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VOL 18 ISSUE #225
SEPTEMBER 2007

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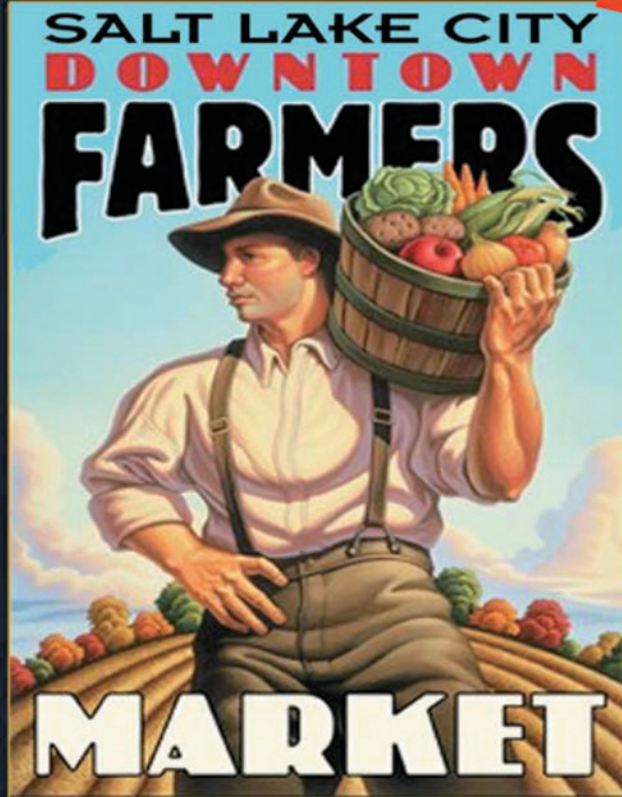
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Contributor Limelight



Robin Brown

Robin Brown is one of *SLUG Magazine's* hot-as-hell marketing and advertising sales representatives. After she raps her reps in the afternoon, Ms. Brown enjoys a bevy of hobbies such as: using her illustrious voice for an early morning *KRCL* radio show (Thursdays 3:30a.m. – 5a.m.) and cooking a mean tasting banana bread. Outside of the usual hum-drum routine of daily life, Robin chill-axes by reading sci-fi and listening to **ZZ Top**. Catch rocker Robin riding a pink beach cruiser around town or attending all the **Peter Frampton** shows in the tri-state area. Note: Ms. Brown, editor at large, does NOT practice nepotism in her hiring practices at *SLUG Magazine*. "The other" Ms. Brown shares no relation to Angela or Mike Brown (who also are unrelated).

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads...

I recently spent my summer in Salt Lake City and one of the best parts was picking up your magazine each month. I found some of the best music through it that I have ever! Now I'm back at school at Oklahoma State University, and was wondering if there was any way to continue getting issues. If there is a subscriptions to it or if it's possible to make mailings out to me.

Thanks,

-Zack

Hey Zack-

Subscriptions cost \$15. If I were you, I'd save that cash for the new Wolfs record (dropping Halloween 07) and I'd read SLUG for free on our website. If you hate reading while staring at computer monitors, try downloading the whole damn issue as a PDF for FREE. This way you can print copies for your friends and make that wallpaper you've always wanted for your dorm room made out of Blue Boutique ads. Check it out- we even have the back issues from the 90s up there.

-Addison

Provo band charging 15 dollars for a handsomely pressed disc has recorded the rubbish in their garage." is illustrative of this point. What gives?

We sent the MEC record to be reviewed expecting a "responsible and witty" treatment. Hotel Palindrome will of course graciously accept and expect critiques of our bands, but we are very disappointed with SLUG for commissioning neophyte's to write reviews. As one of SLUG's editors, I'm surprised you'd print such low level garbage that so obviously goes against your publications stated purposes.

There there, Addison. Just because we gave your precious CD a negative review doesn't mean you need to insult our writers or editorial skills. When we hire staffers here at SLUG, our decision is based on a variety of variables including their musical knowledge, experience, background and judgment.

Although we as the editorial staff may personally disagree with a writer's opinion, unless the CD review is negligent, or factually incorrect, we will stand by that staffer's review. While I apologize for the misprint listing the CD as self-released instead of released by your label, Hotel Palindrome Records, I do not apologize for Ed's review.

Right from the outset Ed clearly states and critiques what he deems wrong with the album:

"Mathematics Et Cetera have delivered a mid-fi collection of eleven songs that fit together in no reasonable or cogent form."

From there he elaborates and then quotes specific songs that he feels qualify this description and then goes on to explain why the sound of those songs do not "fit together in [a] reasonable or cogent form."

Addison, we may not like every release on your roster but can we still be myspace friends?

Dear Dickheads,

In the article about Red Light Books in the latest issue you mention the band "Pacifist." The band name is actually spelled "Pass-A-Fist." I know the guys, and have been to shows when they've had their banner up. I just think the 'correct' spelling of the band is hilarious, so I thought I should let you know. Maybe you guys will get a kick out of it too.

-Liam

Dear Dickheads,

Just read the August issue's review of Mathematics Et Cetera's "Eye Contact is No Guarantee". I was disappointed that although we, Hotel Palindrome Records, contacted and sent you the Mathematics Et Cetera album, it was still reported as "Self-Released".

As for the review, it not only felt like a polemic piece against Provo music, but SLUG seemed to serve as "Ed Banger's" forum for some vendetta against one of our label's bands. The unqualified statement: "Perhaps we might discover that yet another

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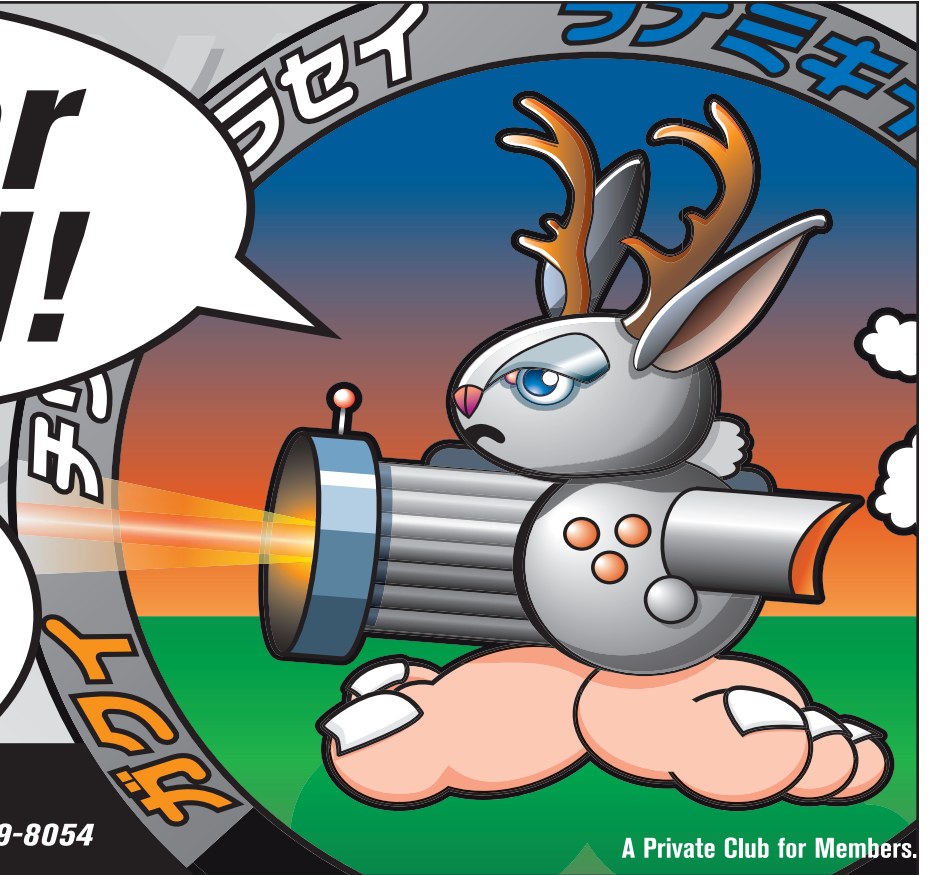
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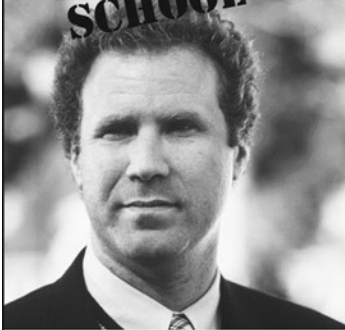
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Bob Log III – Guitar, Vox

By Jeff Guay jwguay@gmail.com

Yes folks, you heard it here, **Bob Log III** is playing *Localized* on Sept. 14 at **Urban Lounge**.

What could this mean, you ask? Is Bob Log local?

Does this mean we'll see him downtown, selling tacos for a buck? "Man, those are good tacos, but I wonder if it's really him?" Maybe he's been here all along, going unnoticed without his trademark guise: a motorcycle helmet, one-piece spandex jumper, and work boots. Was that him at *Oasis Cafe*, washing spoons in exchange for a tofu wrap?

No, Bob Log is no local, but he's certainly stomped these grounds before. "It's been a while, but I love coming to Salt Lake," he told me. "The first show of the first giant tour I ever did was in Salt Lake City with **Crash Worship**." They were playing two nights at *Bricks*, and the first night he remembers someone throwing a flaming polyester T-shirt into the air. "It landed on a girl who got burnt, fell over and broke her leg. The next day she was at the show again in the front row with crutches. I was like 'Salt Lake City's alright!'"

But with this visit, part of a 30 show/30, day tour, Log isn't going to be able to hang out for two nights. Sept. 15 he heads to the *Monolith Festival* at *Red Rocks*. "I just saw the lineup when I got to Tucson last week, I didn't know who else was playing. I was just looking at this lineup going 'Wow, where's this festival?' and [realized that] 'I'm on it.'" **Erik Lopez**, SLUG's associate editor, and I are missing the show at Urban but catching him

in Denver the following day. He assured me that of his one-man performance—he plays bass drum with his right foot, snare with his left and guitar with what is rumored to be a monkey paw—nothing will be lost between the well-dressed intimacy of *Urban Lounge* and the swea-soaked **Dave Mathews** enthusiasm of the *Red Rocks* show.

"It really doesn't matter, I'm on stage with my guitar. If there's five people there, 500 people there, 5000 people there, I can't see. I have no idea."

His infamous motorcycle helmet, fixed with a telephone-mic to give his bare-breasted wit that signature garble, can often get fogged in or clouded with sweat. Perhaps this alienation is what leads to some of his notorious onstage antics, like when

he got booked as a mystery act in an Australian festival of 8000 people who thought they were going to be watching **Motorhead**.

"I got the entire crowd, 8000 people, to start heckling me. 'C'mon you fucking Australians, heckle me you bastards!'" But when they obliged, Log was reminded that even he had feelings, "Even though I asked them to do it, if you've ever had 8000 people screaming 'Fuck you,' it kinda hurts."

Being a one-man band is what allows Log the freedom to play as many cities as he wants, and turn an ordinary tour into the adventure that has be-

come his career. "You play the big festivals, you play New York, you play Seattle ... but I love hitting Laramie, Wyoming, I love hitting Reno. People go a little extra crazy sometimes."

That freedom has followed him into the recording studio, as well. He's signed with **Fat Possum**, a nice home for an artist with his own schedule. His deal with *Possum* is about as sweet as they come; when he's ready to record an album, he calls them.

Until then, neither party seems to worry about it. "I'm a little slow sometimes, like making my new record; I'm taking my sweet time about it. But by the time it's done it's gonna be fucking perfect. In fact, that's what I'm calling it; I'm gonna call it 'My Shit is Perfect.'"

Photo courtesy of Bob Log

PINK LIGHTNIN'

Pink Lightnin'

Eli Morrison – Guitar, Vox

Bad Brad Wheeler – Slide Guitar, Harmonica, Vox

Joshua Belka – Drums, Vox

Localized is every second Friday of the month at the *Urban Lounge*, a private club for members. This month it falls on Sept. 14th.

Bad Brad Wheeler's new band, **Pink Lightnin'**, will grace the stage with a non-local, **Bob Log III**. **Electric Space Jhiad** will open the show. Bob Log III will also play the following day, Sept. 15th at the *Monolith Festival* at *Red Rocks*.

Eli Morrison and Bad Brad Wheeler were walking through one of the more questionable neighborhoods in Ogden one day, pondering names for their new blues act. Wheeler, an Ogden local, took the opportunity to show Morrison some landmarks. "This is the hotel with all the drug dealers and hookers," said Wheeler, when suddenly a loud crash sounded. Wheeler thought it was a bomb exploding and ran, Morrison dropped to the ground in fear. When the panic subsided, they realized that a Mexican *carniceria* had been struck by lightning and was on fire 50 yards behind them. At that moment, **Pink Lightnin'** was born.

They have no leader or frontman to speak of. They fancy themselves a democracy ... perhaps "The People's Republic of Pink" would be a fitting title. But with the amount of talent and experience that Morrison, Wheeler and Josh Belka bring to this blues trio, it makes sense to give everyone a fair say. They even share an equal role as singer.

"It's less important to have bureaucracy and architecture if you don't have 10-15 people in the group," Morrison says, "if there are just three or four of you, everyone can still talk to each other." As a member of the current 11-member roster of **The Vile Blue Shades**, he knows about big-band bullshit as much as anyone else. "Those guys don't even know what band they're in." Morrison and Wheeler had been toying with starting a blues group, but it was the opportunity to open a show for **Bob Log III** that made them finally do it.

"We needed to book a gig to actually put our shit together," says Wheeler. When looking for a drummer, they went no further than Belka: friend and drummer of **The Morlocks**. A single phone call and suddenly Pink Lightnin' was complete. "I don't know exactly what Pink Lightnin' is, but I know how Pink Lightnin' makes you feel," says Wheeler. He's been playing blues for most of his life, currently with **The Porch Pounders**. In the last couple of years, he has been able to make a living as a blues man. But at 230 shows this year alone, he's proof that being a professional musician in Utah is no easy feat. "You gotta be able to preach at a wedding, you gotta be able to play at a funeral, too."

Contrasted with Wheeler's jam-packed performing schedule is Morrison's prolific recording career, most notably with **The Wolves**. To reconcile these two aspects of the industry could mean growth for everyone involved.

"I might actually be addicted to performing," Wheeler says. "I have all these gigs, but I don't have very many albums." They may consider Pink Lightnin' a side project, but with plans to record a few albums and play several shows a month, a 'side project' for these voracious musicians means more than just hobby rock.

"We're all friends, we're all hanging out all the time anyways, we might as well be up to something," says Morrison. When he's not filling his every empty hour with music, he's providing care for the developmentally disabled. While he finds his job rewarding, he wouldn't mind turning his passion for music into a living.



Photo By: Chris Purkey

"We'd like to get Eli in the position where he can quit his job," says Wheeler, whose own passion for music has deeper, more redemptive qualities. "If I'm playing music I'm staying out of trouble." It may be a while until every deserving musician in Utah can support themselves from gig to gig, but until then these guys are just hoping that a little local notoriety will give the band some attention in its infancy. That being said, they've been on the scene for too long to make any assumptions.

"We're a brand new band," says Morrison, "and still have some dues to pay in that respect."

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By Makena Walsh

makena.walsh@gmail.com

"Hip-hop just died this morning and she's dead," are the lyrics that instigated the most recent controversy in regards to the current condition of the culture's oft-debated vitality. The statement was featured on the title track of rapper **Nas'** newest album, the egregiously titled *Hip Hop is Dead*. In an article recently published in *URB magazine*, indie rapper Aesop Rock acknowledges the statement's success as an advertisement tool while addressing the question's absurdity. "I find it incredibly bizarre that this question of hip-hop being 'dead' is seriously being posed in magazines and websites throughout the world..." His argument revolves around the mutability of art, an understanding of its constantly adaptive tendencies in the face of equally malleable times and circumstances. Aesop Rock will agree that while hip-hop doesn't look the same way it did 20 years ago, this isn't necessarily a bad thing, and it certainly doesn't mean the culture isn't still in full effect. "Maybe nobody is up-rocking on your corner while painting a train with one hand and juggling 'Funky Drummer' with the other, but to actually declare it a 'dead' art is basically admitting that it [hip-hop] was a trend, and I won't be doing that anytime soon." Perhaps more convincing than Aesop's article championing hip-hop's vigor is his latest creative endeavor, *None Shall Pass*, a record anxious to reinforce the continued relevancy of an individual not content to rest on the laurels of previous successes.

Aesop is insistent that just because hip-hop has long been absorbed by mainstream popular culture, the fact is far from spelling its demise. Its true adherents will always seek the edgier part of the subculture. "This is when these fans and artists dig deeper, adding branches upon branches to the culture so that the 'pop' can never fully ooze its tentacles into every crevice," he says. Aesop's been adding branches since his debut, employing intellectually and emotionally stimulating, poetic, revolutionary lyricism, and not just to the hip-hop sphere. How a question of the culture's health can be raised when Aesop brandishes a cavalcade of satire and poignant wit like a battle axe on the new album with lines like, "What, are we to heart huckaby art fuckery suddenly?" is perplexing. While his humility disdains literary comparisons, his music begs it, with an attentiveness to detail (some of the songs on the new album took two years to complete) that rewards the attentive listener with a panoply of diction and subject as diverse as it is rapidly delivered.

Like one's mind when listening to an Aesop Rock song, the man himself refuses to stay still. "I'm constantly on the hunt," he says. "There's a million topics out

there and it's just a matter of which one can I do justice to and what actually appeals to me. It's this constant process of finding what you're hungry for."

This hunger is readily apparent, with five full-lengths and three EPs already under his belt working overtime as defibrillators for the commercially beleaguered hip-hop culture. The hip-hop cash crop is no longer news. From **Kanye West** in *Vanity Fair* to major shoe brand's graffiti-decorated kicks, Corporate America learned long ago of the money to be made from the movement, a fiscal revelation whose ramifications haven't all been positive. It's a simple economic prerogative to not change a product that sells, and rap is no exception, a dictum that has resulted in assembly-line production and lyrics. For Aesop, this frenetic motivation for money is nonexistent. First honing his rhetorical skills in the New York underground, he initially shrugged off major-label deals, disillusioned by cautionary tales of the industry's ills from those before him. "I was getting asked to sit in meetings with major labels before I was even signed to an indie," he says. "Every rapper you listen to is telling you how shady the industry is, you hear these through-the-grapevine tales of everyone getting their album shelved. It seemed like a nightmare to me from the beginning."

Concern for artistic control overruled being able to quit his job at an art gallery, so his first two "releases" (a term he's recalcitrant to employ with these initial efforts) were homemade projects. "I burned them at my house, I cut all the covers out and put the stickers on." Not enticed by chances of fame and fortune, he chose the do-it-yourself route, re-investing the money he managed to save on a developing studio. "Why am I going to wait for someone to finance a record when I could just save up for a few months and buy a four track, or for a year and buy an eight track?" Aesop reasons.

This philosophy of creative license over profit is one of a few stark dichotomies that separates Aesop and his contemporaries from a large portion of the mainstream music industry, a sector where the latest proclamation of hip-hop's demise stems from. It's unsurprising then, that the desire for more professional packaging rather than a burgeoning salary margin was the eventual motivation for *Float* to be released on *Mush Records*. Attention to visuals is surprisingly rare in the imaginatively infertile ground of rap cover art, a field where the majority of album covers consist of some poorly Photoshopped thug portrait, a visual design entailing little to no thought behind it. Not so with Aesop Rock. His most recent release prior to the new album was *The Next Best Thing*, an illustrated picture book accompanied by song—a throwback to the old Disney books where you turn the page when the chime rings. Done in collaboration with **Upper Playground** artist **Jeremy Fish** (who has also done all the artwork for *None Shall Pass*), the seven-inch *Itself* is a work of art, replete with a snub nose revolver-headed eagle holding a skull basket with a bunny on one side, and the tale-telling character of his song "Fishtales" on the other. Fish's combination of dark and fluffy, skull and bunny, coincide perfectly with Aesop's similarly disparate image-laden landscape, the two combining seamlessly to put a new twist on an old idea. This is how Aesop keeps hip-hop fresh, by delving into the roots of a culture long versed in one form of visual art (*graf*), but invigorating it with Fish's figurine rather than font subject matter.

Enter *None Shall Pass*, a record not at all uncomfortable in the company of its impressive predecessors. Aesop's characteristic lyrical obscurity punctuated by destructive witticism has matured. Though historically natural, this latest release may provoke one to wonder whether Aesop actually thinks in such winding chaotic metaphor. "Now if you never had a day a snow cone couldn't fix, you wouldn't relate to the rogue Vocoder blitz," is revolutionarily classic Aesop, a characteristic line with clandestine and implicit implications that's still open to individual interpretation, a formula the new album is rife with. Aesop knows it's not what you say, but how you say it. This sentiment is critical to understanding how he ticks and conversely, why it's a fallacy to herald hip-hop's demise in 2007. Aesop's Paleolithic metaphor is as relevant here as it was on the *Def Jux* DVD *Little Movies Big Noises*: "It's all about how you flip it. People have been painting figures of people since the dawn of man, but if in 2005 I paint a picture of a person, you're not going to say it's a played-out painting, it depends on how I do it." How he does it is originally, especially with lyrics and concepts so unique they'd be distinguishable even if they weren't ejaculated in his distinct baritone. Aesop and I can both agree that Nas probably doesn't really think hip-hop is dead, but what about the millions of individuals whose only exposure to the culture is the usual list of banal misfits (i.e., BET, MTV, corporate radio)? Could it be that such a statement made by an individual as revered as Nas could prevent someone from learning about the new guard of artists innovating beyond any conceptually narrow paradigm defined under the ubiquitous term "hip-hop"? Not if by some chance they stumble upon an Aesop Rock song first, an experience that will leave them with little doubt as to the culture's continued vitality and limitless potential. Aesop Rock and his music bespeak a far more optimistic outlook for hip-hop's future. Like he says, "This is party music, fight music, dance music, emotional music, music to fuck to – it is all of this and much, much more. It is things we haven't even discovered yet."

Catch Aesop Rock on October 22 at *In the Venue* to be completely convinced as to hip-hop's continued survival.

Photo courtesy of Aesop Rock



Two Decades of “Peddlin’ Evil,” a history of the Heavy Metal Shop

By Bryer Wharton

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“I imagine there will be somebody that will want to take it over,” said **Kevin Kirk**, owner of the *Heavy Metal Shop*. “I never really put that much thought into it: it is really cool I’m still doing it. I’m getting pretty old now; I’m 45—look at **Mick Jagger**, though. I’ll do it until I can’t. Why not?”

The *HMS* opened its doors in 1987 in the conservative SLC suburb of Sandy. Kevin was able to open the store after the initial investment in his first store, *CD World*, tripled in six months.

“My love of music was my inspiration to open a record store. Initially I carried all types of music, but it made sense to specialize, since I was into the heavier stuff. I wasn’t very good at selling jazz to yuppies anyway—especially with **Slayer** blaring in the background,” Kevin jokes.

Two years later, in 1989, the shop moved into the heart of Sugarhouse (remember the giant **Slayer** sign?), next to the *Blue Boutique*. Kevin says that the move from Sandy to Sugarhouse was easy because it was like he was moving up in the world. Ten years later, a new landlord took over the building and forced the shop to pack up within 30 days. Kevin wound up moving everything to his house and stayed closed for over a month. Kevin says it felt strange not having the actual shop. He sold some stuff online but it didn’t feel the same. “I loved the interaction with people, and loved talking with them face to face, discovering new music and turning people onto new music or just talking about old music. I kept running into my customers, and they were missing the shop as well.” The *HMS*’s next location was in the *Redman Building*, but after two short years the building was destined to become condos, and the shop moved to its downtown location in *Exchange Place*. Kevin says the

current location reminds him of the Sugarhouse store, in both size and feeling.

The now infamous half-skull logo was designed by a patron of Kevin’s original record store. The designer was more of a, “jazz, yuppie type guy,” said Kevin. “The first logo wasn’t actually a skull—it was a half of a record.” Not satisfied with the initial design, Kevin asked for something more metal. The designer came back with the current logo. “It was just luck really,” says Kevin. As payment, Kevin gave him some “non-metal” music that didn’t fit the store’s new direction.

Selling music isn’t the most profitable part of the *Heavy Metal Shop*. Kevin’s merchandise (hoodies, t-shirts, cozies, underwear, mugs, etc.) are hot items for any self-respecting rocker or Hessian. This is true not only in Utah, but around the globe. The gear has had help from **Tom Araya**, **Dave Mustaine** and other famous metal icons who sported the clothing in national videos and magazines. The shop functions in a similar way as touring bands, where selling merchandise is more lucrative than selling their actual CDs. “It wasn’t really a plan to market my clothing; when I first did shirts it would be my family and friends wearing my logo to advertise for the shop. We started selling more and more. Now you see the shirts and sweatshirts all over. It’s really cool. I feel a real comradery with these people, like they are part of the family; it makes me feel good.” Kevin had some special shirts made to celebrate the shop’s 20th anniversary. There is also a new logo from artist **Wes Freed**, known mostly for his **Drive-By-Truckers** cover art.

Another big part of the *Heavy Metal Shop* experience is its history of in-store band appearances. The shop’s sordid history of in-store music performances include **Dark Angel**, **Testament**, **COC**, **Fight** (of **Rob Halford** fame), **Primus**, **The Deftones**, **The Supersuckers**, **Prong**, **System of a Down**, **Lamb of God**, and countless others. During one of **Slayer**’s multiple appearances the street was lined with fans and full on bonfires. The police were called in to help handle the crowd. Kevin remembers that **Tom Araya** refused to stop signing autographs and meeting fans until the line was completely gone. He stayed well into the early hours of the morning. I recall going to a **Gwar** in-store and witnessing a clumsy (or intoxicated) **Oderous** go to sit down, miss the chair completely and fly back into the CD racks. I was also witness to **Throwrag** and **Red Planet** playing full electric sets on the shop’s makeshift stage.

There is no question that the mighty shop is destined to be a part of Utah culture for years to come. Its influence can be seen on the streets, at concerts (for which you can buy tickets at the shop), and just about anywhere else here and abroad where people brandish that famous half-skull logo. Kirk is obviously proud of his shop, and with loyal customers that keep coming

back, he has good reason to be. He says that, just like many of his customers, he feels at home in the shop. It is a familiar and friendly place where fans of metal culture can feel at home.

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CARLOS TRAUN

Traveling Man: A Conversation with Carlos Traun

By *loveyoudead*

loveyoudead666@hotmail.com

Carlos Traun started working in a tattoo shop when he was 18 years old, at 23 he landed an apprenticeship and has been tattooing on and off for the past nine years. Traun has traveled and tattooed in many cities and will be doing a guest spot at *Lost Art Tattoo* from Sept. 10-17.

SLUG: What is bringing you to Salt Lake City to tattoo at *Lost Art* for a week?

CT: I met **Nate Drew**, owner of *Lost Art*, at the *Austin Tattoo Convention* this past January and he asked if I'd tattoo him at his convention in Salt Lake City, which I did. We got to talking, and he found out that I traveled a lot and worked in different cities, he asked me to come tattoo...er, wait...maybe I asked him. I don't remember. I really liked Salt Lake City while I was there and couldn't wait to get back. Nate and I got along great.

SLUG: Do you enjoy traveling to different cities and states to tattoo?

CT: Love it! I work at *Jinx Proof* in Washington DC kind of regularly. I also work at *Saints & Sinners* in Dallas, owned by **Nick** and **Emily Ley**, *Scorpion Studios* in Houston, owned by **Dan Martin**, *GTC Tattoo Land* in Anaheim, and various tattoo shops in Corpus Christi.

I've made some of my best friends tattooing in different places and I love returning to see them. I try to work in a different city one week of every month; it keeps me inspired by seeing what all my friends are doing.

SLUG: Have you had any formal art training?

CT: No, not really, but my father was an artist. He was Chairman of the Art Department at the *University of Texas* in Brownsville before he passed away. I was overly exposed to art my whole life ... my father made a huge impact on me and my art.

SLUG: What tattoo artists, or other artists, inspire you?

CT: There are a lot of great tattooists out there. I spend a lot of time looking at their work on the internet; it really pushes me. I get inspiration from everywhere I look from wallpaper in hotels to **Michelangelo**. Mostly, I look at a ton of religious candles (any religious iconography), botanical and clip art books.

SLUG: What is your favorite style to tattoo? I noticed on your site that your focus is on traditional Americana and Mexican with some Japanese influence ...

CT: I would say my favorite [style] is Traditional Americana because I like the simplicity of it. It's simple yet powerful. When I tattoo that way, for some reason, it always ends up looking a little bit Mexican, whatever that means. And being that I work with **Chris Trevino**,

who primarily does traditional Japanese, sometimes his influence rubs off on me.

SLUG: Describe your involvement with *Perfection Tattoo* in Austin, TX.

CT:

I've been there for a year and a half and it's been great. Chris has one of the best tattoo art collections in the world, so I'm surrounded by nonstop inspiration. People come from all over the world to get tattooed and it's opened a lot of doors for me; it has really helped me to grow. My tattooing has progressed 100 percent since I've been there and we all get along really, really well. It's been a great experience, so far.

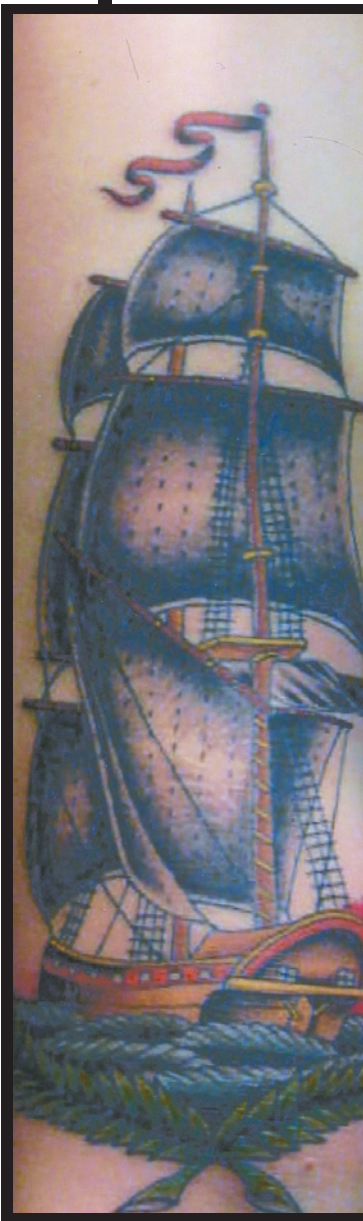
SLUG: What type(s) of music are you into? Are there any specific genres or artists that inspire you or fit different days or moods?

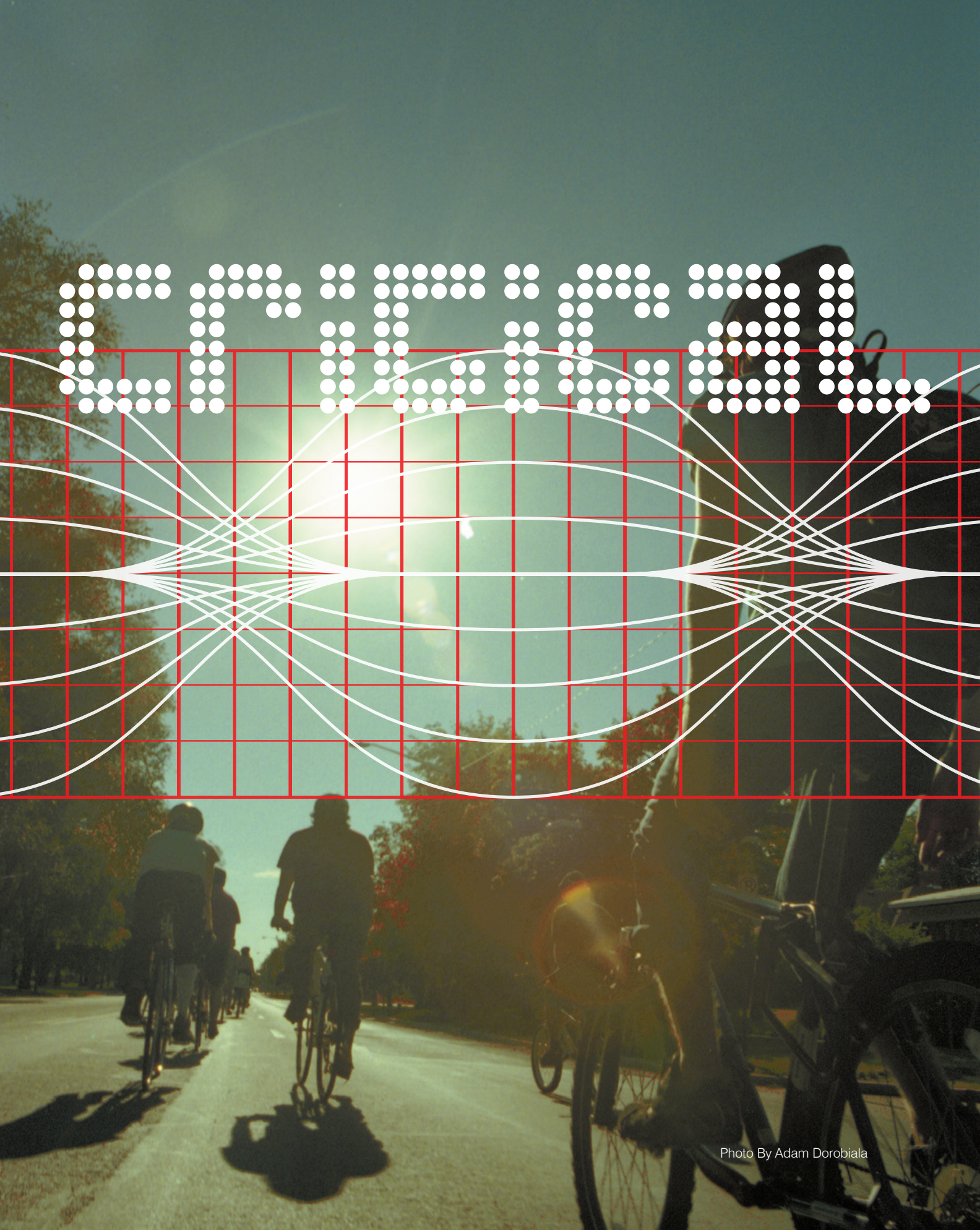
CT: **Black Sabbath**, **Dead Moon**, **Witchcraft** ... I also listen to a lot of bluegrass or old time music. Since I've been at *Perfection*, I've acquired a taste for **Steely Dan**. However, when I'm tattooing, I really like to listen to **Black Sabbath**.

Show the man some love when he gets to town, and make sure to check out his stuff online at www.carlostrauntattoo.com. To book an

appointment with Carlos Traun call *Lost Art* at 801-537-7858.

Photo courtesy Carlose Traun





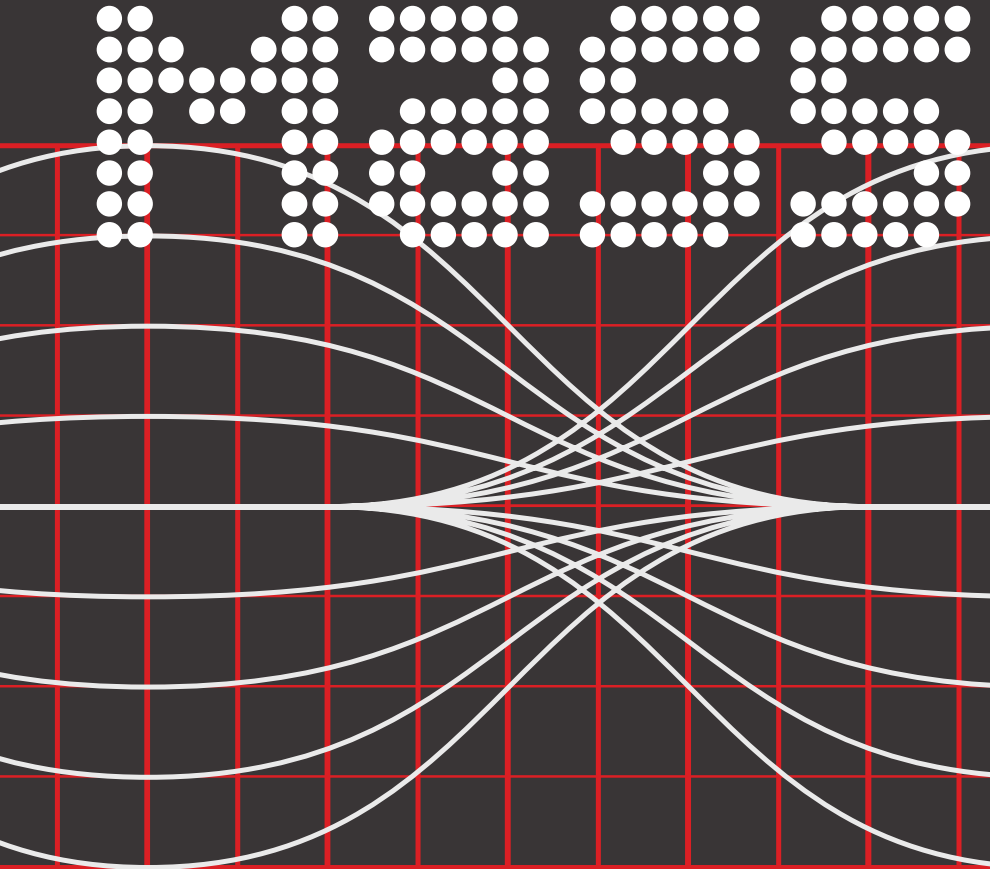
CITY

Put the Fun Between Your Legs

By Jeanette Moses

jeanette@slugmag.com

On the last Friday of every month, cyclists all over the world take to the streets in a loosely organized celebration/protest known as *Critical Mass*. Safety in numbers and promoting the idea that bikes are legitimate traffic are the two key statements *Critical Mass* makes. The number of participants varies from month to month, anywhere from 30-100; the route is never the same and there are no leaders. In fact, the only planned element is the cyclist's meeting place and time—in Salt Lake it's on the north side of the *Gallivan Center* around 5:30p.m.



I first saw flyers for *Critical Mass* around town about four years ago, but didn't participate in the ride until a few months ago. I was hesitant to attend because I wasn't a very active bike rider and my bike wasn't my sole form of transportation. Thankfully, a handful of years later, I finally let go of my inhibitions about being heckled by "hardcore bike riders" for driving a car. It didn't take long to realize that my fears had been unfounded.

The first *Critical Mass*, originally called the *Commuter Clot*, was held in San Francisco in September 1992. The same year **Ted White** released *Return of the Scorcher*, a short film that explored the culture of bicycles and documented a phenomenon in China. Cyclists would pile up at intersections without lights and after a large group had compiled they would go through the intersection together. The phenomenon was called a *Critical Mass*, and early participants of the San Francisco ride decided to change the name of their event after seeing the film.

"I wasn't around for *Critical Mass* when it hit Salt Lake City, but have been informed it dwindled in and out of Salt Lake in the late nineties and didn't take hold until the new century," **Cory Bailey**, a regular participant of Salt Lake City's *Critical Mass* tells me. Bailey discovered *Critical Mass* after seeing stickers and flyers for it around town. Bailey can't recall when he started riding in *Critical Mass* but says, "I feel like I have been riding in *Critical Mass* my whole life." In addition to riding regularly in the event Bailey is the group's self-appointed bike DJ. Bailey's bike is equipped with an iPod shuffle turned into a stereo via computer speakers and a rechargeable battery unit. The makeshift boom box provides *Critical Mass* participants with a soundtrack for their ride, and Bailey is always taking requests.

On Friday July 27, I attended my second *Critical Mass*. I rode to the *Gallivan Center* with two of my friends and waited for the group of cyclists to assemble. When I'd participated the month before my roommate and I had barely made it. We pulled into the *Gallivan Center* right as *Critical Mass* was leaving and fell in towards the back of the group. This time around I was one of the first ones there. After about an hour, when a large number of bike riders had assembled and no more seemed to be trickling in, someone made a few announcements about rides coming up. Fundraisers being held for **Marty Kasteler**, an active bike rider who had been intentionally hit and nearly killed by a delivery truck earlier in the summer, were the main events discussed. After that the bikes took to the streets en masse.

Someone near the front of the pack of bicyclists picked a direction and everyone followed. As we began to overtake the lanes of the road, thus becoming traffic, old school hip-hop, punk rock and even some bad 90s music blasted from Bailey's bike stereo. As we rode past lone bikers, participants of *Critical Mass* yelled, "Come ride with us." Cars began to swerve around the bikes, sometimes attempting to pass the horde we had created in the opposite lane, but more often honking at us and looking annoyed. People on the streets asked us what the hell was going on as we rode past them.

Everyone participates in *Critical Mass* for different reasons and the event is promoted as a celebration. "I imagine a million different voices offer a million different messages. *Critical Mass* is an 'organized coincidence' it offers no single, unified statement," Bailey says, "[The idea I hope to spread is] that it is good to ride your bike and that you can feel safe riding your bike."

Riding as a group is an important aspect of *Critical Mass* which helps keep bike riders safe too. To prevent separation, a few cyclists will block traffic so anyone near the end of the pack will be able to make it through red lights and intersections. "[People] often feel that the cars are for the roadways and that everything else belongs on the sidewalk. We offer a friendly reminder that sometimes gets taken in an unfriendly way; we are not blocking traffic, we are traffic," Bailey says.

Critical Mass avoids breaking the law by refusing to pin down an exact goal of the ride. It cannot technically be labeled as a protest and so the city needs no advance warning that it will occur. Although there is nothing illegal about riding bikes in a large group *Critical Mass* has still encountered some run-ins with police. "In cities where numbers have been large they [the police] have arrested, harassed and taken bicyclists' bicycles. [The Salt Lake City police] have mostly chosen to ignore *Critical Mass*," Bailey says, "However, I don't think it is beneath the Salt Lake City police to do the same when there are greater numbers." In July 1997 San

Francisco Mayor **Willie L. Brown, Jr.** attempted to map out a route for *Critical Mass* participants with the help of police escorts. Around 5,000 riders showed up and the monthly event turned disastrous. During the ride, police cornea 250 bicyclists, arrested all of them and seized their bikes—no convictions were made and *Critical Mass* in San Francisco continued without police escorts.

Critical Mass is largely defined by its loose organization and that the only requirement is that you bring a bike. Those two factors make it very inclusive and allow riders to make the ride their own. "We come from all different walks of life, but when we ride together in *Critical Mass* we become close to each other and empowered," Bailey says.

If you own a bike and know how to ride it, it's high time that you attend *Critical Mass*. The ride occurs the last Friday of every month, no matter what the weather conditions, at the *Gallivan Center* around 5:30p.m.. Get out of your house, cut the leash from your car and go do something you won't regret.

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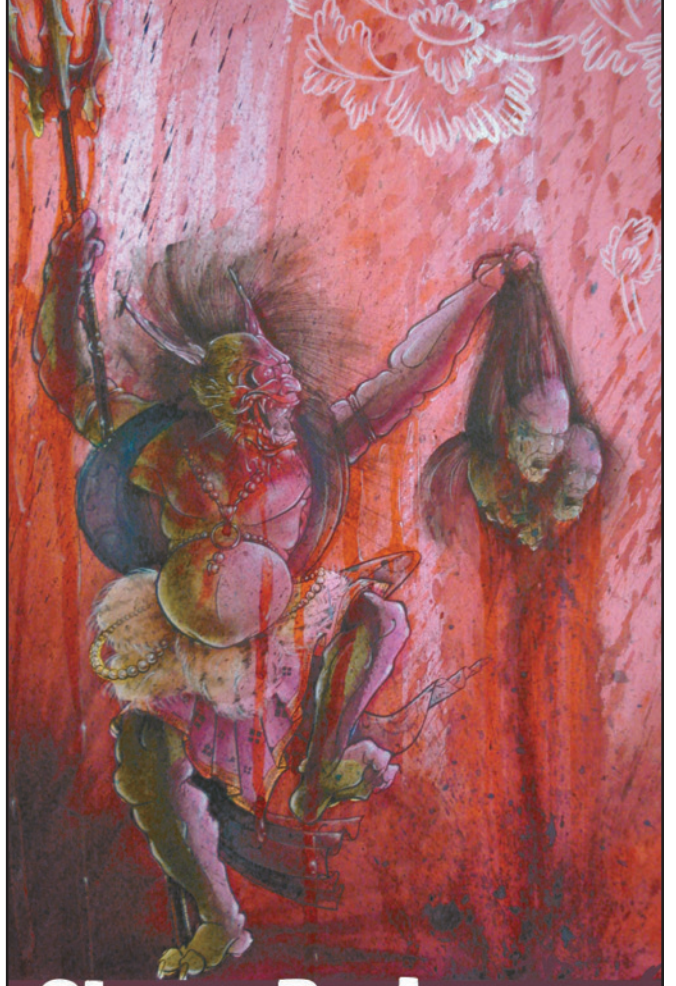


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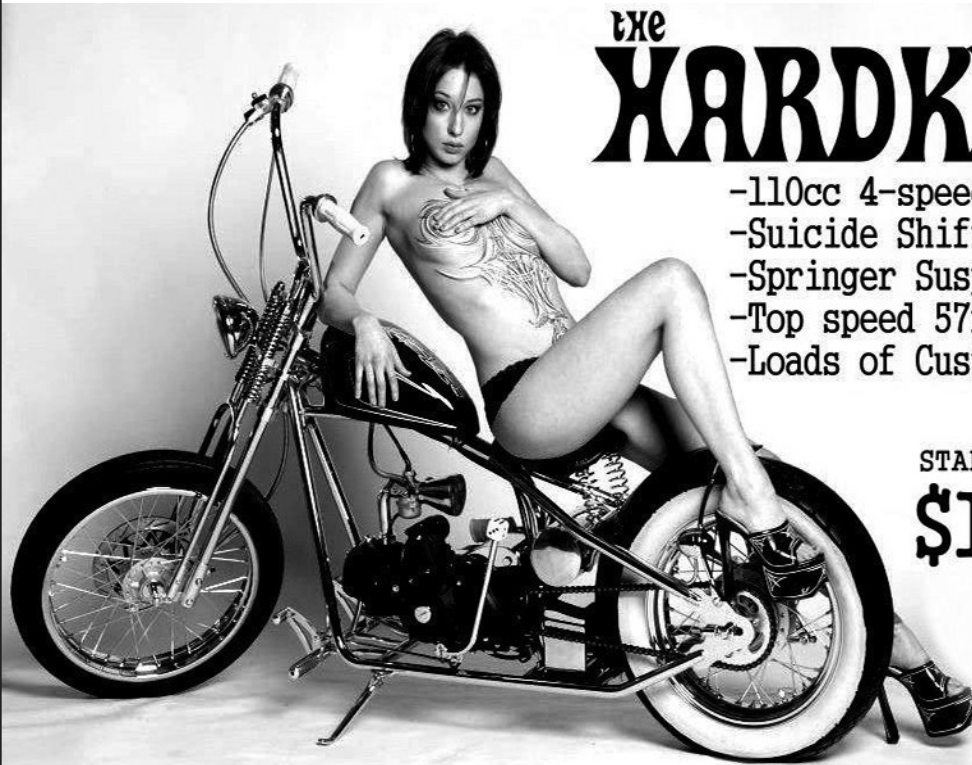
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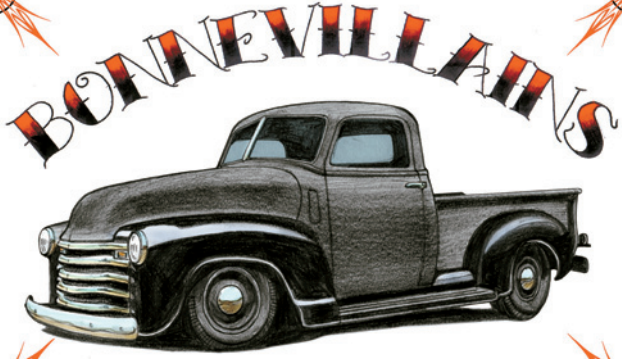
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| SAT 8 VHS OR BETA, WALTER MEEGO, JESSICA SOMETHING JEWISH | WED 19 JOSH ROUSE |
| TUES 11 TED DANCIN' WITH SPECIAL GUEST (2 DOLLAR COCKTAILS) | THURS 20 QUI, (FEAT. DAVID YOW FROM THE JESUS LIZARD) |
| WED 12 JENIFER GENTLE, THE DODOS | FRI 21 THE FUCKING CHAMPS, LE FORCE, BIRDS OF AVALON |
| THURS 13 BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE, DIMMER | SAT 22 BENEFIT FOR ESTE PIZZA, FEAT. AFRO OMEGA, THE BODY |
| FRI 14 SLUG LOCALIZED: ELECTRIC SPACE JIHAD, PINK LIGHTNING, BOB LOG III | TUES 25 TED DANCIN' BITCHES WITH SPECIAL GUEST (2 DOLLAR COCKTAILS) |
| SAT 15 STEREOTYPE | WED 26 CRACKER |
| SUN 16 MASERATI, BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW, DIMESTORE PSYCOPATH | THURS 27 UPROCK PRESENTS, CREATURE |
| MON 17 Yo MAJESTY, DEADBEATS, MINDSTATE | FRI 28 THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST, CUB COUNTRY, DEAD POINT HORSE |
| | SAT 29 MUGSHOTS |

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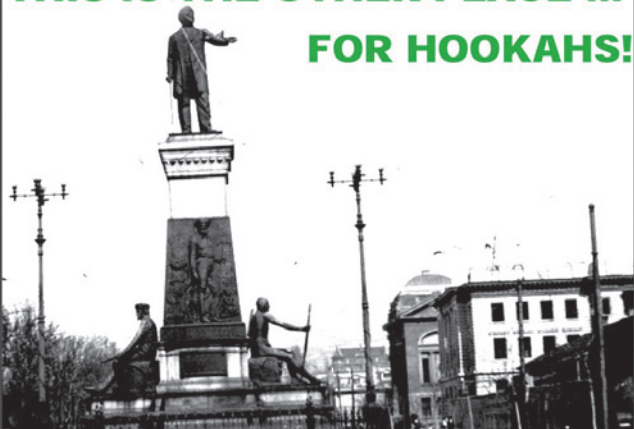
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9.13 planes mistaken for stars: last tour

w/ kingdom of magic & white hot ferrari

9.20 shake appeal 9.27 drunken spelling bee

FRIDAY

9.7 cross eyed slut w/ dead city lights

9.14 invisibal rays w/ handsome sandles

9.21 ask the dust w/ tba

9.28 i am the ocean w/ clifton & tba

SATURDAY

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dance evolution dance party

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11am-3pm

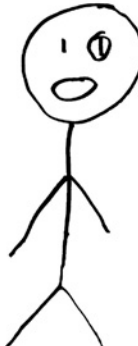
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Listen up, Bitches!
Mike Brown's New
Zine Leviathan &

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Read some shit he wrote that is
not in Slug!

contact: mikebrown@slugmag.ca
for an issue.



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Photo: Bro / Under-13148

PRODUCT REVIEW: *Technique* PRESENTS: next time around DVD

BY: PETERPANHANDLER
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Oh shit, is Kyle Wilcox a genius or what? I know his parent's think he is. I'll give him an eight out of ten on my genius scale, but I am only a two, so I don't know how well that works. On the serious tip, this is Kyle's second effort video project with *Technique* and it is definitely better than the first, which was also pretty darned good.

Alex Whipp kicks it off with big stunts for a little-ass dude. He also looks a lot better without that devilish red hair. I was super-stoked to see that Beau Davis has a full part. Beau has original style and deserves to be looked at. Good work, kid, but I still want see that switch b-side flip down *Bonneville 4*. Jordan Williams also has some footy in Beau's part. Jordan is the butter style master. Holland Redd is still on the come-up and he has a huge bag of tricks. Colin Brophy has a sick, relaxed style and always seems to be wearing a smile. He reminds me a lot of Rich Adler (East Coast) and that's a very good thing. Danny Souk brings the tech-madness to the team. Watch out, DaeWon. Danny does one of the best nollie half-cab down some stairs I've ever seen. Caleb Orton is the next Caleb Orton. It's hard to be original these days and the U.P.S. man delivers. Cuddles (a.k.a. Jake Smith) is living the *California* dream in *San Diego* and it shows. There are a ton of sick spots and skating in his part. Sam Hubble is now a full-grown man. He gets boards from the same place Koston and Mariano do and that's enough said.

There are other riders on the team who rip as well: I just don't like writing that much. Also—included in the DVD is a friends section, bonus section and a raw footage section all for your viewing pleasure. My only gripes with the DVD are blown-out spots and the music. For Christ's sake, first it's steal your sister's jeans, now it's steal her I-pod. Please don't touch your sister's shit unless you want Lizard to touch it as well, if you know what I mean.



Sam Hubble: Don't be scared, I heard you landed this kinky 50/50.
Photo: Panda

RANDOM NEWS FROM THE SKATE WORLD

BY: PETERPANHANDLER
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Thank God the sun is letting off a little less heat these days. Salt Lake was starting to seem more like Phoenix for a while there. That would be okay if we had as many empty and full swimming pools as they do. In unfortunate news, Adam Dyet will no longer be calling Utah home. He finally caved in and will be moving to California. Speaking of Adam, he killed it this summer in Europe during their contest series over there. I'm sure he made quite a new fanbase of euro trash. Adam was also given the thumbs up to be a contestant in the X-Games. That's some really hard shit to come up on and I am sure Adam will make the most of his opportunities. He placed 13 in his first effort.

Globe Shoes is taking Mark White to accompany the team to the *Cayman Island Skate Park*. He is there being recruited for his filming and shred skills. Let's hope the best for him. He is down there with likes of Mumford, Haslam, Appleyard, Gonzles and Thomas. I know that Darren Navarette is lurking hard down there as well. Think the weather in Utah sucks, well, in the Caymans it is about 94 degrees with 95% humidity. Now that really sucks.

Once again *Slug Magazine's Summer of Death Contest Series* was a success. Our *Secret Spot Contest* was by far the summer's best event. Whoever thought of that shit is a fucking genius. Oh shit, that would be me.

Looks like all you kiddies need to learn some manners and start putting your trash in the trash cans and stop tagging up the skate parks. Sandy Park a.k.a. *Lone Peak* will be closing its gates until you get it straight. If the problem continues looks like the bulldozers will be coming and that's no joke. Same thing goes for South Jordan, remember we do live in one of the most conservative states in the union. If you like skating these parks and don't want to pay to skate them from now on get your fucking act together. It's little shits like you ruining the world for the rest of us. Also other cities trying to get parks will be looking at us closely to see if we can get the problem resolved. A new park will be popping up in Herriman in the nearest of futures in fact the bowl is already done. Heber is next in line and don't forget about Rose Park.

On a more positive note, Vitamin Water will be sponsoring an event at the South Jordan Park. It will coincide with *Dew Tour Event* and will be held on September 21. It will be a skate jam and BBQ event. There might even be a best trick contest on the little rail and five stair. Look for some of your favorite pros to be there as well as some faces you don't know.

SKATE PRODUCT REVIEWS

By Adam Dorobiala
adam@slugmag.com

Photo: Chris Swainston



ES Footwear
The Cassette
www.esfootwear.com

Rodrigo TX knows his way around, designing skate shoes. I received a pair of his signature model shoes, the *Cassette*, and they felt like moccasins with just enough padding so you don't have to worry about your feet while you skate. Inside the thin, vulcanized sole, there is a G2 air/gel insert that basically guarantees no more heel bruises. It must work because I managed to bend the axle on my truck while my feet were still comfortable and completely safe from heel pain. The *Cassette* is available in low-top or medium-top styles with a bunch of different color-ways, so you can find the right fit for your style. Overall, the *Cassette* is just a classic skate shoe with new and improved technology to protect your feet, and when you've got that workin' for you, it's a win-win situation.

Toy Machine
Josh Harmony "Ghost" deck (8.125")
www.tumyeto.com

This deck was hard to get used to at first, but eventually, I started to figure out how to ride it. With very mellow concave it took an extra kick to get those flip tricks to work, but when it did flip right, it was worth the extra effort. It seemed to have a temperamental slide because sometimes you would slide so perfect and then other times it would stick. It held its pop pretty well for being so flat, and had a really good shape. At 8.125 inches wide, it's the perfect width for anyone who wants to try a bigger board without making the jump all the way up to 8.25, and for all the 8.25 skaters out there after downgrading that eighth of an inch, watch your flip tricks flick that much easier and higher. All the new graphics are really cool, especially the **Ed Templeton** drawings/paintings. Most shops will have *Toy Machine* gracing their walls, but if you don't see them hanging up, demand satisfaction.

Bones Wheels
Bones Swiss Bearings, Ditch Tech Formula Wheels (58mm)
www.skateone.com

Most people ride *Street Techs*, but I have a feeling that once you try out this formula from *Bones*, you will never go back. The *Ditch Tech* formula is almost identical to the *Street Tech* formula, but is a little softer, making it easier to ride through really tough ground. With these wheels you could throw away all of your bondo because cracks won't stop you. You probably won't have any trouble going fast, either, because *Bones Swiss* bearings haul ass no matter where you ride. Unfortunately, I was unable to find any ditches that weren't filled with irrigation water to skate. I did skate inside an abandoned building with broken bottles all around and metal sticking out of the ground, and had no problem navigating my way safely through the debris. If you like going fast and you like being able to skate where few have been able to brave the take-off or landing, go get yourself a pair of *Ditch Tech* wheels.

"I ROLLED UP A BLUNT AND SMOKED IT TO FAKIE."

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NEVER SOULED OUT- THE TROY JOHNSON INTERVIEW

BY: PETER ANHANDLER peter.farahandler@slugmag.com

Skateboarding is the true fountain of youth, and anyone who has had the courage to ride one for the past 15-plus years is a hero. Skaters always talk about paying their dues, but to live through every era of modern skating has been a blast with no regrets except for the fact that you could have put more blood, sweat and injuries into it. I know my homey Troy can attest to this. We have been skating together since the 7th grade; now we're in our thirties and well past our prime. The one aspect of skating that has never changed is its positive effect on our life. Sure we might not skate as much as we did in the past, but when we do skate nothing else matters and we feel the same as we did when we were kids. Except now there is a lot more frustration (it sucks when you can't land a trick you did over 10 years ago). But hey, how many people find their passion in life at such an early age and know they'll never give it up to anything short of the wheelchair?

Here is some insight into the life of one of Utah's elite skaters. Sure, Troy "ROIDS"

Johnson might not be hurdling himself down 15 stairs with the trendiest flip tricks possible, but he's already been there and done that. Don't get me wrong, Troy can still hang with the best of them, but with more style and grace. Plus Troy works full time and has a family to attend to and that's not even mentioning that his body is plagued with a lifetime of injuries both on and off the board. If you're 18 and looking at the photos thinking "I can do all this shit, where's my interview?" you are a hater. Troy is you, but only 15 years farther down the path of life. Johnson you're the shit. Oh yeah, he shot all of his tricks in less than a couple of hours—just another day at the office for "ROIDS".

SLUG: Heard you just went to the *Black Pearl Skate Park* in the Cayman Islands. How was it, was it better than sex?

ROIDS: Well, it's the only sex that I am getting right now, so I would have to say yeah, it's better than sex. I just got back a few weeks ago and I miss it



Photo: Adam Dombiela

TEN POUNDS LIGHTER AND STILL RECOVERING FROM BEING SICK TROY BLASTS THIS NOLLIE & 70 HEELFLIP OVER THE HIP.



already. The "Black Pearl" was so huge and it had everything imaginable to skate. Cayman is a great island with lots to do and super cool people. If you make it down there, be sure to stop by *Calico Jacks* and ask for *Marty* or *Melissa*; you won't regret it.

SLUG: When was the last time you threw yourself down a set of stairs or onto a handrail?

ROIDS: Why do you have to bring up the past? I try and suppress hurtful experiences. I don't know does South Jordan count?

SLUG: Who have been some of your favorite pro skaters over the years?

ROIDS: Which decade? I guess in the 80s I was into the vert scene so I liked *Jeff Phillips (R.I.P.)*, *Chris Miller*, *Lance Mountain*, *Gator "Surf Bag" Ragowski*. In the late 80s and early 90s I liked *Gonz* for obvious reasons. The early Blind Team was so sick (*Guy*, *Rudy* etc.) *Ray Barbee* and *Matt Hensley* make my top-ten right now. I like a lot of different skaters for different reasons. *Ronnie Creager* is my all time favorite. *Greg Lutzka* can do anything. *Joey Brezinski* is a technical god and I like *E-Man* for his ability to destroy everything. [There are] way too many good skaters nowadays.

SLUG: Who have been some of your local favorites?

ROIDS: Okay, you have to allow me a little room here because I've been skating so long. In no particular order: *Andy Wright*, *Andy Savar*, *Jerry Nuelle*, *You*, *Benny*, *Steve Fischer*, *Mark White*, *Jersey*, *Gabe D.*, *Aaron Reeber*, *Tom "The Man" Bloesch*, *Jason Grimes*, *Jason Murphy*, *Jeremy Jones*, *Steve White*, *Adam Romney*, *Ryan Marriot*, *Willy Syllvester*, *Dan Jones*, *Curtis Johnson*, *Chris Iba*, *Steve Richards*, *Andy Pitts*, *Joey Peck*, *Kurt Condrat*, *Ross Bangeter*, *Shane Justus*, *Aaron Taylor*, *Brandon Gregorson*, *Mark Winn*, *Isaiah B.*, *Adam Dyet*, *Jared Smith*, *Dirty Lizard*, *Jimmy Atkins*, all the *Ogden Heads*, *Tim Jones*, *Pat Stamps*, *Mike Sweet*. I know [I] left out so many people who have inspired me to ride a skateboard (please forgive me).

SLUG: Where do you find time to skate between work, your job, your daughter and sleeping?

ROIDS: I find plenty of time to sleep, that's for

sure. I usually skate on Thursdays because its my day off work. Sometimes I get lucky and skate on the weekends. I share responsibilities with my ex-wife raising our daughter. So *Tracy* has her a lot.

SLUG: How old is your daughter? What is her name?

ROIDS: Her name is *Brittain* and she is seven years old. She is so rad. She makes everything in my life better. Don't get any ideas guys! I wouldn't let her near one of you. I love my angel!

SLUG: For those who don't know you had a near death experience about two years ago. Care to elaborate on that one?

ROIDS: Well I was working for my parents and they needed me to go to some job-site in *Draper*. I wasn't wearing a hard hat so that didn't help. I remember waking up to like 15 construction workers all huddled over me. I was like what the hell happened? Apparently somebody had dropped a 12 or 14 foot two by four on my head knocking me out, and splitting my head open like a melon. The doctor said I had 60 plus stitches. It was pretty gross. I still have the pictures.

SLUG: Is skating as fun for you as it was back in the day? Why or why not?

ROIDS: Yes and no. Skating back in the day was so fun because it was so new. We were constantly testing the boundaries with our overweight and inferior boards. It was fun to see what was possible. It also had more of a raw feel back then, like you had to try harder to be a skateboarder because it wasn't accepted at all. We were a minority back then and no one wanted to dress like us. They hated us! Now it's different everywhere you look it's like skating is accepted. From parks popping up all over to anyone for that matter sporting around all sorts of skating apparel. I even heard skating is going to be in the 2012 Olympics. How strange is that? I don't know it's not worse now it's just different. It's good for the industry that it has blown as big as it has. But it lost its "us against the world" quality that really appealed to me. Kids getting into skating today have no idea what we had to go through to get skating where it is today. I think they are spoiled and don't know how good they have it.

SLUG: Do you plan on skating for the rest of your life?

ROIDS: Well that depends. Is *Bill Dorfman* (80 years plus and started in his late 60s) is still alive and skating? I'll skate as long as my body allows me to. I still love skating and I don't see that ever changing. Roll forever!

SLUG: Anybody you want to thank for making you live this long?

ROIDS: Yes, my mom and dad and all of my family. You and your dad, *Henry* for taking me home from downtown all those years. I stranded myself down there on a weekly basis. My daughter *Brittain*, for showing me what's really important. Her mother *Tracy* for raising our daughter so well. I want to thank all of my life long friends for all you've done and continue to do for me. Thanks for putting up with all of my shit. You all mean the world to me, thanks for being such good friends!



flyswatter ... freestyle Photo: Adam Dondos





SUMMER OF DEATH:

By: Shawn Mayer
smayer@lidsnow.co

PART DEUX

Summers in Utah are hot, and personally, I don't like them very much. Finding the motivation to skate when it's over 100 degrees outside is nearly impossible. You either have to wake up early, or sacrifice an evening of drinking in order to get some time on the old wood plank. Saturday, August 11th was no different from any other hot summer day except that it was time for *SLUG*'s second and last contest in the *Summer of Death* series. Now this means that all these poor kids that are looking to make a name for themselves or just needing to win a few bills for unpaid bar tabs have to skate in this God-awful heat. Luckily, for both the contestants and spectators, the first spot was at *Liberty Park* next to the fountain. That water is fucking gross, but the wind blowing over that small amount of water made for a nice, misty, cool breeze. An hour passed as my sweat thong grew more noticeable through my shorts and then it was time to drive to the next spot. Thank God for A/C.



LIBERTY PARK WINNERS:

Austin Namba killed it. Tre flip off the third block, f/s 360 off the second block, and a tre flip nose slide to fakie on the ledge.

Morgan Cope stomped the shit out of not one but two double flips off the third block.

Photo: Chris Swainston

Stop number two brought us all down to *Meier and Frank* on Sugarhouse's lower west side. I contemplated staying in the car for this one. I was rather enjoying the A/C, and didn't really care to watch these guys sweat their asses off; it makes me even hotter when people around me sweat. As the crowd grew, my view of the contest was lost, so out into the heat I went. I found sanctuary under a tree until it was time to leave for the final stop and back to my precious A/C.



**MEIER &
FRANK
WINNERS:**

Matty Coals was floating on air with a beauty of an overcreek. Isaiah Beh switch 50-50'd the fuck out of it, and Dirk Hogan took it back underground with a rather entertaining caveman blunt slide.

Photo: Chris Swainston



Photo: Bob Plumb

Cool; a loading dock with a sketchy high rail, it couldn't be anywhere but the old abandoned *Newspaper Agency Corporation* building. The runway was packed with kids waiting to take their chances to reserve a spot in the winners' circle, and people were getting snaked left and right. As I always like to say, "if your gonna snake, you'd better make." Everybody seemed to work it out and some cool stuff went down, but I was way too hot to deal with this anymore, so I left to get some damn ice cream.

NAC WINNERS: **Morgan Cope** tre flipped and pop shoved it with effortless style. **Shane Felix** came through with a fakie f/s heelflip at the buzzer to put a cap on the event before heading to the BBQ at *Fairmont*, thrown by **DC Shoes**.



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Congratulations to **KYLE CONDIE** on winning the Redbull's "Send Me To Woodward" essay contest. hope you have fun there!

SLUG THANKS Salty Peaks, Analog, Vox, DC Shoe Co., Blindside, The Truth, Milosport, Broken Board Shop, Union, ABZ Enterprises, Binary, Ogio, Skullcandy and Powell for all their help with the contest. If you want more pictures from the competition check Bob Plumb, Chris Swainston, Weston Colton, and Adam Dorobiala's photos online at: myspace.com/summerofdeath.

...gone to
...ITS. Moses is
...with me



THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

“Leona Meets Her Spirit Guide” Filed by Oom

What follows is a transcribed portion of a telephone conversation between aunt Leona and a friend of hers. With our dictaphone we were able to record only Leona's end of the conversation:

... So, I joined the group a little bit later than everybody else. The first assignment had been for each person to meditate in a quiet place and meet their spirit guide who was supposed to appear during this meditation. Dulwad had made contact with some beautiful Native American princess from the Winnemucca line. LeVar was going on cosmic adventures by an ancient Egyptian magician called Uk Muk Hakem or something - {pause} no, I'm totally serious. Fern was following a great wise wolf around the dark forests of her psyche and Perka was receiving transmissions from some highly advanced space alien that closely resembled Ryan O'Neal in his younger days - {pause} - yeah, I know ... typical Perka. So anyway, first



chance I got, I'd locked myself away in my walk-in closet. It was silent - the lights were out. I was relaxed and breathing deeply and slowly, keeping my mind clear ... you know, keeping open to things. Eventually I realized something was there ... the mists started to dissipate ... and before me, in my mind's eye, was a scene, clear as anything. A man was standing with his back to me. I waited for him to turn around and reveal himself and, you know, say something profound. He just stayed facing the other way. It took me a good couple minutes to catch on ... DIS-GUST-ING! Oh gross! I just said, 'No, I will not seek spiritual guidance from a mole on somebody's neck!' Big and black - with hairs! {pause} - oh, I know. I was so shocked and crept out that I'd come out of my trance. I tried again and after a while I was back in the mists. This time the mist cleared and there in front of me was a plate of spaghetti - and not a tidy, freshly dished plate of spaghetti either. It looked as though somebody had already given it a good forking - tomato sauce was spilled over the edge and everything. It said, 'Hello.' I just sighed and said, 'Hi.' I didn't want to piss off the cosmos and tempt it to send me a talking cat-butt or something like that. Oh, and get this - the name of my spirit guide turns out to be Alfredo - which shows you the absurd sense of humor I'm up against. {pause} - Stop laughing!

WARNING: **HARDCORE HEADQUARTERS**

UPCOMING CONCERTS

Friday September 7, 2007

Eleventh Hour, Balance Of Power, Adapt, 3Reasons

Saturday September 8, 2007

Anger As Art, At Home In Hell, Adjacent To Nothing, Necrophacus, Hooga

Thursday September 13, 2007

Mankind is Obsolete, Tragic Black, Redemption

Friday September 14, 2007

Downfall, Relevent, Vertabraek, Oxido Republica

Saturday September 15, 2007

The Miranda Project, One Theory, Aghori, Run The Red

Thursday September 20, 2007

Ronny Monroe, Ashen Legacy, The Street, Rage For Order

Friday September 21, 2007

Separation Of Self, Beyond This Flesh, Still-Born, Cave Of Roses

Monday September 24, 2007

Days Of The New, Adjacent To Nothing, Eleventh Hour, Killing Carolyn

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Books

Aloud

Chance in Hell

Gilbert Hernandez

Fantagraphics Books [Street: 08.01]

Gilbert Hernandez is a crafty son of a bitch. He weaves a story that is as poignant as it is troubling and tense. *Chance in Hell* tells the story of **Empress**, an orphan who is raised in what can only be described as a post-apocalyptic no-man's landfill on the edge of a city. Empress is given a better life, gradually and surely, but whether or not she truly embraces her newfound comfort is the secret behind the story. Caught in a drawing style that echoes and resonates with the post-war style of **Beetle Bailey** and **Archie**, Hernandez's story is a striking contrast and parody of their themes and attitudes. Emotionally, the characters are more vibrant, but still reminiscent of, the existential undergrowth of **Daniel Clowes'** universe in comics, like *A Velvet Glove Cast in Iron*. Tragic and compelling in equal doses, *Chance in Hell* is another unsettling home-run hitter.

—Erik Lopez

The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward

Alex Chun

Fantagraphics Books [Street: 08.15]

The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward captures **Ward's** most impressive pinup girls of the 1950s. The book includes a great biography of Ward as well as high-quality images of the babes that made him famous. Ward started his professional cartoonist career at the age of 15. After he was drafted, he did some cartooning for the Navy's paper and after the war, he skyrocketed with the help of *Humorama*. Ward's angular women, with torpedo-shaped bust lines and legs that never ended graced the pages along side pinup models like **Bettie Page**. The images and cartoons in this coffee-table book will make anyone crack a smile. —Jeanette Moses

Intellectual Liverwurst

Clarence Von Lipkenstein

Van Gogh's Ear Productions [Street: 2005]

The poems found in *Intellectual Liverwurst* are sometimes nonsensical and often deal with subjects so trite that no one else would have the good sense to write a poem about them. I knew from the first poem, *The Jewish Man*, that *Intellectual Liverwurst* was right up my alley. These are poems to recite aloud when drunk—they're short and concise, hilarious and don't waste time with flowery metaphors or blood-soaked teenage angst. Pick this gem up (they're sold at *Red Light Books*) if you love the absurd. —Jeanette Moses

Mudman: The Odyssey of Kim Jones

Sandra Q. Firmin and Julie Joyce, Editors

MIT Press [Street: 04.01]

Mudman is the typical excursion into art history. Firmin and Joyce collect four essays that try to penetrate and understand the varied and vast artwork of Kim Jones. Each essay focuses on a different aspect of the dually entwined persona of Kim Jones/Mudman. While the essays do a great job of situating Jones in the social/historical milieu of Vietnam, performance art and the artistic practices of So Cal, it does little to stimulate an extended engagement with the work of others at the same time or with similar intentions. Instead, each essay supports the others in exploring Jones' work, such as his walks and performance pieces as Mudman, *Rat Piece* and various war drawings in their own domain of war, politics and the identity of Jones, the person. Though somewhat limited in its expansion of Jones' ideas in a contemporary setting, *Mudman: The Odyssey of Kim Jones* serves as a good and narrow introduction to the work of Kim Jones, whose work is topical and timely. —Erik Lopez


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Gallery Stroll

By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Gallery Stroll is held the third Friday of every month. It's an evening of art to break up the mundane and one night to take in as much local art as you can. This month on Friday, September 21, *The Women's Art Center* (345 Pierpont Ave.) will host the *Paper Dolls* exhibit, which will double as a fundraiser for the W.A.C. Don't let the collapsed front dock on Pierpont deter you, the gallery is open and the show is well worth the slight detour. This annual event brings together local, national and international print artists who partnered with musicians to put together some truly original and flattering concert posters. The show will feature work by **Leia Bell**, **Sumerset Bivens**, **Erin Potter**, **Allison Glancey** and many others. The Women's Art Center offers exhibits and classroom space to women who desire to learn from women and network with female artists. The show will run alongside an installation by **Amy Caron** until October 15. The artist reception will take place September 21 from 6-9pm, but if you just can't wait to purchase this inexpensive original art log on to www.womensartcenter.org for regular business hours.

Mosey on west from the WAC down that decrypted dock and you will find the *SLUG* offices. Utilizing our proximity to other galleries and the popularity of the stroll in our neighborhood *SLUG* will host artist **Todd Powelson** in our main hallway at 351 West Pierpont Ave. Todd grew up knowing his best friend **Ben Schmidt** would not live to a ripe old age, but knowing did not make Ben's departure on earth any easier. Powelson is launching an unconventional ad campaign in memory of this friend Ben Schmidt titled *Dreams for Schmidt* he has purchased ad space in *SLUG* to unveil his series of work over the next twelve months. This innovative approach was concocted after art galleries dismissed his work because of its digital content. Along with the ad campaign Powelson has decided to donate one of his pieces to *Primary Children's Hospital*, but would like the public to vote for which one. The work will be on display at www.toddpowelson.com until September 19, log on and vote for which work of art would offer the most comfort to those that walk the halls.

Travel a little farther west to *Addicted Café* (511 W 200 S) to check out the **Bob Moss** art exhibit. The show will also feature Bob Moss on banjo, **Christian Johnssen** and a belly dance performance by members of **Blue Lotus Dance Collective**. The art will hang until mid-Oct.

As the old Bradshaw building's neglect becomes apparent and the Pierpont dock falls apart I'm grateful that a new neighborhood is enjoying the fruitfulness of Gallery Stroll—300 S. (Broadway) is flourishing with art and shops. *Ken Sanders* moved in 10 years ago when the neighborhood was quiet and uninteresting, now every Gallery Stroll the street is bustling! *The Kayo Gallery* was one of the first galleries to move in and start the buzz. For September, Kayo will revive an old favorite and host **Camilla Taylor**, print guru and show curator. Currently living in Phoenix Arizona, Camilla enjoys her new printmaker family, but she fondly remembers those she printed with in the past so alas a cross state exchange was born. The two shows will simultaneously take place, one in Arizona at *Trunk Space* and one at the Kayo Gallery in Salt Lake City. Artists will be able to exchange prints with people they never would have met otherwise. The public will be allowed to purchase prints for an extremely reasonable price of \$30 each. The artist reception will take place initially on September 21 for the local gallery stroll and then again on September 29 to allow artists from Phoenix to join in the excitement surrounding our art scene.

There is always so much going on the third Friday that it's a relief to see an art show that isn't being held during the formal Gallery Stroll. This month the art shows will be just as prevalent the following weekend. Kayo will host a second reception, the quarterly *Fashion Stroll* with all the hottest fall styles is the 28th and the bi-annual *Poor Yorrick Show* is the 28th and 29th. *Poor Yorrick Studio* is located at 126 W. Crystal Ave (2590 S) and only open their doors to the public twice a year. This rare glimpse into the artist work space is very enlightening and with over 36 artists participating it might take you all night and into the next day—it's a good thing they will be open Friday from 6-10pm and then again on Saturday from 1-5pm. The landscape of Gallery Stroll may be changing, but the passion it invokes will endure.

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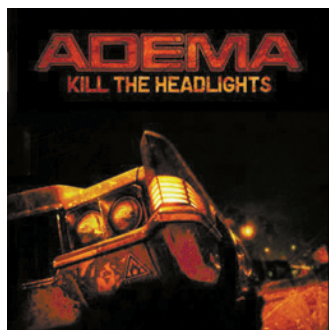
CD Reviews

Adema Kill the Headlights

Immortal Records

Street: 08.21

Adema = Linkin Park - the hip-hop + the leavings of Korn + emo meets nü-metal



This review is part rant and part critique; lets start with the rant. I honestly want to know who still likes or cares about Adema anymore. They're basically a one- or two-hit wonder band and that was back in 2001. They tried to continue that success and wound up falling flat on their face. That is where it should have ended for the band. Lets face it: Nü-metal has basically been dead for quite a while, so why continue with a style that was fleeting to begin with? Although, its true this band kind of added what some of the screamo bands are doing right now for this new record and their style sound even shittier. The band lost their main claim to fame singer **Markey Chavez**, who is the lead singer of Korn's half brother—big whoop. The new guy, **Bobby Reeves**, sounds even lamer than Chavez did, both with his singing and little girl-sounding screaming. Every song here follows the same formula with little success, some heavy parts, some melodic parts, keyboard piddling, stupid lyric followed by stupid lyric. Please, if you have any respect for yourself, ignore this turd-fair of a record, and don't buy it for your ignorant kid that might not know any better. I didn't really expect much from this album, but it proceeded to surprise even those low expectations. Stay far, far away from this album, but you don't even need my advice; this thing stinks so bad it will have you avoiding it even if you just see it at the store. —*Bryer Wharton*

Amorphis Silent Waters

Nuclear Blast

Street: 09.18

Amorphis = Paradise Lost + Moonspell + Borknagar + Finnish folk influence

When I received the new Amorphis for review, I was skeptical, even with the band's new singer, **Tomi Joutsen**, who brought death metal vocals back to the fold with 2006's *Eclipse* album. Yes, the band will never be the same as they were with the stellar *Tales of The Thousand Lakes*, which hinged more in the realm of melodic death/doom metal. But much to my surprise, *Silent Waters* is highly enjoyable to listen to. With the first few songs, the death metal vocals are more prevalent and the songs are ultimately heavier because of this, nixing the boring gothic metal approach that the band had been harboring for such a long time. The last half of the album is heavy with folk influence, lots of acoustic guitar, varied keyboard melodies and utilization of many instruments indicative of folk metal. The all-acoustic song "Enigma" is vibrant and filled with heart, telling a great story. Looking for a hearty, diverse and melody-filled escape from the more extreme side of metal? Amorphis have delivered an album finally worthy of praise. —*Bryer Wharton*

Arsonists Get All The Girls

The Game of Life

Century Media

Street: 08.14

Arsonists Get All The Girls = killwhitneydead + The Locust + Cannibal Corpse



OK, this is more like it. According to the bio, "The Game of Life offers its own take on what happens when a gay train derailed on its way to straight town." That description alone warrants a listen, and the CD doesn't disappoint. It would be easy to write this band off as just another death-grind-whatever-core band, but this sucker did an extremely good job at holding my attention. Different enough to allow some distance from the pack, this is a band that actually knows how to use a keyboard. Now, don't misunderstand me here ... this isn't something that I would choose to listen to on a regular basis, but any band that can shove youth crew-style backing vocals (done

badly) into a grindcore song automatically gets a drunken thumbs up from yours truly. —*loveyoudead*

Atmosphere Sad Clown Bad Summer Accompanied by Piano

Rhymesayers

Street: 08.21

Sad Clown Series = Felt + Blueprint



This release doesn't contain anything overtly original from Atmosphere, just classic **Slug** and **Ant**, which means it's great. I mean, why mess with a good formula? Featuring five delightfully upbeat summertime grooves, each one containing some catchy funk or jazz piano variation, Ant's production is his more traditional *God Loves Ugly* fare. No experimental "Cats Van Bags" or "The Arrival" tracks here. Toasting, is, of course, handled by the Virgo mack, **Sean Daley** (a.k.a. Slug). Slug's lyrics regale with tales of Minnesota puppy love, underage driving and playing hooky, with the tone lying somewhere between the less serious **Felt** releases and regular Atmosphere full-lengths. "Mattress" will have you up rocking in true Wild Style fashion whilst Slug recounts characteristic relationship woes. This is a more-than-welcomed appetizer before next year's slated full-length release. —*Makena Walsh*

Cabin I Was Here

Machine Records

Street: 09.01

Cabin = Ben Folds Five + Coldplay
Placid and low energy, this symphonic rock EP contains one song that definitely stands out from the rest. "I Was Here," is so good it could have been on the *Garden State* soundtrack, but unfortunately, the other four songs aren't capable of achieving the same mellow hold as the EP's title track. If they were water, mosquitoes would be growing prolifically. Still, not a bad lyrically PG **Coldplay** substitute ... if you're looking for something to fall asleep to. —*Makena Walsh*

C-Rayz Wallz Chorus Rhyme

Urchin Studios

Street: 09.16

C-Rayz Wallz = MF Doom + Glock Rockwell + Messiah - J



The album starts out: "I'm gangsta, I hold doors open for ladies. I'm gangsta, I love all the babies." Hmmmm. I bet he gets smoked out like Hickory and gets dickory dock non-stop with his hippetty hop. It's hard to take an emcee seriously when he busts out nursery rhymes. *Chorus Rhyme* is filled with boring cadences, unoriginal instrumentals and low-quality recording. It sounds like he recorded this album in his basement with a shitty microphone. Maybe he did, but with the money he [supposedly] has ... he should be able to afford something better than Urchin Studios. The whole album is an attempt to spit punch lines and wreck stages, but falls limp at the songwriting and storytelling. C-Rayz is a very talented freestyle, but this album is just another example of emcees with a knack for freestyle who can't write meaningful/thoughtful songs and vice versa ... —*Lance Saunders*

Depressed Mode Ghosts of Devotion

Firebox Records

Street: 09.17

Depressed Mode = My Dying Bride + Swallow the Sun

I've always been picky with funeral doom. It can generally either be completely uninteresting to me or completely enthralling, but nothing in between. Finland's **Depressed Mode**, despite the terrible band name, is actually pretty damn good, especially for a first effort. It's slow and doomy as hell, but has just the right amount of melody and dare I say ... pop, in it to make for an enjoyable listen. **Natalie** from **Shape of Despair** lends her talents on a handful of songs in this release which also add another rarely used yet interesting dynamic in the always gloomy world of funeral doom-metal. The **Burzum** cover is an added bonus as well, and despite covering the "token classic," they pull it off successfully and put on quite the operatic spin, which will make any Burzum fan do a double take, myself included. This album is indeed recommended, and is coming just in time for those gloomier months. —*Conor Dow*

Divine Heresy

Bleed the Fifth Century Media

Street: 08.28

Divine Heresy = Fear Factory + extra heaviness + leads and solos

As much as former Fear Factory guitarist **Dino Cazares** may want to get away from his roots, there is no escaping them. Then again, why would he want to? He created a guitar sound and helped establish the style of that same guitar sound playing in time with machine-gunning double-bass drums, something that has been repeatedly copied in many bands since. In all honesty, there are parts with the debut of his new band, Divine Heresy, that sound exactly like Fear Factory, then there are parts that sound nothing like his former band. For example, the man that was once known for never playing a guitar solo or even using leads has brought them front and center on *Bleed the Fifth*. I truly never thought I'd hear solos or leads like this coming from Dino. Let's not count out the other members of the band—you have drummer **Tim Yeung** of **Vital Remains** and **Hate Eternal** blasting away, along with newcomer vocalist **Tommy Vext** doing a sort of **Burton C. Bell** meets the **Meshuggah** vocalist thing. All in all, with *Bleed the Fifth*, you have an extremely strong debut effort that will appeal to more than just fans of Fear Factory or **Brujeria**. This is the best Dino has ever sounded on guitar and I hope he keeps it going. —Bryer Wharton

Edward Ka-Spel

Dream Logik Part One

Beta-lactum Ring Records

Street: 07.19

Edward Ka-Spel = Psychic TV + Pierre Schaeffer Picasso's wife, Francoise Gilot (a painter herself) once said that great artists make the rules, not break them. **Legendary Pink Dots** founder Edward Ka-Spel is one such artist who came out of nowhere in 1980, presenting an aesthetic of modern-meets-avant-garde electro-acoustic music that didn't fit anywhere. 27 years, over 70 releases with LPD and 20 solo records later, Ka-Spel is still following the same ambiguous muse. *Dream Logik Part One* is a study in analog and digital synthesis, field recordings, samples, multi-effects processing and new languages for guitar and voice. Still a merchant of minimal ideas, Ka-Spel prefers one or two sounds per track, mutating and spinning them via knob-tiddling and post-production. For example, on "Backyard," he constructs a percussive texture of clicks and tamed distortion with modular synth wire, shaking before pausing then unleashing oscillator dive-bombs and whatever room ambience his microphone picked up that day. Anyone familiar with Ka-Spel's oeuvre will read this as par for the course, however, he still knows how to mine unique explorations in his world—an abyss that few can touch. —Dave Madden

Einsturzende Neubauten

Palast Der Republik

MVD Audio

Street: 07.17

Einsturzende Neubauten = destroyed buildings + postmodern decay + fucking great recording equipment



This live document, recorded last year in the legendary Palast der Republik in Berlin, shows that Einsturzende Neubauten, much like their contemporaries **Throbbing Gristle**, have not slowed down or dried up over the course of their long career; indeed, they sound as vital as ever. Part of this can be credited to the engineers who made this one of the best-sounding live albums I've ever heard, but also to the band, who balance strangely beautiful abstract soundscapes and clanging, militaristic noise-beats with a sense of dynamism and intelligence that comes from years of focus and consideration. What's more, they avoid the usual trappings of live albums by putting thought into the placement and pacing of the songs, resulting in an experience more akin to listening to a great full-length album rather than just a collection of "hits." Even if you're not into the whole industrial thing (like me), this is well worth checking out. —Jona Gerlach

The Fire the Flood

Truth Seekers

No Sleep Records

Street: 08.17

The Fire the Flood = They wish they sounded like the RIYL on their promo (Botch, Coalesce, etc.)

New rule: if your promotion company wants to use past bands that are 100 percent better than your band as a reference point for your sound, you should have to clear it with said band first. In the case of TFTF, Coalesce and Botch (perhaps two of the finest heavy bands of the past 10 years) are referenced as being similar to TFTF. It's not that they're not in the same vein, it's the difference between a Little League team and the New York Yankees. Yes, both are baseball, but only one is pro league—the other gets to eat orange slices at Pizza Hut after the game. Look for TFTF at your local Pizza Hut, and don't forget a knife to cut the orange slices. —Peter Fryer

Himsa

Summon in Thunder

Century Media

Street: 09.18

Himsa = The Haunted + Darkest Hour + Heaven Shall Burn

Without fail, Himsa has yet to disappoint me. Last year's *Hail Horror* was a favorite for the year and ultimately showed the more brutal side of the band. *Summon in Thunder* is a sort of cohesive blend of said album and the record before it, *Courting Tragedy and Disaster*. It maintains that heaviness that *Hail Horror* so bluntly brought to the table, but adds the more melodic portions that were prevalent on CTAD. Don't let that statement fool you, though there is nothing rehashed with the new record; everything is brand-spanking new. If the guitars on this new offering don't blow your mind, please get your hearing checked. I've followed Himsa from the get-go, seeing them before they were known to the world in Seattle, with a fond memory of standing in the front row and being greeted by the vocalist **Johnny Pettibone** yanking on my now shaved goatee. There is no question that this band has matured and gotten so much better with time, as any good band should. *Summon in Thunder* is just another success story in a chapter of a band that rose from the underground. I can't stress enough the intricacies of this band, how hearty and enjoyable the record is. Again, as I've said before about other bands, this is something to be experienced firsthand, no question. Talent and power, thy name is Himsa. —Bryer Wharton

Jenny Hoyston

Isle Of

Southern Records

Street: 09.15

Jenny Hoyston = Erase Errata + Kim Gordon + Julie Dorian



Sounding more like a collection of cutting-room floor rarities and B-sides off other releases, Jenny Hoyston's first proper solo release is an erratic mix CD of styles and collaborators. While I can appreciate the eclectic taste that Hoyston has to offer, it comes off as confused and distant as **Gary Coleman** in a turbulent sexual relationship. Songs such as "ruff ... ruff ... /rainbow city" and "even in this day and age" come off as either limp-dicked and druggy singer/songwriter minutia or tired classic open-mic night material. Granted, there are other aspects of this album to appreciate, like its dancier and more garage side, the songs "i don't need 'em" and "bring back art," but as a whole, this album is an *Isle of Suck*. —Erik Lopez

Hurtlocker

Embrace the Fall

Napalm Records

Street: 09.25

Hurtlocker = Destruction + Pantera
How a band from Chicago gets signed to a label from Austria is a story to tell another day. I reviewed last year's *Fear in a Handful of Dust* album from these guys and sort of passed it off; something about it just didn't catch my attention and it seemed sort of run-of-the-mill. Well, Hurtlocker, thanks for taking my perceived notions of you guys and flushing them down the toilet. *Embrace the Fall* is a thrash-metal masterpiece in its simplicities and complexities. The record blazes along like a five-alarm fire with no hope of being extinguished. The speedy riffing reminds me a lot of German thrash greats Destruction, but then there are some breakdowns that sound like they came straight from Pantera's *Cowboys From Hell* record. Add that to a batch of the band's own creativity and you have a formula for a thrash metal album not to be dismissed by anyone, critic or fan. I love to be proved wrong by a band and Hurtlocker have done just that. So guys, here is my formal apology for not giving you the credit you deserved before, because I went back and listened to *Fear in a Handful of Dust* after eating every morsel of this new offering up and caught what I missed. No hard feelings, right? —Bryer Wharton

Kathryn Williams

Leave to Remain

Cheap Lullaby



Street: 08.28

Kathryn Williams = Beth Orton + ?
The honest truth is, I don't really care for a lot of folk music, or at least, that is what I keep telling myself. Certainly I only liked **Lou Rhodes'** album so much because she was in **Lamb**. My ever-growing Joni Mitchell collection? Well, she isn't exactly folk, right? Then Kathryn Williams waltzes in with *Leave to Remain* and I'm forced to draw comparisons between her and **This Mortal Coil's Blood** in an attempt to justify the fact that I really love these songs. Maybe it's because **Kate St. John** lent her talent, **Dream Academy** were passably brilliant when they brought it all together. Maybe it's the way Kathryn's voice carries a certain rasp and yet still comes across as young and innocent. Singing in a whisper, an intimacy comes unexpected and quickly. She sounds like a rainy day spent in bed with a lover; warm and all-consuming. —ryan michael painter

Malevolent Creation *Doomsday X*

Nuclear Blast

Street: 07.17

Malevolent Creation = Suffocation + Behemoth (new) – the relentless Malevolent Creation has been pumping out the death-metal albums for around 10 years now. Now, while I personally feel that the death metal genre is a dry well, I'm still metal enough to admit when an album has a decent amount of rockin' in it. The production is one thing worth noting, because it makes the album sound like it was recorded with a microphone hiding inside the snare drum. However, the snare drum is in tune, and I'd much rather have a "dirty" recorded metal album hammering in my ears than an overly processed Pro Tools-infected release. Hell, even Mick from **Slipknot** gets a chance to prove that he's not a one-trick mall-metal pony by providing the second solo in "Deliver My Enemy." When all you're looking for is well written, not overly hooky metal, this release will not likely disappoint. Listen while punching holes in drywall. –*Conor Dow*

Martyn Bates *Migraine Inducers Dissonance/Antagonistic Music*

Beta-lactam Ring Records

Street: 07.15

Martyn Bates = Merzbow + NWW + The New Blockaders Lez Changez Blockaders



This is music for those who hole themselves up in a small room in a basement with poor lighting as a method towards self-realization. Like other amazingly versatile noise albums that have come AFTER it (Merzbow's *Aquamancer* comes readily to mind), *Migraine Inducers Dissonance/Antagonistic Music* is a studied pastiche of all sorts of cultural detritus combed together with acoustic noises, scrapes, soft resonant beeps and short, bursting starchy spaces. While not as jazzily punishing as *Aquamancer*, MID/AM is consistently engaged with blurring the line between background filler noise and a creative ensemble of startling awakeness. I could go on for days praising this album. When I first heard it, my mind kept on dividing itself over and over again with amazement with how fresh this album is, almost 30 years later after its initial cassette-only release. If you fancy yourself a noise connoisseur, pick up this album immediately, as it has reached that mythical status of one of my favorite albums of all time. Comes with a second disc "completing" the original release, a 16-page booklet and some fancy artwork. BOO YA! –*Erik Lopez*

Matt Pond PA *Last Light*

Altitude Records

Street: 09.25

Matt Pond PA = Rouge Wave + Stars + Mates of State

With six critically acclaimed albums under his belt in just nine short years of existence, **Matt Pond**, along with his backing band **Dan Crowell, Steven Jewtt** and **Matthew Siskin**, have created a new album that on first listen instantly stands out as his most vibrant and well-written album yet. The production of the album is immensely different, as Pond himself took over production duties. Sharing the duty with such big names as **Neko Case, Rob Schnapf** and **Mike Stroud** of **Ratatat**, *Last Light* is a dramatic improvement production-wise from Pond's last albums. Songs ranging from love to longing fill this album, thematically similar to Pond's previous efforts. Acoustic-based "Locate the Pieces" sounds very similar to the earlier work of Matt Pond PA, while the fast-paced drug-anthem, "Basement Parties," sounds much cleaner in quality. While some artists start to struggle with creating fresh albums over a long period of time, Matt Pond, along with his band, created an album that is arguably their best to date. –*Tom Carbone Jr.*

Melody Club *At Your Service*

Saturday Team

Street: 08.21

Melody Club = The Sounds + Rialto



While some might suggest that a marriage between Brit-pop and 80s new wave via the 00s revival would produce undesirable offspring, Melody Club prove otherwise. Consider them a preferable substitute to the boy-band phenomenon (hopefully over, yes?) for those of us who like the occasional sugarcoated summer song; a guilty pleasure that you don't have to feel guilty about. –*ryan michael painter*

Modeselektor *Happy Birthday!*

BPITCH Control

Street: 10.09

Modeselektor = Jab Micah Och El + Kraftwerk + Aphex Twin Admittedly a fan of minimal electro, I was immediately won over by Modeselektor's distinctly reserved style of ephemeral dance jams. Think a shit-ton of analog performing as a symphony orchestra, subsequently run down by a team of assassins, leaving only a quartet of percussive electronics to

carry on, and maybe you can imagine the weight each beat and rhythm plays in Happy Birthday. Additionally, guest spots from TTC, Paul St. Hillaire, Thom Yorke, and Maximo Park allow the group to expand the listening palette by highlighting Modeselektor's contrasting style. At times the fractured beats and wide soundscapes are reminiscent of Aphex Twin, while at other times the overdriven keyboards bring Justice to mind, in the end, pigeonholing the group's sound becomes an impossible task, and while distinctly electro, the orchestral magnitude of Modeselektor's compositions will undoubtedly cross more musical niches and sub-genres than any other electro group to date. – Ryan Powers

New Model Army *High*

Attack Attack

Street: 09.04

New Model Army = The Alarm – U2

When it comes down to it, New Model Army are a raw-knuckle sort of band. They're naturally political by nature, working class by heritage and post-punk entirely by accident. While in their native UK, they garnered a passionate fanbase they never quite translated into America. Perhaps they were too devoted to where they came from. Maybe that's also what made them great in the first place. In all fairness, **Justin Sullivan** could have been the UK's **Bruce Springsteen**, not only in perspective, but also in the way he refused to confine the scope of his music. Sometimes there were epic arrangements offset by bareness often incorporating folk in traditional rock à la **Mike Scott** and his **Waterboys**, while keeping that gruff sense of strength. *High* is no different and yet it feels fresh. Despite death and lineup changes some 25 years since their beginning, NMA are still kicking against modern mediocrity, public apathy and a certain country's continued effort to control the world via "justified" violence. It's a controlled anger; an intelligent argument rather than mindless fist-pumping and drunken sing-a-longs. There are even touches of psychedelic imagery, cinematic like an approaching apocalypse; calm and furious. –*ryan michael painter*

Nina Nastasia & Jim White *You Follow Me*

Fat Cat Records

Street: 08.14

Nina Nastasia & Jim White = Dogs + Ocean Songs

Separately, Nina Nastasia and Jim White are two great tastes that happen to go great together; something akin to the classic combination of milk and cookies. On this album especially, they have struck a partnership that delicately yet powerfully walks a dynamic line; songs such as "The Day I Would Bury You" and "I've Been Out Walking," to name just two songs, showcases the tradeoff between Jim White's under-scored and accented drumming and Nastasia's weighty vocal range crooning stories from a frantic urban folktale. It is quite amazing to see such an equivalency and musical connection

between such musical powerhouses. Unfortunately, *You Follow Me* clocks in at around only 30 minutes, making me wish it were longer. –*Erik Lopez*

Nucultures *Butterflies, Zebras, and Moonbeams*

1K Recordings

Street: 09.25

Nucultures = A shining example of quality down-tempo

Having listened to this 2-CD set about a thousand times now, I can still confidently say that it holds a top spot on my list of phenomenal down-tempo albums of the year. The first CD starts off with an absolutely stellar female vocalist on top of an incredibly mellow beat. The beat gradually becomes more defined, culminating in quite an epic climax for just the first song. Even better is the polar extremes each song seems to possess in terms of instrumentation. Some songs might follow a traditional formula of a beat and some vocals, some may possess a multitude of horns, and some leave you tapping your feet to some positively well-crafted acoustic guitar lovin'. All this is often accented by some truly skillful electronic sounds. These qualities are apparent throughout both CDs, and come together flawlessly to create a truly sublime aural experience. –*Ross Solomon*

Obituary *Xecutioner's Return*

Candlelight

Street: 08.28

Obituary = Florida death metal at its finest



I was literally brimming with excitement a few years back when Obituary announced their return. The band was one of the first death-metal bands I fell in love with. To this day, their albums, like *Slowly We Rot*, remain as jewels in my CD collection. Their return album, *Frozen in Time*, while good, lacked something—mainly leads and guitar solos. Thankfully, with *Xecutioner's Return*, all that guitar goodness from Trevor Peres has returned. "Evil Ways," opening with said wicked solo, continues on to melt my brain with death-metal godliness. This album honestly is like no Obituary album before it, but it still retains the classic and unmistakable Obituary sound, mainly due to the fact that John Tardy's vocals are one-of-a-kind in death-metal land. A few of the songs, though, are faster than usual, which doesn't leave me complaining a bit—in fact, it just leaves me relishing the songs more.

Don't fret, though, there are still plenty of grungey, slow trademark Obituary tunes awaiting fans, a style that has been repeatedly copied from other bands. While Peres wails away, the Tardy brothers (brother **Don** is the drummer) add their own flair to the masterpiece, notably vocalist Tardy's enunciated growl, not normally what he is known for, especially with the older Obituary albums. You pretty much couldn't understand a thing he sang, with the exception of the band's *World Demise* album. Here is a big sarcastic thanks to Obituary for not stopping in Utah for your tour supporting this new blissful offering. And now a plea for you to come here on your next round of slaughter-fests across the country. —*Bryer Wharton*

Papermoons *Papermoons 7"*

Team Science Records
Street: 07.01

Papermoons = Moneen + Two Gallants

Every now and then, I need a break from the bearded, drunken, balls-out kind of punk rock that I normally listen to. Apparently, so do the folks over at Team Science Records. Normally, they put out stuff like **O Pioneers!!!**, a band whose brand of gritty folk-punk is a primo example of bearded, sweaty punk rock. Papermoons' debut *7"* goes down smooth, though. You can tell just by listening to the sweet vocals that these guys don't sport beards, only drink when absolutely necessary, and definitely don't go around with their balls out. That's not really a bad thing. The band plays stripped-down, mellow indie rock that occasionally gives way to some pretty dense audio effects, but the diverse elements actually make the songs sound even better. Papermoons also throw some folk elements into their material. The harmonica on a couple of the tracks makes for a sort of folk and indie fusion that isn't necessarily my bag, but it makes me feel all warm inside for some reason. Plus, this *7"* comes on really cool looking blue-and-orange splattered vinyl. Good stuff. —*Ricky Vigil*

Plastiscines *LP1*

Caroline Records
Street: 09.18

Plastiscines = The Hate Pinks + Avril Lavinge + The Donnas

Bands like the Plastiscines give chick punk bands a bad name. Their cheesy French pop is marketed as **Ramones**-style young rock and millions of impressionable young children grow up with the idea that "chick punk" sucks. Through *LP1*'s songs have an overly slick production quality about them, the lyrics are boring and the girls' high-pitched voices are similar to having a high-power nailgun constantly shooting into your skull. Enlisting four good-looking French girls that can play their instruments moderately-well seems more like an easy marketing ploy and less like a serious musical venture. This may not fool the 14-year-old girls, but hopefully everyone else will catch on. —*Jeanette Moses*

Pseudosix *S/T*

Sonic Boom Recordings
Street: 08.28

Pseudosix = Bright Eyes + Cloud Cult + Karate

Tim Perry and his pals in Portland are purveyors of a difficult craft: the scathing but slightly upbeat song. On "Apathy and Excess," the chorus of "there's nothing in this world worthy of your murderous smile" is sung over minimal instrumentation that carries an old bittersweet melody. It's apparent that accomplished musicians are kicking it with Tim in his basement—the kind of musicians that know that less is more, and that playing that less with dexterity is even better. On "Enclave," the guitar harmonization is so in tune with the song it's hard to imagine why more bands don't play like this. Watch for Pseudosix on the indie radar, they'll be the unassuming blip that hits you before you knew it was there. —*Peter Fryer*

Smashing Pumpkins *Zeitgeist Reprise*

Street: 07.10

Smashing Pumpkins = selling out and ruining their legacy

Billy Corgan has finally decided to cash in on his old band name. I guess he was sad that no one was paying any attention to him anymore, so he thought he'd destroy anything cool he ever did by putting out a watered-down version of something that remotely resembles the Smashing Pumpkins. The only two members that are in the band from the original lineup are Corgan and drummer Jimmy Chamberlin. Considering that these two played together in Zwan, The Jimmy Chamberlin Project and Billy Corgan's solo album, I don't really see how this album is any different from any of those crappy releases. D'Arcy and James Iha were smart to stay out of this reunion. I guess since Corgan recorded the majority of the guitar and bass on the first three Pumpkins releases, he figured he could go on using the band name without those two. But, it just seems cheap. And to top it all off, there is a picture of skeezy Paris Hilton on the inside of the CD's booklet. Needless to say, the music isn't even worth writing about; it's not very good. Why do bands that were good back in the day break up, then stage emotionless reunions? —*Jon Robertson*

The Show is the Rainbow

Gymnasia

SAF Records
Street: 09.03

The Show is the Rainbow = Le Tigre + The Faint

The Show is the Rainbow somehow finds melody over and in betwixt electronic drums, synthesizers, chimes, and a plethora of other eclectic sounds combining to form what sounds like the therapeutic effort of a Riddlin'-starved ADD kid. "We

dress to kill, and kill to know what next week we'll call fun," captures the gist of an album delightfully mocking in its tone, both in lyrics and production. —*Makena Walsh*

Sir Richard Bishop *Polytheistic Fragments*

Drag City

Street: 09.25

Sir Richard Bishop = Django Reinhardt + Sun City Girls + Robbie Basho + je ne sais quoi

Sir Rick is a busy man. This is his second release of the year, (first for Drag City) following the excellent, improv-heavy *While My Guitar Violently Bleeds*. While improvisation does play a key role here, as on the 10+ minute piano meditation "Saraswati," there is more emphasis on short-form composition, making this similar in spirit to his debut, *Salvador Kali*. Bishop has not changed his reference points dramatically; there's still the **Django**-esque jazz shuffles, mercurial gypsy workouts and ragas, but he seems somewhat more mature (or perhaps tame?) and focused here, even while branching out into electric guitar, oud and the aforementioned piano. While not as immediate and hypnotic as his less-composed work, this is still gorgeous and vibrant stuff, and should add another boost to Bishop's ever-growing rep. (And to music "journalists" everywhere, just because this is solo acoustic guitar music doesn't mean it sounds anything like **John Fahey**. Do your fucking homework.) —*Jona Gerlach*

Strings of Consciousness

Our Moon Is Full

Central Control

Street: 09.18

Strings of Consciousness = Pink Floyd + Jack Kerouac + Dust Brothers

This album is all kinds of profound. With the beginning notes of the first track "Asphodel," the cinematic sounds begin. The first blaring notes of the saxophone made me think I was in some dark alley, then the breakbeats came down like a furious rainstorm with the creepy robotic vocals of **J.G. Thirweell (Foetus)** harassing my sanity. I felt like **David Gilmore** and **Roger Waters** were sneaking into my room to molest me and this was just the beginning of the album. Every track from the Strings of Consciousness debut is just as intense as the first. The highlight of the album has to be the third track, "Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness;" the guest vocals provided by **Eugene Robinson (Oxbow)** tells of a man seeking revenge and bustin' a cap on somebody. Robinson's tone and inflection in his voice was some serious business. He makes you think that he really did put a bullet in someone. All eight tracks on the album are musical scores that consist of the perfect amounts of jazz, techno, classical and trip-hop; a cacophony of sound. This album is more like a soundtrack than a collection of songs, each one including a different guest vocalist, the majority of them droppin' some heavy

lyrical matter spoken-word style. I can dig man, I can dig it! —*Jon Robertson*

Telephone Jim Jesus *Anywhere Out Of the Everything*

Anticon Records

Street: 09.25

Telephone Jim Jesus = Sole Beats + Odd Nosdam + DJ Mayonnaise

I almost started to live with the thought that Telephone Jim Jesus would never create and compose another solo album again. Ever since his cult favorite debut, *A Point Too Far to Astronaut*, he has been making music, but only sporadically dispersing instrumentals



to his Anticon compatriots. TJJ is an essential element to the Anticon family. He uses samplers, keyboards, effects processors, bass, guitar and accounts for most of the record label's highly textured and confidently melodic qualities. Since the culmination of *Restiform Bodies*, TJJ has been in the limelight and has always generated the desire to explore musical ideas through solo effort and outer influences. TJJ is the most influential vagabond on the Anticon collective. In the past year he has traveled from Spain to London, from the Gulf Coast (post-**Katrina**) to anti-war demonstrations on Capital Hill. His world travels straight into your ears on *Anywhere out of Everything*. —*Lance Saunders*

Terhen *Eyes Unfolded*

Firebox

Street: 08.20

Terhen = Paradise Lost + The Sins of Thy Beloved + Dimmu Borgir

While not an entirely bad release, Terhen's "Eyes Unfolded" crosses the tedium line rather quickly. It's easy to see what these folks are trying to do, and they do it well, but it lacks the proverbial "spark" that would make it an amazing piece of work. I found myself wishing they had completely left out the synth, tuned the guitars lower, and secured someone other than Cookie Monster to handle vocal duties ... they could have been an above-average doom metal band had they made these choices. Instead, we're left with slow-to-mid-paced gothic doom that does very little to actually grab the listener and force them to listen. All in all, it's very easy to become distracted while trying to pay attention to this release. ... now where'd I put my damned keys? —*loveyoudead*

Th' Legendary Shack Shakers

Swampblood

YepRoc
Street: 09.18

Th' Legendary Shack Shakers = Hasil Atkins + Little Walter + A Pentecostal tent revival + a Southern side show you have to see

These Southern boys consistently release exciting record after exciting record, and the twist, turns and "What the fucks" are sure to be found on any Shack Shakers release. Their new offering, *Swampblood*, is the perfect example of what they do. Starting out with dirgy dark blues songs like "Hellwater" sets the mood for what's to come. J.D Wilkes puts in his usual stifling performance that will leave you sore and wanting more. The rest of the band are a pumping train that even at full speed still are in complete control, and jump from country tune to blasting polka romps without blinking. It's always been remarkable to me that no matter how far out this band goes, they always manage to make everything sound like it's at home on their record. The song "Down and Out" is so menacing and performed so viciously I couldn't imagine anyone else doing anything remotely close to it. While the records are staggering, they still don't compare to the band's live show, which hits town Oct. 2 at Burt's. —James Orme (Burts: 10.02)

Vic Chesnutt

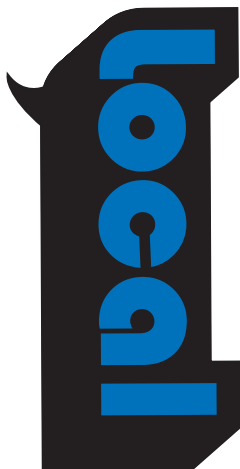
North Star Deserter

Constellation
Street: 08.27

Vic Chesnutt = Cat Stevens + Bonnie "Prince" Billy

Having worked with everyone from Goo-Goo Dolls, Victoria Williams, Bob Mould, Michael Stipe and Giant Sand, you could say that Vic Chesnutt is an institution. And like many artists elevated to this status, we forgive their missteps, celebrating previous efforts of their glory days. After a few listens to *North Star Deserter*, all I can think is "What have you done for me lately?" This album, a collaboration of Chesnutt, Thee Silver Mount Zion Memorial Orchestra, Fugazi's Guy Picciotto and a bunch of other talented people, should be a masterpiece. However, an army is only as strong as the orders from its leader, and Chesnutt's sleepy folk-rock arpeggios and formulaic introspection provides a crappy centerpiece for the band to frame around. Soft, soft, loud, soft, softer, loud, a few interesting elements (i.e., screaming electronics on "Debriefing," panned feedback on "Marathon," the four-track aesthetic of the closer, "Rattler")—repeat that 12 times and you have this album. Having traversed a number of subtle stylistic shifts, one hopes that Chesnutt's latest won't last long. —Dave Madden

More CD reviews available at: slugmag.com



Ghetto Athlete

Tha Game of Life

MadChild Records

Street: 09.04

Ghetto Athlete = Spencer Beats + Lil' Wayne + K-9

It's odd to hear a local Utahn Represent Oakland and the Bay Area, but what do I know? Loaded with dopey-dope ass beats produced by Spencer Bridges, this album stands alone as one of the best examples of Fruit Loops mastery. Predictive rhymes about being on the streets and riding or dying fall somewhat flat, but the rhythm keeps time with the meter. Ghetto Athlete doesn't chase the beat, he rides it. Songs like "Little Sally Walker" keeps the creep vibe alive and definitely changes the album's mood with an almost morbid ambience while "Skyway" brings the listener back to reality and speak-and-spell understanding. The only thing I can't wrap my brain around is the strain towards making sure that every listener knows that Ghetto Athlete is from the west coast, but has "mad respect" for the east coast and the dirty south. Quimby and I can agree, Ghetto Athlete has the skills to make his meals. —Lance Saunders

Mean Molly's Trio

Things I See

Rev 13 17 Records

Street: 2007

Mean Molly's Trio = Ray Charles + The Raconteurs + Mudhoney + The Black Keys



Remarkably enough, coming up with who Mean Molly's Trio sounds like, without hurting the good name of those bands, was harder than listening to their debut record *Things I See*.

MMT's sound is something sort of like rockabilly, blues, garage rock and surf rock, blended together. I say "sort of," because I'm not really sure how to classify the mess of noise they have compiled and released as a record. The vocals are near unbearable, while the musical mesh is hell on earth. Too harsh you say? Give the CD a listen and you'll know why my eardrums are screaming from the pain of *Things I See*. I always figure it's better to be told you're doing something wrong early on than have people be polite and then figure out later you had no clue about something. Hopefully MMT will listen to the *things I say* about this record and their lackluster style and give it a rest before investing too much hope into something that's hopeless. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Terrance Danger Hailstorm

No Danger b/w Hurricane

Self-Released

Street 05.07

Terrance DH = the Stench + Magstatic + a hipper, friendlier and less evil Danzig



Terrance DH has been a staple on the SLC music scene for a number of years now, as a member of the Stench, Magstatic and the Bad Yodelers. For this latest single, Terrance's guitar and vocal effort is rounded out by bassist Cache Tolman (Iceburn, SKULLFUZZ, Fearless Vampire Killers) and drummer Jamison Wilkins (J.W. Blackout). The two songs, written and recorded by DH, clock in at just under four minutes each, and are similar in both sound and composition to much of his past work. Present are many of the qualities that make anything Terrance DH does special—a skillful blend of loud power chords and pop enthusiasm, beautifully crafted music, and vivid lyrics delivered by a seasoned vocal pro. These sonic traits alone would be enough to inspire the listener to replay the single over and over again, but the tracks contain so much more. The rhythm section of Cache Tolman and Jamison Wilkins pound the sounds straight into your head with a solid prog-metal sincerity. With hard rock hooks aplenty, these two tracks would be worthy of a portion of your music buying budget, which brings me to best news of all—the single is available for free download at Terrance's own website: terrancedh.com. A stellar deal for a fantastic couple of songs. —James Bennett

Various Artists

Circus Brown's Snackbox

KRCL 90.9 FM

Street: 07.01

Circus Brown = KRCL DJ who spins on Saturday Nights, 10pm-1am

Circus Brown is a power player in the realm of local music and his self-released compilation of his favorite live cuts from his show, *Not a Sideshow*, on KRCL is added testament to that legacy. *Circus Brown's Snackbox* begins with a driving early 90s rock track by the Silent Sevens and proceeds to continued higher ground by roaming through such notable Salt Lake bands such as The Rubes and Blackhole. What makes Circus' comp such a strong showing of great local music is that it not only showcases his varied taste in music but he also arranges the songs on the disc for dynamic fluency. For instance, the Vile Blue Shades track starts off a four song deep, dancy and power-packed quatrain that includes the Paper Crane Collective and Spork, hence ending a fair sampling of poppy cuts, swinging selections and punk rock that started the album off. Finally, Brown adds nice bonuses such as a secret track (not so secret anymore...), an Elbo Finn track and to top it off its recorded and mastered by Matt Mateus! Take note *City Weekly*—you just can't throw tracks in a bag and hope the whole CD turns out well. Make sure to check out Circus' show on Saturday's from 10pm to 1am. It's highly entertaining. —Erik Lopez

Various Artists

S.L.C. Rules

8ctopus

Street: 05.11

S.L.C Rules = No New York + Yes L.A. + Salt Lake Style

In 1978, Brian Eno released a compilation on Antilles Records titled, *No New York*. One of the most important documentations of the NYC no wave scene (including cuts from James Chance and the Contortions, Teenage Jesus & the Jerks and others), *No New York* inspired the West Coasters at Dangerhouse Records to release their own left-coast version of the underground compilation amply titled, *Yes L.A.* Released the following year as a parody and tribute to *No New York*, *Yes L.A.* featured early tracks from influential West Coast punk bands like The Germs and X. An interesting aspect about this release is that the album artwork had no discernable track order. Unless you were really familiar with the bands, it was difficult to discern what track was from which band. Insert 2007, Utah's Eli Morrison of 8ctopus Records compiles his own tribute to the unofficial record series with *S.L.C. Rules*—using orphaned tracks from his label's roster. *S.L.C. Rules'* packaging follows the precedent of *Yes L.A.* (except for the format, CD not vinyl), complete with the indiscernable track order. The compilation showcases some of SLC's coolest bands: Subrosa, Vile Blue Shades, Wolfs, Corleones, Morlocks, Red Bennies and others. The compilation is limited to only 1,000 copies. The track from Le Force is my personal favorite. —Jon Robertson

DVD

of a now-watch-these-instruments-in-action presentation. However, whereas the former release focuses on artists who have or currently use various Moog synthesizers to push music forward

(**Meat beat Manifesto**,

Charlie Clouser, Luke Vibert), this feature stars only the veterans (ex-**The Cure's Roger O'Donnell** being the anomaly here). Alternating between interviews and performances, the film makers first question folks such as **Bernie Worrell, Keith Emerson** and **Jan Hammer** about how the late **Bob Moog's** contributions changed their lives then back up these arguments with performances from Moogfest in New York's *B.B. King Blues Club*. Unfortunately, the aforementioned artists' mystique and the interest in the art of jamming-on-a-synth-as-if-it-were-a-guitar faded years ago. We're left with crusty old men making faces – the type one makes when he's really into what he's playing – and bending mod wheels alongside an even more dated version of funk-fusion. Turntablist **DJ Logic**, performing nowhere near a Moog, provides an interesting angle to Worrell's set, but he's inevitably overshadowed by Bernie's solo lines (played, oddly enough, on a Kurzweil, not a Moog!); Emerson reworks a version of his hits as potential energy drips off an untouched immense modular synth behind him. Hammer's enthusiasm oozes and hair flies with each squelch and arpeggiation, but it isn't enough to save this movie. With lackluster performances and nothing more than superficial anecdotes (and no extras), this DVD is a highly disappointing and rather insulting so-called homage to a great man. Stick with the prequel. –*Dave Madden*

Space: 1999, the Complete Series -- 30th Anniversary Edition

Gerry Anderson
A&E Television
Street: 07.31

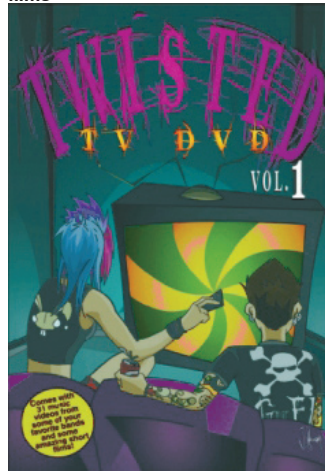
Following on the footsteps of demise of the original **Star Trek**, Anderson hoped to produce a television show that would fill the void of "deep space" that **Star Trek's** conclusion left. *Space: 1999* tries to tell the story of a group of people stuck on a space station that is suddenly cut-off from Earth after a nuclear explosion on the moon. The first season does a good, but not great job, of being engaging but definitely doesn't fill the big shoes that **Star Trek** left. It lacks emotionally charged characters and the story tends to get bogged down in metaphysical themes of living in space. Season two does an even worse job by trying to be more comedic, taking a sharp turn in the story for no reason and generally just being silly. Fortunately, where *Space: 1999* does excel, and why it is worth purchasing, is for its great art production and set design. While this 17 DVD megaset is a lot of *Space: 1999* for anyone but the most die-hard of fans, if you could find the first season

on DVD, I would highly suggest picking that up. Season two is disappointing at best. –*Erik Lopez*

Twisted DVD Volume One

Go Kart Records

Street: 04.24
Twisted DVD Volume One = Mucho bands and music + mucho short films



As far as music DVDs go, Twisted Volume One doesn't stand out as something that should continue on to a volume two. There are a rather wide variety of music videos ranging from bands like **Amber Pacific** to **Ramallah**. I'm sure the wide range of music is marketing from the folks at Go Kart, hoping they will get the sales of many different music listeners. But instead of it adding to the quality of the DVD, it distracts from a cohesive flow and mood in the types of music exhibited. I didn't find anything the least bit interesting about watching an array of randomly selected music videos of so many various types of music. Individually, some of the videos are decent, but none are spectacular and, really, could you expect spectacular production from independent bands on a low budget? Then there are the short films...which are 95 percent worthless. The standout films include a decent documentary called "The Ramones and I," which includes vintage live Ramones footage and also all three of the "You Have Bad Taste In Music," films showing a man dressed in a cape and a helmet who goes to concerts and ridicules fans of bands like **Hoobastank, Linkin Park** and **Story of The Year**. Twisted is a mindless DVD with mindless entertainment at best. –*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Wired For Sound - A Guitar Odyssey

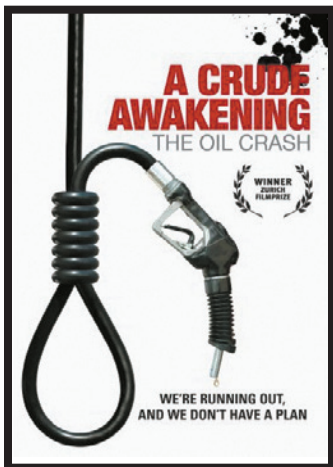
Mpi Home Video
Street: 06.26

Wired For Sound documents the role of the **Gibson** guitar throughout the evolution of rock music. Through interviews and a dash of live music we see how from the very beginning of its blossoming from the blues, rock has been intrinsically bound to the Gibson guitar. The interviewees are a diverse and well-qualified bunch; from **Tom Petty** and **Robert Krieger** all the way to **Tony Iommi** and **Steve Perry** and back to **Travis Tritt**. They all tell slightly entertaining stories about themselves and

A Crude Awakening: The Oil Crash

Basil Gelpke, Ray Mccormack

Docurama
Street: 05.24.06



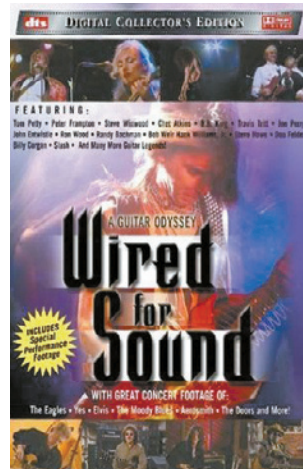
"Oil is the devil's excrement," is the rather off the cuff remark kicking off this documentary about the world's oil crisis, a phenomena which the film says will reduce modern civilization to a nearly stone age level in the next few decades. Mostly made up of interviews with various energy consultants, former oil company execs, and concerned senators all painting a fatalistic picture for when the world's hydro carbons are eventually depleted, it also briefly touches on wars generated over the need for this indispensable resource. Particularly interesting was old footage of an interview with **M. K. Hubbard**, a man practically excommunicated by the scientific community for his prediction that America's oil reserves would eventually peak. His prediction has since proved remarkably prescient, though similar contemporary estimates for global reserves are still generally ignored. Though not as dramatic, the film's subject matter is more frightening than *Sicko*, warning of an impending stock market crash similar to that of the 1930s, a future when only the wealthiest tenth of one percent will be able to afford car and air travel. Get a jump on your fellow consumers and invest in a horse and buggy early. –*Makena Walsh*

Moogfest 2006 Live

MVD Visual

Street: 07.17

Moogfest 2006 Live serves as a sequel of sorts to the 2004 feature, *Moog* – sort



how much they love guitars and even do a little bit of playing for the camera. I'm pretty sure they were primed a bit to never mention the 'F' word (**Fender**) because they all hold Gibson guitars during the interview and never mention that other brand that was so very present during the same time period. Despite the rather commercial flavor this biased angle gives the video fans of classic rock will find a lot to watch and appreciate here. However, there is one problem that I cannot forgive with this film. They forgot **Jimmy Page**. Ok, I'm guessing that nobody forgot Jimmy, I'm sure he told them to go wank themselves when he was approached about the film, but doesn't that basically sink the whole idea? Go ahead and pretend like nobody has heard of a Stratocaster if you wish, and go ahead and pretend that the guitarist from **Hootie and the Blowfish** is someone whose opinion we give a shit about, but for fuck's sake don't make a damned movie about the Gibson guitar and rock and roll and pretend like **Jimmy Page** didn't single handedly make the **Les Paul** the rock guitar of the twentieth century. –*Jesse Kennedy*

Your Mommy Kills Animals

Curt Johnson

Street: 2007

Don't be fooled by the title; this is not another "shockumentary" exploiting animals even further by showing horrible abuse footage. It is not an ad for vegetarianism, PETA or anything of the sort. **Your Mommy Kills Animals** actually exposes companies like PETA and other "animal loving" corporations for bad business and animal practices. Most importantly, the documentary discusses the downfall of free speech and other rights that are fast disappearing in this country. Did you know animal rights activists are the number one terrorist threat within our borders? Well, according to our good 'ole boy Bush they are and some of the activists detailed within are currently serving prison terms and million dollar fines for merely reporting on extremist activities. I give this movie three and a half molotov's. I encourage like-minded individuals to refer it to people we might know on the fringes of the pretend pop-culture pity party. If you would like to view it with myself please call Catfish 801.815.3565, maybe you can learn something and maybe even fall in love. –*Catfish Von Ludwig*

Game Reviews

By Jesse Kennedy



Beyond Good and Evil

Ubisoft

PS2

11.11.03

Action/Adventure

As the *SLUG* staff dork it is my job to spend my free moments doing a variety of fun things like reading video game magazines, clicking video game websites and watching video game television programs. Over the last few years there have been a few titles I've heard mentioned again and again as benchmarks against which newer titles are often compared. Since I've been selling myself as some kind of video game expert I figured it was my duty to do some research and bring to my loyal readers a bit about one of the greatest games you may have never heard of, *Beyond Good and Evil*.

As the game commenced, my first thoughts were that I had been tricked by some overzealous game freaks who had somehow made a game that looked like *Snow White* seem more like *Conan the Barbarian*. Cute animated characters were bouncing around like some kind of Prozac nightmare and it seemed like the protagonist spent way too much time with a hair dryer. Luckily, I'm intrigued by Prozac nightmares, so I set forth on what has been a truly one-of-a-kind adventure. *Beyond Good and Evil* may have some cute critters in the starring roles, but the story and the action could just as well be taking place in a game full of zombies and aliens.

Yes, the graphics are last generation (so what?) and the title doesn't have 'Halo' in it, but *Beyond Good and Evil* is a perfectly executed masterpiece that never got its due respect. Good writing (which includes a great plot, a feature so rare in video games that I sometimes wonder if developers intentionally leave the plot out to avoid confusing over-stimulated gamers), great settings and a fun leveling system keep the game fresh from start to finish. I don't know if there was a problem with the marketing or just the animated characters turned off the hardcore action/adventure crowd, but if you can find yourself a copy (used) do yourself a favor and jump in for a fantastic time with *Beyond Good and Evil*.



Lumines II

Buena Vista Games/QEntertainment

PSP

11.06.06

Puzzle

The *Lumines* series seems to have been brought about by the need of a more hip version of *Tetris*. Indeed *Lumines II* takes *Tetris* out of the sewing circle and into the dance halls with a slick, remixed feel that makes staring at the PSP screen the hippest thing you can do besides reading *SLUG*. As the follow-up to Buena Vista's popular title from a few years back *Lumines II* shines just as bright, even adding a few goodies to make the game-play options slightly more diverse. The heart of the game, however, remains a block-stacking blowout that is just as addictive as the first installment ever was.

Block-stacking games have been around almost as long as video games themselves. In *Tetris* the object was to complete horizontal lines, but here the object is to create two-by-two groups of the same color. Instead of the lines disappearing upon completions a vertical 'time-line' moves across the screen giving you time to add extra blocks onto your completed groups for some very satisfying combinations. The twist added by the time line is that you can chop your hard work in half if your completed sets are finished while being dissected by the time line.

Now if this game was just about stacking blocks and a time line I'm not sure anyone would really care, but what makes *Lumines II* stand apart from all of the other stackers out there are the visuals and the soundtrack. For every new song the graphics shift to a new color scheme and theme while images stream behind the playing field. Even your button pushing gets some attention in the form of triggering samples in the mix. The effect is a very fluid and addictive environment that will have you planning for big combinations like kids plan for summer break. *Lumines II* is light, quick and a perfect portable game to pick up whenever you have a few minutes to rock out with your block out.



Overlord

Triumph Studios

Xbox 360

06.27.06

Action/Adventure

You all know the story. Boy meets girl. Boy has been resurrected by a legion of devilish imps who have mistaken boy for their deceased and evil master. Girl adds a much-needed woman's touch to boy's evil fortress of tyranny. Yeah, some stories just never get old, and *Overlord* is just such a story, but brings to the table a new concept in game play that I must admit is not only fun, but makes choosing evil feel better than ever before.

Throughout the game you will control your minion, a herd of little evildoers you create via the destruction of all things good (or at least living), either directly with the controls, or by simply pointing them in a certain direction. Your minions will then unleash a wave of destruction that is both mesmerizing and hilarious. Enemies are swarmed, loot is pillaged and sheep are harvested for their yummy souls — all with the slightest gesture by the *Overlord*. Occasionally you may have to unsheathe your sword and give some support to the little fellers, but for the most part they just need your guidance to get them through. There are four minions that become available to you throughout the game, each with a different power and corresponding color and each with a tactical use in the game.

There's not much to complain about with *Overlord*; the graphics are awesome, the story is compelling enough to keep you coming back and the minion will have you laughing at the screen. One thing that I've been particularly impressed with is the sheer coolness of the levels you must traverse. There's a cool *Diablo* feel to the levels (minus the loot) although you won't have to do nearly as much slashing on your own with *Overlord*. There's a few times when you are required to pull off some precision minion control and the controls for this can be tricky or even stupid, but for the most part this game has surprised me as one of my favorite new games of the summer.

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Pirates



By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

Alright, so it's been a while since I wrote a *SLUG* article that I didn't put in a fair amount of effort into. The last time I did that was when I wrote that story about turtles and how cool I think they are. And most people seemed to actually like that article anyway. But this month I have reasons for my lackadaisical effort.

The first reason for my lackadaisical effort is because issue #8 of my zine, *Leviathan*, drops this month and I've been cramming it full of awesome shit and honestly kind of neglecting my *SLUG* duties. Get a hold of me for an issue, bitch!

The second reason is that the *SLUG* editorial staff has asked me to write on the topic of pirates, because there is a day in the month of September that is *National Talk-Like-a-Pirate Day* [September 19th] or some shit like that. This confused me for a couple reasons: did they want me to write about yo-ho pirates or the real-life, dangerous Somalian pirate clan? And can I possibly use 900 words of text on an article describing to people how and why to talk like a pirate?

Are — I mean aarr! — people really going to do this? Dress up like **Johnny Depp** and mumble like a bum who just slammed a bottle of **Early Times**? Like, are kids really going to go get a cup of coffee and look a beautiful barista in the face and order a double latté in a goddamned pirate voice? Did pirates even drink double lattés? Or are people really going to talk to their parents and bosses and shit in this stupid voice?

I personally feel that this pirate shit is more played out than **Will Smith**. Like pirate flags on porches? What the fuck does that mean? "Stay off my goddamn lawn! I buried a treasure somewhere down there!" Have any of these pirate people even been on a boat before?

I'm all about seeing people take shit to the next level and seeing how close we are to a big smelly lake, I see no reason why somebody can't just step up this whole pirate imitation thing. I think it would be cool if you and your crew nailed together your old skateboard decks, stole some booty from Sears, paddled out to Antelope Island and buried it while you drank grog all day.

And do you know what grog is? It's like some of the grossest shit in the world to drink. I think the closest thing to grog these days is prison punch, that shit inmates make in their toilets out of rotten fruit and hairspray and then get hammered.

I think I'll celebrate this pirate holiday in my own fashion. I'll call it *Drink-a-Bottle-of-Captain-Morgan Day*. I have about one or two of these days a year anyway, where I drink a bottle of Captain Morgan as fast as I can. I might as well try to register it as a national holiday. I think it has a nice ring to it and people would dig it. And it's somewhat pirate-themed.

So I just did some research on *National Talk Like a Pirate Day*, and it coincidentally falls on the same day as *National Punch-a-Dude-Who's-Talking-Like-a-Pirate-in-the-Face Day*. This holiday sounds much more fun. Which one will you celebrate?

Do you think that pirates have or had a *National Talk-Like-a-Land-Lubber Day*? And what would that sound like? Did pirates have their own sets of shitty jokes about un-pirates that they would tell in bad land-lubber voices? Someone could write a book on that.

I also wonder how pirates feel about the unfair stereotype that they are primarily homosexual. I also wonder how homosexuals feel about the unfair stereotype that they are or were once pirates?

I wonder if Pirates smoked weed? I mean, they were all up in the Caribbean and shit. I wonder which pirate puffed the toughest?

This whole article has me perplexed. I think I'm going to start my Captain Morgan holiday right away. If anyone can answer any of the questions posed in this article please let me know. And watch your fat asses out for the *Leviathan* #8, and don't ask me for back issues.

The Daily Calendar

Friday, September 7

Big John Bates and the Voodoo Dollz, Mike D and Thee Loyal Bastards – *Burt's*
Luke Shaw – *Rumours*
RAW, General Malice, Illoom, Merrill – *Urban*
Peter Frampton – *Peppermill*
Four Corners, Mark & Wayne – *Zanzibar*
Vanessa Shuput – *Alchemy*
Eleventh Hour, Balance of Power, Adapt, 3Reasons – *Vegas*
School of Rock: Neil Young – *Mo's*
School of Rock: Funk & Reggae – *Circuit*
The Precinct – *Addicted*
Stella Brass, The Wolfs – *Monk's*
Loom, The Lionelle, InCamera, Chaz Prymek – *Kilby*
Far-Less, Lorieta Sound, Vol Suetra – *Avalon*
Kristy Kruger – *Nobrow*
Cross Eyed Slut, Dead City Lights – *Broken Record*
Soul Redemption, Daverse, Natural Roots – *Liquid Joe's*
Stephen Trimble Book Signing – *Ken Sander's*
Weird Al Yankovic – *State Fair*

Saturday, September 8

Merciless Death, The Obliterate Plague – *Red Light*
Dokken, Aerial Shadow – *Suede*
School of Rock: Neil Young – *Mo's*
Pirk-Q-Laters – *Bar Deluxe*
Paper Mache – *Addicted*
Anger As Art, At Home in Hell, Adjacent to Nothing, Necrophacus, Hooga – *Vegas*
Four Corners – *Zanzibar*
School of Rock: Funk & Reggae – *Circuit*
VHS or BETA, Walter Meego, Jessica Something Jewish – *Urban*
Avenues Street Fair – *Between I and N Street*
Julian Moon – *Alchemy*
The Bergs – *Johnny's*
Los Lobos – *Peppermill*
Patter Stats, The Lionelle, The Future of the Ghost, Reubens Accomplice – *Kilby*
Dashboard Confessional, The Format, Toad the Wet Sprocket, Piebald, Limebec, Steel Train, Stella Brass – *Thanksgiving Point*
Meat – *Dawg Pound*
Still Remains, Offered No Escape, Darling You Should Be Ashamed, Separation of Self, Hermione – *Avalon*
Roller Derby: Salt City Shakers vs Slamazons – *Olympic Oval*
The Goddamn Gallows, The Triggers, Spooky Deville, Die Monster Die – *Burt's*

Sunday, September 9

People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Suicide Silence, Despised Icon, See You Next Tuesday, Winds of Plague – *Club NVO*
Slippery Kittens Auditions – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Ronnie – *Tony's*
Crackpot Comedy Tour – *Mo's*

Monday, September 10

Doug and Andrea Peacock – *Ken Sander's*
David Allen Coe – *Suede*
Paleo, Libbie Linton – *Kilby*
Modest Mouse, Rilo Kiley, Matt Costa – *McKay Events*
The Jinx, Chudda, Operation Wrong – *Burt's*

Tuesday, September 11

Keith Urban, The Wreckers – *Energy Solutions*
Badgrass, The Borkum Riffs – *Monk's*
Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
Mayorial Primary Election – *Your Polling Place!*
Uncle Kracker, Grand Funk Railroad – *Fairgrounds*
The Thieves, Big Gun Baby, Composition B, Tough Tittie – *Burt's*

Wednesday, September 12

Gary Allan – *Fairgrounds*
Jennifer Gentle, The Dodo's – *Urban*
Trashed Idols – *Bar Deluxe*
Muse, Juliet and the Licks – *McKay Events*
Okkervil River, Damien Jurado – *Kilby*
Rise Against, Silverstein, Comeback Kid – *Saltair*
The Academy Is, Armor for Sleep, The Rocket Summer, Sherwood – *In the Venue*
Sister Wives, No Appliance, Lost by Reason, Erin Schester – *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, September 13

Patsy Ohio, Salt Town Greasers – *Burt's*
Charles Potts – *Ken Sander's*
Mankind is Obsolete, Tragic Black, Redemption – *Vegas*
Kno It Alls – *Monk's*
Slaymaker Hill – *Piper Down*
Mark & Wayne Duo – *Zanzibar*
Bronwen Beecher the Fiddle Preacher – *Alchemy*
Brian Jonestown Massacre, Dimmer – *Urban*
Planes Mistaken for Stars, Kingdom of Magic, White Hot Ferrarri – *Broken Record*
Black Rebel Motorcycle Club – *In the Venue*
SheDAISY – *Fairgrounds*

Friday, September 14

Jack's Mannequin, RX Bandits, Straylight Run, The Format – *U of U*
Downfall, Relevent, Vertabraek, Oxido Republica – *Vegas*
Eric McFadden Trio – *Bar Deluxe*
Mary Tebbis – *Alchemy*
Poetica, Minmae, Drew Grow, Sunfalls on Echoes – *Kilby*
Invisibal Rays, Handsome Sandles – *Broken Record*
Localized: Bob Log III, Pink Lightnin', The Electric Space Jihad – *Urban*
Sara Caldiero-Oertli, Melissa Bond – *Ken Sander's*
The Radiators – *Suede*
School of Rock – *Utah State Fair*
School of Rock: Police – *Mo's*
Four Corners, Denson Angulo Group – *Zanzibar*
Pep Love & Casual – *Monk's*
Rocky Votolato – *Velour*
Shooter Jennings, Scott Miller and the Commonwealth – *Depot*
Dionne Warwick – *Peppermill*
School of Rock: U2 – *Circuit*
Jack Jones, Dirty Copper – *Liquid Joe's*
The Sensations, House of Cards – *Burt's*
Jordan Pruitt – *Fairgrounds*

Saturday, September 15

Ghastly Hatchling, Dead Yeti, Gudgeguh – *Red Light*
Ivan Neville's Dumpstaphunk – *Suede*
School of Rock: U2 – *Circuit*
Aldo – *Tony's*

Vile Blues Shades – Burt's

Marshal Paul – *Johnny's*
Slippery Kittens, Salt Town Greasers – *Bar Deluxe*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
The Miranda Project, One Theory, Aghori, Run the Red – *Vegas*
School of Rock: Police – *Mo's*
After the Party – *Alchemy*
Stereotype – *Urban*
Wasatch Jazz Quintet – *Zanzibar*
Mesa Drive, The Brobecks, Kid Theodore, Mick Croon – *Kilby*
Frank Sinatra Jr. – *Peppermill*
The Richard Thompson Band – *Depot*
Editors, Biffy Clyro, Ra Ra Riot – *In the Venue*
Martin Vest, Sandy Anderson, Andy Hoffman, Willis Clow, The Chisholm Brothers – *Ken Sander's*

Sunday, September 16

The New Frontiers, Deas Vail, Lost Ocean – *Solid Ground*
People's Market – *International Peace Garden*
Maserati, Black Moth Super Rainbow, Dimestore Psychopath – *Urban*
Forget Cassettes, Polaroid Kiss, Dear Stranger – *Monk's*
Sixer – *Bar Deluxe*
The Birthday Massacre, School Yard Heroes, Redemption – *Avalon*

Monday, September 17

David Richards, Jordan Cloward, Jordan Young, Alex – *Circuit*
A Cassandra Utterance, Sackcloth and Ashes – *Burt's*
The Only Children, 1090 Club, Band of Annuals, Forest World – *Kilby*
YO Majesty, Deadbeats, Mindstate – *Urban*

Tuesday, September 18

The Vibrators, The Willkills, Numbskull – *Burt's*
Damien Rice – *McKay Events*
Knuckledragger – *Monk's*
Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
Robert Fulghum – *Sam Weller's*
The Gunshy, Band of Annuals, The Sweater Friends, The Black Eyed Susans – *Kilby*
Dogflesh, All Systems Fail – *Red Light*

Wednesday, September 19

Yellowman – *Suede*
Guster – *McKay*
Josh Rouse – *Urban*
Helmet – *Avalon*
Paper Mache, The Logan, The Yearbook, The Middle End – *Kilby*
Pirate Party: Cavedoll, Spork, Laserfang, Vile Blue Shades – *Bar Deluxe*
John Rouse, Jason Collett – *In the Venue*
Megatank, Pleasant Murder Story, Sunfall on Echoes – *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, September 20

Sinead O' Connor – *Capitol Theatre*
Qui – *Urban*
Gino Sky – *Ken Sander's*
Ronny Monore, Ashen Legacy, The Street, Rage For Order – *Vegas*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Blues on First Trio – *Zanzibar*
Strangers Die Every Day, Lisa Papineau – *Kilby*
Shake Appeal – *Broken Record*
Umbrellas, Lydia, Zookeeper, Paxtin – *Solid Ground*
The Last of the V8s, Thunderfist, The Last Vegas – *Burt's*
Mountain Dew AST Tour – *Energy Solutions*

Friday, September 21

Mountain Dew AST Tour – *Energy Solutions*
Joint Art Show, Gentry Densley – *Ken Sander's*
Kettle Black – *Alchemy*
Vile Blue Shades – *Fairgrounds*
Black Chandelier Art Walk Studio Party – *Black Chandelier Studio*
School of Rock: Beach Party – *Mo's*
Engelbert Humperdinck – *Peppermill*
Bomb the Beehive – *South Jordan Skate Park*
Gallery Stroll – *Pierpont and Broadway*
Ask the Dust, Subrosa – *Broken Record*
Separation of Self, Beyond This Flesh, Still-Born, Cave of Roses – *Vegas*
Four Corners, Return of Willis Clow – *Zanzibar*
Two Gallants, Blitzzen Trapper, Songs For Moms – *Kilby*
Erin Livingston, Big Poppa E, Clarence Von Lipkenstein, Alex Cadiero – *Orange*

School of Rock: Rolling Stones – *Circuit*
 Bob Moss Art Exhibit: Bob Moss,
 Christian Johanssen, Coyote Hoods,
 Blue Lotus – *Addicted*
 The Fucking Champs, Birds of Avalon,
 Le Force – *Urban*
 The Street, Tommy Had A Vision –
Liquid Joe's
 Kevin Elliot and the Broken,
 Melodramus, Postcards Home – *Burt's*

Saturday, September 22
 Roller Derby: Death Dealers vs. TBA –
Olympic Oval
 School of Rock: Rolling Stones – *Circuit*
 School of Rock: Beach Party – *Mo's*
 John Draper Blues – *Alchemy*
 Spencer Nielsen, Kevin Burdick –
Tony's
 Este Pizza Benefit: Afro Omega, The
 Body – *Urban*
 Lil' Bit & the Customatics – *Pat's*
 Chris Hough Jazz Band – *Zanzibar*
 Dying Rest Theory, The Rise of
 Phantoms, Darling You Should be
 Ashamed, The Carriage, The Manor –
Addicted
 DJ Ethics, Nico Caliente – *Johnny's*
 Karl Blau, Patter Slats, The Precinct,
 Navigator – *Kilby*
 Engelbert Humperdinck – *Peppermill*
 Self Expression Music, Numbs,
 Theknaitalls, Kaotic & the Va Click,
 Bomb City, The Mugshots, Mak
 Demon, The Opposit, 801 Intentions,
 Mindstate, 801 Family, Lost Tribe –
Avalon
 Open Mic – *Cup of Joe*
 The Gore Gore Girls, Azon, Few's &
 Two – *Burt's*
 Mountain Dew AST Tour – *Energy*
Solutions

Sunday, September 23
 Mountain Dew AST Tour – *Energy*
Solutions
 Alex Diaz – *Alchemy*
 People's Market – *International Peace*
Garden

Monday, September 24
 Plastic Parachute, The Precinct, Dacho
 – *Burt's*
 Rick Bass – *Ken Sander's*
 George Thorogood & the Destroyers
 – *Depot*
 Days of the New, Adjacent to Nothing,
 Eleventh Hour, Killing Carolyn – *Vegas*
 The Donnas, Thunderfist – *Avalon*
 Blaqk Audio – *In the Venue*

Tuesday, September 25
 Mostly Bears, Todd Deatherage, Sage
 Road, Epic Drop – *Kilby*
 Ted Dancin' – *Urban*
 Renny Russell – *Ken Sander's*
 The New Pornographers, The Awkward
 Stage, Lavender Diamond – *Depot*

Wednesday, September 26
 Arcade Fire, LCD Soundsystem –
Thanksgiving Point
 Melodramus, Laughter, Devine Wright
 – *Kilby*
 Cracker – *Urban*
 Monochrist, Amber Alert, Vox Carnage
 – *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, September 27
 Lebanon, Accidente – *Red Light*
 Mark & Wayne Duo – *Zanzibar*
 Satalitte Party, MINK – *In the Venue*
 2 ½ White Guys – *Piper Down*
 Rosalie Sorrels – *Ken Sander's*
 Creature – *Urban*
 Prize Country, Accidente, Lebenon,
 Loom – *Burt's*

Friday, September 28
 Spleen, Night of the Living Rednecks
 – *Burt's*
 Fashion Stroll – *Broadway*
 James Shook – *Bar Deluxe*
 Matt Smith – *Alchemy*
 Brian Kenny Fresno – *Monk's*
 Four Corners, Emilee Floor Jazz Band
 – *Zanzibar*
 The Smashing Pumpkins, The Bravery
 – *McKay Events*
 Everton Blender – *Suede*
 Lipstick Films Premiere – *OSH Building*
U of U
 Robert Earl Keen – *Depot*
National Cornbread Eating
Championships: Pink Lightin' – Pat's
BBQ
 Black Mountain, The Cave Singers –
Kilby
 Kenny Rodgers – *Peppermill*
 School of Rock: Motown – *Mo's*
 The Future of the Ghost, Cub Country,
 Dead Point Horse – *Urban*
 Charles Bowden – *Ken Sander's*
 I am the Ocean, Clifton – *Broken Record*
 Neon Trees – *Liquid Joe's*
 Since We Last Spoke Film Premier –
Hard Rock

Saturday, September 29
 The Fishnet Stalkers, Shackleton –
Burt's
 Aaron Lewis – *Peppermill*
 Blues on First – *Zanzibar*
 School of Rock: Motown – *Mo's*
 Sprok, Top Dead Celebrity, Subrosa –
Bar Deluxe
 Slajo – *Kilby*
 Pink Traktor – *Tony's*
 Andrea & Eric – *Alchemy*
 Mugshots – *Urban*
 The Brobecks, Seve vs. Evan, Broke
 City, In:Aviate – *Avalon*
 Fry Sauce, Wood Carver and the Hard
 Hearted, Stone Jetty – *Suede*

Sunday, September 30
 People's Market – *International Peace*
Garden
 Steadyground – *Burt's*

Monday, October 1
 Sling Shot 57, Turn Left Here – *Solid*
Ground
 Numbers, Vile Blue Shades – *Urban*
 Low Red Land – *nobrow*
 Holly Golightly & the Brokeoffs, Kid
 Theodore, Poppy and Green – *Kilby*
 The Throbbing Hotrods, The
 Boomsticks – *Burt's*

Tuesday, October 2
 Mute Math – *In the Venue*
 Low Red Land – *Monk's*
 Modern State, Heart Pharmacy – *Kilby*
 The Legendary Shack Shakers,
 Charley Horse, The Utah County
 Swillers – *Burt's*

Wednesday, October 3
 National Custodial Worker Day – *Your*
Job!

Thursday, October 4
 Saves the Day, Single File, Dr.
 Manhattan – *Kilby*

Friday, October 5
 Larusso, Allred, Take the Fall, Mesa
 Drive – *Solid Ground*
 Casket Salesman, Sound of Urchin,
 Chris Black – *Burt's*
 Paul Rodgers – *Peppermill*
Pick Up the New SLUG – Anyplace
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Thursday 13th: Mark & Wayne Duo

Thursday 20th: Blues on 1st Trio

Thursday 27th: Mark & Wayne Duo

Sundays: Open Mic & Ipod

September (\$5 Cover)

Sat. 1st: Straight No Chaser

Fri. 7th: Double Band Night!!!

(6pm-9pm): Four Corners (Jazz)

(9:30pm-12:30am): Mark & Wayne

Sat. 8th: Four Corners

Fri. 14th: Double Band Night!!!

(6pm-9pm): Four Corners (Jazz)

(9:30pm-12:30am): Denson Angulo Group

Sat. 15th: Wasatch Jazz Quintet

Fri. 21th: Double Band Night!!!

(6pm-9pm): Four Corners (Jazz)

(9:30pm-12:30am): Return of Willis Clow!

Sat. 22nd: Chris Hough Jazz Band

Fri. 28th: Double Band Night!!!

(6pm-9pm): Four Corners (Jazz)

(9:30pm-12:30am): Emilee Floor Jazz Band

Sat. 29th: Blues on 1st



SEPTEMBER CALENDAR

7= VANESSA SHUPUT & FRIENDS

8= JULIAN MOON (16 YR OLD SONGWRITER)

13= BRONWEN BEECHER THE FIDDLE PREACHER

14= MARY TEBBS

15= AFTER THE PARTY (LOCAL PHENOM'S WITH THEREMIN & PROJECTION SHOW)

18TH= MONIQUE

21= KETTLE BLACK

22= JOHN DRAPER BLUES

23= ALEX DIAZ (FROM FLORIDA)

28= MATT SMIT (FROM ELEPHANTE)

29= ANDREA & ERIC

ALL-AGES • FREE • SHOWS START 7-30PM

TUESDAY= OPEN MIC NIGHT 7-9=30PM

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Kilby Court Calendar - September 2007

04-Bald Eagle \$6 adv/\$7 door

05-Dirty Projectors, Yacht, Grizzly Prospector \$7/\$8

06-The One Twenties \$6

07-Loom, The Lionelle, Chaz Prymek, InCamera \$7

08-Patter Stats, The Lionelle, The Future of the Ghost, Reubens Accomplice, Standing Solo (7pm!) \$6 adv/\$7 door

10-Paleo, Libbie Linton \$6/\$7

12-okkervil River, Damien Jurado \$8/\$10

14-poetica, Minmae, Drew Grow, Sunfall on Echoes \$6/\$7

15-Mesa Drive (cd Release), The Broecks, Kid Theodore, Nick Croon \$6/\$7

17-The Only Children, 1090 Club, Band of Annuals, Forest World \$7adv/\$7 door

18-The Gunshy, Band of Annuals, The Sweater Friends, Black Eyed Susans \$6/\$7

19-Paper Maché, The Logan, The Yearbook, The Middle End \$6/\$7

20-Strangers Die Every Day, Lisa Papineau \$6/\$7

21-Two Gallants, Blitzen Trapper, Songs for Moms \$8/\$10

22-Karl Blau, Patter Stats, The Precinct, Navigator \$7/\$8

25-Mostly Bears, Todd Deatherage, Sage Road, Epic Drop \$6/\$7

26-Melodramus, Laughter, Devine Wright \$6/\$6

28-Black Mountain, The Cave Singers (mbros of Pretty Girls Make Graves) \$8

29-Slajo, t.b.a. \$6

OCTOBER

01-Holly Golightly & the Brokeoffs, Kid Theodore, Poppy & Green \$8/\$10

02-Modern State, Heart Pharmacy

04-Saves the Day, Single File, Dr. Manhattan



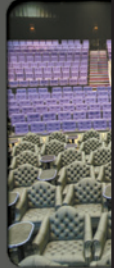
Shows start at 7:30 pm unless Noted.

Kilby Court is All Ages @ 741 South 330 West. Tickets @ [slowtrain.com](http://www.slowtrain.com) & [24tix.com](http://www.24tix.com) / www.kilbycourt.com

Peppermill

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for Members

New Wednesday Nights:

UPSTAIRS:

*Playing all things alternative!
Alternative/Indie/Rock/Electroclash/
New wave. Some of the bands you
can expect to hear: Muse, Kaiser
Chiefs, Shiny toy guns, Depeche
Mode, Nine Inch Nails, Hot Hot
Heat, Bloc Party, The Rapture,
Prodigy, The White Stripes,
Modest Mouse, The Hives,
Franz Ferdinand, The Cure,
The Smiths, The Pixies, Ima
Robot ... And Much More!*

DOWNSTAIRS:

*"Klub Karaoke" Provided by
Spotlight Entertainment*

COVER: \$3 before 10pm,
\$5 After, LADIES FREE Until
11pm!

DRINK SPECIALS:

\$2 Pints, \$6 Pitchers,
\$4.50 Jager Bombs





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 RENNY RUSSELLI
 WILL BAGLEY
 STEPHEN TRIMBLE
 ANDREA PEACOCK
 DOUG PEACOCK
 CHARLES POTTS
 MELISSA BOND
 SARA CALDIERO-
 OERTLI
 TRENT HARRIS
 WILLIS CLOW
 CHISHOLM
 BROTHERS
 MARTIN VEST
 SANDY ANDERSON
 ANDY HOFFMANN
 GENTRY DENSLEY
 RICK BASS
 ROSALIE SORRELS
 SCOTT CARRIER
 ALEX CALDIERO
 CHARLES BOWDEN
 EDWARD BATEMAN
 R.P. BISSLAND
 LAURA FISHER
 LEIA BELL
 TRENT CALL
 SRI WHIPPLE
 FRANK MCINTIRE
 NEIL PASSEY
 JENKYN POWELL
 MARK KNUDSEN
 LESLIE KNUDSEN
 JANN HAWORTH
 LIBERTY BLAKE
 CAREL PETER
 BREST VAN KEMPEN
 SUSAN MAKOV
 JULIE HICKSON
 TRENT ALVEY
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