says, but when I ask him about the relationship scooterists have with motorcyclists he answers simply, "Two words: Fuck. Bikers."

He doesn't mean it to be as harsh as it sounds, he's just tired of



repeatedly being called a "pussy." In fact, many scooter riders also own and ride motorcycles, and several of Utah's scooter clubs embrace the wild and free lifestyle traditional of outlaw motorcycle gangs. The SLC Groppers, one of the wildest of the Utah clubs, fly under a black and white flag depicting two breasts being cupped by masculine hands. In an online advertisement looking for new members, club member **Matt Stout** claims to be sickened by the mod style so closely associated with scooter culture and draws plans for a scooter rally to be sponsored by sex toy manufacturers and hard liquor distilleries. He also describes the club's initiation ceremony, known as a "grope-in."

The Salt Lake chapter of the Pharaohs Scooter Cult, a club based in Oceanside, California with chapters in ten states and one in Australia, is also known for their wild, individualized initiation ceremonies which all seem to be based purely on drunken fun. Rumors of initiations circulate throughout Utah's scooter underground by word of mouth. One such legend is that a new initiate, appropriately named **Naked Laura**, had a wine bag tied to her hand and was required to strip and pour booze down the throats of all club members, both men and women.

Fortunately VaVaVroom, a recently unveiled all-girl club led by long time riders **Michelle Pate** and **Debbie Larsen**, is doing its damndest to promote a scene full of positive changes. Pate says, "We just wanted to have an all-girl club where we could ride together and women could learn basic scooter repairs and maintenance." When it comes right down to it though, all the Utah clubs are friends and ride together, creating perfect conditions for Utah to host the annual Last Days of Summer Scooter Rally, a three day August weekend luring in riders from all over the western United States.

The Brigham's Bees spend all summer gearing up for the Rally, testing out their scooters on short rides like the one



Illustration: Chad Lindsay

we're on now. It's a good thing too, because engine trouble in a rally setting means getting left in the lonely, smoky dust of hundreds of scooters.

After snapping group pictures and swatting at mosquitoes, the Brigham's Bees are ready to roll out, back down the canyon and up to Salt Lake for a post-ride party at the house of **John Southerland**, the charming president of an offshoot club, the Angry Bees. With a few kicks, everyone's engines roar to life—everyone's except for Mr. Crandall's, that is. Frustrated, he hops off his Vespa, motioning for Allen to bring his toolbox. It isn't long before Crandall snaps his scooter's cowl back into place and stands over his Vespa for a moment. He kicks the 200cc engine to life, and lets out a long, affirmative howl. With that, our forty-wheeled vehicle, now more evolving organism than machine, cuts through weekend traffic and rumbles like a psychotic bat down toward the mouth of American Fork Canyon. There is something stirring, and almost saving, in the unlikely combination of our bastardized Italian style and the freedom of the American open road. The canyon and her walls, complete with cliffs, trees and waterfalls, towers above us impressively. We have something that other tribes lack, but we are fueled by the same sentimental feeling of fraternal union. We are an inseparable spectacle, one with each other and with Mother Nature herself, and the canyon — all of Utah in fact — is suddenly ours.

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HAVE COUCH, WILL TRAVEL

By Ross Solomon

ross@slugmag.com

Plaid, brown, green, stained and pink. Red with stripes, black, leather, bloody and ripped. There are no two couches on this little blue planet even remotely similar.

The stories behind these squishy pieces of lounge furniture set them even further apart: Friends, enemies, strangers, love, sex, TV, food, drugs, tragedies and holidays—anything goes on that weathered three-seater in your living room. Without even trying, your couch has become a veritable microcosm of travels, stories and good times.

Nearly eight years ago, *Couchsurfing.com* (now *Couchsurfing.org*) was started as a way for people from all over the world to harness the unique power of the couch: free accommodations paired with lifelong friendships, international connections, wild parties and more. Couchsurfing's mission is simple: "Create Inspiring Experiences." To accomplish this, they provide simple tools that allow travelers to find basic accommodations in other members' homes all across the world. With just over two million members covering 238 unique countries in nearly 80,000 cities, it's almost a given that there will be at least one couch available where you're going.

For those who don't travel, being a host is an integral part of the CS community. While I've only surfed two

couches since I joined Couchsurfing in early 2008, there have been 17 different groups of people sleeping on my couches. From Argentina to Russia and Canada to the UK, I've made close connections to people all around the world just by lending them my couch for a night or two.

Hosting strangers or traveling in new or unknown places certainly raises the question of safety. Couchsurfing has several mechanisms in place that protect its members, with the most important and powerful feature being the community itself. Not unlike *Facebook* or *eBay*, reviews and comments are left by fellow surfers attesting to their validity and trustworthiness. People have profiles with pictures and info about the surfers and their couches. There is also a three-level verification system in place, which verifies the member's e-mail address, physical mailing address and identity. In all of the adventures I've had and all of the people I've met, never have I heard of or experienced any negative people in the Couchsurfing community.

Though the experiences that Couchsurfing has made possible for me are innumerable, there have been several absolutely unforgettable times that stand above the rest. Below are those moments.

TOP 5 COUCH SURFING EXPERIENCES

1. Backpacking on the coast of Vancouver Island, Canada with **Kyle**, a deep-sea bomb diffuser for the Royal Canadian Navy. We spent three days on the *Juan De Fuca Trail*, a 47 km trail directly south of the *West Coast Trail* near Victoria. On the last day of our trip, it started to pour and all we cared about was getting warm, dry and fed. We stumbled upon a trailer park in a town of about 50 named Bamfield, where a family in a trailer park let us huddle by their fire while they fed us fresh-caught crab.
2. Having a girl and her friends get drunk at a house party I hosted and then randomly meeting up at some crazy bar in Beijing via Couchsurfing over a year later. She was on her way to Tibet on a trip all over Asia, hitting up countries like Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam.
3. Finding over \$400 in perfectly good cheese in the Sugarhouse Whole Foods dumpster with a guy from Berea, Kentucky. **Levi** came here to get his Wilderness First Responder certificate, and just got hungry on an off night. For some reason, we went to go see *17 Again*, which turned out to be hilarious in all of the wrong ways.
4. Getting caught taking pictures at *Body Worlds* with a hitchhiker from Russia, and then having said Russian hitchhiker talk us out of the situation, slyly disabling his memory card so only the built in demo pictures showed when the goons went a-sleuthin'.
5. Hosting a guy who started an organic farm on the Olympic Peninsula. After just a one night stay, he gave us a garbage bag full of veggies for hosting him. Carrots, peppers, beets and all sorts of other seriously delicious edibles made for some of the best meals I'd had in months.

If you're planning an adventure in the near future, or you want to meet some great people from all over the world, it sure wouldn't hurt to check out *Couchsurfing.org* today. They have plenty more information on what the organization stands for and why they do what they do. The local Salt Lake Couchsurfing scene hosts events nearly every week, with attendance often breaking 50 or more people. Just join the Salt Lake City, Utah group on the site and you can learn all about it.



Illustration: Ricky Vigil

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“Theater Dahling!!!”

By Princess Kennedy

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The one outlet I cannot seem to break into in SLC is the theater — probably because the scene is so T.I.R.E.D.! I was hoping to fill this niche in my life this summer when I received an offer to audition for a show called *The Great American Trailer Park Musical* that is happening at the *Egyptian Theater* this fall. I was going to try out for the roles of either the stripper with a past or the fading beauty who was agoraphobic and obsessed with the Ice Capades. I could have played both of these from life experience alone.

I worked hard to prepare for the audition and when the day came, I went and sang my little tranny heart out for the panel of humorless gays and felt very quickly that they thought I was not taking their fierce theatrical production seriously. GOD, lighten up, Marys. The best part of the audition was when I was leaving and the next hopeful arrived, a **Meatloaf/Richard Simmons** lookalike in a Jazz-about. How fast would you buy a ticket for a show with ME falling in love with THAT?! As expected, I didn't even get a thank you, let alone a callback, so again Salt Lake will be plagued with yet another predictable piece of crap lacking any irony. All the while, I was left to lounge about my apartment with its Old French whore décor in a black wig acting like a brunette, dreaming of a life on the stage.

It's no big surprise that I was a giant drama fag in high school (my bachelor's is in theater) and when I left Salt Lake, I acted in a number of troupes that were solely focused on the cutting edge. One was called the *Sick and Twisted Players*. We would do stage plays of movies like *Carrie* or *The Omen* live. Sometimes we would take two shows and mash them up into one like *Survivor Gilligan's Island* or *Nightmare on Elm St. 90210*.

Another troupe, called *Tuck and Role Players*, wrote original rock operas. In one of these I played **Marie Antoinette** in our version of *Dante's Inferno*. The premise of this show was that a drag queen named Dante was electrocuted during a fierce lip-sync and had to climb the levels of hell while passing the most famous women in history. My favorite level was **Lucrezia Borgia's** day spa, where travelers of hell were invited in for an exhilarating kitty litter scrub followed by a once-through in the tanning ovens imported from East Germany. Genius!

The last theater troupe I was involved with is something that I would love to get started

in Salt Lake. We were called *TV Land* and did the pilot episodes of classic television shows as stage plays. My acting abilities were challenged to their limit with roles like Chrissy in *Three's Company*, Ma in the *Golden Girls* and Crystal Carrington in a coma for our Christmas Dynasty show. Obviously not amazing feats of theater, but creative and fun to watch damnit!

An old friend of mine from my *Utah Shakespearean Festival* days in Cedar City is coming to town this month with his show fresh from the *Fringe Theater Festival* in New York. I thought I'd give him a call in hopes that some of his creative juices might wash over me and maybe get my padded ass out there to create the stuff I want to do.

Steven Fales is an actor/writer/producer, who is mostly known for his autobiographical one-person plays (*The Mormon Boy Trilogy*), cabaret acts (*Mormon American Princess*, *Songs of My People*) and stand-up comedy (*When All Else Fails*). *The Mormon Boy Trilogy* includes *Confessions of a Mormon Boy*, *Missionary Position*, and *Who's Your Daddy?* and is meant to play in repertory. Each 90-minute show is a comprehensive, epic exploration of what it is to be a gay Mormon American at the beginning of the twenty-first century.

I went and saw *Mormon American Princess* at the Tavernacle and left about four songs into it when he did a Broadway version of “The Cult of Personality” by **Living Colour**. JAZZ HANDS! Even though it was pretty tired, I have to give it up to him for pushing the envelope with his subject matter. I am not sure why he is loved here so much, because it seems to me that all his material is something that would be received better by the ever-curious outsiders not privy to the Mormon way of life. One thing I think is very daring, though, is that in *Missionary Position*, which is scheduled to play September 23-28 at *Rose Wagner*, he will be reenacting sacred temple rituals. Fales must be super brave.

I asked Fales why he thought there was such a lack of creativity in Salt Lake's theater scene and his reply was that he feels it's tough here due to the struggle of trying to get the gays to support your success. Once you can get the homos off their jealously trip, you have to give it your all. If there is one thing they love to do, it's knock you off the pedestal that they put you on. No wonder I don't actually try to put something together! If any of you out there would like to try it, call me for an audition. I will be at home waiting in my Jazz-around with Meatloaf Simmons just aching for a bit of creative, ironic theater, dahling.

Photo: Michelle Emerson



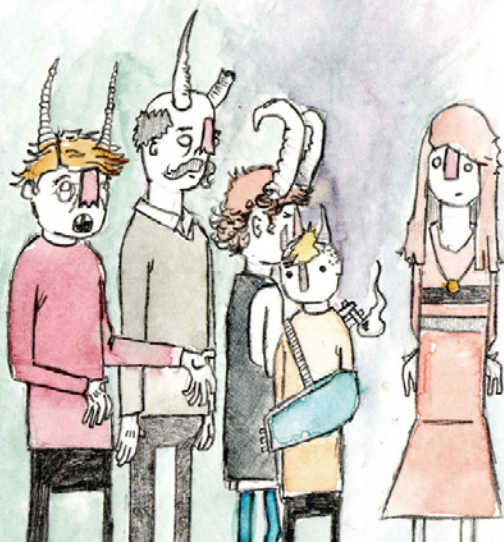
I was left to lounge about my apartment with its Old French whore décor in a black wig acting like a brunette, dreaming of a life on the stage.

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HOMENAJE A LOS ANTIGUOS

A MAYAN AND MESOAMERICAN BLACK METAL JOURNEY WITH SALT LAKE CITY'S

YAOTL MICTLAN

By Bryer Wharton

bryer@slugmag.com

There is a unique aspect to American culture, one that is often taken for granted or, worse, looked down upon: America is a melting pot and has been since its relatively recent birth. The multitude of ethnicities that call America home fuel us with a new sense of self-discovery and values and traditions that everyone can embrace and celebrate. Yaotl Mictlan may have originated in Mexico, but they call Salt Lake City home. Yaotl Mictlan has a primal edge with their feet planted in black metal, yet dispel the notion that all black metal bands sound the same. They prove that the genre is a vessel to portray artistic visions and themes and can ideally transfix and transport listeners to experience emotions and feelings they might not have known they even had. The band signed to international label **Candlelight Records** in February, giving them distribution on a global level. On Aug. 10, they released their second full-length album, *Dentro del Manto Gris de Chaac*. It not only instills hometown pride, but reminds us all that humanity is one entity. Yaotl Mictlan embrace their Mayan and Mesoamerican heritage, using their music as an exploration into ancient realms that are still not fully explained by historians. **SLUG** talked to **Yaotl**, the band's drummer, and got further insight into the band.

SLUG: Where did the initial idea for Yaotl Mictlan come from? How and when did the band get its start?

Yaotl: One of the main reasons **Tlatecatl** (guitarist and vocalist) and I started Yaotl Mictlan was because we had never heard a black/death metal band talk about the ancient Mexican cultures. We both agreed on adding indigenous instruments and having the lyrics in Spanish. That has been our fundamental intent since 1999.

SLUG: The band's lyrical subject matter and musical themes are based around the Mayan culture and heritage, as well as other topics. Where does the band's inspiration lyrically and musically come from?

Yaotl: It's not just Mayan, but Mesoamerican, and it comes from within. We grew up hearing about their history and their temples, and we got fascinated with their religions. We realized that other people were unfamiliar with our history. In fact, they were ashamed to have indigenous roots. Our lyrics are meant to inspire others to be proud of where they come from and share with them a sense belonging. Similarly, we are inspired by the musical talent and creativity of our ancestors and the instruments they used over five thousand years ago.

SLUG: How would you describe Yaotl Mictlan to someone who has never even heard a chord of black metal?

Yaotl: In this specific case I would describe it as extreme metal, in Spanish, with indigenous instruments, and hand them a CD.

SLUG: The band uses a multitude of different indigenous instruments in its music. Can you name a few, and the reasons behind using them and who plays them?

Yaotl: Seashells, tree seeds, huehefl drums, teponaztli wooden drums, various flutes, Mayan trumpets and rain sticks. We use them because we want to add to the ambience of our lyrics. In our opinion, these instruments are very similar to dark and ambient black metal—they both provoke intense feelings of passion and mystique. All of us perform these instruments in the recordings.

SLUG: While my knowledge on the Mayan culture isn't superb, I can see how it makes an impact. When I was eight years old (I'm 29 now) I spent a month in Mexico, and a lot of that time was spent touring the Mayan pyramids, Teotihuacan, Palenque and Chichen Itza. I have strong memories of visiting those places. What about the culture makes you feel so connected and inspired to create music about it?

Yaotl: That's great that your time spent in Mexico was memorable. Mexico and these ancient sites that you went to are, in our opinion, very magical places. As native people from Mexico, we have a strong connection with the culture of our ancestors and we sometimes feel disappointed that more is not being done to preserve and highlight the significance of our history. Rather, we are in a state of unconscious self-hatred and inferiority instilled in us from the time we were colonized. Yaotl Mictlan's goal is to bring awareness into our community's mind and open their eyes to the infinite richness that exists within our own culture.

SLUG: How did **Xolotl** (a sister band of Yaotl Mictlan) come to be? It almost feels like it's the more sinister side of Yaotl Mictlan. Musically it's rawer, more extreme and lyrically more themed around the Aztec culture, which, in my understanding has a darker past than the Mayans.

Yaotl: In 2007 Tlatecatl went to Arizona for a year, so the rest of the members of Yaotl Mictlan decided to create Xolotl just as a temporary side project. The idea was to play raw and crude black metal, play a few shows, record a CD and that was it. However, it has been an exciting and unique experience for all of us and it allows us to discover a different side of a similarly-themed type of music.

SLUG: For those who aren't educated on the subject (I'd include myself in that category), how would you describe the core culture and beliefs of the Mayans as compared to the Aztecs?

Yaotl: There are a ton of books on this, and it's a very long answer, but I will describe it as best I can. Ancient Mayan core culture evolves around the *Popol Vuh* (The Mayan book that describes the creation of the world and humanity). The Mayan believed in various gods that represented the natural environment around them. They were very connected to nature and were excellent astronomers, mathematicians and timekeepers. In contrast, the Aztec-Mexica core culture evolved around *Huitzilopochtli*, who was their main god and guided them to their promise land. The Aztec-Mexica believed in various combinations of traditions that they would acquire through their expansion across Mesoamerica. Lyrically, the difference is that in Xolotl we talk more about pre-Hispanic occultism and ancient gods, versus Yaotl Mictlan, where we focus more on pre-Hispanic history, culture and beliefs.

SLUG: How did your relationship with Candlelight Records come to be?

Yaotl: Only 100 copies of our demo that **Juan Brujo** (vocalist of

Brujeria) supported financially were released since he didn't plan for anything else but to record it. Because of the lyrical content and concept, it got a good response in Latin American web zines and we started to get some hits on our old web page. Five years later, we had thirteen new tracks and so we financed and recorded our debut album, *Guerreros de la Tierra de los Muertos*. We searched for Mexican labels that would be interested in our band and our ideology and found **Joel Morales**, owner of *alprods.net*. *Alprods.net* has a very large international distribution and made us very visible worldwide. During the three years after our release with *alprods.net*, we have had a very good response from people. Our whole first album was uploaded on YouTube by fans, we started getting interviews from zines all over the world, we had great reviews, we opened up for Brujeria in L.A. and we started to get a very strong following among Latinos in the U.S. and Mexico. Last year we got an email through our Myspace from Candlelight Records saying that they were interested in our band because of the debut album.

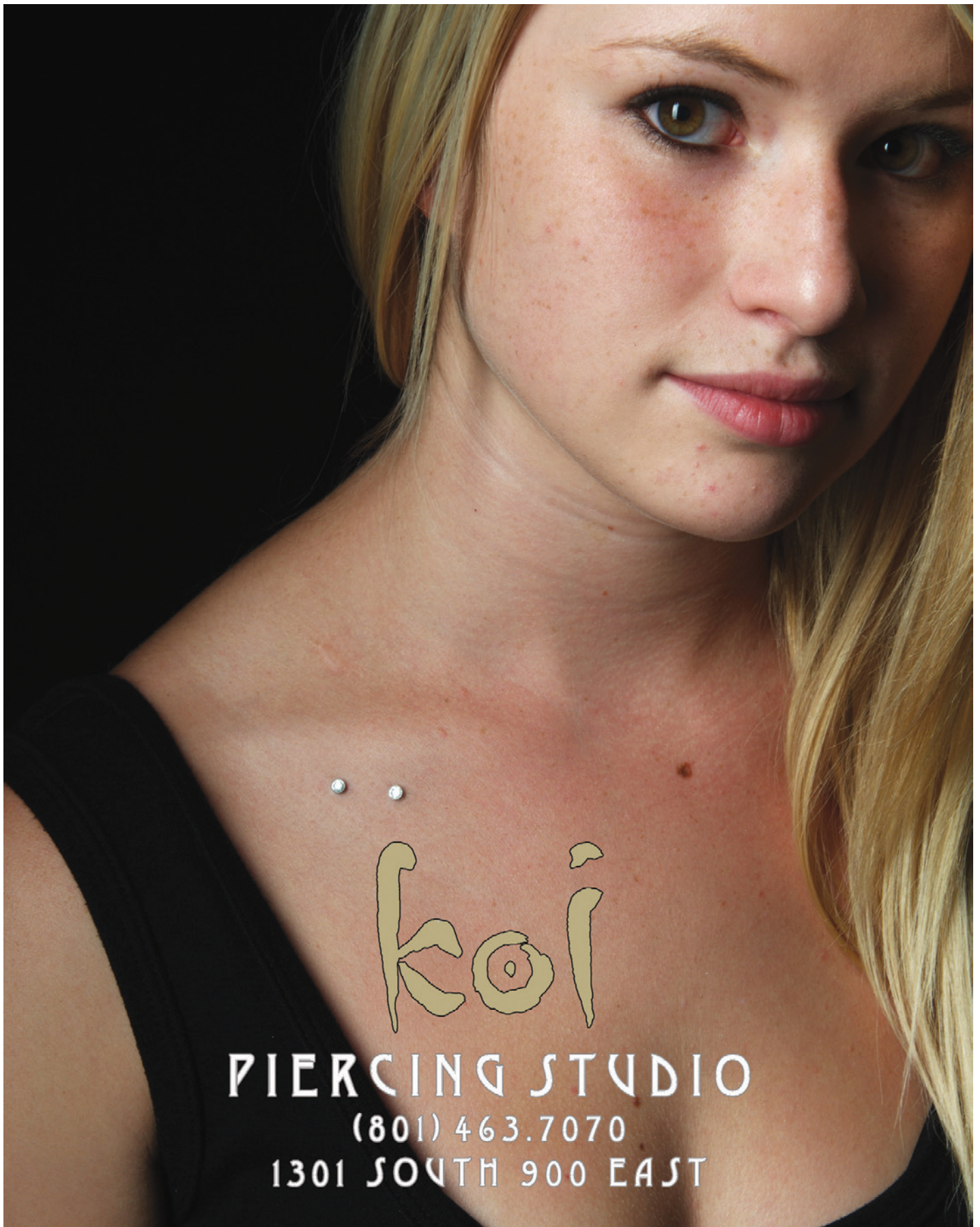
It's been a long journey and we recognize that we are very fortunate to have had opportunities present themselves. We have worked very hard and are extremely happy to release our new album.



Photo: Mitch Allen

Dentro del Manto Gris de Chaac proves that you don't have to be a full-on black metal fan to find something worthwhile and distinctly unique to Yaotl Mictlan—a feat worthy of praise when carbon-copy black metal artists run rampant across the global scene. Yaotl Mictlan's expression of cultural heritage through raw, sometimes-violent, sometimes-majestic and somber music is an exercise in self-exploration as well as an emotionally educating process.

Trumpets howl and drums pulsate with swirling distorted guitars. Raw vocal expressions stir up feelings and images that bend time and call on the gods of an ancient culture forced to assimilate or die. In a modern age when societies are connected with the click of a mouse and generations are focused on instant gratification and complacency, spirituality and heritage can get lost if self-discovery is not emphasized. As long as the human race has known how to create music, it's not only been an outlet of artistic expression, but an expression of the very core of civilization and each society's and ethnicity's importance. Yaotl Mictlan may remind us of the differences of our heritages, but it also implores us to realize that we are all one.



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THE BOOK ARTS PROGRAM

"Technology Doesn't Die, It Becomes Art"

By Ryan Hall
donsignanythingyet@gmail.com

"What is book arts' is the same question as 'what is art'. You can probably argue, anything can be a book,"

—Claire Taylor

The Book Arts Program

Learning how to use a letterpress or other vintage printmaking machines ties one into a continuous history of printmaking that has existed for centuries. Walking into the *Book Arts Program* is like traveling into a decades old newspaper printing plant. Gigantic letterpresses and nipping presses dominate the front room where students and community members engage in the centuries-old process of inking large rollers to apply fresh ink on a poster, or tightening the clamp on a nipping press to bind a book. Near the back of the room, students plot out and design projects with rulers, squares and compasses instead of staring dead-

eyed into a ubiquitous hub

of iMacs. Public relations and studio coordinator **Amber Heaton** says, "We aren't a museum, but more of a practical use space. It is part of our mission to keep alive those technologies in a time when they are not really necessary, but they can create this kind of space where people can learn how things used to be created."

The *Book Arts Program* at the *University of Utah* was established in 1995 and serves as a connection into the world of physical printmaking. The program exists, first, to teach students and community members about printmaking technologies and alternatives such as letterpress and screen printing. Second, it provides access to expensive and hard-to-find equipment for those enrolled to fearlessly explore the world of tangible printmaking. The program also seeks to challenge the definition of a "book." The *Book Arts Program* offers semester-length classes through the Art and Art History department in Letterpress, Book Making and Artist Books. The program also offers a variety of workshops and classes for community members



Studio coordinator, Claire Taylor.

"It feels fun going back in time and slowing yourself down to where it is not so easy."

—John Andrews

interested in exploring printmaking with intensive four-day classes and weekend workshops.

"Some community members who take [the *Book Arts Program*] are artists exploring the book as a structure, as a format to presenting your artwork. Sometimes people are interested in learning how to bind books, some are scrapbookers," says Heaton. While ostensibly part of the art department, Heaton relates that many English and creative writing students take the classes to learn how to publish their material without going through a publishing house. They currently have a mathematical doctorate candidate letterpressing his entire thesis.

Aside from teaching print history and creating a space to create books and prints on antiquated machinery, the *Book Arts Program* offers an Artist's Book class that focuses on exploring how the form of the book can be interpreted and manipulated. Many artist books rely on context in order for viewers to fully digest the "bookness" of their creation. **Claire Taylor**, studio coordinator, says, "What is book arts' is the same question as 'what is art'. You can probably argue anything can be a book." Artist books sometimes stretch even the most liberal interpretation of what a book usually looks like, conveys, or means. **Marnie**

Powers-Torrey says, "[An artist book] carries some kind of implication to some kind of relation to a book. It is more than a book [as a] container for words, it has some

sort of visual ramification. It can be sculptural: an object that is just appreciated as an object, but is not meant to be handled, but somehow communicates the feeling of a book."

Instant Everything, Constant Nothing

Creating a space where people can reconnect with centuries-old printing technologies is more than a nostalgic yearning for the past. For many it represents a way to reconnect with the feeling of actually creating something tangible—a job that gets your hands dirty. **David Wiley**, creative director for the *Book Arts Program*, left his job as graphic designer to pursue printmaking as a career.

"When I first started printing, I felt an immediate connection to the physical labor that is involved because I was actually constructing and building something." He says, "On the computer you do that to a certain degree but there is still a disconnect between your hands and the object because the object is virtual."

Only two floors below the *Book Arts Program* lies a machine that is the



Anthony Olson cleans a press before preparing to print.

antithesis of
physical printmaking.

The Espresso Book
Machine works in a similar
manner as the Starbucks version
of the drink that shares its name.
Pick a title from a cache of
digitized books, push a button
and the whirling mechanisms
within the machine spit out a
paperback that is perfectly bound
but completely standardized. The
physical act of grinding a coffee
bean or printing and binding a
book have been replaced with
something uncomfortably sterile
and detached from the physical
world. The structure of the book
is closed, and no options in
form, font or cover art exist. One
doesn't even need to interact
with a librarian or cashier to
purchase a book made from this
machine.

We live in a world where
most products are created
for instantaneous mass
consumption. The ability to
produce things cheaply and
quickly drives the bottom line of
what is acceptable artistically. For
John Andrews, who switched
to the program from the English
department, the ability to labor
over the tedious is liberating. "It
feels fun going back in time
and slowing yourself down to
where it is not so easy. You
don't take for granted
automatic spacing.

You have to think
about decisions
of where words

line up on the page.
Everything is in your
hands. It is empowering that
way," he says.

In many ways the Espresso
Book Machine and the Book Arts
Program existing under the same roof
represent the dichotomy of creating
art in the digital age. On one hand, the
rapid increases in digital technology have
made creating music, film, and print a
much easier, inclusive and casual process.
Running parallel to the digital world, however,
is a resurgence of artists, musicians and
filmmakers returning to tactile means of
production: recording analog when it would
be cheaper to do it digitally, and choosing to
spend hours on a letter-pressed poster rather
than a print from a LaserJet.

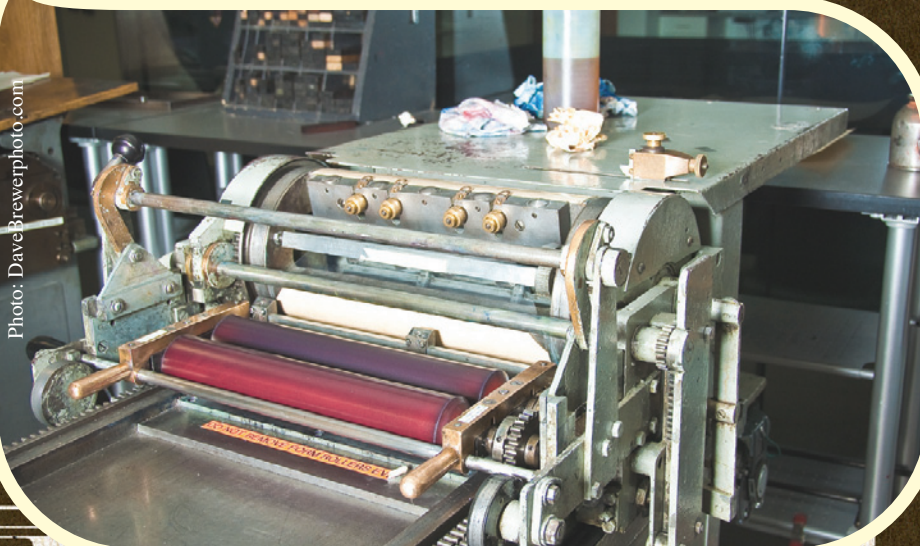
Taking the Power Back: D.I.Y and Letterpress

According to Wiley, a fundamental shift took
place when he switched from graphic design to
letterpress. "When I was working commercially,
I would do the design and then hand it off
to somebody else to produce it. Too often I
had the experience of the final artifact not
being what I intended because there were
so many intermediaries involved," he
says. With full control over the means of
production from inception to printing,
the means of printing itself became
an exploratory vehicle. "With the DIY
ethic in letterpress and screen
printing, I get to be the planner,
the designer, the artist and
the printer. I handle
all of it. I can plan
a project out
so it looks
exactly the way
I see it in

"When I first started
printing, I felt an immediate
connection to the physical
labor that is involved
because I was actually
constructing and building
something."

—David Wiley

Photo: DaveBrewerphoto.com



my head, or I can approach the press with a mindset of a painter or a sculptor where I am creating spontaneously," says Wiley.

Ryan Perkins, owner of the small-run screen printing company *Big Fun SLC*, says, "I feel like if anyone else is trying to direct me in some way, it just lacks some kind of spirit ... There are so many things when you are printing that you didn't anticipate that were going to occur in the printing process and they are beautiful. If you can, you try to reproduce them in the future."

Notable Alumni

The *Book Arts Program* has served as a launching pad for many local artists like Perkins who use the skills they learned in the program every day in their artistic endeavors. It is no coincidence that many artists actively engaged in the Salt Lake art scene are *Book Arts* alumni. For most, the classes in letterpress and screen-printing were their first interaction with the world of printmaking.

For many students, graduating from the program means finding equipment and space to continue creating art in their chosen field. Some artists, like John Andrews, who co-founded the thriving *Copper Palate Press*, create presses of their own, purchasing used letterpresses and buying studio space.

Others, like Perkins, translate

what they learned in the *Book Arts Program* to a much more micro scale. Perkins screen-prints all of his posters and ephemera on

a rolling desk in his apartment. After he is done printing, he rolls the desk out into the sun to be exposed and then washes them out. "It is a little bit helter-skelter, but it works," Perkins says.

Future Possibilities

There are a variety of upcoming *Book Arts* classes and workshops happening now until the end of the year. Many of these classes are taught by visiting national and international artists. The *Book Arts* website provides a calendar of all upcoming events. For example, on September 24 and 25, they are offering a workshop on creating books with pages created out of Plexiglas, metal, wood, and glass.

As the gap between the commoditization of information and tangible, lovingly produced art pieces like a letter-pressed poster widens, the *Book Arts Program* will continue to be a haven for those who thrive on the visceral connection that physical printmaking provides. The *Book Arts Program* serves as not only a link to past technologies, but as a community where radical reinterpretations of books and the DIY ethic is fostered and encouraged. Wiley's letterpress teacher used to say, "technology doesn't die, it becomes art." When technology erases our ability to feel like we have created something real, the conscious creation of art may be our only retreat back into the material world.



Photo: DaveBrewerphoto.com

With the DIY ethic in letterpress and screen printing, I get to be the planner, the designer, the artist and the printer."

—David Wiley

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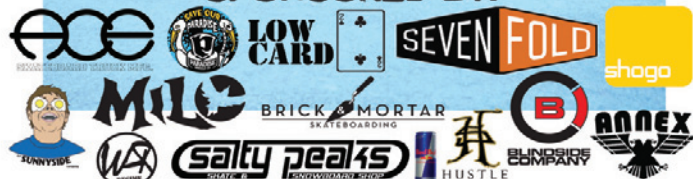
Photo: Sam Alimena



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BRICK & MORTAR

SKATEBOARDING

Shop Talk With Brick & Mortar

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

In case you haven't noticed, SLC is growing massively. I've been told that the new Zion metropolis rising in downtown is the biggest uprise in the country right now. A new restaurant and coffee shop pop up every month, but what about a legit skate shop in the downtown area? It's not that I don't have tons of love for all the shops I've grown up with (*Milo, Saltys, Blindside, Technique*) it's just that I don't want to drive all the way to 21st or 33rd just for a sheet of grip. We've had a few attempts, but they've never stuck around—too much die-cut grip is my guess. There is a time for everything, and I think the time is now for SLC's first ever skate-only shop. The task is being tackled by a man with one name: **Hondo**. He opened the doors of *Brick & Mortar* (561 W 200 S) on July 31. It's a fresh lookin' shop, but don't get confused, it's not *FICE* in there. Hondo says, "The way I see it, I can't sell a pair of pants for \$200 when that's 20 hours of work or half of someone's rent." You're only going to find useful skate products in this shop. I rolled over to *Brick & Mortar* to get the low down on the shop and how Hondo thinks he'll fare as a skate-only shop in a state whose slogan was once: "The greatest snow on earth."

SLUG: Let's start with why you wanted to start a shop in the middle of a recession.

Hondo: I've always wanted a shop. I finished college and I was like, you know what, there is no better time to start a shop here in Salt Lake where it's cheap and there is a good skate scene. The skate scene here is huge, but it's so scattered—I just felt like there needed to be a central location.

SLUG: What's going to be different about your shop that will make it last?



Hondo at the skate counter.

Hondo: There are no snowboards, first of all. It's just skateboarding in here. I'm a skate shop that carries skateboards and cares about skateboarding. I think there are enough people here that feel the same way. I want to buy my skate products from a skate shop ... I'll never put anyone's trucks on backwards. I'll never give someone a shitty grip job. I've grown up with skateboarding for 14 years. I know what it's like to be stoked on a skate video and want to skate your favorite pro's board just because you're stoked on him.

SLUG: What are some things you're going to do that'll make your shop unique compared to the others?

Hondo: I just got my projector so I'm going to try and have monthly video premiers. Weekly games of skate every Friday at 7pm. Hopefully some art shows with local skate-related artists and I want to get a big collection of skate videos to rent like a Blockbuster where you can rent your favorite skate video for three days.

SLUG: How do you think our six months of winter will affect you as a skate shop?

Hondo: If they can do it in Boise, we can do it here. You can pretty much skate here all year round if you really want to. Also, having video premiers in the winter and still doing events that keep people skateboarding. Winter's going to be a test, but we'll get to that when it comes.

SLUG: One thing you've made a strong point about is that *Brick & Mortar* is a raw skate shop that doesn't carry the gimmicky skate goods. What are some of the brands you've chosen to bring in that supports that?

Hondo: With all the hard goods, I brought in all my favorite brands: **Blueprint**, a company out of London; **Traffic**, 'cause of how they represent street skating. I've always loved **Stereo**, **Death Wish**, **Krew**, **Venture** and **Indy** trucks. With the clothes and shoes, it's a lot of the basic stuff like Elwood, Matix, Lakai, DVS. I don't carry any of that limited edition stuff. I just want to stay strictly skateboarding. We're not in LA and we're not in New York.

SLUG: It's been short and sweet, but that seems to cover it. Any last words?

Hondo: I just need to get people into the store. I swear kids can't read anymore—the Utah education system is failing us. I pass out flyers to kids and they can't find the address written in big numbers and letters at the bottom of the flyers, 561 W 200 S.




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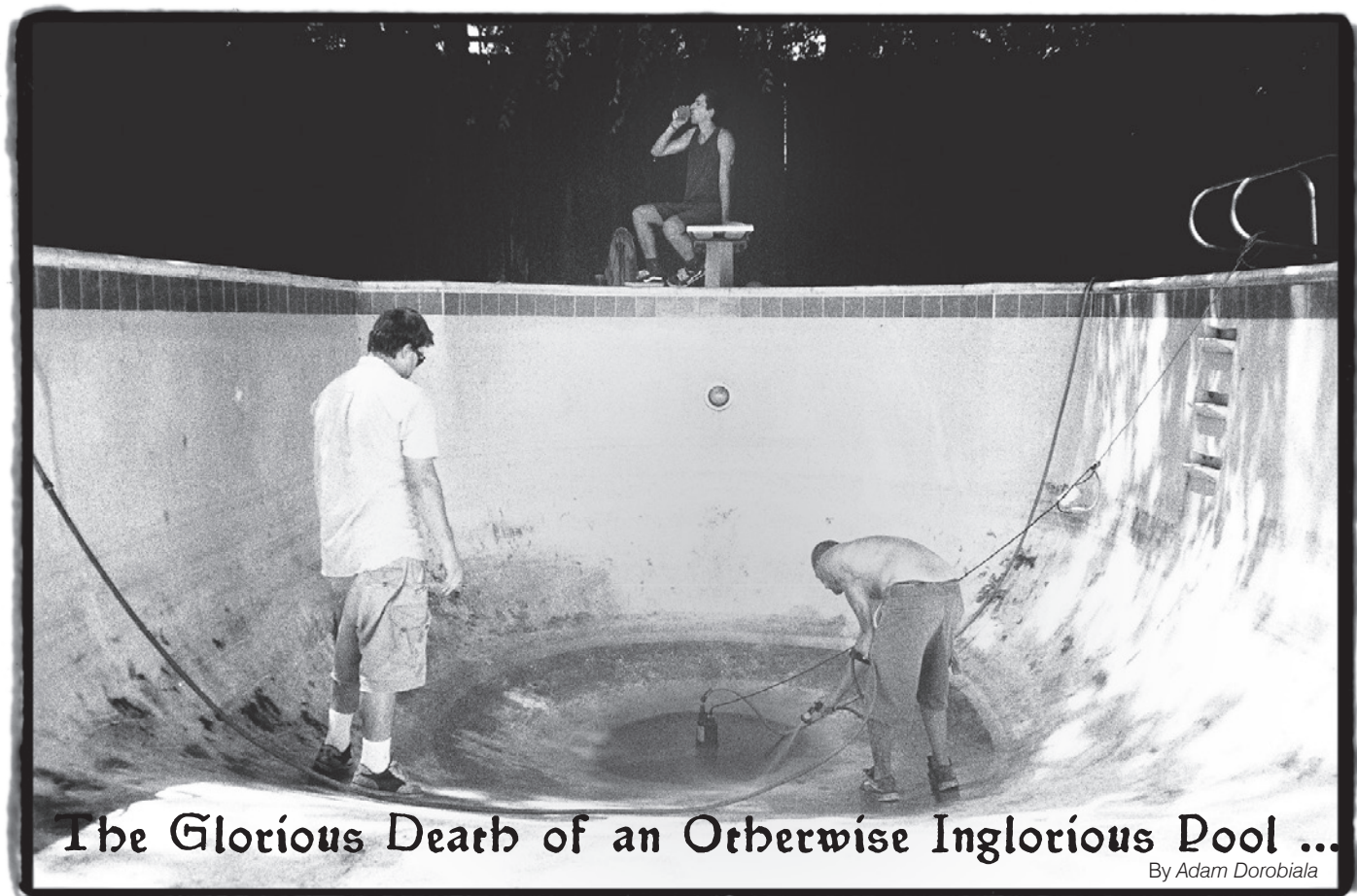
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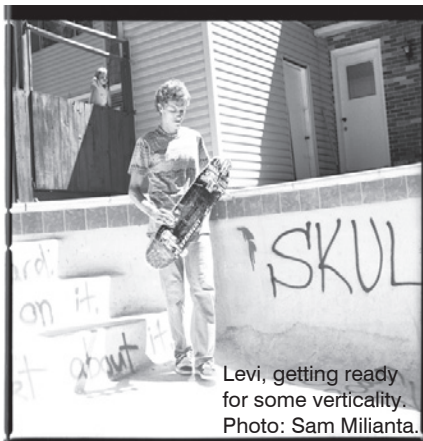
The Glorious Death of an Otherwise Inglorious Pool ...

By Adam Dorobiala

Do you remember watching *Gleaming the Cube* and being so psyched when the crew skates through the airfield and hops in the airplane at the beginning of the movie to scope out local backyard pools to skate? Hopefully, you do. Backyard pools aren't as common as the backyard mini ramps that run rampant through the downtown area, but they used to be as easy to find as the sun in the sky. Anyway, when I got a call from a friend telling me that there was a backyard pool just waiting to be cleaned out and skated, I jumped on it. **Donovan McArthur** just so happened to have a beautifully shaded pool in his backyard that had been an insect breeding ground for too long, and after a quick phone call, he invited me to come clean it out and skate it. I knew that it would definitely be a tough job for one person, so another call was made to longtime friend **Spock**, and with his Vulcan skills in pool skating we set a date to clean it out and prepare it for a jam session.

We were armed with some buckets, a water pump, some hoses, two brooms, two shovels and the will to make the pool skateable. The cleaning session went by pretty quickly for such a cesspool of filth. Spock enlisted friend **Brian Northcutt** to assist and **Willy Nevins** came to help as well. It was a pretty basic cleaning session: pump some water out, check the line to make sure it's still pumping,

shovel swamp juice into buckets, dump the buckets and repeat until somewhat clean. Cleaning a pool is a lot like washing your hair—obviously the next step is rinsing and repeating followed by a quick rub down with a towel. After it was all clean and dry, we had a mini session to charge it with some positive vibes before the official date of shredding with all the super shredders. I'll let Donovan take over from here and explain his side of things and why/how it all went down in the first place.



Levi, getting ready for some verticality.
Photo: Sam Milianta.



Cleaning is fun. Photo: Adam Dorobiala

The Glorious Death of an Otherwise Inglorious Pool, Part 2

By *Donovan McArthur*
donovan.mcarthur@gmail.com

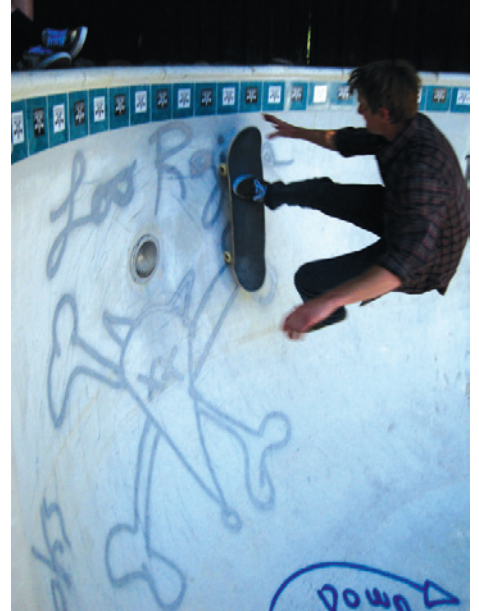
This is a story about a pool. A story about people coming together to appreciate something that was about to die—but I'll get to that in a minute.

The story actually started while filming a movie

The pool is fast, really fast, with super tight turns in the bowl. It was a daunting challenge to any and all who skated it. In fact, almost everyone who skated it described it as the gnarliest pool they've ever skated.

On the day that we actually had set up for the main party, we had a big group of locals come out and shred. Among them were **Shannon Yates, Kendall Johnson, Mike Murdock, Mark Judd, Mike Martin, Dick Weed, Levi Faust, and Dan Jones**, along with myself and a whole bunch of people that I never got names from. Every single person there did something sick. Mike Martin dropped in on each side of the pool, and described it as semi-controlled free falling. Shortly afterward, he pulled off a huge frontside air over the coping, which most people thought was one of the more incredible tricks of the day. Not to be outshined, Dan Jones stepped it up and backside ollied the huge four-foot tranny to

an accident. It was for this reason and more that the property owners wanted it destroyed. All I wanted was to share the potential that this pool had to offer. Potential to be more than just an insect breeding ground, or an accident lawsuit—potential to (for at least one day) be more than a pool, more like a symbol for sucking the marrow out of life, a symbol for using every resource you have to challenge yourself and push onward to new heights. For one day, it wasn't just an inglorious pool.



Counter Clockwise From Above Photo: I ran out of film before this one foot nose grab up and back down by Kendall Johnson but that's why they have point and shoots right? Mike Martin rock fakie. He rips way hard. Spock with a super smooth nose grab slash over the light, so rad. Photos: Adam Dorobiala

for the *48 Hour Film Project*. A friend of mine named **Greg Collete** was over at my house for a wrap party and brought up the idea of getting local skaters over to my house to skate the pool. He said he knew just the right guys. I would be happy just to get rid of the mosquito-spawning ground in my backyard. Meeting new people and watching some of the sickest local shredders didn't sound so bad either. I knew that we had to act fast if we were really going to squeeze the last precious drops of life out of the pool. When I moved into the house with my two roommates, the property owners severely cautioned us not to get too attached to the pool, as it was slated for demolition later this summer. Once we understood how little time we actually had to give this old pool a proper send-off, the wheels really got into motion.

I was more than a little sketchy on whether or not the pool would even be safe. It's 36 feet long and approximately 15 feet wide, although it skates like it's tighter than that. There are two coffee cups on either end. The deep end coffee cup is 12 feet tall and goes a little over vert once you make it past the light, which is preceded by over five feet of vert surface near the top. On either side of the deep-end coffee cup, there are wicked four-foot transitions to the long sides of the pool cut in at sharp angles. The shallow end offers a sloped ramp entry into the bowl.

the side wall, which I didn't think was actually possible. Spock consistently rode the coping, grabbing the nose of the board and landing with ease. Dick Weed put on a clinic on how to best shred the bowl, staying down there longer than anyone else, carving and turning like an absolute pro, and was able to even catch air in the side to side portion. Levi Faust tore the pool up, going more than three feet over the coping to land the gnarliest frontside air we'd seen in the pool. The most amazing thing about that was he'd just learned to frontside air three days before. Everyone was stoked—my roommates and I were excited just to see the pool finally put to good use.

Which brings me back to the death of the pool. As a rental property, pools generally just add to the potential liability that the property managers could be looking at if there was



Levi boosted the fuck out of the deep end and you gotta love Murdock's art. Awesome all around.
Photo: Swainston



JOSH MARTINEZ: 'NUF SED.



Ray and Martinez at the premiere.
Photo:
Ashley Bloxham.

By Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

About two years ago I received a text message from Josh Martinez about writing a trivia column to give away a deck he had. It fell through the cracks because we were both hella busy and the content we were pushing out around then was too rad to cut. Afterwards, I stayed in contact and throughout the last few years, I have come to know him quite well. From filming and jumping around town with him at bars and just life in general, I got to know enough about him that I realized that someone like him deserved a spotlight. No doubt.

Fresh out of Reno, Nevada, Martinez rolled into the SLC scene (well . . . more like the Utah County scene first) and was hustling to meet new people however he could. You gotta respect that kind of drive from someone who has so much love for skateboarding that they will reach out to total strangers to make something happen. Any respectable gentleman or gentlewoman in the world of skateboarding knows respect gets respect. Dig? Through all the struggles



Fun is fun, Martinez skates on by with a smile ... even if his car breaks down [lower left photo]. Photos: Adam Dorobiala

of leaving home to transplant to a new area, he seemed to do a pretty solid job of getting things accomplished. After making a few connections within the greater Salt Lake area, he was able to film and produce a whole feature film known as *Love It or Leave It*. "I always wanted to make a video, so I bought [a camera] and was like, "Alright . . .

Shit's goin' down," he said. All the talent was there (obviously, Salt Lake is pretty fucking great, right?) and he worked relentlessly to finish the project late last year. He actually premiered his film in Salt Lake a few times, but that's not the point here. It's about the intent with which he filmed and promoted the premieres.



"I want the scene to be different." Martinez says, "A community fundraiser with charity, everyone involved to help the scene y'know?" Even after he was done with *Love It Or Leave It*, he had bigger plans. Helping get local companies in on all his ideas, he soon made them become part of the wider river of how things flow around the world of skateboarding. Whether it was helping get Odeus in on "Skeighties Night" (R.I.P.) at *The Manhattan*, or helping *Lenitech* (R.I.P.) make some local headway in the scene, he definitely bridged the gaps within the community that should have been bridged years ago.

Nestled on the corner of S. Virginia and Taylor, *Out Of Bounds Boardshop* is "the only legit shop in Reno," Martinez says. It was here that he decided to really premiere his first video. Apparently, being an "out-of-towner" didn't help him with his first premieres, and I could see in his face that he was excited to be premiering *Love It Or Leave*



Impossible huh?
Martinez sure does
take that trick and
make it possible.
Photo: Swainston

It to his friends and family instead of some people who wanted theirs.

I traveled with Martinez and a couple friends, **Ashley Bloxham** and **Shauna Seguin**, back to Reno for his family/hometown premiere at the end of July and it was full of highs, mediums and, unfortunately, some

lows. Almost getting struck by lightning driving through Wendover (high), his car breaking down (low) on the way up to a relaxing day on the beach at Lake Tahoe (high), floating the Truckee river (medium to high) and dealing with the towing of his car back to Salt Lake (medium to low), (thanks **Tommy** and **Zardo Knoor**) all in a short

amount of time. All that bullshit aside, the Manchild Martinez kept a pretty positive outlook. *Love It Or Leave It* was set to premiere after a bbq and mini-ramp jam (thanks to **Kathy Griffin**) on *Out Of Bounds*' front yard ramp. The very fact that his friend, **Chris Ray**, pre-premiered his video, *Hallelujah*, for *Love It Or Leave It* to headline that night, is such a fantastic fact of truth that only the people who know Martinez know how great the evening was.

Most people here know Martinez as a filmer. Maybe I am still young and naïve, or maybe I just see the good in seemingly bad (appearances aren't everything), but that night was amazing. Yes, he does film, but more importantly, he skates and he does a pretty bang-up job doing that, too. He is one of those guys that can show up for a session and you have no idea he rips as hard as he does. Before you know it, he is the one getting the "oohs" and "aahs." It was enjoyable to see him film with the friends that still know him as a skater above all else. **Brandon Guttierrez**, **Javelle Witz** and **Shawn 'D** all are fuckin' psyched to see Martinez take on the unspoken sacrifice that comes with the drive of skateboarding in their life (search **Kyle Camarillo** or **Garrett Taylor** via the Interweb and you best recognize how we do.)

I think it's about time to take a step back, a step back from the preconceived notions as to what skateboarders, riders and lovers are as a whole. Aren't we all trying to get something that is already there? Can't we all just get along? At times, Martinez can be a bit forward and a little too blunt, but when you see what type of work he will put into something he wants to see happen for the whole scene, it all of a sudden makes sense. Be on the lookout for his follow up to *Love It or Leave It*, *Move It Or Lose It*, and his collaborative project with Garrett Taylor as well, and I am sure you won't be disappointed. 'Nuf sed.





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Cody Weber photo.

Hungry, Hungry Hipolito: First and Foremost By Shawn Mayer

Shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

Illustrations by Dirk Hogan

When I agreed to interview **Hippo**, I assumed it would go just like any other interview: meet up, shoot the shit, take some photos, write the article. Man, was I wrong. Turns out he's another struggling dude just like me. After three weeks of missed calls, no replies and failed meetings, we eventually chatted through his filmer's email account (you have a filmer but not email?). Here's how the conversation unfolded.

SLUG: What's your real name? What's the story behind the nickname? Are you a fat kid?

Hippo: Zack. Well, my main nigga **Rob** just started calling me Hippo 'cause my last name is Hipolito and, yeah, I'm kinda chubby.

SLUG: Why don't you have a working phone or believe in the Internet?

Hippo: Oh, my phone busted like three weeks ago and I haven't had money for a new one. I created an email a while ago but forgot the password. Ha.

SLUG: Where are you from?

Hippo: I'm from SLC. Born and raised in T-ville!

SLUG: How old are you? How long have you been skating?

Hippo: I'm 19 and I've been skating for about six years.

SLUG: How did you get started in skateboarding?

What keeps you going?

Hippo: My homies **Tommy** and **Walker** got me into it. The T-ville homies.

SLUG: Do you compete? If so, how have you done and what are your thoughts on competitive skating?

Hippo: Yeah, I skate the comps sometimes, I think they're sick. I don't do very well though. Ha. **Brodie Penrod** kills the comps!

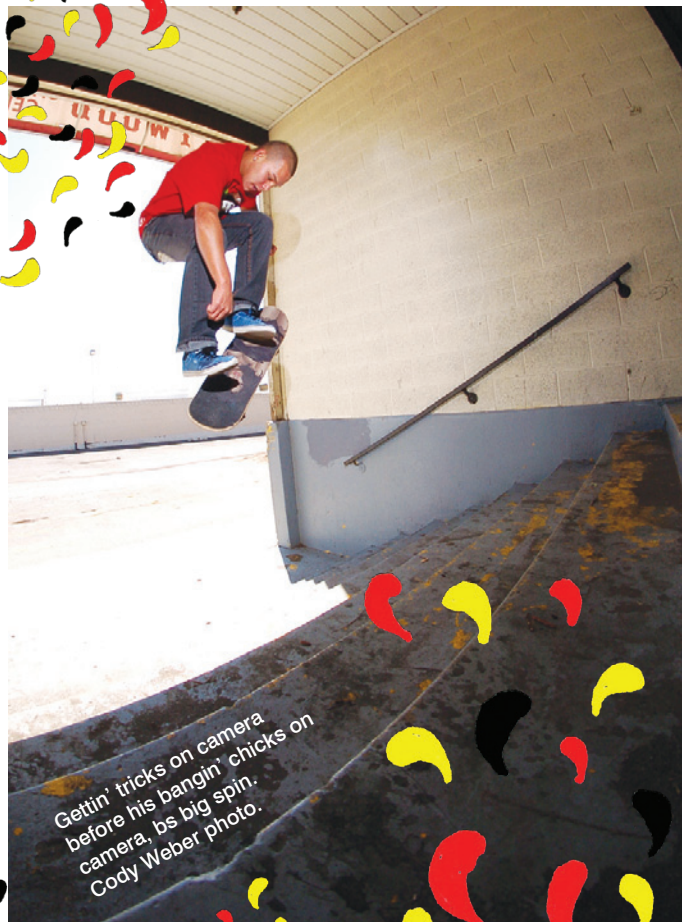
SLUG: What influences you in life and skating?

Hippo: All the kids that skate and continue to kill it . . . and my mom, of course.

SLUG: Who do you skate with? Whose name



Hopefully this switch hardflip turns out better than his high school career .
Cody Weber photo.



Gettin' tricks on camera before his bargin" chicks on camera, bs big spin.
Cody Weber photo.



should we know?

Hippo: Brodie Penrod, **Danny Seouk**, **Sergio Rivera**, **Matt Fisher**, **Colton Brown**, **Spencer Weber**, **Christian Ridgeway**, **Nathan Martinez**—they all murder it.

SLUG: First time skating? First trick?

Hippo: Don't know . . . nollie flip.

SLUG: First time arrested?

Hippo: I've been arrested a few times. Mainly just warrants for unpaid tickets and a couple alcohol tickets.

SLUG: First failure?

Hippo: High school.

SLUG: First time you realized the Utah scene was cool?

Hippo: When I met **Cody Weber**.

SLUG: First time you realized the Utah scene sucked?

Hippo: Never. Utah rips.

SLUG: What does your future hold for you, on a board and off?

Hippo: On board: no one really knows . . . I'm just looking to have fun while I still skate. Off board: probably making millions in the adult film industry.

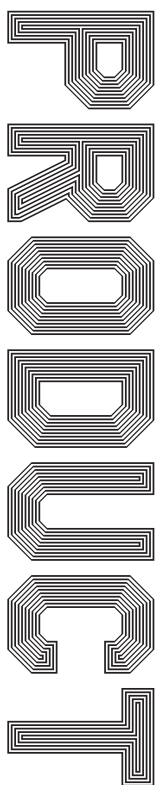
SLUG: Any sponsors or shoutouts?

Hippo: *Technique* fa sho!! All old B.C. homies.

SLUG: Final thoughts?

Hippo: Look out for the new *Technique* video. It's gonna rip!!!

Turns out the dude named Hippo is just another chilled-out Salt Lake skater with an ability to slay it with the best of them. Look for Hippo tearing up the streets and parks near you this fall, and just remember that although they are cute and cuddly, hippos can be extremely aggressive and dangerous. Observe from a distance and approach with caution.



FULL BLEED:
New York
City
Skateboard
Photography
VICE Books

This book is a visual epilogue of raw skate history that has gone down in America's most raw city, New York. With images spanning nearly 30 years from over 40 contributing photographers like **Atiba Jefferson, Spike Jonze, Peter Sutherland, Ed Templeton** and **Mike O'Meally**, I feel like I'm actually skating the streets as I turn the pages. Everything from classic **Gonz** and ripping **Dill** photos to completely unknown skaters pushing through the streets fill this book. It's the life, sweat, blood and love for skating in New York bound into a book. Find a copy and share it with everyone you can.
—Chris Swainston

Wicked Quick
Crinkle V-Neck Tees
wickedquick.com

I tested these two plain, "crinkle" v-necks: one light blue, the other gray/black, and found them to be comfortable, not too distressed or bleached for my taste, and mostly durable. Trying to pull off a sweaty, plastered-on Wicked Quick T too fast made it wicked rip the seams wicked fast, unfortunately. I suddenly became more elitist after visiting their website, "Wicked Quick" is plastered across most of the designs from their spring/summer line along with dragons, skulls, and other ill-chosen graphics worn on models posing in junkyards. This particular "crinkle" design will work at most douche-bars in town if you don't need a fleur-de-lis motif. If you really yearn for some clothing to attract fake-tanned, ditzzy bitches, buy one of their designs with some graphics, but don't send it to me: I don't need help



Photo: Swainston

of these superbly designed wheels is the fact that the formula is much too weak for my standards. Even as the durometer of the wheels feel perfect (nice and grippy yet still allowing a slide at higher speeds) the fact that I was steady mobbing, hit a twig and it was enough to send me flying off my ride and flatspot the less-than-20-minute-old new tires, was enough to bum me out. Even though skating on any surface that isn't bricks and still sounds like riding on bricks is an amazing feeling,



Photo: J. Livingston

it's not that stealthy ghost ride I, myself, prefer (unless of course, there are actual bricks or stones to ride over). Maybe if you were on the team, they would be worth the time of taking a new pair off and placing a new pair on after every session, but for the most part, I cannot fully endorse these wheels on the formula alone. Keep bringing the super fuckin' awesome designs though—I want to keep skating these just so I can show people how cool the graphic is.
—Jonathan Livingston

CRUNK!!! Energy Drink
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crunkenergydrink.com

My heart hurts, my head hurts, my body hurts. These are all things I expressed while on day two of product

looking more douchey.
—JP

O.J. Wheels
53 mm Perma Crooks
ojwheels.com

These are the first wheels where I was so excited about the graphic that I rocked it on the outside of the wheel. At least since I was young and naive about the functionality of skateboard technology. Basically, this wheel has everything I want out of a graphic: clean, concise color usage, a few lines, a seal of approval and last but not least, an owl. Hoooooot. Seriously rad. The downfall

of these superbly designed wheels is the fact that the formula is much too weak for my standards. Even as the durometer of the wheels feel perfect (nice and grippy yet still allowing a slide at higher speeds) the fact that I was steady mobbing, hit a twig and it was enough to send me flying off my ride and flatspot the less-than-20-minute-old new tires, was enough to bum me out. Even though skating on any surface that isn't bricks and still sounds like riding on bricks is an amazing feeling, it's not that stealthy ghost ride I, myself, prefer (unless of course, there are actual bricks or stones to ride over). Maybe if you were on the team, they would be worth the time of taking a new pair off and placing a new pair on after every session, but for the most part, I cannot

testing Crunk!!! energy drink. The peach-mango drink packs many punches, one of them being a tasty alternative energy drink. Crunk!!! has horny goat weed in it as well. Test conclusion: it's alright. It won't turn you into the zoot-suit donning coyote from the cartoons, but it will give an effect similar to that. It definitely gives you a bit of a blastoff. Crush one after work and you will be smashing around the city pushing wood in no time. Without a doubt, Crunk!!! gets you buck. Really, though: stay away from binge drinking this stuff (they warn you for a reason).
—Jemie Sprankle

Almost Skateboards
Chris Haslam Double Impact Deck
almostawebsite.com

So I was tre flippin' dis 20-stair the other day, but my boards just kept breakin'. So I sent Almost da footy and was like, "Bros, I need the strongest deck with ultra light 6 plys, a full carbon top sheet, unmatched pop and die-cut carbon impact dampening discs to reduce breakage at typical breaking areas so I can land dis' tre bomb. Can you hook it up or what, 'cause this shit's going to be sicker than **Sheckler**." Of course they were like "Fo' sho'." So they sent me the brand new **Chris Haslam** double impact deck and were like, "Let's see what you can do with this baby." Not only did they hook it up, but the board has a 45-day guarantee against breakage (but not if you focus it) and other manufacturer's defects. Needless to say, I set dat board up and stomped that 20-stair tre bomb first try. After that, I thought I'd take it mellow at dis buttery-ass ledge spot I be hidin' from everybody. Got a fakie big-flip crooks nollie backside flip out in four tries. Shit was banger. In my opinion, there ain't no better board in da biz than dis Almost. You best watch yo self Shecks, I'm comin for yas.
—Ernesto Rodriguez

Check out more reviews at:
SLUGMAG.com

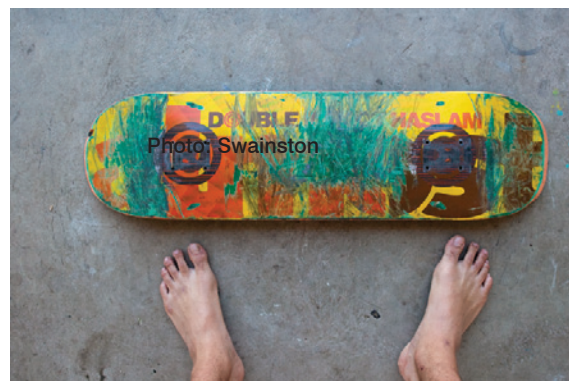


Photo: Swainston

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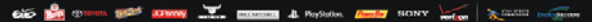


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ASKS MIKE BROWN

Question by the Cop,
Response by Mike Brown

Dear Mike,
Your columns are witty to an extreme. They're informative, funny, and, believe it or not, they actually provide some valuable information. You influence your audience to such a degree that they desire to be cool like you. They want to be like Mike. I know this personally, as I did some reconnaissance at the last Juggalo shindig in town, and half of them were dressed like your clown photo when you went "undercover." And, now you can't buy a "shitty truck" in the whole Salt Lake Valley. All you have to do is mention that you own one, and they're gone! Your followers, be they Juggalos, skaters, punkers, stoners, whatever—they don't like cops. If you ask them why, they'll say they just don't. They'll give the common tags of "assholes," "dicks," "arrogant pricks," which maybe are true but not helpful to me. I really want to get to the nitty gritty of WHAT they don't like, and I'd like you to ask them. I'd like you to mention some of the things cops do besides busting their ass into jail or writing them tickets. Otherwise, you get the same lame-o responses.

Cops have no authority unless a crime is committed. But, we handle the deaths of loved ones, resolve civil traffic disputes and keep the peace. We don't have any authority in those matters, but we still do it. We just stand there while ex-spouses work out their shitty lives, or we intimidate tow truck drivers who shouldn't have hooked your car. You lose something? We try to find it. Your family member takes off and doesn't want to be found? We look for them anyway. Give your cell number to some freak at a bar, we call the shit bag up and threaten to kick his ass if he calls you again. We register the creepy sex offenders and make sure they live where they're supposed to.

There's a grip of things we do which have nothing to do with crime. Do you know that people actually call cops and ask them to scare their kids so they'll listen? WTF? They demand we make children sit still for haircuts or force their neighbor to cut his tree because it blocks their view, and they get pissed and hate us when we tell them no. When a civilian complains on a cop, do you know who reviews that complaint? A civilian review board made up of non-cop citizens. They're the ones who decide and dispense discipline on cops. It makes the process trustworthy, and cops support it. I don't know of another profession that would allow this. It'd be like doctors letting janitors decide if they committed malpractice, or allowing illiterates to edit this magazine.

I don't want you to ask about bad or dirty cops. Coppers hate criminal cops worse than you do, and they especially hate the weirded-out sex offender cops. I want to know what they, or you, really don't like about cops—leave the anarchists and

constitutionalists out of it too. I'd like to know what reasonable people think.

Ask your friends, your co-workers, your minions. I want to know. I'm hoping to become less ignorant so I can decrease my hate mail and increase my fans. I want to be like Mike too!
I patiently await your response.
—The Cop

Dear Cop,
Man, this article takes me back to the days when I first started writing for SLUG around 10 years ago. This was back when I was 21 and just like most 21-year olds, I knew absolutely everything. So, I started a self-help column for the mag where readers could write in a problem and I would answer them. I fielded such problems like what to masturbate with and all sorts of other emotional problems that our fine readers face with grace and elegance. Needless to say, I grew up a bit as life kicked me in the ass. I changed views, opinions and even a couple of morals along the way. So, as I was pondering how to reply to your letter, I decided to take a survey and ask everyone who has ever read my articles why they hate/like cops. Then I ran out of survey paper and realized that idea was just fucking ridiculous.

I'm surprised to think that you don't have any idea why a disgruntled teenager or Juggalo hates cops. My best answer would be because those people already hate everything. I can vouch for that disgruntled teen—for I was he, once upon a time. Spending my days dreaming of cheerleaders I'd never get to bone until they became MILFs, and listening to punk rock while skateboarding back when it was a lot more illegal, and a lot more fun in my opinion. I'd imagine you were once that disgruntled teen with a blatant disrespect for authority.

Such an upbringing obviously influenced me to hate cops, principals, teachers, scout leaders and Mormon bishops alike. So, Cop, at least take comfort that your hatred is shared. It's not just you, buddy. That's the simplest answer to your question. The people that hate you personally just because you are a cop probably already

hate everything—or they are criminals.

I mean you had to know that before you became a cop. Every cop should know that. People hating you should be the first thing they teach at doughnut school. Followed by how to use a taser and when not to shoot your gun. We don't live in a communist regime. You chose to be a cop, just like I chose to bartend. You don't hear me complaining about breaking up fights and getting stiffed by drunk people. Why? Because I CHOOSE to feed those unruly drunks.

As for my personal view on cops these days, I don't hate them. *Police Academy* 1 through 6 are some of my favorite movies ever, and without cops, such fine cinema would be appreciated by no one. And my brother-in-law is a cop. He works in the sex offender unit and lightens up Sunday dinner at my mom's with stories about rapists. Plus he told me where all the registered sex offenders in my apartment building live, and he makes my sister happy, so I don't hate him.

As I've grown up I've learned not to hate the player, but hate the game. Unless it's **Kobe Bryant**: It's ok to hate him because he rapes people. I wish my brother-in-law would arrest him, and frame **Ron Artest** for something while he's at it, but I think it's out of his jurisdiction.

I hate the system. I know that in a civilized society we need some form of authority to keep us humans in line. I wish it wasn't so, but it is. I realize this isn't the actual cop's fault.

I learned how fucked our legal system is when my ex-girlfriend hit me with her car and the city pressed charges against her. Long story short? I got subpoenaed to go to court even though I didn't press charges. I had to deal with all sorts of stupid shit because I called the cops.

So, the next time I got hit by a car, I didn't even call the cops. I didn't want to deal with the legal system again. Plus I was wasted, it was three-thirty in the morning and I didn't get the license plate, so I didn't think the cops would be able to do anything anyway.

As for being like me, Cop, it's overrated. I have no dental plan, just spent all my money on a claw machine, and the **Fucktards** haven't written a song in a while. So don't feel bad that you aren't me.

And Cop, please don't read this last paragraph. Promise? You have to pinkie promise.

Last Paragraph:

Ok I'm totally kidding—I hate cops. My favorite band is **Millions of Dead Cops** and my life actually rules. I also hate priests, principals, drill sergeants and pickles. Oh, I hate mushrooms too. I can't get past the texture, you know?

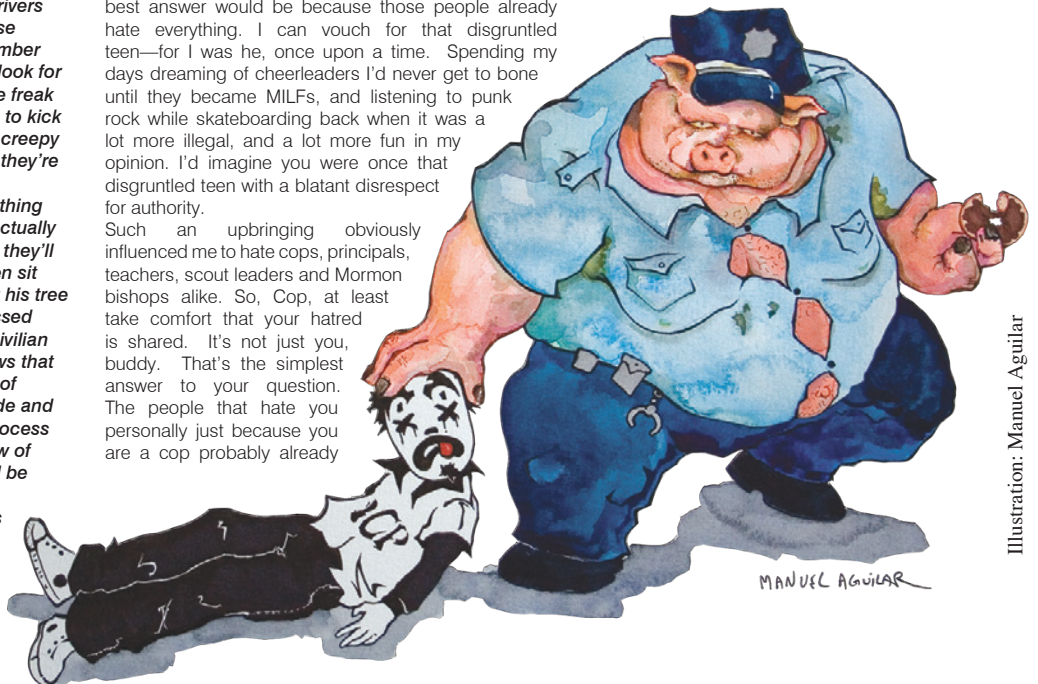


Illustration: Manuel Aguilar

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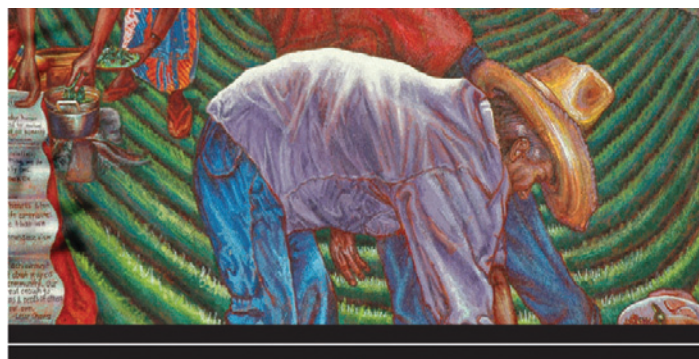
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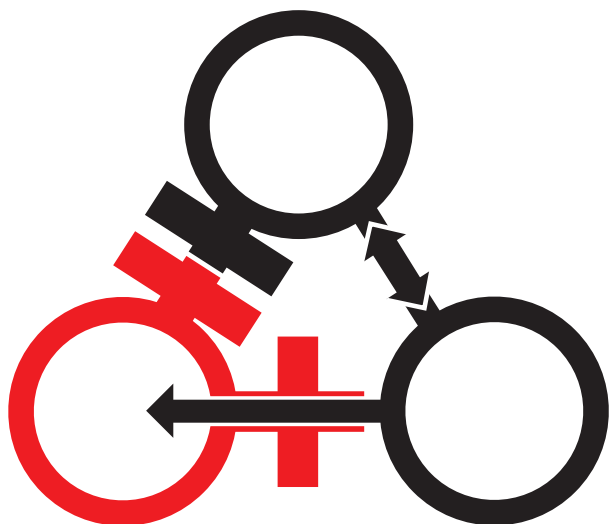
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



Water Sports In Time for Summer

©BY Dr. Evil, Ph. D

If you love anime (Japanese cartoons/animation) then you probably love Kinbaku or Shibari. The stunningly beautiful art form of rope binding is not only glorious to watch but is also being utilized in the bedroom these days.

In ancient Japan, rope was used for everything we use it for today and more. When a captured enemy soldier was brought before the Emperor and refused to bow, he would be artfully tied in a 'bowing' position for hours, days or until he died. There were many ways the captured enemy could be tortured by the Emperor to elicit information or impose punishment: whipping, pressing with stones, constriction by rope and rope suspension. The rope masters were not only skilled at using pressure points on the human body, they were wonderful artists at knotting ropes in aesthetically pleasing ways.

Flip the page many centuries forward and you will see rope corsets and rope designs drawn onto Japanese cartoon figures in comic books and cartoon characters on television. There are modern day rope masters all over the world (Google "Kinbaku" or "Shibari") who tie people up for fun and pleasure.

Any good ol' boy or girl scout can tie a knot, but making an artful presentation using the human body is breathtaking and it takes practice. The ropes used are not your run-of-the-mill Homo Depot nylon boat rope—they are often pieces of art themselves made of silk, jute or hemp. My friend **Madam Butterfly** takes silk cocoons and unwinds single threads from these silkworm gifts and weaves them into soft lengths of rope

in every color of the rainbow. She uses the ropes to safely tie or suspend willing subjects from weight-tested rings hung from the ceiling.

Oddly enough, you might not think that rope is erotic. Shibari, literally "to tie or bind" but referring to erotic binding in the S&M world, is a fetish unto itself. If you've been to *Fetish Night* at *Area 51* you've seen local rope enthusiasts suspend people there. When you are consensually tied up and seemingly weightless, you literally 'fly' because the intricate weaving and knots on safe pressure points help your body release endorphins. It's a lovely, legal high if done correctly.

Buy a book on the topic and go online and order some decent rope in 10 or 20-foot lengths. Practice on yourself or your partner. For safety reasons, NEVER leave someone tied with rope alone, and ALWAYS have a pair of safety scissors (not sharp) nearby.

I recommend further reading: **Master 'K': The Beauty of Kinbaku**; **Lee Harrington: Shibari You Can Use: Japanese Rope Bondage and Erotic Macrame**, or **Midori and Craig Morey: The Seductive Art of Japanese Bondage**. The latter two authors are friends of mine and their books offer step-by-step instructions for creating a beautiful piece of human art.

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.



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BEER REVIEWS

Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

With Oktoberfest just around the corner rearing its beautiful German head, there is nothing I want more than to be in a field of lederhosen, beer and drunkards. So, for those of us who are confined by the restraints of reality and really poor budgeting (due to a short visit to some exquisite out-of-state liquor emporiums), here are some beers to sip on while we dream of what could have been ...

Broadway Kölsch

Brewery/Brand: Squatters

ABV: 4.0 %

Serving Style: On Tap

Description: The color of this

Serving Style: On Tap

Description: Red Rock Saison is a very light straw color with yellow hues that leaves behind next to no head. The nose is packed with spicy floral hops, strawberries, green apples, and a sugary lemon finish. The flavor is easy drinking with similar notes as the nose with a mild hop pinch and lightly dry finish.

Overview: This is my favorite style and I am more than pleased to say Red Rock hit the mark. Saison is a style of beer that has already hit the Utah scene in the form of Squatters Fifth Element, and one can only hope that this may make it into Red Rock's high point line. If there is one thing I know about local brewers, **Kevin Templin** of Red Rock brews a mean Belgian.

Bohemian Hefeweizen

Brewery/Brand: Bohemian

Brewery

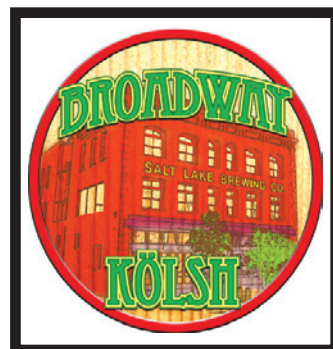
ABV: 3.7%

Availability: On Tap

Description: This dark straw to brass-colored wheat beer pours light and cloudy, typical for a traditional hefe. The aroma is very light but firmly breadly with a hint of tart. The flavor is completely different, all spices and wheat. The yeast is what makes this beer taste the way it does: some hints of clove, banana, allspice, and even cinnamon. There's a thin-but-persistent lacing of off-white foam around your glass as you work your way through this easy drinker, though it's a little thinner than I would've liked.

Overview: This is another new offering from the Bohemian Brewery in Midvale. Let's hope this recent trend of doing unique seasonals continues, because this traditional style is an excellent example of the talent present in that brewery. At a full 70 percent wheat malt, this is authentic as it gets. Darker and more robust than their Weiss beer (always available at the brewery), this beer is good enough to make some Germans jealous, so drink up!

—Rio Connelly



Kölsch is pale straw and puts off a small white head. The aroma is filled with sweet breadly malt and a soft floral hop backing that is all very clean. The taste is heavily malt-influenced with hints of breadly fruit sweetness that coats your mouth.

Overview: This is a regular classic from Squatters that I like to see. And with the dwindling weather situation, you ought to abuse their patio while you get the chance. With all those assholes outside this state who like to rag on our low alcohol content, the Kölsch is a clear example of styles of beer that our state gets to see more often than others. So suck it.

Red Rock Saison

Brewery/Brand: Red Rock

Brewing Company

ABV: 4.0 %

GALLERY STROLL



"Lake Michigan" by Melissa Ann Pinney

Mastering Local Art: A Course in Gallery Strolling

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Time to go back to school. If the calendar hasn't told you, the temperature change or fall foliage could be your sign. My experience is that once September hits, as much as I love summer, I'm so fried with all the BBQs and festivals that I need time to refocus and apply myself. In the spirit of trying new things and bettering one's self, I personally recommend a course on fine art taught by the Continuing Education Department at the School of Life. This course can be taken at one's own pace and offers a self-guided field trip to local galleries on the third Friday of every month. There's no cost and no drop date if you get too busy, you can just jump back in the next month. The September edition of the class aka Gallery Stroll will be taught September 17. Your syllabus can be found below along with a list of course readings and supplies.

First Class: The Art of Interpretation
Location: Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S. West Temple
Credits: 2
(1 for Art, 1 for Foreign Language)
Course Description: **Melissa Ann Pinney:** *Girl Ascending, Photographing the Dreams and Expectations of Girlhood.* Chicago-based photographer, Melissa Ann Pinney reveals how dreams and expectations of girlhood are constructed and communicated between mothers and daughters, society and friends. I thought the only communicating these two groups did was through screaming, but I guess there are other options. A bonus credit offered if you attend the lecture series with Melissa Ann Pinney on September 24 at 7p.m. For more information visit slartcenter.org.

Second Class: Art of the Revolution
Location: Ken Sanders, 200 E. 268 S.
Credits: 1
Course Description: In celebration of Mexican Independence Day (September 16) Ken Sanders Rare Books presents artist **Carmen Paredes** and author **Susan Vogel**. Vogel's new book, *Becoming Pablo O'Higgins*, is about a blue-eyed Presbyterian from Salt Lake City, Utah who became a celebrated

Mexican muralist. An East High School graduate who studied under **LeConte Stewart**, O'Higgins had a lengthy and celebrated career in the US and Mexico. O'Higgins co-founded with **Leopoldo Mendez** the anti-fascist *Taller de Grafica Popular*, a group of politically motivated artists dedicated to using graphic arts as a form of social commentary. An excerpt from the book reads, "O'Higgins is admired not only for his art, but also for his love of Mexico and his determination to bridge the two countries and their cultures through art." The opening reception will be held in conjunction with Gallery Stroll on September 17. For more information visit kensandersbooks.com. Paredes' and O'Higgins' work can also be found on display in conjunction with the *Las Artes de México* at the UMFA. Bonus credit for attending *Las Artes de México* at the UMFA which runs through September 26. For more information on that exhibit visit umfa.utah.edu/mexico.

Third Class: Studio Study
Location: Poor Yorrick Studios, 126 W. Crystal Avenue (2590 S.)
Credits: 1
Course Description: 39 studios and over 50 artists call Poor Yorrick home. The semi-annual open studio stroll takes place on or around the spring and fall equinoxes. The next opportunity to peek inside the artists' creative spaces will be September 24 and 25. For more information visit pooryorrickstudios.com.

Extra Credit! If you travel to exotic locales and explore the local art, you qualify for the Bonus Traveling Credit! **Heather James Fine Art**, located at 172 Center Street, Suite 101, Jackson, WY is pleased to present *Masters of Impressionism and Modern Art* featuring works by **René Magritte**, **Claude Monet** and **Jackson Pollock** among many others. Highlights of the exhibition include Claude Monet's *Water Lily* and **Pablo Picasso's** *Buste de Femme Souriante*. Not a far drive and a beautiful time of year for a weekend road trip. For more information contact **Heather James Fine Art** at heatherjames.com.

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BOOKS ALOUD

Bear With a Chainsaw #1

Devin Renshaw

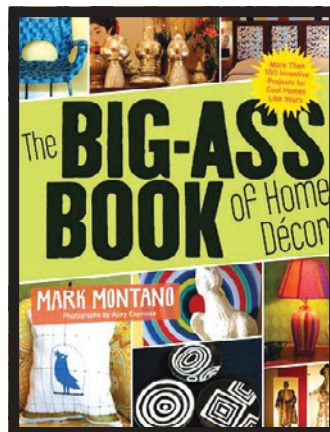
Street: 05.01

This is the greatest idea for a zine. There's nothing serious or preachy about it. It's just 20 pages of monster drawings seemingly influenced by artists like **Ed Roth** and **Shel Silverstein**. There's something delightfully abnormal about Renshaw's brain that allows him to create intricately detailed monsters in a bizarre, disturbing style. There's a hair-and-scab-covered beast dripping mucus from his eyes and nose, a bug-eyed creature with tentacles for teeth and some sort of perverse, seven-legged anteater covered in enormous boils. My favorite piece is a tentacled blob of eyeballs and teeth, labeled with the simple caption, "It eats and sees." The art is absolutely stunning, but the zine is also home to articles and essays about reheating old macaroni and caring for house plants. There's a completely unreadable rhyming poem and a goofy short story about a marijuana-thieving rat. Renshaw would do well to have more confidence in relying on his art to carry the zine and be more discriminatory in accepting submissions. Despite the weak writing, this zine is an absolutely necessary addition to any collection. Check out some of his work at supercrazymonsters.blogspot.com and shoot him an email at cactuswren75@gmail.com to get your copy. —Nate Perkins

The Big-Ass Book of Home Décor

Mark Montano

Street: 04.01



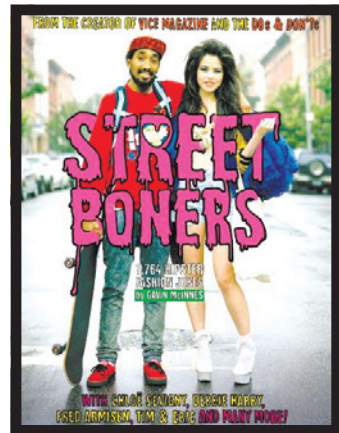
I wouldn't say that I compulsively hoard or collect, but I definitely have my fair share of crap. I often find myself looking at random junk on the curb saying to myself, "That's got to be good for something." If you find yourself in the same boat and are surrounded by junk, maybe you should take a look at this book. *The Big-Ass Book of Home Décor* gives reason-

able suggestions for the hoarding hobbyist. Nothing is beyond the reach of someone with a little craft glue and a hammer. The book is sectioned off into different categories that cover everything from "Fab-Tastic Furniture" to "Luscious Lighting and Lavish Lampshades." Ok, the titles of the chapters may be a little hokey, but the book is well formatted with great pictures and easy-to-follow instructions. No longer do we have to live in fear of the junk room or the trash pile on the curb. I suggest that you seize the moment and turn your crap into much cooler and interesting-looking crap. —Ben Trentelman

Street Boners: 1,764 Hipster Fashion Jokes

Gavin McInnes

Street: 05.27



The mastermind behind *VICE Magazine's* infamous "Dos and Don'ts" takes his fashion shit-talking one step further with *Street Boners*. *Street Boners* features a rating system to more accurately judge what falls in the category of "good look" and what falls flat on its face. Every picture is accompanied by a line of kitten heads—10 kitten heads means it's hot, one kitten head ... well, you get the idea. Not surprisingly, it's mostly the ladies who are getting 10 kittens. It's even more likely if they look mildly strung out. Punk rockers from the suburbs also seem to rack up the kittens in this book. *Street Boners* also features a helpful guide of rules to keep you from committing a major fashion faux pas. This was actually my favorite section of the book as it calls out some of my favorite fashion disasters. For men: ditch the cargo shorts, chin beards and the flip flops. Ladies: wear heels when you're going out. They make your ass look better. If you're over 25, ditch the pigtails and never ever wear platform flip flops ... ever. Throw this gem on your coffee table, laugh your ass off and hope that whatever you're wearing gets at least eight kittens. —Jeanette D. Moses



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MOVIE REVIEWS

The Expendables Lionsgate

In Theaters 08.13

If **Sylvester Stallone** has mastered anything in his 40-year career, it's his intuition of knowing exactly who his audience is and what they crave. The unexpected resurrection of his iconic characters Rocky Balboa and John Rambo were met with sheer enthusiasm. Now, the Italian Stallion has pulled every string available to form a Marvel-esque Avengers team of 80s, 90s and current action superstars and placed them in one death-filled, guns-blazing, karate-chopping thrill ride. The all-star mercenary squad—built of the testosterone and muscles of Stallone, **Jason Statham**, **Jet Li**, **Randy Couture**, **Dolph Lundgren** and **Terry Crews**—takes a job to overthrow a corrupted dictator in South America, but the threat level escalates when it's discovered that a rogue ex-CIA agent is the man behind the curtains. It's a formulaic and unoriginal plotline to say the least, but for this type of film it doesn't matter—at all. As long as the bullets and blades fly and the body count climbs, it's full steam ahead. Stallone, acting as director as well, does harp on sappy side stories and subdues the action quite harshly in the first two acts, a potential death blow for such an adventure, but regains control in the grand finale with the most explosive action sequence in decades. As necks snap and limbs vanish, each actor is given the opportunity to showcase their own style of ass-kicking, which results in a jaw-dropping variation of solid manliness. —*Jimmy Martin*

comedy shimmies away from the conservative and conventional methodologies of the genre with enjoyable crude humor and even nastier language, it sadly still adheres to been-there-done-that staples that subdue its overall originality and impact. There's nothing nerdier than the terms and conditions that bring record label lackey Garrett (**Justin Long**) and summer newspaper intern Erin (**Drew Barrymore**) together. She has the highest score on the Centipede machine he's been trying to defeat for months. Add their shared love for homoerotic fighter pilot movies (i.e. *Top Gun*) and it's a match made in geek heaven. The only relationship hurdle these two lovers must conquer is the 3,000 mile separation between their hometowns of New York City and San Francisco. Long and Barrymore's chemistry sparks wildly on screen as they can barely take their hands off each other to speak a word, but leave it to the charismatic side characters, played hysterically by **Charlie Day**, **Jason Sudeikis**, **Christina Applegate** and **Jim Gaffigan**, to take command of the more memorable laughs. Long endures one episodic gag after another that eventually becomes too exasperating to find humorous (probably right around an uncalled-for spray tan gimmick), but **Geoff LaTulippe's** endearing script does offer a well-rounded and authentic story that tests the ultimate limits of love and concludes it in an unconventional fashion you don't see very often. —*Jimmy Martin*

ridiculous rituals, but once the comedic tone has been set, there's no going back and there's certainly no image frightening enough to transform the film into a terrifying horror. It only gets worse with the running time winding down. Director **Daniel Stamm** blatantly rips off one iconic image after another from previous horror films and ends everything with a laugh-out-loud ending that mirrors an awful episode of *Scooby Doo*. The only items left to be exorcised are the mind-numbing images still lingering in my eye sockets. —*Jimmy Martin*

ing together to unearth a multibillion-dollar ruse masterminded by one of New York's wealthiest entrepreneurs. Obviously, McKay is more than willing to let Ferrell off the chain to unleash a healthy assortment of crude improvisations, but the true surprise comes from Wahlberg's comedic timing and off-the-cuff deliveries. Even though the laughs persist with a shockingly jovial performance by **Eva Mendes**, McKay sadly loses his grip on the excessively intricate plotline and neglects the overall comedic pacing in the finale, inevitably closing the curtains on a mediocre and somewhat unfulfilling sentiment. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Other Guys Columbia Pictures In Theaters 08.06



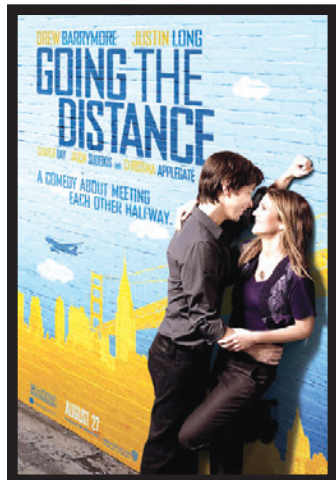
It's always a time for celebration when comedic duo **Adam McKay** and **Will Ferrell** announce another joint endeavor. The team has generated some of the wittiest comedies in recent years including 2004's *Anchorman*. Now in their fourth matchup together, they tackle the testosterone theme of wannabe supercops working the beat in New York City. Ferrell plays submissive forensic accountant Allen Gamble who is content with filing the paperwork of the department's celebrity officers (played perfectly by **Dwayne Johnson** and **Samuel L. Jackson**) and driving around in his feminine Toyota Prius. Meanwhile his partner, Terry Hoitz (**Mark Wahlberg**), yearns to escape the monotony of his desk life for the dangerous action existing on the streets outside. Just as their hatred for one another reaches their boiling points, an unexpected opportunity arrives to become the city's new heroes and the unusual pair soon find themselves work-

Piranha 3D Dimension Films In Theaters: 08.20



Ever since this 3D craze bombarded just about every film in the past year, I have wholeheartedly opposed its pointless inclusion ... until now. If one must live amongst this cinematic swindle, I suppose using it for a scene between two gratuitously nude models performing an underwater ballet isn't so bad. It's just another bit of evidence that proves director **Alexandre Aja** is totally conscious of the inane film he's releasing upon the world. Exhibit B. The film opens with none other than **Richard Dreyfuss** resembling the infamous Matt Hooper from *Jaws* as he sings, "Show Me the Way to Go Home" just before he accidentally causes an earthquake that unearths a school of prehistoric fish bloodthirsty for drunken, scantily clad spring breakers. The majority of time is spent with **Jerry O'Connell**, who's obviously channeling the obnoxious **Joe Francis**, as an adult filmmaker capturing his next blockbuster for "Wild

Going the Distance Warner Bros. In Theaters: 09.03



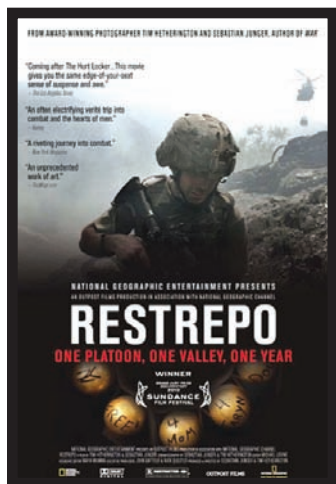
As much as this modern-day romantic

The Last Exorcism Lionsgate In Theaters: 08.27

Attempting to follow the successes of *The Blair Witch Project* and *Paranormal Activity*, this unbalanced mockumentary follows the hustling practices of a Louisiana minister who's lost his faith in God. Since he was a child, Reverend Cotton Marcus (**Patrick Fabian**) was destined to be a part of the family business of preaching the gospel and performing exorcisms. However, after hearing of a child's death during an exorcism gone wrong, Cotton's conscience forces him to hire a film crew to document the deceiving ways of his craft. The initial plan is to capture a faux exorcism with Nell (**Ashley Bell**), a backwoods teenager who believes she's possessed by a demonic creature, but once the sinister shenanigans continue after Cotton's dog and pony show, plan B is to perform the real deal. The film starts off enjoyable with Fabian's charming personality leading the behind-the-scenes glimpse into how con-artists could actually execute these

Wild Girls." Assisting this tomfoolery as a location scout is local shy guy Jake (Steven R. McQueen) who's supposed to be tending his younger siblings while his mother (Elisabeth Shue) patrols the crimson-soaked lake as the town's sheriff, but ultimately chose boobs over babysitting—always a wise decision. The gore factor is off the charts as countless screaming party animals' arms and legs are gnawed into chunks of shredded meat and regurgitated into the third dimension. Aja is merciless with his grisly visuals as one stomach-churning image after another sprays across the screen, leaving a bloodstained streak for every male attendee to applaud and for every female counterpart to question their date's state of mental health. —Jimmy Martin

Restrepo National Geographic Entertainment In Theaters: 09.03



Sebastian Junger and Tim Hetherington have created a fine piece of embedded journalism with their documentary, *Restrepo*. *Restrepo* is war—war without the Hollywood lighting, special effects or cleverly crafted lines. It's a war movie from the perspective of a soldier. In 2008, directors Junger and Hetherington spent over a year in Afghanistan's Korengal Valley with the men of the Second Platoon. The region was one of the most dangerous outposts in Afghanistan, swarming with members of Al-Qaeda and the Taliban. This film follows the men of Second Platoon through the early days of their deployment, to the erection of Restrepo outpost (named after a fallen comrade PFC Juan Restrepo) to their final days in the area. Moments of extreme boredom are punctuated by firefights with the enemy and what can only be described as utter chaos. Impromptu dance parties and jokes about homosexuality break up the insanity and add lighthearted elements to this otherwise heavy film. The most moving footage of *Restrepo* is the close-up interviews conducted with surviving soldiers after their return from combat. The men discuss the horrors of deployment, losing comrades to the enemy and the reoccurring nightmares that come with sleep. Even more profound are the moments when the men lose their ability to speak about the experi-

ence altogether. Restrepo may be the finest documentary created about war in our time. —Jeanette D. Moses

Scott Pilgrim vs. the World Universal In Theaters: 08.13



The creative genius behind the modern-day cult classics *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, **Edgar Wright**, sinks his teeth into **Bryan Lee O'Malley's** six-volume graphic novel series that captures the puppy love world of teenage infatuation brilliantly amongst a hilariously diverse cast of characters represented perfectly by their actor counterparts. **Michael Cera** stars as Scott Pilgrim, a slacker twenty-something who becomes love-sick with the girl of his dreams, Ramona Flowers (**Mary Elizabeth Winstead**), but in order to live a life of love and happiness, Scott must fight AND defeat her seven evil exes in lightning-fast battle sequences that rival many current action stars' conflicts. The rapid-fire line deliveries and swift editing cuts will certainly turn off older patrons not familiar with younger generations' ability to take in multiple levels of information at unbelievable speeds, but this distraction shouldn't overshadow the fantastic accomplishment that has taken place on screen. Cera douses the audience with his trademark boyish charm and perfect comedic timing, but surprisingly pulls off a physical component with one intricate fight sequence after another, throwing the audience for another unsuspecting spin. However, the grandest achievement comes with Wright's delivery of a never-before-seen, stunning style of filmmaking that incorporates nostalgic visuals from vintage video games and beautiful animated segments from the original source material that only adds another layer of creativity to his storytelling talents. —Jimmy Martin

Tupac: Live At The House Of Blues Eagle Rock Street 05.25

This DVD, featuring **Tupac's** last ever performance, was in fact my first Tupac concert. Sometimes it escapes me how damn gangster shit was back then—I

now see what my parents were trying to prevent by not letting me listen to rap. In 1996 I was playing N64 and listening to **Puff Daddy**—and I thought I was doing gangster things. **Tupac**, **Snoop Dogg**, **Nate Dogg** and the rest of **The Dogg Pound** were doing it on another level. Everything you would expect is on here. You get a first-hand look at the type of rapper Tupac was: raw as it gets. It wasn't enough to just play "Hit 'Em Up" and dis all of **Bad Boy**, Tupac went after **Nas** and went all over his track. Taking the set down a notch for the ladies, **K-Ci & JoJo** serenaded it on "Freak'N You" and "How Do You Want It." Tha Dogg Pound Gang follows that up by bringing some ladies on stage for "If We All Gonna Fuck" and "Bomb Azz Pussy." Nate Dogg also makes an appearance and reps the West Coast hard as ever. The show ends with a real banger as Nate Dogg, Tupac, Tha Dogg Pound, Snoop Dogg, **Outlawz** and even K-Ci & JoJo get up to get down for "2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted." —Jamie Sprankle

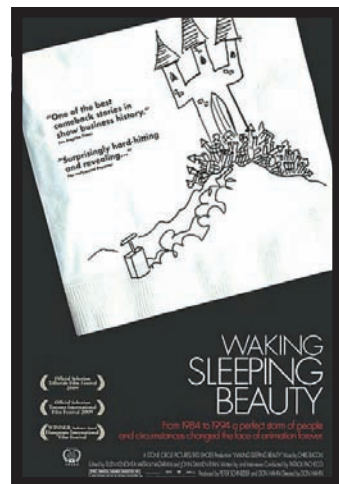
Vampires Suck 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 08.18



What ever happened to high quality spoof movies? Gone are the days where the legendary **Mel Brooks** would craft a satirical production around a classical genre, be it sci-fi, western or horror, and generate his own original witty perspective on the subject matter. The **Wayans Brothers** successfully carried the torch with a few projects after Brooks' departure, but eventually stumbled, dropping the baton directly into the hands of the incompetent **Jason Friedberg** and **Aaron Seltzer**. Since 2006, these two hackneyed filmmakers have attempted to poke fun at romantic comedies, summer blockbusters and disaster porn. Now, on their fifth endeavor, the directors meld the first two films from the *Twilight* Saga into one idiotic dumping ground for dated pop culture references and tiresome fart jokes. The majority of the film is seriously an exact duplication of the originals. Becca Crane (**Jenn Proske**) moves to the city of Sporks and finds herself love-torn between the melodramatic vampire Edward Sullen (**Matt Lanter**) and shirtless shape-shifter Jacob White (**Chris Riggi**). As if the originals weren't dreadful enough, Friedberg and Seltzer

only add fuel to the infuriating fire by making a bad concept worse. A precise gauge to tell if a comedy failed is when you can count the number of times you slightly chuckled on one hand. The only remotely entertaining aspect comes from Proske's spot-on impersonation of **Kristen Stewart's** irritating idiosyncrasies, but if she wants her career to have a chance at success, she should sprint as far away as possible from these excruciating flops. —Jimmy Martin

Waking Sleeping Beauty Disney In Theaters: 08.27



The Walt Disney Company has always been a studio that presents itself as a wholesome organization distributing wholesome entertainment for families around the world, so to be given the opportunity to see the darker, more realistic side of the goodie two shoes' inside operations is truly an unforgettable experience. Director **Don Hahn**, a producer on several earlier Disney animated features, captures the ups and downs of the company's animation department in this enchanting documentary as the threat of disbandment looms over the shoulders of its tiring staff. With the release of "The Black Cauldron" in 1985 almost being the project that broke the CFO's back, a last-ditch effort to revitalize the quality of the product was mandated which, in turn, birthed a flourishing run of profitable animated classics starting with *The Little Mermaid*. Hahn's archival footage of voice actors rehearsing in sound booths and up-and-coming filmmakers like **Tim Burton** and **John Lasseter** working feverishly in their cubicles presents an intimate glimpse into the chaotic world behind the magic. The majority of the film's drama and amusement seeps from the professional (and at many times unprofessional) business tactics delivered by the egotistical minds of **Roy Disney**, **Jeffrey Katzenberg** and **Michael Eisner**, and how their dysfunctional dialogues and incoherent interactions with each other somehow generated some of the highest-grossing animated films of all time. —Jimmy Martin

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VIDEO GAMES



This is seriously as exciting as my life gets.



Major Kong as a goblin.

LIMBO Playdead

Reviewed on: Xbox LIVE Arcade (Exclusive)
Street: 07.21

It's only a matter of time before **Roger Ebert's** damning article titled *Video Games Can Never Be Art* ceases to be a topic of heated debate and slides inevitably toward the category of "Shortsighted Presumptuous Statements Made by Otherwise Passionate and Thoughtful People Throughout History." There's no doubt in my mind that Ebert's sentiments will, in time, take their rightful place alongside **Bill Gates'** famous "640K of memory should be enough for anybody." For now, as the debate rages ever onward, developer/publisher Playdead is offering some pretty damn convincing evidence for the defendants. For what amounts to the meager cost of theatre admission for you and your imaginary girlfriend, you can download *LIMBO* on Xbox LIVE and experience an evening of moody, atmospheric puzzle solving, all while skirting the embarrassment of saving a seat in a crowded theatre when you know damn well you came alone. Just kidding, I'm sure you're a socially well-adapted human. Lord knows I am. Anyway, *LIMBO* is like nothing I have ever seen, and I'm no spring chicken. The game evokes its moods very successfully—everything about the experience contributes to a profound sense of dread and isolation on the part of the player. The puzzling is tight, responsive and just challenging enough. Although it's essentially a cut-and-dry side scroller, regarding presentation, concept, art style and atmosphere, it's altogether brilliant and wholly unique. It's also pretty freaky. My imaginary girlfriend, **Kathryn**, was legitimately scared by the whole first act—surprising, as she's a big fan of horror movies. —Jesse Hawlish

Puzzle Quest 2 Infinite Interactive / D3

Reviewed on: Xbox LIVE Arcade
Also on: DS, PC, iPhone, iPad, Web Games
Street: 06.30

When the original *Puzzle Quest* was released back in 2007, my then-roommate claimed to have spent an entire day playing the game, stopping only twice to masturbate. I'm not entirely sure if his self-manipulation was inspired by the goings-on of the game or some sort of outside stimuli, but the game is good enough that I can definitely see the appeal of the former route. Three years later, the sequel transports the player to a world in distress, and you have to save it the only way you know how: by matching three or more of the same puzzle piece together in the name of righteousness. Basically, *Puzzle Quest* is like *Bejeweled*, but with a bunch of goblins, cockatrices, werewolves and many other girl-repelling, nerd-bonerfying fantastical creatures to battle. While the primary goal is to cause damage to your enemies by matching "skull" puzzle pieces together, matching colored orbs creates mana which can be used to cast spells, and matching "gauntlet" pieces powers up your weapon, allowing you to forego all that fruity puzzle shit and attack your enemies directly. Even non-battle scenarios are handled through puzzlin', as you engage in mini-games to disarm traps, loot treasure and break down doors. Character customization isn't too deep, but this game is so addictive that I really don't care. If you have ample free time between bouts of masturbation and are inclined towards *D&D*-style nerdiness, I really can't recommend *Puzzle Quest 2* enough. —Ricky Vigil

World of Warcraft: Cataclysm Beta Blizzard Entertainment

Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)
Street: Q4 2010

The general trend of all *WoW* expansions, content patches and MMO add-ons in general is to add content for only the most dedicated of players. *The Burning Crusade* and *Wrath of the Lich King* upped the level caps by 10 levels each and added plenty of high-level raid dungeons and ridiculously rare loot that us normal people could never dream of obtaining. *Cataclysm* doesn't forget about those high-level diehards, but the real attraction here is how much Blizzard has changed the world everyone has become so familiar with over the years, making everything exciting again at the low levels. The short version of the story is that some dragon was awoken and fucked shit up, old school. Azeroth is in disarray, and any zone you knew from before has changed drastically. Blizzard has done a spectacular job tearing the place down, and every zone I played was almost unrecognizable from before. The Barrens has a huge chasm ripped through its center and water has flowed into former wastelands, transforming them into lush tropical paradises. In addition to the new and changed zones, *Cataclysm* adds two new races to the mix, the lovable Goblins and some other Alliance race that no one gives a flying fuck about because the Alliance is only played by annoying 12-year-olds. Something that really stands out about the Goblins is how well the quests are structured. None of them were of the typical "kill this, fetch that" formula, which made every one feel just a little bit more fun than the usual chore. The whole package is tied up with some fancy new graphics that are still about five years behind the curve, but who cares about graphics? —Ross Solomon

Concert Announcements

Wed Sep 1: Onesfate, Freedom Before Dying,
This Dying Need, Kiss Me Kill Me

Thu Sep 2: Nigel & The Metaldogs

Fri Sep 3: Irony Man, Split Lid,
Deny Your Faith, Poonhammer

Sat Sep 4: Arsenic Addiction CD Release Show w.
Cvlts Mortem, Adjacent To Nothing, Dead Vessel

Wed Sep 8: Darkblood

Thu Sep 9: Nigel & The Metaldogs

Fri Sep 10: FRANK HANNON BAND (GUITARIST OF
TESLA), 7TH MAN, NYC, PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS:
TROY LUCKETTA (TESLA), BOBBY BLOTZER
(RATT), JEFF WATSON (NIGHT RANGER), JOHN
NYMANN (Y&T), NEIL ZAZA AND MORE...

Sat Sep 11: 1st Annual Screamin' Bike Rally
& BBQ w. Never Before, Deny Your Faith,
American Hitman

Wed Sep 15: Blinded By Truth, Kisca

Thu Sep 16: Nigel & The Metaldogs

Fri Sep 17: RIKK AGNEW, THE VERMIN,
SAMSONS ARMY, Corvid, Radio Courtesy

Sat Sep 18: Heidi's Heavy Metal Bash w.
Means Nothing, Truce, Incidious, Autostigmatic

Thu Sep 23: Nigel & The Metaldogs

Fri Sep 24: Lidsore, Arsenic Addiction, Pariah

Sat Sep 25: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENC3

Thu Sep 30: Nigel & The Metaldogs

Fri Oct 1: Dead Vessel, tba

Thu Oct 24: Comedian STEVE HOFSTETTER

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LOCAL CD

Bears On Parade

This Is Not For You

I Had an Accident

Street: 05.11

Bears On Parade = Shhh... This Is a Library + The Microphones

I am supposed to avoid vague, non-sensical descriptions when writing a review, but this album is slightly vague and nonsensical, so fuck it. This album is like a swim through a cave of glitter followed by that slimy feeling you get after showering in soft water. The songs start incredibly slow with a reverb-drenched guitar and Casiotone keyboard, and they gradually build to a climax as the loop pedal fills up. Each song sort of flows into the next and leaves a lingering taste in your mouth. The vocals are pretty scarce and songwriter **Chaz Costello** uses voice samples pretty heavily. My favorite samples are most certainly the **Charles Manson** interview excerpts on "Got A Little Girl Named Rose" as they are quite familiar, and the piano that accompanies them sounds very different than everything else on the album. If you're a fan of ambient music, you'll enjoy this album greatly. However, if you're not, you probably shouldn't start here as it isn't all that accessible to an avant-garde ambient newcomer. —Cody Hudson

Books about UFOs

Bite Your Tongue

Self-Released

Street: 04.17

Books about UFOs = The Hives + Jet + The Greenhorns

People say that Books about UFOs is a garage group, and the band cites **13th Floor Elevators** as an influence, but they couldn't sound less psychedelic if they tried. If you go into this expecting to hear anything even close to **The Sonics** or **The Reigning Sound**, you'll be pretty dissatisfied. That being said, this CD is far from unlistenable. It may not be strict garage, but there's no questioning the fact that it's loud, fast rock n' roll that beats you over the head 'til you're stupid and drooling. Some of the riffs are kind of tired, and there are songs about hipsters, but it's definitely worth picking up. The CD is limited to a run of 100 copies, and it's available exclusively through *Slowtrain*. —Nate Perkins

Chris DeVito

Of Life

Self-Released

Street: 11.09.09

Chris DeVito = The Police + Pearl Jam + Eddie Vedder

Opening track "No Sense of Rhythm" starts this album off promisingly with propulsive drums and taut New Wave guitar, culminating in an arena-era Police-esque chorus. Considering Chris DeVito learned drums to record this album, it's impressive how percussion-centered the album is. Unfortunately, the rest of the album doesn't live up to the first track's

promise—I suspect it has to do with DeVito's creative energy being spent on learning drums when it should have been used to come up with more interesting guitar riffs. Additionally, DeVito tries to project an arena sound from too small of a platform. It's not impossible to cram classic rock into an independent release—**Robert Pollard** helped invent a genre doing it. In order to carve a place in such uneasy territory, an artist needs to be brilliant, not merely talented. *Of Life* isn't a bad starting point, but that's all it is. —Nate Housley

Data Booty

Self-Titled

MSSV MUSIC

Street: 04.16

Data Booty = nonnon + nolens volens + //

I have listened to this tape over 1000 times now, no joke. There is something about booty house music that is so refreshing in a world of music where everyone takes themselves so seriously. *MSSV Music* has probably the best lineup of artists testing out new musical paths right now, and they offer free mixtapes from their site regularly. **Andrew Glassett** (nolens volens) and **Jonathan Higley** (//) put together this particular tape with the help of **Dave Madden** (nonnon) and **Nick Foster** (NJ Foster). I never really thought I could like electronic mash/noise music, but that has changed—boy, how has it changed. It is amazing when you give new genres a chance. The best part was the download card that came with the tape, which is allowing me to listen to the song "Heffnuh" as I write this on my computer. Thank you technology, and fuck you too for making it so hard to keep classic items like cassette tapes available on every release. Solid sound engineering will never die with these guys around. —Adam Dorobiala

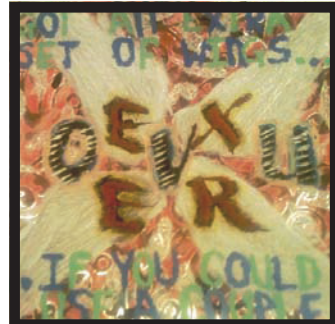
Exer Ovu

Got an Extra Set of Wings if You Could Use a Couple E.P.

Self-Released

Street: 03.09

Exer Ovu = Against Me! + Devendra Banhart



Exer Ovu, the acoustic music project

of **Derek Griffith**, uniquely combines the energy of acoustic punk with the flamboyance of freak folk. Griffith has an expressive voice that he uses mostly to good effect, notably on opener "You're Making Me Nervous," a minute-long blast of hoarse four-chord punk. An idiosyncratic approach can easily lead to missteps, but even those are more interesting than the times when Griffith sounds reluctant to fully inhabit his distinctive sound. "Offer" is the most melodious of the five songs here, but even though the listener wants to hum it afterwards, the presentation isn't fully convincing. On a CD where the presentation is the most compelling element, "Offer" doesn't belong. The low point, however, is the **Hüsker Dü** cover "Too Much Spice." The kiss of death for acoustic music is making the listener want to hear a full band, and this cover just doesn't do anything interesting enough to justify the lower energy of the instrumentation. Griffith is on his way to establishing his own voice, and there are some great moments on the E.P., but he still has a little way to go. —Nate Housley

Joseph (The Voluptuary)

Smith

Endowed

Purple Ink

Street: 03.10

Joseph (The Voluptuary) Smith = Nine Inch Nails + Massive Attack + Black Moth Super Rainbow

The most striking thing about this record, straight off the bat, is that the all-black plastic CD case has a small castle (temple?) adorned with a sparkly mushroom placed on the middle of the cover—that's three-dimensionally, sticking out about three inches! I've never seen packaging like this and was very curious about the contents inside. I was initially a little skeptical of what I found, but it grew on me with repeated listens. *Endowed* is a fuzzed out, droning, psychedelic little record. There are moments of produced beat over heavy bass, others that are more down tempo, and many high-pitched vocal melodies with occasional dashes of wah-wah guitar. This is like dark New Wave filtered through a Utah-shaped distortion pedal. The many off-kilter references to Utah, Zion, and even the artist's name incorporating the prophet, are all pretty funny. The strongest moments include the heavy guitar riff on "Dave Likes Cherry Pie" and the vocal fun of "She Does Everybody." Check out this distinctive work by a local artist. —Rio Connelly

The Lionelle

Shipwreck

Sound vs. Silence

Street: 07.13

The Lionelle = mewwithoutYou + White Octave + Jaguar Love

Musically, The Lionelle could easily exist as a simple vehicle for **Tate Law's**

strange but drop-dead affecting voice. Law's vocals, if you haven't heard them, sound like a mix between a collapsed-lung **Tim Kasher** and an emotionally attached **Johnny Whitney**. Very few even reach for the level of Law's vocal gesticulations. The Lionelle as a band, however, obtain a breadth and clime that is overwhelmingly huge. *Shipwreck*, at its most distilled, is full of fist-pumping post-hardcore choruses, start-stop mathy time signature change-ups, and elegant midtempo numbers. Augmenting all this are moments of unexpected beauty. Banjoes, flutes and an otherworldly guitar skronk make *Shipwreck* one of the most musically satisfying and emotionally devastating albums of the year. Following a hellish car accident that Law went through, *Shipwreck* is a comeback album of sorts: triumphant, shimmering and pissed. The Lionelle, you're doing it right. —Ryan Hall

Various Artists

Utah Heavy Guitar Rock Vol. 1

HGR Records

Street: 03.23

Utah Heavy Guitar Rock Vol. 1 = a serious collection of hard edged local rock



The first release from Utah Heavy Guitar Rock Records is a free compilation with Volume 2 already at its heels. The aptly-titled comp of 10 artists is a stark eye-opener, showcasing some serious guitar chops as well as strong songwriting abilities. This comp features contributions from the longstanding and well-known **The Street**, a nicely metallic punch from **Sonic Prophecy**, a bombastically heavy cut from **Meat**, a punky anthem from **Blinded by Truth** as well as good guitar licks from **The Fuzz Plugs** and **Drifen**. While it's not distributed at local music shops, this compilation can be snagged by actually checking out a local rock/metal gig. Plenty of tracks included on the comp rival the same old recycled junk you hear on major rock radio stations, and it's also a firm reminder that local music fans always have an outlet to get their rocking fix on pretty much any given weekend. —Bryer Wharton



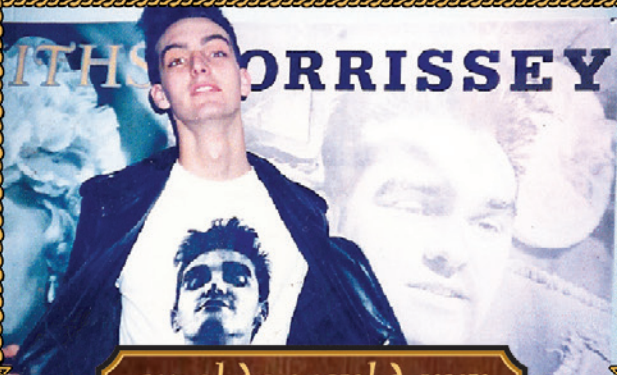
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CD REVIEWS

!!!
**Strange
Weather,
Isn't It?**
Warp Records
Street: 08.24
!!! = Liars + Hot
Chip



Three years since *Myth Takes* and !!! (chk chk chk) is back, and they are unsurprisingly funky. It definitely sounds like a !!! album—it's dark, it's funky, it's weird dance music. As far as how it compares to the other albums, though, it isn't nearly as good. Listening to the album all the way through feels like having a really intense fever dream that takes place in a jungle: It is sort of sweaty, confusing, and disorienting. The album truly shines during the less synth-based parts, like the opening bass line of "Jamie, My Intentions Are Bass." Sometimes the songs are a little too synth-heavy and end up sounding like a bad jungle-themed rave ("The Hammer") with the bad synth lines and spider monkey-sounding backing vocals. (*In the Venue*: 09.11) —Cody Hudson

Accept *Blood of the Nations*

Nuclear Blast
Street: 09.14

Accept = Judas Priest + Motörhead + Saxon + Dio

I'm no Accept snob—in all honesty, the latest in the band's discography I've explored (until now) is the 1983 classic *Balls to the Wall*. But the Internet trash talkers across the globe are already bitching that Accept isn't Accept without their distinctive vocalist **Udo Dirkschneider** and if those bitchers are already not going to give a version of Accept without



Udo even a chance, they're complete dunces. *Blood of the Nations* is a pure, true, awesome-as-all-hell heavy metal album that's as memorable and primal-metal-shit-kicking as heavy metal gets, and they're going to miss out on what easily is the best classic heavy metal record of the year. New vocalist **Mark Tornillo** of little-known Jersey band **TT Quick** got a break to be the voice of Accept and he, like **Tim "Ripper" Owens**, who replaced **Rob Halford** in Judas Priest, has risen to the occasion—actually, moreso than Owens. Buy this record, dissociate the fact that it's not helmed by Udo, turn it up to 11 and get your metal on. —Bryer Wharton

Armagedda *I Am*

Eienwald/Nordvis
Street: 09.06

Armagedda = Bathory + Funeral Mist + Sethereal + Dissection

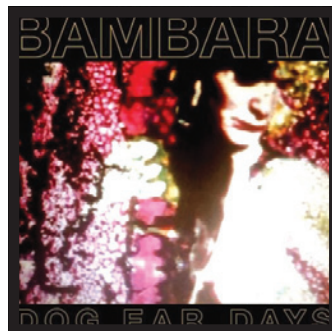
While Sweden's Armagedda are now defunct, this lost EP, *I Am*, has opened a window to some great black metal to this fan. While I'm left to formulate my own theories of why this EP—recorded after the band's first full-length, 2001's *The Final War Approaching* and before their 2003 follow-up, *Only True Believers*—is just coming to light now, roughly five to six years after the group disbanded, I will state that this EP very much has the feel of a dusty tape someone discovered while cleaning house. As strong and deeply rooted in the bleak and melodic traditions of Swedish black metal as *I Am* is, the EP also has the glorious one-take live quality to it, feeling very improvised like the band is jamming and unleashing whatever their creative processes felt like

brewing up at that particular moment. *I Am* is produced raw, but retains a crystalline edge. Its four tracks gallop along at a mid-pace, offering depressive and painful tones as well as majestic and darkly empowering ones. It's all a wondrous excursion into a unique realm with a feeling of discovering something unexplored and untainted. —Bryer Wharton

Bambara *Dog Ear Days EP*

Emerald Weapon
Street: 08.03

Bambara = HEALTH + 31Knots + Numbers



When it comes to all the bands worshipping HEALTH's 2007 debut, Bambara have the start-stop-scream, noise-terrorism of HEALTH down to a science. But what Bambara have in histrionic squalor, they lack in any sort of real threat. This lack of real, physical menace that HEALTH sweats from every pore actually helps the Athens trio in the listenability department. Every track on this EP has a catchy pop tune submerged somewhere beneath the waves of caustic noise and wall of feed-back-drenched nü-shoegaze guitars. As breathless and meandering (especially in the soft middle) as *Dog Ear Days* seems, it never completely abandons a reference point in modern popular music, and that might make it even more dangerous. —Ryan Hall

The Black Pacific *Self-Titled*

SideOneDummy
Street: 09.14

The Black Pacific = Pennywise + Bad Religion + The Offspring
For reasons I still don't fully com-

prehend, I was excited to hear this new project from former Pennywise vocalist **Jim Lindberg**. Even though Lindberg is basically a poor man's **Greg Graffin**, his simple brand of punk rock sloganeering speaks to the 14-year-old in me ("Fuck Authority" was my favorite song for a pretty embarrassing amount of time). While The Black Pacific doesn't sound exactly like Pennywise, they aren't incredibly unique, either. These songs could've been created by any number of late 90s punk bands floundering to retain their audience in the new millennium. The Black Pacific is a bit more melodic than Pennywise and throws in some weird screams every once in a while for some reason, but not much else sets them apart. "The System" is plagued by the vague, over-simplistic lyrics one might expect from such a title, and "Kill Your Idols" is an encyclopedia of punk-rock clichés come to life. If nothing else, The Black Pacific are competent musicians comfortable within their chosen genre—and at least they got an album out before the newest incarnation of Pennywise. —Ricky Vigil

Blood Revolt *Indoctrine*

Profound Lore
Street: 08.03

Blood Revolt = Revenge + Conqueror + Primordial + Axis of Advance



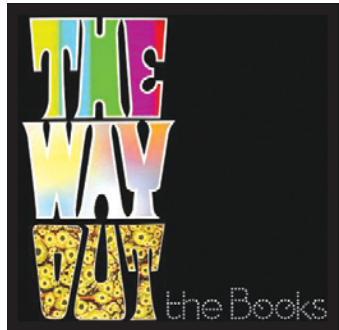
The only thing you need to know is that Blood Revolt is a collaboration of **A.A. Nemtheanga, C. Ross** and **J. Read**, members of Primordial, Revenge and Conqueror. If you call yourself an avid fan

of extreme metal, you don't just need to hear this album, you need to own it. *Indoctrine* mocks the normal channels of extreme metal, as Blood Revolt digs deep and pull pure, unabashed hatred and madness into this audio assault of every inner sense of mind and body. Sticks pound on drums with raw, intimidating speed and hellish tempos to create a war that not only physically but also emotionally tears at your aural senses. String distortions pulsate and rapidly change from unrelenting, primal forces to twisted chords of chaos, ensnaring and dragging you down into complete insanity. A tale of complete madness, vengeance and full-on violent delivery crushes and embattles your soul. The voice penetrates your mind, rings in your ears, and what could've been a calm, meditative state of mind is transposed into your own maddening spiraling lack of control. Once *Indoctrine* is heard, your soul is scarred—it is not just something to be listened to, but a mind-altering drug that shatters your thoughts and leaves you to deal with your own demons. —Bryer Wharton

The Books The Way Out

Temporary Residence Ltd.
Street: 07.20

The Books = Prefuse 73 + Do Make Say Think + Decomposure



Imagine a tape recorder and an acoustic guitar making sweet, sweet love, producing offspring, that each attempt to write vast works of literature—philosophical and emotional, real human-condition-type stuff. Then try to imagine these bizarre creatures attempting to read these wistful tomes to you like a bedtime story. Yeah, that might be The Books. Aurally lush constructions of found-sound percussion, vocals, and chamber-music-esque guitar and string arrangements, *The Way Out* is another volume of the continual masterpiece that is the career of this duo. As per usual, the greatest attention has been paid to how this album feels to your ears, and where other, similar

music can sometimes be jarring and harsh, The Books are soothing. The record almost becomes another of the old self-help and hypnosis tapes it samples. But it's far too dancey this time around to get too comfortable. The song duo of "IDKT" and "I Didn't Know That" are an orchestral swell of an introduction for a jazzy, electro-funk jam. "Free Translator" is a quiet little folk tune with the group's typical penchant for strange lyrics, while "The Story of Hip Hop" forgoes them completely for samples of a children's story over schizo beats. This stuff is not for the casual listener, but a blast if you're into it. —Rio Connolly

Carl Broemel All Birds Say

ATO Records
Street: 08.31

Carl Broemel = Lyle Lovett + Jack Johnson



All Birds Say, the debut solo album from *My Morning Jacket* guitarist Carl Broemel, seems tailor-made for sipping iced tea on your porch on a summer evening. Where *My Morning Jacket* plays electric Southern rock (lately tinged with electro and funk), *All Birds Say* is a mostly acoustic affair accented with Western swing flourishes and orchestral instrumentation. Broemel makes a bigger splash as a stylist than as a songwriter—the songs contain inventive arrangements with jazzy chords, but the lyrical matter at times borders on the schmaltzy ("There's a lot of different kind of people in the world"). "Carried Away," one of the album's highlights, contains a chord progression that's been done a thousand times before, but it's still a great listen. From the laidback vibe Broemel emanates, I get the sense that focusing on anything but having a good time with this album misses the point. —Nate Housley

Crocodiles Sleep Forever

Fat Possum
Street: 09.14

Crocodiles = Black Rebel Motorcycle Club + The Byrds

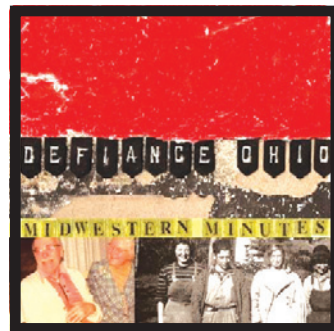
Sleep Forever, the second album from Crocodiles, is a garage psych epic that pools together a variety of influences into a meditation on escaping the mundane details of life by dying. What sounds morbid actually plays like a tie-dyed nirvana. Singer **Brandon Welchez**, wanting to forget the suburban decay and narrow-mindedness of his native San Diego, effortlessly turns weighty topics into fodder for psychedelic escapism. The album successfully flits between styles while maintaining its skuzzy coherence—it starts off with the **Cheap Trick**-gone-krautrock "Mirrors" before heading into the hungover lurch of "Stoned to Death." Welchez sings cheerfully over Casio pop on album closer "All My Hatred and My Hexes are For You." It's tough to tell if Crocodiles' biggest achievement is marrying so many disparate influences or turning thoughts of death into something so enjoyable, but either way I'm hoping they have a long life ahead of them. —Nate Housley

Defiance, Ohio Midwestern Minutes

No Idea

Street Date: 07.13

Defiance, Ohio = Ghost Mice + New Year's Revolution - husky vocals



Defiance, Ohio have been kicking the bums of the "folk-punk" scene since the early 2000s. Their songs have always been easy to sing along with, laced as they are with cello, violin and upright bass, fronted by acoustic guitars, piano and a mean percussionist, while still maintaining a punk sound. Their latest album, *Midwestern Minutes*, however, strays slightly towards a more put-together sound than the average folk/punk noise. Their songs are mostly up-beat tunes about living life with a fire in your belly, and doing everything in your power to keep that fire going. This is the most solid Defiance, Ohio album to date. The band has done some tremendous growing up from their first few albums, and are seemingly settling down. "Dissimilarity Index," a song about segregation

of the different aspects of one's life, shouts, "I'm shaken, I'm tired!" while keeping the overall feel of the album super-positive. "You Are Loved" is a feel-good song relating to the best kind of friendships, singing, "It sure scares the hell out of me when my friends think they have nobody to lean on." Old and new Defiance, Ohio fans alike will appreciate this new effort, so go take a listen! —Kyla G.

Devil's Brigade Self-Titled

Hellcat

Street: 08.31

Devil's Brigade = Rancid + Asmodeus + Anti-Nowhere League



After teasing fans for years, Rancid bassist **Matt Freeman** is finally releasing a full-length of his psychobilly-geared side project, Devil's Brigade. Along with longtime songwriting partner **Tim Armstrong** on guitar, Freeman entered the studio with **DJ Bonebrake** of the legendary punk band **X** and banged out a vicious punk rock n' roll record. The opening track, "I'm Movin' Through," lets you know you've entered Matt Freeman's world of dark, harsh vocals accompanied by equally ominous yet furious guitar work and rhythms. Half this record is the fruit of a musical that Armstrong and Freeman have been working on about the history surrounding the building of the Golden Gate Bridge. "Bridge of Gold" stands out because of its folk arrangement and light-hearted bounce. Freeman moves seamlessly from electric to upright bass and pulls back on his instrumental virtuosity to let the songs take center stage. A must for any Rancid fan, this record will also appeal to psychobilly fans and punks alike. Check 'em out live on the inaugural tour with the **Street Dogs**, which hits town Oct. 22. —James Orme

Early Graves Goner

Ironclad Recordings
Street: 06.22

Early Graves = Cursed + Minor Threat + Behold

Goner is the grievous final state-



ment for vocalist **Makh Daniels**. On August 2, he was tragically killed in a van accident while driving from Oregon to Nevada. Fortunately, we have Goner to remember/acquaint ourselves with the man behind the snarl. From the punk/thrash brevity of "Rot" and "Bastard Tears" to the more deliberate and crafted "May Day" and "Wraiths," Early Graves has given us an album's worth of un-skipable tracks. Listening to Goner is like being willfully pummeled—when you listen to it, you're just asking for an aural beating, and Goner will make a masochist out of you. I'm sure the irony of the band's seemingly prophetic name isn't lost on the band during this dismal time. If you're able to help with the funeral costs, donations to the Daniels family can be made through PayPal under ripMakhDaniels@gmail.com. —Andrew Roy

Fake Problems *Real Ghosts Caught on Tape*

SideOneDummy
Street: 09.21

Fake Problems = Cursive + The Gaslight Anthem + Against Me!



Ever-willing to evolve and expand their musical style, Fake Problems are back with a new album only 18 months after the release of *It's Great to Be Alive*. *Real Ghosts Caught on Tape* showcases the band as a tightly oiled machine, focused and with a more coherent sound. The delicate, reflective style of Cursive melds with the Springsteen-infused punk of The Gaslight Anthem on opener "ADT,"

and it's the different aspects of those two acts that Fake Problems evokes the most throughout *Real Ghosts*. The highlight of the album is "Soulless," which, weirdly, sounds like a long-lost song from a '60s girl group, and even more weirdly features backing vocals from **Mae Whitman** and **Alia Shawkat** from *Arrested Development*. Even though *Real Ghosts* is the most consistent FP release so far, it feels a bit repetitive and lacks some of the excitement and unpredictability of past albums. Even so, I'm still excited to hear everything this band has to offer. (*The Depot*: 09.16) —Ricky Vigil

Grass Widow *Past Time*

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 08.24

Grass Widow = Neo Boys + The Go-Go's

Punk rock is not a hard sell to my ears. The energy alone can be electrifying and exciting, even when the vocals and lyrics are not. Even The Go-Go's initially were classified as punk before they learned to play and harmonize, and they've always carried the "punk" spirit throughout their successful career, proving this genre wasn't for the boys only. So why is this release from San Francisco's all-girl post-punk trio Grass Widow so underwhelming? Bland comes to mind first, followed by repetitive and finally grating. I've spun this album twice and each song sounds exactly the same to my delicate ears. I've listened to Stereogum's recommended track, "Shadow," and I've watched the cool-looking hand-drawn video for "Fried Egg," but again, they both sound just like the album's other eight tracks. Bassist **Hannah Lew**, drummer **Lillian Maring** and guitarist **Raven Mahon** all share the vocal duties and therein lies the biggest problem: None of them can sing very well. This would be OK if the music was at least memorable, but regrettably, it isn't. It is too lumped together to differentiate it track by track and the girls sound like they are still in junior high and have just decided to start a band, but don't have any talent to match their ambition. Sorry ladies, but big dreams and instruments do not a successful band make. —Dean O Hillis

Knights of the New Crusade

Knight Vision

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 08.24

Knights of the New Crusade = Lamps + 13th Floor Elevators + The Clearways

I'm gonna knock **Jello Biafra** in the kisser the next time I run into

him. First, Alternative Tentacles charges twenty-two dollars for the latest **Star Fucking Hipsters** LP right when it comes out, and now they've gone and signed these morons. Knights of the New Crusade are a bunch of fundamentalist Christians famous for their controversial songs about the immoral evils of homosexuality and the near-certainty of scorching hellfire sometime in the not-so-distant future. Although musically this is some great garage/psych (minus the vocals, which are constantly off-key and plagued by some weird speech impediment—an allusion to **Moses**, perhaps?), I absolutely hate everything these assholes are doing, all of which they do without even the slightest hint of irony. With constant Bible-quoting and song titles like "He Stands and Knocks at the Door" and "God is Not a Mushroom," this album is entertaining, sure, but I would die before I called it "good." —Nate Perkins

Magic Kids *Memphis*

True Panther

Street: 08.24

Magic Kids = Barbaras + Rubinoos + Ronettes

I was pretty worried that *Memphis*, the first full-length album by the Magic Kids, wouldn't measure up to the catchy greatness of the "Hey Boy" single that came out on **Goner Records** last year, but it very much does. Every song is flawless (or close to it—there are a couple weird synth bonks in there), and recorded in a style heavily influenced by **Phil Spector**. Actually, just to say that Magic Kids are influenced by Phil Spector doesn't convey the level of worship that's happening here. The album is a wall of poppy, garage sound filled out not only by the usual guitar/bass/drums, but also by strings, sleigh bells, flute, piano, keyboard, and layers upon layers of heart-melting harmonies. The ending track, "Cry With Me, Baby," has my vote for one of the best songs of 2010. Singer **Bennett Foster** very truthfully and humbly described the album when he said, "It sounds pretty magical." (*Kilby*: 09.13) —Nate Perkins

Menomena *Mines*

Barsuk

Street: 07.27

Menomena = Born Ruffians + The Beta Band + The Flaming Lips

Mines is the eagerly anticipated follow-up to Menomena's 2007 record, *Friend and Foe*. While the same density of layers, attention to dynamics, and creative approach are there, the record feels

less cut-and-paste and a little more bluesy than the last. Bass, drums, guitar, keys, and sometime saxophone all play in the making of walls of sound that suddenly become sparse, echoey vocal breaks with dreamy melodies. This record doesn't shimmer, it thumps and crashes while still remaining both vast and intimate. "Dirty Cartoons" is reminiscent of the best of the last record and "TAOS" is pretty straightforward rocker complete with self-conscious swagger and snarling guitar. The songs on this record are all a little more cohesive than the last, being less a collaboration of ideas than a focused writing effort. These guys take complete control of their music, playing, recording and mixing every part—even designing and producing most of the album artwork themselves. I can only hope more bands like Menomena spring up, creating new sounds and techniques instead of just more of the same. —Rio Connelly

Mondo Topless *Freaking Out*

Get Hip Recordings

Street: 07.31

Mondo Topless = The Seeds + The Cynics + The Animals + Iggy Pop and the Stooges + Ramones + The Rolling Stones

Freaking Out lives up to its name and ignites our innate, spastic, rock n' roll dance firebug. "Magic Potion" emits a certain minor-mode evil, yet retains the garage rock boogie germ, as its chorus line evinces: "How do you feel?/I feel fine." Mondo Topless shines with their varying tempos and rhythmic sensibility—drummer **Steve Thrash**'s tom-drumming in "Get Me to the World On Time" gets that booty bumpin' just as easily as "Get Low," and the double-time speed-up in "Gonna Find a Cave" propels the song's momentum thrillingly forward. The album does kind of get off to a slow start with the first two tracks—the opener sounds somewhat like a late-80s family sitcom theme, and "I Ain't Dead Yet," although good, doesn't deliver the initial speed we're looking for. Pound for pound, though, Mondo Topless have put in the man-hours to get your party movin' and a'groovin'. —Alexander Ortega

The Morlocks *The Morlocks Play Chess*

Popantipop

Street: 08.24

The Morlocks = The Sonics + Los Saicos + Howlin' Wolf

This is probably the greatest idea ever. Take a whisky-soaked garage outfit that's been honing their craft for a solid 25 years and record them playing 12 of

the grittiest, most terrifying tunes to ever shape the face of rock n' roll. I mean, these are songs by **Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker**, and the rest of those **Chess Records** dudes. (Aah! Get the title now?) Absolute classics. I mean, don't get me wrong. This thing isn't flawless. The production is a little too goofy to let these songs meet their potential bad-assery, and of course you'd be better off tracking down and listening to the original recordings, but this is a fun record. The band is good, and the songs are simple and fast. This is American blues and rock n' roll at its wildest and most dangerous. —Nate Perkins

Mt. St. Helens Vietnam Band Where the Messengers Meet

Dead Oceans

Street: 08.03

Mt. St. Helens Vietnam Band = Evangelicals + Crystal Antlers + Wolf Parade (2008-2010)

I joined my first and only band at age 16. I played a Casio keyboard called the rapman and tried to play some primitive riffs on a guitar. Needless to say, I was pretty proud of myself. By the time Seattle's MSHVB's second album will be released on Dead Oceans, drummer **Marshall Verdoes** will be 15. This kid can destroy a drumset. In fact, his steady backbeat and occasionally thrilling triplets form the backbone of MSHVB's swirling, classic-rock inspired pastiche of dueling-guitar/Moog organ psychedelia and grandiose chamber-pop. Kind of makes you feel like you've wasted your life, huh? Just keep in mind the age disparity between Marshall and 28-year-old bandleader and older brother **Benjamin Verdoes** is more than a decade. *Where the Messengers Meet* is full of twisting, turning melodies and start-stop song dynamics that sound endlessly assured, confident and playful, yet a little sad. (Urban: 09.11) —Ryan Hall

NYPH Self-Titled

Social Registry

Street: 08.28

NYPH = Gang Gang Dance + I.U.D. + Spell Talk

Any intro to an album that contains tambourines, bells, primal screams and Hendrix-inspired guitar like this deserves many late-night listens. Some might discount this music as some sort of shit "noise rock," but isn't all rock noisy? Rhetorical/uninspired questions aside, the vocalizing on intro track "ii-Yo" (the Romanization of the aforementioned "primal scream") is so well-complemented

by the guitar and tribal-inspired drums on this track that more traditional lyrics are easily forgotten—all you need is one phrase, apparently. A certain mind frame makes all music of this sort go down easier—specifically, for tracks over seven minutes long (three out of the five total on this album). And thank holy fuck there are some longer cuts here—the jazz saxophone exploration on "Reeds of Osirion" needs at least the six minutes allotted. This label is one of Brooklyn's finest, and their pedigree of bands, like Gang Gang Dance, **Sian Alice Group** and **Psychic Ills**, is only improved by the addition of NYPH. —JP

Queens of the Stone Age Rated R 10th Anniversary Reissue

Interscope

Street: 08.03

QOSTA = David Bowie + Tool + Stone Temple Pilots

Reissued in a two-disc deluxe edition with such dandy bells and whistles as live tracks from the *Reading Festival* and some sweet B-Sides, frontman **Josh Homme**'s tracks still hold up 10 years later. My introduction to QOSTA came with *Songs For The Deaf*, so I was pleasantly surprised to hear the darker and more widely branching musical reach of *Rated R*. The *Reading Festival* tracks are all right, but they didn't exactly leave me crying for more. I found them difficult to listen to, since there are better-quality mixes of the live tracks on the first CD (although "Better Living Through Chemistry" stands out in the live tracks once the crowd decides to stop trying to keep a beat). The true gems of the bonus second CD are the B-Sides. Covers of the likes of **Romeo Void**'s "Never Say Never" and **The Kinks**' "Who'll Be The Next In Line" caught my attention right away. Homme's vocal style is interesting and fun, while the QOSTA-driven riffs add an unexpected intensity to the songs that I wouldn't have expected. *Rated R* combines an older-sounding jam sound with heavy, repetitive riffs. The two are melded together to create an insane climactic build that is hard not to take note of. —Ben Trentelman

Street Dogs Self-Titled

Hellcat

Street: 08.31

Street Dogs = Swingin' Utters + Billy Bragg + Slapshot

The Street Dogs always manage to build from great record to great record, and without fail, outdo themselves with each one. **Mike**

McColgan and the boys have put together an 18-track punk rock epic, which ranges from the heavy folk elements of "Harpo" to the hardcore attack of "Too Much Info," but at its core, this record is pure punk rock exemplified by the '77 sounds of "In Stereo." The fifth record in seven years, the Dogs aren't wasting any time, showing a bold new maturity to incorporate different genres without losing an ounce of energy. The message, as it has been from the beginning, is the struggle of the working class, of ordinary people who face difficulties forging a life for themselves. Songs like "Up the Union" make a call for those who go to work everyday to stand up and reclaim their rights in this country. Easily the best entry to an already exemplary catalogue, the Street Dogs are at the top of their game. The Street Dogs will be bringing their live show to *Club Sound* Oct. 22, and fans of punk rock need to be there. —James Orme

Sundowner We Chase the Waves

Asian Man

Street: 08.10

Sundowner = Chris Wollard + Mike Hale + Frank Turner

I'm generally pretty supportive when the members of a band I like embark on side projects, but goddammit, **The Lawrence Arms** haven't toured for three years and haven't made a new album in four years and it's starting to piss me off. With that out of the way, I must admit that I'm really enjoying the new album from Sundowner, the acoustic alter-ego of TLA's **Chris McCaughan**. As the more introspective vocalist of the Midwestern masters of gritty pop-punk, McCaughan's songwriting is well-suited to the stripped-down style employed on *We Chase the Waves*. The first Sundowner album, *Four One Five Two*, never quite clicked for me—not sure if it was the slightly unorganic production or the complete lack of **Cormac McCarthy** and *Happy Days* references—but McCaughan sounds like he's genuinely having fun on *We Chase the Waves*. Highlights include the relaxed, swaying style of "Araby," slow-burning opener "In the Flicker," and "Jewel of the Midwest," which better show up with amps a-blaazin' on the next Lawrence Arms album. This is strictly for fans, but if you like the Larrys, you'll eat this up. —Ricky Vigil

Wavves King of the Beach

Fat Possum

Street: 08.03

Wavves = Black Lips + Blank Dogs

+ **Ariel Pink in fast-forward** + **Brian Wilson**

King of the Beach is the Ramones' *End of the Century* for the Internet age. Both albums resulted from an accomplished producer taking a much-lauded sophomore punk band under his wing and into a fancy studio to polish the band's rough edges and produce a classic pop album. The vitriol between Wavves' **Nathan Williams** and *Beach* producer **Dennis Herring** (who produced **Modest Mouse**, **The Hives**, etc.) wasn't quite as acidic as that between Phil Spector and Johnny Ramone, but it was there—Williams has said there were some "wring-your-neck-type moments." Unfortunately, unlike *Century*-era Ramones, Wavves doesn't have four albums under their belt, and Williams' writing abilities aren't ready to be exposed from under the bong residue caking the laptop on which he recorded previous albums (which are really great). *Beach* will introduce plenty of new listeners to Wavves, but it's a bit of a sissy letdown for fans of raw punk rock. —Nate Martin

Women Public Strain

Jagjaguwar

Street: 09.28

Women = Caribou + No Age



This album does a great job of making you love an ugly song. Each track a different shade of gray, every indie-pop song is hidden under a sea of static next to a forest of fuzz. The songs are really well written and the white-noise aspect of it makes the songs more endearing and turns the flaws (droning voice) into interesting and enjoyable characteristics. Most of the noise-rock bands I have heard are far more aggressive than this, which makes these slow fuzz-pop songs that much more enjoyable. Nobody likes **No Age** the first time they see them—this album is sort of like that, but worth a few listens to get past it. —Cody Hudson

Check out more reviews at:
SLUGMAG.com

DAILY CALENDAR

SEND US YOUR DATES BY THE 25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, September 3

Junius, Orb Ayin, I am the Ocean – *Kilby*
Lindsay Heath Orchestra, Rebecca McIntosh, Sam Stinson – *Urban*
Coliseum, Burning Love, Accidente – *Burt's*
Autumn Eclipse – *Muse*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Brewski's*
Stankbot Tyranny – *Alchemy Coffee*
Gilbert & Sullivan Operetta – *Holladay City Hall*
John-Ross Boyce & His Troubles – *Woodshed*
Kiss Thiss – *A Bar Named Sue*
Royal Bliss, Darling Don't Jump, Stereotype – *Liquid Joe's*
Isaac Russell, Mudbison – *Velour*
IXXION, A Balance of Power, Ravings of a Madman – *Dawg Pound*
Trenton McKeen – *Green Pig*
Vanilla Ice – *The Bay*

Saturday, September 4

Dopethought, Dumbuck, Yze, Learical Mindset – *Kilby*
Mumiy Troll, Run Run Run – *Urban*
Broken Pony, Tara Shupe – *Woodshed*
SLUG Presents: Summer of Death Skate Comp – Secret Spots
Kirby Canyon Band, Broken Pony, Tara Shupe – *Woodshed*
Find the **SLUG** Booth at Farmers Market – *Pioneer Park*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Southern Fried Slim – *Brewski's*
Tracers, S3rl, ZXX – *In The Venue*
Arsenic Addiction, Cvltvs Mortem, Adjacent To Nothing, Dead Vessel – *Vegas*
Mark Chaney Trio – *Green Pig*
Yaotl Mictlan CD Release – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday, September 5

Salty Street Flea Market with Laserfang (12-6pm) – Kilby
Adrian Orange, Ali Baba From Mali, Seven Feathers Rainwater (7pm) – *Kilby*
Dead Prez, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Cavelight Captains, DJ Juggy – *Urban*

Monday, September 6

Jamie Lidell, Tony Castles, Alleged DJ's – *Urban*
Catherine Feeny, Libbie Linton – *Kilby*

Tuesday, September 7

Suckers, Colors, Sayde Price – *Kilby*
MEN, Laserfang – *Urban*
Truth & Salvage Company – *State Room*
Tony Oros – *A Bar Named Sue*

68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Nekromantix – *In The Venue*

Wednesday, September 8

Prince Polo, The Mooks, Much More Than Neurotic, S.L.F.M – *Kilby*
Judgement Day, Cornered By Zombies – *Urban*
The Transgressions, The Hung Ups, The Mooks, The Boomsticks – *Woodshed*
Jenny & Johnny – *State Room*
Los HellCaminos – *A Bar Named Sue*
Jason Webley – *Burt's*
Pariah, Wakeside, When The Fight Started – *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, September 9

Jason Reeves, Night Night – *Velour*
Thalia Condo, Samba Gringa – *Urban*
Camille Bloom – *Alchemy Coffee*
Whiskey Fish – *Piper Down*
DJ Double D-licious – *A Bar Named Sue*
The Quick & Easy Boys, Kate LeDeuce – *Burt's*
Free Film: Rocks With Wings – *City Library*
The Dreaming, The Better Life Band, The Street – *In The Venue*
Lions Tigers Bears, Duck Duck Goose, Eyes Like Diamonds, I Am The Ocean – *Salt Shaker*
City By Storm – *Green Pig*
East Hollywood High Fundraiser – *Kilby*

Friday, September 10

Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Swans of Never, Bobo Shand, MJGT, MJB – *Kilby*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Jucifer, Invdrs, Top Dead Celebrity – *Burt's*
Fictionist – *Velour*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
Laserfang, Snake Rattle Rattle Snake, 200 Million Years – *Woodshed*
Them Changes – *A Bar Named Sue*
Slowride, Dub Symptom, Random Dance – *Liquid Joe's*
Ghostowne – *Brewski's*
Free Film: RIP: Remix Manifesto – *Salt Lake Art Center*
The B Foundation – *In The Venue*
Fayde to Black, Toby Emerson, Matt Cert – *Warehouse*
So Far So Good, End the Eternity – *Muse*
Marinade – *Green Pig*

Saturday, September 11

Lights Over Paris, Some Hear Explosions, Hollywood Hearthrob – *Kilby*
David Bazan, Mt. St. Helens Vietnam

Band – *Urban*

Clarksdale Ghosts – *Alchemy Coffee*
Avenues Street Fair – 7th Ave. Between I and N street
Warsaw Poland Brothers – *Piper Down*
Game On, The Past 10s, The Family Gallows, Angle Mattson, Bernie Larsen – *Woodshed*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Kleveland, Thunderfist – *Burt's*
!!!, Chain Gang – *In The Venue*
Ferocious Oaks, S.L.F.M – *Velour*
Kingtree – *Brewski's*
Zoe Boekbinder, Loo Jean, The Gypsies – *Why Sound*
DevilDriver, Kittie, Kataklysm, Misery – *In The Venue*
The Dollyrots – *Avalon*
Never Before, American Hitmen, Deny Your Faith – *Vegas*
Bad Rabbits, The Orbit Group – *Salt Shaker*
Stonebridge, Misery – *Complex*
Utah Beer Festival – Washington Square
Hoo Doo Blues – *Green Pig*

Sunday, September 12

Zines on Toast – *Raunch*
Zoe Boekbinder, Cody Taylor, Bicycle Voice – *Kilby*
Levi Weaver, Estelline – *Urban*
Casiotone For The Painfully Alone – *Subterranean*

Monday, September 13

Magic Kids, Candy Claws, Panda Vs Bear – *Kilby*
Autolux, Gold Panda – *Urban*
Terry Lynn Tschaekofske – *Utah State Fair*
The Sawyer Family – *Burt's*
Free Film: Antartica – *Tower*

Tuesday, September 14

Titus Andronicus, Free Energy – *Kilby*
Efterklang, Buke & Gass – *Urban*
Brandi Carlile – *State Room*
Tony Oros – *A Bar Named Sue*
Free Film: Papers – *City Library*
Diecast, A Balance of Power, Riksha, Unthinkable Thoughts, Arsenic Addiction – *South Shore*

Wednesday, September 15

Modern English – *Urban*
Echoed Illusion – *Kilby*
Tab Benoit – *State Room*
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar Named Sue*
Black Tusk, OldTimer, Muckraker – *Burt's*
Incidious, Lyraform, Fearless, Passive – *Liquid Joe's*
Dirt Nasty, Andre Legacy, Beardo – *In*

The Venue

Sherwood, The Dangerous Summer, Soletta – *Avalon*

Thursday, September 16

Skybox, What Laura Says – *Kilby*
Crooked Fingers, The Awful Truth – *Urban*
The Gaslight Anthem, Fake Problems, Menzingers – *Depot*
JJ Grey & Mofo – *State Room*
Terry Lynn Tschaekofske – *Utah State Fair*
DJ Double D-licious – *A Bar Named Sue*
The Chop Tops, Smokestack & The Foothill Fury – *Burt's*
Victoria – *Velour*
Free Film: Four Sheets to The Wind – *City Library*
Mark Chaney Trio – *Green Pig*
Dew Tour, Neon Trees, Paper Tongues – *EnergySolutions*
Happy Birthday Jessica Davis!

Friday, September 17

Peach Boutique Fashion Show, Demani of Pharcyde – *Kilby*
SLUG Localized: Broken Spells, S.L.F.M, Tolchock Trio – Urban
Built To Spill – *Depot*
Stephen Kellogg & The Sixers – *State Room*
2nd Grade High Five – *Muse*
Mary Tebbs – *Alchemy Coffee*
Rattle and Hum, Heathen Highlanders – *Piper Down*
Small Town Sinners – *Woodshed*
Dan Weldon and The Grey Dogs – *A Bar Named Sue*
The Toros, Little Black Pill – *Burt's*
Smashing Pumpkins, Bad City – *In The Venue*
Shark Speed, The Archers Apple – *Velour*
The Bastard Redheads – *Brewski's*
Free Film: Out In The Silence – *Vieve Gore Auditorium*
Kandyland 4, Italian Sensation, Jimmi Cricket, DJ Quack Quack – *The Warehouse*
Holy Ghost, Theophilus London – *In The Venue*
Rikk Agnew The Vermin, Samsons Army, Corvid, Radio Courtesy – *Vegas*
Flosstradamus – *W Lounge*
Ugly Valley Boys – *Green Pig*
Dew Tour – *EnergySolutions*
Immigration Forum – *City Library*

Saturday, September 18

Monkey Knife Fight, Sound Wepn, The Fucktards, OldTimer – *Kilby*
The Devil Whale, Future of the Ghost, The Head & The Heart, Matt Hopper

– *Urban*

Adam and Darcie, The Very Most,
Candy Claws, Ferocious Oaks – *Muse*
Brett Turner – *Alchemy Coffee*

**Old Man Morris' 40th B-day with
Louder Than Bombs– Piper Down**

Stankbot Tyranny – *Mo's*
Kid Cyclops – *Woodshed*
The Beautiful Girls – *Star Bar*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
The F-Bombers, Dead & Gone,



**Starfucker—9/24
@ Kilby & Urban**

Desolate, All Systems Fail – *Burt's*
Hot Hot Heat, Hey Rosetta, 22/20's
– *In The Venue*
The Vibrant Sound, Imagine Dragons,
Preston Pugmire – *Velour*
Parchman Farm Freedom Riders
– *Brewski's*
Diecast, A Balance of Power, LidSore,
Riksha, Unthinkable Thoughts – *Wee
Blu Inn*
Allred, J.Wride, Goodbye Nova,
Brogan Kelby – *Avalon*
Depressed Buttons – *Complex*
JJ'Z – *Green Pig*
Dew Tour – *EnergySolutions*

Sunday, September 19

Before the Fall, Madison Lights, The
Midsky Surrender – *Kilby*
Acoustic Night – *Urban*
Dew Tour – *EnergySolutions*

Monday, September 20

The Diggs – *Kilby*
Comedy Night – *Urban*
The Business, The Hollowpoints,
Endless Struggle – *Burt's*

Tuesday, September 21

Sink The Seas, Brighton Metz, Andrew
Goldring, Gabrielle Gioffre – *Kilby*
Super Butter Muffins, Seven Feathers
Rainwater, Imiginary Color – *Urban*
Rev Peyton's Big Damn Band – *State
Room*
The Vibrators, Never Say Never, Utah
County Swillers, Merciless Boots,

Dr. Drug & The Possilbe Side Effects
– *One Mind Studio*
Tony Oros – *A Bar Named Sue*
Free Film: Race To Nowhere – *City
Library*
The Blakes – *In The Venue*

Wednesday, September 22

Denison Whitmer, Paul Jacobsen
– *Kilby*
White Hills, Christmas, Plastic Furs
– *Urban*
Moonwater, Koko & Camaro, The
State Of, Jen Korte – *Woodshed*
Los HellCaminos – *A Bar Named
Sue*
Joe Buck, Tupelo Moan – *Burt's*
Jesse Malin, Moneybrother – *In
The Venue*

Thursday, September 23

Blackhounds – *Kilby*
Japandroids, Steady Machete
– *Urban*
Al & The Black Cats, The Slappin
Echoes, The Blue Moon Bombers
– *Burt's*
Phoenix, Neon Indian – *The Rail*
Free Film: Miss Navajo – *City
Library*
Redrock Hot Club – *Green Pig*

Friday, September 24

Dada Life, La Riots, Felguk,
Marcus Schossow – *Salt Palace*
Starfucker, Laserfang, Night Sweats
– *Urban*
Starfucker, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths
– *Kilby*
Merit Badge – *Woodshed*
The Lovicapades, Nate Baldwin
– *Muse*
Cerci, Dr. Siak – *Alchemy Coffee*
Irony Man, Cornered By Zombies
– *Burt's*
Parlor Hawk – *Velour*
MultiVersal, The Smash Brothas,
Dumb Luck, & Yze – *Brewski's*
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony – *In The
Venue*
New City Skyline, The Phantoms – *Bar
Deluxe*
The Huckleberries – *Green Pig*

Saturday, September 25

Laserfang, Future of the Ghost,
Palace of Buddies, Snow Lion – *Kilby*
School of Seven Bells, Active Child
– *Urban*
Colin Robinson – *Alchemy Coffee*
The Mike Mineo Trio – *Piper Down*
Apathy in Motion, Hot Reagan
– *Woodshed*
Salt City Derby Girls: Junction City
Roller Dolls vs. SCDG – *Salt Palace*
The Utah County Swillers – *Burt's*
Book on Tapeworm, Norther, Cody
Rigby – *Velour*
Mullet Hatchet – *Brewski's*
Prefuse 73 – *W Lounge*
Andy Cadwell – *Complex*
Jake Drier Trio – *Green Pig*

Sunday, September 26

Land of Talk, Suuns – *Kilby*

Pharoahe Monch, Buckshot, Sean
Price, Smif N Wessun, Kidz In The
Hall, Skyzoo, DJ Evil Dee – *Urban*

Monday, September 27

Slumber Party – *Your Mom's House*

Tuesday, September 28

The Freebie, Eric Blood, The
Summer Transition, A Failsafe Story,
BoboShand – *Kilby*
Fox Van Cleef, Max Pain & The
Groovies, Beard of Solitude – *Urban*
Band of Horses, Admiral Radley,
Darker My Love – *In The Venue*
Free Film: Ghost Bird – *City Library*
Backseat Goodbye, outRageus, Hello
Astronaut – *Avalon*
Dramatic Reading: The Exonerated –
All Saint's Episcopal Church

Wednesday, September 29

Burnell Washburn, DopeThought,
Dumb Luck, Reaper the Storyteller,
Ruddy Carpel, Smash Brothas,
Untytted – *Kilby*
Les Nubians – *Urban*
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar
Named Sue*
Hairspray Blues – *Burt's*
Free Film: The Education of Shelby
Knox – *Vieve Gore Auditorium*

Betrayal, The Great Commission – *Salt
Shaker*
Dramatic Reading: The Exonerated –
All Saint's Episcopal Church

Thursday, September 30

Hanson – *Depot*
Red Bennies, Mushman, Giant
– *Urban*
DJ Double D-licious – *A Bar Named
Sue*
Christopher Williams, Cory Mon,
Paul Jacobsen, Debra Fotheringham
– *Velour*
Free Film: The Return of Navajo Boy
– *City Library*
Oh Sleeper, The Bled, A Plea for
Purging, Letlive – *Basement*
Ugly Valley Boys – *Green Pig*

Friday, October 1

Dubwise – *Urban*
Umphrey's McGee – *Depot*
Subrosa, Atriarch, Eagle Twin – *Burt's*
Black Vengeance – *Brewski's*
Cobra Skulls, Swans of Never, The
Hung Ups – *Kilby*
Blue October, Parlotoes – *In The
Venue*
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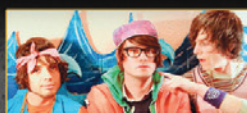


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WED SEPT 29TH



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- SEP 2 DEAD CONFEDERATE, FUTUREBIRDS
- SEP 3 LINDSAY HEATH ORCHESTRA + 60'S SOUL DANCE PARTY
- SEP 4 MUMIY TROLL (OF RUSSIA), RUN RUN RUN
- SEP 5 DEAD PREZ, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER, CAVELIGHT CAPTAINS, DJ JUGGY
- SEP 6 JAMIE LIDELL, TONY CASTLES, ALLEGED DJ'S
- SEP 7 MEN, LASERFANG
- SEP 8 JUDGEMENT DAY, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES
- SEP 9 THALIA CONDO CD RELEASE, SAMBA GRINGA
- SEP 10 DUBWISE
- SEP 11 DAVID BAZAN, MT. ST. HELENS VIETNAM BAND
- SEP 12 LEVI WEAVER, ESTELLINE
- SEP 13 AUTOLUX + GOLD PANDA
- SEP 14 SLOWTRAIN RECORDS PRESENTS EFTERKLING, BUKE & GASS
- SEP 15 MODERN ENGLISH
- SEP 16 CROOKED FINGERS, THE AWFUL TRUTH
- SEP 17 SLUG LOCALIZED: JESSICA'S B-DAY!
- SEP 18 THE DEVIL WHALE, FUTURE OF THE GHOST, THE HEAD & THE HEART, MATT HOPPER
- SEP 19 ACOUSTIC NIGHT: 7 PM & 10 PM.
- SEP 20 COMEDY NIGHT SALT LAKE CITY, UT
- SEP 21 SUPER BUTTERY MUFFINS, SEVEN FEATHERS RAINWATER, IMIGANARY COLOR
- SEP 22 WHITE HILLS, CHRISTMAS, PLASTIC FURS
- SEP 23 JAPANDROIDS, STEADY MACHETE
- SEP 24 STARFUCKER, LASERFANG, NIGHT SWEATS
- SEP 25 SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS, ACTIVE CHILD
- SEP 26 DUCK DOWN 15 YEAR ANNIVERSARY TOUR: PHAROAEH MONCH, BOOT CAMP CLICK, SMIF N WESSEN, KIDZ IN THE HALL + MORE
- SEP 28 FOX VAN CLEEF, MAX PAIN & THE GROOVIES, BEARD OF SOLITUDE
- SEP 29 LES NUBIANS
- SEP 30 RED BENNIES, MUSHMAN, GIANT

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- 
- 1 Secret Abilities, It Foot It Ears
 - 2 A Different Element
 - 3 Junius, Orb, Ayin, I Am the Ocean
 - 4 Dopethought, Dumb Luck, YZE, Lircular Mindset
 - 5 **SALT STREETS FLEA MARKET** (12-6pm)
with Laserfang
LATER SHOW: Ali Baba From Mali,
Adrian Orange, Seven Feathers Rainwater
 - 6 Catherine Feeny, Libbie Linton
 - 7 **KRCL PRESENTS:** Suckers, Colors,
Sayde Price
 - 8 Prince Polo, The Mooks,
Much More Than Neurotic, SLFM
 - 9 East Hollywood High Fundraiser
 - 10 Mason Jones, Swans of Never,
Bobo Shand, MJGT, MBJ
 - 11 Lights Over Paris, Some Hear Explosions,
Hollywood Hearththrob
 - 12 Zoe Boekbinder, Bicycle Voice, Cody Taylor
 - 13 Magic Kids, Candy Claws, Panda Vs Bear
 - 14 Titus Andronicus, Free Energy
 - 15 Echoed Illusion
 - 16 Skybox, What Laura Says
 - 17 Fashion Show (Peach Boutique)
with Demani (of Pharcyde)
 - 18 Monkey Knife Fight, Sound Wepn,
The Fucktards, Old Timer
 - 19 Before The Fall, Madison Lights,
A Midsky Surrender (doors: 5:30 pm)
 - 20 Digg, TBA
 - 21 Sink the Seas, Brighton Metz,
Andrew Goldring, Gabrielle Gioffre
 - 22 Denison Whitmer, Paul Jacobsen
 - 23 Blackhounds TOUR SEND OFF, TBA
 - 24 Starfucker, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths
 - 25 **KILBY RECORDS PRESENTS:**
Laserfang, Future Of the Ghost,
Palace of Buddies, Snow Lion
 - 26 Land of Talk, Suuns
 - 28 Eric Blood, The Summer Transition,
BoboShand, A Failsafe Story,
The Freebie (doors: 6pm)
 - 29 Burnell Washburn, DopeThought,
Dumb Luck, Reaper the Storyteller,
Ruddy Carpel, Smash Brothas,
Untytled (doors: 5:30 pm)

KILBYcourt
SEPTEMBER CALENDAR



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