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*MIKE BROWN*

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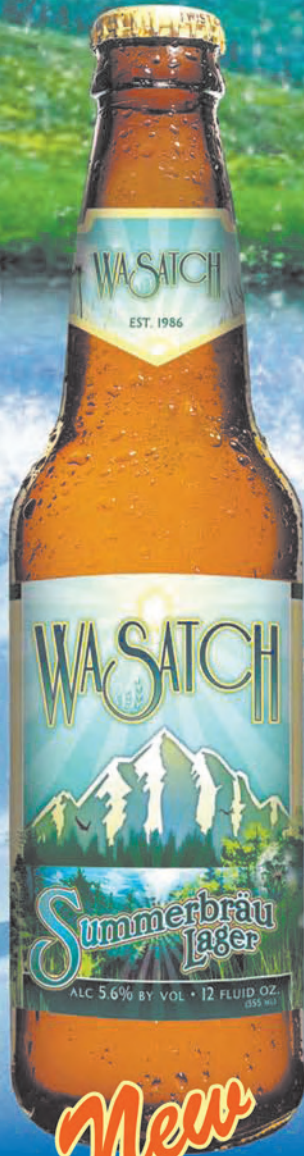
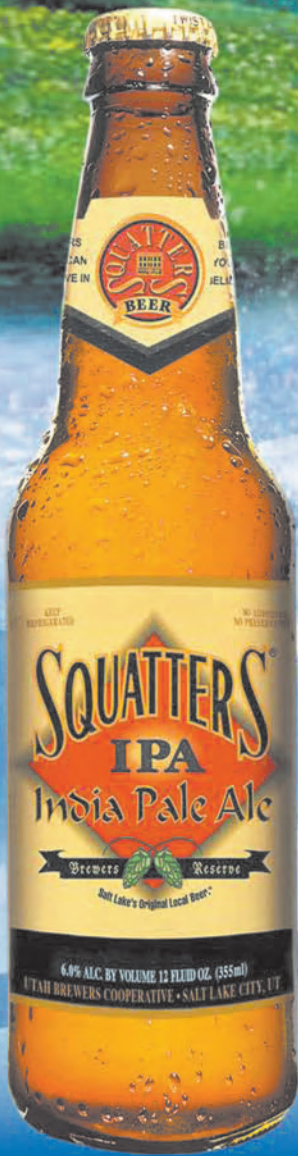
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### Contributor Limelight



**Kate Wheadon • Director of Sales and Marketing**

Though **Kate Wheadon** is the new *Director of Sales and Marketing* at **SLUG**, her mad marketing skills have sent her all around the country—working for some of the world's top companies in the music and action sports industries. Wheadon grew up on the Utah slopes, working at the *Sundance Ski Resort* in her teens and early twenties before becoming SLC's *College Marketing Representative* for **PolyGram Group Distribution**. Wheadon's marketing and sales talents proved to be bigger than the mountain, and she relocated to San Francisco where she continued to work with **PolyGram** and later became the *National Director of College and Lifestyle Marketing* and *Director of Retail Partnership Marketing* for **Universal Music & Video Distribution** in Los Angeles. Wheadon then switched from the music industry into action sports, where she founded a music licensing company for action sports films, was the *Creative Director and Producer* for AOL's action sports division and *Co-Producer and Director of Marketing* for *X-Dance*, the action sports film festival held every year in Park City during *Sundance*. Wheadon is back in SLC and **SLUG** is excited to welcome her to the staff.

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## Awkward Hour: 2008!

Thanks to SLUG & everyone else who helped us party in our 2<sup>nd</sup> year!



### Meanwhile More Awkwardness:

- 'Waves of Mu' artist Amy Caron!
- Mariah Mellus, SLUG art critic 5/7!
- Interntl art phenom John Bell 5/14!

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HEAR the best of two centuries of popular music every Thursday on [www.UtahFM.org](http://www.UtahFM.org)! Thursday Drive-Time is hosted by Bill Boyd, and it plays every Thursday afternoon from 3-6PM (MST) on SLC's own internet-only radio station, UtahFM.org. We are immune from the FCC, and our motto on Thursday Drive-Time is "Where Tradition Meets Sedition!" So tune in and learn the ways of the force ... with Bill Boyd!



... it's a lot more than radio

# Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

I think it's time to address the skatepark etiquette column and make the following statement: "Dave Amador is the Rush Limbaugh of the SLC skate scene."

First, Skate Park Etiquette is basically written by a frustrated and washed-up old dude who doesn't want to see any change happen in the sport that he failed at himself. Why wasn't Rush Limbaugh ever a politician, and why wasn't Amador ever a pro skater? Like Rush, he uses generalizations to try and rally the other old drunk punk skaters of the last generation to his dead-end cause of getting some kind of arbitrary respect in a public park (I keep getting older, they stay the same age...). He lumbers onto a soapbox and shouts, "Clear the way for the old guys, they are the only ones that deserve to be here!" Next, he calls out little kids trying to learn how to skate to a fight for getting in his way. If he is so good, shouldn't he be able to watch out for them? It's my guess that in real life, he is neither as good or as tough as he writes. After all, his threats are always pointed toward "those fucking little shits." I don't know how that works with the Rush comparison, but it's lame just the same. It's always little with him, hmmm ... Finally, I can't prove it, but judging by his writing, Amador probably has some kind of problem with painkillers or some other kind of prescription drugs, just like his republican doppelganger Rush Motherfucking Limbaugh, baby. That's right,

I said it. I know it sounds just like senseless hating but to quote the subject of my affection, "This is just my bullshit opinion: Kill Yo' Self!!!"

On the positive side, the column is funny to read and take with a grain of salt. I don't want it to stop, I just want to put things in their place a little bit.

Sincerely,  
Commissioner of the Chump-police

*Dear Commissioner,*

*I love how deeply you feel about this subject. Because of your letter we have decided to fire Dave Amador right now and replace him with a writer who actually has REAL advice to offer the young skateboarder, YOU (deadline is the 10th of each month, sucka).*

*Oh wait, I just realized that none of these skate kids take Amador's column seriously—they laugh it off. See, skateboarders are a rare breed of derelicts who find humor in the most sordid affairs, and to tell you the truth I don't think they give a rat's ass about what Amador may or may not say. They probably just laugh about it over bong rips and PBR shot-guns. So in conclusion, yes, please take Dave Amador's writing with a grain of salt, because he is a very sensitive guy and he just pretends to be tough on the outside. Oh, he also owns a gun ...*

---

Dear Mathew Ivan Bennett ... so sorry for misspelling your name last month. Xo —SLUG Staff

---

**Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!**

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### CRAB CAKES BENEDICT

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12

### BISCUITS AND SAUSAGE GRAVY

SERVED WITH ROASTED POTATOES.

7

### UGLY VEGGIE SCRAMBLE

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9

### STEAK BISCUITS

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10

### FRUIT AND COTTAGE CHEESE PLATE

7

### SWEDISH PANCAKES

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10

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8

### SIDES

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BANANA NUT BREAD ... 4

FRUIT ... 3

EGG ... 1

POTATOES ... 2

TOAST ... 1

COTTAGE CHEESE ... 1.5

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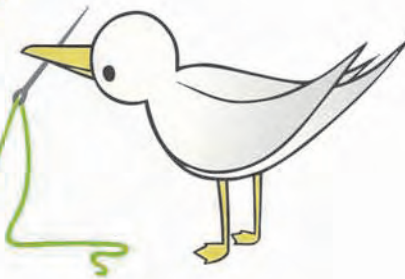
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# 8 REASONS I HAVE A MAN-CRUSH ON CHUCK RAGAN

RICKY@SLUGMAG.COM

BY RICKY VIGIL

## 1.

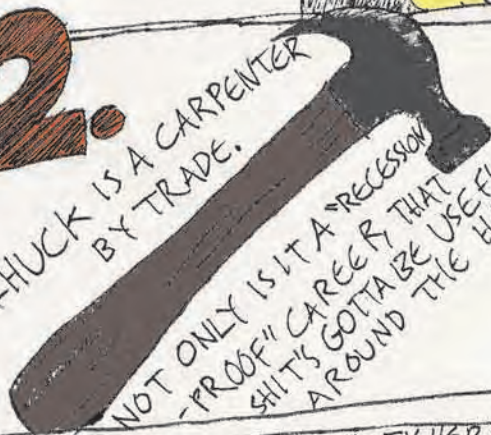
CHUCK WAS ONE OF THE SWEATY, BEARDED, GRUFF-VOICED FRONT MEN OF HOT WATER MUSIC, ONE OF THE BEST BANDS TO EMERGE FROM THE PUNK ROCK MECCA OF GAINESVILLE, FL.



LISTEN TO  
"NO DIVISION"  
IT'LL  
CHANGE  
YOUR  
LIFE.

## 2.

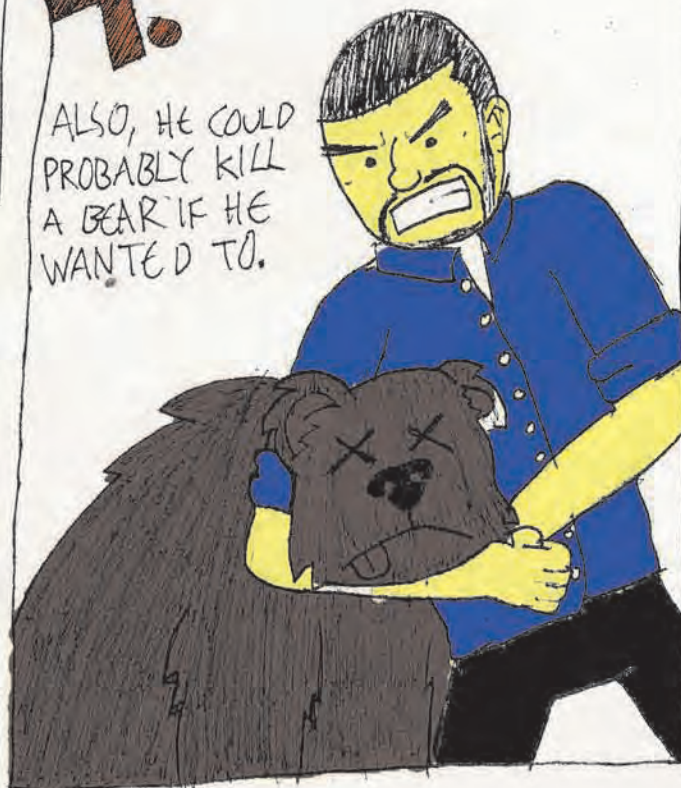
CHUCK IS A CARPENTER BY TRADE.



NOT ONLY IS IT A "RECESSOR-PROOF" CAREER THAT SHIT'S GOTTA BE USEFUL AROUND THE HOUSE.

## 4.

ALSO, HE COULD PROBABLY KILL A BEAR IF HE WANTED TO.



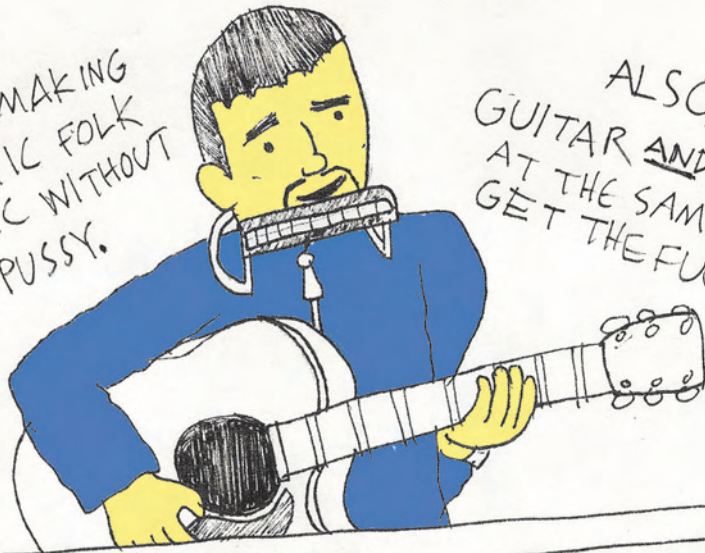
## 3.

AS AN AVID FISHERMAN, CHUCK IS CAPABLE OF CATCHING AND KILLING HIS OWN FOOD IF NEED BE.



5.

NOWADAYS, CHUCK IS MAKING A BRAND OF ACOUSTIC FOLK AND COUNTRY MUSIC WITHOUT BEING A TOTAL PUSSY.



ALSO, GUITAR AND HARMONICA AT THE SAME TIME? GET THE FUCK OUT OF TOWN!

6.

LAST YEAR CHUCK STARTED THE REVIVAL TOUR WITH SOME OF HIS FOLK/COUNTRY/PUNK BUDDIES LIKE:



...AND THAT WAS JUST THE SLC LINEUP.

7.

CHUCK IS KNOWN TO WEAR FLANNEL



THE SEXIEST MATERIAL KNOWN TO MAN

8.

AND FINALLY...

CHUCK RAGAN IS JUST A STRAIGHT UP DREAMBOAT.

TO READ MORE ABOUT MY UNHEALTHY OBSESSION, CHECK OUT MY EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH CHUCK RAGAN AT SLUGMAG.COM AND BE SURE TO CATCH CHUCK RAGAN AND LUCERO MAY 17TH AT THE URBAN LOUNGE.

## The Re-Emergence of the Funkiest Thing Since P-Funk:

Del, Deltron, The Funky (or Funkee) Homosapien. Maybe too many names for one man, but he wears them all with panache. If you ask Del the Funky Homosapien if an honorific like "Mr" needs to be put in front of those monikers, though, he'll just laugh and say, "You can just call me Del, man."

OK then Del, let's go ...

An almost two-decade long career in the rap/hip hop world is almost unheard of, but Del is still in "the game" after all the fads—and the current, shitty state of affairs in the rap world—have proceeded to new depths. "People don't expect anything from rap music at this point, because the expectation level is so low. Now I feel it's just a vehicle for people to make money," Del says. "After years of people buying these whips and ships and trips it's ridiculous."

Del even takes his streak as an independent entity one step further: he does his own production on almost all of his work and it is still damn good. But Del still keeps it in proper perspective. "I feel like I'm just starting. It can take a real artist, a musical artist, 20 years to get into their groove," he says. "Before, I was a kid making sounds on a drum machine. I've studied music theory for about 10 years now and I actually know what I'm doing. I'm in a different place." And thankfully that place is far away from wherever the fuck the other pretenda-artists in the industry currently reside, either being scammed by their labels or busy scamming their fans with sub-par music. Del has eschewed both routes by deciding to release his latest album for free at: [delthefunkyhomosapien.bandcamp.com](http://delthefunkyhomosapien.bandcamp.com).

Unfortunately, people drinking "hate juice" put Del in a soul-searching mind frame before he released his seventh solo album for free. "I was kinda scared because people are so jaded nowadays. I felt people would say 'Oh you're trying something,' yaknowhat!msayin?" he says. "But I'm not trying nothing—you're not gonna buy it. I might as well put it out if people aren't gonna buy it. I'm not stupid – I've seen the download game. But people have come up to me and said good things about it so far." As they should. *Funk Man* is classic Del down to the sixth track, "I'm Smelling Myself."

There isn't any sort of donation scheme or deluxe edition to entice fans into buying the album later. The business model Del is going for is the worst kind of business model: the kind that doesn't generate any

# The Funkman Del



By JP  
joripaxton@gmail.com

money. He is the kind of artist that genuinely needs to make the art. "I make a lot of music. I make music every day—that's my release," he says, "I put it out there for free because ultimately an artist wants people to hear it. I make so much of it. I've got like albums stacked up now."

And Del is bringing all of that decades-plus music to the *Urban Lounge* on May 18. Touring and merch may be the only way for this guy to break even with the album not being on sale. Del may not be that happy about the tour grind. Some musicians like to inflate touring as a glorious event full of debauchery but Del shares an honest sentiment about it, saying, "It takes a lot out of me. The traveling, eating the bad food. There's worse things I could be doing for a living. It ain't that bad, but it takes a toll on my body. It's a lot of work for me."

Del seems like the kind of producer/emcee who can just get lost fucking a beat for hours and just live in the studio. But in case you think he won't put on a

good show, be advised against that line of reasoning, because Del always delivers. He brings the unwary a great experience with, what he says will be, "Some of my classics if you can call 'em that. Stuff from **Deltron 3030**, stuff from **Gorillaz**, stuff from all my albums. There's spots where we improvise in the show. I do my own thing every night, you really don't know what I might do," Del says.

If you're really questioning Del's dedication to his job and his message, don't stress. His last words to *SLUG*: "Do you love music, do you love doing it?" I think that is the one question that nobody asks. And the answer is 'yes.' I would do it if I get paid or not. Getting paid for it is a nice benefit but that's not why I do it."

Check out Del on May 18 at *The Urban Lounge* with **A-Plus**, **Bukue One** and **Mike Reim** 9 p.m.

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# Forgetting the Rules with *Kristin Hersh*

By **Kyrolair**

[dullthug@hotmail.com](mailto:dullthug@hotmail.com)

**Kristin Hersh** is a super force of nature. My own introduction to Hersh was in 1987 when my sister came running into the house waving a video cassette containing the music video to the song "Fish" by Hersh's first band **Throwing Muses**. I watched it and I was harpooned. To a group of weirdo kids growing up in the bonkers environment of deepest, darkest Utah Valley, Throwing Muses were the perfect tonic. They were different from any other band, and their music was powerful. Intentional or not, the songs always left room for the imagination. They were never handed over prepackaged in obvious narratives and expected structures. We felt free to fill in the gaps and form our own relationships with the songs.

In the 90s Hersh began releasing solo work, more acoustic though no less powerful than Throwing Muses. Her first solo single, "Your Ghost" (featuring **Michael Stipe** on back up vocals) will leave you sitting silent and feeling a bit stirred up. Many fantastic solo albums have followed and she's toured extensively in support of them. More recently Hersh has been making an unwholesome but oh-so-satisfying noise with her new band **50 Foot Wave**. She's written a children's book and a memoir from the early days of Throwing Muses. On a recent spring day I got to pester her over the phone for a few minutes and get all the juicy gossip.

**SLUG:** You started Throwing Muses as a teenager in Rhode Island in the 80s. What inspired you to make music and to make it in such an unconventional way?

**Kristin Hersh:** Oh man, that's actually a hard question. I have no idea why a little kid would start a band so I'm thinking ... boredom. After having played guitar since I was a really little kid and then taking classical guitar for many years, I realized that in order to play with the voice you would have if you grew up on a desert island without a radio you need to forget rules—one by one if necessary—but it's very important to forget rules. Otherwise, you don't have a lump of clay in front of you when you begin. Imitators are guilty of not forgetting rules and I didn't want to be an imitator. It really shouldn't take a lot of work to find your voice but in my case it did because I had learned so much about guitar and music theory that my lump of clay was distorted. You can't be ashamed of your idiosyncrasies. We're all idiosyncratic. Most of us keep it to ourselves, but a band plays their unusual qualities out loud. That can be embarrassing.

**SLUG:** From your journal entries of the period [to be published as *Paradoxical Undressing* in the UK and as *Rat Girl* stateside], it sounds like the early years of Throwing Muses were quite an adventure. You were homeless and squatting in an empty and purportedly haunted apartment, taking college courses with Hollywood actress **Betty Hutton**, and becoming a mother. Could you tell me a bit about that time?

**KH:** It's actually the only year I kept a diary and the book is about that time. I don't think it's any more striking than anybody else's life, particularly since it was a year where nothing really happened. A lot of things began. It was a year that I tried very hard to forget and yet this diary wouldn't let me forget it. I kept it as a bad luck charm hoping that history wouldn't repeat itself if I was familiar enough with it. I found that I was not to blame ultimately, that I wasn't a hateful person, it's just some hateful things happened to me, that's all. It was very funny because the Muses were very funny and that was important to us. I found this old diary charming because it was 20 years old and it wasn't me anymore. I expanded on it and turned it into a book. I worked on it for three years and it was nice. I actually got to remember some people that had died. Betty died while I was writing the book and my friend Mark died while I was writing it. It was very easy to hear people's voices and for memories to play out. I suppose that's what catharsis is all about. It was just a far more gentle catharsis than 50 Foot Wave or Throwing Muses ever was.

**SLUG:** I'm glad you kept it. Reading it reminds you that life is really funny and it's all just perspective.

**KH:** Life is really funny! People are crazy. It's hilarious and life is goofy. That's really important to me. I think goofiness is underrated.

**SLUG:** I noticed with Throwing Muses everybody seemed to focus on the supposed non-stop trauma, though my friends and I always thought of it as joyful and funny.

**KH:** That's so good to hear! So did we. We thought it was celebratory. It was a big party—it was intense, but anything meaningful is intense. People thought we were so dark. I just never heard us that way, and now 50 Foot Wave is thought to be such an angry noise rock band. I didn't see that coming. You make every musical decision for beauty, so every measure is supposed to be intriguing and beautiful. If it's not intense, how beautiful can it be? We were so confused when we'd meet our fans. People hated us when they met us because we were just little blonde goof balls who never stopped laughing and dressed really badly. They always seemed so disappointed when they met us.

**SLUG:** In the 90s you started releasing solo material including an album of Appalachian songs. You tour extensively as a solo artist, sometimes even playing shows in people's living rooms. How do the solo aspects of your work compare to the experience of working in Throwing Muses or 50ft Wave?

**KH:** Music is just music. It doesn't feel different to me stylistically. I know that there are differences in the production of those three approaches and that's why there are three different approaches, yet when you're playing you're just right there moving along with the song and you believe it so you take its trip. I don't really hear the sonic vocabulary of it until I'm wearing the producer hat and I have to respond and make decisions. The songs do seem to want to sound one way or another. I need Throwing Muses to play the tangled intricate poetic pieces that are written on my strat or my tele and I need 50 Foot Wave to play the power rock. There are intricacies to 50 Foot Wave that are harder to hear. It's a solid noisy approach and a lot of songs I write respond well to that sonic vocabulary so 50 Foot Wave needs to exist. Then there are those that respond better to the acoustic pencil sketch treatment than to the bright, loud color-splash of the rock band so I have to be a solo artist sometimes too.

**SLUG:** I discovered you were doing 50 Foot Wave by freaky chance. I happened to pick up a scrap of newspaper which described this new band of yours and that it was playing the next night at *Kilby Court*. I frantically called around the grapevine to rally the troops. I thought the place would be packed but only about 10 people showed up. Your whole family was with you and you walked onto the stage looking like you could be a nice Mormon mom in pastel flip flops. Then the flip flop

slammed down on the guitar pedal and you guys let loose with one of the most powerful shows I've ever experienced.

**KH:** I remember it well. That was great. It was in such an intriguing venue—we'd never played in anything like that and we thought "this is the future of music". It makes more sense than the old fashioned rock clubs where people just go to get drunk.

**SLUG:** You've worked through indie labels, major labels and have experimented in getting music directly to the fans, pioneering the pay-what-you-will idea that was later tried by **Radiohead** and others. Where are you now with CASH Music and the virtual tip jar?

**KH:** We had the tip jar before CASH started. CASH is more subscription based donations for me on my page. The other artists don't necessarily use CASH tools in the same way I do. All my recording costs are paid for by fans now in what is essentially an NPR model. That means I don't have to create radio songs, I don't have to dumb anything down, I can be experimental and that's pretty celebratory. It's going back to the beginning for me trying to unlearn rules and find my voice again. It's been really moving. I put up a song a month for nothing and so many people subscribe to CASH that I can afford to continue. It's a great way to work and it means that people really listen. I get a lot of feedback. I put up my stems for remixes, people make films with the songs and they send them in. They share their work with us making it even more of a community. Yet even with people sending in their paintings and their films and their remixes, I get more of a sense that I'm working in a vacuum—which is perfect for me. I always had to fool myself into thinking that nobody would ever hear what I did so that I could be honest with it. Now I think it's because I feel more like a scientist than an entertainer so I go into the lab and I do my work, but if your sponsor is attached to the outcome being marketable in some way, if it doesn't alter your results, it's gonna fuck with your head. It's gonna do something lousy to affect the work. Now my sponsors are only attached to the truth of the outcome. They just want it to be truthful and honest. Quality is of course inherent in those two things.

**SLUG:** You've written a children's book [*Toby Snax*], the memoir [*Rat Girl*], you've reformed Throwing Muses for a series of shows. You play many solo shows and you have 50 Foot Wave. What magic power drives you? Or is it something dragging you along?

**KH:** I hear the songs I write and just copy them down. I don't sit down and write songs on purpose with the idea of selling them in any way. I just happen to have songs in my life and I'm obsessed with music so I play it. The books are different. The books came about through trickery on the part of others (laughs) fooling me into doing them. The children's book I just wrote for my son, and my literary agent said "give me that bunny book and I'll sell that." Now I go to meetings about 'The Bunny Book.'

50 Foot Wave's new EP is titled *Power and Light*. To celebrate its release, all of 50 Foot Wave's recordings are available FREE for download. Go to [50footwave.cashmusic.org](http://50footwave.cashmusic.org) and click the FREEMUSIC button. Have a look at [kristinhersh.com](http://kristinhersh.com), and browse the youtubes and myspaces. You too may get harpooned.

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wednesday - Latin Night  
thursday - Dance Evolution  
with DJ/DC  
friday - Frequency  
with Justin Strange, vISION, & Jono  
saturday - Shake N' Pop  
with DJ/DC and JSJ  
sunday - Pachanga  
with DJ Frank

may 9th

## THE TOXIC AVENGER & FRANKIE CHAN

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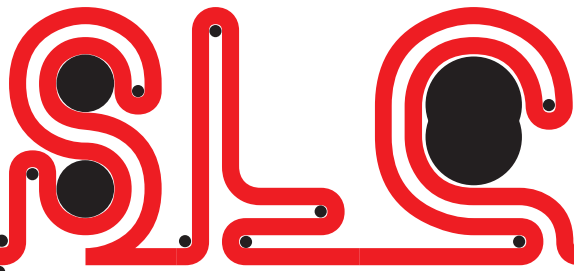
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# BICYCLE CULTURE ART SHOW: THE GALLERY ROLL



by **Chelsea Babbish** [cbabbish@gmail.com](mailto:cbabbish@gmail.com)

Traditionally, the month of May has been recognized as Salt Lake City's *Bicycle Month*. In the past, the city has held all sorts of cycling-related events to celebrate. Last year there was the *Mayor's Bike Bonanza*—a festival at the *Gallivan Center* promoting cycling downtown and local bicycle dealers. The *Commuter Challenge* spanned throughout the entire month to encourage people to ride their bicycles to work and on other daily commutes. This year promises a bike month with festivities that go above and beyond what has been done in the past. Of everything planned, one event clearly illustrates the community aspect of those who love cycling in Salt Lake City and, subsequently, captures the spirit of the entire month. Mixing art and cycling of all kinds is Salt Lake's first ever bicycle art show: *The Salt Lake City Bicycle Company* and *SaltCycle.com's Gallery Roll*.

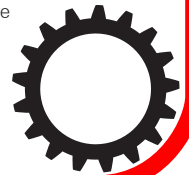
**Zed Bailey**, creator, moderator and driving force of *SaltCycle.com* came up with the idea for the bicycle and cycling themed art show along with **Brent Hulme**, who owns *The Salt Lake City Bicycle Co.* downtown. "I felt we needed a gallery to represent the cycling culture in Salt Lake City," Bailey said, "I thought that the *Salt Lake City Bicycle Co.* might be a good place to do it, because when you go into their shop, they sell all kinds of bicycles—not just one kind." Bailey feels that Hulme's bike shop caters to the bicycle community as a whole instead of just a niche or two. One step into Hulme's bicycle shop and it's easy to see why this particular shop might be the perfect place for an art show. "Our store is a Trek Concept Store and a good amount of the 70 or so Trek Concept Stores around the nation are set up in strip malls," Hulme said, "I wanted the store to be downtown and when I found this cool 100-year-old building, I told the Trek guys 'You've got to see this building!'" Hulme got what he wanted. His bike store, just shy of a year old now, is in a historic building, outfitted with giant windows on the east and south sides that let in natural light all day, making it the perfect place for an art gallery. It wasn't on accident that he was attracted to the building. "Two things I really like in life are bikes and art," said Hulme. "We're not prepared to become a full-time art gallery but I like the idea of selling prints and being able to someday promote local artists more." A bike-themed art show isn't a new concept. Last month a huge show called *Art Crank* was held in Denver. However, the Denver show didn't take place in a bike shop. "The concept really intrigued me and I don't know of any other bicycle shops that have tried something like this," Hulme said. He had considered inviting an artist from New York City who does bicycle related artwork to have a show in his bike shop, but it wasn't until he mentioned the idea to Bailey that *Gallery Roll* started to become a reality. Hulme said that Bailey really helped him out by taking all of the organization of the event off his plate. "Zed really grabbed the bull by the horns and made it happen." The *Gallery Roll* is open to both local and national artists working in any medium. The main requirement is that the art be

related to cycling. "There will probably be lots of photography, although someone I know is submitting paintings and we're actually having a chop shop where we will be making bicycle sculptures," Bailey said. "We are actually accepting bicycles as sculptures too, as long as the bike was made by the artist."

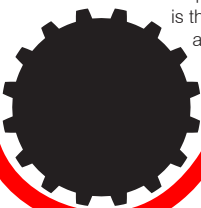
The *Gallery Roll* will be a great celebration of the different aspects of Salt Lake City's bicycle culture. "I drew most of my ideas from the community itself and all of the different events that we have: alley cats, community rides, bike polo, jousting. I just wanted to have a reflection of that community placed into an art show," said Bailey.

He explains that he is most concerned about the bicycle community as a whole. "It gets people more excited about cycling again and on the *Gallery Roll's* opening night, the *Mayor's Bike Bonanza* will be happening down at the *Gallivan Center*. People visiting the art show can walk or ride two blocks down the street and experience more bicycle culture in action!"

To learn more about the many events of *Bicycle Month* as well as the *Gallery Roll* visit the *SaltCycle* events calendar at [SaltCycle.com/events](http://SaltCycle.com/events). The *Gallery Roll* is taking place at the *Salt Lake City Bicycle Company* (177 East 200 South). The show will hang from May 15 to June 1.



**Zed Bailey (L) and Brent Hulme (R) hang out in front of SLC Bicycle Co.**



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# PALACE OF BUDDIES

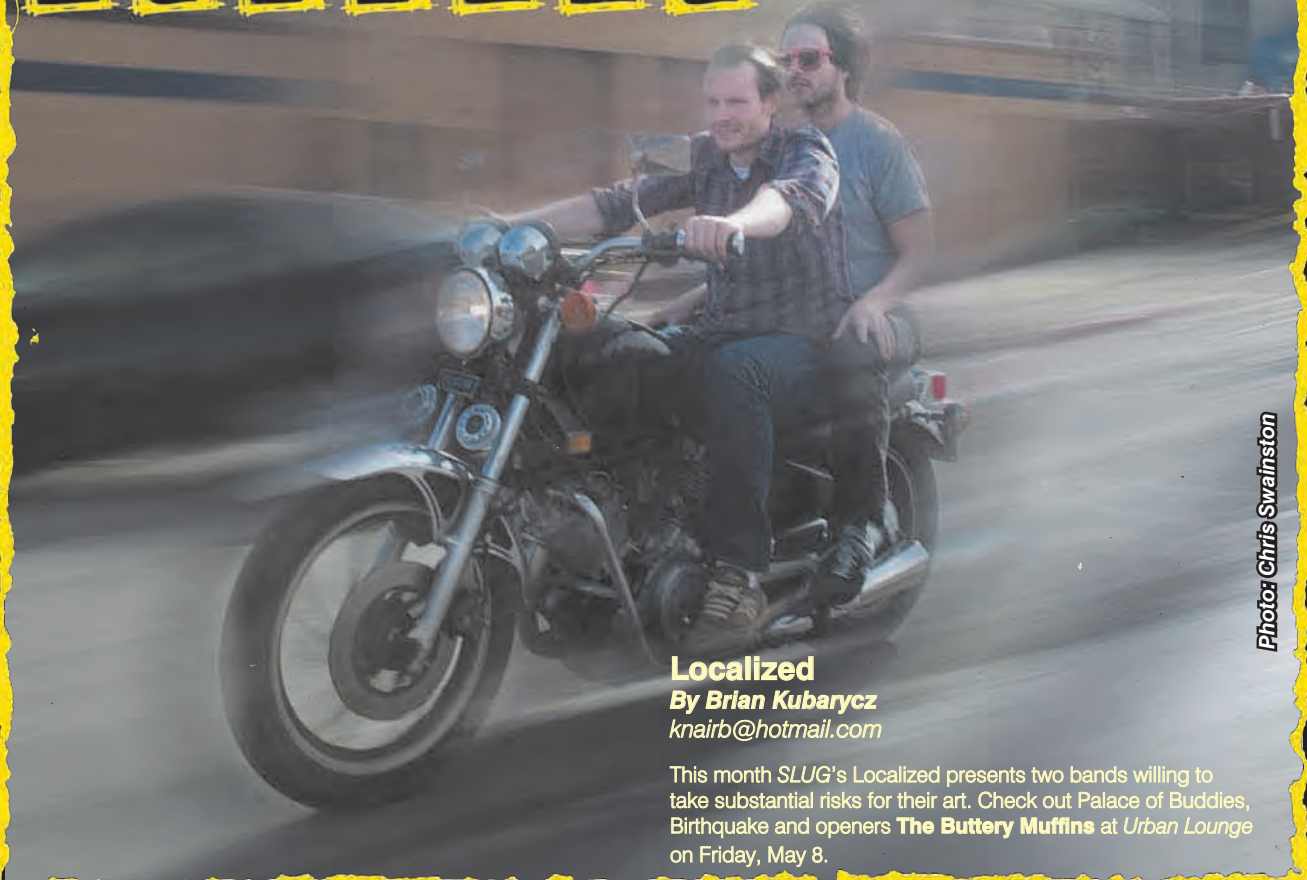


Photo: Chris Swainston

**Localized**  
By **Brian Kubarycz**  
knairb@hotmail.com

This month *SLUG*'s Localized presents two bands willing to take substantial risks for their art. Check out Palace of Buddies, Birthquake and opens **The Buttery Muffins** at **Urban Lounge** on Friday, May 8.

## Nick Foster – drums, singing, keyboard

## Tim Myers –singing, guitar, keyboard

I was immediately struck by the cover art of Palace of Buddies' CD. The album's front shows a garish birthday cake made sinister by shadowy horror-movie lighting. The Salt Lake music scene nearly lost Palace of Buddies to fire during the shoot for the album art. "We thought we had sparkling candles," the two say, "but instead these candles shot flames." The back of the album offers the listener a view of POB's equipment, a Charydis of keyboards, drums and wires that bring to mind nightmares of moving day. Far easier just to burn everything than take it carefully apart.

A willingness to navigate through the hazards of making art is a central tenet of POB's approach to music. Foster, who has a degree in Music Composition from the University of Utah, discussed works of **Milton Babbitt**, **Luciano Berio** and **Paul Lansky**—who he discovered through his studies. Part of what compels Foster about these composers is the novelty of what they were doing. "They wrote pieces that combined traditional symphonic instruments with newer electronic instruments at a time when there were no set rules to follow," says Foster. The results were experimental, by definition.

This struggle to produce the new, first by hearing it and then by rigging it into reality, is very much a part of the POB experience. Myers says he creates ideas in

songs. They adopt this phrase from **Brian Eno**, whose albums *Another Green World* and *Before and After Science* are crucial listening for them. Both Foster and Myers mention the various pros and cons of being a two-piece band. There are only so many hands and feet to go around. Yet at a time when it has become increasingly acceptable for even respected bands to play prerecorded music during shows, POB is clear about its commitment to perform their music live. "We needed to relearn to play our instruments," says Myers. He and Foster switch gear not only between, but also during songs, one playing the bass part for verses, for example, and the other picking up the bass part for the chorus.

What's remarkable about POB, though, is the band's ability to produce a fully integrated sound. For all their mad-scientist scrambling with respect to ideas, equipment and sound, Myers and Foster feel like a genuine band, not just a couple of geeks with too much equipment. This is probably because the two have played together since junior high school. Having passed through the ranks of various rock and metal bands, POB has finally reduced its sound to a neat blend of **Kraftwerk**'s *Autobahn*, the lush chords of early, experimental **Genesis** (Foster admires the drumming of the young **Phil Collins**), and the rag-and-bone clatter of **Tom Waits**.

Recognizing the labor-intensive effort that goes into making POB happen, I asked the members if they had any gripes. "I'm not the griping type," Myers is quick to respond. "I don't gripe, I manage." It's the can-do, will-do attitude that has made the POB experiment so far a great success.

NL

# BIRTHQUAKE



Photo: Chris Swainston

I met the men of Birthquake at *Coffee Garden* and was quickly taken by the intense feeling of comradery exuded by a band which has formally existed for only six months. The secret to this solidarity is no real secret though. It's the brothers Whittaker. Scott, Nick and Matt Whittaker have been playing together, musically and otherwise, since early childhood. The three scooted close together to form one solid wall of grinning, beaming Hobbits. Each seems the others' greatest ally and friend for life. Joining this trio to form a full quartet is flautist, yes flautist, Mark Herrera, a mighty fortress of good will.

Despite his imposing presence, one can't help but ask Herrera the obvious: "What's up with the flute, buddy?" Herrera, for whom piano *moving*, seems a far more obvious choice, replies without self-consciousness. "I am comfortable with my manhood. I do not listen to **Tull**." Herrera's influences are more based in jazz. He enthuses over the recordings of **Eric Dolphy**, the early work on **Oliver Nelson's** legendary *Blues and The Abstract Truth*, as well as the later solo projects. Herrera also cites **Herbie Mann** as an influence, and most recently, classical music. Herrera describes himself as self-taught and sees his greatest strength as bringing even more heart to Birthquake, rather than a conservative background or monster chops. The Whittaker brothers smile brightly and use their eyes to pronounce a silent collective YAY! This is that kind of giant-killing band.

Although Birthquake is an instrumental group, they still feel like it has vocals. "We've got Mark's flute and saxophone for that," Scott says. He recruited Herrera into Birthquake quite recently. The two had been working together at a day job and discovered an increasing number of common interests. All three Whittakers had determined that Birthquake was still missing a certain *je ne sais*

*Jean-Pierre Rampal*, so Herrera was brought in on an experimental basis. "It was not long though before a good thing became permanent," Scott says.

Much like the late-bebop that Herrera relishes, Birthquake's sound is stripped of all filler. Herrera describes it as "boiled down to bone and marrow." Perhaps this abstractness stems from Herrera's love of mathematics, which he received extensive formal education for. "What I learned from math was to impose structure on the world." It seems to me that this translates, in the musical idiom of Birthquake, to imposing structure on a groove. Because, for all their leanness, Birthquake has something not especially common in the Salt Lake music scene—groove. The band rocks with soul. It's apparent not only to their growing number of local fans, but also to visitors to Salt Lake. Scott recalls being stopped after a show by a group of Californians that had been drawn into the *Urban Lounge* by the sound of Birthquake spilling over into the street. Scott says, "They told me they had no idea there was music like us in Utah."

The members of Birthquake take great pleasure in the diversity of the local culture scene, in terms of both music and the other arts. They recall not with nostalgia so much as keen enthusiasm the underground of the early-90s. "There were dozens of tiny venues," Scott says, "and all kinds of bands mixing all kinds of genres." The members of Birthquake have tried to maintain that eclectic innovative feel, mixing rock, funk and even country elements into their music. "The day we get an identifiable sound, we're done," Herrera says.

Checkout the playful nature of both bands with openers the *Buttery Muffins* on the second Friday of May. Five bucks gets you in.

Scott Whittaker - Bass and Percussion

Mark Herrera - Flute and Saxophone

Nick Whittaker - Guitar and percussion

Matt Whittaker Percussion and Chants



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- May 1st Mr Lif, Grieves, Willie Evans Jr, Feel Good Patrol, Blue Collar Theory
- 2nd Labcoat CD Release, Danger Heilstorm, The Naked Eyes
- 3rd Orange Tulip Conspiracy, Oh Wild Birds, The Opiate Eye
- 4th Weinland, The Devil Whale, The Futurists
- 5th Red Bennies, Pleasure Thieves, Black Hole
- 6th Grouch & Eligh, Afro Classics, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, DJ Juggy
- 7th Bob Log III, Willem Maker, Pink Lightnin
- 8th SLUG Localized: Palace of Buddies, Birthquake, The Buttery Muffins
- 9th Future of the Ghost Last Show, Tolchock Trio, Kid Theodore
- 10th Community Potluck + Short performances by: Brian Oakley,  
Andrew Sato, Wren Kennedy, Jordan Badger, Brinton Jones,  
Ben Kilbourne, David Williams, Francesca On The Prairie
- 11th Louis Logic, The Let Go, Tulsi, Mindstate, Synthesis
- 12th Trampled By Turtles, Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Johnson Family Band
- 13th Cowboy Mouth, Dusty Rhodes (Four Loaders)
- 14th Detroit Cobras, Dex Romwebber, Laserfang
- 15th Bob Schneider, Jason Shannon, Charlie Mars
- 16th Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Sneakin' Out
- 17th 6:30 PM Urban Lounge Acoustic Cafe: The Prairie Dogs, Doug Wintch  
10 PM Empty Phantom, Fauna, Blues Dart
- 18th Del the Funky Homosapien, Mike Relm, Bukue One, Serendipity Project
- 19th My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Tragic Black
- 20th Magnolia Electric Co, Band Of Annuals, Black Hens
- 21st Mister Transister: (A Stray Night) + Muscleshawk
- 22nd Afro Omega, Relief Society
- 23rd VAST, TBA (Kollective) EARLY
- 24th LipLash Electro Dance Party with Dj BandWagon
- 25th Michelle Malone
- 26th Scott H Biram, Porch Pounders
- 27th Lucero, Chuck Ragan of Hot Water Music
- 28th SLAJO, Samba Gringa, Giant
- 29th Ted Dancin
- 30th Debi Graham Band, Oh Wild Birds, Trouble On The Prairie  
(Fran Going Away Party)
- 31st Community Potluck + Short Performances by: Chaz Prymek,  
Glade Sowards, Trever Hadley, more TBA
- June 1st Wolf Eyes, TBA
- 2nd Camera Obscura, Agent Ribbons
- 3rd Hopewell, Tiny Lights, Blue Sunshine Soul
- 5th Vile Blue Shades, Wolfs, Red Bennies
- 6th NO QUARTER (Led Zeppelin Tribute Band)

## COMING SOON:

- June 8th Langhorne Slim
- 11th The Juan Mclean (DFA)
- 12th The Helio Sequence
- 15th Carbon Leaf
- 17th AirSex Championships
- 18th Dusty Rhodes
- 23rd A.A. Bondy
- 24th Bill Callahan of Smog
- 25th White Rabbits
- 26th Laura Gibson
- 11th Cage
- 17th Gringo Star
- 24th The American Night  
(Doors Tribute Band)
- 29th Vetiver
- August 4th Tinsley Ellis

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TAT • BAYSIDE • MILLIONAIRES • BLACK TIDE  
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STREETLIGHT MANIFESTO • BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE  
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# Utah FM Celebrates One Year

By Jeanette Moses  
jeanette@slugmag.com



**Mike Place, Babs Delay and Patrick Commiskey in the Utah FM Studio.**

In January 2008 KRCL announced they were changing the format. After 28 years, they were canning the daytime volunteers and replacing them with three paid DJs. Community members cried foul at the station's decision. People lamented that their beloved community station was giving itself a "corporate makeover." Ultimately the format change wasn't as bad as expected, and resulted in the birth of a brand new volunteer-based online radio station known as *Utah Free Media*.

"It was founded [because] a group of KRCL volunteers/DJs and the public [were] outraged at the Board of KRCL violating its own mission statement and core values," says **Babs Delay**, *Utah FM* volunteer DJ. Delay was one of the many volunteers who lost their position as a result of the change. She was the host of *Women: The Third Decade* for 28 years—the longest-running women's music program in the country. Although listeners have stopped tuning to 90.9 to hear her show, they can still catch her every Thursday from 9 a.m. to noon streaming on iTunes from *UtahFM.org*. If you aren't near a computer at that time, you can listen to the program through the station's new iPhone application or at your own convenience through their online archives.

"*Utah FM* started with a phone call between **Troy [Mumm]** and I," says **Mike Place**, co-founder and technical director of *Utah FM*. "From there, it grew into a loose band of volunteers. It wasn't too long before we had studio space and donations started to come in." The station takes up three once-vacant rooms in the basement of Urban Utah Homes and Estates. The space was donated by Delay—the Principle Real Estate Broker for Urban Utah. The technical infrastructure of the station was donated by XMission—where Mike Place works in Research and Development. "[It's] absolutely essential in making the station work," Place says. "We simply couldn't exist without the support of [XMission CEO] **Pete Ashdown** and the rest of the group over there."

The station launched on May 12, 2008 with "almost no money, about 20 music programs and not much else to speak of," says Place. On their first day they had 200 unique listeners.

In the past year *Utah FM* has grown to include nearly 50 weekly programs (15 of which were added at the end of April), seven podcasts and, according to Place, hundreds of volunteers. "I look around and there are new faces,

new hands taking on new responsibilities and we're growing," says **Patrick Commiskey**, marketing director of *Utah FM*. Their listenership has increased as well. "I think our average weekly listenership is now at 2,000," Commiskey says. "I used to have a handle on these numbers, but they've been changing drastically over the last several months."

Although *Utah FM* has grown significantly during the past year, the station continues to run on a mostly DIY ethic. "We can make \$100 go further than just about any other station," Place says. On average, Place and Commiskey each put in about 20 volunteer hours per week, no one on staff is paid and their phone flasher is made of a fire alarm strobe, a laptop power supply and duct tape.

As a community grassroots radio station, *Utah FM* strives to dig deep into the culture of their listeners. "[We want to] give voice to the people of Utah to create and broadcast their own content about whatever they are passionate and knowledgeable about," Commiskey says.

"The space where community radio is at its best is when its equal part speaker and listener," says Place. "The goal of community radio should be to make as many of our listeners into participants as we can." This is the direction that *Utah FM* wants to move towards. Place says he hopes in the next year the station can relocate to a bigger space to allow the community to really come participate.

Another area that the station hopes to expand in the next year is their podcasts. *Utah FM* already features podcasts like *Utah Stories*, *A Damn Podcast*, *Pinpoint SLC* (which *SLUG* contributes to regularly), *The Awkward Hour* and a few others. "[With] *Pinpoint SLC* we're picking up slack from cut arts and entertainment budgets at the *Tribune* and *Deseret News*," Commiskey says. "[It] gives voice to the artists creating wonderful projects all around Salt Lake City."

Tune into *Utah FM* at *utahfm.org*. If you don't like what you hear ... maybe it's time to volunteer.

*Utah FM* will celebrate their one-year anniversary at *Pat's BBQ* on Tuesday, May 12.



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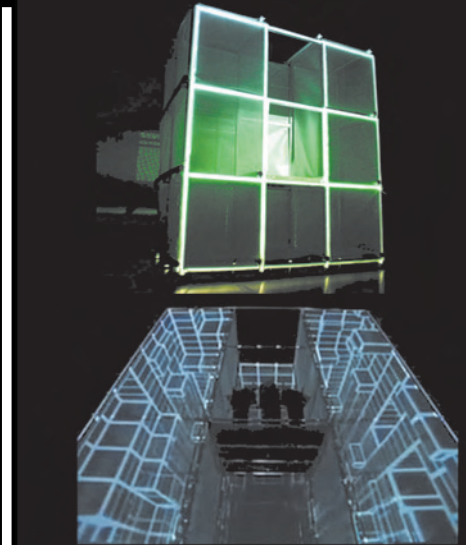
# COACHELLA Hipster Oasis or Epic Clusterfuck?

by Ryan Powers [ryan@slugmag.com](mailto:ryan@slugmag.com)  
photos by GetFamousLA.com for SLUG  
Etienne de Crecy photos courtesy of Exyzt

Indio California's three-day festival, *Coachella*, has quickly become the most well-known music festival in the country. Because of its magnanimity, seemingly impossible line-ups have become the norm—groups that have completely dissipated reform for one-off performances or career relaunches. For example—this year's bill, we saw **Paul McCartney**, **Throbbing Gristle**, **The Murder City Devils**, and previous years have seen groups like **Daft Punk**, **The Pixies**, and **Rage Against the Machine**. All of these once-in-a-lifetime types of shows tend to draw not only regular festival goers, but also the jaded, the virgins, and those completely out of their element (I'm thinking you, people with babies). In part, because of these huge crowds (this year's festival was the second largest ever), the mainstream continues to support a festival that also supports smaller acts on the brink of breaking through and exposes them to an entirely new crowd hell-bent on having an amazing time.

In the realm of visual pleasures, you didn't need to be fucked out of your mind (although it doesn't hurt) to enjoy the stand-out performance from this year's *Coachella*—Etienne de Crecy. Crafting a progressive funk electro house sound, Etienne de Crecy (also known as Superdiscount) has long been well-respected in the DJ community for exceptional remixes. The live show on the other hand is nothing short of spiritual—especially in the context of *Coachella's* fun-or-bust crowd. In the spirit of Daft Punk's pyramids of light from the *ALIVE 2007* tour, de Crecy's light show was a 3D progressive visual symphony that ended the festival's dance tent in a 20-minute applause—which unfortunately was not enough for an encore.

Standing in a three-story cube, the show looked like Hollywood squares on ecstasy. A series of projectors created a 3D illusion that grew in complexity as the music began to build towards an anthemic electro-house climax. It cannot be properly explained nor are the



Set in the vast *Empire Polo Fields*, which are in turn, in the middle of a desert, *Coachella* is an event that requires a full commitment. The walk from the parking lot is no small trek—half-hour walk from even the closest of parking spots, another half-hour wait in the ticket line, and a fifteen-minute walk to the nearest stage—the size alone would hint that the festival has become impersonal, outgrown its roots and past its prime (i.e. *Lollapalooza*). This is, however, not the truth. The calliope of music fans certainly creates a clashing of the scenes, but the solidarity is undeniable—it might be the desert air, the unavoidable quest to get in, or the high ticket prices, but everyone is full-on committed to having the most fun humanly possible—and then some. At any point you'll find at least 100 or so passed out, drugged up randoms covered in body paint—staring at the arrangement of new age art installations—usually consisting of fire shows, hippies with glow sticks and pasties (which is way worse than it sounds), and a handful of genuinely impressive lighting installations.

pictures that impressive, but check this video: [youtube.com/watch?v=Jztl8S7tUeY](http://youtube.com/watch?v=Jztl8S7tUeY)

Although the Etienne de Crecy is the stand-out performance in my mind—it was not the most talked about event at the festival. In addition, because of the ridiculously huge line-up of the festival, and simultaneous show times, it becomes impossible to see every group or describe the various sets. After extensive analysis and survey, here are some of the most talked-about performances:

**My Bloody Valentine:** Most descriptions of this band center around one word—Loud. Even with earplugs, My Bloody Valentine's deafening performance was exceptionally well done—if you are a fan, that is. The 10-minute wall of noise at the end of the set was quite ... loud? It wasn't "good" or "neat" ... just another aural orgasm reached by musical masturbation.

life into the unfortunately expiring bloghouse sound.

**The Cure:** Ah, Robert Smith. Seeing his face on a 25-foot megatron was a bit unsettling—as one fan put it, "He looks like Winona Judd on crack." Although the looks may be out the window, the performance of classic songs was exceptional—everyone was mouthing the words and dancing like 13 year old girls at a Miley Cyrus show.

**Murder City Devils:** One of the many exciting reunions as of late, Murder City Devils have maintained a cult-like following despite having been broken up for 8 years. The reunion show did not disappoint, reinforcing the opinion that this band is the best project any of these members have, or ever will create.

**No Age:** Los Angeles' next wave punks have emerged from the true underbelly of Los



**Paul McCartney:** Former Beatles' guitarist performance was described by one fan as "fucking magical." Performing a wide range of material, most of which is largely forgettable, although the most memorable songs (i.e. Beatles songs) were worth the wait through the two-hour set.

**Morrissey:** Former Smiths frontman takes a favor for Karaoke these days, and also managed to forget some lyrics and storm off stage.

**Jokers of the Scene:** Canada's DJ Duo brought their cutting-edge tracks and remixes to The Dome (*Coachella's* dance ... dome ... duh). Encased in a giant metal jungle gym with sporadic projection panels, the circular stage built on subwoofers drew more e-tards than a dropped Altoid. This is definitely a group to watch in the next year—they have a solid sound and are sure to bring some new



Angeles music scene to national prominence in a way that is surprising, yet well deserved. Never a compromise for originality or trends, No Age cannot be easily pigeonholed into any particular genre or sound, but their appearance at this year's festival was fresh and original.

**Girl Talk:** Greg Gillis' laptop-punishing performance is a genre-blind post-modern dance party—at this year's dance tent, the performance was enhanced by costumes, crowd interaction and a few thousand manic fans dancing wildly to everything from Elton John to top 40 hip-hop and soul.

Despite its size, not all of the fun is contained within the festival—in fact some of the most stand out events are the private parties that bring some of the greatest DJs, celebs and hipsteratti. Here's a quick rundown of what was hot, and what kindaaa sucked:

rolling till early afternoon, with a surprise live performance of "Day and Nite," some freestyles and a cover of Kanye's "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger" by Kid Cudi, everyone's favorite hipster rapper.

**Belvedere IX (Totalllly sucked):** Sometimes, like at the Filter party mentioned above, you aren't too sure about a party going into it, and so it at best turns out ok. For the Belvedere IX party, I really and honestly wanted it to be awesome. Although walking up to the door and overhearing "That party is unbearable" wasn't a good sign—neither was half the ed banger crew waiting outside for a cab. Although, with DJ sets from everyone's favorite bangers Mehdi, Sebastian, and Kavinsky, the eds (sic) were sure to be banging. Instead, it made my ed hurt (sic—ed banger records ... get it? So funny). Just how did the Riviera Hotel totally fucking blow it? Well, cram these DJ's into the most generic, undecorated Hotel Ballroom, rent a cheap-as-shit PA and an even cheaper sound guy—add some weird shitty drink



selections, poor lighting (as in the lights were still on?!?), and just when you think it couldn't get any worse, turn down the bass all the way and crank up that treble to ear-splitting levels.

**Anthem Ranch (ZOMG Awesome):** Ever had that moment where you realize you are pretty much at the ridiculously right time and place? Enter the small yet wise *Anthem Magazine*. Situated on yet another ranch, the set up was absolutely over the top and perfection. Maybe it was the completely reckless 100-foot slip and slide into the private lake, complete with jetskis and paddleboats ... it could have also been the simply amazing music provided by the likes of *Aeroplane*, *Busy P*, and *Trouble & Bass* crew. Or maybe Daft Punk's *Thomas Bangalter* playing along to the music on a piano, oh and sure, everyone was there, *Justice*, *Eric Wareheim*, *Paris Hilton*, me.

**Adidas Party (Best. Party. Ever):** Going to a party at Frank Sinatra's house is generally a good look—but this exclusive after-party



**Filter (Kindaaa sucked):** Set around a pretty kick-ass venue, complete with a private pond and two separate dance stages, the music was only OK, with douchebaggery in full swing. Driving up to the party, our crew was enjoying some totally sweet club hits. When we drove by a crew of too-tan blondes, we got the adorable comment, "Faggots." Yeah ... awesome. Driving away, New York power twins Greg and Darrin Bresnitz were also told to, "Get more glasses." I don't even know what that means. Nice try Filter, too bad all the suck had to shit on your sweet party setup. All that might have been ok—until they ran out of booze.

**Urb (Pretty Sweet):** A few brave souls were still functioning by the end of the weekend to attend Urb's little pool party jam at a small horse ranch just outside Indio. It was getting a bit hot, but the open bar, vegan coconut ice cream and dips in the pool kept the party



event sponsored by Adidas was absolutely amazing—ed banger totally redeemed themselves by ditching out on the Belvedere Party and providing the tunes, while Adidas sponsored a delightful open bar, food and quite an amazing group of guests. Even the architecture was pleasant. A party that pays attention to architecture pays attention to success.

Well, there you have it. That pretty much wraps up the publishable events of *Coachella* 2009's successes, debauchery and failures. This is only a sliver of the goings on—it would take a team of a dozen well-connected reporters to begin to cover it all—and all you have is me. No matter the line-up, I can assure you future *Coachella* adventures will not be something easily regretted.

For more photos from *Coachella*, check out the *SLUG* site: [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com).

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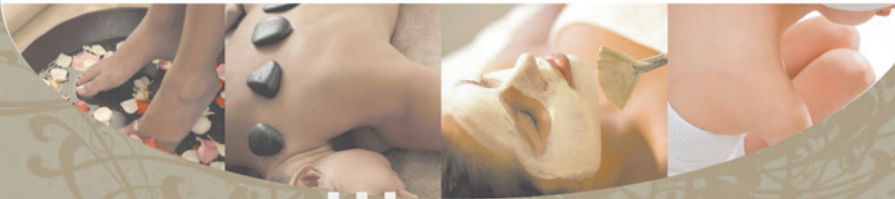
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# THE PUNK ROCK PIED PIPER

By An Old Man on the Scene  
info@slugmag.com

**Mike Watt** knows more about your scene than you do.

No offense, that's just the way it is. And it's the same for folks in cities and college towns across the country. Watt has spent more than 25 years "touring econo"—Watt parlance for punk-rock touring in a drive-it-yourself van, no roadies or hangers-on needed. And that time taught him a lot about America's underground music scene. Chatting about his years on the road, Watt name-drops music venues shuttered two decades ago, favorite restaurants in Bumfuck, Kansas and nearby natural wonders from almost anywhere he's rocked his "thud staff" (Watt parlance for his bass).

When it comes to Salt Lake City and Utah, Watt has plenty of material for his memory bank, and for his ongoing tour diaries kept online at Mike Watt's Hoot Page ([hootpage.com](http://hootpage.com)).

He played long-gone downtown storefronts with **The Minutemen**, his childhood trio formed with best friend **D. Boon** (not to mention true West Coast punk legends). He played *Speedway Cafe* and *The Saltair* leading **FIREHOSE** from the indie ranks to a major label. And as a solo act, **J Mascis** sidekick and member of oddball jam-banders **Banyan** and the resurrected **Stooges**, he's played everywhere from the *Zephyr Club* to *Bar Deluxe*, *Liquid Joe's* to the ridiculous sub-zero "Bud World" outside at the *Gallivan Center* during the 2002 Winter Olympics.

"Because of where it is, Salt Lake City has always been on the map for us," Watt said in an interview shortly before launching his *Prac'n the 3rd Opera Tour*, stopping in Salt Lake City May 19. "If you're coming out of the Northwest, there's not a lot on the way to Denver. That's why Boise gets a lot of gigs. And Salt Lake City goes WAY back before Boise. **Black Flag** was *always* playing there. And fuck, I've always said, if there's a scene, play it! We go way back playing there. I always dug it."

"There's all this natural beauty in Utah, like Zion and Bryce Canyon. People have these weird concepts, like everybody in Utah is crazy. They have weird notions. I think it's TV-fed, not personal experience. Every place has nuts—I don't think Utah has all of them."

Watt chatted with **SLUG** by phone from his home in San Pedro, Calif., and it happened to be D. Boon's birthday—the former Minutemen guitarist/singer would have been 51. Watt's best friend and bandmate was killed in December 1985 in a van accident, and everything Watt's done since, musically speaking, has been dedicated to Boon.

Watt started talking about his friend before a question was asked.

**Watt:** This morning I went pedaling by the apartment where D. Boon lived when we started The Minutemen. I went and took pictures of that house again. I like to think of him on his birthday more than on the day he got killed. That's a heavier day. I'm feeling weird now, but part of that is, in 16 days I've got tour.

**SLUG:** Is it harder to motivate to tour as you get older?

**Watt:** I've always had a little anxiety. So many things can go wrong on a tour. The main thing is, I want to get **Tom [Watson, guitar]** and **Raul [Morales, drums]** home safe. Once you get into the tour and it becomes day-to-day, it's not as bad. But there's some apprehension at first, and I've been doing this many, many years.

**SLUG:** Has touring changed a lot for you through the years?

**Watt:** It's every day. The way I tour is, it's no days off. If you ain't playin', you're payin'. And as long as you're out there, you might as well get as many people to see you play as you can. There are a lot of things you can say about the U.S.—it's fucking big! So we try to play as many places as we can. What I've learned from touring is, in the spring, you want to get out of the south before it gets too hot. In the fall, it's the opposite. You want to get out of the north before it gets too cold. The vaudeville guys probably figured this stuff out years ago. I remember the first Minutemen tour on our own in '84, we went in the summer. It was like a slaughter. We were so sweaty. We cut our heads bald—we thought that would help—and it did a *little* bit. We learned by *doing*.

**SLUG:** How was being on the road with The Stooges the past few years?

**Watt:** You know, because of The Stooges, this is the first U.S. Watt tour in five years! I spent five-and-a-half years with The Stooges. I got to be in the Stooges' classroom. I can't imagine the punk scene would have existed without The Stooges. My ears would grow the size of elephants, trying to soak up all they had to talk about. I know they started punk and shit, but they're from the '60s! They aren't from our scene; our scene came from them. It was very interesting to be around those guys. I would have never imagined something like that coming along and happening. I never will forget it. I think the experience will go in all my music. And I always figured I owed those cats my best notes.

**SLUG:** How did that gig come together?

**Watt:** Well, there was a lot of circumstances that came together. I got sick and almost died in 2000. They put tubes in me and shit and I had to stop playing bass for the first time since I was 13. They finally pulled the tubes out and I could play again, but I couldn't play!



**Tom Watson, Mike Watt and Raul Morales will play  
Bar Deluxe May 19 as Mike Watt & the Missingmen.**

My fingers were all atrophied and shit. I hadn't done it for months. I freaked out, so I started playing Stooges song—there aren't a lot of chord changes, it's more about feel—to get strong. "Little Doll" over and over. I decided to put together some copy bands to get strong. So I made a band with **Peter [DiStefano]** and **Perk [Stephen Perkins]** from **Porno [for Pyros]** on the West Coast, and a band with J Mascis and **Murph** from **Dinosaur [Jr.]** on the East Coast to do it. We did Stooges songs, then we'd jam on kind of a **[John] Coltrane** trip and just go off. Stooges songs are good for that. So I ended up with four or five different bands doing Stooges songs! J decided to do a solo album and created *The Fog* to tour. So J had me along to play and sing some of the Stooges songs we'd do in the shows. Then J brought [Stooges' guitarist] **Ron Asheton** on tour, and we'd do about nine Stooges songs. Soon enough, we had [drummer] **Scott Asheton** with us and we were touring in Europe as Asheton, Asheton, Mascis and Watt. **Iggy** heard the Ashetons were playing together again, and The Stooges were back together a year later. Then one day Iggy called me up and said, "Ron says you're the man" [original Stooges bassist **Dave Alexander** died in 1975].

**SLUG:** How was touring with Iggy Pop and those guys different than a Watt tour?

**Watt:** Well, them being older gentlemen, it was maybe three gigs a week. So we had a lot of days off. They need time to recover. For

one thing, Ig, that guy! I try to play as hard as that guy, and he's 11 years older. Fuck! He's got a hurt knee and a hurt hip, but he never plays a gig halfway. As a result, we need days off. And that's good for Watt to go check out and learn. I got to see places I'd never be if it wasn't for the gigs.

**SLUG:** It seems you get out and check out the towns you're playing, as opposed to arena rockers who only see a bus or hotel room.

**Watt:** Me and D. Boon found out early in touring that this was a real benefit. You'd read the interviews with the old rock and rollers and they were sick of touring and all that shit. But we found out that not only do you get to go play for people in different towns, but you get to check a bunch of new shit out! We were working people, so we didn't have vacations. This was our opportunity to see shit, and that still hasn't worn off all these years later. Because once you go somewhere, things change! Just because you've seen a place once doesn't mean that's the way it's always going to be! That's one reason I do the tour diaries. I want people to get curious to go check shit out for themselves. Part of consumer culture—to get people to buy, buy, buy—marketing people come up with "experts" to tell you what's cool. You can learn stuff from "experts" on TV, but you can also be led around.

**Mike Watt & The Missingmen** headline *Bar Deluxe*, 666 S. State, May 19.

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March and April were rough months for me, both at work and at home. It's during periods like this that I tend to seek comfort in food. There is something about stepping into a familiar setting with friends and family and enjoying a meal that makes everything seem a little more manageable. Although this restaurant is brand new, from the first moment I set foot into *Eva* it felt familiar and comfortable—like the kind of place I have always been hanging around.

My first taste of *Eva* was on *Gallery Stoll* night in March and the place had only been open a few days. The upholstered

benches lining the south wall were yet to be installed and the bar was only half-finished. I could tell it would be a great looking restaurant once they were done. The walls were adorned with some large **Trent Call** paintings, each table had a lampshade style pendant light above it, and there was an antique glass pendant lamp above the bar that I later found out once belonged to the owner's grandmother, **Eva**. There were a handful of people at a table, most of which were friends and acquaintances of mine, but it was otherwise empty, save for the staff. We were seated and started to peruse the menu, which consisted

mostly of small plates with a handful of pasta dishes and a selection of baker's pies and wood-fired pizzas that showed that chef/owner **Charlie Perry** was making good use of the pizza oven left behind by *Lazy Dog Pizzeria*, who formerly occupied the same space.

We started with a few beers, Parmesan, Garlic and Rosemary Fries (\$5) and a plate of Brussel Sprouts (\$5) that were sautéed and tossed with hazelnuts and cider vinegar. After a few bites of each, we realized that this would not be a quick stop, that food this good would require our full attention and at least a few hours. The fries were crisp and rich, the brussel sprouts were seasoned with a perfect balance of vinegar and salt. As we continued to order, we lost track of who ordered what and shared almost every dish with the group. There was Calamari (\$6) ordered, some the most tender I have tried, and a Spanacopita (\$5), so rich that the bitterness of the spinach was almost lost in the dish. We had

a Wood-fired Flatbread (\$4) accompanied by a white bean and truffle oil puree. I tried the Salad Landaise (\$6) a green salad with bacon, fingerling potatoes, dates and a poached egg. The egg broke into a perfect dressing and the savory smoke of the bacon was nicely offset by the dates. But the stars of the evening were the Saffron Braised Lamb Shoulder (\$9) on a bed of couscous with golden raisins and artichoke and the Choux Farci (\$7) a dish comprised of cabbage, ham, gruyere and root vegetables. The lamb was so tender it could be cut with a fork and the seasoning was understated and let the flavor of the meat show through and the choux farci was rich and creamy, the ham was bold, but didn't overwhelm the sweetness of yam or the crisp of potato. There were other items ordered, but as the evening moved on I got lost in conversation and drink and, while sometimes overwhelmed by the tastes and smells around me, the evening became an event, rather than a series of individual dishes. Toward the end of the night we inquired about dessert, only to be informed that the chef had not completed a dessert menu yet, but that he could probably whip something up for

us. We were brought a plate of fresh made donut holes tossed in cinnamon and sugar and served with a scoop of ice cream on the side. It was a simple dish, but like everything else that evening it was understated and executed to perfection.

I have since returned twice. Once for lunch, happy to find a paired down version of the dinner menu with a few items of it's own to boast, and was lucky enough to share a Pig Three-Way Pie (\$7.95), ordered mostly for the sex jokes, but enjoyed by all, a Slow-roasted Steak Sandwich (\$8) with arugula and parmesan that was more like an open-faced flatbread meal than a sandwich and a Baked Ham Sandwich (\$7) with gruyere and béchamel that was, in



Charlie Perry pictured at the bar inside his new restaurant, Eva.

Photo: Ruby Johnson

my opinion, the best of the three.

The next visit mirrored the first, a large group on a Friday night that consumed the entire evening and were pleased to find that upholstered benches had been installed as well as the bar seating, the place looked complete and my only criticism of the décor was that it was too brightly lit. This time we spent more time exploring the alcohol selections. *Eva's* wine, liquor and cocktail menus, like the dining selections, are simple, but obviously chosen with care. There are a good number of wines by the glass (\$4.50 - \$8) and over 40 wines by the bottle to choose from. There is also a small selection of house cocktails (\$6) as well as a small selection of liqueurs (\$5 - \$7.50). I am looking forward to my next visit, now that the dessert menu is available. I am also excited for the changes that will come this spring and summer as the farmers markets get underway and more local ingredients become available.

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# TRANSTASTIC

## GUIDE TO BEING GAY TRASH

by Princess Kennedy  
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

Did you ever think spring was going to get here? It's finally May and the count down begins until *Gay Pride* weekend. The time of year when the gay revel in the streets, throwing caution to the wind. Oh, right, I forgot that's everyday for us. It's a weekend for our straight supporters to do that. I'm here with a guide to get your gay on. From lingo to parties, I got your back gurl!—You'll need to do a little research. Luckily you have an entire month.

**Movie night:** Go get the original *Grey Gardens* documentary and any **John Waters** flick, watch them a couple times, and try to recite lines from them in every conversation, but only when being witty. Be overtly familiar (just touch everybody inappropriately). Call everyone "Miss Thing" or "Marry (spoken Meehry)" and everything that's not fierce is flawed. See, easy.

**Culture:** You want to go to the **Peaches** concert at *In the Venue* on May 26 and **TranSister** at *Urban Lounge* on May 21. Try at least one sexual act with the partner of your choice in a bathroom stall ... just get comfortable with it. Read *SLCDirt.com* daily and start caring—these are the gays of our lives.

**Attire:** Keep it very simple and unisexy. You can opt for matching shirts, which is the gay version of "I'm with stupid" or go for the "flaming gay" look with colored butt huggers from American Apparel, a feather boa, and electrical tape Xs over your nipples. Start your diet of vodka, cocaine, the gym and tanning booths now. You're set!

Now what to do and where to go? You, for sure, want to go out every night from Thursday, June 4 until you can barely function on Sunday, June 6 (take Monday off). Of course, getting the info from the gay promoters this early was like asking them to clean their bathrooms. What I didn't, or couldn't, find out, I'll fill with rumor and speculation (which is one of our favorite past times).

**Thursday, June 4:** Like every weekend, you want to start at *Dance Evolution* at the *Trapp Door*. It's always a good party and a great mix of people that all look gay. **DJ/DC's** one concern is having a good time. Last year he brought us **Jer Ber Jones** for an amazing kick off. This year promises to be no exception. Although I can't disclose who they hope for because of contract, I think a perfect match would be **Le Tigre**, **Crazy Girl** or **Dirty Sanchez** (maybe next year). Whatever happens DJ/DC will be hitting the decks and making sure we have a great commencement.



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

**Friday, June 5:** How frustrating was it to have **Nova Star** tell me that she wouldn't disclose her plans unless I spill the beans on what other people are doing? For Gay Shame Nova, don't even try those Jedi mind tricks with me—you have no powers here (*Star Wars* and *Wizard of Oz* references are good, too). She must have forgotten they were working on getting the **Scissor Sisters**. Alas, when I went to my friend **Ms Anna Medtronic's** housewarming a couple of weeks ago in Brooklyn, nothing had been decided. But you can count on a packed show of the **Star Minions**. Porn stars, a circuit (90s gay fuck parties) DJ, and twinkie (under 21) gays.

**Saturday Afternoon, June 6:** The **SLUG** gay pride party! We have exciting weekend plans, and we invite you to spend them with us. We'll have a float and plan on the personal theme of *Loud and Proud*. We need YOU in our procession. In order to do that, you have to come to a party at my pad. We want our readers and friends to come with their bicycles, skateboards, and scooters to swarm our float and give the gays **SLUG** schwage. If you want to be part of **SLUG's** Pride Float you need to come to the float decorating party in my backyard. **The Fucktards** will be playing on *Punk Rock Island*—a stage I have set up in the river that runs through my backyard. No worries, it's right downtown. This will go from 2 p.m. 'til dusk. If you'd like to be a float volunteer, email me at the address above to be added to the list. You will also need to purchase a t-shirt with our official pride logo for \$5 (they can be picked up at the party).

**Pink Saturday Night, June 6:** There are two places to choose from. The party at Bliss, Babylon will definitely be the best. George Jaramillo has been going above and beyond to bring the best of the gay stage. This party will tout house **DJ Craig Robin**, **L.A. DJ Derek Montiero** and live performance by mega super slut **Jeffree Star**. **Rage** at *The Depot* hadn't booked anyone yet. The rumor-mill a couple months ago was they were looking into **Lady Gaga**. Before you freak out, I doubt she was

even available. At least you can club hop and see what they do.

**Gay Pride Day, Sunday, June 7:** Up at the butt crack of dawn to be part of our lineup at the celebration itself. We're going to have **Muscle Hawk** on our float to get us in the mood! After your tour around Washington Square Park, follow the trail of feathers and glitter to any of the gay bars. They are all fun and take the party well into the night.

There you have it Miss Thing, you're on your way to being Queen for the day. Unless your feather boa has completely molted and eyeliner is running down your face, then you've done it all wrong. Keep your arms and legs in the dumpster at all times, hold on tight, and have a gay old time.



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## Smoke That Shit:

# A HOOKAH HOW-TO

By **Jesse Hawlish**  
jhawlish@gmail.com

2009 hasn't been the best year for smokers in Utah. Summarily banished from every public place, smokers just aren't feeling the love. Cheer up, fellow inhalers of all things widely disapproved of — someone still loves you.

**Chris Killillay** and father-son team **Jim** and **Santino Novasio** from *Aztec Super Highway* want you smokers to know that they don't fuck around, and they have always had your back. Aztec's new location on 89W 3300S is the biggest and most sleaze-free smoke shop in the Salt Lake Valley. So you can't smoke in bars anymore ... big deal. Maybe it's time to expand your smoking horizons ... do you hookah? Despite anti-tobacco legislation, Salt Lake has seen enormous growth in hookah culture over the past five years. Hookah fans know that nothing beats a nice bowl of shisha with friends. It's relaxing, it's social and you can practice your smoke rings. Plus, hookah has always been a perfect little loophole for all the half-assed cigarette quitters looking to maintain their relationship with sweet lady tobacco.

Whether you smoke hookah every day or you've never dug your hands into the gooey depths of a bag of shisha, loading a smooth, long-lasting hookah bowl can be a bit of a challenge. Aztec's resident hookah expert Santino Novasio is here to spread the love with some pro tips for all the Salt Lake hookah lovers and future enthusiasts.

**Choose a Rig:** "I judge my hookah on how good the airflow is," says Santino. One-hose rigs are best for an easy drag. Two hoses will suffice, but of Aztec's 100+ hookahs, none are three- or four-hose rigs, though many can be expanded. All-glass hookahs tend to increase airflow and regulate heat, if you can foot the bill.

**Clean It:** The best smoke comes from the cleanest rig —rinse after each use, soak the reservoir in lemon juice and water, or, if it's filthy, vodka.

**Shisha:** Aztec has over 200 varieties of shisha. Flavor is all about personal preference, but certain brands such as Tonic, Epic and Starbuzz are washed shisha—the vast majority of the nicotine has been removed. Unwashed brands such as Nakhla and Tangiers would give the Marlboro Man a head buzz. So measure your nicotine tolerance and choose accordingly.

**Pack the Perfect Bowl:** Stirring the shisha mixes the glycerin or molasses and all those tasty flavors back in. "Get your fucking hands in there, get sticky," says Santino. Pack the bowl firmly, "If it's touching the foil, it doesn't matter—that's a common myth I hear." To create airflow in your firmly packed bowl, "Take your poker and put it all the way through [the shisha] and into the holes in the bowl," says Santino. Make lots of holes. "After you're done, blow through [the bottom], making sure all the holes are clear." If you're getting a burnt shit flavor, "It's often a problem with under-packing the bowl," says Santino, "When you use too little tobacco you get cold air circulating in there." You burn less tobacco, and more nicotine, and that's when bowls start to taste bad.

**Charcoal:** Santino recommends Golden Canary charcoal from Japan and Coconut Coals as a second best choice. "Those little quick-light pieces of shit, those things are garbage," he says. Also, using a little less charcoal is often an easy fix for bad tasting bowls. If you're still having trouble with smoke that burns your throat and has a dry chemical taste, try switching up your coal brand. Better coals burn slower and give off less carbon monoxide.

**Water:** Like a true connoisseur, Santino looks to make the smoke as flavorful as possible. This means warmer water and less of it—covering an inch and a half of the down stem. If you're feeling adventurous, throw a green tea bag in there for added yums.



Photo: Dave DeAustin

### Aztec Super Highway's Jim Novasio, Santino Novasio and Chris Killillay.

of hand-blown local and name-brand glass for every smoker and every budget—not to mention floor-to-ceiling apparel from Seedless, SRH, Sub Noize, **Kottonmouth Kings** and more.

The new Aztec Highway store really is a geargasm of hookah technology. Check out the all-glass funnel bowls next time you stop by, definitely on my wish list for next paycheck. If hookah's not your bag, never fear. Smokers ought to stick together in these tough times. Santino's father and Aztec Highway co-owner, Jim Novasio, has a fully stocked and cured walk-in Spanish cedar humidior all ready for the cigar lovers. If there's any room left in your lungs, Aztec has a huge selection

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# DRIFTING

## WITH MIKE BROWN

mikebrown@slugmag.com

The first time I ever went drifting was a couple years ago, and it started in that shit hole of a money-vacuuming town known as Las Vegas.

It had been a particularly rough S/A tradeshow. This tradeshow consistently blows donkey balls and I had a lot of personal shit going on. The fluorescent lights and fake sales reps were not helping matters. The free beer was until it started fucking up my ordering capabilities. I can do a lot of things drunk, but writing orders (for the snowboard shop where I work at the time) is not one of them.

While this was going on, my girlfriend was busy fucking up our relationship in New York, my stepdad was fighting cancer in a hospital and I was writing orders until 7 in the AM. So by the time this stupid week was done my stress level was beyond its normal threshold.

As me, **Danny**, and **Aska** were finally leaving Las Vegas in Aska's Subaru, we stopped at a store for provisions for the journey home. I bought some snacks, a bottle of whiskey and fireworks to help ease my stress. I made myself a particularly

strong road soda and proceeded to stake my claim on riding shotgun.

I've been on enough road trips to know that getting wasted is the best way to get out of driving duty. So I got pretty hamburgered in the front seat. A snowstorm hit and semi-trucks start jackknifing. Cars were spun-off the road and bumping into each other. I-15 had become a massive shuffleboard and the cars were the little discs.

I asked Aska, my friend who was driving, if she could handle the treacherous conditions and get us home in one piece. She's from California, and nothing personal against her, but most people from that state can't drive for shit in the snow. But Aska said she was up to the challenge.

A couple hours away from Salt Lake, somewhere around my favorite county in Utah, Beaver, we hit some of the finest black ice that I-15 had to offer. Aska was going about 60 MPH down a slight incline. There were hills on both sides and the guardrail hadn't presented itself yet.



Photo: David Newkirk



Founders of Drift Enterprises: (L to R) Mark Medalla, Ryan Hogan & Matt Barrona at the *Larry H. Miller Raceway*.



Photo: David Newkirk

Her car started doing these massive fishtail drifts and Aska started freaking out. Danny was in the backseat yelling at her to over-correct her steering. I kept my mouth shut. The last thing Aska needed was two people yelling at her. I couldn't really think of anything good to say at that moment anyway, it was like being on an awkward date or something.

I just remember thinking, "we're gonna crash," and there's nothing I could do but think about it. Most car wrecks just happen and you don't have time to think about the impact at all. This must be what it's like when the plane is going down down down. The thinking made the whole thing surreal for my whiskey drenched brain.

But for some reason I wasn't scared. Then I saw the start of the guardrail approaching. The massive corner of concrete may as well have evil eyes that were staring

right at me. We were sliding right for the fucker and it looked as if Aska's car was gonna t-bone on the passenger side, right where I was sitting.

I stared back at the corner of the guardrail, and the nihilist in me whispered, "Fuck it! What happens, happens." We got closer and closer and the Subaru meets the guardrail in a colliding fashion. Somehow it missed where I was sitting by a couple feet and clipped the back corner of the car, sending us spiraling out of control in the middle of the freeway.

We finally came to a dead stop, facing the wrong way. There were no other cars around on this cold dark night.

I have never gone from so drunk to so sober so fast.

After I went drifting at the *Larry H. Miller (R.I.P.) Raceway*

with the dudes from **Drift Enterprise**, I learned that my car crash wasn't actually drifting at all, because there was no real counter steering and Subaru's aren't rear wheel drive.

When I found out I was gonna go on a special *SLUG* assignment to cover the local drift scene, the first thing I asked was if I could ride shotgun. Drift Enterprise kindly obliged, and Jesus Christ was it fun! Kind of like *Mister Toad's Wild Ride* without the smell of vomit and howls of crying children. Burnt rubber and tire smoke filled the cool air, screeching tires and bleeding clutches were aplenty.

All I knew about drifting before this day was from those crappy **Vin Diesel** *Fast and the Furious* movies that I've never seen. I was gonna rent the whole series for research purposes, but after I actually went I realized that would be like someone judging skateboarding by

watching *Gleaming the Cube*, and that's just not fair to anyone.

I asked those guys if they hate those movies as much as I hate that dude who played Stiffler in *American Pie*, and they said they weren't really bummed out on it.

For one thing, those movies bring exposure to the sport, and we all know there's no such thing as bad publicity.

Drifting started on the mountain roads of Japan almost 30 years ago, pioneered by **Kunimitsu Takahashi**, who was a motorcycling legend turned driver. It's been underground in Utah since around 2000, **Ryan Hogan** brought the first legal and sanctioned events to Utah. Drift Enterprise has been doing events for about two years now.

Defining drifting to someone who hasn't tried it can be kind of tricky. I thought it would be a lot like just stealing your mom's car to go do doughnuts in a snowy church parking lot—but there's no counter steering involved in that either.

The cars we were riding in were going about 50 MPH, but it seriously felt faster. Professional drift racers can get up to 90 MPH before busting out a sick burner.

These guys were actually racing their cars too, but unlike typical NASCAR shit, competitions are judged a little differently.

At Drift Enterprise, they look for speed, line, angle consistency, smoke, how close you get to the clipping points without knocking over the cones, and sometimes how close you can get to the wall without pulling a **Dale Earnhardt, Sr.** I personally found drifting way more entertaining than just watching cars go in circles for a couple hours.

When I asked how dangerous drift racing actually is, they told me it's not too sketchy. Since Drift Enterprise has been around they've only had four cars smash the wall and zero injuries.

Know that a car requires a FR configuration to actually do this. "F" meaning front engine and "R" meaning rear wheel drive. Your average dipshit daily driver is driving an FF, meaning front engine and front wheel drive.

The cars were all kinda tiny and ranged in age from 24-years-old to one-year-old. The Nissan 240sx is very popular because it's cheap and reliable. Another popular drifting machine is the 1985-87 Toyota Corolla GTS. If it sounds like this shit is tough on the cars, well, you heard right. These cars take more abuse than a redheaded stepchild—most notably the tires. You will be changing your tires more than you will be filling your gas tank. We saw at least four tires blow out and we were only there for like three hours.

You are also gonna fuck up your front control arms, suspension, and I saw a clutch go out. But honestly, I was raised by my mother and failed auto shop twice in high school, so I don't really know what that means or how to fix any of that stuff.

Everyone we saw at Drift Enterprises was working on their own cars, changing their own tires and what-not. No pansy-ass pit crew for these guys. There are some sponsors, such as **CrazyCarAds**, **Howsmysdrifting.com**, **D1 Underground** and **RevWear.com**, but for the most part the local drifters are putting their own time, money and tires into their passion.

Needless to say, the level of commitment makes it pretty respectable by someone like me. I asked them what the other racecar drivers thought of them. Do they respect it or do they clown it? It can be hit or miss, typically if other racers try it, they respect it, but since drifting is the fastest growing Moto sport right now, the respect isn't that far away.

While we were there a group of racecar driver guys drove past the drifting course to gas up. They all had those funny jumpsuits with all the logos on them and their cars all looked like they drove through some gigantic marketing department caking their vehicles in sponsors.

Most of them stopped to watch the drifters, in their street clothes, tear the raceway apart. I know who the badasses are—even if no one from Drift Enterprise has ever drifted through a red light.

The local drifting scene is made possible by Ryan Hogan, **Matt Barrona** and **Mark Medalla**, who all own Drift Enterprise. Shout-outs to the volunteers that help them out: **Brittany Struck**, **Meng Yang**, **Esther Barron** and **Woon Lyu**.

Now, I don't think I'm special because I got to go drifting. Guess what? You can go too! Beginning Friday May 1, the drifters meet every other Friday at the *Rocky Mountain Raceway*. Ride-alongs are \$22, worth every penny, and anyone who knows how to sit in a car can do it.

Special thanks to Matt from CrazyCarAds for hooking *SLUG* up with our drifting adventure!

## Q+A with Ryan Hogan of Drift Enterprise

**SLUG:** What the fuck is drifting?

**Drift Enterprise:** A car is said to be drifting when the driver exceeds the tires' limits of adhesion, exhibiting a lateral slip, resulting in an over-steered condition.

**SLUG:** What the fuck does that mean?

**DE:** It's like normal racing, but the car slides (or "drifts") around the turns.

**SLUG:** Who came up with this "sport"?

**DE:** Japanese race car drivers who needed a way to get around tricky mountain turns while keeping a high speed.

**SLUG:** How and when did drifting come to Utah?

**DE:** Just like in Japan, we have mountains and people who need to get shit done. Underground street and touge (mountain pass) drifting has been around since about 2000, but Drift Enterprise has been offering a more legal and safer alternative since 2007.

**SLUG:** How fast can you drift?

**DE:** Professionals can easily get up to 70-90 MPH due to expensive factory built cars, but our local drivers typically get up to 50 MPH.

**SLUG:** Can I use my car to drift?

**DE:** If you've got a front engine and rear wheel drive and don't mind fucking up your suspension, drivetrain and tires—go right ahead! We typically go through eight sets of rear tires in a season.

**SLUG:** How can I experience drifting without completely destroying my own car?

**DE:** Drift Enterprise offers ride-alongs at *Rocky Mountain Raceways* for \$22. Ride-alongs are free with admission at *Miller Motorsports Park*.

**SLUG:** Sweet! When is the next time I can go for a ride-along?

**DE:** Friday May 1, 15 and 29; Friday June 12; Friday July 10 and 17, Friday August 7 and 21 and Friday September 4 and 11 at *Rocky Mountain Raceway*.



Photo: David Newkirk

Mike Brown sits shotgun on his drifting adventure.

# koi

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## SKATE PARK ETIQUETTE

By: Dave Amador [peterpanhandler@slugmag.com](mailto:peterpanhandler@slugmag.com)

Wow. I can't believe some of the crude and vile language I've heard over the past month at pretty much all the skate parks around the valley. Didn't your parents teach you any manners as a child? You guessed it: this month's etiquette is about watching your language at the parks. It's not like people don't already look down on skaters enough already without having to hear some kid throwing f-bombs left and right. The other day I was at a local park and I hear some freak yelling at the top of his lungs how he's going to f#@king kill somebody if they don't start f#@king paying attention and stay the f#@k out of his way.

I couldn't believe the gall this dude had. I literally saw him drive a little girl to tears and send her packing to her mother, who was waiting for her in the parking lot with a cooler full of orange drinks and bagel snacks. All swear/cuss words are off limits at the park. I think they even post this rule on some of the skate park signs. So if you happen to roll your ankle or break your leg, don't use profanities to express your pain and discomfort. Try using alternatives to swearing, like giving

a complete stranger a hug, or after focusing some kid's board, giving him your brand new one (trucks and everything). Even try breathing techniques or taking a nap.

What could be worse than swearing at the park? Well let me tell you: it's taking the Lord's name in vain. I mean really do you want to be vain? Where on Earth are you going to fit in with others if you're vain? Remember the Lord's name can only be used in vain when supporting wars or when you become a born-again, right after you get sentenced to twenty years in prison for killing babies. The last thing I want to hear at the park while I'm shredding is some crazy guy yelling "Jesus f#@king Christ," or "f#@ck you God."

When I was a kid you would get your mouth washed out with soap if you cussed (that's swearing for those of you not over the age of 24 or not from the South) in the presence of an adult or some tattletelling brat. When you're at the park you should use rational thinking and never give in to the temptations of Satan. Next time you go to swear or use the Lord's name in vain just think about frying in Hell for all of eternity. If you didn't know by now, this is a joke. The first amendment also applies at skate parks, so if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. Try using sentences at the park where the nouns, adjectives and verbs are all swear words, this is way fun and it relieves stress. Oh and to that little girl I sent home crying, you are going to grow up to be the next Betty Crocker if your stupid ass is lucky. You aren't ever going to be Alissa Steamer because, damn, that bitch has one hell of a potty mouth.

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Eric Hess, photo Swainston

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This April has been crazy. I've seen more snow in the last month than I did in all of January. Thus, skating was cut down to almost nothing. Deadline week rolled in on me and I had nothing but a couple random photos. I needed to make something happen fast. One of the first rippers I thought of was **Brooks Scott Hall**. He's always up to some crazy-ass antics and always down to skate. The kid is a wild fucking hellion. He told me once about a night when he and some friends broke into another friend's house to party 'cause they didn't have anywhere else to go. Before leaving, they moved everything around just to mess with him even more.

It was Sunday morning when I called Brooks. He was naked in the back seat of his car, just waking up. I told him we needed to get enough photos for a story in one day and he was all for it. Within an hour we were already skating. Three spots, two broken boards, a shredded palm and a bruised knee later, we had enough goods to make a story. A couple nights later, I teamed up with **Dirk Hogan** to turn over some embarrassment and dig up some dirt on Brooks. The following is what came of our excavation into the world of Brooks Hall.



first stop, frontside tail

**SLUG:** Let's just get started with your name and timeline.

**Brooks:** Skull Breath or Ape Shit. You could call me Sunny Brooks. I was born in San Diego. Moved to Arizona from there. Then I bounced between Chicago and Salt Lake for a while. I think I'm going down to Miami soon.

**SLUG:** Out of all those places, which has the most beautiful women?

**Brooks:** I don't know. There are a lot of chicks in downtown Chicago.

**SLUG:** What is your choice breast size?

**Brooks:** You ever see **Dog the Bounty Hunter**? His wife would be perfect.

**SLUG:** Where were you when I called you Sunday morning to go skate?

**Brooks:** I was up at Snowbasin after this huge kegger where the **Naked Eyes** played. I was passed out naked in the back seat of my car with a 36C bra but no girl—she just left it.

**SLUG:** What is the strangest way you've ever gotten a girl's number?

**Brooks:** I tried one the other day. I said, "Hi, my name's Brooks. I have pink eye and I'm unemployed, but you have rocking tits. Can I have your number?" It didn't work, but I did have an eye patch on, so I didn't expect it to work.

**SLUG:** Ever wonder why you get in so many fights at parties? I always see you making out with chicks that have boyfriends. Do you ever get the boyfriends' names?

**Brooks:** Na, I never get their names. It's not my fault I sweet-talked her.

**SLUG:** I got maced the other day walking around with my buddy **Duck Fangs** just talking about some shit all wasted after this kegger. This guy walking by us called us faggots so we just started duking it out. I guess I was winning, cause his girl came up and maced me in the face, then put me in a headlock. I woke up with a half broken finger from punching him so much, and I heard I almost bit the dude's finger off.

**SLUG:** Who's your favorite deity?

**Brooks:** King Diamond or Joseph Spliff.

**SLUG:** Don't you have a metal band heavily influenced by King Diamond?

**Brooks:** Yeah, **Acid Werewolves From Room 1031**. We're sick as fuck. We've had two house shows so far. Mean-ass fucking cutting-edge metal.

**SLUG:** Alright, King Diamond and **Michael Jordan** are playing b-ball one on one. Who do you root for?

**Brooks:** Jordan has a wicked jump shot, but I'm pretty sure King Diamond would dunk over him because Satan powers him. You don't see King Diamond in any Hanes commercials.

**SLUG:** Speaking of Hanes, when is the last time you wore underwear?

**Brooks:** I'd say three years ago maybe.

**SLUG:** King Diamond obviously greatly influences you. Let's talk about **Slayer**.

**Brooks:** Fuck yeah, Slayer. That's my puppy. I was just driving around Bountiful one day with my buddy Collin when I saw this dog roaming around and animal control closing in on him. I yelled out, "Fucking pull over the car." Got out and jumped inbetween that fool and the dog. Yelling, "Get the fuck away from my dog!" "Is that your dog?" he said. "Yeah, come here Snickers... I mean Slayer, get over here!" Of course he didn't come so I ran over and grabbed him. This guy's a huge Alaskan Huskie, taller than me spread out. Guaranteed a pretty nice family owned him, cause he had clipped fingernails and was all groomed but he didn't have any tags or anything, so whatever. He's loved at my house. Slayer's fucking rad.

**SLUG:** How about some quick word association? Coca Cola.

**Brooks:** Cocaine

**SLUG:** Prophylactics.

**Brooks:** What the fuck is that?

**SLUG:** Bret Michaels.

**Brooks:** Sucks...but gets lots of chicks.

**SLUG:** Botox.

**Brooks:** Axl Rose.

**SLUG:** Moving on, let's talk about the gang you started.

**Brooks:** Young Guns. I got a tat for it on my chest from this guy who was two days out of prison. We were at





second stop, 5-0 180

this party getting way drunk and I offered him two hits of acid to tat up my homies and me. So he called up his girl with a tattoo gun and that was that. It's been straight hell after that. Some of the Young Guns killin' it are **Dirk Hogan, Chase Matthews, Tate Dunham, Matty Coles, Taylor Balk, Duck Fang, Collin Batwiler, Keaton McDonald, Omar Budge** and **Cam Starke**. The initiation is rugged. If you're not a believer in **G.G. Allin** and his ways, don't even fucking try, cause that shit gets fucking crazy. Expect to wake up with a crusted-ass mucus face, cause we'll drink our asses off and spit in your face or puke on you.

**SLUG:** What is the craziest thing you've ever puked up?  
**Brooks:** Definitely a cigarette butt. I was down in Sacramento locked in a bathroom drinking a couple 30s with **Goo Brain** and **Audi** when I drank a beer with a butt in it then threw it up later. I don't remember drinking it, but I definitely remember throwing it up.

**SLUG:** Do you remember the time you came over to **Tabisas'** house around four in the morning completely out of it and went right to the couch and passed out? Then like 30 minutes later, you stood up pulled your pants down, and started pissing on Chase's feet while he was sleeping on the floor next to you? Then you kicked off your pants, peed a little on them, and went back to bed pants-less?

**Brooks:** Ha ha. I guess that was the second time I pissed on Chase. The first time was at my pop's old place in Holladay. He must have been out of town or something cause it was just me, Chase and this girl drinking a 30. I pretty much drank the entire thing and passed out. They went to sleep on the floor right next to my bed. When I woke up in the middle of the night, I rolled over and started peeing on both of them. Didn't even stand up, just rolled over cause they were on the ground anyways. Then they went to sleep in my dad's bed and my dad walked in on them in the morning while they were completely naked.

**SLUG:** Is there anything you want to tell the Sugarhouse Taco Bell Franchisee?

**Brooks:** I don't know if I should open that box—could be incriminating. We'll leave that one off the record. It was sick though. That job ruled—getting drunk 24/7.

**SLUG:** Didn't you sleep with the manager?

**Brooks:** Like I said, off the record.

**SLUG:** Tell me about your 24 hours in jail.

**Brooks:** Too many alcohol tickets. My cubby number for all my stuff was 666, that was way cool. I went in there with sixteen cents and three dice. I took a bunch of sleeping pills so I wouldn't have to deal with shit and just slept half the time. They gave me pencil and paper

"... we'll drink our asses off and spit in your face or puke on you."



"... my name's Brooks. I have pink eye and I'm unemployed ... Can I have your number?"



"... I woke up with a half broken finger from punching him so much ..."



ollie up, gap, lip slide

and I wrote all these little letters. Quoted some **Alice Cooper** and wrote about my shitty cellmate that kept telling me how his bitch of a girlfriend kept yelling at him and that's why he hit her. When I went down for lunch, I sat next to the gangliest dude there. He's like, "Yo, that's Fish's chair bro." I just walked away. That shit was hilarious.

**SLUG:** Want to kick down some sponsor love real quick?

**Brooks:** Oh fuck yeah: **Blindside, Red Bees Hardware, Gizzmop Socks,** and a **Death Wish** board from a session of carcass hucking with **Lizard**.

**SLUG:** Alright, last question, your house is on fire and you have one second to make it to the door. What do you grab?

**Brooks:** My skate, my **Terminator 2** vinyl signed by **Guns and Roses** and **Slayer**, even though he could probably run out anyway.



Brooks may not have rolled away smooth, but I think he earned the caption after stomping it twice, breaking his board, shredding his palm, destroying **Lizard's** board, and slamming his knee. pop-shuv, third stop



**The Frank Sinatra School:  
The Duane Peters interview**  
By Giuseppe Ventrella  
info@slugmag.com

I've always been somebody who's down for the underdog. The kids that got beat up in high school were the ones I gravitated to. So naturally, I became friends with the skaters in my town. It was through these guys that I got into punk rock.

Punk rock has always had a special place in my heart. No matter how "cool" I try to be, I always end up talking to the one kid at the "indie rock" show with a **Misfits** shirt or a **Black Flag** tattoo. Being punk is "cool" sometimes and "dead" other times. In all truth, nobody alive today embodies the spirit of punk rock better than **Duane Peters**.

Duane Peters, for those unaware, has been around both the skateboarding and punk rock scenes for over 30 years. Duane was a top pro skater in the '70s and early '80s and still skates today. He was in numerous punk bands during that time, including **The U.S. Bombs**, **Die Hunns**, **The Exploding Fuckdolls**, and most recently, **Duane Peters Gunfight**. The man also started two record labels—*Disaster Records* and more recently *Indian Recordings*.

I got a chance to talk to Duane recently about the skate and punk scenes and how they are intertwined.

**SLUG:** Were skateboarding and punk rock always intertwined?

**Duane Peters:** [When I started] there was no punk rock. The skaters actually grabbed onto punk rock quick. When punk rock came around it kind of saved skateboarding.

The invert had just come around and that cleaned house on a lot of the fuckin' bullshit. Like the shit that was lurkin' around claiming to be a pro skater. It kind of cleaned house on that. There was no money in the punk thing. There was no slip back then, you'd get a couple hundred bucks and a bottle of booze. Any contest winnings I had went back into band equipment. I didn't want any money, really, I just wanted to be seen. The older guys back then were 27, they looked 50. Anybody that was 24

looked really fuckin' old, and they were always lame. It was just a matter of time before we were going to be lame. It wasn't just **Dogtown** that was poor. I skated the fruit bowl with **Tony Alva** and **Jay Adams**. I smoked a joint with Jay in the bushes. Tony four years older than both of us, Jay was still having fun. Tony Alva, he was like **Elvis** back then. But when punk rock came in, it definitely added new attitude. It was the way we came in, we definitely made our mark.

**SLUG:** I know that skateboarding kind of died in the 80s and now you've got a lot of guys that the magazines are saying are "back." Was there ever a time when you quit skateboarding?

**DP:** I go back pretty far, I was there in '74, I was there in '75 and I still fuckin' shred. There's not a lot of guys that do, **Steve Olson** does too, **Salba** does. Those are the three guys, the three punks from Santa Cruz ... that fuckin' rules and

**"... In my 20s  
I was either in  
jail or strung  
out ..."**





we're all climbing up to 50. I only quit when I was in jail. I never did more than four months at one time. In my 20s I was either in jail or strung out. I was in jail about every three months because that was the only way I knew to clean up. **Tony Hawk's** dad threw me in jail at Carson, Calif. in '86. That got me off methadone. I was breaking the plants with my board and **Mr. Hawk, Frank**, said, "Get him out of here," and I was like, "Fuck you old man." I got chased into the parking lot and beat up, broke my nose. I've broken a cop's nose with some kid's board. But at least I got off that shit ... everybody's a lifer on that shit. I had to do a full on apology to Tony, later on. I was a dick when his dad died and then my kid died, and I was doing an X-Games thing with

Tony and I said I do have one comment, "I've already made reprimand on your dad. He was so cool." He was just like, "Dude, I'm so sorry about **Chess**."

**SLUG:** I know you've probably been asked this a million times before, but can you tell us about when you did the loop? It was almost like you weren't credited with doing it. When Tony Hawk and **Bob Burnquist** did it, everyone was throwing a fit about it. But you did it a long time before that, right?

**DP:** It was like an ice capades kind of thing called Skateboard Mania. They asked me what I wanted, I said I wanted a Hot Wheels track because **Evel Knievel** was my idol. I told them

I wanted it 14 feet tall like the Mt. Baldy fullpipe. My entry was 17 feet high, I had two ski poles at the top and I still didn't know that was fast enough. By the time I made it I was starting from halfway up, you don't need that much speed. I needed the money. My generation when the money ran out, there was no one paying our rent. Vertical skateboarders used to be broke guys. Now it's a sport. Dads say to their kids, "Do you want to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a skateboarder, or a punk rocker?" Back then it was "Are you out of your fucking mind?" It was like, "Fuck you, there is no future." When we heard **Johnny Rotten** singing "No Future" it was like, "Yes!" It was a rare era. You had to earn your points by showing up and either you were cool and you earned or you were weeded out. You wanted something, you had to fight for it. Now it's different you can get into graphics, back then there weren't computers. It was almost easier to die.

It's the school of Frank Sinatra, you fall down you get yourself back up, you brush yourself off and then get back in the race. That's why I believe we're classic cars and they're plastic cars.

**SLUG:** I was just skating last week and I saw a kid, about 10 years old, wearing a hat with the bill flipped up and it said Suicidal underneath. He was doing fastplants [a trick Duane is credited with inventing along with **Neil Blender**]. Did you ever think that your influence would span this many years?

**DP:** I'm around kids all the time. When I skate, I see guys 10 years younger than me in the shallow end talking. You know who's skating? The kids. The older guys are talking about their knees hurting. You sound like a bunch of soccer fags. Less talk, more rock. Don't talk in the shallow end—just skate.

I don't think anyone could put it any better than that. Duane Peters Gunfight plays with **Prima-donnas**, **SKINT** and **Negative Charge** at **Burt's Tiki Lounge** on May 23.

" ... I was there in '74, I was there in '75 and I still fuckin' shred ... "



## The Moral Minority

There are many stigmas attached to being a skateboarder. Skateboarders have a notorious reputation for being rebellious, disrespectful, anti-authority, "stoners," vandals, lazy, punks and even criminals.

More than half of my life I have considered myself a skater and have claimed that title proudly. Skateboarding has been a positive force in my life, and it is the reason I picked up a camera in the first place. Skateboarding instills creativity, self-expression, and individuality. It cultivates and embraces originality.

With the intent of shedding a new light on the public's perception of skaters, I have photographed individuals that don't fit the perceived mold. These people are upstanding members of the community and contribute to society in a positive way. From artists to CEOs, educators to photographers, we all have an undying passion for skateboarding and the joy it brings to our lives. —*Weston Colton*



**Weston Colton**



photographer  
music fanatic  
skateboarder



**McKay Stevens**



college professor  
PhD candidate  
musician  
record producer  
skateboarder



Sam Milianta



second grade teacher  
photographer  
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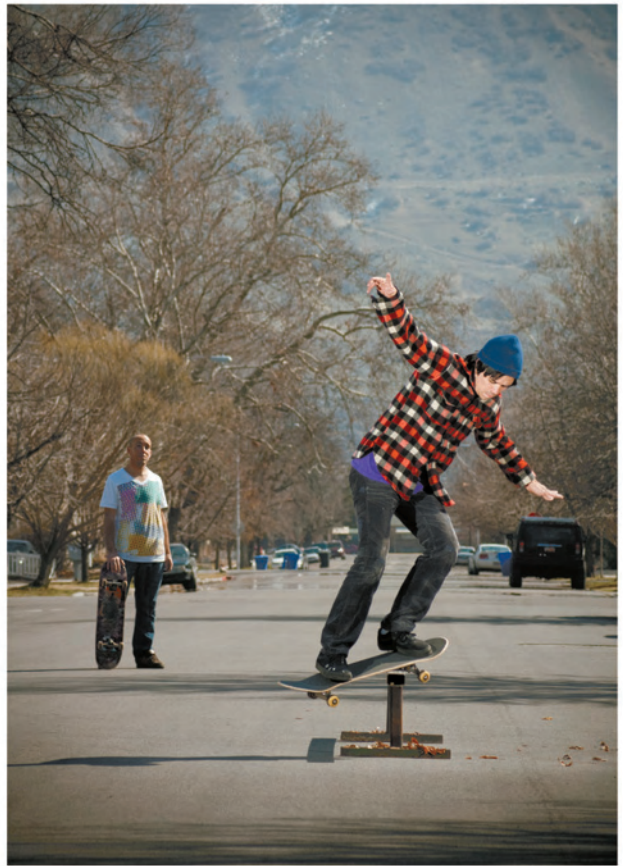
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# PRODUCT REVIEW

## Satori Movement Wheels Recycled Core 54mm Satorimovement.com

Got these wheels with HIGH expectations, ya na mean? And I do mean HIGH! A lot of wheels in the industry are having to get on the "no flatspot guarantee" gimmick and besides *Street Techs*, I don't know of another wheel that actually holds true to that - UNTIL NOW! Satori gets big ups for these wheels. I have tried to flatspot them on purpose and got nothing! I learned that the recycled core is one of the only wheels on the market that feature urethane that is used from scraps of random goodies here and there, then they are melted down and re-molded into a brand new wheel. Satori also has another new wheel coming out this summer that is very eco friendly due to the oils in the wheels. So check them out also, but as far as these wheels go, they get three thumbs up. One, for stealing a Bones customer, two, for pushing the industry to get greener, and three, for being the most baked wheel company. Keep the movement going Satori!!! - *Hehshun*

## Sublime Stitching Michael Sieben Artist Series #6 Sublimestitching.com

Jenny Hart is a goddess in any crafter's eyes. She is not only the most kick-ass embroiderer ever, but she is also behind *sublimestitching.com*. Sublime provides

needle-workers with the patterns and materials to produce hip, handmade crafts. The site also promotes subculture artists by turning their doodles and drawings into iron-on patterns that are easy to stitch. The **Michael Sieben** series host an array of odd sketches by the graphic artist and founder of **Roger Skateboards**. This pattern set was fun to work with because I generally stick to woodland creatures. It turned out to be a fun quick way to spruce up *SLUG's* Action Sports Coordinator's plain jersey T. This was my first time stitching on colored canvas, but with the zombie-esque creature, it was easy to play around with the color palate. If you are looking for a simple and easy way to embellish your random household items check out Hart's work on *sublimestitching.com*. —*Meghann Griggs*

## Glamour Kills Skateboard Deck Package Glamourkills.com

From what I can assess, Glamour Kills is primarily a clothing company that is trying to branch out to the skate world with four different board graphics. Each deck is the same shape and comes in five sizes from 7.5x31.5 to 8.0x31.5. They don't have any kind of team backing their product, unless the goofy hipster dude on their website modeling the boards is their only team rider. But I get the idea that he doesn't do much more than awkwardly push to the corner store and back. Maybe it's his pretty pink flannel that matches the pink sunglasses on the *Woodie Skull* deck, cupcakes on the *Pig Bytes* deck, creepy mouth of the *Goopy Deck* and flying pig on the *Splatter Deck*. You can order all four boards from their webpage *glamourkills.com* for \$159.99, but don't forget to

grab a rattle can from the local hardware store to cover up the grotesquely bright graphics before you skate. Unless, of course, you like seeing an ugly yellow tentacle-ridden pig wearing a green fixie hat and pink Kanye glasses devouring cupcakes every time you kickflip. —*Arnesto Rodriguez*



Photo: Swainston

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# GUITAR CZAR



# Books aloud

## The Religious Art of Zen Master Hakuin

**Katsuhiko Yoshizawa**  
**Counterpoint Press**

**Street: 04.15.09**

Ever wonder which Zen Buddhist monk came up with the koan "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" Well, Zen Master Hakuin was the mind that invented that riddle, and was the most radical of all the monks (kidding, of course). But Hakuin definitely helped shape Zen Buddhism for all of us today. In this book, author Katsuhiko Yoshizawa looks over Hakuin's most respected ink drawings and paintings, and picks them apart to show you an underlying message on life and practice of Zen. Its cool to hear how Yoshizawa talks about each part of the painting relating to different aspects of Buddhism, but I wonder if Hakuin had this hidden message in mind when he made such masterpieces, and if the author is just making a book out of inferred thoughts about each painting. Either way, the history and story of Hakuin's life is worth the read anyways, so pick it up and start on a Satori of reading and knowledge.

—Adam Dorobiala

## Hew Screw + Glue: How Things Are Made

**James Innes-Smith**  
**Abrams Image**

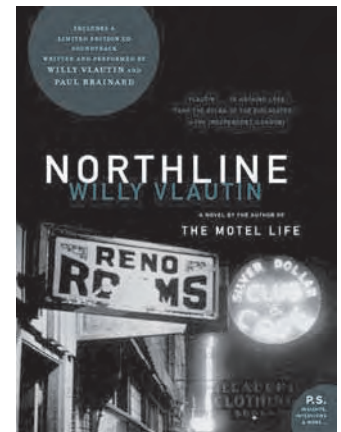
**Street: 05.01.09**



Some perfumes come from the anal glands of beavers. It takes fifteen minutes to turn a raw potato into a bag of chips. Arachibutyrophobia is the fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mouth. Everything you need to know about the making of crayons to vodka is shared in *Hew*

*Screw + Glue*. For those of you who find textbook explanations dull, there are some wonderful illustrations to make it easier to understand the process behind condoms, glue, and silk. A cleaver in the back of a pig is an excellent way of letting you know that the pig must die to make hot dogs. Pictures of donuts and happy sunned pasta are a much better pick. Learning new things is nice, but many things (glass bottles, toilet paper and tennis balls) are just as boring as they were before, no matter how long the explanation. —Jessica Davis

**Northline**  
**Willy Vlautin**  
**Harper Perennial**  
**Street: May 2008**



If by some wild twist of injustice, Willy Vlautin's novels go unread and he needs work, I'd recommend seeking employment either in a bare-knuckled boxing circuit, or as The Official Bearer of Bad News in a large hospital. More than his idiosyncratic characterization, more than his intimacy with the worst corners of Reno and the saddest slums of the soul, it is Vlautin's narration that makes *Northline* read like the Holy Writ of an angel, painfully aware of both his boss' capricious nature and of humanity's short-sighted behavior. A lesser writer would turn the sad parts into a pity party and the glimmers of hope into a sales pitch. But the unflinching manner with which Vlautin handles Allison Johnson's sad saga makes the reader feel a deeper despair than can be remembered, sweet, shaky optimism, and an aching, quixotic urge to find the nearest shy dark-haired girl and save her life. Come discuss *Northline* with the *Hard Boiled Book Club* on Tuesday, May 26th at 7:30 at *Sam Weller's*. —J.R. Boyce



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**Gallery stroll**



Mark Robison's work will be featured in *The 300 Plates Show* at *Art Access*

*The Economic Way of Buying Art*  
 By **Mariah Mann Mellus**  
 mariah@slugmag.com

SLUG is always looking for ways to direct readers to the best deals in town, which is why the Gallery Stroll appears on our radar the third Friday of every month. Not only is the event free and open to everyone, but Gallery Stroll has something for every interest and every bank account size.

Not a fad but an institution.

Gallery Stroll didn't lower its prices or open its doors because of the flailing economy, it has been providing the general public with access and breaking down the stereotypes of who has the opportunity to enjoy art for over 30 years. **The 300 Plates Show** at *Art Access* is a wonderful example of affordable, accessible art and also my favorite annual gallery event.

Every May, I look forward to the lineup of artists, as one might to a major music festival. This year 95 Utah artists working in a variety of mediums will once again create works on the 11" x 10" recycled metal printer's plates. The plate prices will start at \$65 and increase sequentially in one-dollar increments.

I love all the artwork in my collection but there's a certain sense of accomplishment I receive when I think back on the origin of their acquisitions. As you may recall, for years I wrote of my longing for a Cassandra Barney, or the rush I felt when my husband and I scored a Sam Wilson for fifty dollars. Not only am I getting a "Barney for a Bargain" I'm helping *Art Access* continue their quality program that provides mentoring for all ages and skill levels and encourages artists of all walks of life to pursue their dreams.

The main event will be held on May 14 from 6 to 9 p.m. in the *Art Access Gallery* 230 S. 500 W. Eager shoppers can purchase tickets to the fundraiser and advanced screening event for \$25 per person before May 8 and tickets are available at the door for \$35. *Art Access* will also host a free Gallery Stroll reception on Friday, May 15 from 6 to 9 p.m. to feature the entire exhibition and continue sales. The show will remain on display until June 12.

If you're looking for great deals all the time, most galleries have a selection of affordable trinkets and wares, but *Signed and Numbered* is a whole gallery dedicated to hip, inexpensive artistic expressions. Whether you're a music aficionado, just like the pretty pictures or you're trying to find something to decorate your bare apartment walls, owner Leia Bell has something for you. Having an extensive background in gig poster creation, art collecting and framing, she has created a one-stop shopping experience that will be light on your wallet. Looking to frame old concert posters or that hard-earned college degree? Her prices are unbelievable! Don't let the economists scare you into becoming a Walmart-bot, staring at blank walls and never leaving your house. Some of the Best things in life, like appreciating art, are free and when you do feel like splurging, even art can be found at a bargain.

# Beer reviews

## Belgians, Belgians and Belgians

by Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

It would seem that the newest style of brewing to come out of Utah is Belgians, and I am not complaining one bit. The Belgian style of brewing is a long-maturing process that places a strong emphasis on the yeast and conditions that it's put under. The slightest of temperature fluctuations during fermentation can change the beer entirely, while the aging process can work wonders for the complexity of flavors. Even better than drinking these brews, I have a particular fondness for pairing these with foods that will bring out the best of their flavors, and why not pair these with the fair of Utah's best new Belgian shoppe, *Bruges Waffles & Frites*?

## Rêve (Bottle #1087)

**Brewer/Brand: RedRock Brewing Company**

**Abv: 10.3% abv**

**Price: \$14.99**

**Size: 750 ml Bottle**

**Description:** With a pop of the cork, this oak-aged tripel reveals itself as brilliantly clear, straw yellow in color and has a dense, off-white, sticky head. The complexity of the nose leads off with strong wild yeast notes, some tart cherries, a pinch of plum, mild green apples, and a touch of citrus and grass. The flavor is deep and complicated. It starts out with dried pears, lots of citrus, lightly vinous grape tones and a peppery tannic base to finish dry.

**Overview/Pairing:** Head brewer **Kevin Templin** is still kicking ass with this brew, which recently took a silver medal at the 16<sup>th</sup> annual Australian International Beer Awards. Cheers, guys! The variation of this year's brew seems to draw a bit more flavor from the white wine of the oak, and has a better carbonation pinch from the choice of bottle conditioning with champagne yeast. Pairing with this was pretty fun—the vinous character made me want to pair this with frites and curry mayo, but I also found that the Rêve pairs mildly well with a straight gaufre (waffle).

**Where to Find:** This can only be found at both RedRock locations on a seasonal release.

## Monkshine

**Brewer/Brand: Uinta Brewing Company / Four +**

**Abv: 7.0%**

**Price: \$1.44 / Bottle**

**Size: 12 oz**

**Description:** This Belgian pale ale pours out of the bottle a golden straw color with a bit of haze and a clean white head. The nose is full of a grassy hop-like character, firm yeast notes, an almost dandelion-like aroma, some bread and touch of spice in the end. The taste is very simple with some light straw, a definite amount of malt and a little lemon fruitiness to the finish.

**Overview/Pairing:** The major thing that I have enjoyed about this beer is that it keeps improving every time that it is brewed. The simplicity of flavor also is its biggest downfall for me—its too damn easy to drink. The “no-think, drink” character of this beer makes it a prime candidate for **Pierre Vandamme's** Flemish stew and frites with the mammoth mayo.

**Where to Find:** This is only found at your nearest maximum-security prison for beer.

## Hell's Keep

**Brewer/Brand: Squatters**

**Abv: 7.75%**

**Price: \$14.99**

**Size: 750 ml Bottle**

**Description:** With much anticipation, this Belgian strong pale is dewaxed, uncapped and pours a golden yellow color with a dense, creamy head that lingers as long as the sticky lacing around the rim of your glass. The aroma is yeasty and complex, and soon leads you into the initial smells of lemon, some funky yeast tartness and a subdued banana with malt. With the first sip, you get dried apricots, lemongrass and a finish of a drying spice character.

**Overview/Pairing:** The Fifth Element and now this?!? Brewmaster **Jenny Talley** has done it again, and I am stoked to see what new Belgians she has to throw at us in the future. With such a deceptive alcohol content, be sure to heed caution, this is just as “devilishly strong” as Talley claims it to be. This was by far my favorite to pair, and it could not gone any better with some Flemish stew and a gaufre on the side for dessert.

**Where to Find:** This is only found at the two Squatter's locations.

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# Local reviews

## Discourse

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 05.05

Discourse = Keane + Codeseven + Telescreen + Dredg

Discourse is like a big wedding cake in outer space. This six song EP has layer upon layer of reverbed-out, sugary goodness. Each song is well thought-out and intelligently played. It's nice to hear local music like this. Discourse doesn't follow any trends, they just make the music that they want to make. The band is composed of three members **Mikey Henderson** (drums, keyboards, vocals), **Jordan Dawes** (guitar, special effects), and **Chase Dawes** (bass), but you wouldn't know by listening to it. The CD sounds like there are a thousand dudes in the band. Big up Discourse! Thanks for being original!

—Jon Robertson

## Jef Doogie

Something Original

Self Expression Music

Street: 09.01

Jef Doogie = Lam + Jedi Mind Tricks + P.O.S.

*Something Original* is good, solid underground rap in the style of most solid underground rap: old-school production and angsty subject matter. The last part is what kept me from really loving this album. Yeah, I get that frenetic navel-gazing and self-doubt are the backbone of many an underground rapper's subject material, but can we please start spicing it up a little? A whole album in which just about every song is anxious or depressing is a real downer, not to mention if each song is equally sad or angry, it takes away from the impact of tracks that should really hit you hard. **Jef Doogie** shows a lot of potential on this LP, but I hope his next effort isn't quite so glum. —Cléa Major

## Drop Dead Julio

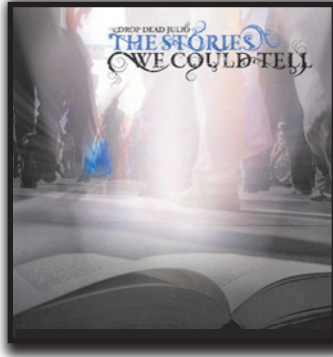
*The Stories We Could Tell*

Self-Released

Street: 03.06

Drop Dead Julio = Blink 182 + Sum 41 + Simple Plan + 1998 (the year)

Drop Dead Julio (pronounced "Jewlio") is a band that transcends genres. This band is so subtly com-



plex that words probably won't be invented for hundreds of years to even begin to describe the amount of layered lyrical and musical mastery provided to our ears on *The Stories We Could Tell*. Wait, no. They're actually the exact opposite. Drop Dead Julio is full of mediocre pop-punk melodies and weak choruses that were probably written by an eighth-grade English student. They're Blink 182 without the comedy. They're Sum 41 without the musical chops. They're a simpler version of Simple Plan. These guys have missed the pop-punk boat completely (they formed three years ago) and make **New Found Glory** look like the **Marlon Brando** of music. Some of their lyrics that form a totally, like, deep acoustic live performance are "Got a shotgun, somebody kill me / I promise you it won't be boring." Please, somebody listen to the man. —Nick Parker

## Mary May I

*Made for Hiding*

Self-released

Street: Aug. 2008

Mary May I = Sex Pistols + Finger Eleven + My Chemical Romance + 30 Seconds To Mars



Have you ever heard those bands that seem to dabble in many different genres, but don't really have a core or a niche? That's how Mary May I is. They've got a punk crust with post-punk sauce, nu metal crumbs drizzled over chunks of groove rock, baked in an indie-rock oven. Unfortunately, the dessert is a bland mixture of bad vocal vibrato, forgettable riffs and boring drum beats. They're more Spam than crème brûlée. *Made for Hiding* sounds like **Johnny Rotten** was on Prozac and took voice lessons for three months before stopping into a terrible **Radiohead** cover band. The lyrics are trite and full of whiny suburban diatribes on troubled girls and the boys who love them. If this band is ever on the menu at a concert you attend, order out between courses. —Nick Parker

## Skud Missile Smugglaz

*Pyramid Schemes EP*

Danger Room Science

Street: 05.01

Skud Missile Smugglaz = The Smash Brothas + The Knoitalls



This EP surprised me, as most great local hip hop/rap does. The beats are interesting, the production utilizes samples well and the emcees are on point with some really well-versed rhymes. It is VERY nice to see a local group bringing up political ideas that challenge the mainstream with questions about the quality of westernized lifestyles and the wars fought in the name of the American people in the guise of "freedom." It also appeals to the nihilist in me with their rhymes about the post-apocalyptic world we have to look forward

to if the fat cats in power keep holding the chokechain on us for too long. Most people in Utah won't pick this up though, because, 1) They're too busy listening to fucking pop-country, 2) They're too busy popping out fucking two-headed babies and paying their mortgage in the rat race, 3) All of the above. I think you know which to circle my friend, and if you don't, do not worry about getting the education that Skud Missile Smugglaz are trying to school you on in their debut release. —JP

## Tough Tittie

*PinkROID Rage*

Self-Released

Street: 05.12

Tough Tittie = Spörk + Butthole Surfers + Möterhead



Tough Tittie has the greatest band name of all time. How could there ever be a band name that could ever compare to the perfection of Tough Tittie? It transcends life. The only thing that can compare with their band name is their choice of album title. Damn. The album cover even comes with a new rendition of **Earth Worm Jim** in a suit. This is music that you can only listen to when you are drunk because I think these guys were drunk when they made it. It's punk country trash and it's mind blowing it's so good. Their compositions are well thought out and original. You can really tell how seriously these guys take their band and their music. Stand out track is "Best Place in the World to Kill a Girl." Yikes! —Jon Robertson

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# Game reviews



**Zerg Rush!**

## Halo Wars

**Bungie/Ensemble Studios/Microsoft**

Reviewed on Xbox 360

Street: 03.03

The *Halo* series is what has helped me blossom into a geek, no question. The first time the flood appeared in that abandoned covenant base I was hooked. It wasn't until later in life that I discovered RTS games, with *Starcraft* and *Age Of The Empires*. It took me a minute, but again I was hooked. That being said, I was a bit apprehensive about how an RTS would work on a console, and its limited controller. But with Bungie's history of flawless *Halo* games and Ensemble's experience with RTSs (*Age Of The Empires*) my fears have been quelled. Controls have been streamlined, with limited space for the hotkeys I have become so accustomed to—each button on the controller is a shortcut to a different familiar action. Because of the limited amount of control the complex technology trees, you may have become use to with other RTSs, are mysteriously absent. It is very, very simple for an RTS. This game wasn't made for people who played *Starcraft*, or *AoE*, which sucks because *Starcraft 2* is taking forever. This was definitely designed for the extremely obnoxious, simple-minded 12-year-old *Halo* fanbase. That being said, all of the things that have made Bungie so successful are present. The graphics are beautiful, especially in the prerendered movies. The storyline is great as usual (no Masterchief, sorry) and full of spartans. Also there is no covenant campaign. Overall it is a pretty good game if you know what to expect.—*Cody Hudson*



**Five bucks on the chainsaw guy.**

## Resident Evil 5

**Capcom**

Reviewed On: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3

Street: 03.05

Is that . . . is that *you Resident Evil*? I hardly recognized you in your new summer dress. You used to hang out in bad-camera-angle hallways, struggling against one maybe two zombies at a time. You used to be low on ammo like it was a fashion statement. Sure you're not as scary as I remember you being, but these days you're a lot more badass and, most importantly, a lot more fun. *RE* fans who crawled through the Raccoon City mansion back in '96 might deserve to be irate about *RE5*, but seriously, if it's fun, what is there to argue about? So let's not. Also, on the topic of racism: to avoid the devil is to acknowledge his existence. That is, I believe Capcom has made the *more* progressive, *less* racially motivated decision in setting *RE5* in Africa. Give it a rest, naysayers.

Having thoroughly explored the game, my only major gripe is this: it's simply not fun alone. To play *RE5* on single player only is to miss more than half of its enjoyment. Swapping ammo mid-battle, coordinating reloads, shouting orders and enemy locations, and generally relying on your partner for support—this is what really makes *Resident Evil 5* a big success. If you can find someone who compliments your style and matches your skill level, it can be awesomely exciting. At about 10 hours minimum, *RE5* is long enough, I guess, but *RE4* was longer and all the better for it. Nevertheless, Mercenaries mode is back with a vengeance and when compared to the standard these days, *RE5* is more than enough game for your 60 bucks.—*Jesse Hawlish*



**Expect to jump over things and shoot at things aplenty.**

## Wanted: Weapons of Fate

**GRIN / Warner Brothers Interactive**

Reviewed On: PS3

Also Available on: PC, Xbox 360

Street: 03.17

Okay, I admit, I was skeptical! With everything I had heard, I had no interest in ever seeing the movie, nor did I have any desire to play any related games. Upon playing this to review, my assessment is simple: *Wanted: Weapons of Fate* is pure stupid fun. Just don't expect anything more. An appropriate analogy would be to say that *Wanted* is to *Max Payne* as *Painkiller* is to the original *Doom*, meaning it's a nice little substitute, if only for a while. The story here is completely negligible just like the movie seems to be, and the game itself is very linear and cliché. The narrative didn't exactly hold my interest. It flashes back and forth between a suave father and a smarmy son, armed with pistols and sarcastic one-liners who is avenging said father. What I appreciate about this game is that it doesn't try to be anything more than it is, or try to conceal the fact that it is literally holding your hand as you progress. There's a sense of its purpose just a few minutes before you finish off the first "boss" fight. How does this game differ from *Max Payne*? Because there is a very tangible marriage between the fairly intuitive cover system, and the various skills your character can perform. For example, when you're taking cover behind an ACME Generic Villain Crate, you can peek out and use your "special" button to fire bullets that curve around corners and into fleshy targets. Unfortunately the replay value here isn't great, but I can honestly say I had fun playing regardless. The game is also a bit short, five, six hours, and unfortunately the hardest difficulty is unlockable only, and the highest available difficulty was much too easy. Give this game a shot.—*Conor Dow*

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# Movie Reviews

## American Originals: Box Set

History Channel

Street: 05.26

Jumping into the world of reality shows galore, leave it to the History Channel to make the majority of males feel like giant pussies. Its lineup of original programs including *Ice Road Truckers*, *Ax Men*, *The Dangerous Missions Collection* and *Tougher in Alaska* have been randomly crammed into a 14-disc megaset that'll put you and your so-called masculinity in check.

From overturned fuel tankers, to life threatening logging careers, to the harsh realities of making a living in America's 50<sup>th</sup> state, you'll never complain about your cozy office job again. Kudos to the History Channel for selecting shows that don't involve drunken fraternity douchebags hooking up with the future residents of Los Angeles' corner of Sunset and La Brea. Instead, they present footage that's raw, powerful, and inspiring. So, cozy up in your La-Z-Boy recliner with a diet soda, a tofu dinner and witness over 37 hours of brutal badass roughnecks grabbing life by the throat and ripping out its jugular all for a paycheck. —Jimmy Martin

## Black Label Society: Skullage

Eagle Vision

Street: 04.21

*Skullage* is a nice little career retrospective of Black Label Society's roughly 11-year career and thankfully it does the band and fans (either hardcore or fair-weather) justice, being not too long and showcasing a variety and wealth of material. BLS is, for the most part, the brainchild and musical outlet of modern guitar god and solid vocalist **Zakk Wyld**, playing his brand of southern-inspired metal/rock with some nice sludge and bottom-heavy riffing. The main reason the DVD/CD retrospective played out extremely well for myself is, I'll admit, that I'm a fair-weather fan of the band. The key here is the DVD sparked interest in me to want to pick up some of BLS's full-lengths. Basically after watching the DVD and listening to the CD a few times, it left me satisfied, yet still wanting more. Many music DVDs fail in this realm by giving way too much material and becoming overkill. *Skullage* is a great starting point for newcomers to BLS or just a nifty addition to hardcore fan collections. Check BLS playing at **The Depot** on May 5. —Bryer Wharton

## Californication

Showtime Entertainment

Street: 06.17.08



**David Duchovny** embodies the alcoholic, sex-crazed writer Hank Moody so well, I honestly question whether or not he's even aware of the show being filmed around him. From the moment he extinguishes a cigarette in a church's holy water and subsequently defiles a nun in the first five minutes of the pilot, you instantly fall in love with his devious methods for life. As the one-hit-wonder novelist whose best seller was just adapted into a bastardized film version of his work, a bitter Moody stumbles through the streets of L.A. sticking his prick in any hole he can find. Surrounded and supported by his agent and the mother of his daughter, whom he still adores and longs for, Moody explores various writing career paths and catastrophic one-night-stands. Once again, Showtime thrusts another cock punch to their rival HBO as they add another impressive program to their already strong lineup, proving they're still in the game for the title of the superior prime cable network. The cynical writing dominates this dramedy, while Duchovny is transcendent as he permanently sheds off the remaining science fiction skin left from *The X-Files*' Fox Mulder. —Jimmy Martin

## Cardio for Indie Rockers

Halo-8 Entertainment

Street: 2009

Twenty years ago, I swear I saw the exact same video, Glam-Rockers Aerobics with **Blackie Lawless**. The women were almost exactly the same: ripped fishnets, leg warmers, hot for **Brett Michaels**, but they did have bigger hair. "Indie Rocker" is just an easy way of explaining that you like shitty music

and you almost turned down *Girls Gone Wild*. This exercise DVD was made to combat the horrible music of **Richards Simons** billion dollar Sweatin' to the Oldies franchise with even worse music. Three channels of music are available: Heavy, Indie and Punky, or you can just turn the music off, (recommended). No need to mention the tools that lent their music to this project. Be forewarned, this workout is going to be hell on your ears and confusing to your body. —Cinnamon Brown

## Frost/Nixon

Universal

Street: 04.21

After participating in one of the greatest Washington D.C. scandals ever, which lead to his disgraceful resignation, former **President Richard Nixon (Frank Langella)** slithered away into hiding to avoid the public's condemning eye. Across the pond, British tabloid reporter **David Frost (Michael Sheen)** desperately craved respect from fellow journalists, but realized its impossibility within his current occupation. Thus, an idea was formed: If Frost could convince the reclusive Nixon to partake in an interview discussing the various aspects of his presidency, including Watergate, he could receive his admiration, but he'd have to persuade Tricky Dick that he'd attain emancipation as well...which he wouldn't—easier said than done. Ron Howard scores as he directs this vicious battle of words between two men desperately seeking to alter the public's perception of their outspoken demeanors. Purposefully set up to mirror a boxing epic with three rounds of brawling and three strategic intermissions, what results is a cage match of masculinity at its finest without anyone's shirt being ripped off. Langella showers the screen with perfection as the commander in chief the world loved to hate. As the two quarrel back and forth to **Peter Morgan's** elegantly written words of destruction, what's left is the personification of dramatic filmmaking. —Jimmy Martin

## The Great Kat: Beethoven's Guitar Shred

TPR Music

Street: 04.14

Damn, I need to pop a couple Klonipin (it's my anti-anxiety medication). Watching (and more so listening) to *Beethoven's Guitar Shred* is like the visual/audio equivalent of snorting a few lines of coke, drinking five cups of coffee and pounding a bunch of energy drinks—you get my point. With this

DVD, one could say good things come in small packages—it only takes about 20 minutes to watch every vid/feature contained on the DVD, but it's worth it. The Great Kat is known as one of the fastest guitarist/shredders of all-time. The DVD consists of mostly music videos that are insanely short but speedy as sin and full of tongue & cheek metal cheesiness. The biggest wealth here that you don't get with just listening to Kat's hyper-speed metal is you get to see her play it. The original songs are fun but I've always been a fan of Kat's interpretation of classical music the coupling of shred guitar and violins etc. are phenomenal, albeit short. My only real complaint aside from the length of the DVD is the fact that the package just seems like it got tossed together hastily with no direction. —Bryer Wharton

## The Matrix: 10th Anniversary (Blu-ray)

Warner Bros.

Street: 03.31

A decade ago, **the Wachowski Brothers** revolutionized the sci-fi action genre by teaching **Keanu Reeves** kung fu and filming gunfights in "bullet time," but it's been all downhill ever since. So, instead of wasting time on their failed adaptation of the Japanese anime *Speed Racer* or reliving the disappointment that were the Matrix sequels, squeeze into your couch's ass groove and prepare yourself for the hours upon hours of entertaining bonus materials offered with the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary Blu-ray of the franchise's original. The "In-Movie Experience" supplies the most ingenious form of delivering behind-the-scenes material I've ever come across. As the film progresses, pop-up boxes display interviews, concept art and exclusive footage revealing the arduous labor it took to create this mind-blowing epic. Once completed, you have a well-rounded idea of everything there is to know about the production, and feel as though you've watched the film's entirety. Talk about multitasking. With four full-length audio commentaries, a feature-length documentary, 16 featurettes, approximately three hours of audio tracks, a 37-page informational booklet and various promotional advertisements (shit, the movie's only 136 minutes long), you'll be cursing the day you ever heard the names Neo and Morpheus. However, when all is said and done, you'll be able to stand proud, puff your chest out, and sufficiently answer that infuriating question once and for all. What is the matrix? —Jimmy Martin



## Mystery Science Theater 3000: Vol. XIV

Shout! Factory

Street: 02.03

Joel Hodgson's hysterical creation of a lonely servant banished to space and forced to watch terrible movies from all over the cinema spectrum with his self-made robot friends has dominated the cult circuit for over 20 years. In the 14th installment of random episodes, the gang is enslaved to watch werewolf mayhem in *Mad Monster*, a space pirate exploration from *Manhunt* in *Space*, teenage horror escapades in *Soul Taker* and a Western nightmare entitled *Final Justice*. It's the perfect lineup for an onslaught of verbal abuse and pop culture references. This series provided anti-social kids and brain-dead stoners with a set of friends to hang out with at 2 a.m., and a sound reason to laugh at Hollywood's forgotten misfortunes. MST3K offered the only environment where talking during the movie is 100% tolerable and 100% encouraged. Can you imagine if the general public's audible theater comments were this humorous? There would be no more international wars. Along with the presentation of failed features, the four-disc set includes uncomfortably entertaining interviews with the films' original cast members. Awkward! —*Jimmy Martin*

## NOFX:

### Backstage Passport

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 03.17

For a punk rock band, NOFX has it pretty fucking easy: they only play about three months a year, they can sell out pretty much any venue in the western world and people are more than willing to pay 20 bucks a night to see them play wasted. Of course, NOFX's cushy existence is totally antithetical to their punk rock roots, so to make things exciting, they booked a sketchy tour hitting spots such as Peru, Brazil, China, Singapore, Israel and South Africa and invited *Fuse* to film the whole thing for an eight-episode reality TV show. That's kinda punk, right? While this two-disc set is pretty short on actual musical content, it's still totally entertaining. There's a nice mix of funny bits (**Fat Mike** having a bad drug experience in Singapore, **Ei Hefe** getting lost in China while looking for a Kenny Rogers' Roasters), sentimental bits (the band calling their families from atop the Great Wall of China) and tense bits (the band's crew being held hostage by the cops in Peru) that keep each episode fresh and interesting. If they wanted to, the members of NOFX could live comfortably without ever playing another single show, but this series proves that they're still willing to pursue the unknown, and be pretty damn entertaining while doing it. —*Ricky Vigil*

## Observe and Report

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 04.10

If there's one thing director **Jody Hill** has accomplished in his filmmaking, it's the ability to hysterically spotlight the delusions of grandeur embodied by



the lowest common denominator of this country. While many believe everything is possible in this free nation of ours, in reality, there are millions of unfortunate individuals who were dealt a shitty hand since birth and probably won't amount to much. They're called Idahoans. Such is the case with Forest Ridge Mall's head of security, Ronnie Barnhardt (**Seth Rogen**), and his aspirations to become the finest officer on the local police force. When Ronnie's not wasting his day with dreams of trading in his taser for a Glock 9MM, he's obsessing about the slutty cosmetic salesgirl, Brandi (**Amanda Faris**), or attempting to crack the unsolved perverted mall flasher case. What this dark comedy lacks in story structure it makes up with hardcore humor that doesn't pull any punches. It's brutal, offensive, and undeniably entertaining. As much as you want the underdog to succeed, it's also a pleasant treat to see his social arrogance brutally betray him. From sex with unconscious pill-poppers to aggravated assaults upon minors, no stone is left unturned in this exaggerated depiction of the fucked up lives of the psychologically challenged. However, one question will definitely be answered before you exit the theater ... just how comfortable are you with male nudity? I hope the answer is "very." —*Jimmy Martin*

## Pansy Division: Life in a Gay Rock Band

Alternative Tentacles

Street: 03.31

I've always been a fan of Pansy Division. I don't think that they are a very good band, but their lyrical content sure does give me a chuckle. In case you don't know about them, they are a very gay pop-punk band. And all of their songs are about gay boners and whatnot. So they made a DVD, and it's a documentary called *Life in a Gay Rock and Roll Band*. I thought the DVD would be as kitschy as their lyrics, but instead it was kind of serious—talking about the band's gay history and origins and whatnot. It's a little boring to watch, if I have to be fagishly honest about it. I won't ruin the DVD in case you wanna

actually watch it. But the best part I thought was when they showed some footage of them playing while they were on tour with **Green Day**. The camera pans the crowd and there's all these kids there with their moms and dads with their jaws on the floor in disgust. I started laughing so hard. —*Mike Brown*

## Punisher: War Zone

Lionsgate

Street: 03.17



Let's be honest, no one walks into a theater and expects a Punisher film to be a revolutionary experience. All we want are guns, explosions, gallons of blood, and maybe a decapitation here and there. That's all. We're not greedy. Well, director **Lexi Alexander** heard our demands and has delivered the death. No set up or origin story required, the film starts with a bang as the body count starts rising. After Frank Castle (a.k.a. The Punisher, a.k.a. **Ray Stevenson**) wipes out an entire mafia family, he unknowingly murders an undercover F.B.I. agent. This puts a damper on things. Questioning himself on whether he's bringing justice to New York City or making things worse, he ultimately decides to keep business as usual ... and the body count continues to climb. While the comic villain Jigsaw is slipped in for good measure, his bland performance makes it so it could be any random character and it wouldn't matter. Where *War Zone* horribly misfires on story and acting (it's bad ... like really bad ... like *Dick Tracy* bad), it makes up for with some of the greatest deaths I've seen on screen in a long time and a beautifully executed artistic direction. The crew proves you can use plenty of neon lights to illuminate your backdrop without making it look like **Joel Schumacher's** douchetastic *Batman* films. So, sit back and watch the exploding corpses, severed appendages, and caved-in skulls. It's all a part of the over-the-top movie magic! —*Jimmy Martin*

## Top Gear: Season 10

BBC Video

Street: 04.21

With an already estimated audience

of 350 million spectators, it's only a matter of time before the United States vigorously rallies behind this gem of entertainment originating from the United Kingdom. Top Gear is an exceptional car enthusiast variety show presented by three mischievous middle-aged pranksters who never let an opportunity to screw each other over slip by. Along with conducting elaborate test-drives of some of the fastest cars on the planet, including an Audi R8, a Porsche 911 and an Aston Martin DBS, the hosts, **Jeremy Clarkson**, **Richard Hammond** and **James May**, receive laughable challenges from the show's producers in order to test their creative craftsmanship and overall vehicular knowledge. Whether they're crossing Botswana's desolate Makgadikgadi salt flats in dilapidated hoopties, or attempting to cross the English Channel in converted forms of amphibious transportation, something inevitably goes wrong inducing laughter across the planet. The program is an educational version of MTV's *Jackass*, yet targeted toward adults, forcing even the most sophisticated of individuals to crack a smile. It's an inspiring message to see countries around the world unite in agreement that three friends enjoying life while driving 190 M.P.H. is universally acceptable. —*Jimmy Martin*

You should have worn a condom

## The Tale of Despereaux (Blu-ray)

Universal

Street: 04.07

The trouble with **Sam Fell** and **Robert Stevenson's** animated adaptation of the Newberry-Medal-winning novel isn't a lack of vocal talent or visual magnificence, but rather a shortfall in direction for one central idea. Bouncing from one story to another, the film suggests no real protagonist and feels lost as it coasts in a holding pattern never seeming to advance forward. Starting with a 17-minute short story about a rat named Roscuro (**Dustin Hoffman**) and how his actions result in the end of happiness throughout the land with the cancellation of Soup Day, we don't meet Despereaux (**Matthew Broderick**), the courageous and charming hero reluctant to conform to the fearful life of a mouse, until much later than expected. From the chronicle of a unique mouse, to the tragedy of a mourning king, to the corruption of a simple peasant, it's difficult to figure out whom the story is meant to entertain. Children will find it too complex while adults will just be baffled. Yet, the soothing narration of **Sigourney Weaver's** alluring voice compels me to continue watching. That lady could tell me that I was dying of lupus and I'd still have a smile on my face. She is the Gate Keeper, after all. —*Jimmy Martin*



Photos: Charles Jensen

# Wizard Fest

By **The SLUG Wizard**  
info@slugmag.com

You've probably never heard of **Tommy Dolphy's** Wizard Fest. He probably likes it better that way. If this outdoor music fest blew up like others it would lose its charm. Wizard Fest is in its fourth year and if you're web-savvy, love local music and are comfortable with driving towards the middle of nowhere—you might find yourself at one hell of a party.

This year's live-music line up includes **Dos Hombres Van A Morir**, **Sunday School**, **Ben Thunderblood**, **Antelope Island**, **Reciprocal Redux** and Dolphy's own band **After the Party**. Dolphy's party will also feature the trickery of magician **Matt Bruce**, an art show and a

"local history mystery" museum to give partygoers a bit of background on the location.

The fun goes down on Saturday, May 30. The location won't be announced until a few days before the show. Cardboard wizards will mark the way. Past Wizard-Fest's have gone down in abandoned factories, the *Sun Tunnels* and the *Spiral Jetty*. Keep you're eyes glued to *myspace.com/aftertheparty* for an invite to this party.

Keep them peeled for the wizards during the drive too. If you've missed the wizards, you're missing the party.

Music starts around three. It will go until no one can stand it anymore.



(66) SaltLakeUnderGround



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# HI REVIEWS

## Altar of Plagues

*White Tomb*

**Profound Lore Records**

**Street: 04.17**

**Altar of Plagues = old ISIS + Fen + Khanate + Cormac McCarthy**

When compared to their recent and humble beginnings, Ireland's **Altar of Plagues** are a completely different band now. They started out writing solid but forgettable material, followed up by their incredible *Sol* EP release, and now to this, their first full-length with the mighty **Profound Lore**. This consists of four lengthy, bleak, emotive tracks, which range from black metal to plodding funeral dirges to even a hint of post-rock. The journey it sets the listener out on invokes a bleak mood of an apocalypse that has already come and gone, crumbled buildings and dilapidated structures, vast landscapes of brown and gray. Each track brings on a hypnotic feeling due to long measures of tastefully used repetition. I am absolutely thrilled about the direction they've taken, and fully expect them to be on my short list of active bands that help make black metal stay important and interesting. Listen to this band with mind and heart. —*Conor Dow*

## Amesoeurs

*Amesoeurs*

**Profound Lore Records**

**Release: 04.14**

**Amesoeurs = Joy Division + Peste Noire + early The Cure**



Joy Division-inspired black metal is really the only way to describe this group of French musicians, who have gained quite a bit of notoriety after their 2006 EP, *Ruines Humaines*. However, the EP was much more on the black metal side of things, whereas this album only has hints of it. I'm sure you can imagine how up in arms many "true metal" Neanderthals are about that. This album effectively instills heavy moods of metropolitan anxiety and claustrophobia, which begs for an experience of listening while traversing

around admiring our own urban rot. I think my only complaint really is that **Audrey Sylvain** (bass, vocals) has way too much time on the microphone. This isn't necessarily a terrible thing, as her performance on the aforementioned EP is a stunning performance, but she really couldn't sound more bored here. Since the band announced their break-up before the album was even finished, I suppose I can understand. —*Conor Dow*

## The Boy Will Drown

*Fetish*

**Earache**

**Street: 05.18**

**The Boy Will Drown = Necrophagist + December + The Dillinger Escape Plan (Calculating Infinity era)**

With the first few listens, the UK-based **The Boy Will Drown's** debut, *Fetish*, seemed like a mishmash of tech guitar wankery and annoying metalcore-styled vocals. Then something clicked like a light bulb turning on in my head and I said to myself, "For what this is, it's not that bad; actually, it's pretty damn good." With *Fetish*, what makes the album isn't the jazzy-styled lead guitar-riffing and solos à la Necrophagist that caused the band to get their tech-metal tag—no, it's the album's manic pacing with outright speedy and controlled chaos moments intermingled well with strange pseudo-melodic breaks, dirge-filled and slow, grimacing passages and even an occasional bearable hardcore-styled breakdown. The fully audible bass guitar also provides another nicely balanced layer. The only thing I would really liked to have had different on the album is the standard death/metalcore vocals—without them, we're missing the full angst of the music. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

*Vs. Children*

**Tomlab**

**Street: 04.07**

**Casiotone for the Painfully Alone = Cars & Trains + Magnetic Fields**

Elouise or Eleanor (whoever this



possibly fictional bitch is) has finally disappeared from **Owen Ashworth's** songwriting repertoire. She has been replaced by bank robbers and abortions, which I feel is much more exciting. The newest Casiotone album is full of stylistic changes, the biggest being the huge change in instrumentation. The most electronic-sounding instrument on this album is a melotron, and it is kind of refreshing. The Casiotone has been replaced with a baby grand, apparently. This change went really well, though—Ashworth managed to maintain his slightly depressing, boyish charm. And his droning monotone voice is complimented well by the addition of acoustic instruments. I feel as though the highlight, however, is the Plan B-inspired ballad "Killers," but maybe that is just because it hits so close to home. —*Cody Hudson*

## Children

*Hard Times Hanging at the End of the World*

**Kemado**

**Street: 05.12**

**Children = The Sword + Early Man + (early) Metallica**

Although I absolutely loved **Children's** one-sided, one-song 12" release of *Death Tribe* this past year, *Hard Times Hanging at the End of the World* doesn't do such a good job when it comes to grabbing me by the balls and not letting go. It's definitely good; that isn't the issue. The problem is that the band has become so enamored with *Ride the Lightning* and *Master of Puppets*-style riffing that the guitars seem to separate from the rhythm section far too often, and therefore allows the entire record to come across as more-than-a-bit pretentious and not entirely cohesive. It's a fun listen, and the Metallica-cum-stoner rock sound will go over in many a bar across the U.S., but in the long run, I fear that the band will become forgotten due to their lack of being able to carve their own niche in a memorable way, instead relying on formulas that haven't been proven to hold an audience. —*Gavin Hoffman*

## Cryptacize

*Mythomania*

**Asthmatic Kitty**

**Street: 04.21**

**Cryptacize = Deerhoof + Shearwater + Mirah**

Mythomania, Cryptacize's second album, is a mess of catchy guitar pop and layered vocals. The band features **Chris Cohen**—formerly of Deerhoof—**Michael Carreira** on percussion and multi-instrumentalist **Nedelle Torrisi**. *Mythomania* is an album of pleasant songs, comforting and unique.

The music takes a more simplistic approach, allowing the songs a little space to grow, sometimes growing into a 60s pop fantasia, at other times sounding mildly reminiscent of that one "indie hipster band" that all them kids like. I suggest taking a few Ambien and then starting this record. The first four songs or so will get you ready. Then give into sleep and let the rest of this record accompany your dreams. I prefer the song "Galvanize," which would fit perfectly into my floating oceanic dream of peace. —*Kenny Ainge*

## The Curious Mystery

*Rotting Slowly*

**K Records**

**Street: 05.19**

**The Curious Mystery = Cat Power + Do Make Say Think**

Listen to *Rotting Slowly* all the way



through. Close your eyes and enjoy it. It begins with bold, sultry blues but it doesn't plant itself there. Song by song, the album expands and contracts naturally, easily. It is as if the music is merely a landscape for the band to explore, and explore it they do. Long, psychedelic instrumental jams lead in and out of short bursts of lyrics that seem to jump in as soon as the jam starts to languish in redundancy. It's an album of peaks and valleys that complement one another: You can take the songs by themselves, but together as an album, they comprise an insightful and deliberate journey. Like with any good trip, *Rotting Slowly* is best appreciated for the journey it facilitates. (*The Woodshed*, 06.01) —*Devon Hoffman*

## Deastro

*Moon dagger*

**Ghostly International**

**Street: 06.02**

**Deastro = Sabrepulse + Aeroc + Caribou + so much more**

No matter how hard I try, I just can't adequately describe the magic that is Deastro in just one little equation. He

somehow captures every little ounce of 8-bit goodness from any classic video game imaginable and mashes them all up with an expansive array of percussive intricacies. Those qualities tie in with organic instrumentals and a massive range of electronic samples to create an album that beats out even his last masterpiece, *Keeper's*. Beyond having a clear talent for orchestrating such aural wonders, Deastro infuses a certain charm into every conceivable aspect of *Moondagger*. Everything from the cover art to the song titles and everything in between makes me fall in love with this album more and more with each additional listen. —Ross Solomon

## Del The Funky Homosapien

*The Funkman (The Stimulus Package)*

Hiero

4.7.09

**Del The Funky Homosapien = Russel from Gorillaz + Deltron**

Del has always been on the front lines of the hip hop world in terms of experimentation and innovation (see his guest spot on cousin **Ice Cube's** *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted*, and his collectives **Souls of Mischief**, **Hieroglyphics**, etc.). Now Del has made another coup in the industry with an entirely free album for download (<http://delthefunkyhomosapien.bandcamp.com>), and it isn't some throw away: he has been working on it for the last two years. It's classic Del in terms of quality lyrical content and his signature production quirks. The intro track "Get it Right Now!" slams into your dome and makes for a great follow up to his last release, *Eleventh Hour*, picking the baton back up with some banger beats and a catchy chorus. "I'm taking this shit back to the essence/If anybody wanna talk shit I got a message/Keep it to yourself or your health will be lessened/Depleted like an energy bar 'cause you'll be stressing," he flows with a warning. But don't worry, you have done it again Del, and all I have is R-E-S-P-E-C-T. (with **A-Plus** at the *Urban Lounge* 5.18.09) —JP

## DJ Hell

*Teufelswerk*

**International DeeJay Gigolo Records**

**Street Date: 04.27**

**DJ Hell = Kraftwerk + Tiesto**

DJ Hell brings the world a double-disc of two separate genres of house music, *Teufelswerk*. The album runs with the themes of "Night" on disc one and "Day" on disc two. The first disc features darker-themed house music. At times, each track dilutes itself with sounds and electronic hits, causing the music to become more of a mind race. An interesting idea, nonetheless, but to me, it becomes more techno trash with someone trying to do too much to make music. Disc one presents no musical creativity and can be rightfully described as containing reoccurring and reused sounds that are spaced differently throughout each techno tune. The second disc is what grabbed my attention. The dark synths that are placed throughout the majority of the

mellow electronica songs add a little mojo. Alas! A hint of creativity from Mr. Hell, but still nothing I would ever get caught red-handed throwing into my tape deck. Listen at your own risk! —JRapp

## The Flying Change

*Pain is a Reliable Signal*

**Scarlet Shame Records**

**Street: 05.19**

**The Flying Change = The Beatles + Elliot Smith + shit**

Nine times. It took me nine times to



listen to this album without nodding off, or turning it off. Talk about a driving hazard. Once I made it through the full album, I was a little depressed. This was caused by the blues undertone of the music, and the sorrowful, melancholy lyrics. It made me feel bored, disconnected, and anxious to get away. It was very similar to those feelings I have in church during the hymns. The Flying Change seem like a couple broken-hearted cowboys with too much time on their hands. Maybe if the records don't sell, they can make a deal with doctors and be used as a sleeping aid. —Alexandra Harris

## Foundation

*Chimborazo*

**Paper + Plastic**

**Street: 03.24**

**Foundation = Drag the River + Lucero + Limbeck**

It happens all too often these days: a punk-rock frontman picks up an acoustic guitar/banjo/fiddle in an attempt to channel his inner bumpkin. However, **Rob Huddleston** (ex-**Ann Beretta, Inquisition**) has been in the punk-gone-folk game for the better part of the new millennium, and *Chimborazo* proves that Foundation isn't in it to capitalize on a trend. If you're looking for gritty man's man's tales about riding the rails and shooting men in Reno just to watch them die, you won't find them here. However, if you're looking for well-crafted songs and don't mind a moderate to high amount of twang in your music, you should probably check this out. Most of these songs would work perfectly well without the harmonicas, fiddles and twangy guitar, but these flourishes never come across as gimmicky and they help to give the songs more personality. Foundation is the real deal, and hopefully they won't get lost in the sea of copycats. —Ricky Vigil

## Heavyweight Dub Champion

*Rise of the Champion Nation*

**Champion Nation Recordings**

**Street: 05.05**

**Buju Banton + Kotton Mouth Kings**

Heavyweight Dub Champion, a trio of fellas from Colorado, lay some serious beats with their third release. An infused version of dubtronica by way of live instrumentation and MPCs, HDC's signature sound is on point once again. Not that I enjoy this, though. **KRS-One** and several other MCs add some hip-hop and reggae flair, but unfortunately bring nothing but mediocre lyricism to the table. With about a pound of that tweed and maybe nine additional substances, I could see this being awesome, especially in a live setting with about 1,000+ other fools just as geeked out as me, but for now, I will put this in my blue bin and try to recycle all the paper wasted for this damn album cover. —JRapp

## Hellsaw

*Cold*

**Napalm Records**

**Street: 04.09**

**Hellsaw = (Vulcano-era) Satyricon + Corpus Christi**

Let's set aside the immediate and obvious joke about fetching the "Hellsaw" from the same "hell-toolbox" as the "Hellhammer," and begin the review of this Austrian black metal horde's third release. Intricately instrumented and surprisingly sensitive in its acoustic and instrumental interludes, when Hellsaw's songs take the reins, they rarely move past a mid-paced gallop. Likely too controlled and audible for most black-metal trolls (myself included), and not quite melodic enough to satisfy the **Dimmu Borgir**/power-metal fandom crowd, Hellsaw find themselves performing adequate and interesting black metal in a no-man's land. Hellsaw should be enthusiastically received by fans of **Khold**, later **Satyricon**, **Dodheimsgard** and other Nordic acts that have proven "rock" is not incompatible with black metal. —Ben West

## In Memorium

*Lost to Antiquity*

**Moribund Records**

**Release: 04.21**

**In Memorium = Marduk + Endstille**

To be honest, had I not already known the band members of In Memorium are from various northwestern spots on our continent, I would have guessed Germany, based purely on how hateful this band manages to sound. Although **In Memorium** is a five-piece, *Lost to Antiquity* comes off as sounding much fuller than that without overwhelming the listener with unnecessary noodling or symphonic additions that could easily steer things into boring land. The production might be a little clean for its own good, but this doesn't take too much of a toll on the overall experience. There's even a double-take moment on the track "The Awakening," which has a heavy groove riff, like something straight from a **Pantera** album ... but in black metal form, of course. I have a feeling this band is much better live, but this isn't a bad disc at all. —Conor Dow

## Isis

*Wavering Radiant*

**Ipecac Recordings**

**Street: 05.05**

**Isis = Neurosis + Jesu + Cult of Luna + Envy + Red Sparrowes**



Throughout Isis's career, the band has relied on taking musical themes and exploring and expanding upon them with unmatched passion. With *Wavering Radiant*, the band's fifth full-length record, the audience is given another progression in the realm of all that is Isis, a culmination of each studio offering, be it the sludge-heavy riffing from *Celestial* to the beautiful instrumental and melody-challenging improvisations from *Oceanic* to *In The Absence of Truth*. The entire musical package that is *Wavering Radiant* is one of those musical endeavors that grabs your throat straight out of the gates and still clings on to your jugular long after the album has ended. There is beauty and darkness with *Wavering Radiant*—each theme demands attention, with layers of notes and atmosphere, leaving you in peaceful bliss at times and at others dragging you down through the abyss with angry possession. Once again, Isis has failed to disappoint. —Bryer Wharton

## Iuengliss

*Motion in Mind*

**Mocumast Records**

**Street: 04.21**

**Iuengliss = O.Lamm + lithium + Autechre**

Iuengliss fits the self-produced artist to exacting standards. The compositions are compelling and well thought-out, but his heavy use of VST soft-synths cheapen the overall sound. It is obvious that the sounds are computer generated and the production places the listener within the computer rather than expanding sounds to reference other places such as nature or the inner city. It gets confusing when he tries to artificially inject warmth into such a cold place. It is a very peaceful-sounding album, and sent me into digital dreams every time I listened to it. This is music for the half-man, half-machine variety. —Andrew Glassett

## Kylesa

*Static Tensions*

**Prosthetic Records**

**Street: 03.17**

**Kylesa = High On Fire + Big Business + Mastodon + Motorhead**

**Kylesa** come from a state of other loved metal bands and after being around since 2001, I think they'll get

the recognition they've been destined for. There's an insurgence of perfection between recording and soul-grabbing sound, I don't see it possible for this recording to not be an epic step forward in their future. Amongst the heavy metal that dominates is a punk core that is conducive to their sound. There's more catchy timing and the added gentle vocals of **Laura Pleasants** than ever before. *Static Tension's* 10 songs ride so smooth that I listened to it on repeat. The album opens with "Scapegoat," a thick speed-ridden introduction for that you already know as **Kylesa**. "Running Red" kicks your ass with its **Slayer-ish** power rock, while "Unknown Awareness" and "Almost Lost" are heavy, but more melodic. With such a stylistic upgrade, **Kylesa** have reached a pinnacle and it's obvious from the sound of this album that they are here to stay. —Nicole Dumas

## Left Alone

*Left Alone*  
**Hellcat Records**  
**Street: 04.07**  
**Left Alone = Rancid + The Explo-sion**



I would have loved this band if I had heard them about 10 years ago. That isn't to say that this isn't good, just that I have trouble identifying with the sob story-esque subject matter of the songs on this one. I heard a long time ago that this band sounds like **Rancid**. Believe it, it really does. "Sad Story" sounds like it's straight off of *And Out Come the Wolves*. Then there's the bass, which you'll swear **Matt Freeman** must have moonlighted in this band to contribute. It's all pretty straightforward, ska-ish punk rock, which isn't a bad thing. But sadly, the best song on the album is the laid back, 47-second-long ska-only instrumental "Intermission." I hope there are more songs in the same vein in the future for this band. As a straight-up ska group, these guys would shine. —Aaron Day

## Living with Lions

*Dude Manor*  
**Adeline Records**  
**Street: 04.07**  
**Living with Lions = No Use for A Name + Screw 32 + Lifetime + Hot Water Music + Taking Back Sunday**  
 Living With Lions' good-time and carefree brand of melodic punk rock is catchy enough to turn a few heads and their debut EP, *Dude Manor*, is even ear-pleasing enough to let it run through a few times on repeat without noticing.

But that's just the problem: you wouldn't notice that it was starting over again. The six tracks (one of which is an intro) are good-good enough to throw up a few clenched fists, even. But when all is said and done, *Dude Manor* doesn't quite have the juice to keep that fist in the air long enough to rock as hard as you'd like to. Turns out that Living with Lions might be more aptly named, "Living With Kitty Cats That Are Pretty Cool, But Not As Awesome As Big Tuff Lions." —Jeremy C. Wilkins

## Lovers

### *I Am The West*

#### **Able Heart**

**Street: 04.28**  
**Lovers = Laura Veirs + The Jesus and Mary Chain + The Radio Dept.**  
 I really love about half the songs on this album, but the rest of it leaves me cold. Lovers make shoegazey indie pop about love, yearning and all those big human emotions, and when they succeed, my heart strings are absolutely tugged. But their songwriting isn't quite up to par with the scope of what they want to do, and when they don't hit that perfect, heartclenchy, bittersweet spot, they fall painfully flat. On the few upbeat songs that they attempt, the acoustic guitar work is trite and unoriginal and **Carolyn Berk's** voice just sounds thin. For most bands, I wouldn't say this, but I think Lovers would be much better off if they just stuck with epic angst all the time. —Cléa Major

## Loxslly

### *Tomorrow's Fossils*

#### **Little Mafia/Texas Heat**

**Street: 05.26**  
**Loxslly = Cursive + The Unicorns**



I keep thinking, "maybe today, I'll like Loxslly." Nope. I've listened to *Tomorrow's Fossils* over 10 times now, and still nothing. It is troubling. Loxslly's songwriting is good. Their songs are thoughtful and restless. Their consistently funky bass riffs buoy light, jazzy piano melodies. But their lead singer, **Cody Ground**, is weak. His voice is nervous and it fails to inspire any confidence. He sings with falsetto indifference. His vocals aren't the root of the problem, but they are indicative of the band's fundamental flaw: For a band with such a dynamic style, their music has no strength. That's why I can listen to them over 10 times and still not know what I think about them. For all the times I've heard this album, I can't for the life of me remember a single bit of it.

## Meat Puppets

### *Sewn Together*

**Megaforce**  
**Street: 05.12**  
**Meat Puppets = Dinosaur Jr. + 1984 Meat Puppets + the Oakridge Boys**

If there's any justice in this world, the Meat Puppets will never want for anything. Talent this rich should be rewarded at every turn. After years of churning out quality music, including several albums on the **SST** label, the guys continue to soldier on. This new disc once again features both of the Kirkwood brothers. Substance abuse had kept the pair from recording together until recently. Joined by drummer **Ted Marcus**, the trio managed to really hit the nail on the head this time around. *Sewn Together* sounds like a much older Meat Puppets album. Gone is the snarl and polish that tainted their sound in the mid-'90s as they moved toward a more grunge sound. Back is everything that made people like them in the first place—spontaneity, sincerity and ass-kicking grooves. Let this record serve as a reminder that, when you hit on a good sound in your youth, it is always a good idea to work back toward capturing that sound. —James Bennett

## Mia Doi Todd

*Morning Music*  
**City Zen Records**  
**Street: 04.14**  
**Mia Doi Todd = Ravi Shankar + Los Angeles**

At first glance, Mia Doi Todd stinks like any other bedroom acoustic singer-songwriter would. Dig a little deeper, and you will find out that six years ago, she was on **Columbia Records**. She also toured with Swedish psychedelic rock hooligans **Dungen**. She has lived in Japan, studied at Yale and collaborated with **Folk Implosion** and **Flying Lotus**. While recording her previous album, *Gea*, she would take breaks from trying to write lyrics and improvise on whatever instruments were laying around—piano, harmonium, tin whistle or tamboura. *Morning Music* is the result, and sounds exactly as you would think it would. The album is meditative, organic and soothing without being pretentious or too hippie-sounding. It is possible that Mia Doi Todd may not be like any other singer-songwriter. —Andrew Glassett

## Mt. St. Helens Vietnam Band

**Self-Titled**  
**Dead Oceans**  
**Street: 03.10**  
**Mt. St. Helens Vietnam Band = Handsome Furs + The Islands**  
 With a name like Mt. St. Helens Vietnam Band, loud, full, and chaotic are a given. The album swings through dance beats that cut just before a nice groove sets in, and sends it sailing around a carousel, and back again. The instrument levels overpower the vocals, creating a drowning distortion similar to **Cursive**. Songs "Going on a Hunt" and "A Year or Two" are decent songs that pull away from the chaos of (what I will call) the indie-pop attempt to incorporate **Drag-**

**onForce** speed skills, but just like every other song, they are repetitive, and I lose interest. The last song, "On the Collar," drags through seven minutes as a rake to my brain. The album as a whole has a few good bits, but nothing to be excited about. —Jessica Davis

## Mulatu Astatke/The Heliocentrics

*Inspiration Information*  
**Strut Records**  
**Street: 04.14**  
**Mulatu Astatke/The Heliocentrics = Miles Davis (Bitches Brew) + Banyan + Masada + Us 3**  
 This collaboration between UK's **Heliocentrics** and Ethiopian mastermind **Mulatu Astatke** is a rejuvenating and inspiring album. **Mulatu's** Dr. Frankenstein creation of Ethio-eccentric jazz mixed with **The Heliocentrics'** progressively equal funky jazz, weld old and new sounds together that will undoubtedly set higher standards. The artists take turns dominating tracks with their defined style, where some songs are an equal blend of both. There are generous hints of funk and hip-hop that are heavily beat-driven, folk inspirations from Mulatu's native country and a definite Eastern flair that dances on the line of exotica. There is a stray from vocals and obscure instruments used like the begena, washint and the krar. Songs like "Blue Nile" and "Chinese New Year" are velvety and hypnotic, while others, like "Addis Black Widow" and "Live From Tigre Lounge" are very breakbeat-driven and hip-swayin'. Although similar, no two songs repeat. All I can say is, impress yourself and your friends and make this album your own. —Nicole Dumas

## Nomo

### *Invisible Cities*

**Ubiquity**  
**Street: 05.05**  
**Nomo = Fela Kuti + Eric Dolphy + Ornette Coleman**  
 Nomo's fifth studio effort, *Invisible Cities*, is war through the speakers. Precise horns scream like missiles through clouds of head-twisting drums. The bass pimp struts down a midnight sidewalk. Unique guitar lingers with layers of marimbas, kalimbas and wood blocks. Every song is simultaneously neatly structured and excitedly free. "Crescent," the bluest of the album's songs, is highlighted with fluttering flute and an afro-Fela Kuti-like rhythm. "Elijah" is highly emotional and will haunt you in your sleep. A blend of intriguing and catchy, this record was hard to put down. Whether you're a Nomo fan, jazz aficionado or indie nerd, give this one a listen. You'll feel smarter if you do. —Kenny Ainge

## The Poles

### *Twelve Winds*

#### **Double Plus Good**

**Street: 04.28**  
**The Poles = Transfer + Tom Waits + Grails + QOTSA**  
 The tones and timbres of The Poles' debut full-length are the thing that jump out at you the most; every sound seems like it was meticulously molded to be rugged and dirty. It has an early

post-hardcore vibe to it. These guys are the coolest-sounding band that has come out in the last year. They are all about developing atmosphere and mood. Imagine if the band **Juno** took beans, slammed booze constantly and smoked camel studs. If you are looking for a band to break up the monotony of everyday sounds, these dudes got it nailed down. It was definitely a wise move for bassist **Matt Gentling** to leave **Band of Horses** and hook up with **The Poles**. If this band ever comes into town, I am totally going to get drunk and go home with them and pray that they take advantage of me. I'm in love. —*Jon Robertson*

## Prong

*Power of the Damn MiXXXer*

13th Planet

Street: 05.12

**Prong = Acumen Nation + Fear Factory (the *Remanufacture* album) — any artistic merit**

Prong had an interesting career creating some classic post-thrash and even an OK industrial metal album before calling it quits, with such musical luminaries in its line-up as **Paul Raven**, **John Tempesta** and **Ted Parsons**. Well, much to the late Paul Raven's dissatisfaction, **Tommy Victor** reformed the band roughly seven or eight years ago and it's been all downhill since then. I sincerely feel sorry for any poor sap that spends money on these remixed tracks from Prong's last full-length, *Power of the Damager*, that was boring and unpleasant to begin with. Why artists would remix songs that stunk to begin with is beyond me. Victor seems as though since he reformed Prong, he did it for his own glory and a paycheck. The remixes showcased here are full of redundant and awful-sounding beats, and who wants to listen to something that sounds like a CD skipping? Anyone reading this, please do me a favor: If you ever run into Tommy Victor, punch him straight in the nuts for being a douche. —*Bryer Wharton*

## Psychostick

*Sandwich*

Rock Ridge Music

Street: 05.05

**Psychostick = Gwar + Sevendust + System of a Down + Dethklok — humor & intelligence**

If this album is a sandwich, it's a shit sandwich complete with extra stank. Psychostick's attempt at heavy metal/hardcore humor reminds me of the boatloads of stupid parody movies that are being released like the plague, i.e., *Disaster*, *Scary*, *Date*, *Superhero* & *Epic Movie*. The band pummels jokes in song form one after another in hopes that maybe a few will generate a chuckle or even a laugh out loud—admittedly, a couple songs gave me a chuckle, then it just got highly annoying really damn quick. If you enjoy recycled heavy chugga-chugga riffs, an annoying vocalist, lame talking-in-between songs that are supposed to be funny, and jokes inspired by 12-year-olds, then Psychostick is right up your alley. I'll stick with the glorious humor-infused artists such as **Zimmer's Hole** or **The Bloodhound Gang** and of course, **Gwar**. If you actually have the patience

to listen to this start to finish you'll feel like taking a shower to wash its worthlessness off of yourself (05.16, *Club Vegas*). —*Bryer Wharton*

## Pulling Teeth

*Paradise Illusions Paranoid Delusions*

Deathwish Inc.

Street: 03.31

**Pulling Teeth = Slayer + Isis + Trash Talk**

Pulling Teeth's latest release is as close



to a brooding, epic, multi-movement recording that a hardcore band can get. Simultaneously mixing aspects of doom, ambient and straightforward hardcore, *Paradise Illusions Paranoid Delusions* can be a challenging listen, if only for the fact that taken in its parts, no one song stands out. However, taken in its full 23 minutes over five-song span, it is revealed to be an epic release that shows a dedication to nuance in textured guitars and slow pacing and, at times, maintains the scathing commentary and tempos of traditional hardcore. The lyrical content delves into everything from caution about putting faith into a messianic politician to the scam of modern warfare: "Just wanted education/ It cost your free will," to self-reflection. Although the five-minute intro to *Paradise Illusions* gets long in the tooth, this recording taken as a whole is a well-crafted piece of forward-thinking hardcore. —*Peter Fryer*

## The Rocketz

*We Are ... The Rocketz*

Hairball8

Street: 04.28

**The Rocketz = Reverend Horton Heat + Social Distortion + GBH**

It's amazing to me when a band comes into its own and just throws off all shackles of what they've been told they need to sound like. The Rocketz's first record, *Rise of the Undead*, was a great psychobilly record and definitely made every psycho that heard it stand up and take notice, but it was obvious that the vision of this band was much larger than any one subgenre could contain. Four years later, the Rocketz are back with a record that shows, simultaneously, more maturity and more aggression. From the harsh punk rock stylings of "Loser" to the entrancingly melodic, almost honky-tonk of "East LA," the Rocketz take this record wherever they want, and any band with balls enough to cover the **Dead Kennedy's** "Holiday in Cambodia" and immediately follow

that with a cover of the classic 50s **Sun Records** tune, "Slow Down," has got my respect. I know it's early to call, but expect to see this record on my Top 5 list at the end of the year. —*James Orme*

## Sleepy Sun

*Embrace*

ATP/R

Street: 05.26

**Sleepy Sun = Brian Jonestown Massacre + The Mars Volta + Dead Meadow + Luna**

The first two tracks of *Embrace* are so fucking Volta-pretentious that I almost don't want to hear the rest of it. Track three, though, damn, track three: It tripped me out. First few times of listening to this album, the first tracks really pissed me off, but then I'd forget about who I was listening to. I'd hear something awesome and have to run to the other room and track back to the beginning to hear it again. The rest of the album is really damn cool, plenty of trippy San Fran psychedelia, but skip those first tracks. —*Cinnamon Brown*

## Starfucker

*Jupiter*

Badman Recording Co.

Street: 05.05

**Starfucker = Unicorn Dream Attack + Cornelius**

Starfucker is everything I love about nuevo-pop with a little dancey-dance thrown in for some flavor. This isn't a thinking man's style of music—admittedly, Mr. Fucker is plenty happy to just meander about on the keys with some drumbeats keeping some of that ass-shaking time. Not rocket science, but it doesn't have to be: It isn't music to write a novel to or wax poetic about. It is music meant for going out and having a good time with your girls, because (fortunately for the broads) Mr. Fucker has included a "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" cover. That is **Cyndi Lauper's** "Girls ...," by the way. He doesn't actually switch it up that much, but when dealing with such an iconic classic, too much jiving can fuck with the flow. The fact that a male's lead vocals dominate the track keep it new and exciting all at the same time. Which is the point of this style of 80s/90s dance music that Starfucker has made: to look interesting and fun, and—most importantly for his younger fans—new again. —*JP*

## The Thermals

*Now We Can See*

Kill Rock Stars

Street: 04.07

**The Thermals = The Ramones + Ted Leo and the Pharmacists + Built to Spill**

*The Body, The Blood, The Machine* was such a tremendous document of pop-punk, indie-pop, whatever you want to call it, it sort of begged the question, "Well, shit, what are they going to do next?" Fortunately, Hutch Harris and company have returned with a great addition to their unique catalogue in a not-so-unique genre. *Now We Can See* picks up pretty much where *The Body ...* left off musically. This release has some more forgettable tracks than *The Body ...* but it's still full of scathing, insightful



lyrics masked by a pop-punk backdrop. *Now We Can See* satisfies that part in all of us that wants to sing along and be rebellious simultaneously. Although most of the album finds the band playing up-tempo pop-punk melodies, "At the Bottom of the Sea" reins in the Thermals energy and shows that their songwriting isn't chained to the upbeat. It serves as a good break before pushing forward into "When We Were Alive," which finds them harkening back to their *Fuckin' A* days. Many people will talk of The Thermals taking on a post-Bush Obama era. Although this may be a valid point of reference, the most important aspect is that the Thermals are more interested in framing the present in a more artistic way than with bumper-sticker politics. That's why they are the best at what they do. —*Peter Fryer*

## Wayne Hancock

*Viper of Melody*

Bloodshot

Street: 04.21

**Wayne Hancock = Hank Williams + Bob Wills + Woody Guthrie**

Somewhere in the 60s, country music lost its way, and today's mainstream country, with its sappy hits and stupid hooks, is only a shadow of the great genre of music it once was. To any fan of real, and I mean the *real* country music, there are so few bright lights in a sea of mediocre darkness. Wayne Hancock may just be the brightest torchbearer playing out on the road today. This king of juke-joint swing is like no other. Rockabilly, hillbillies and appreciators of good down-home music can all agree that Wayne "the Train" is the real deal. His latest release is another triumph. Recent records have seen Hancock bring aboard horn players and many other accompaniments to enhance his swinging style, but for *Viper of Melody*, Wayne has limited things to just his highly talented road band. Steel guitarist Tony Locke fills each song with wanderlust while Wayne croons along and the rest of the band pleasantly pumps out each raw country tune. Songs about love and death, good times and hard, all seem to reflect a life that is just not hard to sympathize with no matter what your situation. —*James Orme*



# THE INVERSION TRAWLER

## “OUR LIPS ARE SEALED:

An Interview with Leona Dripdry”

Conducted by Boo

Aunt Leona is an obvious top candidate for an interview, so we ambushed her when she came by our place to talk to mom about whether or not bangs would suit the shape of her face. The interview took place in our kitchen with mom lingering nearby, chuckling, strategically clearing her throat, and rolling her eyes throughout. These are selected excerpts from that interview.

**Boo:** So, Leona, you are the fourth of the five celebrated Dripdry sisters (*loud gasp and chuckle from mom, though not even the slightest self-deprecating flinch from the widely smiling Leona*). Your father died when you were very young, leaving your mother to raise you and your four sisters single handedly. What was it like growing up in that situation?

**Leona:** (*Still smiling widely like a toothpaste commercial*) Oh, mama had two hands alright. She was an ambidextrous, multi-speed spanking machine when she needed to be. Nothing, ya know, single handed about her. Just weeks before your mom, my little sis, was born, dad died in that freaky accident involving a mattress ‘do not remove’ tag—eww! I don’t even wanna think about it! Anyway, we all grew up in a house full of females—only females. Hair was pulled and, ya know, in some cases set alight. Overall, though, we loved each other very much. It was a very happy home life.

**B:** After high school, you moved to Los Angeles where you had a successful modeling career. Tell us about that.

**L:** Oh yeah, well, you know the story, but to be all formal for the interview and all... I was discovered on the set of the film *Footloose* when it was shooting down in Utah Valley. Larry was just about to launch the Tele-Chic network, which became a major trailblazer in the TV shop-from-your-sofa industry. He was just, ya know, hanging around on the set and says that when he saw me it was totally love at first sight. He convinced me to move to L.A. and he hired me as lead model stage left. I became quite a star. I was practically inner circle for major celebrity cliques. I was considered 3rd tier Brat Pack and everything.

**B:** Wasn’t Larry that guy you were dating? The one with the creepy...

**L:** Yeah, that’s him. He liked to have me put on saucy shoes and sit in his expensive cars rewinding the engines in the driveway while I called him all sorts of horrible names. Some people! Whatever blows their hair back. He was a real gentleman though, and totally romantic.

**B:** What about the **WHAM** incident?

**L:** Oh, no, you’re thinking about Jimmi the goth guy. He was a weird one for sure. He was once thumbing through my record collection and came upon the single of Wham’s *Carless Whisper*. Wham were the Anti-Goth, to him anyway. He thought I should be punished for such a transgression, so he handcuffed me to a chair, put that song on the record player—ON INFINITE REPEAT!—and left for over two hours! Oh gosh I can’t hear that song without screaming now.



Illustrations: Craig Secrist

Imagine after hearing that song over and over and over, then hearing the mechanical arm of the record player raise up, swing back to the start, lower onto the record, the crackle crackle of vinyl, and then those horrible opening strains starting again. PURE TORTURE! Those guys were good relationships though because they never pressured me for the actual S-E-X. I could never do THAT.

**B:** You mean you’re a virgin?!

**L:** Yes, of course. I saw mama’s medical textbooks. That’s a pool I will never paddle in. (*Here ensued a good half hour of baffled discussion with even mom gob smacked by the revelations her sister Leona presented to us about a total lack of a S-E-X life. Eventually we got back to the intended interview.*)

**B:** Ok, ok... So you ditched the modeling job and L.A. and moved back here to SLC. What brought you back?

**L:** Ya know, as bonkers as you think Salt Lake is, L.A. is crrrrraaaazzzee. And not really in a good way. I just needed something real so I packed my things and came home. I’m soooo glad about it too. I get to spend time with you guys and the rest of the fam. I was introduced to Alfredo (*her spirit guide which appears to her as a messy plate of spaghetti*), and even though he has an unnatural need to go shopping, he does provide invaluable guidance. I’m easily able to tune in to the energies of the mountains and deserts that surround us. Life is now, ya know, more fulfilling then ever.

**B:** So much for getting something real.



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# Daily calendar

## Friday May 1

Irony Man – **Burt's**  
 Cavedoll – **Brewski's**  
 Drew Danburry, Seve Vs. Evan, Desert Noises, RuRu – **Kilby**  
 Mr. Lif, Willie Evans Jr., Grieves – **Urban**  
 Paul Boruff – **Tin Angel**  
 The Hotness, Discourse – **Woodshed**  
 Jon Ginoli of Pansy Division – **Sam Weller's**  
 Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**  
 Zoltan Vegvari – **Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott**  
 Fox Van Cleef, The Lionelle, Silence Insight, Jake Martin – **Mojo's**  
 Joe McQueen & Clayton Furch – **The Wine Cellar**  
 Lenka, Greg Laswell, City Swell – **Avalon**  
 First Friday Gallery Stroll – **Ogden**  
 Spencer Nielsen – **Tony's**  
 Addishole – **Muse Music**  
 Hidden Truth, Jeddie, Leraime Horsmanhoff, Lee Madrid – **Club Vegas**  
 The Street, Super So Far, Osiris – **Liquid Joe's**  
 Drifting – **Rocky Mountain Raceway**  
 Kathy Smith book signing – **Alchemy Coffee**  
 Fry Sauce and Elephante – **Monk's**  
**Happy Birthday Devon Hoffman!**

## Saturday May 2

Buddha Pie – **Woodshed**  
 Vivian Girls, Andale, Elizabethan Report – **Kilby**  
 Mury, Paper Mache, The Recovery, Stay for the Summer, Estrago – **Avalon**  
 1Adam 12 – **Brewski's**  
 Old School – **Tony's**  
 Godawful, The Krypled, Lidsore, Uncomfortable Silence – **Club Vegas**  
 Massacre at the Wake, The Akashic, Frontline Morale Destroyer – **Burt's**  
 Drew Danburry, Shark Speed, Deset Noises, Katie Brandeburg – **Velour**  
 Derrek Wright – **Tin Angel**  
 Derby Afterparty with Bomber – **The South Shore Bar & Grill**  
 Celebrate the City: 1984 – **City & County Building**  
 Fairmont Festival – **Fairmont Park**  
 Salt City Shakers VS Junction City Roller Dolls – **Salt Palace**  
 Universe All and Roe – **KRCL 9 P.M.**  
 Labcoat CD Release, Danger Hailstorm, The Naked Eyes – **Urban**  
 Jim Bone Band – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Melissa Kelly – **Johnny's**

## Sunday May 3

Craft Sabbath – **Nobrow**  
 Jukebox the Ghost, Jenny Owen Youngs, Silent Years – **Kilby**  
 Orange Tulip Conspiracy, Oh Wild Birds, The Opiate Eye – **Urban**  
 Battle of the Bands Finals – **Avalon**  
 Kelly Joe Phelps – **State Room**

## Monday May 4

Unpunk'd – **Burt's**  
 Electron Deception, Dust the Books, Kissinger, Homebodies – **Kilby**  
 Vegan Drink Social – **Urban**  
 Weinland, The Devil Whale, The Futurists – **Urban**



## Thursday May 14 Abstract Rude with Aceyalone, Myka 9 at Kilby

Moreland and Arbuckle – **State Room**

## Tuesday May 5

Thao & the Get Down Stay Down, Sister Suvi, Samantha Crain – **Kilby**  
 Black Label Society – **The Depot**  
 Pokey Lafarge, The Naked Eyes, Lonesome Shack – **Burt's**  
 The Street – **Club Vegas**  
 Left Alone, Black Rose Phantoms – **Bar Deluxe**  
 The Reappropriates – **Woodshed**  
 Red Bennies, Pleasure Thieves, Black Hole – **Urban**  
 Melodicous, Herban Empire, Rise of the Riot, Erin Schefer Project – **Liquid Joe's**

## Wednesday May 6

The Grouch, Eligh of Living Legends – **Urban**  
 The Broken Spells, The Castanettes, Ben Johnson – **Burt's**  
 All That Remains, August Burns Red, Born of Osiris, Too Pure to Die – **Murray Theater**  
 Maybelle's Music Box – **Johnny's**  
 Belissa, Chaz Prymek, Indian Headset, Nate Padley – **Kilby**

## Thursday May 7

Bob Long III, Willem Maker – **Urban**  
 We're Petrified, The Dim Spook, Koko and Camero, Vanja James – **Burt's**  
 We Shot the Moon, Camera Can't Lie – **Velour**  
 Mountain West Conference on the Arts – **Utah Cultural Celebration Center**  
 Kort McCumber – **Piper Down**  
 Driven A.D., Monorchist, 32 Bravo – **Club Vegas**

Fukkk Off – **Trapp Door**  
 Ponytail, Blare, Boy of Bark – **Kilby**  
 Band of Annuals – **Woodshed**  
 Trust Company, Amprage, Audacious, Redline – **The Icon**  
 Company of Thieves, Tasia Mist, Rescue Cadence, S3X – **Sho**

## Friday

**May 8**  
 Equaleyes – **Woodshed**  
 The Liven's Easy (Sublime Tribute), Arden Park Roots – **Brewski's**  
 BoomSnake, Dawes, Shark Speed, Samthon & Goliath – **Kilby**  
 Traindodge, The Deathless  
 Pros

Kirs Zeman w/ John Davis – **Alchemy Coffee**  
 Del Preston Reunion – **Johnny's**  
 Show N' Prove – **Circuit**  
**Happy Birthday Mike Brown!**

## Sunday May 10

Youth Group, Tres Wilson, I'm Broken Let's Kiss – **Kilby**  
 Community Potluck + Short performances by: Brian Oakley, Andrew Sate, Wren Kennedy, Jordan Badger, Brinton Jones, Ben Kilbourne, David Williams, Francessa on The Prairie – **Urban**  
 Truculence, Necryptic, Nocturnal Slaughter, Iconoclast Contra – **Club Vegas**  
**Happy Birthday Kent Farrington!**  
**Happy Birthday Rebecca Vernon!**

## Monday May 11

Louis Logic Tulsi, The Let Go Mindstate – **Urban**  
 Unpunk'd – **Burt's**  
 Saliva, Abrupt Edge, Dirty Love Guns, The Street – **Murray Theater**  
 Margot and the Nuclear So & So's, Everything New, Austin Archer – **Kilby**

## Tuesday May 12

Trampled by Turtles, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – **Urban**  
 SOJA, Natural Roots – **In the Venue**  
 The Virgins, Lissie Trullie, Anya Marina – **Kilby**  
 Wolves in the Throne Room – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Molly Drive, Slim Chance – **Liquid Joe's**  
 La Farsa – **Monk's**  
 Utah FM 1 Year Anniversary – **Pat's BBQ**

## Wednesday May 13

Cowboy Mouth – **Urban**  
 Twiztid, Boondox, Prozac, Moonshine Bandits – **Great Salt Air**  
 Ryan Bingham & the Dead Horses – **Velour**  
 Manchester Orchestra – **Avalon**  
 Mogwai – **In the Venue**  
 Secret Abilities, Burnt Reynolds & His Hot Bones, Madman Chronicles – **Kilby**  
 The Ugliers, For the Win – **Burt's**  
 Trust Company – **Club Vegas**  
 Vanja James – **Johnny's**

## Thursday May 14

The Meatmen, Chapstik, Thunderfist – **Burt's**  
 Swagger – **Piper Down**  
 Alicia McGovern – **Tin Angel**  
 DJ Falcon – **Trapp Door**  
 Meatwagon, Stem Cell Ghost, Demoncross – **Club Vegas**  
 Aceyalone, Myka 9, Abstract Rude – **Kilby**  
 Gojira, The Chariot, Car Bomb – **Murray Theater**  
 The Detroit Cobras, Dex Romwebber, Laserfang – **Urban**  
 Triggers 'n Slips – **Woodshed**

## Friday May 15

Bob Schneider – **Urban**

A Plea for Purging, Broadcast the Nightmare, We Came As Romans, This or the Apocalypse – **Studio 600**  
 Kap Bros – **Brewski's**  
 Nurse Sherri, TBA – **Burt's**  
 Shannon Smith – **Tin Angel**  
 Scott Weiland – **Murray Theater**  
 Swagger – **Piper Down**  
 Nate Baldwin – **Muse Music**  
 Rookie of the Year, Monty are I, Hollywood Heathorb, Double or Nothing, Standing Solo, Just for the Record – **Avalon**  
 Young Love, Paper Route, This is Anfield – **Kilby**  
 Gallery Stroll: The Video Show – **Sam Weller's**  
 1980s Quote Show – **Signed and Numbered**  
 Gallery Roll – **SLC Bike Co.**  
**Gallery Stroll – Downtown SLC**  
 Spild Lid, Back From Ashes, American Hitmen – **Liquid Joe's**  
 Cory Mon and The Starlight Gospel – **Woodshed**  
 Drifting – **Rocky Mountain Raceway**  
 Sara Watkins – **State Room**  
 High Strung – **Monk's**

**Saturday May 16**  
 Mae, Person L, Barcelona, Tokyo – **Avalon**  
 Jeff Linsky, Michael Spiro – **Murray Theater**  
 Dan Weldon – **Brewski's**  
 Soggy Bone – **Tony's**  
 Slippery Kittens Amateur Dance Contest & Fundraiser – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Paul Boruff – **Tin Angel**  
 Psychostick, Frontline Morale Destroyer, Still-Born, Scripted Apology – **Club Vegas**  
 Action Friend, Top Dead Celebrity – **Burt's**  
 Ask for the Future – **Muse Music**  
 Jeff Hansen, Chris Koza, Bluebird Radio – **Kilby**  
 Becoming the Machine – **2225 S 500 E**  
 Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Sneakin' Out – **Urban**  
 Bombs and Beating Hearts, The Skaficionados, Brook Pridemore, Vikesh Kapoor – **Boing!**  
 Long Distance Operator – **Woodshed**  
 Jackie Greene – **State Room**  
 Flash Cabbage – **Johnny's**

**Sunday May 17**  
 The Prairie Dogs, Doug Wintch, Empty Phantom, Fauna, Blues Dart – **Urban**  
 The Flatlanders – **State Room**  
 Flat Bar B-Que: Customer Appreciation Day – **Salty Peaks**

**Monday May 18**  
 Del The Funky Homosapien – **Urban**  
 Pierced Arrows – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Ex-Machina, Mary May I, Stereotype – **Kilby**  
 Unpunk'd – **Burt's**

**Tuesday May 19**  
 Tragic Black, Thrill Kill Kult – **Urban**  
 Lady Sovereign – **In the Venue**  
 Mike Watt and The Missingmen, The Jingoos – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Arizona, David Williams, Burning Olympus – **Kilby**  
 Carrie Rodriguez – **State Room**  
 The Furs, Modern Creatures, Twin Crystals – **Monk's**

**Wednesday May 20**  
 Magnolia Electric Co., Band of Annuals, Black Hens – **Urban**  
 Dent May, Eric Openshaw, Matt Ben Jackson – **Kilby**  
 The B Foundation, Ballyhoo, Herban Empire – **Burt's**

Danger Radio, My Favorite Highway, Stereo Skyline, One for the Team, KiraMesa, Samson & Goliath – **Sho**  
 Flosstradamus – **W Lounge**  
 Queereads: Zami – **Sam Weller's**  
 Hard Boiled: Northline – **Sam Weller's**  
 Chad Townsend – **Johnny's**

**Thursday May 21**  
 Agent Orange The Freeze, Shackleton – **Burt's**  
 Stevie – **Tin Angel**  
 Band of Annuals – **Woodshed**  
 Electric Valentine – **Trapp Door**  
 Big Business, Tweak Bird – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Aiden, 20 Stories Falling, Blinded by Truth, Dead Wife by Knife – **Avalon**  
 Nate Robinson Trio – **Piper Down**  
 Flood the Sun, Means Nothing – **Club Vegas**  
 Mister Transister (A Stray Night), Muschle Hawk – **Urban**

**Friday May 22**  
 The Debi Graham Band – **Brewski's**  
 Tarrakian, Oldtimer – **Burt's**  
 Horse Feathers, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm, Libbie Linton – **Kilby**  
 Drop Dead Julio – **5 Monkey's**  
 Becoming the Machine – **2225 E 500 S**  
 Blood of Saints, A Balance of Power, Ravings of a Madman, Endeavor – **Club Vegas**  
 Bronwen Beecher – **Tin Angel**  
 Afro Omega, Relief Society – **Urban**  
 Dave Eaton – **Woodshed**  
 Disforia, Never Before, Destructinator, Written in Fire, Melodramas, Epsilon Minus – **Avalon**  
 Mary Tabbs – **Alchemy Coffee**  
**Happy Birthday Christian Broadbent!**

**Saturday May 23**  
 Kevin Devine, Miniature Tigers, Brian Bonz, Atherton – **Kilby**  
 The Human Abstract, IWrestledABearOnce, Vanna – **Avalon**  
 Duane Peters Gunfight, The Primadonnas, Skint, Negative Charge – **Burt's**  
 The Codi Jordan Band – **Brewski's**  
 VAST, Endless Hallway, Elemental – **Urban**  
 Goddess Art Show w/ Kid Medusa – **Alchemy Coffee**  
 Vegan Café – **Boing!**  
 The Street, SuperSoFar – **Tony's**  
 Carrie Scott The Redhots – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Tolchock Trio, The Red Bennies, Laserfang – **Woodshed**  
 Derrek Wright – **Tin Angel**  
 Allred, Jeff Stone – **Velour**  
 SNOT, Separation of Self, Maim Corps, Flatline, Reaction Effect – **Club Vegas**  
 Chasing Zen – **Johnny's**  
**Happy Birthday Scott Zwick!**

**Sunday May 24**  
 The Wanteds – **Bar Deluxe**  
 Tech N9ne, Krizz Kaliko, Kutt Calhoun, Illuminati – **Great Saltair**  
 LipLash Electro Dance Party w/ DJ Bandwagon – **Urban**

**Monday May 25**  
 Michelle Malone – **Urban**  
 The Supervillians – **Burt's**  
 Life & Times – **Kilby**

**Tuesday May 26**  
 Peaches – **In the Venue**  
 Or, The Whale, Death Vessel, Cub Country, Atheron, Death Vessel – **Kilby**  
 Scott H. Biram – **Urban**



## Thursday May 21 Big Business with Tweak Bird at Bar Deluxe

Brutally Frank, Lyin' Bitch and The Restraining Orders, The Fully Blown – **Burt's**

**Wednesday May 27**  
 Talking Back Sunday, Anberlin – **In the Venue**  
 Lucero, Chuck Ragan – **Urban**  
 Knuckledragger – **Burt's**  
 Gogol Bordello – **Murray Theater**  
 John Vanderslice, The Morning Benders – **Velour**  
 Cotton Jones, Lightning Dust, Aye Aye – **Kilby**  
 Taxt – **Johnny's**

**Thursday May 28**  
 Smokesatck and the Foothill Fury, Triggers and Slips – **Burt's**  
 Rikets, Butcher Jones, Six, Reaction Effect – **Club Vegas**  
 Thee Armada, Select Start, Thrash Unreal, Call the Cops, I'm Broken, Let's Kiss – **Sho**  
 John Vanderslice, Morning Benders – **Kilby**  
 Paul Wright – **Tin Angel**  
 Harmed Brothers – **Piper Down**  
 Ricketts, Butcher Jones, Massacre at the Wake, Reaction Effect – **Club Vegas**  
 SLAJO, Samba Gringa, Giant – **Urban**  
 Acoustic Open Mic Night – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Pack A.D. – **Woodshed**

**Friday May 29**  
 Rikets, Six, Butcher Jones – **Brewski's**  
 The Devil's Own, Thunderfist, Kate LeDuce and The Soul Terminators – **Burt's**  
 Ted Dancin – **Urban**  
 Shannon Smith – **Tin Angel**  
 Audra Connelly – **Alchemy Coffee**  
 Belly Of The Whale with Rotten Musicians – **Woodshed**  
 SIK Brothers, GFC, Homicide – **Avalon**  
 Rage for Order, Sons of Nothing, Osiris, Cosmic Hangover, Available Light – **Club Vegas**  
 Skaficionados CD Release, The Spins

– **Kilby**  
 Drifting – **Rocky Mountain Raceway**  
 Belly of the Whale, Rotten Musicians – **Woodshed**

**Saturday May 30**  
 Blue Fix – **Brewski's**  
 Madraso C.D. Release – **Burt's**  
 Becoming the Machine – **2225 S 500 E**  
 Debi Graham Band, Oh Wild Birds, Trouble on the Prairie – **Urban**  
 Dogmode Open House, performance by Sister Wives – **Dogmode**  
 Vegan Café – **Boing!**  
 Wizard Fest: Dos Hombres Van a Morir, Sunday School, Ben Thunderblood, After the Party, Antelope Island, Reciprocal Redux, Magician Matt Bruce – **myspace.com/aftertheparty**  
 Blues 66 – **Pat's BBQ**  
 Art Institute Open House – **Art Institute**  
 Audra Connelly – **Tin Angel**  
 The Recovery, The New Nervous, The Desert, Mary May I – **Kilby**  
 Tim Easton, Eilen Jewell – **The State Room**  
 Aye Aye – **Woodshed**  
 Herban Empire, The Higher Council – **Tony's**  
 Funk Schwa – **Johnny's**  
**Happy Birthday Britta**

**Carlson!**

**Sunday May 31**  
 Community Potluck + Chaz Prymek, Glade Sowards, Trever Hadley – **Urban**  
 Christian Hostel Benefit, Swans of Never, The Lionelle, Shark that Got Her – **Kilby**  
 Neko Case – **Red Butte**  
**Happy Birthday Alexandra Harris!**

**Monday June 1**  
 Bone Awl – **Burt's**  
 Wolf Eyes – **Urban**  
 Mad Buffalo – **Woodshed**

**Tuesday June 2**  
 Camera Obscura – **Urban**

**Wednesday June 3**  
 The Nightmare River Band, Black Square – **Burt's**  
 Psuedo Dates – **Kilby**  
 Hopewell, Tiny Lights, Blue Sunshine Soul – **Urban**

**Thursday June 4**  
 The Action Design, The New Trust – **Burt's**  
 Relient K – **Murray Theater**  
 Thanksgiving, This Year – **Tower Theater**  
 Pagan Love Gods – **Piper Down**  
 Band of Annuals – **Woodshed**

**Friday June 5**  
**Pick up the new SLUG- Anyplace Cool**  
 Melotia, Drop Dread Julio – **Brewski's**  
 HillHaven Raven, The Assent, Koffin – **Kilby**  
 Gay Pride: Grand Marshal Reception – **Hilton**  
 The Curious Mystery, Blue Sunshine Soul – **Woodshed**  
 Vile Blue Shades, Wolfs, Red Bennies – **Urban**



## NIGHTLY LINEUP

- TUES / UP: GAY 80'S**
- WEDN / UP: Generation X, 21 and Over Night**  
**DOWN: KARAOKE BY SPOTLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT**
- THUR / UP: 80's NEW WAVE**  
**DOWN: GOTH AND DARK WAVE**
- FRI / UP: ALTERNATIVE AND REMIXES**  
**DOWN: The Dungeon – Industrial**
- SAT / UP: ALTERNATIVE AND TECHNO**  
**DOWN: GOTH, INDUSTRIAL AND DARKWAVE**

**Wednesday Nights: Generation X**  
Every Wednesday will be 21 & over only,  
featuring alternative music of the  
X Generation Upstairs.

**Karaoke by  
Spotlight Entertainment downstairs.**

\$2 pints, \$6 pitchers and \$5 Long Islands and A.M.F.'s

Check out The Dungeon every Friday night downstairs

## DRINK SPECIALS

- TUES**  
**\$2 PINTS, \$6 PITCHERS, \$3 SEX ON THE BEACH SHOOTER**
- WEDN**  
**\$2 PINTS, \$6 PITCHERS, \$5 LONG ISLANDS & AMFs**
- THURS**  
**\$4 VODKA ENERGY DRINKS**
- FRI**  
**\$3 KAMIKAZES, \$2 CORONAS**
- SAT**  
**\$3 SEX ON THE BEACH SHOOTER**

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FRIDAY - \$3 TEQUILA SUNRISE SATURDAY - \$3 BLACK TOOTH GRIN

### TUESDAY

SALT CITY SWING - FREE SWING DANCE LESSONS  
\$3 RUM AND COKE - DINNER SPECIALS

### WEDNESDAY

"DER MASCHINE" HOSTED BY REVEREND 23  
\$3 COSMOS - DINNER SPECIALS

### THURSDAY

"LOCAL BAND RECOGNITION NIGHT"  
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\$3 WHISKEY SOUR - DINNER SPECIALS

### UPCOMING LIVE SHOWS

- MAY 1 - "ACOUSTIC THERAPY" WITH HIDDEN TRUTH,  
JEDDIE, LERAINE HORSMANHOFF AND LEE MADRID
- MAY 2 - "BANDWAGON LIVE" WITH GODAWFUL,  
THE KRYPLED, LIDSOBE AND UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE
- MAY 5 - "THE DREAMING" WITH THE STREET AND T.B.A.
- MAY 7 - DRIVEN A.D., MONORCHIST AND 32 BRAVO
- MAY 8 - "SEVENTH VOID" FEAT. MEMBERS OF TYPE O NEGATIVE  
WITH IRONY MAN, PRIDE THE FIGHT AND TOMBSTONE JESUS
- MAY 9 - THE AKASHIC, BLESSED OF SIN,  
SLAVE TRAITOR AND DARK BLOOD
- MAY 10 - TRUCULENCE, NECRYPTIC,  
NOCTURNAL SLAUGHTER AND ICONOCLAST CONTRA
- MAY 14 - MEATWAGON, STEM CELL GHOST AND DEMONCROSS
- MAY 15 - "BEER PONG" TOURNAMENT
- MAY 16 - "PSYCHOSTICK" WITH FRONTLINE MORALE DESTROYER  
STILL-BORN AND SCRIPTED APOLOGY
- MAY 21 - FLOOD THE SUN, MEANS NOTHING AND T.B.A.
- MAY 22 - BLOOD OF SAINTS, A BALANCE OF POWER,  
RAVINGS OF A MADMAN AND ENDEVER
- MAY 23 - "SNOT" WITH SEPARATION OF SELF,  
MAM CORPS, FLATLINE AND REACTION EFFECT
- MAY 28 - "THE GUNSLINGERS TOUR"  
FEATURING RIKETS AND BUTCHER JONES  
WITH MASSACRE AT THE WAKE AND REACTION EFFECT
- MAY 29 - RAGE FOR ORDER AND SONS OF NOTHING  
WITH AVAILABLE LIGHT, OSIRIS AND COSMIC HANGOVER
- JUNE 6 - "METALFEST" 15 BANDS, 2 STAGES, ALL AGES OUTSIDE
- JUNE 12 - "KINGS X" JUNE 16 - "GREEN JELLY"
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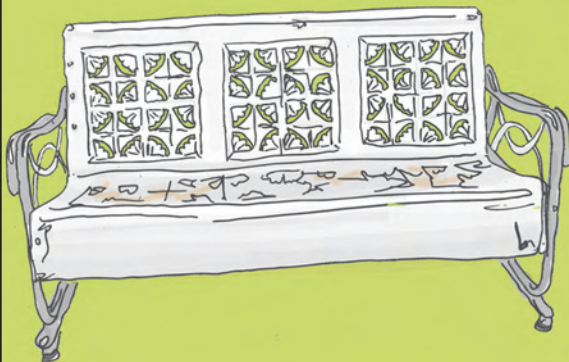
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May

all shows start  
at 7 pm

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[kilbycourt.com](http://kilbycourt.com)



Thank you to EVERYONE who came out  
for the Community Seed Kilby Court Clean  
up Day! kilby has never looked better!

- 1- Drew Danburry, Seve Vs Evan, Desert Noises, RuRu
- 2- Vivian Girls, Andale, Elizabethan Report
- 3- Jukebox the Ghost, Jenny Owen Youngs, Silent Years
- 4- Electron Deception, Dust the Books, Kissinger, Homebodies
- 5- Thao & The Get Down Stay Down, Sister Suvi, Samantha Crain
- 6- Belissa, Chaz Prymek, Indian Headset, Nate Padley
- 7- Ponytail, Blare, Boy of Bark
- 8- Boom Snake, Shark Speed, DAWES, Samson & Goliath
- 9- SONNY, Endless Hallway
- 10- Youth Group, Tres Wilson, I'm Broken Let's Kiss
- 11- Margot & The Nuclear So and So's, Everything Now, Austin Archer
- 12- The Virgins, Lissie Trullie, Anya Marina
- 13- Secret Abilities, Burnt Reynolds & His Hot Bones, The Madmen Chronicles
- 14- Aceyalone, Myka 9, Abstract Rude (Haiku d'etat)
- 15- Young Love, Paper Route, This is Anfield
- 16- Jeff Hansen (Kill Rock Stars), Chris Koza, Bluebird Radio
- 18- Ex-Machina, Mary May I & Stereotype
- 19- Arizona, David Williams, Burning Olympus
- 20- Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele, Eric Openshaw, Matt Ben Jackson
- 22- Horse Feathers, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm, Libbie Linton
- 23- Kevin Devine, Miniature Tigers, Brian Bonz, Atherton
- 25- Life & Times, TBA
- 26- Cub Country, Or, the Whale, Death Vessel, Atherton
- 27- Cotton Jones, Lightning Dust, Aye Aye
- 28- John Vanderslice, Morning Benders
- 29- Skaficiandos CD Release, The Spins, TBA
- 30- The Recovery, The New Nervous, The Desert, Mary May I
- 31- Christian Hostel Benefit w/ Swans of Never, The Lionelle, Shark That Got Her

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