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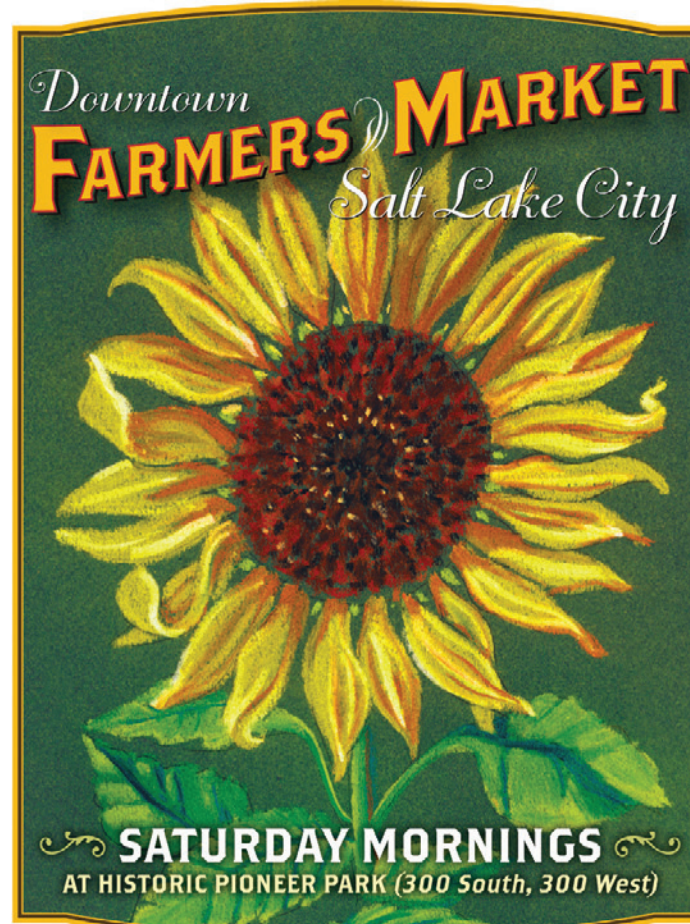
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Bethany Fischer Writer/Photographer



Bethany Fischer or "B" is a force to be reckoned with—whether she be shooting photos, writing hip hop reviews or putting nerdy businessmen in their place for making snotty remarks about her tattoos. Bubbly, energetic, passionate and fierce, Fischer, a photographer by trade, first came to SLUG one year ago. Despite her mad skills with a camera, SLUG put her to work writing hip hop reviews, eventually interviewing GZA for our Jan. 2010 issue.

This month we put Fischer to work on the Doomtree cover story—the largest project she's undertaken since joining the SLUG staff. B's photography has sporadically been featured in SLUG as well as on URB.com, XXL.com, City Weekly, and on the album covers for Little Brother and Opio. Check out more of Fischer's work at patirphotography.com, where you can buy prints, schedule an appointment with B, or just look at a bunch of her awesome photos. Fischer's photos will also be on display at Sorensen Unity Center from October to December, and keep an eye out for her annual show "Switchin' the Hustle" sometime next year. Just make sure you stay on her good side—especially if you're at a Citizen Cope concert.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickfaces,
So, I have a request, and I dont think it too unreasonable, though maybe it is. Heres why I write; first, some disclaimer: I was not raised in this wonderful little valley so you may find my opinions to be irrelevant. This would not surprise me, given what I am about to complain about. Though I have some hope a few other adjectives may come to mind, such as 'objective' or 'insightful'... maybe not. Anyways.....

Salt lake.. Not a whole lot of alternative publications going on. Regarding that, I really enjoy and appreciate slug. I like it when I'm not forced the same shit everyone else is eating [cityweekly]. But wait.. there exists here a paradox.. Slug, however awesome, caters almost specifically to the metal/hc/punk/indie/diy/hipster crowd.. I aint hatin.. I just choose not to confine myself to any one form of existence or expression. Hopefully my concerns are becoming a little more clear here. Let me just come out and say it: Please stop being biased on -at least- your event listings. Slug is totally awesome and has the largest potential reach for the 'alternative' communities in Salt lake. It would be really great if you guys could stand up and truly embrace the 'underground', in all its events, shows, gatherings, etc. I don't expect the writing/interviews etc. to suddenly include some local artists not in a traditional band, but please throw the valley a bone with the event listings. Of course there is the possibility that ya'll are truly missing more than half of what goes on in this city.. as a transplant I suppose I try to pretend that's less of a possibility.

Tired of reading 4 publications only to still miss awesome, poorly promoted events..
A.K.A. Step up your metro game, Please,

Adam

P.S. I tried my hardest to be succinct, diplomatic, and still maintain my effective point. I'm sure someone over there is still itching to shit all over this, anyways. At least I know I've tried.

Dear Adam,
I'm glad you enjoy reading SLUG, but I must confess that I really have no fucking idea what you're talking about here. I'm not saying that we're always on top of our shit when it comes to our daily calendar listings or that we know about all of the cool stuff happening in Salt Lake and beyond, but we try to be as far-reaching as possible while covering unique territory. I mean, this issue alone features interviews with groups spanning metal, hardcore, hiphop, indie, punk and electronic music, so what genres/scenes/aspects of the "underground" do you want us to cover? Are you one of those weird people who think Royal Bliss and DDJ are "underground" bands just because they play at a shitty bar that intelligent, well-adjusted people don't frequent? Are you another semi-cognizant Juggalo troll? Are you in a shitty band that can't get shows outside of your parents' garage? Seriously, tell us what we're missing here. We can't be everywhere all the time, so there's always gonna be some awesome stuff (along with a whole bunch of horrible crap) that we're gonna miss, and the only way we'll know about it is if you tell us. Feel free to email dailycalendar@slugmag.com before the twenty-fifth of every month to get whatever the fuck you're trying to promote listed in our Daily Calendar section of the mag. This is a FREE listing. If you don't send in the info, we can't print it. Thanks for the support ... I guess.

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

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BANG THE DRUM LOUDLY

AN INTERVIEW WITH
THE MELVINS' DALE
CROVER

By Gavin Hoffman reignforever666@gmail.com



Photo: Mackie Osborne

"When I joined the Melvins, they wanted someone who really pounded the drums ... (I)t was a perfect fit." – Dale Crover

For almost thirty years—and roughly as many bassists—**The Melvins** have been disgusting mainstream music listeners and blowing the faces off of their fanbase, combining the best elements of punk rock, doom/heavy metal and noise into one sonic haymaker. Drummer **Dale Crover**, with the band since 1984, handled a telephone call from yours truly in anticipation of the band's Oct. 4 show in Salt Lake City.

SLUG: How long have you been playing, and what initially inspired you to pick the drums?

Dale Crover: I started playing in 1978, I think. I was friends with a guy who played guitar—he went on to play in **Metal Church**—and he talked me into buying a drum set. It was a "Hey, you should buy a drum set so we can jam" type of a thing. I was already interested in drums, and music as a whole, but that kind of sealed it for me.

SLUG: Was the Melvins the first full-time band you played in?

Crover: I actually was in a band that played a radio show with the Melvins. It was a Christmas time fundraiser-type show for mentally handicapped kids in the Aberdeen, Washington area, and it was open for bands to come down and donate their time. We showed up, and the Melvins were there. I thought they were amazing. They were doing their own original stuff, which most bands in the area weren't doing at the time. I'd never really heard much punk rock back then. I knew about the **Mentors**, but I was more into the whole NWOBHM [New Wave of British Heavy Metal] movement—things like **Iron Maiden**, **Judas Priest** and **Motörhead**.

SLUG: How did you develop your drumming

style?

Crover: When I joined the Melvins, they wanted someone who really pounded the drums. The other bands I had been in always complained that I played too fast, so when I joined the Melvins, it was a perfect fit, and my style just developed naturally with them. All the NWOBHM drummers were already pretty heavy, and then when I heard bands like **Black Flag**—bands whose drummers were more metal in style but who played punk rock—it helped me refine my playing. We liked playing loud like most metal bands, but we didn't like all the guitar solos and such.

SLUG: Going back to 2006, why was the decision made to have two drummers in the band?

Crover: We decided to use two drummers because we didn't need two drummers, plain and simple. We had talked about it for quite a while, and we were talking to **Jared Warren** from **Big Business** about playing bass with us. As it turned out, he and **Coady Willis** (the drummer, and second half of Big Business), were thinking about moving to Los Angeles anyway, so we thought that would be a great opportunity to see if we could work with two drummers. We flew them down, and we knew right away that it'd be amazing. Coady's an excellent drummer, and because he's left-handed, we thought it would look cool. Lord knows we go by looks first ... people may actually think that when they see **Buzz**'s hair.

SLUG: Was it hard to become accustomed to having two drummers?

Crover: Not really. It just required, and still requires, practice. We both write our own parts, but we also write things together. It's great, really. He comes up with patterns and parts that I would never think of, and we bounce ideas off of each other all the time. We had done the two-drummer thing before, when we did the **Fantomas/Melvins Big Band**, so we knew it could work. We had also done tours before where we would have the opening band's drummer play the song "Amazon" with us, because I had written and recorded two drum parts for that song. We've both gotten really comfortable with each other and our playing styles, so it's become second nature, really.

SLUG: What do you attribute the Melvins' longevity to?

Crover: Well, look at the alternative: If we quit, what would we do? I don't even have a full high school education, so I couldn't get a job anywhere. I don't even remember what it's like to have a "real" job. We love what we're doing, so why would we quit, you know?

SLUG: Do you have any memories, fond or otherwise, of Salt Lake City?

Crover: It seems like almost every time we've played there, we've played in different places. The first time we played there, in 1986, I think, we played in some warehouse that some hippy guy owned. We played and people really didn't like us, and we ended up staying in the warehouse. I remember waking up in the morning to the owner blasting some terrible music, and telling us, "You know, you guys just aren't very good. You should really just break up." We got the last laugh, though. We're still around and he's not.

Check out the Melvins at the *In The Venue* in Salt Lake City on Monday, October 4.

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Laughter

ZACH HATSIIS

ANDREW ROY DRECHSEL



Photo: Peter Anderson

Localized

by Alexander Ortega
alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com

Come out to *Urban Lounge* on Saturday, Oct. 9 to rock out with inventive hardcore from **Reviver** and unearthly stoner metal from **Laughter**. **Dirty Vespuccis** will kick it off 10:00 p.m. Kids seats still just five bucks.

Infinite expanses of sand dunes propagate between two sets of face-to-face mirrors: The vertical lines of an *H*, and the intersecting lines of an *A*, both without their usual horizontal dashes. Laughter fills out the space of these abysses with a sonic landscape of ambient, contemplative guitar-work and accentual percussion. It moves to heavy power chords and drum beats that collide with the earth to support a sonorous, droning voice that culminates into a bellow. 'HA.'

This abstract topography arises from drummer Zach Hatisis' and guitarist Andrew Roy Drechsel's stoner metal project, Laughter. "I like the idea of being super desolate, but kind of like this weird reflection that goes on forever," says Hatisis. Laughter emulates this idea with a sound of fluid dynamics that range from low, down-tempo chugs and tom-strikes, to Roy's cathartic singing style, to soft plucks that kiss Hatisis' light taps of the high hat and ride—all with cogency and a symbiotic sense of rhythm. Though many get

into heavy music and metal because of an attraction to speed, Laughter plays at a steady and dense pace. Hatisis continues, "I honestly love standing in front of an amplifier when it's de-tuned guitars and you can hear the fucking noise clipping and cutting through your guts." As far as the band's name goes, Laughter looks to reshape the denotation of the word 'laughter.' "You hear the name **Pink Floyd**, and you don't think of the color pink, or a barber named Floyd," says Roy. "The music defines the name, not the other way around."

Hatisis and Roy have played together for five years. The two went to high school with each other, and attribute their friendship emerging from their common liking of **Rage Against The Machine**. When Roy left Salt Lake for awhile, Hatisis told himself, "I'm gonna learn to play drums so we can start a band when he comes back." In retrospect, Roy jokingly adds, "I think I told you to learn drums." The duo has played an assortment of genres, ranging from alternative to math rock, which has refined their talents and cultured them as musicians. Also, Laughter has gone through three bassists, none of whom could quite stick. Hatisis says, "We just wanted to keep playing, but we didn't want to find another bassist ... We've been doing it for over a year now." Not that they need it—being a two-piece works, not only musically, but logistically, as they have no need to worry about flaky people, scheduling and pulling in three-plus directions.

Hatisis and Roy reflect each other in their compositional dialogue—their mutual knack for

music theory allows them to extract the sounds from the other to complement what they write. "We have a pretty decent musical vocabulary together," says Hatisis. Roy caps it off with his deep singing style. He says, "I started singing, and then we released a CD where there was probably ten percent melodic singing and [the rest] was all just like 'BRAWH, BRAWH, BRAWH!' And then [I] just started singing again, and now that's what sounds best to us." Hatisis chips in, "It's cool not to necessarily plateau at the beginning of the song, in my opinion."

Laughter has toured the Northwest, playing in Idaho, Montana, Washington and Oregon. At home, you can often find them at *Burt's*, *Club Vegas* and *Urban Lounge*. They play with similar acts such as **INVDRS**, **Eagle Twin**, **Subrosa**, **Dwellers**, **IOTA**, **Bird Eater** and **Blackhole** but, given their musical versatility, like to play with bands in different sub-genres as well: "I honestly think that there's a shit ton of talent in Salt Lake. There are so many good bands here," says Hatisis. "It kind of kills me when I go to shows and it's like, stoner metal, stoner metal, stoner metal, like, all three bands are of the same vein. I really like it when it's split up." Roy adds, "Sometimes the bands that are the most different are the most fun to play with because people don't get worn out on the same genre all night" (which is what to expect when you walk into Urban on Oct. 9: diversity). In any situation, though, Laughter is there to throw down and saw you open. Keep your eye out for a new release from these guys coming sometime in November.

Matt Mascarenas – Vocals / Guitar
Sam Richards – Guitar
Brian Fell – Drums
Chase Griffis – Bass/Guitar
Tom Ball – Bass

Reviver is a palindrome—a group of individuals whose collaboration is greater than the sum of its parts—synergistic. You may have seen fliers for their shows on light posts, in *Gandolfo's* by the *U* or have gotten a mass text telling you about an upcoming show. Since their inception in 2007, Reviver has been on 11 tours, including three full-USA tours. They've been in Salt Lake City since June 29 of this year, which is the longest they've been home since they started playing. As a band that has proven itself to be a vibrant, hardworking element of Salt Lake's hardcore scene, vocalist Matt Mascarenas unaffectedly states, "For the most part, it's just been all of our circle of friends jamming at some time or another."

Reviver began with Mascarenas, guitarist Sam Richards, guitarist/bassist Chase Griffis and drummer Brian Fell in July of 2007. Since the beginning, the members wanted to make Reviver a full-time band. Richards says, "I'd say a lot of it [was that] we just had the desire to be in a band that was working full time as far as touring a lot. It was something we just wanted to do." Even through

various fifth members and subs filling in, the band has pushed on to play throughout the entire country. With the relatively new Tom Ball on bass, Reviver has lived up to their initial goal.

Drawing from diverse individual influences such as friends, family, **Refused**, **NOFX**, **Lifelong Tragedy** and simply being in the moment at band practice, Reviver pounds out a unified sound while maintaining each musician's respective and distinct parts. "Usually what happens is we're all just fucking around in between songs, we're just playing our own shit, and one of us will do something—and then it's like, 'Hey!' You should do that again." Says Mascarenas, "We just kind of let the song write itself." In their communal atmosphere, each member identifies the aural situation that arises and distinguishes their own musical role. Griffis says, "I just kinda learn what they're playing note for note, just rip apart what they're playing ... sometimes I'm almost playing lead parts where it stands out." Their navigation through the others' parts allows them to bounce off each part to generate a cohesive harmony.

Mascarenas' vocals provide an apex for Reviver—he alternates between raspy snarls and melodic shouts atop d-beats, buildups, breakdowns and inventive hardcore orchestration. His lyrics deal with themes that are self-referential to the band: He illustrates his and his band mates' pre-tour anxiousness and on-tour angst. "Most of [*Versificator* is] based off of where we were,

our frustrations of being home, and—of mine—almost feeling stuck." says Mascarenas', "Then, *Potential Wasteland* was a follow-up of kind of being caught between being home and being gone so much. I feel like when I wrote that, the overall vibe of our band [was that] we were all going through a bunch of unfortunate situations." In his lyrics, Mascarenas uses the term 'we' to encompass sentiments that he feels represent each member, but also uses 'I' to express ideas with which the others can empathize. Richards maintains, "When his lyrics are actually what he's going through and what the band's going through, I can fully relate to everything as if I would have written that."


Reviver exudes an altruistic vibe within itself where their sole philosophy is "just having fun and playing music," as Mascarenas puts it, "I feel that, if we were to portray anything, it's just that we're just doing what we want, when we want to do it. We toured a lot, and it was never to [be] like, 'Hey, if we tour a lot, possibly we can get big and be successful' ... We just did because we wanted to." Whether it's Griffis and Fell creating enclave projects within the band, or whether it's the whole band playing with **Gaza**, **The Lionelle** or **Despite Despair**, Reviver acts collectively and amongst friends with self-sustaining energy and fresh hardcore for SLC.

Localized. Saturday, Oct. 9, \$5. Come get maimed and slaughtered by Laughter and Reviver, with a vicious whooping by Dirty Vespuccis at 10:00 p.m.



Photo: Peter Anderson

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THATS HOW IT SHOULD BE: ROUGH SIDE OF DA TRAX



It is what it is. Millianta photo

The stench of a filthy alley drowns my lungs, and I cringe. The look of smog thick as mud in our sky fills my sight, and I cringe. The shrill of a dead hiss echoes in my ears, and I cringe. The taste of barbeque sauce and turpentine touches my tongue, and I cringe. The feeling of nothing left to lose slithers through my imagination, and I smile.

It could have been any hot summer Saturday—it should be every hot summer Saturday. We met at the newly constructed testament of the human will: *Brick and Mortar* skate shop. I was greeted by a mass of smiling friends, my extended family—a sweaty, dirty, wounded, raised-by-the-streets pack of wolves—blood brothers. The UTA Trax approached, we boarded, and anarchy ensued. Howling in derelict fashion, our presence most definitely filled every sense of every rider on that fucking train. I'm sure first came the uneasy, overwhelming, about-to-be-molested feeling (which is nothing short of the truth). Next, I'm quite positive would be the odor. Have you ever heard about the milk chicken bomb? In brief: fill a mason jar with milk and chicken, seal the lid tightly and leave it in an enemy's heating duct. Within the year, it will explode with such demonic foulness he will wish he were dead. That's how we smell in an airtight concentrated space. The sight of us must have been the only thing pleasing about us: "such handsome young men," I think they thought. And finally (the saline taste goes without saying) the last lingering virgin to be defiled was the hiss of perversion, or more specifically the ears. We are the reincarnates of salty old sea dogs that only use four letter words. "I don't know your name so I'll just call you girl," **Sean Hadley** said to a passing female commuter, and she cringed.

Our first stop was Gallivan Center, and we quickly exited train portals. The tiled Main Street footpaths sounded like a war drum as over 150 pairs of hard urethane careened over their surfaces. The first spot was these abstract bent metal sculptures right out in front of the Police station. To be honest, I never thought this place could be skated in so many ways. It was fun to watch boards banging the vibrating art. Like a magician, I won't explain the tricks, they'd lose their



Swainston photo

Pointing his way to first Feeble transfer, Holland Redd.



Every stop looked like this. Millianta photo



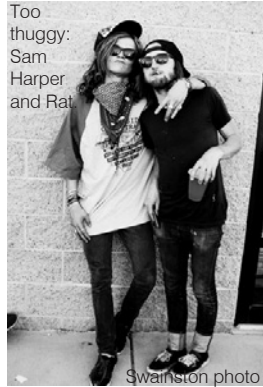
Power in numbers, Callis cruises by security as she creeps back inside. Swainston photo



Swainston photo

Fuck the flash Shamanski get the trick, Faust bs flip.

magic. I will say this: it was a rabbit out of a hat, something from nothing. Everything was new experimentation, from thought to material expression on another man's idea of art. It was short lived and we left sooner than I would have liked. Another trait of the true magician, leave them wanting more. Again, a thunderous symphony rang in my ears as the unruly mob rioted on. Stopping traffic, knocking down chairs, vandalizing planter boxes, tagging taggables, and in a whirlwind of senses we found ourselves skating a five-stair on State Street. **Seabiscuit** hippy-jumped the handrail, **Holland Redd** hard flipped, and **Stuart Callis** kicked it. "Clickity clackity" went the boards on the brick top, "smack!" went the hands high-fiving, "bling" went the chrome rails in my retinas. It was an all-out orgy



Swainston photo



Swainston photo

Sea Biscuit gets blunted, nose first.



Israel FS board, Mayrose photo

of the senses. Again we moved on, and as we rolled I wondered: "How would it be if we ruled the world?" and I don't mean we, the stinky skateboarders, I mean the "collective we." Anarchy—everyone in control of their own life—instead of one big corrupt gang running the show, everyone a part of and doing what they love. Groups of small gangs in a sense meshing as a microcosm in the macrocosm creating perfect harmony on a planetary scale. Understandably this is an idealistic belief in humankind as a creature capable of transcending silly lusts like power, money and violence. But that was just me wondering while rolling with my gigantic familia. I guess I was just feeling the brotherly love, no homo.

Words by Tully Flynn paulmillsap@yahoo.com



Brophy snaps to a quick grind. Colton photo



Colton photo



Swainston photo

Swainston you're blowing it. Where is the sequence? Penrod FS blunt BS flip out.

Again we molested the senses of unsuspecting train commuters as we raged. Gangster rap blared on the megaphone as a chant of "I thought I told ya, I'm a rough neck soldia," echoed through the guts of this synthetic snake slithering down



Bowden must be a yoga master to squat flat-footed like this on a 50 grind.

Swainston photo



Textbook tre.

Colton photo



Free flowin' through the streets, Bowden. Colton photo



Trax jam. Mayrose photo

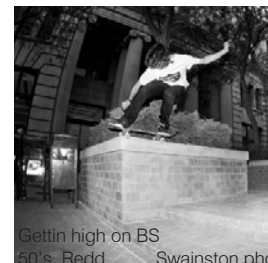


Redd sit on that BSTS for a second and just chill out, Colton photo



Shamanski are you fucking with your flashes again? Pick up your camera! Faust, switch heel.

Swainston photo



Gettin high on BS 60's, Redd. Swainston photo



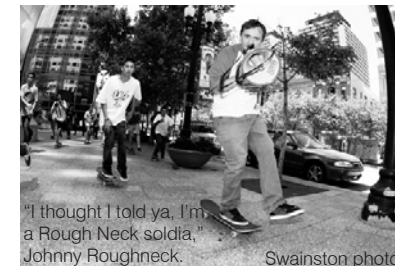
Taken down but not out, Kyle Adams gets out. Swainston photo



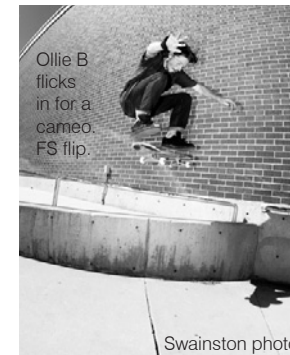
Penrod gets a back lip, Eric Poole gets the pic.



Taking over. Colton photo



"I thought I told ya, I'm a Rough Neck soldia," Johnny Roughneck. Swainston photo



Ollie B flicks in for a cameo. FS flip.

Swainston photo



Israel bucks a stale-street grab.

Swainston photo

Nelson did a quick stint in SLC, getting married at our City County building to his wife **Ashley**. He also married the skate scene here and was the cornerstone of this spectacle. The roughnecks are a wild, rule-less posse. It was clear as their gang made themselves at home, filling the air with a west-coast vibe. It certainly was a pleasure to be rolling with a gang affiliate from the bay.

2100 South was our next stop and once more, an exodus erupted out all train exits. The spot was an industrial launch to flat. Blood spilled at this "natural" marvel of carcass huckery. Good perches and

shade made for good onlookery, and the possibility of uproariously loud applause if landed was the trickery. The crowds energy was indeed needed because—let me tell you another thing—skateboarding is not goddamned easy. This is why we have names for our tricks like: impossible, air walk, hard flip, 360 big spin flip, etc. All the tricks just mentioned went down. Though I missed some of the action as I watched the sky in a punch-drunk daze, from my punch-drunk love for the pastime I partake in. We left sooner than we arrived, and it's a long skate back to Trax after a hard hour of cloud watching.

Next we found ourselves at Murray High. I saw and smelled, but did not taste the doobie being passed on the schoolground grass. I felt my fragile world might explode into some sort of penta-dimensional hippy bliss. **Colt Bowden** grinded a long pole, while **Brodie Penrod** flipped out of a blunt. This spot was semi-lackluster for me, possibly because it was at a gated school compound, or probably because I should have hit the doobie. Regardless the pigs showed up

and a scattering of roaches was the consensus.

One more glorious train ride and one more glorious destination, the Red Bull whorehouse, I mean warehouse. Red Bull was more than ideal, accommodating us with obstacles, girls, pizza, giveaways, and booze. What more could a pack of scavenging dogs want? I mentioned the chicks, right? Thank you Red Bull and thank you my brothers from different mothers I love you guys something awful, no homo. The day was best summed up by winner **Holland Redd** when he said, "That's how it should be."

Go to slugmag.com for videos and more photos from ROUGH SIDE OF DA TRAX.



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Bánh mí (or Saigon subs as they are called in America) are a kind of submarine sandwich, that might also be a rite of passage for a secret society. If you haven't had one, you don't know what I'm talking about, and if you have, you probably have buddies with whom you share your passion for this amazing dinner-sized, snack-priced foodie favorite. They are cheap, delicious and like no other sandwich. They fill the same niche as a street taco, except they over-night just fine in your fridge and are portable.

Bánh mí is a byproduct of the French occupation of Vietnam. Key to this sandwich is a Vietnamese-styled French baguette. Made with rice flour and wheat, it has a lightness in its crust that is satisfyingly crunchy, but not painful on a tender lip like a baguette can be. The innards of the sandwich are a combination of classic French ideas on the pig and pig liver, mixed with Vietnamese flavors of cilantro, pickled daikon and carrot, hot pepper and often jalapeño. The result is a family of sandwiches whose flavors are simply unknown in other foods.

The varieties of the sandwich are dictated by the meat choices—pork: in slices or cold cuts, as ham, barbequed or roasted, or made into meatballs; and chicken in similar varieties. The Asian vegetables and pickles, mayo, liver spread and bun are universal.

Bánh mí are made to order, so particulars can be avoided if you know what you don't like (liver paté or pickled radish, for instance). Don't start by omitting what you think you don't like in these amazing sandwiches. Get a combo and eat the darned thing. If you like it hot, ask for

jalapeños, which I feel are mandatory. These are sandwiches for the food adventurer. Bánh mí has made a big impression in many metropolitan areas. They are cheaply priced, available in ethnically diverse neighborhoods and have caught the attention of foodies over the years. In Salt Lake City, except for the very occasional sighting at the local Japanese bakery, they have only been spotted by yours truly on and around Redwood Road in crazy movie-set-feeling strip-malls and plazas.

All three delis mentioned here (which is not an exhaustive list of bánh mí outlets), have their particular charms. The *Hong Phat Market* seems most like a third world village shop, plucked up smells and all, unpacked in an abandoned 7-Eleven. The patrons there seem well adjusted to buying difficult and alien-looking foods (think fish heads, pig heads, absurdly large melons with spines like a dinosaur). The deli is located at the back of the store. Sometimes it's a bit of sign language that gets the conversation past your lack of Vietnamese and the nice counter-lady's lack of English. The sandwiches here are very generous and attractive and the lady usually asks you if you want the peppers by holding one up and saying I-don't-know-what to which I reply, "Yes, yes please." During the course of my research for this article, *Hong Phat Market* raised the prices of their sandwiches to three dollars from two-fifty. I don't know if this was in relation to my weekly purchase of 15 or 20 at a time, but my vanity thinks it might have been. In any case, as these stores price things in lock step with each other, it wouldn't surprise me to see the other

shops raise their prices soon, too.

The *Tay Do Supermarket* is more upscale, westernized and cleaner. There are usually some pre-made bánh mí on the deli counter for sale for only two dollars. These are a good deal, and pretty much do everything you want from a drive-away sandwich. Peppers are always included. The made-to-order menu sandwiches include a chicken offering and the buns here are a little harder than in the ready-made version. If you ask the friendly folks behind the counter to make you some delicious sandwiches, remember to ask for peppers. If you are a white boy like me, they assume you can't handle it and sometimes omit them even when you ask.

The *Cafe Thao Mi* is a restaurant and coffee shop—they have a full selection of Vietnamese food available, both prepared and displayed on the counter (for cash and dash dining). It's a "cute" place and I feel a little sad that it is always empty in its sort of post-civilization walking mall. The bánh mí are offered in a number of varieties, both pork and chicken and the counter-help are happy to talk sandwiches. You can get precisely what you want if you really know what that is. This is the first bánh mí place I discovered, and it is probably my favorite. I always get the simple combination sandwich here, the number one. It gets the flavors just right every time. I love these little sandwiches. They make me feel sophisticated and urban, while at the same time satisfying my cheap-and-getting-away-with-it personality. You should check them out at your earliest convenience.

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NICKEL & DIME

BASS.DRUMS.VIBES.

By Jessie Wood

jes.d.wood@gmail.com

Nickel & Dime are Salt Lake's up-and-coming hard electro DJs, playing massive sets in bars and parties all over the city, satisfying the craving in the party scene for nasty, hard-as-shit electronic dance music (EDM). What stands out about this DJ group is their ability to diversify, and their complete determination to be the best DJs possible, constantly finding fresh and unique material to use in their live shows and recorded mixes.

Since spring 2009, Nickel & Dime—Salt Lake DJs **Aaron Holland** and **Jon Rappaport**—have been killing dance floors all over SLC, from their monthly *W Lounge* gig (usually the third Friday of the month), to house parties, to sponsored blowouts like the Loft events and the *Winter Dew Tour*

DJ Duo Nickel & Dime open for Steve Aoki on October 9th at The Great Saltair.



Photo: Courtesy of davebrewerphoto.com

afterparty. Their sets are designed for face-melting, and whether you're wasted or sober, you'll want to dance as if your life depends on it.

They recently landed a huge slot opening for **Steve Aoki** on Oct. 9 at *The Great Saltair*. "We are hyped!" say Holland and Rappaport in an email interview. "It will be one of the biggest shows of our career thus far. We're planning on bringing some big vibes." Holland met one of the producers for the show, **Drew Douroux**, in a film editing class at the U a couple of years ago,

and actually introduced him to Aoki and **Dim Mak** (Aoki's record label). He gave Douroux some mixes and did a radio appearance with him, and has worked with him a couple of times since then. The boys have big plans for the

show. "We're going to bring massive blenders [long, smooth transitions], exclusives and Nickel & Dime production," say Holland and Rappaport.

The Nickel & Dime sound is like an extensive mathematical equation, intricate and original: part hard electro, part disco, part heavy dubstep and part house, with bits and pieces of hip hop, big bass and dub. The mood of their sets range from uplifting, fist-pumping shit to darker, dirtier and glitchier, all the while keeping a pretty nasty groove with their stylish transitions, heavy bass lines and a unique and fresh choice of songs.

"Our sound is ever-changing and evolving—fun styles of music that can bring people together for a good time. We aim to play music that is easy to move to and complements the wide world of electronic music," say Holland and Rappaport. The key is diversity, and as Holland says, "We take pride in the originality of our sets. When we began spinning together we agreed to never play the same set twice." In terms of influences, both Holland and Rappaport cite record labels like **Night Slugs**, **HyperDub**, **Untold** and **Mad Decent**, and radio stations like *RinseFM*, *Red Bull Music Academy*, *Scion Radio* and *BBC Radio 1* as taking electronic music to the next level.

Nickel & Dime met in the spring of 2009 in an internet marketing class and bonded over electronic music. "Eventually it was like, you DJ? I DJ too. We should spin together." Says Holland, "We were both very focused on doing something

new rather than the typical laptop electro DJ. We were dropping samples over each other's tracks. Spinning with four decks was



Photo: Courtesy of davebrewerphoto.com

like a whole new world to both of us."

Holland began DJing in 2008. "I have always been interested in music," he says, "The more and more shows I went to, the more and more I began to idolize DJs. I traded a snowboard for my first set of turntables.

Once I began spinning, I could not stop." He spent the summer of 2008 locked up in an apartment, creating live mixes on his M-Audio Torq with Xponent turntables, getting a feel for his equipment.

Rappaport grew up in LA, big into the underground hip hop scene. "I would watch **DMC** videos and I wanted to rock the same shit and get down like they did, so I made some moves after my bar mitzvah and bought my setup and was rocking FruityLoops making beats as well—same setup I use today minus FruityLoops [Serato Scratch Live with Technics tables and Logic 9, Ableton Live and Audacity for production]." says Rappaport, "Hip hop has unfortunately lost some mojo for me, so I began getting

into party music, which has developed into a passion for dubstep and house these days."

The group's first gig was at a house party just off 1300 East in April 2009. The house was jam packed with people getting down to this music that no one had really heard before. Nickel & Dime rocked the party for a couple of hours before the cops came on a noise complaint. Holland says, "I could not believe how much more fun it was spinning with someone else." Rappaport, however, was only thinking, "How the

hell are we going to get out of here without being arrested?"—an occupational hazard for anyone playing house parties in SLC.

Regardless, after that one show together, they knew they had something good, and began playing more parties around Salt Lake throughout spring 2009 until they landed a gig at a party at the *Loft* in May 2009, one of the first legit gigs they played. "Big up to the *Loft* crew for bringing the dopest parties to SLC last summer and supporting us," say Holland and Rappaport. Through the *Loft* parties, they met local DJ and promoter **Flash & Flare** who would bring them into the *W Lounge*, and were also put in touch with Red Bull, who has since sponsored many of their events.

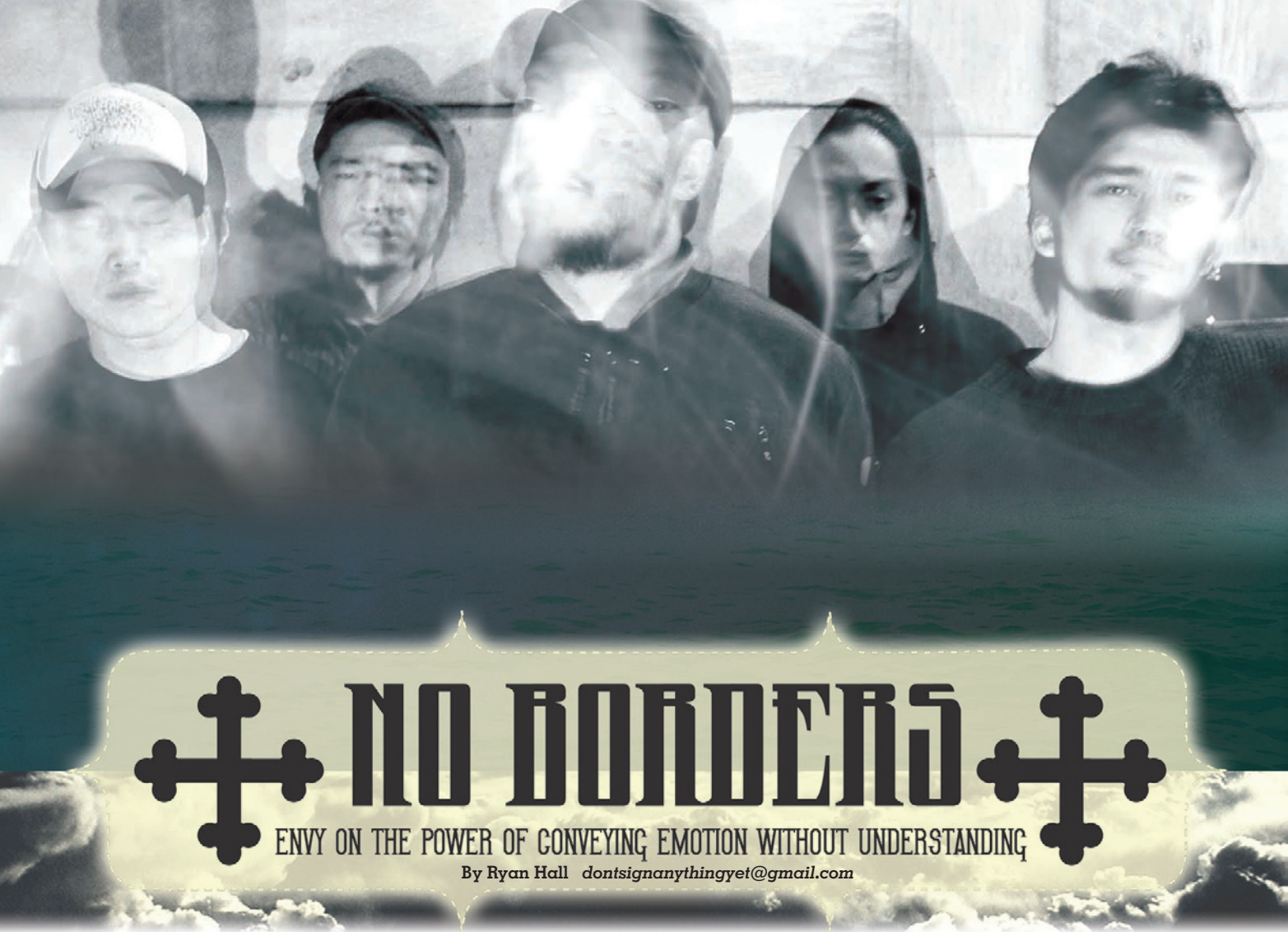
The energy of their sets has defined the style of Nickel & Dime since the beginning. "We know that if people are having half as much fun as we are having, they will be back," says Holland. That mentality behind their music is evident even in their recorded mixes that are huge and energetic, which is partly because they always mix live. "I feel like we bring some crazy energy when we are up there, and I always try to get the crowd more involved when I am DJing," says Rappaport. "We always bring music nobody has heard to create diverse vibes and styles."

There are two of them, after all, and that works to their advantage in a place where most DJs spin solo. "We can do twice the homework and bounce ideas off one another," they say, "Practicing, producing and shows are more fun with two people. The ability we have to be critical of each other's work has helped our sound grow and evolve in an effort to stay ahead of the curve." In an area where electronic music is growing, but not hugely popular, they have managed to produce mixes and live sets that are on the cutting edge of the EDM scene, matching and exceeding anything being released out of the large scenes in LA, NYC and Europe.

Their plans for the rest of the year are to DJ as much as possible and finish work on their first EP, featuring original production and remixes, due in late 2010 on **Vybe Tribe Records**. Come see them open for Steve Aoki at *Night of the Pharaohs* on Oct. 9 at *Saltair*, and keep an eye out for other upcoming Nickel & Dime events.



Photo: Courtesy of davebrewerphoto.com



NO BORDERS

ENVY ON THE POWER OF CONVEYING EMOTION WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING

By Ryan Hall dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com

Japanese post-hardcore giants Envy create brutally dense soundscapes that skirt the edge between hardcore and post-rock, and cut across language barriers. Envy started as a formidable hardcore band borrowing equally from legendary Japanese bands such as **G.I.S.M.**, **SS** and NYC legends **Born Against**. Their fifth album, *Recitation*, is due out Oct. 12 on **Temporary Residence** (a day before their Ogden appearance), and solidifies their full musical evolution into a peerless band incorporating the speed, intensity and direct emotional contact of hardcore and the expansive structure of post-rock. While boasting a strong following in Japan, their splits and collaborations with similar genre-defying heavy bands such as **Jesu**, **Mogwai** and **Thursday** have spread their reputation far beyond Japan's shores. Prior to their October 13 show in Ogden's *The Basement*, I spoke to lead singer **Tetsuya Fukagawa** via a translated e-mail about the ability to express hope in heavy music and the conveying of complex emotions without language being a factor.

SLUG: With a large part of your fanbase living outside of Japan, and thus not speaking Japanese, what do you try to communicate through your music without using the direct means of communication? What emotions are you trying to convey?

Tetsuya: Language isn't a deadlock for us. No matter what language I sing in, I believe there is emotion. I was brought up speaking Japanese, so I

think it is strange for me to sing in English. I will be happy if the listener reflects emotion to Envy's songs and it amplifies their anger or they feel gentle. Envy expresses emotions such as sadness and joy through the lyrics and the sounds as well.

SLUG: How important is it for the listening audience to understand your lyrics?

Tetsuya: All of our songs are written in Japanese and have been translated [in each album's liner notes] by my friend, so the nuances are a little different from this point. We try to talk our way through [the translations] to get near to the point, but there are some difficult words to translate. I choose poetic words indirectly from the world and I try to create rather than express words directly for my lyrics. It is important for me, but I don't want to push the meanings of the lyrics on the listeners, I just want them to understand in their own way by reading the translated lyrics.

SLUG: Your sound is informed by equal parts hardcore and post-rock. Was this a conscious choice to mix the two, or part of your gradual evolution away from the more traditional hardcore song structure of earlier releases?

Tetsuya: A lot of the loud and fast songs were made from impulse in the early days. Our sounds grew up together and transformed into songs that wrap the atmosphere. We pay attention creating the sound, too.

It would be boring if everything sounded the same. I try hard to create aggressive, beautiful and dignified songs.

SLUG: Although your music is heavy, it seems to communicate hope. Is this a fair assessment? If so, what prompted you to do this?

Tetsuya: I want to express feelings such as joy, anger, sadness and delight into the songs. Songs that are just dark could be okay, but if we couldn't see hope, we can't go far and lose ourselves. It also reflects how we feel while we are creating songs. When we're in a good mood, songs like "Dreams Coming to an End" become a slightly cheerful melody.

SLUG: With your fifth release coming out on October 12 what can we expect? Is it going to be a move away from the more atmospheric textures of *Insomniac Doze*?

Tetsuya: We haven't thought about comparing much to our previous album, but listeners may feel different either way. We did take a long time, and have experienced a lot, so we should be matured. We should have become better in performance. I think we are spreading out as an ensemble.

Envy will be playing October 13 at *The Basement* in Ogden with **Trash Talk**, **Touche Amore** and Irish math-rock group **And So I Watch You From Afar**.



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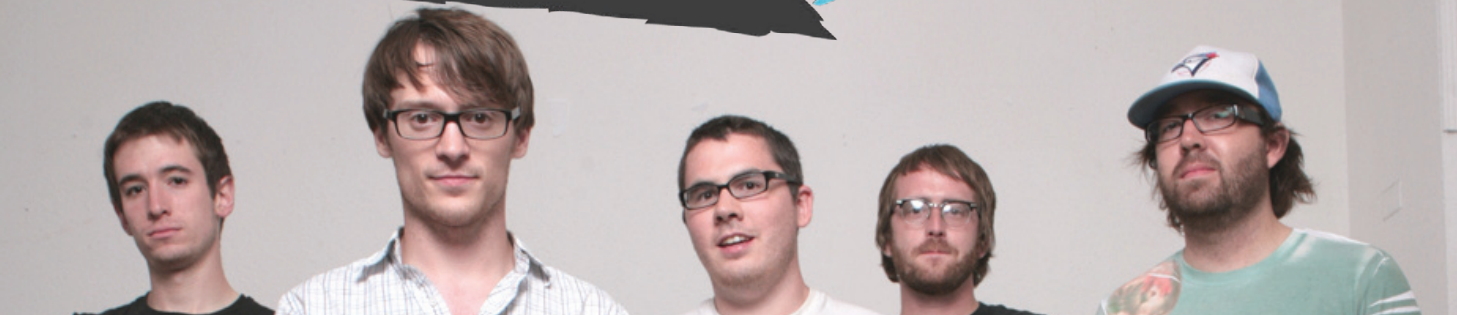
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POLAR BEAR CLUB



"We wanna be who we wanna be, but we want people to come to us and relate to it in their own way." - Jimmy Stadt

No Glitz, No Glam

by Ricky Vigil
ricky@slugmag.com

Polar Bear Club has made a career out of not fitting in. Their music exists somewhere between the realms of hardcore and pop, but neither of those genres really describe any aspect of their sound. Their fanbase ranges from teenage *Warped Tour* attendees to 30-something post-hardcore hangers on, still longing for the glory days of **Hot Water Music**. They have toured the world with bands as diverse as roots-punk heroes **The Gaslight Anthem**, metalcore veterans **Every Time I Die**, pop-punk powerhouse **Set Your Goals** and emo revivalists **Moving Mountains**. Polar Bear Club is also one of the hardest touring bands in any scene of the greater punk rock spectrum, and their willingness to take chances on tour packages and musical style has garnered them a stronger and stronger following since they began touring full-time in late 2008. During a rare period of Polar Bear Club downtime, *SLUG* had a chance to chat with vocalist **Jimmy Stadt**.

Even though it's easy to compare Polar Bear Club to post-hardcore bands like **Small Brown Bike** and **The Casket Lottery** who melded pure emotion with punk energy, it doesn't really do the band justice. "For the most part, we don't like to pigeonhole ourselves," Stadt says, "I think collectively the bands that we all come together on and think of as an inspiration or an influence are the bands that bridge gaps and have their feet in a few different scenes." Stadt mentioned **Refused**, **Jimmy Eat World**, **At the Drive-In** and **The Get Up Kids** as examples of the genre-transcending acts who have influenced his band. "You just meet

someone who doesn't like those bands, and if you do it's weird," Stadt says. By not adhering to any specific genre, Stadt hopes that the music created by Polar Bear Club can be interpreted more broadly and enjoyed by a wider audience. "We wanna be who we wanna be, but we want people to come to us and relate to it in their own way," he says.

Polar Bear Club has a lot of experience as a tour oddity, sticking out in lineups that otherwise feature sonically similar bands, so they weren't entirely unprepared for this most recent venture. "We've done a lot of things where we have been the odd man out, and we've learned little things here and there that help us out in those situations," Stadt says, "Things as simple as smiling on stage can make a world of difference when you're playing an arena where you're kind of a weird band." This past summer marked Polar Bear Club's first time on the *Warped Tour*, the annual package equally loved and despised by a wide variety of music aficionados. Even though Polar Bear Club was once again a bit of a lineup oddball, they played to largely receptive crowds and even surpassed their own expectations. "At first I was honestly very nervous about how it would go and how we would translate to a new, younger audience, but *Warped Tour* was amazing for us," Stadt says.

Though the tour packages that Polar Bear Club end up on may not make sense to outsiders, their rising popularity can't be denied. More and more people sing along and get crazy every time the band plays in Salt Lake City, so they must be doing something right on those weird tours. "We like playing outside of our comfort zone because if you can get good at that, you become a better band and a better live band," Stadt says, "We

want to be a band who is able to be accepted in the hardcore scene and the *[punknews.org]* scene and the pop-punk scene, and even the radio rock scene."

After their stint on *Warped*, Polar Bear Club returned home to New York, spending their time writing a new album. Stadt says, "That's my favorite part about being in a band. I love touring and playing shows, but writing is so rewarding—it's amazing to see your ideas come to life." Though Stadt was responsible for the heavier songs on Polar Bear Club's previous album (2009's *Chasing Hamburg*), his approach has changed for the batch of songs the band is currently working out. Stadt says, "The songs I'm bringing to the table this time aren't really that heavy, but I don't know how to describe them. I'd say 'poppy,' but as soon as you say that everyone's instantly thinks, 'Oh god, I'll hate this album!'" Polar Bear Club's new album should be released some time in 2011.

This fall once again finds Polar Bear Club as a tour package anomaly as they hit the road with **This is Hell** and three teen-appealing bands I've never heard of as part of the *Alternative Press* tour. "We were reluctant [to take the offer] at first. The tour with *Every Time I Die* was awesome and all the bands were great, but we didn't really go over as well as we thought we would," Stadt says, "*Warped Tour* really restored my confidence because of how well it went for us though. We're gonna play the best show we can every night and do Polar Bear Club every night, like it or leave it."

Polar Bear Club will be performing at *In the Venue* on October 22.

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AVI BUFFALO
WHAT'S IN IT FOR AVI?

By Cody Hudson codyhhh@gmail.com

Photo: Jeff Antebi

Avi Buffalo proves that rock n' roll and youth go together better than glowsticks and shitty electronic music.

Rock n' roll and youth go together better than poofy pants, glow sticks and shitty electronic music. When you're young, your liver can deal with the large amounts of alcohol you push through it, and you're still pretty attractive even if you're ugly, especially when you can play an instrument. The kids in **Avi Buffalo** certainly still have their youth, with most of them around 20 years old. And already having toured with **Japandroids**, **Rogue Wave** and **Modest Mouse** this year, it seems they have the rock n' roll part down as well.

I actually got the chance to meet vocalist **Avi Zahner-Isenberg** earlier this year when they played the *Twilight Concert Series* on my birthday. I got to brandish an artist's pass and watch the show from stage right. I arrived in time to watch Avi Buffalo finishing their set as I drank my inconspicuous beverage from a slightly more inconspicuous Dixie cup. As their set ended I moved toward a bottle of Maker's Mark, which I unfortunately was unable to partake of, as it was a personal gift from Modest Mouse to Avi Buffalo. On my way toward the bottle I struck up a conversation with Avi, and we discussed our problems. Even a kid playing in front of thousands of people has to deal with the same bullshit as me, well almost.

SLUG: Most indie bands have to put out a few releases before being signed to a bigger label like **Sub Pop**. Do you think that the larger budget helped create more artistic freedom for you or did the pressure take from it?
Avi Zahner-Isenberg: I think it created more freedom, of course there's pressure with our music being put out on a larger scale.

SLUG: What is it like inside a tour van full of 19-year-old kids?

Avi: Well, it's interesting. It can be pretty hard. There are definitely times when I feel pretty inexperienced, even though we've played quite a few shows. Touring is quite a commitment, we've been on it for six months. Now we're on a bit of a break, then we hit the road again in October.

SLUG: It seems like your band is pretty tight-knit. Can you tell me a little bit about each of your band mates?

Avi: **Sheridan Riley** is a really thoughtful person and drummer. We've grown up playing with each other since middle school. **Arin Fazio** grew up in Orange County and played in bands out there before we met him. When our first bassist **Andrew Celik (The Wildbunch)** left to start his band and work, we called Arin up because we knew him from shows we'd played in Long Beach.

SLUG: You had a band member leave ... Was the touring schedule pretty rough?

Avi: Sure, but she's working on her own music, so that'll be exciting.

SLUG: Touring with Modest Mouse would be a dream come true for most aspiring indie bands. What did you feel you took/learned from it?

Avi: A lot about just working together and being on the road. They're a really great group of people and they put on great shows, so it was inspiring to see them giving their all and being such friends with everyone around.

SLUG: Your touring schedule has been pretty hectic. Have you had anytime to start working on new songs?

Avi: I have been here and there, on GarageBand and stuff. I still have to take some real time off of touring to record new stuff, so that's coming up.

SLUG: Your lyrics are nearly always abstract and quite often perverse. Do they actually mean something to you or are they just catchy nonsense?

Avi: They mean a lot to me, otherwise I wouldn't sing them. I keep stuff cloudy because it's personal.

SLUG: The songs as a whole tend to go in unexpected directions. Through the guitar work and the lyrics. Do you have a clearly thought out plan when you sit down to write the songs, or is it a pretty fluid process?

Avi: It's a pretty random process. I just try to find chords or parts that sound good and sound good together.

SLUG: One of the most talked about portions of your recordings and one of the more exciting things about your live performances is the guitar work. Do you have a background in music theory?

Avi: I don't have much theory on my belt, but some guitar lessons, a lot of ear work and mentorships from older musicians.

SLUG: Your last show in Salt Lake City went pretty well, are you excited to be coming back?

Avi: Yeah, I'm stoked! It's a really great city, some of the nicest people I've ever met, so I imagine it's gonna be a fun time.

Avi Buffalo is going to be at *Kilby Court* on October 26, come check it out and get a better view and a more intimate show than you got during the *Twilight Concert Series*.



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KITTY KENNEDY

By Princess Kennedy

Facebook.com/princess.kennedy



Photo: Katie Panzer

Kennedy will perform with the Slippery Kittens as an honorary member for their Halloween show on Oct 23 at Bar Deluxe

When I was 14, I went to a wedding for my mother's friend's children. A brother and sister were walking the aisle together in a double ceremony—isn't that fucking sweet? The year was 1984, and the location was a brand new, super modern, super new-wave restaurant called *Cravings*. *Cravings* had really funky features—random ceramic body parts on the walls painted Miami-Vice-pink, trimmed in Fresca green, all complemented by the black-and-white tiled floor. In the middle of the restaurant was a DJ booth that spun the latest works of **Yazoo** and **Steven Tin Tin Duffy**.

As you can imagine, my latent homosexual interest was piqued not only by the sheer homosexuality of the eatery, but also by the bride, **Paris**. She was also the DJ and moonlighted at a dance club called *The Palladium* that had just opened in Sugarhouse where the *Nordstrom Rack* now resides. Paris' friends from this club (all at the wedding) were the **Wham!** lookalike fags of the day—the short, white tennis shorts, pierced ear and baggy-blazer-over-wife-beater kind of gays. This was my first introduction to life on the pink side.

As the wedding march began, the brother's mother-in-law-to-be was the first one down the aisle. A shockwave went down my body when this flaming redhead turned the corner wearing a red-fringed micro-mini-dress with the biggest shoulderpads in the world, complete with matching fringed over-the-knee red boots and a

giant red hat. Next, her daughter came down the aisle in a matching white outfit! The shock was not only because of what I was seeing, but whom I was seeing. The mother (**Stormy Dawn**, if memory serves correctly) was a woman whom I remember seeing on the news for being arrested over and over again for indecent exposure and lewd behavior for her work: being an exotic dancer in Park City.

Well, honey, that was it! This whole experience catapulted me right out of the closet and the queen of the PC burlesque scene was burned in my brain forever, leaving me with a strong fascination with strippers and burlesque dancers. You can just imagine my sheer elation when I got a call from one of my good friends **Dia Diabolique** telling me I was being made an honorary **Slippery Kitten** for their Halloween show on October 23 at *Bar Deluxe*.

In case you have been living under a rock, the Slippery Kittens are SLC's premier burlesque troupe. Started by the gloriously fabulous **Lorrie Dohoney** (aka **Miss Lorrie Ann**), the Slippery Kittens features some of the hottest talent this side of the Mississippi, including the aforementioned Miss Diabolique, **Mona Moore** and **Kittie Tart**, just to name a few.

Since it's inappropriate to use your real name in burlesque, I had to find a stage name. If I had been born a genetic female, I was going to be named Kitty, so that's a no-brainer. Ladies and gentlemen, Mz. Kitty Kennedy. I love it!

Dohoney has had a lifelong interest in dance and moved on from her job in gentlemen's clubs four years ago when she realized there was a need for such a revue extraordinaire in Salt Lake City. The Arizona native

is so highly regarded in this world of dance that she was the only American performer to grace the stage at the *Paris Burlesque Festival* in September, featuring a new routine she'd hammered out just for the Euro-trash, complete with tap-dancing and trick roping. Miss Diabolique credits her love for dance from hanging with the trannies and club kids, giving her the joie de vivre and eye for the exotique. Dia's dance of the giant feather fans is really quite something.

Show themes like "TV Sitcom Theme Songs" give the Slippery Kittens' acts a fun, free-spirited attitude that was such a large part of the old vaudevillian burlesque of yesteryear. **Kaci Takumoto**, owner of *Bar Deluxe*, says, "The Kittens' shows are always a highlight of the year because the crowd is truly there just to have a good time. It's always packed and people are excited because they know it's going to be an amazing show."

The troupe's Halloween show is by far the most eagerly awaited performance for both the Kittens and fans alike. All the stops are pulled out, no expense is spared and the planning is started months in advance to make this holiday theme show a spectacular event. I'm excited yet nervous to live up to the challenge. The only burlesque show I've ever done was a few years back when I would do "The Jonbenet Kennedy Strip Show" to "Like a Virgin." I'd strip from my big, frilly, baby beauty pageant dress down to a g-string, Mary Janes and a telephone cord around wrapped my neck, which I understand isn't funny—it's hilarious. This show is the opportunity to pull out something new. Of course, you have to come see it yourself at *Bar Deluxe* on Oct. 23, but I will tell you it will involve a straight jacket and a lot of blood, so bring your rain poncho for a little something I'll call "Kitty Kennedy: Murderess."

Catch up with the Kittens and find out more info about their shows at *Studio 27* on Oct. 28 and the big Christmas show on Dec. 11 at slipperykittens.com.

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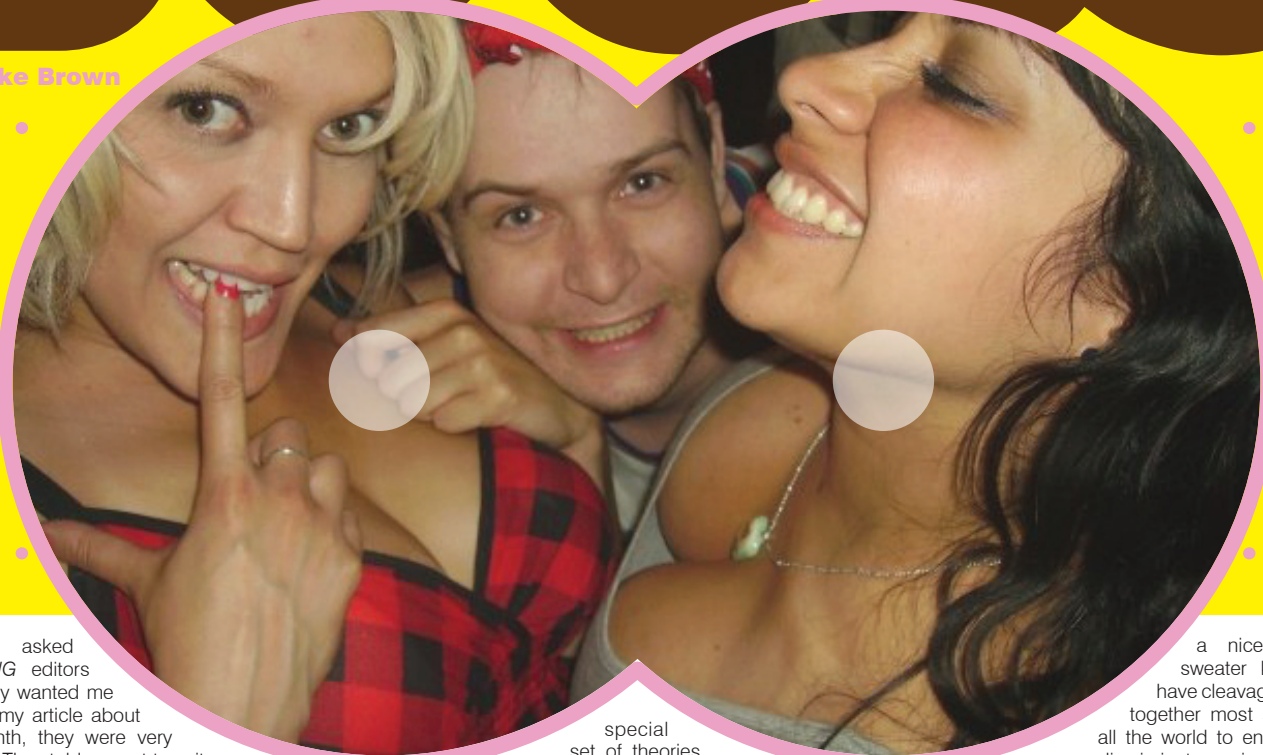
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BOOBS

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com



When I asked the SLUG editors what they wanted me to write my article about this month, they were very specific. They told me not to write it about Mike Brown Fest 5 (V) happening at Urban Lounge on October 30 featuring the Fucktards, Powerhouse Rock and some skaters who rap. I'm not going to write about the next Mike Brown Fest that will feature a Mike Brown costume contest. That would just be narcissistic. What isn't narcissistic is dressing up like me to win prizes. Actually, it is. Instead, they specifically asked me to write about things I am familiar with. The editors asked me to write about boobs, even though they both have boobs and I don't. Now I'm faced with the challenge of writing 850 words about tits with a broken pinkie finger. I like a challenge.

My first thought when asked to write an article about boobs was—how the fuck did I win a best of City Weekly award this year for my SLUG articles? Don't get me wrong, I'm way honored to win. I mean, they called me a 'journalist' and they put me in the same category with all the other journalists. When I saw the "Best Of" in City Weekly, my first thought was, "Take that! Chris Vanocer!" and my second thought was, "How many of these other journalists dropped out of college?"

My point is, I have to write about boobs this month, and I won a plaque for it, and people wonder why I work for SLUG.

Ok, back to boobs. The whole suggestion that I write about boobs came about when we were looking at boobs on the SLUG office computer and talking about how a bunch of them were fake. I started talking about why I think guys like fake boobs. See, I have my own

special set of theories for all sorts of stupid shit, like how I think the Mormons are their own special race and how Courtney Love killed Kurt Cobain. That whore. I don't think most guys actually like fake boobs at all. I think girls like them more than guys do. BFTs (big fake tits) are more of a status symbol for the broads in our culture. Other girls don't really give a shit if another girl is rocking a fancy watch or platinum chain at the club, but you have a flat-chested chick's full attention if your silicone is slamming. BFTs are the Rolexes of the feminine world. I came up with this theory while at dinner with an ex-girlfriend who was considering taking that next step into modern femininity. Her and all her friends talked seriously for over an hour about BFTs. She was talking about how she had felt others' BFTs to help make a firm decision. Pun intended. The whole time, I was holding back the urge to ask them if they needed a male opinion on the decision, because you'd think it would be more logical to have a guy's perspective. I kept thinking about times my guy buddies had gotten new watches, taken them off their wrists and made me hold them while saying something stupid like, "That's real titanium, son." But it was clear that my expert opinion on the matter was not needed, and I felt like a big enough perv already just being around the conversation. The reason why I think guys aren't that into BFTs is this: We look at boobs no matter what. We talk about boobs no matter what. Fake or not, boobs are boobs—whether they are being held firmly and discreetly like

a nice set of sweater kittens or have cleavage pushed together most sluttilly for all the world to enjoy. Guys may discriminate against different knocker sets, but only because we stare at every set in eve James, I bet you are right! Ha ha ha, let's start a collection fund now for Oblivians and the other garage rock gems he's got. Long Gone John, Did I ever tell you about the time I met him in Au ry bar we've ever gone to. We even stare at trannies' boobs. It's easy to tell when a girl's got BFTs. She doesn't have to tell the whole world, even though she's likely to. When I stare at them, it's not like I get an insta-boner. I'm usually looking at them with the same fascination as when I stare at someone with a deformed baby arm or huge scar on their face. Sorry to all deformed people, but yeah, other people are staring too, whether they are willing to admit it or not. When the BFTs are so disproportionate to the rest of the woman's body, I have to look. For a long time. Wondering: Why? How? When? Can I hug you? If I hug you, am I going to get a semi or just the sensation of latching onto two perfectly round granite stones? Can rocks shaped like boobs with scars on them turn me on? I just don't know. To me, boobs are supposed to be, and be treated like, baby kittens—soft, always cuddled with and fed twice a day. I think boobs are a great thing. They yield a certain power amongst both men and women that any true-blooded feminist should be proud of. I'm probably gonna get some hate mail for that last comment, but I don't get enough hate mail these days, which makes me feel like I'm doing something wrong with my life.

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Wed Oct 6: The Yarrow, Electric Talk Show, Newtons Folly

Thu Oct 7: Nigel & The Metaldogs with Special Guest Black Vengeance

Fri Oct 8: Aura Surreal CD Release Show, Still-Born, Reveeler, Marrow Hill

Sat Oct 9: Raunch Records Presents Combat Jack, Knuckledragger, tba

Wed Oct 13: Sore Eyes, tba

Thu Oct 14: Nigel & The Metaldogs with Special Guest Rage For Order

Fri Oct 15: Heidis Night Of Rock N Roll with DIRTY LITTLE RABBITS, Babble Rabbit, Pariah, American Hitmen, Blinded By Truth

Sat Oct 16: Broke City, The Better Life Band, Gavin Castleton, ecs, The Last Look

Wed Oct 20: EARLYMAN, EVILE, BONDED BY BLOOD, Truce, Muckraker

Fri Oct 22: Bandwagon Live Presents tba

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Fri Oct 29: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

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IT'S JUST A JUMP TO THE LEFT.

By: Jesse Hawlish
jhawlish@gmail.com



Photo: Peter Anderson

Cali Litton, Jen Ogle and Susan Steffee have been using rubber fish and twinkies to embarrass Rocky Horror Picture Show Virgins at annual screenings since 1995.

I would like, if I may, to take you on a strange journey. There is a place in Salt Lake City where all are dressed like they just stumbled out of a lights-off orgy of 70s punk rockers and 50s sci-fi villains. These creatures of the night pack into the *Tower Theatre* under the cover of late-October darkness. They swim the warm waters of sins of the flesh—giving themselves over to absolute pleasure. Toast, uncooked rice, toilet paper and squirt guns may or may not be involved. Sounds like a good time, yes? But be careful: it's not easy having a good time. Even smiling can make your face hurt.

If I'm confusing you, then you are, whether you knew it or not, a *Rocky Horror Picture Show* Virgin. Capital V. Don't feel too bad. If *Rocky Horror* was popular enough that everyone had heard of it, it wouldn't deserve its queen-of-all-cult-movies reputation. Allow me to cut through the inside jokes for a moment to deliver you the hardboiled facts like a professional journalist: tickets have already gone on sale for the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* shadow cast performance at the *Tower Theatre*. It's a Halloween mainstay that Salt Lake's own *Latter-Day Transvestites* have been bringing us since 1995. A dozen crew members and a cast of nine (plus five or so extra trannies for good measure) regale the audience with their own semi-slapdash rendition of the cult musical while the movie itself plays on the screen behind them. That's really all you need to know: It's a very weird thing that people have been doing literally nonstop since the mid-seventies. I would only add that, to enjoy such a raucous performance, one ought to imbibe heavily—prior, during and after, if at all possible.

Susan Steffee has been emceeing the show for over 20 years, and she's seen it all. "Last year somebody complained about excessive drinking on stage." Susan says, "[I thought] 'Really? I just shoved a

rubber fish in a guy's butt crack, and you're upset because I'm up here *drinking*? What the fuck is wrong with you people?" Thank you, Susan. That right there is consummate *Rocky* shadow cast gumption: a little booze, some light ass play, and a general dismissal of anything that's not fabulous, silly and fun. But back to that guy with a fish in his ass. I'd bet you money he had a big red "V" for virgin painted on his forehead at the time. See, back in *Rocky*'s heyday of midnight shadow cast shows every month (and in some cases more frequently), coming to a show for your first time meant getting hazed in any number of sexy, well-meaning ways—right up there on stage. These days,

DOING THE TIMEWARP WITH SALT LAKE'S LATTER-DAY TRANSVESTITES

however, the virgins outnumber the experienced. If it is your first time, you can probably sink back in your seat and just go to your happy place while the cast selects a few of the rowdier virgins to accost with Twinkies.

In exactly what manner one might expect to be accosted with a Twinkie is something you'll have to find out in person. "The virgin sacrifice is a big secret [among shadow casts] all across the country," says director **Jen Ogle**. She assures me it involves "lots of horrible things that you have to be there to find out . . . whipped cream is a factor, bananas, Twinkies . . . clothes disappearing." The sexual perversion is all in good fun, of course. The show is really about good vibes, bad musicals, robust blood alcohol content and, most importantly, having a safe place to flaunt your inner weirdo. "It's one of those places where, if you want to dress a little oddly, you know you can come here." says Steffee, "Nobody's gonna be like: 'oh I'm punching you in the face.' . . . No, they'll say: 'nice costume! By the way, I can see your balls.'" Then again, if your balls have stage fright, you can trade the assless chaps for whatever you damn well please. "There are certain costumes that really stand out," says tech master **Cali Litton**, "We once had some guy who'd never seen [the movie] . . . come in a full Tigger costume."

The whole shebang is a heap of fun, and *Rocky Horror* veterans will tell you: the more you get into the mindset, the more fun, you're going to have. There are six shows scheduled this month, beginning on the Thursday before Halloween. "We have a wait list every single night," says Ogle, "We have at least fifty people waiting outside." Buy your tickets early because standing in line, in the cold, in fishnets and a bustier is no way to spend an evening. It's time to don your boas and platform heels, creatures of the night, and leave the kids and devout Mormons at home, because what goes on at a *Rocky Show* is bad for them, but good for relieving your . . . tension.

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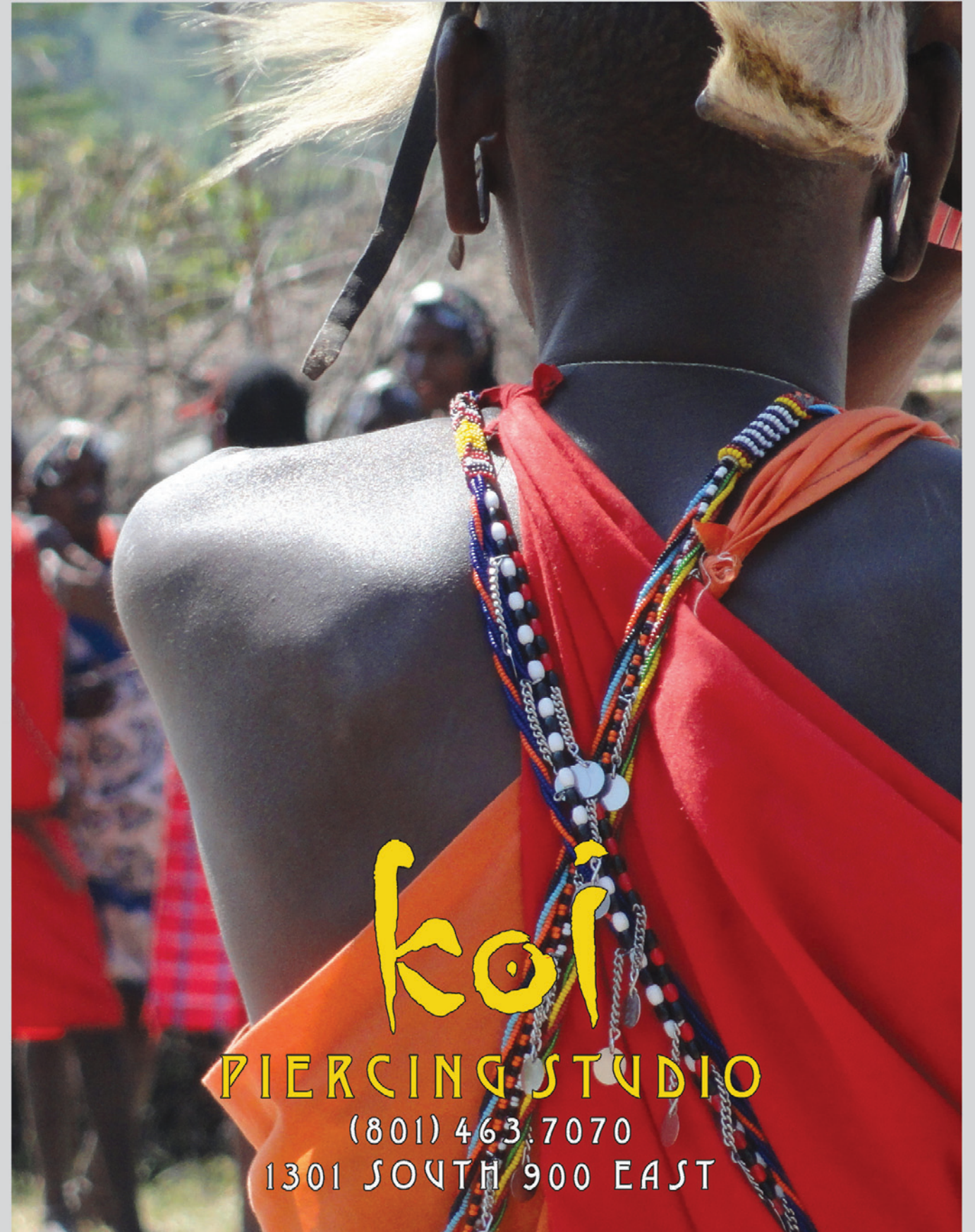
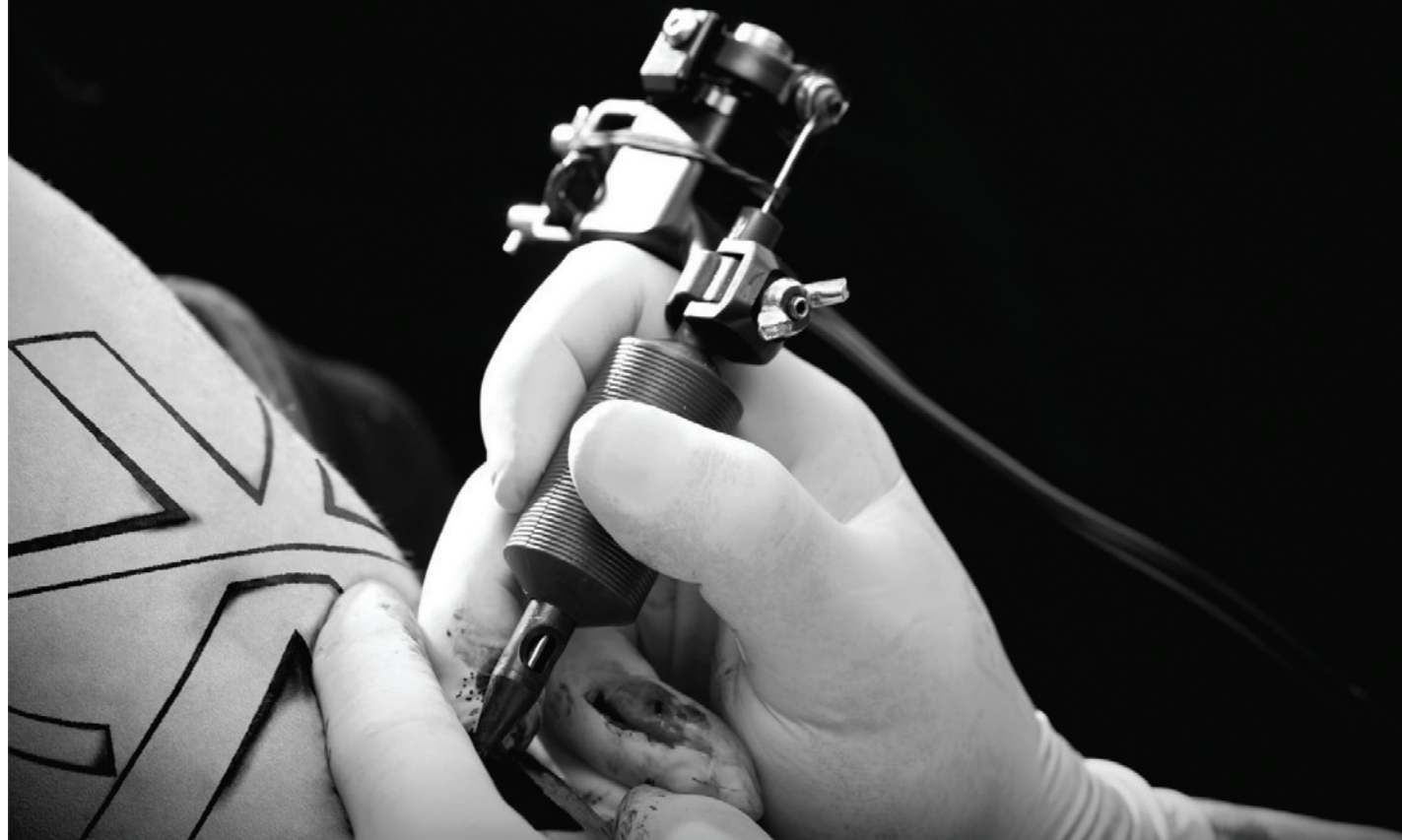
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DOOM TREE

FAMILY OVER FAME

By Bethany Fischer
patiriphotography@gmail.com



The **Doomtree** collective is different than many of today's modern hip hop groups. They're not in it for fame, bitches, cars, bling, or money—even though it would be nice to someday get paid for following their musical passion. Doomtree simply exist to produce music. Doomtree define themselves as not only as a record label and a group of solo artists working together as a music group but also above all else, as a family.

"For the first few years, it was easy, because we were a tight little tree house gang, but then life became more complicated and those complications became part of our unit as well." says **Dessa** the only female rapper in the collective, "What doesn't read immediately when you see us on stage is that we are a family in the fullest sense of the word. So there are glorious moments, there are emergency loans, there are hospital visits, there are dysfunctions, there is squabbling, we are a family, with all that entails." The Minneapolis based collective that

is Doomtree consists of rappers: **P.O.S. Sims**, **Dessa**, **Mike Mictlan**, **Cecil Otter**, and producers: **Paper Tiger** and **Lazerbeak**. The group features members with heavy hitting aggressive styles like Sims, Mike Mictlan and P.O.S, which are balanced out with the serious, sultry and story telling styles of **Dessa** and **Cecil Otter**. **Paper Tiger**, who doubles as the groups live DJ, elaborated on how crew members' distinct styles end up meshing together, "I think individually we have our own kind of voice and direction and I think that's a strong and powerful thing. We all get together and bounce things off each other and we use the group dynamic to step it up a little." Doomtree has been functioning in some capacity with weekly meetings and constant grind for over a decade. The majority of members have known each other since junior high, with the exception of **Mike Mictlan** who is originally from L.A. This gradual journey towards the creation of the current incarnation of Doomtree as a label and artist collective started organically when members like P.O.S., former Doomtree member **MK Larada** and **Cecil Otter** were still in high

school. According to **Lazerbeak**, it was around this same time when he, fresh out of high school, went with P.O.S to purchase a beat machine. Since that time, **Lazerbeak** has created a catalog of approximately 500 beats.

Doomtree Records has released approximately 20 albums to date—including solo projects and co-releases from group members plus two albums that feature all seven members of the Doomtree collective. Like many hip hop artists, they started by making home burnt EPs known as their *False Hopes* series, which document the early careers of each group member. The *False Hopes* tradition has continued throughout Doomtree's history and according to **Dessa** the group sees them as "unofficial" releases—similar to the mixtapes released by **Atmosphere**.



Mike Mictlan and Dessa performed at Kilby Court last fall in a condensed version of the Doomtree Collective. Next month's tour brings all seven members to both Kilby and Urban Lounge, Nov. 6.

As the group of friends slowly transitioned into a label, each member of the group has had to fall into various roles, "We started the label because no one else wanted to put our records out, so now we kind of have to take on roles within that label to keep things afloat," says **Lazerbeak**. According to P.O.S, Doomtree has become more of a way of life than anything else, "All I've ever tried to do with my life is make music with my friends. The only thing I've ever actually put any real effort, time and equity into is making music." Being as close as family and working together through the ups and downs could be a reason they've had such a gradual and stable build for the last ten years. "All of us do this as something that we love and care about and want to maybe eventually get paid for," says P.O.S, "As of right now we do it because it's our baby and we want to hold it up and be able to put out music whenever we want to." Doomtree is essentially the perfect combination of friends working together as colleagues to fulfill their individual dreams as artists. Though **Paper Tiger** jokes that if someone would just give them a million dollars it would make the process a lot easier.

Because Doomtree is made up of a team of seven completely different artists they definitely face some challenges. It's easy to imagine a group like this in a studio choking each other out and irrationally fighting over egos, styles and directions. Unfortunately for the reality show junkies, it's not quite like *Making The Band*. Despite the lack of high drama, the production and creation process is still a slow and painstaking process. **Sims** says, "We're still learning how to

write with five different songwriters, especially since everyone is so connected to their idea of song writing, it's really difficult to make a good song with five different songwriters together." **Dessa** has a similar outlook, "There's definitely some moments of conflict and differences of opinion, but I think we end up trying to sequence our albums in a lot of different ways. Until we find the song order that best lends continuity to the whole record." Whether the road to perfection is a smooth or rough one, both the solo and group efforts that **Doomtree Records** release, speak for themselves in terms of quality.

Running an DIY label isn't without its struggles. "We are figuring out how to best run the business at this point. I think we are doing a really good job with the way we've done it," says **Sims**, "That's kinda one of the things we are stubborn about. We don't wanna give up our vision with our company, we've been hesitant to bring anyone else on. We're doing a good job and we're being competitive with other indie labels and we're doing it all by the seat of our pants."

The balancing act between being artists and running a business is not always an easy one. **Dessa** says, "I know it's not a proper thing to say in this era of yoga and meditation, but I think balance is overrated. I don't balance it very well. But for right now, I'm in my late twenties, I like the grind. You don't get a lot of sleep, but you don't get bored." The members of Doomtree have their hands full. Everyone does their part in making the entire process of running the label and putting out records and touring work. Minneapolis is a spawning ground for upcoming and already prominent artists and labels such as **Rhymesayers**—who are an obvious influence and role model for the Doomtree crew. "Seeing

these guys on the street, and seeing them three times a week at all these shows they were playing all over the city, really gives you a sense of urgency." **Cecil Otter** says, "I think we've all had the work ethic where it's like we wanna do it ourselves until people wanna come start working for us and do it our way. That was a really inspiring thing to be around." **Dessa** agrees, "I think we were probably influenced by the encouraging motto that was set by **Rhymesayers Entertainment**. They were able to start a business, to run that business independently and to slowly build a national and international presence by themselves. In that way we probably all were inspired by the model from those guys." Needless to say, living in a city that is so accepting and full of music can motivate like-minded people to take their inspirations and aspirations to the next level.

After over a decade of hustling in the music industry the crew of seven is finally embarking on their first tour together. Every single member of Doomtree seems elated that it is finally happening. P.O.S is beyond stoked to finally have the entire collaborative out on the road this November, "There's always challenges on tour and there's always challenges when there's tons of people around. We all have a lot of history, but its nothing, I don't think there's going to be problems. I think the hardest thing will be keeping the show under three and a half hours." **Dessa** agrees that the entire crew is stoked, "It has been a long time coming, so I think all of us are more excited about this tour than we've been in a long time." Tours in the past always seemed to have at least one or two people from the collective missing. **Dessa** explained the process it took for this tour to happen, "Doomtree has had a really slow but steady organic growth, and it takes a while if your building independently to really set up the infrastructure and the financial stability it takes to fully get seven people paid when they're traveling together."

Doomtree is bound for success, especially with the positive outlooks and work ethic held by each member. **Sims** is certain that they are going in the right direction with the steps they are taking "We are turning into a competitive label and a force to kinda be reckoned with on a national level. We aren't cut throat, we are more community based and I think that that is one of our biggest assets and biggest strengths." P.O.S is extremely optimistic on the future of the collective as well, "I just want to make as many awesome songs as I can with my friends and just have that be what it is. The idea of competing with other rappers, the idea of competing in the music industry just fuckin' wore off when I was young."

For Doomtree it isn't about being number one in the industry—but instead simply doing what they love. Check out the entire Doomtree crew on Nov. 6 first at *Kilby Court* and later that same evening at *Urban Lounge*.



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ICE MAN
Levi Faust
 Words and photos by: Chris Swainston
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"Iceman: it's the way he flies, ice cold, no mistakes ..." That quote is right out of *Top Gun* and if you've ever seen **Levi Faust** skate, then you know it describes him perfectly. His focus is impeccable. You can see it in his face as he rolls up to a spot, feet perfectly placed, eyes locked on the target. He understands skating like most can never comprehend. I think it's all the sugar he eats. King-Size chocolate bars are like jet fuel for Faust. He'll always be the first one down to skate every day, any spot: it just doesn't matter to him, as long as we're skating. Most of the time when I'm skating with Faust, I end up laughing in amazement as he fires off trick after trick with flawless victory.

Now I'm not just going to sit here and blow sunshine up Faust's ass—I just can't think of anything else to say. Faust is kind of a

tough subject to describe. It's kind of like you just see it and it's awesome. But that's enough ass-kissing for now. I'll leave it up to Faust to tell us the rest.

SLUG: Who gave you the nickname 'Ice Man'?
Faust: EJ saw me with a fro and thought I looked like **Val Kilmer** from *Top Gun*.

SLUG: You do fly pretty high.
Faust: Then **Antho** gave me the nickname 'Beavis.' It sucked 'cause when **Dead Lung** and I are together, we look exactly like **Beavis** and **Butthead**.



"Started up on a front feeble, when he pulled from the clouds, and I moved in below him. Basically I was inverted."

SLUG: Didn't EJ help you get a job at Dan Jones and Associates?
Faust: Yeah, I only worked there for like two hours doing door-to-door survey shit.

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"How much candy have you had today?"

Kickflip.

SLUG: How many other SLC skaters can you name that have worked there?

Faust: Dirty, Isaiah, Dirk, Hess, EJ, Neals, Spencer, Hubble ... I know there are others.

SLUG: I heard you might be going on a Skull Candy trip, what's the story behind that?

Faust: If it happens, it's a road trip for Lizard, Caleb and myself. They are going to rent us a big RV and we'll possibly go out to Oregon and up to Washington. It's a ways out though, if it goes down ...

SLUG: How did this come about?

Faust: Filmer homie **Roice** just wanted to get a bunch of clips from some locals. I was the only one that actually hit him up to go skating. We got some good stuff he was stoked on. Then he took me up to the Skull Candy warehouse and let me rape the shop.

SLUG: I've heard you've never had a full part in any video, but have clips with just about every filmer. When are you going to have your first part?

Faust: Never, maybe. I might just have clips in people's parts forever. I'm satisfied with that. I feel weird watching myself skate.

SLUG: What's your favorite movie?

Faust: Hot Tub Time Machine, I love that movie, it's so funny.

SLUG: What's your favorite candy bar?



Too close for missiles, Faust switched to guns and shot off this frontside hurricane transfer.



Great balls of fire, heelflip.



God dammit Mustang! This is Ghost Rider 117, this bogey is all over this rail with nosegrinds locked in. Do I have permission to fire?



After eating three Symphony bars in one day, Faust serenades Symphony Hall with a first-try 5050. Five seconds later three cops walked up to kick us out ... sorry boys, show's over.

Faust: Symphony.

SLUG: Does it sing to you every time you bite into it?

Faust: Yeah. I bought four of the giant ones yesterday.

SLUG: Did you eat all of them already?

Faust: I've got one left.

SLUG: Just for the record, how much candy have you had today?

Faust: Two Twix, King-Size Snickers, five Gatorades, Sour Spaghetti, Sour Patch Kids, a Symphony and a coffee toffee ice cream from Wendy's.

SLUG: Do you ever eat normal food?

Faust: I think I had a JBC and a bagel with strawberry cream cheese for breakfast.

SLUG: Did you put Sour Patch Kids on the bagel?

Faust: No I didn't, but that's a good idea.

SLUG: What about a Symphony bagel?

Faust: Whoa! I have a big ass Symphony bar at my house, I'm going to do that. Put the Symphony in the microwave for about ten seconds then smear it on the bagel with cream cheese. Whoaaaaaa.



"It's the way he flies; ice cold, no mistakes ..."



Stand by, Ice Man's coming down Half-Cab heel.



Mustang, this is Voodoo 3, Ice Man has flown his back lip underground.



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SHRED FLICKS

Let's Make Better Mistakes Tomorrow
Peep Show Films
Premier: 10.15

Considering the overwhelming guy-to-girl ratio in the snowboarding industry, it's nice to see a ladies-only shred flick drop amongst the bro-heavy films of fall. That being said, when I watch a snowboarding movie, I want to see some amazing shit go down.

A good shred film delivers mind-blowing stunts that no one at your local mountain is throwing down, and that's what I was hoping for from these girls. Sadly, they didn't deliver. Lady shred veteran **Laura Hadar** and up-and-comer **Jess Kimura** held down the movie with two banger parts at the beginning. Hadar killed it as usual—no surprise there. It was Kimura that really left me in awe—the lady's got technique and style for days and the balls to go big. From there, it's another 15 minutes of, "Eh, that was kinda cool," but none of it left me saying, "Holy-fucking-shit," like I had hoped it would. At a brief 20 minutes, *Better Mistakes* definitely isn't the best bang for your hard-earned buck. For a first production from a brand-new film company, it's a good effort, but it's not quite there yet. Hopefully, in the years to come, Peep Show will work out some of the kinks and come back with a more impressive film. —*Katie Panzer*

Now/Here
Absinthe
Premier: 08.28

The new Absinthe film, *Now/Here*, is a movie for those who dream of being able to throw down five grand on a helicopter to take them to those perfect powder stashes. Absinthe aspires to save the environment, with a portion of the proceeds from the video going to the *Salt Lake Bike Collective* and *Protect Our Winters*. If you're like me and don't get a chubby from people going mach 5 down an 80-degree slope, there are still a few epic parts for you. **Cale Zima**, **Dan Brisse** and **Bode Merrill** hold down the street parts in the video and knocked me out of the big mountain daze this film initially sucked me into. With Zima's infamous slams, which should break him in half, and Dan Brisse's parking-garage-to-parking-garage road gap, I'd say the movie is worth buying for their parts alone, even if you have to fast-forward through eight backcountry parts. There was only one backcountry segment that got my attention and that I've never seen in a snowboard movie. **Wolfgang Nyvelt's** no-board part is by far

one of the most amazing parts in the video. He is dropping cliffs and bombing hills that most people would be too scared to drop with both feet strapped in. There are even a few shots of him hitting a log jam into three feet of powder. Even though this movie seems to be geared toward the backcountry gurus, I feel that whether you're a fan of big mountain riding or street jibbin', this movie will get you excited for the upcoming season.

—*Jeremy Riley*
One Love Ski & Snowboard Club
premiers:

On Sept. 16, the U of U's One Love Ski and Snowboard Club held premiers of two films—*Transworld's In Color* and *People Creative's Cheers*—in the U of U's Fine Arts Auditorium. The 300+ capacity auditorium was filled to the brim with excited skiers and snowboarders crammed in their seats and others standing in the aisles and hallways. It was a classic scene as fans waited for the films to start with friendly games of S-K-A-T-E, free energy drinks and contests for bindings and sweet prize packs provided by **Burton**.

In Color
Transworld
Premier: 09.16

As soon as this film got underway, **Mikkel Bang** took the reins with the opening of the film, filling his part with a slew of backcountry booters and drops from Whistler to Tahoe. A good portion of the film feature Quebec's famous urban terrain with some of the more notable parts highlighting riders such as **Jake Olson Elm** and **Phil Jacques**. The best part about Elm and Jacques' riding is the degree of creativity, which is becoming more and more vital to having an entertaining part in a film these days. **Jussi Oksanen** has one of the most visually stunning tricks in the entire film with his gap over the "mother" gap, and longhair **Keegan Valaika** wraps things up showcasing his superior urban style. All in all, *In Color* is a good film with some creative riding and a solid cast. —*Chris Proctor*

Cheers
People Creative
Premier: 09.16

Cheers featured a solid crew of riders, among them Utah locals the Real **Jeremy Jones**, **JP Walker** and **Aaron Biittner**. Before the showing, I got a chance to catch up with Biittner and ask him about his part in the film. "I shattered my collarbone on January 4, had surgery on January 7, then it was like a two month recovery from there ... but I was still able to salvage a part in the midst of everything," said Biittner. His part consisted completely of backcountry booters filmed in Tahoe and various locations in Canada. This film contained significantly more urban

riding and was delightfully creative. Jones toned down the front binding shove-it tricks and focused more on getting smooth, solid and technical. Walker went big and ended up snapping his board in half.

Shaun McKay had some pretty sweet head-cam footage and **Joe Sexton** ended the film in good form with an odd choice of music and some seriously talented rail riding. *Cheers* is definitely the "must buy" of this year's snowboard films. —*Chris Proctor*

NOW/HERE



Gunnie Season / Eye Trip
Level 1 Productions
Street: 09.23

Salt Lake is a city of culture that is evolving on a daily basis. We have art gallery strolls, skateboarding events, even fashion shows. For some reason, one of the greatest cultures that makes up SLC often gets overlooked. Yet on Sept. 23, the SLC ski culture was in full effect and it managed to join forces to create an almost gallery stroll of its own.

It started at the world headquarters of our own local ski manufacturer **4FRnt** for the grand opening of their new storefront. They greeted us with a DJ booth, skate spot in the "FRNT yard", mini ramp out back, and hot dogs Chicago-style with celery salt and all—very classy.

After dragging the dogs through the garden we headed up to the *Rail Event Center* to catch the first flick of the double feature, *Gunnie Season*, a film by the local crew **4bi9**. I have been watching these guys ski since they were about 12—which is only about a year or two ago—but they kill it. In the past few years these guys have really stepped it up, more pow, bigger lines, less rails, better shots, and more locations. I do have to say that I miss the chopped & screwed beats of the old 4bi9 days, but I like where they are going, and with their crew of **Wallisch**, **Keefer**, **Kiesel**, **Manney**, **Holson**, **Euler** and others, the direction they are definitely going is up.

Level 1's *Eye Trip* was up next, and as always their movies never cease to impress. With a heavy line up of skiers and world-class locations this is probably one of the better flicks of the season. Highlights included the European trip with **Wiley Miller**, **Duncan Adams** and **Josh Bibby** all skiing blower pow. Watching people send the massive booter at the end, that looked like a giant butt crack landing, was the epitome of how big park jumps have evolved in recent years. Overall, it was a solid night for SLC ski culture and good way to bring in the upcoming winter. —*Mike Reff*

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PRODUCT REVIEWS



intention is to serve as a small speaker, although it should be noted that this mini brightly colored speaker ball may also be used as a keychain. Any item whose secondary purpose is as bogus as a keychain is subconsciously sending the consumer the wrong message. The control of the device is minimal—no volume, no speaker setting, nothing except for a temperamental on-and-off button and a power-charging USB cord. When the Rockboom is played next to the speaker on my iPhone 4, it dwarfs in tonal range. I have more control and amplification over sound with my smartphone and laptop stock speakers, both of which are way more convenient than dragging around this device. Overall, it seems that technology surpassed this product a long, long time ago, and this is just another accessory I don't need.

—Trixie Nowa

**Nox
Specialist Headset
Nox-audio.com**

I was pretty excited when these headphones showed up on my desk. I figured reviewing them would be at least more fun than listening to the glut of mediocre-to-crappy promo CDs that I usually encounter, but alas, I was wrong. These headphones aren't super flashy, featuring a simple black and silver design with some comfortably padded material around the earpieces and on top of the headband. A microphone can be deployed from the left headphone, and a dial on the right headphone allows you to control volume. Pretty cool so far, right? Well, not really. Nox didn't include the cable that allows the user

to connect these to a video game console, which isn't a huge deal, but since they're marketing them as gaming headphones, it seems like a dumb oversight. If the headphones sounded good and worked properly, maybe I would've splurged and bought the \$20 adapter, but the sound quality is nothing special, and the cable on these motherfuckers broke after one day of use. If you're gonna spend \$80 on something that only lasts for a day, I can think of many

things more deserving of your cash than these headphones. —Ricky Vigil

**Keen
Keen Whisper
Keenfootwear.com**

These shoes arrived a few days before I was set to go on a river trip on the San Juan. The trip was a first for me, as were the shoes. In the past, my idea of "water shoes" was a pair of beat up Vans or Converse. Needless to say, these Keens blew me

away with their functionality and versatility. The first day on the river, one of our group members broke a flip-flop and ended up duct-taping the thing to his foot. Someone else smashed their toes against a rock when their shoe slid out. My toes stayed in tact, and due to the quick-draw elastic cord lace, I never felt like I was in danger of losing a shoe to the river gods. They worked great out of water, too. On the second day of our river expedition, we hiked up some fairly slick red rocks. These Keens did a great job of gripping the rocks so I never felt like I was in danger of eating shit down the side of the canyon. They've also been a lifesaver on days spent floating down the Weber River, where lost shoes are too common an occurrence. If you're still rocking flops or beat-up canvas shoes for your river outings like I was, it's time to make an upgrade. These are a great place to start.

—Jeanette D. Moses

**Sanyo
Pedal Juice
Us.sanyo.com/Pedal-Juice**

Pedal Juice is a rechargeable 9v power supply that can be used to power guitar/effects pedals, drum machines, multi-FX units and even recording devices. This thing is seriously cool! It has two outputs, can be recharged multiple times and can power a single low-draw pedal (like an overdrive) for up to 50 hours. You can also chain multiple pedals together and run a mini-amp at the same time, although the more things you run at once, the less time you get per charge. Still, there is enough juice in here to jam for at least 3 hours while running 6 pedals, an amp and even record at the same time. I've been playing with this thing off and on for the past month or so, and I still haven't had to re-charge it. Can you say "Goblin Valley road trip?"

—Ryan Fedor



**Mimobots
R2-D2 Flash Drive
Mimobots.com**

It's about time that rad customs make it back into our everyday technological lives. This is not a puff piece—the Mimobot crew has done it true. Yeah, it's just an ordinary everyday thing that we use for transferring files and such, but the fact that you can pick and choose the proper item for your style is amazing. "Awesome this product is," as Yoda would say. Speaking of Yoda, he was just added to the Star Wars series of flash drives, along with Dr. Knowledgeus in another product line and Hello Kitty in yet another. It's a party in the digital world, and now you can flaunt your digital friends as you use them for music sharing, work files and anything else. —Adam Dorobiala

**RockBoom Keychain Speaker Ball
chicBuds
chicbuds.com**

We tech-heads love our gadgetry. What runs deeper than our love of gadgetry is our love for accessories for said gadgets. The Rockboom is an amplification accessory intended for cell phones, mp3 players and any item that may require an audio boost. The device's primary



Hartbreaker: A Jon Hart study.

By: Sam Milianta

I've known **Jon Hart** for a little over ten years, since he was about fifteen. I recently met his mom for the first time and she wondered why we'd never met. He told her it was because he didn't want her to know he was out skating with grown ass men when he was a teenager. Back in the day, Jon was this kid we all used to see at the St. George Skatepark. He had a mean kickflip even back then. He and his buddies would go and skate all the old spots, like the Pine View High rail (long gone) and the Dixie High big four/ledges (remodeled and now even more awesome).

Hart was one of the new (now old) school of Southern Utah skaters. His generation was weaned on videos like **Toy Machine's Welcome to Hell** and **Zero's The Thrill of It All**. While my generation struggled to take it from the red curb to the rail, his generation grew up with handrails being commonplace. I wouldn't be surprised if he boardslid a four stair before he boardslid a red curb. Skateparks and widely-available videos changed the game. Hart always had the fire and motivation. While other friends of his fell off for a bit here and there, Hart

was always skating. I don't see him as often as I should, but every time I see him, I know he's been skating and ripping. I know I'll see his awesome brother **Matt** with him too, and they'll have plenty of good times to tell me about. Jon Hart is a skateboarder's skateboarder. This guy always worked hard at it. He's the only dude I know who'll call me up and ask me if I have any good rails. He's never out of the loop, trends don't concern him, he is just down to skate.

SLUG: Tell us about this video you just made with your brother and your friends.

Hart: It's called "*Bolts of Thunder*" (check it out on Youtube). It pretty much picks up where "*Video Days*" left off. So there's five of us in it: Me, my brother Matt, **Dave McDonald**, **Dan Shaw** and **Nick Edwards**. Nobody has ever heard of us, and even fewer people have actually seen us skateboard. We're all university students, completely broke, mid/late 20's, and our bodies are perpetually recovering from the skate session the day before. Therefore, you should expect nothing but the highest quality of skate films from us (time lapses of cars driving

on the freeway, four trick combos on ledges with kickflips out of everything, high-def panning shots on cranes, roll-away shots, and face shots filmed in 24P) ... No, it's the exact opposite, it has none of that. I think it's actually the anti-skate video. It's fun to watch if anything.

SLUG: How many videos have you guys made now and what are the titles all of them?

Hart: We've made five videos. They are: *Level 8*, *Shred Zeppelin*, *Gnarred for Life*, *Too Hot for TV*, and *Bolts of Thunder*. *Too Hot for TV* was never released (it really was too hot for TV), but **Weston Colton** had a full part in it. His part is in the bonus section of *Bolts of Thunder*.

SLUG: Do you ever feel like having a reunion video part with **Matt Pace**? Pacemaker and Hartbreaker would make an awesome video name.

Hart: Yeah, that would be pretty epic. I think I'd call it "*Hart vs Pace*" (*HVP*), and it would be the prequel to *Alien vs Predator* (*AVP*).

SLUG: Who's your fa-

smilianta@yahoo.com

vorite St. George skateboarder? And you can't say **James Atkin** because that's too easy. **Hart:** **Nick Graff**. He taught me how to skate, how to hide from cops and to appreciate a good taildrop.

SLUG: Who's your favorite Utah County skateboarder?

Hart: Dave McDonald. I don't even know if he counts because he just lived here for a couple months while he went to school, and he's gone now. But he filmed his part in our video in just a couple months after not having skated for a couple years.

He doesn't care if there are people kicking us out, if his body's too sore to move or if it's too dark to see what he's doing, he'll go for any trick. He's 27 and married, but he has the motivation to skate like a 15-year-old. He's really fun to skate with, and he's a super cool guy to hang out with.

SLUG: I know you have a brother who skates. Is it awesome to always have someone to skate with? I've never had such a thing. Tell us three advantages of having a brother who skates.

Hart: Yeah, I actually have two brothers that skate, Matt and Brian. It's the raddest thing ever because they're both my best friends. Advantages of having

brothers who skate with you is they can get mad at you for not landing a trick, which pushes you to try harder—it's harder for them to ignore you when you call them to skate—and they're protective of their younger brother—they'll fight off any unwanted lurkers.

SLUG: James told me something about you not skating on Sundays because you broke your foot on a Sunday. Can you share that story?

Hart: It wasn't quite like that. I went swimming on Sunday, then my parents decided to get divorced, and I broke my foot the next day. Swimming was obviously the cause of all this.

SLUG: Lastly, do you have any sponsors or people you'd like to thank? Every interview needs a mandatory shout-out section. This is yours.

Hart: I am sponsorless, but I think my Mom counts as a sponsor, she's really supportive of us skating. I don't want to offend anyone by not mentioning them by name, so I'll go the easy way out and say "I'd like to thank all my family and friends. You know who you are ..." Thanks Weston and Sam for putting this together, I had a lot of fun. Matt Hart, here's your shout out. Thanks to **Mark Anderson** from *Blindside*, the **Ripplingers** from *Lip Trix* and **Garret Taylor** from *Bakersfield* for hooking me up and helping me out. So don't be mad at me.



Photo: Weston Colton



Power boxes are quite rad and as you can tell from the interview, Jon Hart is way rad too, so it was only obvious he decided to 5-0 this one to show you all who's boss. Photo: Weston Colton

BELLYOGRAPHY



Photo: Mr. Breeze

Meada
By Astara

In the world of Middle Eastern dance, **Meada** is definitely one of a kind. She has been involved in the Salt Lake dance community for almost 20 years, and in that time, she has managed to not only stay with the same teacher for 17 years, but has danced with the same troupe for 16 years. Meada is dedicated to the dance and loyal to those with whom she performs—admirable qualities to have in an often fickle and changing environment such as belly dancing.

A Salt Lake native, Meada tried jazz for a while, but at age 15, she decided that it wasn't for her. Her mother, an avid fan of belly dancing, suggested she start taking lessons. Meada signed up for belly dance classes taught by **Thia** at *Evergreen Junior High* and she has been with Thia ever since. Meada has also been a member of **Wysteria**, one of Thia's performing troupes, since it was created 16 years ago. For the past five years, she has been an instructor at the *Egyptian Dance Studio*, teaching beginning classes in belly dancing. Meada also has her own dance troupe, **Electra**.

"Wysteria and Electra are my pride and joy. With Electra, I get to dance with my two sisters. My cousin, **Nathan**, and his wife also used to be a part of Electra, but they have moved away." Meada says, "My entire family attends all of our shows. They totally support my dancing—my mother has sewn costumes for us, and my father and grandmother even drummed for one of my performances when I was

dancing with **Neneptha**. At *Thia's Halloween Bash*, my family always has the biggest table, because everyone in my family shows up!"

Besides Thia, Meada's favorite teachers and performers are **Suzanna Del Vecchio**, **Ansuya**, **Princess Farhana** and **Nalini**. "I really like Ansuya because she has managed to combine cabaret and tribal not only in her dancing, but in her costuming. I love to watch her dance!" Meada says, "Nalini's Bollywood workshop was amazing, and Princess Farhana was so much fun. But I don't categorize my dancing or myself. It's all belly dancing to me!" Meada says, "When people ask me what my style of dance is, I say, 'What style? I do belly dancing. I am a belly dancer.' I don't like putting labels or limits on what I do. That way, I get to do it all!"

Meada says, "Belly dancing in Utah is huge—people in other states don't realize how big it truly is. But what I love most is the people. I am always meeting new people through dance. And we are all willing to help each other—to join in and be involved. When people are in need, we rise to the occasion. I love that about our community."

Electra will be performing at *Thia's Halloween Bash* on October 16, and *Dancing in the Snow*, January 15, 2011. *Wysteria* will be performing at the *Shazadi Soiree*, November 5. Electra and Wysteria will perform at the *Belly Dance Spring Fest*, March 5, 2011. For more information, go to bellydancingbythia.com/events.htm

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GALLERY STROLL

Gallery Stroll: New Kids on the Block

By **Mariah Mann Mellus**
mariah@slugmag.com

"Utah is in a depressed state," I overhear the man say, trying to work a travel deal. "Not true." Says the woman, "Have you been to Utah lately? Buildings and businesses are popping up all over the place." The people of Utah are survivors, and we find a way to thrive in the most difficult economic times. Case in point: two art galleries have recently opened their doors or relocated to larger digs. Sure, businesses open up all the time, but art galleries take a special risk during times of financial hardship. Art is usually purchased with disposable income, and let's be honest, who has disposable income anymore? To fight the good fight, you have to be creative, and these galleries are taking risks and setting new rules.

The *Gray Wall Gallery* located at 351 W. Pierpont wants to make you famous. Low overhead and grassroots marketing allow the *Gray Wall Gallery* to focus on artists just coming into their own. Their mission is "to promote and sell works for artists who are willing to take a chance on themselves when they feel their work deserves that chance." The gallery team of **Matthew Hall**, **Tamara Fox** and **Sara Cuvelier**, all artists themselves, understand the hardships of being a struggling artist. "We want to provide a space where new and/or unusual work could develop and prove itself to a public audience," they say in their mission statement. These thoughtful innovators realize galleries often miss the mark when it comes to providing an environment conducive to viewing the art. Besides the monthly Gallery Stroll, many galleries often close their doors at the end of a 10 AM to 6 PM business day. *The Gray Wall Gallery* is open Wednesday and Thursday from 5:30 PM to 8:30 PM, Fridays from 5:30 PM to 9:30 PM, Saturdays during the *Farmers Market* from 7:30 AM to 3 PM and Sundays from noon to 3 PM, capitalizing on the great foot traffic from the Gateway and Pioneer Park establishments. *The Gray Wall Gallery* is a program of the *Utah Arts Alliance*, a non-profit organization that provides services and support to artists in Utah. *The Gray Wall* is currently accepting applications at: graywallgallery.com/submit

The *House Gallery* has a new home. Originally opening its doors in January 2010 in the the basement of the *Peery Hotel*, the *House Gallery* has relocated to a fresh new space at 29 East 400 South, formerly the home of the *L. Lorenz Knife Shop*. The gallery will be located near the *Heavy Metal Shop*, the *Green Pig Pub* and *Blonde*

Grizzly, making this an excellent block to put on your Gallery Stroll hit list. The *House Gallery* focuses on contemporary works by emerging and mid-career artists from around the nation. October's show, *Inner Space*, features New York-based artist **Matt Jones** as he turns his artmaking into a healing ritual. The inspiration for this show began after Jones heard a lecture by Buddhist psychotherapist **Miles Neale** on the effects of habitual behavior. Neale explained that we form negative patterns in our brain, and to reverse these destructive impulses, we need to introduce positive habits through repetition. As a result, Jones' paintings have repetitive, methodical movements that serve as a calming agent that transcends the viewer. *Inner Space* opens on October 6 with an artist talk and reception on Friday October 15. Artist talk begins at 5 p.m. with a reception to follow until 9 p.m. Hours are Wednesday and Thursday from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., and Friday and Saturday from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. The *House* will be rocking with these upcoming shows, so save the date! November: abstract paintings and miniature clothing by New York artist **Jon Coffelt**. December: **Allan Ludwig**, a BYU professor and emerging artist working in comic book abstractions. January: **Kay Tuttle** of Colorado, with her book arts and collage pieces. February: contemporary collages and photographer **Chris Dunker** of Logan, Utah, and in March: minimalist painter **Charles Fresquez** of Albuquerque, N. M. For more information about all things *House Gallery*, visit <http://www.housegalleryslc.com>.

In order to keep a vibrant creative community such as ours, we need to go out and support the scene. Gallery Stroll takes place on the third Friday of every month. Save the date and support local art!



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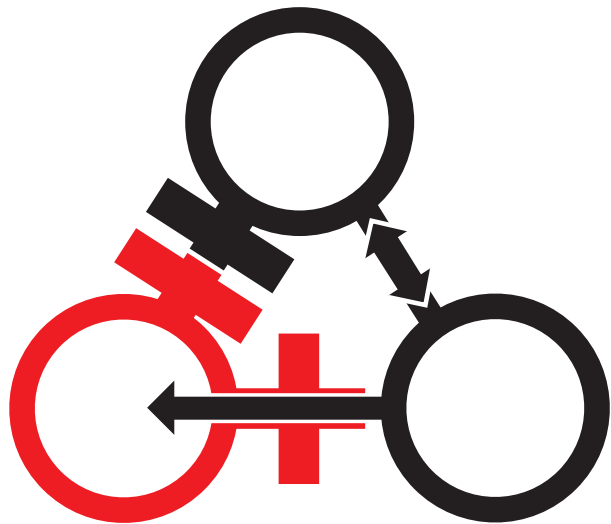
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



The Love Button
©BY Dr. Evil, Ph. D

If you're an evolutionist, you know we all come from a blob that bubbled out of primordial mud. One fine day that blob split apart and many blobs later became female or male, or both. The male developed a penis and balls. The female got a clitoris and labia. Think of the clitoris as a tiny penis the size of an average pea, and the balls as the mystery flaps or labia on a woman. Much like an uncircumcised penis, a flap of skin called a hood hides the clitoris.

What women didn't get from evolution in size for her love button, she got in its sensitivity. The clitoris is a bundle of nerve endings—8000 to be exact. That's twice as many as in the penis. Plus, in some women, the aroused clit can become erect and engorged enough to become the size of an apricot.

Early in the last century, a French author named **Princess Marie Bonaparte** (great grand niece of Napoleon) had a thought that the closer her clit was to the vaginal opening, the more likely it would be for her to have an orgasm. In her own research of 243 women, (she published under **A.E. Narjani** in the *Bruxelles-Médical* in 1924) she found that most (69%) had a clit less than an inch above their hole but up to 21% of women had a clit much farther away. Hers was in that 21% category, so she convinced a Viennese doctor to perform surgery on her to get things closer to each

other for increased sexual pleasure. He had never done such an operation and tried it first on a cadaver.

Princess Marie reported that her sex life didn't improve after the operation, and so the doctor volunteered to do the surgery again, as it had worked on two other subsequent live volunteers. It's uncommon for women to have clitoral surgery to improve their pleasure during sex. These days, it's far more common for women to have their genitals rearranged or cosmetically improved just to satisfy their egos.

If you find yourself in a situation similar to Bonaparte's, skip the surgery and try a new position during sex instead. I would have told her to try a pillow under her ass as it might rotate her pelvis enough to give her more pleasure. If she's hard core, she could try a bit of Tiger Balm on her button, but be prepared with some ice in case she heats up in a bad way. She could use a Pocket Rocket (lipstick-sized vibrator) on her clit while thrusting, or gently have her partner nibble her labia and clit before insertion.

Bottom line: The clit is the love button to better sex, no matter what it looks like or where it's located!

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

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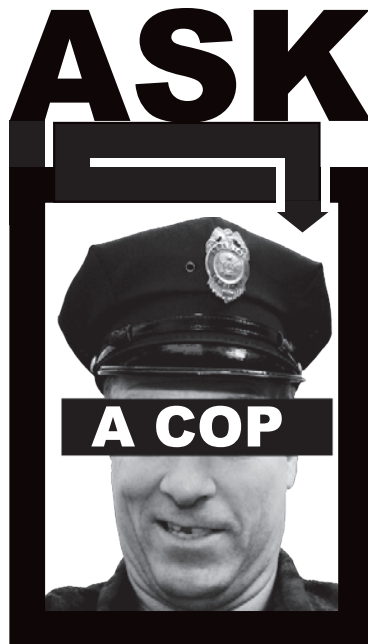
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Dear Cop,
So last May, a couple of underage friends and my self (also underage) were coming back from a party in Sandy. I had a few drinks that night, but not enough to have gotten a buzz or affect my driving skills. Now, as I'm making a right hand turn I see these wonderful red and blue lights flashing in my rear view mirror. The cop told me he had pulled me over because he ran my plates and it showed I had no insurance, which was true. So he went about his business and asked for all the usual shit. I also didn't have my license on me. He came back and asked me if we had anything to drink that night, I lied and said no. He made me do the whole sobriety test and I passed, then he pulled everyone out of the car, breathalyzed us and then searched our car. He found an open container that belonged to the girl who was sitting behind me, my friend's and my fake ids and an empty 30 case of Pabst, which he gave us shit for drinking. The cop only wrote one ticket to the girl who had the open container and then told me to get a ride home and park my car at the gas station across the street. So, home boy cop calls my friend and I 11 months later, by this time we're 21, and he wants us to come down to the station and sign a minor in possession ticket, which we didn't do, cause we thought it was complete bullshit. Another month goes by and he is now threatening us by saying he'll issue warrants. Now my question is, can this super awesome cop charge us a year later for an MIP when we are now 21, and then send out warrants for such a thing? I mean don't you guys have better things to do than give two kids tickets a year late?

-Gypsy
Dear Gypsy
Yes, they can charge you. You're well within the statute of limitations. However, as you clearly detected with your own bullshit meter, something is wrong. Actually, something is very wrong. Here are the things that you and the cop did correctly:
Drinking PBR. Awesome beer!
He can stop you for not showing insurance on his computer. That's reasonable suspicion.
Yes, he turned on his red lights to stop you. He should do that.
Yes, he should ask for all your documents.
.....well, that's about it.
Here is what seems wrong with what happened that fine night in Sandy, Utah:
If you think you're not impaired after a few drinks, well that's like me saying I'm a better bowler after a case of PBR.
The moment you blew in the portable breathalyzer test (PBT), which as you admitted would have shown alcohol in your system, you should've been under arrest.
Everything else the cop did or didn't do is all wrong.
Utah has a law for those who drink and drive under the age of 21. It's called, "Not A Drop." It means you can't have one drop of alcohol in your system and get behind the wheel. .08 BAC doesn't even apply to you anymore, because you weren't



allowed to have one drop of alcohol and drive. Your friends, sure, minor in possession by consumption. But you, Not A Drop DUI!

The fact that he let you go, knowing that you were underage and had alcohol in your system, that's the kind of thing cops get fired for. God forbid one of your friends had been under 18, his behavior could've bordered on neglect. Law Enforcement has policies in place to protect you and the cops. If you had returned to your car after he left, drove away and got in an accident, the cop not only could, and he probably would have been fired, he'd also be sued and lose everything. This cop violated too many policies to count in just one incident.

To come back at you, 11 months later, and ask you and your friends to sign a ticket, I've never heard of that in 20 years. I'll make a guess that this cop is in some trouble, and it's probably related to his alcohol enforcement of underage drinkers or drivers. He's trying to clean up some mess he's in, and you and your friends are part of his clean up. His sergeant probably found your fake ID's in the cop's car, and he couldn't answer why "seized evidence" of a crime wasn't booked.

Could a prosecutor file charges against you? Yes, they could. Would they? I doubt it. But, for you to go in and sign a ticket almost a year later, that's unheard of. The normal process would be for the cop to screen charges against you now with the prosecutor. Prosecutors issue warrants, not cops. Cops enforce the warrants.

I am not a lawyer, and I actually know very little about the law other than enforcing it. But, as you know, something is so wrong with this you'd be dumb not to talk to a lawyer before you do anything or this cop continues pestering you.

I'm with you Gypsy, God save the Roma people!

EMAIL YOUR QUESTION TO: ASKACOP@SLUGMAG.COM

BEER REVIEWS

Beer Reviews

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

While Utah has managed to maintain an archaic bubble that leaves the majority of us dry humping away at sanity, occasionally there is a small glimmer of hope that makes us think there is a chance. Recently, this small glimmer of hope comes in the form of "on-premises bottling for higher gravity beer." Utah has already seen *Epic Brewing* open based around this law, and with many local breweries dishing out high point beers, one can only hope it will further the Utah beer scene.

Big Cottonwood Amber Ale

Brewery/Brand: Squatters

ABV: 6.4 %

Serving Style: 22 oz Bottle

Description: Coming out of



the bomber, this brew pours a copper-amber color with a medium white head. The nose breaks open into heavy citrus hops and pleasant caramel malt. The flavor is backed by a caramel sweetness and a piney American hop bitterness.

Overview: This new brew is from the Small Batch Series. If you are a regular drinker of Squatters brew, it is an amped

up version of Emigration Amber Ale with a fresh dry hopping technique that brewmaster **Jenny Talley** picked up at this year's *Craft Brewers Conference*.

Elephant Double IPA

Brewery/Brand: RedRock Brewing Company

ABV: 8 %

Serving Style: 16 oz Bottle

Description: After much anticipation, this double IPA pours a hazy orange-copper color with a dense white head. The aroma is nothing short of immaculate: It is packed with grapefruit, pine and sweet apricots. The flavor is an evenly balanced bitter with a sweet fruit hop background.

Overview: Just when I had given up on the boring, overly hopped American IPAs, RedRock has restored my faith that there can be a well-balanced IPA that is not a one and done drinker. The aroma does nothing short of conjuring up ideas of running through a forest filled with pine-grapefruit-citrus trees whacking you in the face.

Stein Knocker Lager

Brewery/Brand: Hoppers

ABV: 6%

Serving Style: 12 oz Bottle

Description: Out of the bottle, this Oktoberfest-Märzen-styled lager is a brilliant clear orange-honey color with a small off-white head. The aroma is clean, with very soft hints of malty sweetness and just a hint of toast. The flavor comes through with balanced sweetness and finishes dry with a light caramel malt that lingers alongside a soft hop bitterness.

Overview: Just in time to line up with Oktoberfest, **Donovan Steele** (Head Brewer at Hoppers) has released this brew in his line of Storehouse Reserves, and that will keep us asking, "What's next?" I cannot say as of yet what it will be, but I can hint that a Belgian is in the future.

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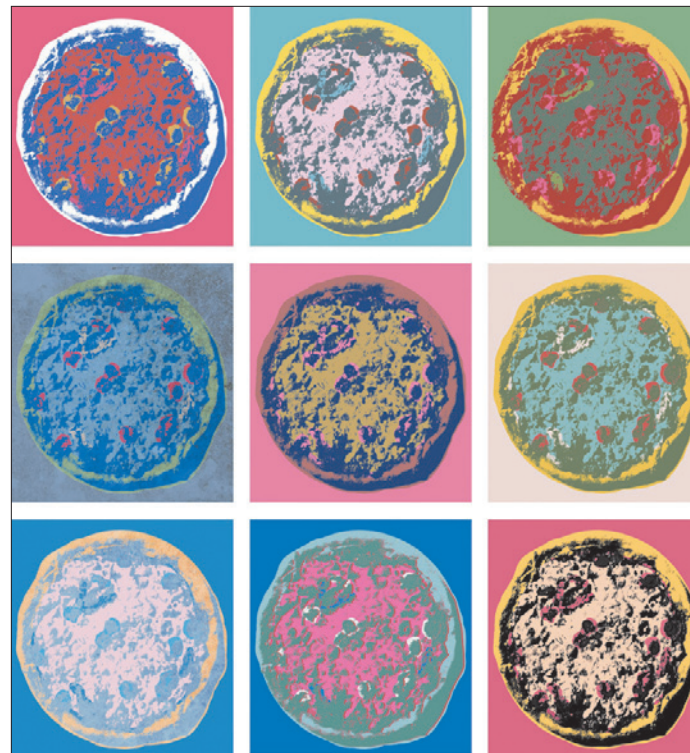
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BOOKS ALOUD

Coffee, Tea or Kool-Aid: Which Party Politics Are You Swallowing?

Erin McHugh

Abrams

Street: 09.10

This book is a great read for anyone who is interested in, but could not really give a fuck about what's going on in our "democracy" at the moment. It's funny seeing how all the new political parties are being described in this read, and from what I can understand about the new parties, we are basically in the same boat with a few new names. I love tea, especially licorice tea, but for the most part the tea party's antics are much like the ones of the Republican party, where they are still taking advantage of us "lower-middle class" people. Now the coffee party is akin to democratic procedures and protocol for the last few years—They are still trying to help the people, but it doesn't seem like they actually are. Maybe they are, maybe they aren't, but at least they are listening and trying to do constructive things. Kool-Aid is delicious no matter what flavor you prefer, and the Kool-Aid party is pretty tasty going down. With all that filler with no actual benefits or features besides being too easy to drink/formulate, though, it seems like there could be an underlying and hidden agenda with said party. There are also a bunch of fantastic graphs and statistics littered throughout this book that really help you form a positive outlook on the current situation. —Jonathon Livingstill

spouts a piece of personal philosophy that Glenn immediately agrees with (Henry: "I wish I were a unicorn of death." Glenn: "Me too.") are definite highlights, as are the diary entries of both hardcore supermen. Neely's contributions are probably the best in the book though, as they're the most consistently funny and are actually pretty sweet most of the time as well. Non-fans probably won't get most of the jokes (I won't spoil it, but there's an excellent "Last Caress" gag), but this is an awesome little time waster for the legions of Rollins and Danzig devotees. —Ricky Vigil

The Story of Island Records: Keep on Running

Suzette Newman and Chris Salewicz

Universe

Street: 09.07



All coffee table books about record labels should be this beautiful. For the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Island Records, Newman and Salewicz have put together a tome that aims to tell the story of how the enormously successful label came into being. Historical books, especially those that deal with an industry, tend to be big on facts, but thin on entertainment—that's where this one really succeeds. Rather than try to trace the origins of the company and the stories about how each artist came to find him or herself on the roster, the editors of this biography let photos and short essays weave the whole tale. Label founder **Chris Blackwell** tells of being befriended by Rastafarians during an early trip to Jamaica. His efforts to record and license reggae music for European sales led to his earliest forays into the music industry. This led to releases by non-reggae artists. In addition to this essay, other industry insiders write about their comings and goings in the Island empire: work that led to the release of seminal music by **Bob Marley and the Wailers**, **Roxy Music**, **U2**, **Tom Waits**, **Cat Stevens** and even **Amy Winehouse**, among others. The short written anecdotes are punctuated with over 400 pictures from the Island archives. The result is a gorgeous repository of information about one of the most successful and yet laid-back record labels in music history. It will set you back almost forty bucks, but there really is no other way to educate yourself about the importance of **Grace Jones** to the 1980s disco club scene. —Woodcock Johnson

Henry & Glenn Forever

Tom Neely

Cantankerous Titles

Street: 05.10



The premise behind this 66-page comic anthology is so simple and genius that I don't think anyone would've come up with it if not the **Igloo Tornado** art collective. Punk rock legends **Henry Rollins** and **Glenn Danzig**, who are very special friends (if you catch my meaning), live together, do yardwork together, attend costume parties together and leave love notes for each other, all while maintaining their ridiculously manly public personas. Each page features a self-contained gag, and several artists employ their own unique styles, some of which work better than others. **Scot Nobles'** contributions, consisting of a static image in which Henry

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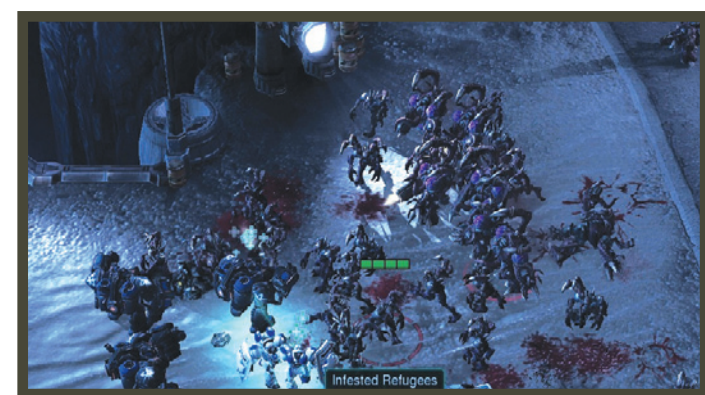


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GAME REVIEWS



Mother Russia's a lot like I imagined it would be . . .



Our friends Bill, Zoey, Lois and Francis find themselves on a strange new world.

Lego Harry Potter: Years 1-4
Traveller's Tales/Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, Wii, PC, PSP, DS
Street: 06.29

Since the *Lego* game phenomena started with *Lego Star Wars*, the franchise has boasted some of the best co-op games for kids and adults alike. I initially picked up *Lego Harry Potter* because my daughter is a huge *HP* fan, but I ended up playing the majority of it with my wife, as I have with all of the *Lego* games. Even though they've caused huge arguments, the games have always been fun. *Lego Harry Potter* follows the movies more than the books, and compared to past *Lego* games, it has a massive amount of gaming content and is packed with many treats for *Harry Potter* fans. In a greatly valued attempt to stave off arguments, the co-op mode has added split-screen, but only to a point—your character needs to be in the same area as your partner, but you can do your own exploring without yelling at them to come where you are. Though the new split-screen mode is helpful, it's much harder to unlock new characters this time around: You actually have to find little *Lego* bits of each hidden character when you return to previously beaten levels. The changes are good and bad, but it's still a great co-op game and I'm sure I'll be snatching up whatever *Lego* games come about next. —Bryer Wharton

Metro 2033
4A Games/THQ
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: Playstation 3, PC
Street: 03.16

I thought I'd go back a few months and talk about a game that, in my mind, has 'future cult classic' written all over it. *IGN* (the *Pitchfork* or *New York Times* of the videogame industry) has a number of offices around the world. Compared to the main U.S. staff, *IGN's* Australia staff and UK staff consistently give lower scores and more critical, often pseudo-erudite reviews to their games. This time around, the critical staff at *IGN's* UK office found much more to appreciate in *Metro* than the yanks did, largely because the game's experience is simply more nuanced than it is badass. Nothing in this game holds your hand. Turn on subtitles because the story, while compelling and consistent, is subtle and difficult to follow. Ran out of bullets? Should've conserved more when the mutants attacked—time to put your bowie knife skills to the test. How much breathable air do you have left? Check the analog timer on your wristwatch, and don't forget to take off your gasmask before a firefight, or it'll get cracked. The devil's in the details in *Metro*, but so is the game's singular brand of entertainment. Surrounding the survivalist gameplay is a world that feels surprisingly populated and believably lived-in. Production values are much higher than you'd expect from a little game like *Metro*. If you're skilled in the FPS genre and you can enjoy a linear, storied campaign, then this journey through the post-apocalyptic Moscow subway deserves a backward glance. It has excellent pacing, pitch-perfect tension and enough atmosphere in every set piece to make Master Chief blush. —Jesse Hawlish

Starcraft 2: Wings of Liberty
Blizzard Entertainment
Reviewed on: PC
Also Available On: Mac
Street: 7.27

Say it with me. *Starcraft*. Say it again. *Staaarcraft*. *Staaarrrrrrraaafft*. Doesn't that feel nice? Yeeeah. For longer than any fanatical gamer could possibly remember, *Starcraft 2* has been but a slight glimmer on the distant horizon of gaming goodness. *Halo* came and went, with two equally mediocre sequels to follow. *World of Warcraft* revitalized countless millions of online gamers' hearts. Even *Duke Nukem Forever*—oh wait, never mind. The point is, the wait is finally over. Jim Raynor hath returned. *Wings of Liberty* is the first installment of the *Starcraft 2* trilogy. It follows the Terrans' intergalactic horseplay with the other familiar races: Zerg and Protoss. While *WoL* still boasts thirty missions just like its predecessor, all of these ones are playable only as the Terran. This doesn't mean that it is a shorter game: I found this campaign much more engaging than the original. Missions were varied, ranging anywhere from zombie invasions to train heists. Sometime in the not-so-near future, a Zerg-based expansion pack titled *Heart of the Swarm* will be released, followed by *Legacy of the Void*, where the Protoss finally get to shine. While the multiplayer feature doesn't knock my socks on my ass, it's still very fun and endlessly addictive. All three races can be played in games ranging from one-on-one skirmishes to hour-long 4v4 planetary wars. A 5-tier ranking system has also been introduced in an attempt to try and match you with similarly skilled players. With such a long and detailed single-player campaign mixed with the endlessly replayable multiplayer aspect, *Wings of Liberty* does not disappoint. If you haven't yet immersed yourself into the world of zealots, firebats and zerglings, it's certainly not too late to start now. —Ross Solomon

MOVIE REVIEWS

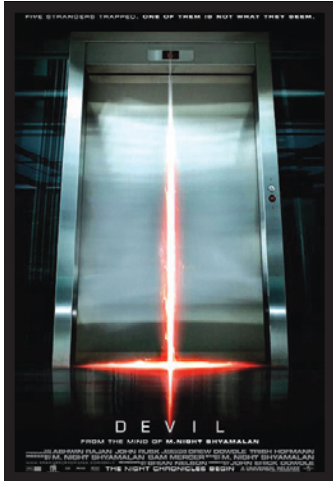
The American Focus Features In Theaters: 09.01



As much as the studio wants to advertise **Anton Corbijn**'s thriller as the next James Bond or Jason Bourne film, I can assure you neither is the case. Corbijn, a successful music video director, sets his professional sights on feature films with an intense psychological drama that stars **George Clooney** (finally stepping away from constantly playing a cinematic version of himself) as a professional assassin living a lonely life of constant paranoia who must retreat to a small village in Italy after an assignment goes terribly awry in Sweden. While in hiding, the killer is hired to design and assemble an intricate gun for an anonymous buyer. As the task progresses, he befriends an inquisitive priest and an alluring harlot, but it's only a matter of time before his troublesome past catches up with him again. Clooney provides a primarily unspoken yet powerful performance as he builds an ever-increasing level of tension with fidgety mannerisms and anxious facial expressions. It's abundantly clear Corbijn has carefully studied his history of film text books and developed a project comparable to European films of the 1960s and 1970s with striking cinematography and impressive character development. Action is available in short bursts throughout the film, but the film places its focus on the emotional hardships one must cope with when profiting from the deaths of strangers. *—Jimmy Martin*

Devil Universal Pictures In Theaters: 09.17

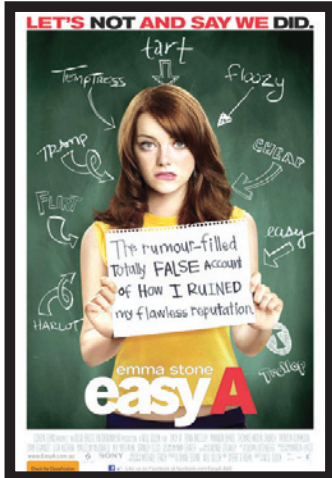
It is truly sad to witness a once-gifted filmmaker plummet from the sky like a falling star as his talents progressively shrivel into absolute nothingness. The name **M. Night Shyamalan** has become so tainted with his atrocious



endeavors that audiences groan and cringe at the thought of his involvement when his name flashes across the screen in trailers. He can't even mention his attachment as a writer/producer without receiving a negative reaction, which is exactly his connection to director **John Erick Dowdle**'s latest addition to the horror genre. Shyamalan's subpar and simplistic story follows five strangers, each with a sordid past, who find themselves trapped in a high-rise elevator with an indefinable presence of evil lurking within the confined space. One by one, the passengers begin to meet their demise, but a grief-stricken member of Philadelphia's finest attempts to solve the murders via the elevator's security camera. Dowdle has taken the concept of "less is more" entirely too literally and offers the audience nothing more than an 80-minute bore-fest of a group of people standing around in an elevator who are killed off one by one in total darkness. To say that nothing happens in this film isn't an exaggeration. And what would a Shyamalan-esque project be without a shocking twist at the grand finale? Probably a slightly better venture since *Devil*'s revelation is as pathetic and derivative as they come. The movie is a glorified student film that's been made a dozen times on college campuses across the country. Shyamalan's über lack in creativity makes me believe he's scoring classrooms for ideas rather than the usual notion of up-and-coming filmmakers pillaging concepts from Hollywood. Oh, how the tides have turned. *—Jimmy Martin*

Easy A Magnolia Pictures In Theaters: 09.17

Every so often, a teen comedy comes along that's so intelligent and witty, it proves formulaic fart jokes and gratuitous nudity aren't an essential requirement for the genre. Taking a modern-



ized twist on **Nathaniel Hawthorne**'s *The Scarlet Letter*, **Bert V. Royal**'s satirical script follows Olive (**Emma Stone**), an astute and mature high schooler who accidentally allows a fictitious rumor to spread about her and a sexual encounter with a college guy. As the school's religious elitists condemn her provocative ways, Olive embraces her newfound reputation out of sheer spite. However, when her closeted gay friend, Brandon (**Dan Byrd**), begs her to spread a rumor regarding a fabricated sexual encounter involving him in order to fend off his callous classmates, Olive discovers a profitable scheme that becomes wildly appreciated by more exiled peers. While verbally battling with the right-wing unpleasantness of **Amanda Bynes**, Stone fires off sharp and clever dialogue that's evocative to **Rosalind Russell**'s performance in *His Girl Friday*. Every character in Royal's screenplay is unforgettable with exaggerated yet charismatic personalities, especially in the case of Olive's liberal-minded parents, played hysterically by **Stanley Tucci** and **Patricia Clarkson**. Director **Will Gluck** proves his own increase in maturity as he successfully returns to the director seat after the detestable *Fired Up!* and distributes a worthy homage to the teen classics of the 1980s that embodies the same characteristics the late **John Hughes** represented. *—Jimmy Martin*

I'm Still Here Magnolia Pictures In Theaters: 09.10

Ever since the red carpet announcement of his retirement from acting on *Extra* in 2008, newspaper tabloids and celebrity gossip television shows have been carefully examining and questioning the validity of **Joaquin Phoenix**'s bizarre antics. Refusing to be a Hollywood puppet anymore, the award-winning actor attempts to transition into a hip hop artist, but not without his brother-in-law/

director, **Casey Affleck**, documenting every awkward moment along the way. As Phoenix carelessly performs his rhymes at local clubs with depressing results and spirals down into a drug and alcohol-induced crisis, all is not lost when **Sean "P. Diddy" Combs** steps in as a potential album producer giving the wanderer the much needed boost in acknowledgement. As much as Affleck and Phoenix proclaim the documentary's authenticity, it's clearly a hoax—the same style of hoax **Andy Kaufman** performed more efficiently in the late 1970s with his lounge-singing alter ego, Tony Clifton. Like Clifton, Phoenix comes across as an obnoxious, self-righteous rageaholic, however Clifton never sought empathy at the punch line of his pranks as Phoenix does making him come across as pathetic. As his beard grows, the former actor appears to become more insane and violent, but the overall joke falls flat with the drawn out running time. The major appeal comes with the behind-the-scenes glimpse of Hollywood stardom, especially in the case of the infamous **David Letterman** interview, but the childish shenanigans of scouring the internet for escorts and defecating on sleeping roommates should remain with **Johnny Knoxville** and his *Jackass* friends and stay away from mockumentaries searching for an emotional response from the audience. *—Jimmy Martin*

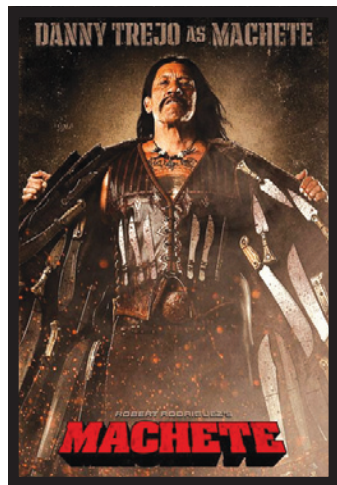
Legend of the Guardians: The Owls of Ga'Hoole Warner Bros. In Theaters: 09.24



Of all the directors in Hollywood who come to mind when thinking of someone perfect to helm a children's animated fantasy, **Zack Snyder** would probably fall right next to **Rob Zombie** at the bottom of the list. Not that he's incapable of the task, quite the contrary, but his entire directorial filmography

(*Dawn of the Dead*, *300*, *Watchmen*) is comprised of projects specifically created for adults, so the conversion would be quite unconventional. In this tale of loyalty and survival in the owl kingdom, two brothers, Soren (voiced by **Jim Sturgess**) and Kludd (voiced by **Ryan Kwanten**), are kidnapped and forced into slavery by the wicked Metal Beak (voiced by **Joel Edgerton**) and his brain-washed army of orphaned owlets. When an opportunity to escape presents itself, Soren and a group of newfound friends make a dash for freedom, but the corruptible Kludd stays behind with his new family. Upon discovering the Guardians of Ga'Hoole aren't merely the mythical characters his father spoke of in bedtime stories, Soren wastes no time in locating their lair in order to form a plan of attack. Snyder gracefully transitions to the new genre as he interweaves his signature visual style of fast-paced action sequences with short bursts of slow-motion frames that accentuate the beauty of the creatures' movements. The downfall of the director's undertaking is ultimately due to an unoriginal story that essentially rips-off *Star Wars*, *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Lion King*. In addition, you can be sure to thank studio executives for putting the kibosh on Snyder's sophisticated flow by including an unnecessary montage accompanied by mind-numbing pop music. *—Jimmy Martin*

Machete 20th Century Fox In Theaters: 09.03



Spawnd from the faux theatrical trailer segment of *Grindhouse*, **Robert Rodriguez** has given his audience

exactly what they demanded and has resurrected and revived the cartoonish exploitation film genre for a new generation. In his latest creation, the knife-wielding ex-Federale, Machete (**Danny Trejo**), whose life was destroyed by a merciless drug lord in Mexico, attempts to start again with new life in America as an illegal immigrant looking for work on the streets. When a profitable opportunity arises to assassinate a racist senator (**Robert De Niro**), the blade enthusiast agrees, only to find himself double-crossed and listed as America's most wanted fugitive. In order to enact a vicious wave of revenge, he teams up with an underground resistance led by a sexy taco truck owner (**Michelle Rodriguez**). Let's be as brutally honest as Rodriguez is with the violence in this blood

splattered death extravaganza. Trejo barely slips by as a mediocre actor. His one-note demeanor and expressionless, rugged face doesn't work for 99% of the acting gigs out there. With that said, he's absolutely perfect for the mechanical aura that is Machete. He's so "cool" he's laughable, and that's exactly what Rodriguez intends. The ingenious director captures the absurdity of 1970s action films all the way down to the funky bass line soundtrack that starts when an attractive female steps into the frame. Rodriguez has always had a talent for directing explosive, entertaining projects on a small-scale budget, and this conservative aptitude works perfectly with his decision to recreate a genre that requires exactly that. *—Jimmy Martin*

Oddsac Plexifilm Street: 08.10

By the time **Animal Collective**'s "visual album" *Oddsac* had made its rounds during the 2010 *Sundance Film Festival*, it seemed like every hardcore Animal Collective fan had seen the film and had wildly different opinions on its merits. The film was hailed as a brilliant, margin-walking art piece that blurred the line between sound and image, but it was also described as derivative weirdness from an overhyped band whose edge was lost. With such wildly different opinions coming from within the community, the release of *Oddsac* into the general film-watching world (if you consider Sundance general) has had a similar reaction. *Oddsac* is alienating, beautiful, abrasive and polarizing, just like the band itself but, just like Animal Collective, *Oddsac* is capable of finding kernels of brilliance within the messy superstructure. The film moves from structured scenes with actors and plots to hyperkinetic, avante-garde segues that rely heavily on a fiery orange-red color palate and physical and digital manipulation to the film stock that visually obsesses over oozing orifices and melting polyurethane. This move between structure and chaos tracks Animal Collective's musical tendencies to move from melodic, pop-informed numbers to ear-melting art squalor. Both work quite nicely apart, but are severely compromised when placed in the structure and lexicon of a film. It is difficult to say what *Oddsac* is. In many ways it feels like collaboration between **Bill Viola**, **Tarsem Singh** and **John Carpenter**. But unlike those directors *Oddsac* is hardly structuralist, not exactly an installation piece, not exactly a film, but in the end *Oddsac* is everything Animal Collective says it is: a visual album. *—Ryan Hall*

Red Summit Entertainment In Theaters: 10.15

As Hollywood continues to rummage through the mounds of comic books and graphic novels in search of "new" ideas, it's inevitable they'll eventually discover an unknown gem every now and again. Based on the DC comic series created by **Warren Ellis** and **Cully Hamner**, *Red* follows Frank Moses (**Bruce Willis**), a retired CIA agent who spends his now mundane existence purposefully ripping up his retirement checks so he has a reason to call and flirt with Sarah (**Mary-Louise Parker**), his designated federal clerk. For Frank, life is as dull as it can get until a squadron of armed forces raid his



home guns blazing, but these youthful agents were no match for the veterans' dexterous RED (retired extremely dangerous) status. Annoyed and fuming, Frank sets out to discover who's behind the assassination attempt and recruits his fellow retirees to help solve the conspiracy. The initial idea of casting actors old enough to be able to recap in vivid detail where they were when **Neil Armstrong** walked on the moon to play fierce assassins sporting automatic weapons is amusing, but the joke isn't sturdy enough to fend off the other stereotypical aspects of the film. The powerhouse team that embodies the debonair **Morgan Freeman**, the certifiable **John Malkovich** and the graceful **Helen Mirren** does save the production from complete clichéd trite, but beyond their presence, the story places itself on autopilot with the settings of that of an action film made over a decade ago. However, if the price of admission is worth anything, it's witnessing Mirren annihilate a secret service brigade with a high-powered mini-gun. *—Jimmy Martin*

Secretariat Disney In Theaters: 10.08

If Disney has attempted to master anything beyond the world of animation, it's inspiring sports films based on true stories that spotlight an underdog beating the odds and conquering impossible feats. Films like *The Greatest Game Ever Played*, *Miracle* and *The Rookie* showcase iconic individuals in their moment of glory, but now the mouse company has moved on to the lucrative sport of horse racing. When Penny Chenery's (**Diane Lane**) father passed, he left her his failing horse stables—without a way to keep it running financially. Hope comes in the form of a colt whose parents' genetics offer the gifts of speed and stamina, making him a potentially unbeatable force on the track. Separating herself from her family and diving headfirst into an unknown masculine territory, Penny finds guidance from the unconventional and neurotic trainer Lucien Laurin (**John Malkovich**) and soon finds herself competing for the first Triple Crown title in 25 years. With her bleached blonde hair and distinctive accent, Lane is clearly attempting to follow **Sandra Bullock** to the Academy Awards' winner's circle, but her inspirational-poster soap box dialogue is much too sappy and deliberate for another surprising upset. On the other hand, Malkovich and **Nelsan Ellis**

(from HBO's *True Blood*) deliver the most charming, droll and entertaining performances of all that could easily be recognized down the road. Director **Randall Wallace** captures the elegance and beauty of the sport with striking cinematography that displays the beauty of the animal's agility, but hinders the refined tone with first-person "horse cam" shots and an absurdly insinuated competitiveness brought forth between the steeds themselves as though they're about to dub in the late **John Candy**'s voice from *Hot to Trot* to trash talk. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Town Warner Bros. In Theaters: 09.17

It appears as though **Ben Affleck** has



finally rebounded from the devastating events his career endured during the past decade and has matured immensely not only as an actor, but as a director as well. The film, adapted from **Chuck Hogan**'s *Prince of Thieves: A Novel*, stars Affleck as Doug MacRay, a Bostonian living in Charlestown, the neighborhood known for harboring the city's most notorious bank robbers, and MacRay certainly falls into this line of work. After his crew's most recent heist, a bank employee (**Rebecca Hall**) is taken hostage and eventually set free, never knowing the identities of her captors. To ensure her subsequent actions with law enforcement don't result in their apprehension, MacRay forms a relationship with the unsuspecting victim that eventually morphs into something more affectionate. Affleck commands the camera from both sides and releases a heart-pounding drama that embodies as much tension and action as it does character sentimentality, but he isn't alone. **Jeremy Renner**, fresh from the Best Picture Oscar-winner *The Hurt Locker*, steals virtually every scene from his co-star and offers another performance worthy of praise and accolades. Thirteen years ago, Affleck and **Matt Damon** were on top of the world with the release of *Good Will Hunting*, but it seemed it was the latter of the two to walk away with more accreditation. With this nearly perfect achievement, it appears the time has come for Affleck to revisit the spotlight. *—Jimmy Martin*

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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

Blackhounds Hold On For Dear Life

Self-Released
Street: 06.08
Blackhounds = Lucero + Gaslight Anthem + Tom Petty
These days you gotta be specific. Is it alt-rock? Indie rock? Jam rock? No? How about Goth rock? Post punk? Post tech? Techno punk? Stop the list, I'm getting dizzy. There is a true plethora of sub-genres in today's musical landscape. It's exhausting, which is what makes reviewing this band such a pleasure. Blackhounds make rock n' roll. Maybe there's a dollop of country twang in there, maybe the vocals smack of the gravelly 90s grunge sounds—it doesn't matter. At the end of the day this local band's music can only be described as good old American rock and fuckin' roll. A full-length album is set to drop in spring 2011, and the four track EP can be found on the web or at a BlackHounds show. Speaking of which, if you missed them at *Kilby* on the 26 of last month, the boys are romping across the U.S. on their *Down n' Dirty* tour through this month, but they'll be back here in early November. The tracks on *Hold On For Dear Life* are all fun to listen to, and manage a sincerely positive vibe, even when the lyrical subject matter is melancholy. Their sound is simple and unpretentious, and the fun they have playing music is obvious to any listener. —Jesse Hawlish

Danger Hailstorm Two

Running Records
Street: 06.08
Danger Hailstorm = Steel Panther + All Saints Avenue + Handsome



On first listen, Danger Hailstorm sounds like an 80s butt-rock band that can't let go of the past and continues to try and make bitches-and-booze music. After a few more listens, though, I realized that the band is actually trying to create post-hardcore type stuff. While the music as a whole is fairly bland, there are

some really amazing parts/moments hidden in each of these ten tracks. My favorite song on the album is "Le Bass" with female, French spoken word over a track that is reminiscent of **Form of Rocket**. I love it when the ladies speak French to me. The main problem with the album is the super-generic lyrics by vocalist **Terrance DH**. Now I know I just risked my life by bashing on Mr. DH, who is essentially Salt Lake's version of **Steve Albini**, but I just expected more from a dude who has recorded and produced so many records. Please don't hate me Terrance. —Jon Robertson

Dirty Vespuccis Self-Titled

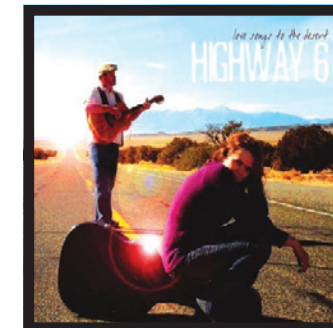
Self-Released
Street: 08.01.2008
Dirty Vespuccis = Negative Charge + Against All Authority + No Friends



There are a few reasons why I've avoided so-called "street punk" for most of my life. First of all, I don't really have the body type to pull off skin-tight leopard print pants. Also, that big scary guy with the three mohawks who I often saw at punk shows (is he still around?) scared the living crap out of me. Anger and snottiness are all fine and good, but when punk rock becomes an idiotic fashion show, I want no part of it. Dirty Vespuccis forgo all of the fashion-related aspects of street-punk and deliver blasts of pissed-off punk rock more indebted to **Minor Threat** and **The Germs** than **The Casualties** and **The Virus**. Highlights include the strongly snotty theme song, "Filthy, Dirty," the furiously pissed "Flag Hugger," and the appropriately misanthropic "Die!Die!Die!" and "Human Demise." The band also injects their punk rock with some thrash and ska, though it's when the songs are loud, fast and short that the album is at its best. If you need a dose of angry apathy, but can't be bothered to sew a million patches onto your dad's old jean jacket, check out Dirty Vespuccis. —Ricky Vigil

Highway 6 Love Songs To The Desert

Self-Released
Street: 05.01
Highway 6 = She's A Lot Bit Country, He's A Little Bit Rock n' Roll



Highway 6 is comprised of daughter/father singer-songwriters **Heidi** and **Tom Nedreberg**, and *Love Songs To The Desert* marks their self-released debut. As far as local CDs and music go, it is quite accomplished and polished. Unfortunately, it is also a little too country for my ears, which makes it hard for me to review objectively, but I'll try. Having a hand in either writing or co-writing all of the album's fourteen tracks—save one—Heidi Nedreberg possesses a strong and clear voice, and her presence elevates most of the material here. Her father Tom's voice is OK enough, but would have been best mixed lower, especially on the otherwise pleasant sing-along "The Bridge". Instead, his vocal performance mars it nearly to the point of destruction. Much better is his sole penned track "Tammy's Song," which is greatly enhanced by daughter Heidi's vocal contribution. Fortunately, Heidi is the main vocalist, and while many of the tracks suffer from sounding too similar to one another, some of her solo-penned tracks are of particular note, like the Spanish-tinged "My Water" and the lovely "Reclaim Arizona." With both father and daughter playing guitar, the band's sound is fleshed out with **Matt Rushton** on lead guitar, **Kyle Johnson** on keys and **Ted Townsend** on drums. Like a twisted **Donny** and **Marie**, papa Tom rocks a little bit and daughter Heidi leans heavily towards her country side, but clearly because of her voice and songwriting, she is the main attraction here. —Dean O Hillis

In Key Dropouts/The Skaficionados The Skaficionados Vs. In Key Dropouts

Posthumous Records
Street: 05.07

This Record = Sturgeon General + Illegal Beagle + The Mooks

This split EP by defunct local favorites In Key Dropouts and The Skaficionados is a good demonstration of the musical chops present here in Salt Lake. There's always been a following for ska music and the fantastic shows where it's played. These bands are both easy to imagine throwing it down in a basement for pits of skanking kids. In Key Dropouts have more of a punk edge with no horns and straight fast breaks of hardcore. Sometimes they almost sound mathy, as on the lyricless "Down, Down Over, Over, Punch!" but then in comes some quick distorted two-step. The Skaficionados are more conventional ska with fat horns, good dancey rhythm and deep, loungey vocals. "They're Trying To Kill Us" is a great shouter of a song and was also the titular track on their last record, while "Of Life and Love and Love and Love and Love" is classic fun. I'd pick up this record quickly as it may be the last one by both The Skaficionados and In Key Dropouts and could be in limited supply. —Rio Connelly

Melodramus Two: Glass Apple

Song Haus
Street: 09.28
Melodramus = Porcupine Tree + Dream Theater + Incubus + Depeche Mode



In the realm of modern prog metal/rock, Melodramus have crafted one epic and diverse aural buffet of sounds on their second full-length album, *Two: Glass Apple*. It's truly a record that not only rivals plenty of prog bands in the current world scene, but also puts a good hunk of them to shame. *Two* has a way of creatively juxtaposing their vocals, guitar, bass, drums and keyboards to not only play off each other's massive technical and flat out awesome songwriting, but also to meld the songs into cohesive pieces of music that imprints firmly in your memory. The caliber of musicianship and vocal prowess displayed on this record

is dumbfounding and it is pride inspiring to know that they're a homegrown act. Finding the right audience for progressive metal/rock is a hard task, especially for a band like Melodramas that melds multiple styles, but I implore the band to embrace the DIY and get this out to the world however they can. If not this album, the next can surely lead to a nice record deal or tour. There is absolutely nothing that sounds like this in Utah. If you dig modern progressive rock/metal, seek this one out. —Bryer Wharton

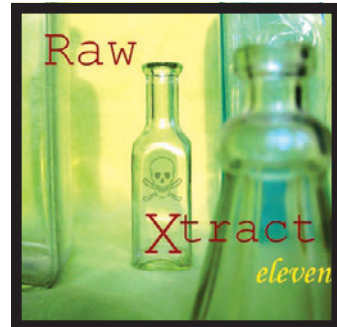
The Orbit Group

Bounce
Self-Released
The Orbit Group = Miles Davis + Funkadelic + Stevie Wonder
Street: 11.02

The Orbit Group have been making a name for themselves around Salt Lake City with their brand of funk / jazz / soul fusion. Orbit's shows are an experience. They exhibit professional musicianship and cultivate crowd energy as few acts can. With a rotating membership and frequent guest performers, each show is a little bit different. Their songs range from catchy soul ballads to extended funk jam sessions that would make even your grandma want to "tear the roof off the sucka." On *Bounce*, Orbit are at their best when they capture the spontaneity, tightness and cohesiveness that make them such an impressive live act. "It's Tight" is the definitive standout track, starting with an instantly recognizable minimalist backbeat groove and featuring off-the-cuff group shouts that make it feel like a live experience. The record runs the gamut of their multi-genre sound. "Definition of Space," another standout, sounds like a psychedelic rendering of an *Innervisions*-era Stevie Wonder ballad. *Bounce* is the first Orbit recording that begins to capture the energy of their live performances. Definitely worth checking out. —Joe Maddock

Raw Xtract

Eleven
Self-Released
Street: 2.19
Raw Xtract = spoken word + slam poetry + piano



I've never heard anything sound quite like this record by local poet and pianist Ami Hanna. There are moments of this scattered effort that are listenable as more conventional music, but the majority sounds like homework assignment poems read

over amateur beats. What's great is how much effort, personality, and emotion are present in the songs. Though she uses both the classic *Mario* theme and that loopy bassline from Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" that A Tribe Called Quest sampled 20 years ago, some of the other beats aren't bad, their greatest strength being the piano parts played by Hanna. If the rhythm weren't so thrown off by the slam poetry vocals, it would be half danceable. It's sometimes reminiscent of Digable Planets or Saul Williams, but not often enough to feel like MCing instead of spoken word. I imagine seeing Raw Xtract live is more akin to a poetry reading than a live band. —Rio Connelly

Reveeler

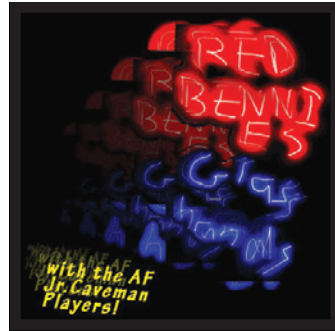
EP 1
Chamber 3 Records
Street: 07.01
Reveeler = Metallica (90s era) + Motorhead + Sanctuary



Ogden's Reveeler has grown leaps and bounds since the 2008 demo I reviewed. Their short but potent EP gets rid of the garage rock qualities of the demo, giving them a more refined sound. The production is definitely precise and propels the tracks into their own unique realm of metal goodness. The signs of worship of all that is classic heavy metal are apparent on the four songs on the EP, but there is no real form of musical uniformity within Reveeler's style. Backed by a core of crunchy heavy guitars dosed with significantly well-performed melodies and highly memorable guitar leads, as well as a thick dose of plentiful and audible bass guitar, the vocals, compared to the 2008 demo, which were sketchy and lacked a lot of confidence, have firmly planted themselves as the band's strong suit in the form of a grizzled, snarling falsetto full of staunch emotions and power. Reveeler deliver crunchy, thrashy and full-on classic metal shredding with this memorable EP. Bring on the full-length. —Bryer Wharton

Red Bennies

Glass Hands
Rest 30 Records
Street: 04.21
Red Bennies = Red Devils + Smith and Westerns + Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
SLC stalwarts Red Bennies have never sounded pretty. Their fuzzed-out blues-based chord progressions sound eternally mangled and



mashed out of a shitty bar P.A. David Payne's strangled yelp often writes checks his vocal chords can't cash. It is the fast and loose burners, vocal chord shredding and frustrated rock machismo that make *Glass Hands* feel and sound more direct and honest than anything coming out of SLC today. As dissonant as the Red Bennies attempt to make their songs, there is a sense of easy grace that pervades their newest hour-long LP—grace that manifests itself in economically-played blues chords, steady bass lines and cello and woodwind flourishes that slip in effortlessly to their dirty neo-soul. Five years and one major line-up change since 2005's *Shake It Off*, the return of the Red Bennies is a welcome shot in the arm to SLC's musical landscape. —Ryan Hall

Sayde Price

Wilt All Rosy
Self-Released
Street: 08.17
Sayde Price = Alela Diane + Emily Jane White + Joanna Newsom



Sayde Price's debut album is something of a revelation. Price's skeletal folk songs aren't revelatory in the sense of ground breaking musically or topically, but rather in the way a voice and a guitar still sound impossibly intimate and personal after the genre has been done to death. The voice belongs to Sayde Price, a relatively young newcomer whose occasional nasal lilt and birdsong falsetto recall her seemingly pastoral upbringing in rural Utah pitched against the youthful angst of wanting something more. Musically, most of the ten tracks are composed around her plucked acoustic guitar, augmented with instrumental flourishes from members of similar minded folksters Band of Annuals (R.I.P.) and Paul Jacobsen. In the hands of a backing band, Price's songs run into dangerous chanteuse

territory, recalling Regina Spektor on "Machines," but Price succeeds admirably when she is in full control of her songs. —Ryan Hall

Spell Talk

Ghost Rider
Self-Released
Street: 04.28
Spell Talk = Black Lips + Brimstone Howl

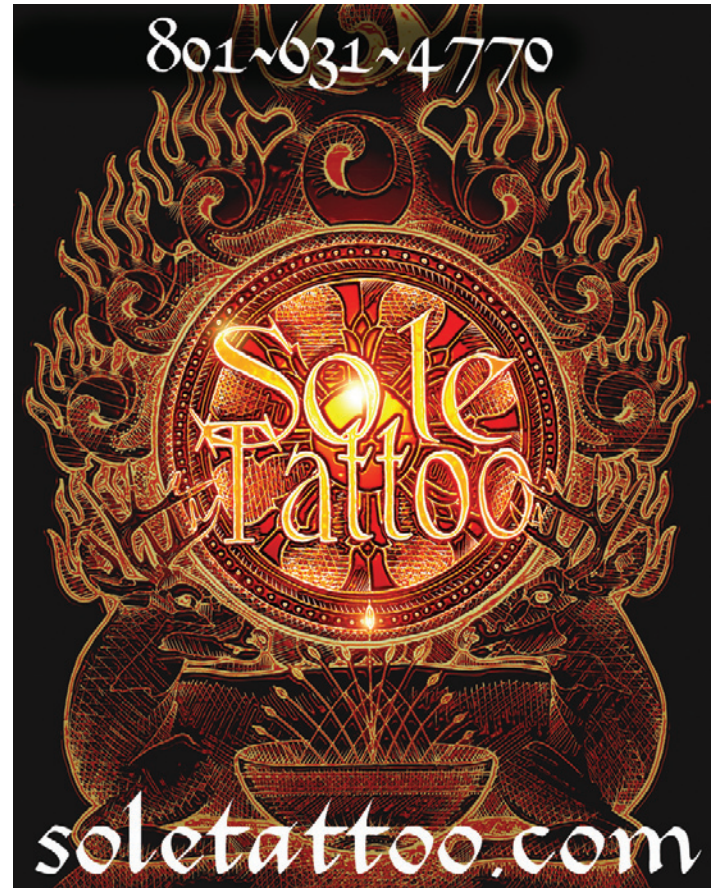
It must be tough being a southern rock band from northern Utah, but Spell Talk has it down. I haven't been able to see these guys live since guitarist Dylan Roe joined the band, and this definitely isn't how I remembered them sounding. The album starts off with a reasonable amount of energy, but after the second track, "Dirt Row," it slows down considerably and never picks back up. The slowed pace certainly doesn't make it hard to listen to, though. All of the songs have a gritty, soulful sound that helps to keep them interesting. My personal favorite off of the album is "Tennessee II," on which the bluesy ramblings and slide guitar mingle better than anywhere else on the album. —Cody Hudson

Trenton McKean

The Many Shades
Self-Released
Street: 05.15
Trenton McKean & The Many Shades = Ben Harper + Matt Morris + John Mayer



Ah, the lonely life of a session musician. You make an album like *The Many Shades* listenable, but you will never be mentioned beyond the liner notes. I am truly sorry. Along with the expert musicianship Trenton McKean has at his employ, *The Many Shades* has quite a few nice things going for it. I can see McKean's raspy voice, high production value and smartly performed instrumental solos floating non-threateningly over a grassy lawn where Park City 40-somethings bob to McKean's vibrato rich voice and steady backing band. But beyond the PC crowd and those who like "acoustic" musicians, McKean is facing an overly saturated market with similar sounding singer/songwriters. If McKean hones his songwriting away such from tired clichés as "you look so beautiful/with your heart on your sleeve," he has something that would fit nicely on FM radio. There is no way anybody listed above is any more or less talented. —Ryan Hall



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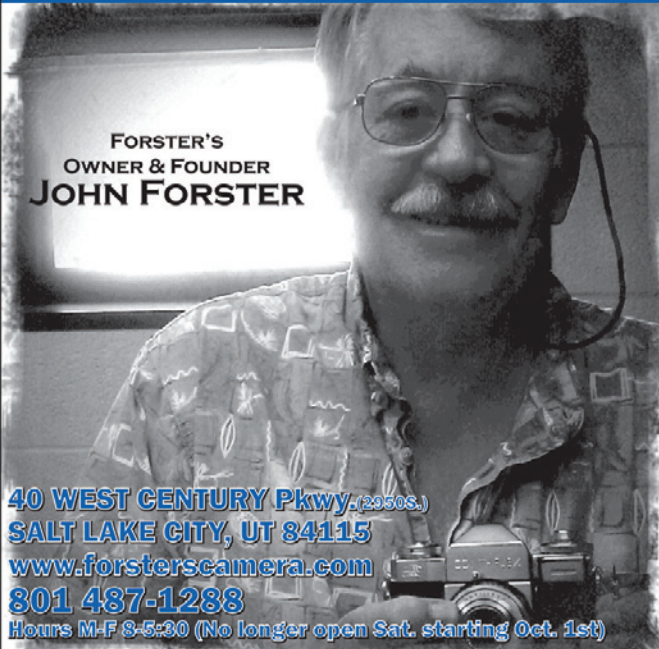
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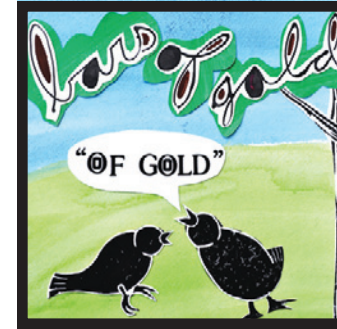
CD REVIEWS

Bars of Gold Of Gold

Friction

Street: 08.24

Bars of Gold = Bear Vs Shark + Q
and Not U + Modest Mouse



On their debut album, Bars of Gold have accomplished a feat that most bands never will: these Chicagoans have created an album that is incredibly easy to listen to. Featuring the explosive vocals of **Marc Paffi** (formerly of Bear Vs Shark), these eight tracks are reminiscent of the poppier bands of the post-punk revival of the early 2000s, but with a healthy dose of punk rock and post-hardcore sensibilities. Opener "Boss Level" is probably the weakest track, but the 8-bit synth and Paffi's lightly gruff vocals keep it from getting stale. "The Hustle" is easily the standout track, as it sounds like Paffi has angrily wandered into a **Franz Ferdinand** song armed with a banjo, as the band rips up the scenery with a steady drumbeat and cool synths. Even when the guitars are crashing into and out of each other and the drumming gets more complex on "Birds" and "Up Up Up," it all comes across as more relaxed than masturbatory. All of the description in the world really doesn't convey how great this album is, so procure it by any means necessary—like, now. —*Ricky Vigil*

Blonde Redhead Penny Sparkle

4AD

Street: 09.14

Blonde Redhead = Slowdive +
Cocteau Twins

Listening to Blonde Redhead's eighth album, *Penny Sparkle*, frustrates me. I think the band withdrew from the identity I grew to love and entered the Federal Witness Protection Program. Don't expect a repeat of 23, don't



expect to hear brilliant fluttering whirls of rhythmic chamber-pop or thoughtful placement of feedback. *PS* instead delivers layers of emptiness that require a great deal of patience. If you doze off at the wrong moment, things may get painful. "Not Getting There" has a surreal electric soundscape in which to lose yourself. "My Plants are Dead" is bleak, sparse and guaranteed to cause emotional turmoil. The trio teases you with a light dose of momentum on "Will There Be Stars" and "Everything is Wrong." *Penny Sparkle* is poetic enough to remain totally abstract and personal enough to identify with. It's just a shame the band has followed up their best work to date with their weakest moment. —*Courtney Blair*

Blue Water White Death

Self-Titled

Graveface

Street: 10.12

Blue Water White Death = Xiu Xiu +
Nico + Shearwater + Former Ghosts

Blue Water White Death is a collaboration between Xiu Xiu frontman **Jamie Stewart** and the siren-like **Jonathan Meiburg** from Shearwater. *Blue Water White Death* hardly reaches beyond the sum of its parts. While the project purports to be a collaboration (every instrument is played by the two), the album is divided up pretty equally between the two, with each musician taking lead vocals on every other track. But Stewart's penchant for sabotaging his own compositions with moments of ghostly, piercing audio-terrorism is distributed equally between both camps' contributions. Aside from Meiburg's gorgeous vocal contributions (you MUST hear "Song for the Greater Jihad." NOW) much of this much-anticipated contribution falls into the insufferable art-song

arena of late-era post-VU Nico. It is not in their favor when I say that Blue Water White Death sounds exactly like what you would expect between this collaboration—easy to get lost in, but hard to imagine returning to. —*Ryan Hall*

Boris & Ian Astbury BXI

Southern Lord

Street: 08.16

BXI = Pierced Arrows + The Cult +
A Place to Bury Strangers

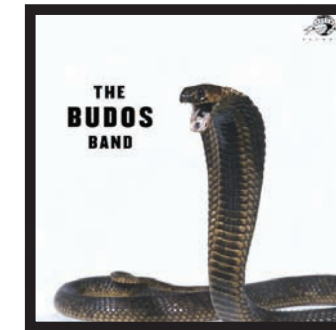
As head-scratching as a collaboration between the legendary goth-metal howler Ian Astbury from The Cult and Japanese drone/doom metal harbingers Boris may seem, the experiment, while compromised, is an overall success. Aside from the reverb-drenched shoegaze cover of The Cult's "Rain," sung by childlike-voiced **Wata**, there is little indication that Boris, known for causing an ear-bleeding wall of noise, is accompanying Astbury's belting voice and quasi-mystical anthems. Anthemic is certainly an applicable word here. "Teeth and Claws" and "Magickal Child" are fist-in-the-air, four-on-the-floor burners which trade some of the more subtle moments of Boris' atmospheric guitar work for chugging riffs and sell-all crescendos. While this may seem like a strange departure in the prolific Japanese trio's catalogue, it is nonetheless an accessible gem of a record and a bright spot in their illustrious career. —*Ryan Hall*

Budos Band Budos Band III

Daptone Records

Street: 08.10

Budos Band = Fela Kuti + Connie
Price & The Keystonees + Ennio
Morricone



It's time for dinner, so pull up a chair

to the table: a blazing main course of spooky Afro-funk-soul is about to get served. Side dishes include punching bass lines, skull-crushing horns, pulsating guitar, multi-layered percussion and **Booker T**-like organ. Budos Band returns with their third album, simply titled *III*, released on the you-should-know-by-now **Daptone** label. *III* finds the nine-, sometimes dozen-member band in a darker and moodier place, sounding like they've scored an early *Bond* film. The meal starts off with the savory "Black Venom," followed by the seasoned "Unbroken, Unshaven," and finishes with the mysterious "Reppirt Yad" (Day Tripper backwards). The meal only takes 38 minutes, but it will leave you completely satisfied. —*Courtney Blair*

Dive Index The Surface We Divide

Neutral Music

Street: 10.12

Dive Index = Notwist + Portishead +
Beth Gibbons



The Surface We Divide is the perfect soundtrack for leaving the club lonely to go back to your uptown condo. Dive Index mixes electronic and acoustic instrumentation for a sleek, sparse sound reminiscent of the **Notwist** or **Lali Puna**. This album employs four different singers from around the world, recorded and sent in to producer and bandleader **Will Thomas** à la **Postal Service**. The variety of the vocalists offers good contrast to the melancholy instrumentation of the album, which becomes slightly monotonous by the end of its 51 minutes. The pattern of these tracks—starting off quiet and building up to an energetic finish with repetitive, mantra-like refrains—doesn't come off as formulaic, however, largely because bandleader Will Thomas'

production is impeccable. Where the album falters is in providing memorable hooks. The album fits a particular mood perfectly, but a couple spins won't get any melodies stuck in your head. In short, this album isn't breaking any new ground, but if you're a fan of this particular sound, it would make a good addition to your record collection. *–Nate Housley*

Dark Dark Dark
Wild Go
Supply and Demand
Street: 10.05
Dark Dark Dark = Beirut + Trailer Bride + Bramble



The instrumental and lyrical connection between Dark Dark Dark's multi-instrumentalists **Nona Marie Invie** and **Marshall LaCount** has always felt intrinsic and familial. The way LaCount's banjo curves around Invie's piano and vocal lines sound second nature. With *Wild Go*, however, the Minneapolis chamber-folk group has expanded their inherent musicality with a sextet of acoustic musicians. This expanse in membership contributes to the sweeping grandeur of every ballad and traditional folk song on the album. Dark Dark Dark venture through the murky waters of traditional American folk, ranging from upbeat street-corner busking to jazz-influenced piano ballads with an ever-present tinge of nostalgia and sophistication. The cinematic album closer "Wild Go" is a regret-filled description of a post-apocalyptic New York City that sends chills up my spine every time I hear it. *–Ryan Hall*

Encoffination
Ritual Ascension Beyond Flesh
Selfmadegod Records
Street: 09.28
Encoffination = Disembowelment + Decrepitaph + Grief + Incantation
This is one claustrophobic album. The more each track progresses, the more you feel trapped and full-on immersed in its awfully low-end sound. *Ritual Ascension Beyond Flesh* has been available on tape and vinyl since earlier this year, but Selfmadegod is giving it the digital treatment for mass consumption and distribution. The two-piece act, comprised of members of **Festered** and **Decrepitaph**, does pay an obvious homage

of early death/doom acts, but gives new meaning to atmospheric death/doom. Its pace is like funeral doom. There aren't many sustained riffs, vocal passages or drum beats that you'll remember, but that is far from the point of Encoffination. Listening to their first full-length is an experience. Forget the singular tracks and churn this maggot-ridden, rotting, distortion-filled album as a whole, and you will earnestly feel enveloped in it and trapped—not as if you're on the brink of death, but buried and dead with only an abyss to stare into. *Ritual Ascension Beyond Flesh* rumbles with decayed, echoing sounds that kill thoughts of afterlife bliss. If you didn't fear death before, this record will reignite that fear. *–Bryer Wharton*

Enslaved
Axioma Ethica Odini
Nuclear Blast
Street: 09.28
Enslaved = Emperor + Opth + Bathory

If you enjoy what Enslaved have been up to lately, *Axioma Ethica Odini* starts off where the band's last record, *Vertebrae*, left us, but takes us to a much more pleasant state of mind. The progressive style of hypnotic and just overall epic sound incorporated into their black metal meanders its way through speedy riffing and calming moments. The album really has a full immersion effect: Catching a song on a random playlist doesn't cut it. The new offering needs to be embraced as a whole. Shut yourself in a room and just listen—there's plenty to be discovered, layers and textures that don't all hit you on initial listens. I've listened to the album a multitude of times, and I still find something I haven't heard and feel something I haven't felt from it with every listen. My utmost respect goes to Enslaved for playing the music they want to play, not what they think their audience wants to hear. *–Bryer Wharton*

Freddie Gibbs
Str8 Killa
Decon
Street: 08:03
Freddie Gibbs = Bone Thugs-n-Harmony + Bun B

Freddie Gibbs represents everything that he wholeheartedly thinks he is. He is gangsta rap to the fullest. He even lets you know that in the song "Rep 2 Tha Fullest": *I represent it to the fullest/Any given day could die by the bullet*. But who is he trying to convince on this album—his fans or himself? I'm not super impressed with this album. Every song lyrically kinda sounds the same. Bitches, the game and thugging can only be portrayed in the same way so many times before it gets boring. It's full of that high-hat-saturated sound throughout, collaborated with pretty much any kind of gangsta rap sound from the 90s. "Rock Bottom" features Bun B



and sounds like it could be straight off a Bone Thugs album. Didn't we do this 10 years ago? You gotta wait at least 20 years to start the circle of bringing back old styles and claiming that they're yours. Isn't that the rule? *–Bethany Fischer*

Gospel Claws
C-L-A-W-S
Common Wall Media
Street: 10.26
Gospel Claws = Cold War Kids + Local Natives + Foreign Born

This summer record is coming out way too late in the year. I wanted desperately to hate this band, since they are from Arizona, and nothing good ever comes from the state of deadbeat dads. I couldn't do it, though. They pulled together everything I like about **Foreign Born** and **Local Natives**. With their undistorted guitars and just the right amount of reverb, they won me over. The singer has a swagger and voice that is quite similar to that of **Cold War Kids** front-man **Nathan Willett**. It is all pretty pleasant—you'll just have to pretend it is still summer in October ...But hey, it's Utah, so it just might be. *–Cody Hudson*

Highlife
Best Bless EP
The Social Registry
Street: 09.28
Highlife = Here We Go Magic + Fela Kuti + White Magic

It is pretty hard not to love this brief summer EP from White Magic contributors **Douglas Shaw** and **Mira Bilotte**. Recorded on a small island off the coast of Trinidad, *Best Bless* is a wild combination of staccato, reggae-inspired riffage, spot-on backup singers, traditional instrumentation and a rhythm section without a single back-beat. *Best Bless* keeps things legit by showing an almost reverential respect for their host country (writing the songs using traditional time signatures and instruments) and avoiding the appropriation of third-world musical styles into some garbled conceptual notion of "world music" (here's looking at you, **Vampire Weekend**). A thoroughly enjoyable, albeit brief, headphone encounter that suggests great things for a full-length. *–Ryan Hall*

Kathryn Williams
Relations
One Little Indian US
Street: 10.12
Kathryn Williams = The Police + different voices

Cover albums are always a risky move by any artist or band. If you're established, it can seem like a stopgap between projects. If you're relatively new, it can seem like you've run out of your own ideas. Fortunately, Kathryn Williams' self-produced covers set, *Relations*, is refreshingly sparse and intriguing, even if some of the choices don't immediately seem to be. After **Jeff Buckley** and **k.d. lang**'s definitive readings of **Leonard Cohen**'s "Hallelujah," its inclusion here appears a bit predictable, and while Williams doesn't add much to prior covers, her live take is rather pretty. Much better are the more original choices, like the **Bee Gee**'s "I Started a Joke," **Pavement**'s "Spit On A Stranger," and especially **Nirvana**'s "All Apologies." Stripped-down melodies and arrangements, with that pretty instrument that is her voice singing at times in hushed tones, it almost sounds like we're eavesdropping on a private rehearsal, which is also a big part of the appeal here. The aforementioned "All Apologies" is greatly served by the string accompaniment, which make those intriguing **Cobain** lyrics seem that much more ironic. The strings sound downright sinister, with Williams' voice overdubbed perfectly up until the final note. *Relations* marks the second of three releases this year alone for the prolific singer/songwriter and is clearly a worthy addition to the ever-growing Kathryn Williams' canon. *–Dean O Hillis*

Les Savy Fav
Root for Ruin
Frenchkiss
Street: 09.14
Les Savy Fav = Superchunk + Archers of Loaf + art school

It is pretty hard not to love this brief summer EP from White Magic contributors **Douglas Shaw** and **Mira Bilotte**. Recorded on a small island off the coast of Trinidad, *Best Bless* is a wild combination of staccato, reggae-inspired riffage, spot-on backup singers, traditional instrumentation and a rhythm section without a single back-beat. *Best Bless* keeps things legit by showing an almost reverential respect for their host country (writing the songs using traditional time signatures and instruments) and avoiding the appropriation of third-world musical styles into some garbled conceptual notion of "world music" (here's looking at you, **Vampire Weekend**). A thoroughly enjoyable, albeit brief, headphone encounter that suggests great things for a full-length. *–Ryan Hall*

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Root for Ruin
Frenchkiss
Street: 09.14
Les Savy Fav = Superchunk + Archers of Loaf + art school



If you had asked me, I wouldn't have thought it was possible to make a record that was both melancholy and decidedly urgent at the same time. Yet this, the fifth full-length record released by LSF, on bassist **Syd Butler**'s **Frenchkiss** imprint, manages to feel both mellow and hurried.

The album is a little more conventionally rock-like than 2007's *Let's Stay Friends*. The vocals are more consistent, almost robotic, and fit into space hollowed out by the sharp, loop-pattern-driven guitar. Butler and drummer **Harrison Haynes** continue to be one of the best rhythm duos in rock, and vocalist/beard enthusiast **Tim Harrington** consistently sings his heart out. The record has a distinctly sexual flare this time around. This is something that doesn't quite fit with the hyper-yet-relaxed feel of the disc as a whole. Then again, maybe that's how sex really is—overly inventive and yet still overly normal. As per the record, it seems like the band is trying to stay relevant, even if that relevance is to a crowd that they have long since won over. The truth is, no matter how good the record is, the songs are still meant to be heard live. *–Woodcock Johnson*

Lustre
A Glimpse of Glory
De Tenebrarum Principio
Street: 09.21
Lustre = Summoning + Burzum + a hymn to nature

Ambient black metal is fairly the same to judge as just plain old ambient music. If the artists succeeds at crafting an atmosphere that the listeners can immerse themselves in and escape for the duration or cause some sort of emotional reaction, the artist succeeds. Swedish one-man act Lustre, at the helm of **Nachtzeit** notable of **Hypothermia**, does craft a distinct atmosphere that is simple yet vibrantly lush and inspires mind immersion. There are plenty of natural sounds on the album's three long tracks: wolves howling, birds chirping and the sound of running water. It's really hard to even lay claim that *A Glimpse of Glory* is full-on black metal, but there's really nothing wrong with it. For me, it is a mind-escaping experience. While most black metal focuses on negative and harsh tones, Lustre coasts along with epic and majestically tonal but diverse keyboards. The guitars, sparse as they are, whisper in the background with drumming keeping the tempo slow and subtly yet beautifully somber—the only meandering into a harsh tone is the brief vocal portion on the first track. This is a success for ambient music—it doesn't bore, it serenades, and more importantly, it's something I can find myself returning to. *–Bryer Wharton*

Masakari
The Prophet Feeds
Southern Lord
Street: 06.08
Masakari = Early Graves + Behold
This is what I want to hear when I'm in the mood for no frills, fast, angry, complex but not overly mathy music. Yes, I'm in that mood a lot. *The Prophet Feeds* has changes when changes

are called for, vocals where vocals are called for, and kick-assery from beginning to end, since that's always called for—and none of the songs overstays its welcome. I'd like to know why the band decided to use roman numerals for each track, then put them out of order (XVI, X, XI, XII, VIII ...). Maybe the numbers create the combination to a safe where they keep their Bibles and rosary beads because they are really into hidden irony. But there's no reason not to pick up *The Prophet Feeds*—you get violent punk mixed with the kind of grindcore you listen to when you're about to jump out of an airplane. *–Andrew Roy*

Moonshine Hooligans
Subterranean Secrets
Moonshine Music
Street: 10.26
Moonshine Hooligans = My Morning Jacket + Calexico + more whiskey!
Since I am a sucker for well-placed tambourine, I was immediately drawn to Moonshine Hooligans of Charlottesville, Va. The album has shoegaze tendencies, but mainly sticks to a more folksy sound, keeping me wanting to hear more. Some songs like "The County Line" and "Arcadia" are lighthearted, but they aren't afraid to take it down a few notches with songs like "The Knife Waltz." Two brothers are the main components of the band, writing the music and lyrics, one on drums and the other on guitar and bass with talent, here and there playing the fiddle, Hammond organ, mandolin or harmonica, drunkenly singing about ghost towns and girls. The last song changes directions with "Moonshine Dub," appropriately named for its super bass-y/older reggae feel. Sounds weird, but it's not bad, considering the rest of the album is jangling banjos and thoughtful harmonies. Out of place, but an amusing last song after hearing the second-to-last, is the harmonica-ridden "Final Story of the Night." Under half an hour, *Subterranean Secrets* holds its own while getting cues from

The Avett Brothers and **Band of Horses**. This is an exceptional first album from a young band, and I'm stoked to hear more from them in the not-so-distant future. *–Kyla G.*

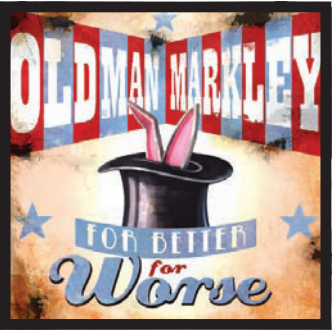
NOFX
The Longest EP
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 08.24
NOFX = Adolescents + RKL + The Vandals

Among the vast and nerdy sea of punk rock vinyl collectors, there is perhaps no group more rabid and smelly than NOFX collectors. As such, it's pretty goddamn hard to find some of the more obscure NOFX releases, especially if you want colored vinyl. Thankfully, *The Longest EP* collects 30 tracks spanning from 1987-2009, including two unreleased tracks and five different EPs—but good luck finding it



on vinyl. This collection features some of the best (well, at least some of my favorite) NOFX songs ever, including "The Longest Line," the reggae-fied "Kill All the White Man," the pseudo-historical "Jaw Knee Music" and the vastly underrated *Never Trust a Hippie* EP. Of course there is some crappy stuff—the S&M *Airlines 7*" hasn't aged well, and the *War on Errorism* commercial is annoying—but this a pretty solid release overall. If you're willing to drop \$30-40 on eBay for the double LP, or if you aren't an idiot and are therefore willing to spend \$10 for the CD or MP3 version, *The Longest EP* is definitely worthy of any punk rock collection. *–Ricky Vigil*

Old Man Markley
For Better, For Worse 7"
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 10.26
Old Man Markley = Filthy Thieving Bastards + Flogging Molly + Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band



The very notion of an eight-piece bluegrass band being signed to Fat Wreck Chords might not be appealing to much of the label's fanbase, but it's exactly the kind of thing that could cause me to ruin a perfectly good pair of pants—interpret that however you wish. Featuring members of **Youth Brigade** and **Angel City Outcasts**, this definitely isn't the old, rich, entitled-white-guy-with-a-banjo style of music that traditional bluegrass has become (looking at you, **Steve Martin**), but more of a fusion of old-timey folk and punk rock. The title track has a gigantic chorus that will permanently ingrain itself in your head, as a tale of love, heartbreak and murder unfolds over the symphony of washboard, fiddle and mandolin. The B-side features an amazing cover of

the **Screeching Weasel** classic "The Science of Myth," which translates surprisingly well to Old Man Markley's style. Give these guys a chance, and hope that the full-length arrives sooner than later. *–Ricky Vigil*

Pretty Lights
Spilling Over Every Side
Pretty Lights Music
Street: 07.29
Pretty Lights = STS9 + Ratatat + new Bassnectar

Derek Smith, the Colorado-based mastermind behind the Pretty Lights name, has done it again with the second installment of a planned trilogy of EPs in 2010. Each of his albums sound the same in the best possible way: a unique, funky, warped sound, with very glitchy, broken-up, complex and intricate beats. It's comprised of equal parts funk, electro and hip hop, with a jazz and blues mentality, and honestly, I can't help but absolutely freak out everytime I listen to it. It's like fusion food, except awesome, not completely retarded. The new EP grooves through each track, bringing a fill of everything best about Pretty Lights. "Hot Like Dimes" incorporates the lyric "Fuckin' you up every time that I drop" and no words could more aptly describe this music. And it's free! Seriously, just go download this and start going nuts. *–Jessie Wood*

Street Sweeper Social Club
The Ghetto Blaster EP
Cooking Vinyl
Street: 08.10
Street Sweeper Social Club = Rage Against the Machine + The Coup



Boasting **Tom Morello** of Rage fame and **Boots Riley** of The Coup, *The Ghetto Blaster EP* brings out the best and most expected from both artists. Morello plays his signature riffs to accompany Riley's free-flowing hip hop style. Riley's history of political and civil activism fits in with Morello's past artist pairings, but the coupling sounds more like an off Rage Against the Machine. Morello is a skilled guitarist, but he doesn't bring anything new to the table in this latest venture. His similar sound doesn't hold the band back, though—it just adds a familiarity to the music. Boots Riley's influence is apparent in the more

laid-back approach of the band, and it's easy to tell that these guys are just having a good time. Nothing makes this more apparent than their cover of **LL Cool J's** "Mama Said Knock You Out." Yeah, they did it. —Ben Trentelman

Tera Melos
Patagonian Rats
Sargent House
Street: 09.07
Tera Melos = The Flaming Lips + Fang Island + Yo La Tengo



Combine technicality with acid-induced songwriting and add a flare for the dramatic and you might get *Patagonian Rats*, the latest LP by Sacramento trio Tera Melos. Distorted vocals and distorted guitars thrash and spiral over thunderous drum fills everywhere on this record. When I said technical, we're talking about **Deerhoof**, **Umphey's McGee**, and **Hot Club de Paris** all rolled into one slinging spooky pop album with anthemic choruses à la freak pioneers the Flaming Lips. It's kind of hard to express in words, but it's a lot of fun. On tracks like "Skywatch," their chops almost get the better of them, just like the **Mars Volta**, and the freakout loses the song. Others, like "Trident Tail," sound slightly overcrowded with ideas, but most songs are like "Kelly" and "The Skin Surf," which make me want to yell along with the sonic crowd. "Frozen Zoo" may be my favorite track, with its almost funky guitar groove. I highly recommend this disk for anybody looking for some surprises in their music—this stuff kicks ass. —Rio Connelly

Thank God
Ice/Age
Exotic Fever Records
Street: 07.27
Thank God = Mr. Bungle + Loom + Lightning Bolt

Some bands are random for the sake of being random, but there's logic behind the lunacy on *Ice/Age*. These guys have created a promising recipe for complex, chaotic, cataclysmic and almost counterintuitive music. One thing is for sure—if you get bored, it's your own fault. The vocals go from screeches to spoken word to screams, all within seconds sometimes. The guitars/bass venture from atmospheric to angry to all-over-the-

66 SaltLakeUnderGround

place, all while absorbing the listener into each anthem. Underneath it all is a drummer who is clearly fluent in his craft, naturally going from blastbeats to accents to simply keeping the rhythm flawlessly. Well, I take it back, nothing on this album is flawless—and I thank God for that. *Ice/Age* actually sounds like it was recorded live, the way it should sound. These guys nailed it. Pick this one up. —Andrew Roy

The Thermals
Personal Life
Kill Rock Stars
Street: 09.07
The Thermals = The Ramones + The Strokes + Matt & Kim + Titus Andronicus



It's almost never a good thing to hear that a band has "grown up." It can mean maturation of direction and studio experience, or an addition of nuance and sophistication to their songwriting. What it all too often means, though, is that a band that used to sweat raucous energy or cracked with intensity has calmed down, and that's rarely beneficial for fans. The Thermals haven't really done any of those things. *Personal Life* is the first record since 2004's *Fuckin A*, in which the band has recorded as a full trio, and it shows. **Westin Glass**, who has been their live drummer for awhile now and who also adds vocals on this record, has taken a rightful spot in the studio, freeing **Kathy Foster** to focus on her role as bassist and the band's steady anchor. Add guitar and distinct vocals by **Hutch Harris**, and you have the Thermals pumping out simple, catchy punk with rhythms that varyingly heave, thrash, or cruise. With their low, driving bass lines, "Never Listen to Me" and "Not Like Any Other Feeling" almost feel like shoegaze, while "I Don't Believe You" and my early favorite, "Your Love Is So Strong," are fast shouters with "whoah-a-oh" hooks. Lyrically, this record is one large question regarding personal relationships, but Harris sings with such exuberance that it really feels fresh, like he's narrating current events. Have the Thermals grown up? Fuck no, but they might make a prettier mess these days. (*Urban Lounge*: 10.29) —Rio Connelly

Various Artists
Salsa Explosion! The New York Salsa Revolution 1969-1984

Strut
Street: 09.28
Salsa Explosion = NYC + Cuban Immigrants + Larger Bands
With this salsa compilation, **Strut Records** manages to assemble an impressive group of essential Latin recordings from the archive of the New York City-based record label **Fania**. Fania came onto the scene in the early 1960s, promoting Caribbean and South American music, taking full advantage of the big city's immigrant base and the tendency of white Americans to follow dance trends. What started small quickly grew larger, thanks in part to dance formats like the rumba and the mambo. Before long, many Cuban performers were following in the footsteps of Ricky Ricardo—mixing Latin music with American big band sound. This disc beautifully showcases this successful format, featuring the likes of **Willie Colón**, **Tito Puente** and **Celia Cruz**.

The recordings are remastered and come complete with liner notes and archival pictures. For several of the 15 songs on the comp, this is the first time they've been available on CD. The horns are real, the beats pure and driven, and the popularity of the music is metaphorical in that it foreshadows the influence that Latin culture would eventually have on every aspect of life in the US. Honestly, it makes me hate Arizona even more. —Woodcock Johnson

Wildbirds & Peacedrums
Rivers
The Control Group
Street: 08.24
Wildbirds & Peacedrums = St. Vincent + Tune-Yards + White Hinterland



The third release from Sweden's Wildbirds & Peacedrums is a combination of two five-song EPs, *Retina* and *Iris*, which focus on exploring themes of water. **Mariam Wallentin** and **Andreas Werliin**, the husband and wife duo behind the name, continue their signature style of creating something out of (almost) nothing—their sound is

almost entirely composed of Mariam's vocals and Andreas' percussive skills. *Rivers* begins with the intense and dramatic *Retina* EP. Full of ghostly choral arrangements, primitive drumming and powerful, borderline soulful vocals, the first five songs create a sensual and magical atmosphere. *Iris* creates an atmosphere as well, one that is brighter and lighter, due in part to the addition of the steel pan, which lends a tropical or whimsical feel to the music. The striking difference between the sounds on each EP is slightly jarring, yet remarkably perfect. *Retina's* dark mood, followed by *Iris'* lightness, is the sound equivalent of a dreary, rainy day ending with sunshine and blue skies—definitely not a bad thing. —Vanessa Wardy

Working for a Nuclear Free City
Jojo Burger Tempest
Melodic Records
Street: 10.12
Working for a Nuclear Free City = Yes + Stone Roses



Judging from the 33-minute, single-song second disc, the Dadaistic title and the opening track that could be a B-side from **Yes' Fragile**, the second LP from **Working for a Nuclear Free City** is their venture into capital-P Prog. But where prog is usually the domain of long, conceptual sagas and organ solos on every track, *Jojo Burger Tempest* consists of bite-size pop songs that lack any discernible central narrative. This includes, oddly enough, the second disc—one very long track that sounds like a patched-together medley of song ideas that didn't make it onto the first disc. **Working for a Nuclear Free City** do a virtuosic job of packing an album full of captivating pop songs composed of a kaleidoscopic variety of timbres, but the lack of a grand statement makes the double album seem like a bit of a tease. Additionally, the airy harmonies that show up on only about half the tracks are so delectable they make the instrumentals sound a bit like interludes. *Jojo Burger Tempest* is like watching two hours of great trailers—I can't help but wonder how it would have turned out as a feature film. —Nate Housley

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THE SHINING
Oct. 1-2
ARMY OF DARKNESS
Oct. 8-9



THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT
Oct. 15-16



X96 MARATHON WEEKEND OF FILMS
Oct. 22-23



THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, October 1

Cobra Skulls, The Hung Ups – *Kilby*
I Am the Ocean, The Riot Before, Reviver, Caravels – *Bar Deluxe*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Teri Ockey: Photograph Your Soul – *Club Jam*
Dream Compression– *Studio 27*
Blue October, Parltones – *In The Venue*
Lake Effect Band – *Bar Named Sue*
Umphrey's Mcgee – *Depot*
Wild Apples – *Muse*
Tupelo Moan w/ Stiffy Green – *ABG's*
Desert Noises, Hosannas, Boots to the Moon – *Velour*
The Sidekick – *Why Sound*
Arsenic Addiction, Dead Vessel, Such Vengeance, Black Damp Diery – *Vegas*



Faun Fables

10/3 Urban Lounge

DJ Muggs – *Elevate*
I am the Ocean, The Riot Before, Reviver, Caravels – *Bar Deluxe*
Slowride – *Green Pig*
The Exonerated – *All Saints Episcopal Church*
Incidious, Skully's Dope and Hot Flash – *Woodshed*
DechenHawk – *Alchemy*
Saturday, October 2
Sea Wolf, Sera Cahoone, Patrick Park – *Kilby*
Blind Pilot, Corey Chisel – *Urban*
Atmosphere, Blueprint, Grievess & Bubo, DJ Rare Groove – *In The Venue*
Le Castle Vania – *The Complex*
Bboy Federation Battle 2 – *Utah Art Alliance*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Boomdango Music and Arts Festival – *Staheli Family Farm*
60 watt, The Krypled, The Book, Sawed Off Smile – *Vegas*
UB40 – *Depot*
Levi Rounds Comedy Show – *Bar Deluxe*
Numbs, Mark Dago – *Velour*
Kids Party Mix – *Sorenson Unity Center*
Street Def Presents – *Why Sound*
Blinded By Truth Local Band Showcase – *Mo's Neighborhood Grill*
Alex Caldiero's Poetry is Wanted Here – *Ken Sander's Rare Books*
Cub Country, Red Bennies and Indian Headset – *Woodshed*
Clarksdale Ghosts – *Alchemy*
Sunday, October 3
Matt Hires, Camera's Can't Lie – *Kilby*
Faun Fables, Will Sartain – *Urban*
Dream Compression – *Club Edge*
Mark Dago – *Greenhouse Effect*
Monday, October 4
Danny Heslop – *Kilby*
El Ten Eleven, Dosh, Baths – *Urban*
Wretched, Antagonist, The Breathing Process, Diskreet, Picture It In Ruins, Dethrone The Sovereign, The Sakai Incident – *Salt Shaker*
180° South – *City Library*
Reggae Lounge with DJ Rebel – *Bar Deluxe*
Melvins, Totimoshi – *In The Venue*
Rob Zombie, Alice Cooper, Murderdolls –

USANA

Richard Thompson Band – *State Room*
Open Blues Jam, West Temple Tail Draggers – *Green Pig*
Mark Dago – *Muse*
Tuesday, October 5
Happy Birthday David DeAustin!
Skankbot Tyranny, Proclamation to Blue, The Torors, The Direction – *Kilby*
Trainwreck, Dirty Blonde, The Trappers – *Urban*
Anberlin, Civil Twilight, Crash Kings – *Complex*
James, Ed Harcourt – *Complex*
Valient Thorr – *Burt's*
Sonic Youth, S.L.F.M – *In The Venue*
James McMurtry – *State Room*
Ribbons – *Muse*
Free Texas Hold'em – *Green Pig*
Mark Dago – *Mo's*
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Wednesday, October 6
Griffin House, Tyler James – *Kilby*
The Eels – *In The Venue*
The Yarrow, Electric Talk Show, Newtons Folly – *Vegas*
Justin Townes Earle – *State Room*
College Espresso Party w/ DJ Birdman – *Green Pig*
Mark Dago – *Mestizo*
Shit Show Variety Show – *Bar Deluxe*
Los Hellcaminos – *Bar Named Sue*
Mixmaster DAPPER – *Woodshed*
Thursday, October 7
Jukebox the Ghost, Hooray For Earth, A B & The Sea – *Kilby*
Nicole Atkins & The Black Sea, Lindsay Heath, La Farsa – *Urban*
Nigel & The Metaldogs w/ Black Vengeance – *Vegas*
Tomorrows Bad Seeds, Passafire, Katastro – *In The Venue*
The Devil Makes Three – *State Room*
Loom – *Muse*
Michael Gross & the Statuettes – *Velour*
Joel Ortiz, Apollo the Great, Mr. Beny Records, Playboi Short – *Bar Deluxe*
Hell Caminos – *Green Pig*
Mark Dago – *Salt Rock Coffee*
Friday, October 8
Surfer Blood, The Drums, The Dewars – *Urban*
The Futureheads, Young the Giant, The So So Gios – *Bar Named Sue*
Ludo, There for Tomorrow, The Graduate, Tommy & The High Pilots – *In The Venue*
Grupo Niche – *Club Karamba*
Floater – *State Room*
The Torors, Levi Rounds – *Woodshed*
The Screaming Condors – *Bar Named Sue*
Smoke Stack & The Foot Hill Fury – *ABG's*
Aura Surreal CD Release Show, Still-Born, Reveeler, Marrow Hill – *Vegas*
Jack Smith and the Destruction of Atlantis – *Salt Lake Art Center*
Allred, J. Wride – *Velour*
Thexpo and Greene – *Why Sound*
Mousy Brown, Junior Giant, Le Vice, Muscle Hawk – *Bar Deluxe*
Potcheen – *Piper Down*
Raindogs – *Green Pig*
HOWL: A Neo-bop Opera – *Salt Lake City Main Library Auditorium*
Mark Dago – *The Coffee Shop*
Jordan Halliday benefit show – 666 west 100 south
More Power to Elbow – *Alchemy*
Saturday, October 9
SLUG Localized: Reviver, Laughter, Dirty Vespuccis – Urban
IWrestledaBearOnce, Eyes Set To Kill, Chelsea Grin, The Chariot, Vanna – *In The Venue*
Sam Sorensen – *Kilby*
The Australian Pink Floyd Show – *USANA*
Steve Aoki and Nickel and Dime – *Saltair*
The Felice Brothers – *State Room*
Pile of Priests, The Plastic Furs, and Screaming Conдор – *Woodshed*
Fork Fest – *American Fork Amphitheater*

Raunch Records Presents Combat Jack, Knuckledragger – *Vegas*
Rishloo, Marchino – *Why Sound*
Guitar Cats – *Green Pig*
Andy Frasco CD Release Party, Cavedoll – *Bar Deluxe*
Mark Dago – *High Point*
Meg&Dia – *Alchemy*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Sunday, October 10
Pigeon John, DJ Abilities, Dark Time Sunshine, Scenic Byway – *Urban*
Wiz Khalifa, Yela Wolf, Dopethought – *In The Venue*
Salty Streets Flea Market – Kilby
Monday, October 11
Echophobia, None of the Above, Poor Ophelia, The Golden Living – *Kilby*
Caribou, Emeralds – *Urban*
The Nighthawks – *State Room*
Open Blues Jam, West Temple Tail Draggers – *Green Pig*
Reggae Lounge with DJ Rebel – *Bar Deluxe*
Tuesday, October 12
Drew Andrews & the Spectral Cities, Kid Theodore, Eyes Lips Eyes, James Tautkus – *Kilby*
Ra Ra Riot, Chikita Violenta, We Barbarians – *In The Venue*
B.O.B., Jason Derulo, Iyaz and Auburn – *McKay Events*
Ryan Montbleau Band – *State Room*
Mugabe and the White African – *City Library*
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Wednesday, October 13
Fred Rongo, Nick Jania, Matt Ben Jackson, Northwest Breaklines – *Kilby*
Film School, The Depreciation Guild – *Urban*
Sore Eyes, TBA – *Vegas*
Envy, Trash Talk, Touche Amore, And So I Watched You From Afar – *Basement*
Widespread Panic – *Rail*
Rage Against the Supremes – *Bar Named Sue*
College Espresso Party w/ DJ Birdman – *Green Pig*
Thursday, October 14
Social Distortion, Lucero, Frank Turner – *Saltair*
Nigel & The Metaldogs w/ Rage For Order – *Vegas*
The Material – *Muse*
Passenger and Pilot, Drew Victor, Will Sartain, Sayde Price – *Kilby*
Tyler Hilton – *Velour*
Tanner Cundy, Tina Ferguson, Paul Christiansen – *Why Sound*
Matt Miller – *Green Pig*
Friday, October 15
Artoberfest – Salt Shaker
Menomena, Tu Fawning, The Globes – *Urban*
All On Seven – *Muse*
Stork and Nick B, Oso Negro, Dean Risko, The Nog – *Kilby*
Monarch, Supersofar, Waltzing for Debbie – *Bar Deluxe*
Heidi's Night of Rock N Roll w/ DIRTY LITTLE RABBITS, Babble Rabbit, Pariah, American Hitmen, Blinded By Truth – *Vegas*
Utah County Swillers w/ Matt Miller – *ABG's*
Ghost Town – *Green Pig*
Tanner Cundy Band – *Bar Named Sue*
Swagger – *Piper Down*
The Hotness, Discourse, Simlan Greed and Eric Hess – *Woodshed*
Randall Wright – *Alchemy*
Saturday, October 16
Kinch – *Kilby*
Broke City, The Netter Life Band, Gavin Castleton, ecs, The Last Look – *Vegas*
Bob Schneider – *Urban*
Andre Nickatina, Eli AKA Smooove-E, Burnell Washburn – *In The Venue*
Four Year Strong, Comeback Kid, The Wonder Years, American Fangs – *Complex*

James & Ernie Comedy – *Indian Walk-In Center*
Yellowjackets – *SLC Sheraton*
FUN., Steel Train, Jarrod Gorbel – *In The Venue*
Firefighters Fundraiser – *State Room*
Broke City, Gavin Castleton – *Velour*
JJ Soul Funkshun – *Piper Down*
Fictionist, Not An Airplane – *Why Sound*
Marinade – *Green Pig*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Blue Boutique Halloween Fashion Show – *Bar Deluxe*
Salt Lake City Derby Girls League Championships – *Salt Palace*
Brenda – *Alchemy*
Sunday, October 17
Pet Day – *People's Market*
Carol Cleveland Sings, Roar, Miles Biddulph, Mitch Parker – *Kilby*
Monday, October 18
Phantogram, Josiah Wolf – *Kilby*
Born Ruffians, Meligrove Band – *Urban*
The Legendary Pink Dots – *In the Venue*
A Powerful Noise – *City Library*
Reggae Lounge with DJ Rebel – *Bar Deluxe*
Open Blues Jam, West Temple Tail Draggers – *Green Pig*
Purple Turtles – *Why Sound*
Old Death Whisper – *Piper Down*
Slippery Kittens, I Am the Ocean – *Bar Deluxe*
Hour 13 – *Green Pig*
The Henry Clay People, The Dig – *Kilby*
The Sonospher – *Salt Lake City Main Library Auditorium*
Ted Dancin' – *Woody's Tavern*
Kettle Black & Cerci – *Alchemy*
Sunday, October 24
Water Tower Bucket Boys, Puddletown Ramblers – *Urban*
Apples in Stereo – *State Room*



Legendary Pink Dots

10/18 Club Sound

Coffee
Wednesday, October 20
Pierced Arrows, Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*
Nickelback, Three Days Grace, Buckcherry – *EnergySolutions*
The Dead Kenny G's – *State Room*
EARLYMAN, EVILE, BONDED BY BLOOD, Truce, Muckraker – *Vegas*
Joseph Brodsky: In The Prison of Latitudes – *City Library*
Los Hellcaminos – *Bar Named Sue*
College Espresso Party w/ DJ Birdman – *Green Pig*
Thursday, October 21
Lukas Nelson & The Promise of the Real – *State Room*
Street Def Presents – *Why Sound*
Funk and Gonzo – *Green Pig*
The Descriptive – *Kilby*
Leikafekt – *Piper Down*
Friday, October 22
The Black Arrows – *Kilby*
Sleigh Bells – *Urban*
Pat Maine, MC Pig Pen, Dusk One, Jonezy & Pandelerium, Burnell Washburn, Amber

Lees – *Mo's*
Street Dogs, Continental, Flatfoot, Devil's Brigade – *In The Venue*
The Peculiar Pretzelmen w/ Hectic Hobo – *ABG's*
Bring Me The Horizon, August Burns Red, Emarosa, Polar Bear Club, This Is Hell – *In The Venue*
Matt Costa – *Complex*
Rage Against the Supremes – *Bar Named Sue*
Say Anything, Motion City Soundtrack, Saves The Day, Valencia – *Avalon*
Jonsi, Mountain Man – *Complex*
Th' Legendary Shack Shakers – *State Room*
Ariano & LD, GeorgeLife, Fizzy Form, Jeff Doogie, DJ 2Be
Fresh & Only's, The Royal Baths – *Woodshed*
Michael Miller, Cydney Robinson, Britain Noel, Nate Sorensen – *Why Sound*
The Velvetones – *Green Pig*
Ted Dancin' – *Woody's Tavern*
Matty Recording Session – *Alchemy*
Saturday, October 23
Happy Birthday JP!
The Morning Benders, Twin Sister – *Urban*
Blood on the Dance Floor, Let's Get It, Breathe Electric – *Avalon*
The Weepies – *State Room*
HED PE, Blood Of Saints, Lidsore, The Beginning At Last – *Vegas*
Your Faith – *Woodshed*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Purple Turtles – *Why Sound*
Old Death Whisper – *Piper Down*
Slippery Kittens, I Am the Ocean – *Bar Deluxe*
Hour 13 – *Green Pig*
The Henry Clay People, The Dig – *Kilby*
The Sonospher – *Salt Lake City Main Library Auditorium*
Ted Dancin' – *Woody's Tavern*
Kettle Black & Cerci – *Alchemy*
Sunday, October 24
Water Tower Bucket Boys, Puddletown Ramblers – *Urban*
Apples in Stereo – *State Room*



Redfang

10/27 Burt's Tiki Lounge

Monday, October 25
Of Montreal, Janelle Monae – *In The Venue*
HEMLOCK, Ravings Of A Madman, Poonhammer, Flatline Tragedy – *Vegas*
Muertones – *Piper Down*
Reggae Lounge with DJ Rebel – *Bar Deluxe*
Hedley – *Kilby*
Open Blues Jam, West Temple Tail Draggers – *Green Pig*
Tuesday, October 26
Happy Birthday Michelle Emerson!
Avi Buffalo, Spell Talk, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths – *Kilby*
Deer Tick – *Urban*
Suicide Silence, My Children My Bride, Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza, Molotov Solution, Conduction From The Grave – *Complex*
HorrorPops – *Avalon*
Ingrid Michaelson – *In The Venue*
The Safes, Merit Badge, Small Town Sinners – *Bar Deluxe*

Lyrics Born, Chali 2NA, Rakaa – *State Room*
Free Texas Hold'em – *Green Pig*
Community Art Gathering – *Sugarhouse Coffee*
Wednesday, October 27
Dr. Dog, Here We Go Magic – *Urban*
Awkward Situations – *Why Sound*
Rage Against the Supremes – *Bar Named Sue*
Life Elevated – *Muse*
Red Fang – *Burt's*
College Espresso Party w/ DJ Birdman – *Green Pig*
Thursday, October 28
Electric Six, The Constellations, King Niko – *Urban*
Street Def Presents – *Why Sound*
Lucky Tubb and The Modern Day Troubadours – *Piper Down*
Patrick Briggs Band – *Green Pig*
Suffocation, The Faceless, Through the Eyes of the Dead, Decrepit Birth, Visions of Decay – *In the Venue*
The Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower Theater*
Friday, October 29
The Thermals, Elf Power, The Coathangers – *Urban*
System and Station, Merit Badge, Fox Van Cleef, Love is a Razor – *Woodshed*
ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE – *Vegas*
Eyes Lips Eyes, Kid Theodore – *Velour*
Gorgeous Hussies, Crashing at Dawn, Red Pete – *Bar Deluxe*
Daniel Day Trio – *Green Pig*
I & P 1.0 – *Brick & Mortar*
Skawloween: Donner Dance party, Dr. Drug and the Possible Side Effects, You Scream I Scream, Storming Stages and Stereos, Two and a Half White Guys, Dubbed – *Kilby*
The Crawfords – *Alchemy*
Royal Bliss – *Bar Named Sue*
The Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower Theater*
Saturday, October 30
Mike Brown Abu Fest Halloween – *Urban*
The Glitch Mob, Kratty Kuts, Starkillers, Jackal & Hyde – *Saltair*
HALLOWEEN SHOW w/ Arsenic Addiction,

Reaction Effect, Meat, Incidious, Freedom Before Dying – *Vegas*
Senses Fail, Bayside, Title Fight, Balance, Composure – *In The Venue*
Azure Ray – *State Room*
Despite Despair, Colin Creek – *Muse*
Monkeygrinder – *Velour*
Solid Gold – *Bar Named Sue*
Russian Circles, Keelhaul, Call Me Lightning – *Kilby*
Oryantal Dans'i's Halloween Spooktacular – *Sugar Space*
JJ'z Soul Funkshon – *Green Pig*
Monkey Knife Fight, Tupelo Moan, Old Timer, The Family Galloways, Haywire Outfit – *Woodshed*
Heathen Ass Halloween Drag Party: Heathen Ass Worship, Spork – *Bar Deluxe*
Best Dressed, Least Dressed and Cross Dressed Costume Contest – *Piper Down*
The Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower Theater*
Sunday, October 31
Ted Dancin' Halloween Edition – *Urban*
Hell Caminos – *Green Pig*
Oceana, My Epic, The Recovery, I Capture Castles, Arches – *Kilby*
Spookeyoke Church w/ DJ Thom – *Piper Down*
The Rocky Horror Picture Show – *Tower Theater*
Monday, November 1
Tyrone Wells, Andrew Belle – *Velour*
Tuesday, November 2
Happy Birthday Nancy Burkhart!
Best Coast, Sonny & the Sunsets – *Urban*
Wednesday, November 3
Tim Kasher – *Urban*
Thursday, November 4
The Devil Whale, Spell Talk, Lasertang – *Urban*
Lotus – *State Room*
Friday, November 5
The Sleeping, Tides of Man, PMtoday – *Kilby*
Kate Nash – *In The Venue*
DRAINAGE X – *Vegas*
Mindy Gledhill – *Why Sound*
Pick up the new issue – Anyplace Cool!

I&P 1.0

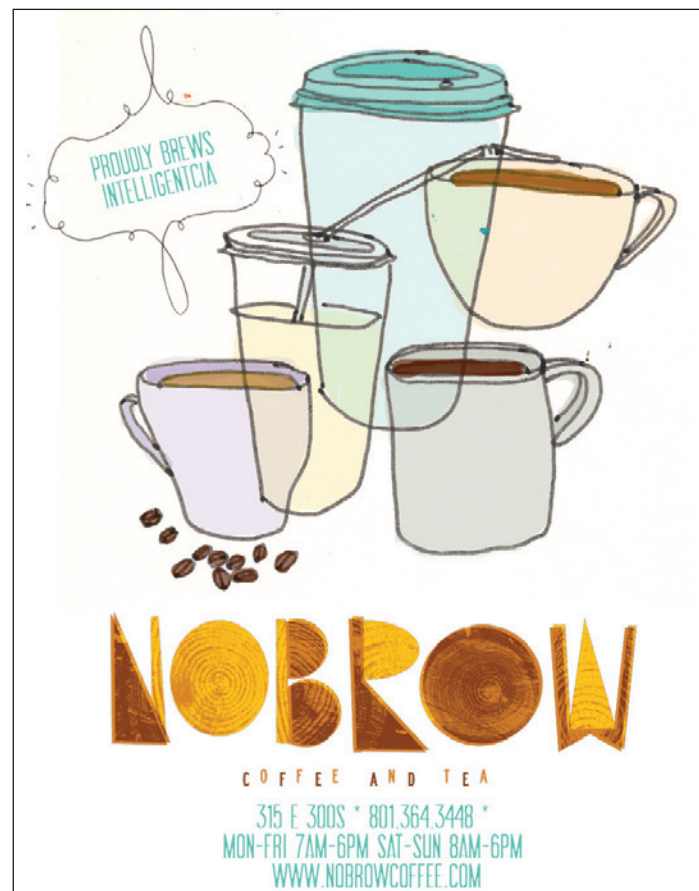
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FRI OCT 22ND



SURFER BLOOD
THE DRUMS / THE DEWARS



MENOMENA
TU FAWNING
THE GLOBES



SLEIGH BELLS

MON OCT 11TH



CARIBOU
EMERALDS



BLITZEN TRAPPER
FRUIT BATS / PEARLY GATES MUSIC

TUES OCT 19TH
WED OCT 27TH



DR. DOG
HERE WE GO MAGIC

- OCT 1 DUBWISE
OCT 2 BLIND PILOT, COREY CHISEL
OCT 3 FAUN FABLES, WILL SARTAIN
OCT 4 EL TEN ELEVEN, DOSH, BATHS
OCT 5 TRAINWRECK, DIRTY BLONDE, THE TRAPPERS
OCT 6 BROKEN PONY, TONY HOLIDAY & THE VELVETONES, FREEDOM BEFORE
OCT 7 NICOLE ATKINS & THE BLACK SEA, LINDSAY HEATH, LA FARSA
OCT 8 SURFER BLOOD, THE DRUMS, THE DEWARS
OCT 9 SLUG LOCALIZED: REVIVER, LAUGHTER
OCT 10 PIGEON JOHN, DJ ABILITIES, DARK TIME SUNSHINE, SCENIC BYWAY
OCT 11 CARIBOU, EMERALDS
OCT 12 JOHN VALJEAN, THE ARCHERS APPLE, ASHER IN THE RYE
OCT 13 FILM SCHOOL, THE DEPRECIATION GUILD
OCT 14 CHINO XL, MR. BENY RECORDS MIXTAPE RELEASE PARTY, THE STRANGERZ, MIKE SKILZ, SPITSOFRANTIC
OCT 15 MENOMENA, TU FAWNING, THE GLOBES
OCT 16 BOB SCHNEIDER, BASCOM HILL, SMILE SMILE
OCT 18 BORN RUFFIANS, MELIGROVE BAND
OCT 19 BLITZEN TRAPPER, FRUIT BATS, PEARLY GATE MUSIC
OCT 20 PETER MCKOWSKI'S B-DAY: PIERCED ARROWS, RED BENNIES, TOLCHOCK TRIO
OCT 21 SAMBA FOGO, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS, SAMUEL SMITH BAND
OCT 22 SLEIGH BELLS
OCT 23 SLOWTRAIN PRESENTS THE MORNING BENDERS, TWIN SISTER
OCT 24 WATER TOWER BUCKET BOYS, PUDDLETOWN RAMBLERS
OCT 26 DEER TICK
OCT 27 DR. DOG, HERE WE GO MAGIC
OCT 28 ELECTRIC SIX, THE CONSTELLATIONS, KING NIKO
OCT 29 THE THERMALS, ELF POWER, THE COATHANGERS
OCT 30 MIKE BROWN FEST HALLOWEEN
OCT 31 TED DANCIN' HALLOWEEN EDITION



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OCTOBER

- 1- Cobra Skulls, The Hung Ups, TBA (doors: 6pm)
- 2 - Sea Wolf (acoustic set), Sera Cahoone, Patrick Park
- 3- Matt Hires, Camera's Can't Lie, TBA (doors: 6:30pm)
- 4- Danny Heslop, TBA
- 5 - Skankbot Tyranny, Proclamation to Blue, The Toros, The Direction (doors: 6pm)
- 6 - Griffin House, Tyler James
- 7 - Jukebox the Ghost, HOORAY FOR EARTH, A B & The Sea (doors: 6:30pm)

- 8 - The Futureheads, Young The Giant, The So So Gios
- 9 - Sam Sorensen (From Ask For The Future, Clay Summer, HelloSky, Adam Turle, Grant Jones (doors: 6:30))
- 10 - Salty Streets Flea Market
- 11 - Echophobia, None of the Above, Poor Ophelia, The Golden Living (doors: 6:30pm)
- 12 - Drew Andrews & the Spectral Cities, kid theodore, eyes lips eyes, James Tautkus (doors: 6:30pm)
- 13 - Nick Jaina, Fred Rongo, Northwest Breaklines, Matt Ben Jackson (doors: 6:30pm)
- 14 - Passenger and Pilot, Drew Victor, Will Sartain, Sayde Price
- 15 - Stork and Nick B, Oso Negro, dean risiko, The Nog
- 16 - Kinch, TBA
- 17 - Carol Cleveland Sings, Roar, Miles Biddulph, Mitch Parker
- 18 - Phantogram, Josiah Wolf (of Why?)
- 19 - Sea Bear, Grandchildren
- 20 - TBA
- 21 - The Descriptive, TBA
- 22 - The Black Arrows, TBA
- 23 - The Henry Clay People, The Dig
- 26 - HEDLEY

- 28 - Avi Buffalo, Spell Talk, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths
 - 29 - SKAWLOWEEN: Donner Dance Party, Dr. Drug and the Possible Side Effects, You Scream I Scream, Storming Stages and Stereos, Two and A Half White Guys, and Dubbed (doors: 6pm)
 - 30 - Russian Circles, Keelhaul, Call Me Lightning
 - 31 - Oceana, My Epic, The Recovery, I Capture Castle, Arches
- S&S PRESENTS SHOWS:**
- 10/2 @ In The Venue - ATMOSPHERE "To All My Friends Tour": w/ Blueprint, Grieves & Budo, DJ Rare Groove (doors: 6pm)
 - 10/10 @ In The Venue - WIZ KHALIFA, "The Waken Baken Tour": w/ Yela Wolf & Dopethought (doors: 6pm)
 - 10/12 @ In The Venue - RA RA RIOT, Chikita Violenta, We Barbarians (doors: 7pm)
 - 10/16 @ In The Venue - ANDRE NICKATINA, Eli AKA Smoov-E, Burnell Washburn
 - 10/22 @ The Woodshed - The Fresh & Only's & Royal Baths (doors: 9pm - 21+)
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