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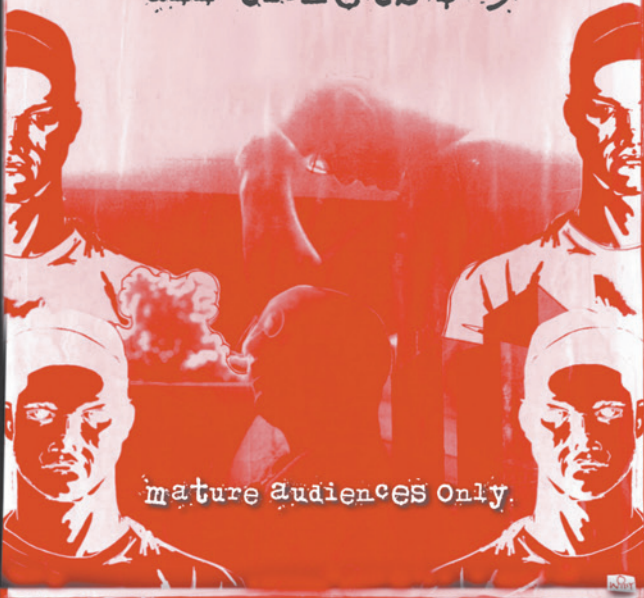
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SLUG MAGAZINE

SLUG MAG

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Contributor Limelight



Jeanette Moses

Jeanette Moses began "paying her dues" at *SLUG* while in high school as an office intern. Since then, she has worked her way up through the ranks and is now the Mag's current Managing Editor. This petite brunette commands attention in any room with her blue eyes, raspy voice and confident presence. When she isn't cussing about writers abusing semicolons, Moses is maintaining a 4.0 at *Westminster College*, shredding the gnar at *Brighton*, sewing old t-shirts into sexy tanks or playing with her dog, Rosie. Over the years, Moses has packed pages of *SLUG* with a hard journalistic punch—interviewing punk rock heavy weights like **Exene Cervenka (X)** and **Mike McColgan (The Street Dogs)**.

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- Gavin from Gavin's Underground!
- Trent Harris-films *Plan 10 From Outer Space & Delightful Water Universe*-Jan 8
- SLUG Editor Angela Brown
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads

I'm with you, Mike! Reggae is loathsome, mostly due to its hippie cult following (I'm sure its enjoyable on a different continent.)

Oh and FYI – techno, 3rd Wave Ska and Christian Rock only account for one genre of music – what we like to call "Techave? Christ No! its SKA to go!"

since you expressed your current infatuation with death metal. Finally, the Ramones is not a phase, you just need to buy a warmer coat.

In conclusion, since I've always respected your writings, I'd like to know the other 2 genres of music you hate, (am I wrong to assume that one of them is formerly known as a hierarchy?)

Respectfully reading,
Sarra Chuba

P.S. I love the disclaimer- how did you know I hate people? They are, infact- caviar to the general.

Dear Sarra-

Mike Brown has reformed his punk band (The Fucktards) and they are playing SLUG's 20th Anniversary Party. Come down to the Trapp Door February 27 and heckle Mr. Brown as he and his mates attempt to relive their youthful, glory days.

Gimme some sugar, baby!



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This month mark's *SLUG Mag's* 20th Anniversary—two decades of *SaltLakeUnderGround*.

With the 6th annual *Salt Lake Tattoo Convention* occurring this month, it's appropriate to reprint *SLUG's* 1992 interview with internationally acclaimed tattoo artist, **Paul Booth**. Originally published in issue #46 and written by **JR Ruppel** (the dude that founded this rag)—Booth's interview is an adequate teaser for the numerous stories with prominent individuals that are hidden between the pages of old *SLUG Magazines*. Over the past 20 years, *SLUG* has had the opportunity to interview greats like: **Tom Waits, Lydia Lunch, Kim Gordon, Steve Albini, Miranda July, Daniel**

Johnston, Lemmy Kilmister, Kerry King, Jason Spaceman, Christian Hosi, Ian MacKaye and many other local and national public figures.

These zines serve as a visual documentation of the firm unity that has shaped Utah's underground community and local music scene since 1989. Thank you to our readers and the independent businesses that have sustained *SLUG* over the years. Without your tireless support, we cannot continue to exist.

SLUG's back issues are now available to download for free on slugmag.com. We continue to upload new archival pdfs each week. It is our intention to have the

entire back issue collection posted by our anniversary party, Friday, Feb. 27.

Come celebrate two decades of *SaltLakeUnderGround* with us at our *20th Anniversary Bash*, Friday, February 27 10 p.m. at *The Trapp Door*. *SLUG* columnist, **Mike Brown** has reunited his band, **The Fucktards**, especially for this occasion. In addition, local music vets **Adam Sherlock, Jake Hawley, Levi Lebo** and **Clayton Binks** will debut their latest musical project, **The Hell Press**. If there is one thing we have learned over the past 20 years, it's how to throw a great party. See you there!

THE DARKER SIDE IN THE ART OF TATTOO

PAUL BOOTH

October
1992,
Issue #46

This week I had the chance to speak to a traveling artist who stopped in our town. His name is **Paul Booth** and he is from New York. He is a 25-year old tattoo artist who has become popular in the last year because of his unique style.

When I first met him I was quite intimidated by him (no more so than I am when meeting anybody though). However, I have been quite interested in his work and he was more than willing to take time from his work to talk to me.

Four years ago, Paul started tattooing as an apprentice in a shop where he learned his trade doing traditional, and some custom work. Since he was just apprenticing he didn't have the chance or the confidence to really do his particular style of art. Once he had his own shop and regular clientele, he soon found that there was a want for his particular style of tattooing.

He describes his style as black and grey demonic. I know it sounds awfully severe, but if you have seen any of his work, it is quiet intense. He prefers working in black and grey because of the contrast and boldness of the work. He said "A lot of people are afraid to put a portrait of Satan on someone's body ... but I live for it." His work is very dark and to some, that is not for them, but he says there is a large market for it out there.

About a year ago when he had become independent he decided to venture to the *Tattoo Expo* in Pittsburgh to try to get more exposure. He and his girlfriend, who he has most of his best work on, left to make a name for himself. When he got there people were so impressed by his work, he did an interview with *Tattoo Magazine* and they put a picture of his girlfriend's back on the cover of the magazine. Since that time, he has become quite popular and his work is featured in almost all the

tattoo magazines and the people will now travel to his shop for his work.

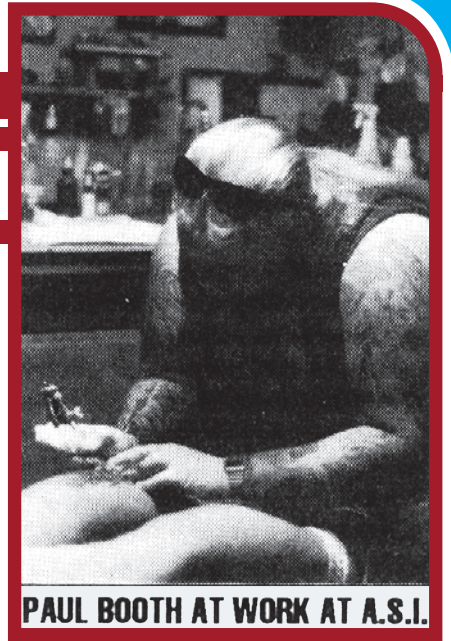
Paul spends about three months of the year on he road to both see the country, and give people a chance to get work of his done. He said that Utah has been good to him and we had the usual conversation of how surprised he was at the surprising amount of people here who are interested in some alternative lifestyle. Regardless, he said he would definitely be back again.

When I talked to him, I expected a total superior attitude, which I have noticed from several tattoo artists who have achieved this type notoriety. I know it sounds judgmental, but it is what I have experienced. Paul was quite humble about his work, and getting him to boast was nearly impossible. Even though his work is so dark, he is really quite positive about things around him. He draws a lot of his inspiration from the music he listens to and the "twisted" thought process he feels he possesses. It is not surprising he has become the terrific artist he is. He has spent his whole life drawing and studying art in one way or another.

One of the most interesting things we talked about was his influence in the style. He has developed his style on his own. He tries not to spend too much time in anybody's art for fear of it becoming too ingrained in his style. He feels it is plagiaristic and he wants to make sure that everyone that he works on is getting an original piece of art. He prefers drawing the picture right on the skin then tattooing it in. If he does use flash (pre-drawn pictures) he will always try to customize it for the person so it can be personal.

If he comes through town again, and you are a tattoo collector, check him out. He worked this time at A.S.I. and will probably do so again. Next time we find out about him and other traveling artists, we will let you know. Happy tattoo.

—JR Ruppel



PAUL BOOTH AT WORK AT A.S.I.

Originally printed Oct. 1992 Vol. 4 Issue #42

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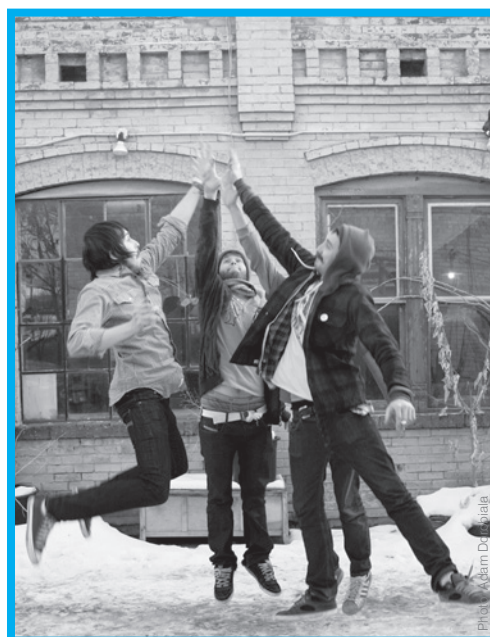
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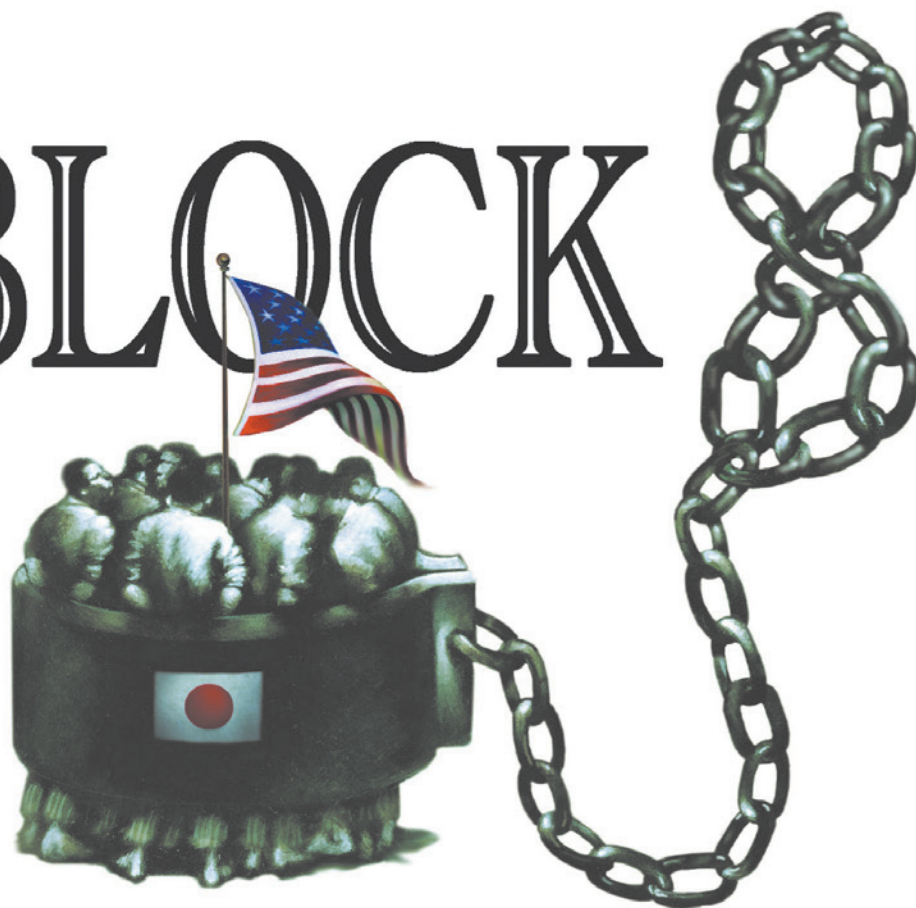


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The Silver Desert

Localized
By Lyuba Basin
lyuba@slugmag.com

Throw all of your suspicious notions out the door, because this Friday the 13th will be luckier than ever. February's **Localized** features original and heartfelt music from **The Silver Desert**, **Cub Country** and **Bluebird Radio** that will get you ready and rearing for Valentines Day. Don't have a sweetie? Make sure you snag one that night at **Urban Lounge** along with some drinks. Bring \$5 to get in and leave your beer goggles at home - this is one night you'll want to remember.

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John Anderson – Vocals, guitar, keyboard, flute, clarinet, accordion, drums
Trevin Van Dyke – Guitar, drums

As two musically talented roommates, it was no surprise that Shay Thompson and John Anderson formed a band. It began with morning jam sessions and bubble baths. "Most of the time, it started with him playing guitar outside me taking a bath, and I would sing to him and vice-versa," Thompson says.

It's been about a year since The Silver Desert first began experimenting in their avenues apartment with Thompson, Anderson and friend **David Ludwig** (a former member). The creative trio had a craving for the unconventional, using unlikely instruments such as an accordion, cello, pan, sticks, and even a saw and bow, to make their melodies. After six short months, Ludwig left the band, but the team quickly added Trevin Van Dyke as a replacement. Van Dyke managed to learn all the songs a week before his first performance.

For the Silver Desert, creating music begins with an open approach, "If somebody has something, they bring it," Anderson says. It

adds a fresh variety throughout all of their songs and you can hear the difference in each track. Like many bands, The Silver Desert gets their inspiration from everyday things: friends, work, struggles and love. They turn these experiences into relatable, musical interpretations that leave the listener with a sense of relief and a touch of goose bumps. The ease of the instruments combined with Thompson's ghostly **Chan Marshall**-esque vocals produce a sound of majestic harmony. Even the unconventional instruments are resonated clearly between the gentle guitars; you can hear the pitter-patter of sticks against a pan and birds singing from a recording, similar to tracks from **Coco-Rosie**. All of this contributes to the delicate and calming music of the Silver Desert.

"The thing about a simple song is that it has to be more intriguing, it has to draw people in and fill in the empty spaces," Van Dyke says. The Silver Desert's music does just this. It captures the audience with original style, heartfelt emotions and multitasking skills. They are able to switch off the instruments and still manage to keep their harmony and unique sound. Thompson says it's an easy process. "We don't really even think about it. It usually clicks."

It wasn't always that easy though. "People warned us we wouldn't know what to expect, and they were right," Anderson says about their first live appearance a little over a year ago at **Urban Lounge**. "Our first show was a disaster! We were not even sure what we were doing," Thompson adds. "We had a bunch of technical difficulties and we [were] set up strange, so it was really hard to change between songs." Fortunately, they didn't let the first live gig scare them. Like the saying goes, practice makes perfect, and the Silver Desert continued playing shows and practicing, each time capturing more and more of an audience. They have made an amazing recovery, learning it's important to have good friends in the crowd and to down a few drinks before the set to calm the nerves. They have proved that they can overcome electronics, losing members and the anxiety of being a new band in a big local scene.

With a foot finally in the door, the Silver Desert is looking toward their future. They are excited about creating new music, developing a progressive sound and finally recording an album.

Check them out Feb. 13 at **Localized** and now every Sunday for **Talk Tween Tunes** at **Urban Lounge**.



Photo: Adam Dorobelea

CUB COUNTRY

Jeremy Chatelain –
vocals, guitars
Kathryne Youkstetter -
vocals
Matt Montaigu - drums
and percussion
Wim Becker - guitar
Mike McCaleb – bass
Brent Dreiling - pedal
steel

Cub Country isn't just a band, it's a story of a traveling artist who has journeyed from coast to coast attracting musical companions at each stop. Utah native and former member of **Iceburn**, Jeremy Chatelain moved to New York, playing in bands **Jets to Brazil** and **Handsome**, but his attention strayed when his eagerness grew to write his own music and create his own project. Cub Country was born in 2000 with the help of a few friends and some home recording equipment. Since Chatelain already had a foot in the door with **Jade Tree** (Jets to Brazil's label), it wasn't long before he had a full-length record and a tour scheduled with a constantly changing line-up. Somehow Chatelain found himself on a life tour. He went from New York to North Carolina, Washington and finally back to Utah. "My wife and I just kept moving. We would stay some place for a few years and just decide to keep moving," Chatelain says. He believes Salt Lake will be the last move he'll make in a while. With old friends and family nearby, and a newly born son, it seems the perpetual tour will end here.

Of course the constant change in scenery led to a change in band members and sound. Cub Country has recorded four different albums in three different states and is currently working on a fifth, **Stretch That Skull Cover and Smile**, which will come out in spring of 2009 on **Future Farmer Records**. Although most would struggle with a revolving door of band members, Chatelain embraces the change. "Even from song to song on a record, the lineup will be completely different. The records will have 15-20 people each playing on them.



Photo: Skylar Neilson

The only thing they have in common is that I wrote the song and I'm playing guitar and singing on it," he says. The variety runs the gamut—from alternative-folk ballads to soothing serenades, high-energy rock 'n roll and even experimental instrumentals. The group has been compared to bands like **Elliot Smith**, **Gram Parsons** and even **Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers**.

"I've had the band now for a year and a half and it's longer than I've had any band before. It feels crazy," Chatelain says. He is looking forward to completing the new record with this lineup. His current partners in crime include Matt Montaigu, Mike McCaleb, Wim Becker (**Danger Hailstorm**), Kathryne Youkstetter, and Brent Dreiling (**Band of Annuals/Blue Sunshine Soul**).

As of 2009, Cub Country's sound has progressed into a heavier experience, influenced by his two favorites: **Neil Young** and **The Kinks**. Chatelain says, "Cub Country now is way more rock than it used to be." Although Chatelain has adopted a heavier sound, he plans to stick to what has always inspired him: his life. "I think every song I've ever written has been about people I know or places I've been. Once in a while I'll make up a character, but it's not often." If you've ever been able to see them live or listen to their previous records you'll feel as if you've just stolen a key to Chatelain's diary and carefully read each page.

Although the band has been on a four-month hiatus, Chatelain's creative juices are still in full gear. The band recently started rehearsing again, plan on doing more shows, working on an EP and finishing **Stretch That Skull Cover and Smile**. Make sure to catch them along with The Silver Desert and openers **Bluebird Radio** for **Localized** at **Urban Lounge** Febr. 13.

“One in a million, I mean, two million.”

My Day at the Inauguration of our 44th President

By Lance Saunders, saunders801@yahoo.com

Millions of people, like myself, made their pilgrimage to Washington D.C. to bear witness to the historic Inauguration of **Barack Obama** on Jan. 20, 2009. It was a surprising event: no deceit, no violent protest, no nuke going off in the nations capital—just a smooth passing of the torch.

The Capitol grounds were sorely inadequate to accommodate the masses that flocked to DC to witness the historic inauguration. I thought I'd beat the crowd if I arrived at the Inauguration around 6 a.m., unfortunately everyone else had the same idea. After standing in one spot for over three hours in subfreezing weather, I was finally able to walk through the secondary entrance located at the south side of the Capitol Building. I still wasn't even close to the second set of security gates yet! Standing in one frigid spot with two million people for that long forces you to second guess what the hell you are doing awake at that hour. It was kind of like a cold weather *Woodstock*. I decided to break away from the herd and move out of the motionless and dense crowd, which startled a lot of people.

With no police officers in sight, people were climbing light posts and curbside transformer boxes to get a better look at the sea of ticket holders who had no idea where they were supposed to go or where the line actually started. It was truly a realm of confusion and chaos. If they had diverted people into another spot or had more than twenty metal detectors intended for the four hundred thousand attendees, it might have been a smoother operation, but disorganization and turmoil are exhilarating, eh? There is no way that any preconceived social construct of police officers (or any other sort of higher authority) expected that many people to get in—at all.

Crowd control was non-existent and there were far too few officials and police officers on hand to direct the crowds. Some people were given confusing information and sent off in the wrong direction. Most of the mob just had to figure it out on their own. In the end, many gave up and left in disgust. I had a couple of friends with tickets who tried to get in to

no avail. Instead, they posted up camp at a nearby pub and watched the ceremony on a big-screen television. The most alarming part of the day was when two thousand ticket holders smashed their way through the barricades, only to realize they were standing in the wrong area. People were chanting, “let us in” and “riot!” for hours. I was eating it up. I'm a big fan of dissidence.

I was on my feet for nine hours that day and I didn't have to relieve myself once, which was ironic because I have never seen so many porta-potties in my life! This was *Guinness Book of World Records* status—a nearly unbroken Great Wall of Privies formed between Capitol

Hill and the Lincoln Memorial. I read a story about how many portable toilets they were bringing into the city and I couldn't believe it, 7,000 plus! That is a one-day bathroom capacity of nearly half a million gallons of bodily waste. Gross. It was an undisputed epic of septic.

Now that all of the news articles have been written, streets cleared, garbage removed, and souvenir shops closed, I am starting to feel

the major disconnect between the lives of ordinary Americans and the pomp and circumstance of Jan. 20. Remember people—we have men and women at war, a failing economy, a society stressed to the max on foreclosures, global warming, debt, crumbling infrastructure and lack of access to health care. Not to mention the threat of terrorism and loss of faith in America abroad.

I voted for Obama and choose to maintain the hope he promised. I'm just sorry that we didn't start with a scaled-down and simplified inauguration, one that would have reflected our times. However, I was very lucky to be there (Thanks Nina) and the experience swallowed me up. I was not downsized. There is something to be said about having total access to a momentous scene, see it unfold, and the texture of what happened to be in it.



Photo: Lance Saunders

"This is hands-down the best NYC-style Pizza in town!" - Ted Scheffler

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Don't Kill the Messenger,

Especially When the Roads are Slick

By Chelsea Babbish
cbabbish@gmail.com

With cycling of all kinds is becoming more and more popular, even trendy, the bike messenger's job has become the romantic idealist job of the teenage hipster. There are videos all over YouTube of bike messengers in places like New York City or San Francisco sporting the slickest track jackets and calf tattoos while defeating traffic with their fixed-gear skids and narrow handlebars. Google search "bike courier," and you might come across any number of websites about messenger-specific alley cat races and contests to see who can carry the heaviest or most ridiculous objects across town strapped to their Chrome bags. All this romanticism can be acceptable because the job does sound pretty cool, but it seems like nobody ever wonders about the winter.

"We ride all year round," says **Patrick Beecroft**, who has been a bicycle messenger for three years with a company called *Legal Messenger Inc. (LMI)*. This is his fourth winter season. Bike messengers, or bike couriers, are employed to execute all sorts of transactions for clients.

"Most of the work in Salt Lake is legal in nature, so we spend a lot of time at the various courthouses and state and county facilities in town," he says. Messengers can be employed to file new lawsuits, carry packages, register new companies and more. Beecroft enjoys his job because every day brings something different. Some days he has a slow routine and others are like a scramble to the finish line.

If you are native to downtown, you might have seen these men and women riding their bicycles to and fro. There are two courier companies in SLC: *LMI* and *Salt City Couriers*. Although the cyclist is the poster child of these companies, there are other ways to get the job done. *LMI* also has people in cars.

"We have bike riders, a couple car drivers and a dispatcher that works in the office," says Beecroft. "Cars can get backed up in traffic when weather's bad, or even if there's an accident on the freeway, and that can impede our business. Our bike riders are all skilled at getting the job done no matter what the conditions."

This means winter conditions, too. Beecroft says, "Business is usually busier during the winter—mostly because our clients tend to take more time off in the summer than in the winter months. We also see a boost in the winter because others are less likely to want to go out into the cold, snow or rain on an errand, so they hire us."

Some courier firms provide bicycles for their couriers while others, like *LMI*, expect the employees to provide their own bikes. *LMI* does provide masks specialized for cycling that help filter out any pollution from winter inversion. Beecroft prefers a fixed-gear road bicycle (with a front brake) over a mountain bike and does not switch to a mountain bike in the winter unless necessary.

"Usually our road bikes can get the job done any time of year," he says. "Skinny tires can cut through snow on the ground and give you good contact with the road. Although once snow starts to stick on the road and get packed down into ice layers like it's done a couple of times already this year, it helps to have a mountain bike handy. I couldn't imagine conditions getting to the point where a mountain bike couldn't handle it."

When it comes to being prepared, he swears the coat is everything.

"Occasionally, I'll wear knee warmers when it's 20 degrees or below outside. Otherwise I'm in shorts and a T-shirt underneath my jacket. I've got different jackets for really cold weather, rainy, windy and snowy conditions." Beecroft and his fellow couriers also make sure to have front and rear fenders as well as glasses and sometimes even goggles to keep the sleet and snow out of their eyes.

Avid cyclists don't think twice about commuting or just hitting the road for fun on a bicycle during the winter. They throw on a pair of goggles and a winter coat and head out the door. Many outside the cycling community just can't wrap their minds around the idea of winter riding.

"We hear it all the time in elevators during the winter," Beecroft says. "'Hope you've got chains for those tires of yours!'... 'Don't they give you a car when it snows?'—It's pretty

funny when we consider it a day basically just like any other. Once you're out there, you realize it's not that bad."

Beecroft's favorite season to ride in is the autumn. When asked if he prefers the cold over the hot, however, he says, "I'd take 100 degree-plus weather over winter any day." Even though warmer weather is his preference, he still takes pride in his work and manages to have fun in the winter.

"Sometimes weather conditions can immobilize car traffic in the city, but we can always get our bikes through to get the city's work done on time," he says.

Apparently, at least since Beecroft has worked for *LMI*, the company has never had to close or turn away downtown runs because of too much snow or ice. When asked if he owns a car, Beecroft answers, "Never have, hope I never will."



Photo: Kealan Shilling

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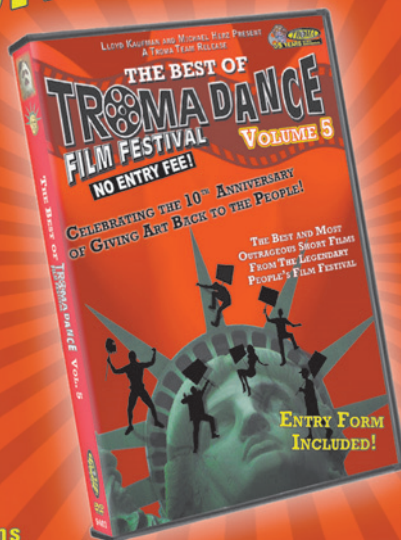
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LOST ART

TATTOO

Two Shits About Two Bit Street – Lost Art Tattooing/Piercing, O-Town

by Dave Amador peterpanahandler@slugmag.com

Lost Art Tattooing and Piercing Studio in Ogden has transformed a lot over the years. From changes in formatting, artists and shop staff to last year's location change, *Lost Art* has survived it all. In these hard times of economic recession, many businesses are downsizing if not closing up shop all together, but *Lost Art* has never been known to follow in footsteps of others. They've upgraded and expanded their business ventures, throwing caution to the wind. I sat down with shop owner/partner and part mastermind **Nate Drew** and talked about his origins in the tattoo business, the changes to the shop, Ogden as a whole and the future.

Drew grew up in the Tallahassee, Fla. and Richmond, Va. areas and became familiar with tattooing at a young age. "I'm from a family of fine artists and rebelled against that. I got kicked out of school at 14 or 15 and was hanging out with punk rockers, living in a punk house," Drew said. "I already had a home-made tattoo, but became interested in tattooing through a couple of friends." As a young teenager, Drew had to catch a two-hour ride from Tallahassee to Panama City to go to his first studio. "The guys name was **Adam West**, not Adam West as in Batman, but as in the 'Tat Man,'" he said. "This guy was the epitome of a biker tattooer and he was burly. I wanted to get a

chest piece and he asked me what I had to give him." Drew explained that at this time tattooing worked on the bartering system and it was long before you would ever see a credit card machine inside a shop. "That shit was unheard of back then," Drew said. "I told him I had a hundred dollars. I remember I was so fucking scared that it wasn't even funny. He told me to sit down and shut the fuck up."

After that, Drew went on to draw tattoos for his friends, who would take his drawings to Adam West to tattoo onto them. A little later on, Drew was offered the opportunity to attend a fine arts college. His parents had pulled a few strings, seeing as Drew hadn't graduated and only had his GED. He declined the offer, knowing he had already found his true passion in life. A lot has changed for Drew since those early days. He relocated to Utah over a decade ago and is married with two children. Drew recently relocated his family back to the east coast, but continues to spend about four months out

of the year back in Utah taking care of his clients and overseeing his businesses. When in Utah, Drew prefers spending time at his new Ogden location, watching it grow into the ideal work environment he has always dreamed of.



Nate Drew & Jeremy Israel stand outside their shop on 25th Street

The new shop is located at 109 25th Street, right in the middle of a historic district of Ogden where old western-style buildings create the architectural landscape. The shop is two stories and almost 3,000 square feet. "That's about three times the size of the Salt Lake location," said Drew. When first walking into the shop, you'll notice the beautiful hardwood floors and open space. The walls are tastefully decorated with tattoo artists' original paintings and flash reference work. You'll definitely notice the twelve-foot ceilings on both floors of the shop. All of these things come together to form a very homey, comfortable and informal atmosphere. The historic neighborhood once housed brothels, bars, gambling and opium dens. Drew and the rest of the shop guys are stoked to be in the thick of Ogden and are bringing back some of its original flavor. "Sure, that was back in the day, but we feel that we're a perfect fit for the area and keeping its old charm alive," Drew said.

Initially, other shop owners in the area were weary of a tattoo parlor moving in and the type of people it might attract. After seeing the hard work and conscious effort the guys had put in to restore the historical storefront, they were shocked to say the least. "It brought a smile to my face and I was stoked to have fellow shop owners tell me I had one of the nicest shops on 25th street," Drew said. "People told me they could tell how much thought went into the development process." Since opening its doors, the Ogden location has been running as smoothly as possible and things are definitely on the up and up. "I have a lot of clients who aren't able to schedule a time in Salt Lake and make their first trip up to Ogden. It's such a special atmosphere, they prefer making the drive up north," Drew said. "It's not a typical tattoo shop, it's a tattoo experience." Drew definitely would like to note how much help his partners have been throughout the years. "**Dean Bodily** has been in it with me since day one as far Ogden goes." Bodily spends time at both

shop locations taking care of his clients and developing relations with new customers, adding even more to his reputation as one of the premiere artists of his craft in the state. **Jeremy Israel** is a partner at the Ogden location as well the resident piercing artist. Drew said, "Jeremy is the baddest motherfucker I know — he is one of the most solid people I have ever met, straight up." Though Jeremy doesn't fit the stereotypical piercing artist mold, he has been piercing since before anyone can remember and he doesn't feel the need to wear it on his sleeve. "You don't need to look like a tackle box to know what you're doing," Drew said. "I've seen customers come in and be astounded when they find out Jeremy will be doing their piercing work because he has minimal visual piercings himself." Drew assures me that Jeremy knows everything from A to Z about his craft and you won't find a cooler cat to get your work done by.

Between zapping people all day and taking care of business at his SLC bar (*The Jackalope*), it was a challenge for Drew to even set aside time for this interview. Drew has his hands full over the next few weeks as he and his partner **CJ Starkley** prepare for the *Salt Lake City 6th Annual International Tattoo Convention*, which takes place Feb. 13-15 at the *Salt Palace Convention Center*. If you haven't had the pleasure of checking out Drew's work or any of the other tattoo artists of *Lost Art Studios*, the convention would be great place to familiarize yourself. The convention features some of the best tattoo artists from around the world, as well as live musical acts and daily tattoo contests. There is also a kid's play area and food court, so don't be afraid to bring down the whole family.

To schedule an appointment at *Lost Art*, visit lostarttattoo.com or call 801-537-7858 in Salt Lake or 801-393-4901 in Ogden. For info on the *Salt Lake City 6th Annual Tattoo Convention* visit slctattoo.com.



Nate Drew



Schmoie



Anthony Anderson

Photos: David Newkirk

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 6th SL Weekly Music Awards Showcase: Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio, The Future of the Ghost
 7th Yo Majesty, Natalie Stewart of Floetry, Rope or Bullets
 8th Time To Talk Tween Tunes
 9th Babylon Down Presents Mad Proffesor
 10th Delta Spirit, Blue Sunshine Soul, Furs
 11th Musee Mechanique, La Farsa, Black Hens, Farris
 12th SLC Tattoo Convention Opening Party: Agent Orange
 13th SLUG Localized: Cub Country, Silver Desert, Bluebird Radio
 14th Ted Dancin Valentines Day Party
 15th 6:30PM - 9:30PM Monthly Acoustic Event: Charley Simmons, Shane Jackman, Andrew Larsen;
 10PM - Full Sail + DJ Coolacaust
 16th Zepperella (All-Girl Led Zeppelin Tribute)
 17th Sick Sense & Skin Walker, Relief Society, Funk & Gonzo, Herban Empire
 18th Andy Mckee (Of YOUTUBE.COM Fame), Chaz Prymek
 19th Lance Saunders 30th B-Day: Starmy, Pleasure Thieves, Gods Revolver
 20th After Gallery Stroll: Future of the Ghost CD Release, Palace of Buddies, Laserfang
 21st Goblin Cock (Featuring Rob Crow of Pinback), These Arms Are Snakes, Darker My Love, Warship
 22nd Thank You, Mi Ami, Restiform Bodies, N1nth Cloud
 24th The Strangerz, Mr Benny Records, Presure
 25th DJ Rainbow Tay, Muscle Hawk, Samba Gringa, Patterstats
 26th Trouble On The Prairie, Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Blues Dart
 27th Band of Annuals, Larkin Grimm (Young God Records), Oh Wild Birds
 28th Form of Rocket, Curtis Jensen Reads Poetry, Levi Rounds Stand Up Comedy
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March 6th Crown City Rockers
 7th Afro Omega
 9th Blind Pilot, Laura Gibson
 10th ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead
 13th Efterklang
 14th SLUG Localized: The Will Kills, Azon, Dig Nos Rebeldes
 16th Nappy Roots
 18th Bad Weather California
 20th Clumsy Lovers
 24th Ariel Pink
 25th Pigeon John
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DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE TEA ROOM

By Fred Worbon
worbon@slugmag.com

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Reviewed: Sunday, January 11, 2009

It was October 2003 when **Lisa Brady** opened *The Beehive Tea Room* at 12 West and Broadway in the historic *Clift Building*. This had been a lifelong dream of Brady's, and as a single mother with almost no money, it had been an uphill battle. However, in those first few weeks business was booming and seemed to bode well for both *The Tea Room's* future and that of independent business in downtown Salt Lake. Things were tight, but Brady was optimistic.

Reading *The Nancy Drew* series as a young woman first inspired Brady to open *The Beehive Tea Room*. In fact, on the last Wednesday of each month, the *Tea Room* and *Sam Weller's Bookstore* co-sponsor a *Nancy Drew Book Club*. *The Beehive Tea Room* is an artistically eclectic vintage space with décor hinting at the 20s, 30s and 40s—the golden era of tearooms. This is not a place to take "high tea" in the stuffy Victorian sense, it's more of a throw-back to the feminist and bohemian hangouts of the earlier part of the last century—when most of the tearooms in the U.S. were owned by women and frequented by artists and writers.

The lunch menu at *The Beehive Tea Room* is simple but ample, consisting of sandwiches, salads and soup, as well as a hefty selection of traditional tea pastries including English Scones and Clotted Cream. There is also the option for Tea Sandwiches: three small, tasty sandwiches (spinach and artichoke, cucumber, and cream cheese) on white bread with no crusts. While nothing in particular stands out on the menu, there is also nothing to take exception to. A

personal favorite is the Spinach and Feta Quiche, when it's available. The tea menu is another story, with over 30 varieties ranging from traditional Chinese teas to a Chocolate Mint, this is where *The Tea Room* shines. A few of my favorites are the Lapsang Souchong (a smoked black tea that tastes like a campfire) the Yunnan Golden Tip (an ancient leaf Chinese black) and the White Peony (a delicate, floral and mild white tea). There is a hefty selection of green teas, a couple of oolongs, a handful of decaf teas, as well as an exceptional selection of herbal infusions ranging from Lemon Myrtle to a few varieties of Roibus and a Yerba Mate. All the teas are whole leaf and served in teapots with china cups. A more recent addition to the menu is a decent selection of beer. It is a nice place to stop for lunch and it's not difficult to get out for under \$10—unless you are enticed by a slice of Chocolate Cake, a sweet but wonderful Petit Four, or a scoop of Green Tea Ice Cream for dessert before you get up to go.

A lot has changed in the five years since Brady opened up shop, both in the world and downtown. While Brady remains optimistic, it is with caution. Nobody feels the constraints of these bad economic times quite like a small business owner in a teetering downtown business center. After the completion of the first leg of TRAX in 1999, most businesses were confident that life in downtown Salt Lake would get better, and the city would have a thriving retail and business community. Nobody anticipated the land banking that would go down on Main Street and the surrounding areas. Even though it was long over due, the destruction and redesign of the downtown malls and new City Creek development has left a gaping hole in our city that is hard to see around. Salt Lake's Main Street used to be a thriving place full of shops and people—my mother-in-law often recalls how she used to have to get dressed up and put on her white gloves to go shopping downtown.

The last three decades have seen that glory fade and it is only in the last few years that there has been a resurgence of stores on Broadway and around the city, but with a recession looming it's hard to know what the future has in store for all of those little shops that give Salt Lake its unique look and feel. When money is tight it's the little indulgences that people give up first—coffee, tea, a lunch out, etc.

Business has been rough at the *Tea Room* recently. There have been a lot of ups and downs, and sometimes the downs are a little hard to take. In my opinion, it is shops like *The Beehive Tea Room* that make Salt Lake special and it is our responsibility to help those businesses thrive.



Lisa Brady sits in the Willow Room of the Beehive Tea Room.

Photo: David Newkirk

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FAKE PROBLEMS

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE

Fake Problems: This Is Growing Up by Ricky Vigil

ricky@slugmag.com

With all of the fake problems that Fake Problems have encountered during their brief existence, it's easy to overlook their actual musical output. In 2006, the band released their debut EP, *Spurs & Spokes/Bull>Matado*, to some acclaim, but their arrest for trespassing on a Sarasota strip mall's roof and the mugshots that followed probably garnered more attention. Last year, the band released an EP entitled *Viking Wizard Eyes*, *Wizard Full of Lies* (purportedly the working title of **Blink 182**'s breakout LP *Enema of the State*), which was promptly overshadowed when the band's touring van had an unexpected highway encounter with a thirty pound turkey. Shortly after that, an April Fools story posted at punknews.org reporting that the band had been kicked off of their tour with **Anti-Flag** for giving the ever-so-serious major label punks impromptu haircuts thrust the band into the spotlight yet again. Somewhere in the middle of that, the band released their full-length debut, *How Far Our Bodies Go* to many positive reviews, and on Feb. 17, the band will release their second album, *It's Great to Be Alive* on **SideOneDummy**.

One might assume that all these wacky experiences would lead Fake Problems to write nothing but songs about how great it is to be young and goofy, but that is far from the case. Of course, there are a few wacky/goofy songs in their catalog (they recently released a 12-in. picture disc in tribute to and emblazoned with the image of **Evel Knievel**), but on each release, Fake Problems have found different ways of balancing their own youthful recklessness with the struggles of growing up and discovering who they are. "It's natural for us to want to change it up every record, every EP and every song," says vocalist and guitarist **Chris Farren**. From the **Against Me!**-esque folk punk of their first EP to the somber and self-reflective style of *Bodies* and the raucous energy presented on *Viking Wizard Eyes*, Farren and his bandmates (guitarist **Casey Lee**, bassist **Derek Perry** and drummer **Sean Stevenson**) have proven to be surprisingly versatile for a quartet of 22- and 23-year-olds. "I'm always looking for new music and new sounds and new types of songs, new ways to write songs and new ways to record," Farren says. "I'm a pretty big music fan and I'm very into a wide array of music."

Maybe it was the band's encounters with poultry and law enforcement that attracted the attention of rapidly growing indie juggernaut SideOneDummy Records. More likely, it was the high quality of their recorded output, that led the label to sign them late last year. With the new label combined with production on

the new album by **A.J. Mogis** (famed for his work with **Saddle Creek** artists like **Bright Eyes** and **Cursive**), there's suddenly a lot of pressure for Fake Problems to become a real successful band. Farren and his bandmates seem to have a pretty good idea of what they're doing, though, and they've even stepped up their professionalism. "On this album we had all of the music written out — we actually had sheet music — and we knew precisely what we wanted with horns and strings, where a piano or an acoustic guitar would go," says Farren. Though *It's Great to Be Alive* doesn't stick to one style like the band's previous releases, it is ultimately more reflective of their overall sound. "When we wrote our first record, we were going for a specific feeling and a specific mood," says Farren. "When we started writing this new record we knew we didn't want to make the same record again."

Though Farren may be a bit goofy on the surface, he is capable of delving deep into his own mind to provide thought-provoking lyrics on each of the band's outings. "Our first record was about being afraid to die and just freaking out about that. Then I took a step back from that and wondered why am I so afraid of dying," he says. "A lot of the new album deals with me trying to figure out why religion dictates the moral compass when your morals and morality just comes from yourself and what you believe regardless of spirituality." Farren's struggle with morality is most apparent on the manic organ-and-banjo-driven "The Heaven and Hell Cotillion" and the almost theatrical "Level With the Devil," but the album's upbeat numbers like "1234" demonstrate that he now has a more positive outlook on life. "By the end of it I just decided that I can think these things out for myself and I can determine what's good and what's evil without a rulebook," he says. "I just felt really happy to come to that realization and that reflects in the title of *It's Great to Be Alive*."

Though the band has toured with auxiliary members in the past to recreate the more instrumentally elaborate songs in their repertoire, only the four core members will be in the lineup for the band's upcoming tour. "I kind of like the switch of dynamic," Farren says. "We can show that we're still a rock band and we can totally fill it out without the auxiliary instruments, but it's always nice to have [the auxiliary instruments] as well." However, there's no need to fret, cello fans. Farren promised that the band's headlining tour set to kick off in April will feature multiple horn players as well as a cellist.

Until then, you can see the stripped-down, rock-ready version of Fake Problems when they hit Salt Lake City with headliners **Murder By Death** on March 3 at *Bar Deluxe*.



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Princess Kennedy

Hello, Tyranny? It's Tranny.
by Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

Every year at this time, I reassess my fantasy about being a 400-lb. shut-in. There is something very comforting about never having to leave my comfy bed, eating whatever I want and devoting 100% of my time to my first love—watching television. To make matters worse, I've finally found one of those pirated websites that has the full seasons of my beloved cable shows and all the newly released films. Since I've found it, I've been in *The Hills*, *Entourage* and *Weeds* heaven, not to mention the joy of never having to sit in a movie theater again. Last weekend, it was a marathon of *Milk*, *Twilight*, *Gran Torino* and *Zach and Miri Make a Porno*. There was probably more, but I blacked out from sheer ecstasy. So sad that it's true.

My latest obsession is *True Blood*, the fairly new HBO series about vampires. The plot goes, "The ever brilliant Japanese have created a synthetic blood with all the nutrients and vitamins needed to sustain human life. Therefore, our undead brethren are free to walk the earth." The writing is so sophomoric, it's brilliant, with such cultural reference as "Fang Bangers," "God Hates Fangs" and the night club "Fangtasia." In the story line, it's apparent that this counterculture is so controversial that the characters have moved past current issues like homophobia. Is it really gonna take soulless bloodsuckers coming out of the coffin to break down such proverbial walls? However romantic that sounds, I'm here to testify, as one of the last great taboos, that we're a long way from that. In an attempt to open minds, I'm gonna open up myself and let you into the world of all things tranny.

My personal story starts early. As a child, my mother owned clothing stores in the ZCMI and *Fashion Place* malls. As a proprietor and mother of seven, she opted in lieu of endless hours of hair prep to go with ever-fashionable wigs. As you can guess, there was a variable crypt of drag for me to choose from. At the age of 11, I ventured (on the bus, mind you) to the mall wearing my mum's Halston gown and blazing red wig. Another fave was to wear my sister's jumpers stuffed with a pillow and do pregnant teen drag. Babies having babies is always an attention-getter.

This started my journey into what would clinically be described as a cross dresser or CD, although I dislike this term. Literally, a cross dresser is one that crosses the line in gender, dress and action. I can also probably be classified with the drag queens. A drag queen (DQ) is one who dresses and acts like a woman for entertainment purposes. It comes from Shakespearean times, when girls weren't allowed on stage. Next to the boy's name playing Juliet would be D.R.A.G.—Dress Role As Girl. Since I entered the business we call show, I'm a drag queen that passes and identifies as a woman. In short, I can work it as a hot chick and that makes me marketable. Before I go any further, let's talk about what personally offends me. If I look like a girl, don't call me "he." Never call me "dude" and don't ask me what I want to be called. Most importantly, we're not party clowns. No, I don't want to go to your friend's work and sing them "Happy Birthday" to embarrass them. Being treated like a sideshow is degrading and insulting.

The last but not least of the tranny world is the "trans" of it all: transvestites and transsexuals. Transvestites are men (usually straight) that get sexual gratification from wearing women's clothing, like the bishop who wears pretty pretty undies

under his suit. It almost never has anything to do with gender roles. Most queens HATE to be called transvestites. Finally, a transsexual is one who is taking drastic measures to reassign their gender. I personally have never felt like I was born in the wrong body. I can't even imagine what a hopeless feeling that must be. I have nothing but the utmost compassion and respect for these people. I ask that when you encounter them, think before you judge. What must it be like to go so far as cutting your cock off to feel like a whole person?

All of this, collectively, is considered "tranny," and from there trickle down the many sublevels of tranny-dom, such as the "gender fuck" like **Ziggy Stardust** or, more locally, club god **Drew Landerman**. These are individuals that take gender-bending to a high fashion extreme—they are neither male nor female and generally don't like labels. There are the real girl DQs, or faux queens, like **Leslie Hall** or **Dolly Parton**. A faux king is a guy that is a hyper-actualized version of a male persona like **Freddy Mercury** or **Justin Bobby**. Then there is the drag king, which can be difficult to define, **Katy Lang** would be one example. A tranny could also identify more as transgendered, like **Hillary Swank's** character in *Boys Don't Cry*. Anything can be tranny. Hair-metal bands: Tranny! **Cindy McCain**: Tranny! A big, showy, tattooed freak: Tranny! Tranny is in the eye of the beholder.

Now we get to what is probably the last taboo to just start hitting the mainstream: the tranny chaser! **William Baldwin** plays one on *Dirty Sexy Money*. His tranny girlfriend is played by real tranny superstar **Candis Cane**. Bravo to the Baldwin acting chops to be comfortable enough to make out with Candis on screen. I joke that the difference between a straight guy and a tranny chaser is a shot of Jäger and a bump of coke, but seriously, they are a culture unto themselves. One of my earliest encounters with a tranny chaser was in a leather bar in Silver Lake. It wasn't just any tranny chaser, it was the lead singer of **Queensrÿche**. Within minutes, he was all over me and trying to get me to jump in a cab for LAX where we'd board a plane and spend the week in Mexico. I was terrified by his boldness and couldn't ditch him fast enough. I had to laugh a little, though, when not long ago, I overheard a couple whispering what a lonely life I must lead. I wanted to turn and say "Fuck you, you self-righteous bitches! I'm dating your brother." And I probably am. Thank god MySpace has opened up my dating world in SLC. You'd be shocked at the number of local guys asking me out. Hot ones, too. There is the 22-year-old personal trainer who is adorably awkward about his newly admitted feelings. Next we have the business guy who's extremely comfortable with himself and me. Finally, there's the football player going through a divorce, obviously making a stop at the tranny shack on his way into gay town. There are just about as many levels of chasers as there are transnians.

We may not be as glamorous as the children of the night, but I hope you have an increased understanding of the person I am and others like me. We are real people with real feelings, interesting backgrounds and viable talents. My wish is that next time you encounter one of us, you'll realize it's OK: We don't bite.





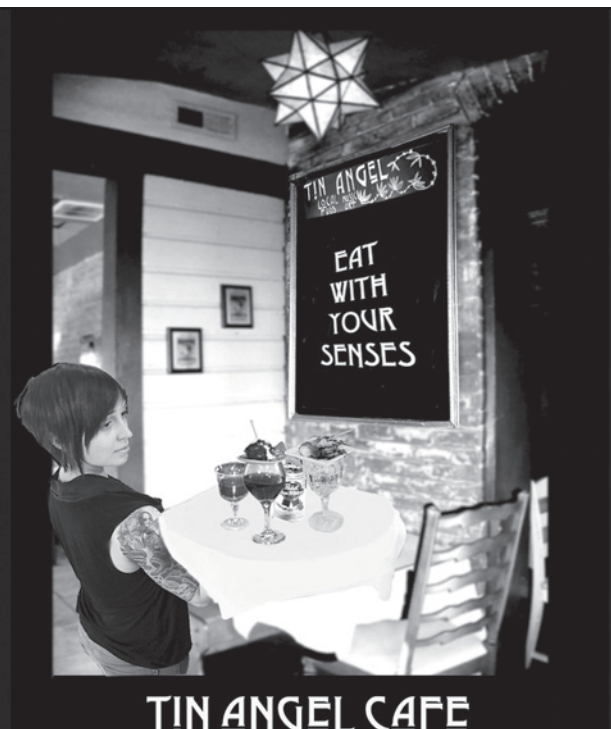
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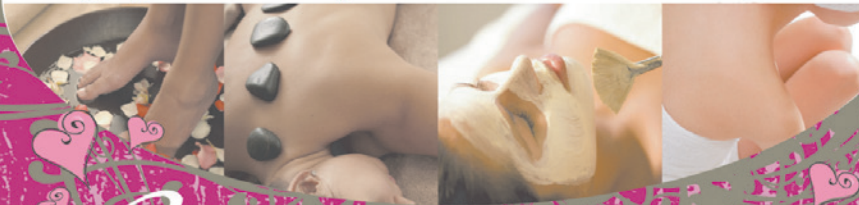
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PATTON OSWALT

Breaking Out of the Shell

By Jimmy Martin
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The world of stand-up hasn't been the same since the deaths of comic legends **Richard Pryor** and **George Carlin**. The King of Comedy's throne may be vacant, but an underground emergence of rising talent is charging forward and redirecting the spotlight of innovative comedy. As he marches along the frontlines with an arsenal of ingenious wit, eclectic comedian, **Patton Oswalt**, stands out among the masses with his droll pop-culture references and uncanny dedication to all aspects of the art form. I had the chance to speak with the native Virginian at the 2009 Sundance Film Festival as he promoted his new dramatic feature, *Big Fan*.

SLUG: You've successfully ventured into the comedic worlds of stand-up, sketch comedies, producing, network television, and film animation, but now you've switched to a dramatic feature film. Why do you think Hollywood expects so much of stand up comics?

PATTON: Comedy is really hard to do, man. It's a lot harder to do than drama in a lot of cases. I think if you get good at it, some people who don't know enough about comedy may think you have mystical powers, but it comes from years of failing at it that you learn it. I don't know if they expect so much from us, I don't even expect so much of myself. I just like doing a lot of different things.

SLUG: It seems you have had an equally balanced career between television shows, cartoons and cameos. Only recently, you've been

diving into the lead roles of films. Was this a conscious choice or a natural progression of your career?

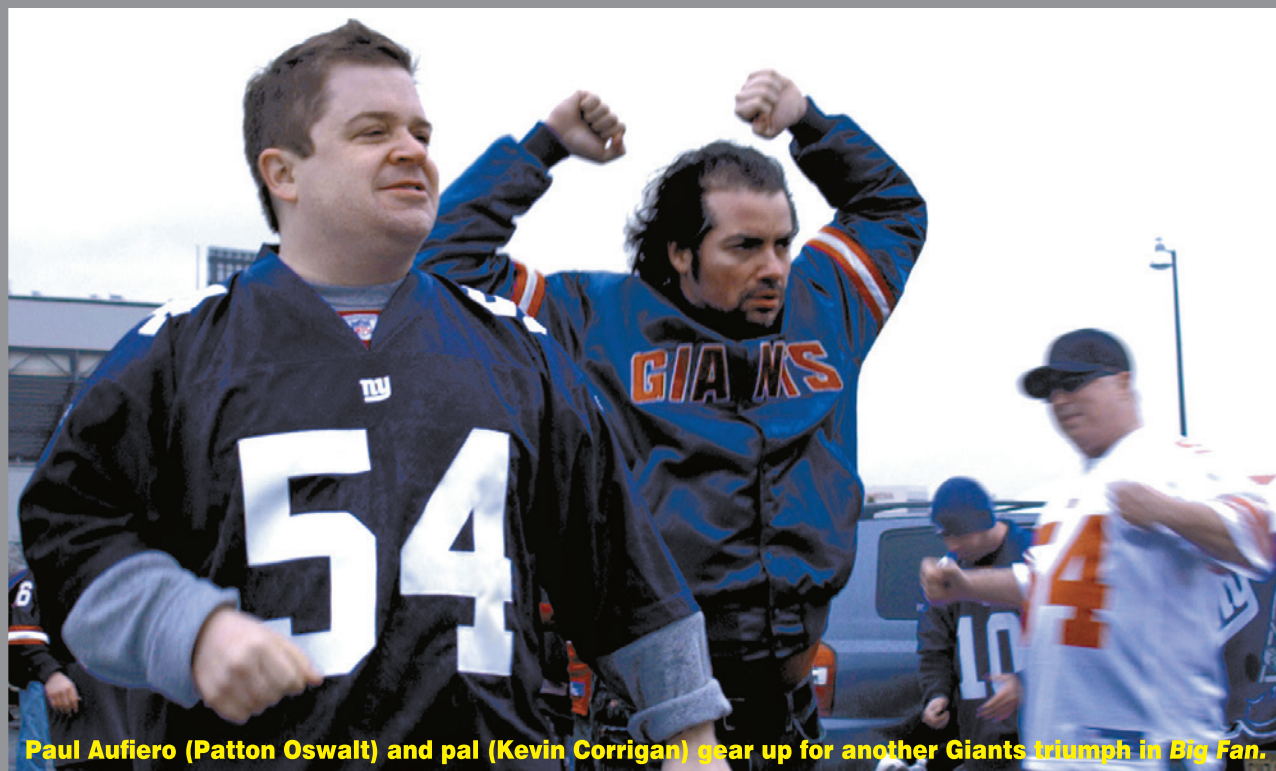
PATTON: It was progression and people becoming fans and trusting me. I was certainly not going, "I plan in 2009 to be the lead in a really well-written indie." It just happens or it doesn't. You work really hard and try to get good at what you do, so you're ready if the opportunity comes. I didn't plan to get picked by **Brad Bird** to be the lead in *Ratatouille*. I lucked out.

SLUG: Your character in *Big Fan*, Paul Aufiero, is obsessed with the New York Giants. Did you apply your own comic-fanboy lifestyle in any way to the role?

PATTON: We're all passionate about stuff. You're passionate about film, obviously. I'm a huge film buff and book worm. I'm really into stand-up, politics, food, comic books, wine and scotch—things that get me enthusiastic and I want to know everything about. How is that any different from a guy that's a sports fan? You just want to project a bigger part of yourself into the world through the stuff that you love. I think that that's just a human impulse. Ever since cave paintings, right? Wasn't that just another form of fandom of, "Oh this bison. I respect it."

SLUG: What's your ultimate goal with *Big Fan*?

PATTON: I want it to do really well. I want it to get out there, and do really well for **Rob [Siegel]**, so he can write and make more movies.



Paul Aufiero (Patton Oswalt) and pal (Kevin Corrigan) gear up for another Giants triumph in *Big Fan*.



Aufiero (Oswalt) rants and raves to a sports radio talk show in *Big Fan*.

He's a terrific filmmaker and writer, and I want him to do more stuff. I hope it gives me the chance to work with actors and directors and writers that I like and that people will have confidence in my abilities to do something that I can't even anticipate right now. I want my life to take another hard left turn like it has these past few years. Really good left turns like *Ratatouille*, *Big Fan* and who knows what's next?

SLUG: Let's talk about your own style of comedy—your use of descriptive imagery and refined craft for the art of the monologue reminds me of the late **George Carlin**...

PATTON: Jesus, thank you. My God. I would disagree with you, but thank you.

SLUG: Who influenced your craft of comedy?

PATTON: Before I got into comedy, it was **Jonathan Winters**, **Bill Cosby**, and **[Richard] Pryor**, very, very early Pryor, and Carlin. Then, once I decided I was going to do comedy, it was people like **Jay Leno**, **Steve Martin** and **Bobcat Goldthwait**. Those are the ones I would watch and I really loved what they did. Then, once I started, it was just my circle of friends through the years. I'm very lucky that I'm not the funniest guy in my group of friends, so I'm always having to work harder. I think the reason I am as good as I am is because everyone around me, I think, is better, so I'm constantly trying to do what I do better. Does that make sense?

SLUG: If you have nothing to draw from, then what's the point?

PATTON: Exactly! It would be terrible to be the funniest guy in your group, wouldn't it? It'd be like, "Well, I can just kick back. I've won this one." Fuck that. You would just stagnate. You up your game by playing with people who can kick your ass.

SLUG: Which comedians make you laugh these days?

PATTON: **Louis C.K.**, **Maria Bamford**, **Nick Kroll**, **Paul F. Tompkins**, **Michelle Bilo**, **Kyle Kinane** and **Brian Regan**. All for different reasons, but all just because they have such unique viewpoints and really original methods of approach which I think needs to go hand in hand. All of those people I can always rely on to destroy me.

SLUG: You always said President Bush could be the one to bring us to the biblical apocalypse...and it might already be here...

PATTON: What if we dodged it?

SLUG: Maybe, but just a few hours ago, President Obama was sworn in. Has Bush finally escaped the clutches of your repertoire? What about Obama jokes, can they even be funny?

PATTON: Of course they can! Listen, Bush was never in my clutches, and if I hear one more fucking person say, "Oh, you're really going to miss George Bush, man. Sure is going to be hard to do jokes with Obama as the President." Listen, the ten minutes, tops, I got out of George Bush, I would happily give back if we weren't torturing people, and we weren't in Iraq, and our money wasn't on fire. It's almost like if in these last eight years there were demons in the sky that would fly down

and rape you, and I wrote ten killer minutes about the raping demons, and then a priest came along and banished them to another realm and people said, "You're really going to miss those raping demons," and I'm like, "I'll try to adjust." Comedy is going to be fine, forever. Comedy is so much better when things are good than when they're bad. You know what's better when things are bad? Hip-hop and Metal. Those are better when things suck. Comedy is better when things are good.

SLUG: It appears you overcame your fear of a Stella Dora Breakfast Treats marriage. How has being married affected your comedic range? Will we soon hear jokes about how cute your kids are on stage?

PATTON: I used to be very afraid of being married and having kids, because I thought that once that happens you stop being funny, but I've seen so many comedians who did get married and did have kids and talked about that in really original biting ways, why would you restrict yourself from experiences to draw on and from ways to have your ego broken down and your defenses taken down so you can go even deeper? Why would you deny yourself that? You should be afraid of marriage and kids when you're young, that's totally healthy, but if you're still acting that way when you're like 40 and 50, it's kind of creepy. You're trying to act like you're 19, and you're like, "You still listen to the fucking White Stripes?" and I'm like, "Aren't you retiring in 10 years? Isn't your prostate about to explode?"

SLUG: Please don't slap me for bringing this up, but the big 40 is looming just a week away. Is there anything amusing about getting older?

PATTON: Oh, yeah! I've never cared about age, you know? Thirty, forty, fifty ... there's no indication there. I don't give a shit. I've never been that tied in physically with my appearances, clearly. I mean, I've gotten by without them, so what do I care if I get old? I'll just get even weirder character roles. Getting old is hilarious. People who think it's scary are just turning away from the loss of life.

SLUG: Hypothetically speaking, let's say it's 1995 and the stand-up career path isn't working, where are you now in 2009 if you're not doing comedy?

PATTON: Oh, God. [Long pause] Dressed up in a big *Ratatouille* Remy costume in a shopping mall somewhere signing headshots. [Laughing] I don't know what I'm doing in 2009. Why would you ask me that? That's horrible. I want to keep doing stand-up!

It seems there's never a dull moment for the entertainer that dabbles in all. Along with his upcoming roles in **Steven Soderbergh's** crime thriller, *The Informant*, and **Jody Hill's** comedy, *Observe and Report*, Patton continues to tour the country delivering his words of jovial wisdom, forever altering audience members' perspectives on politics, 80s heavy metal bands, **George Lucas'** stupidity, and midgets. The established kings of comedy may be gone, but there's a new direction on the horizon for comedy, and it's shaping up to be another great ride.

MIKE BROWN

A GUN FOR VALENTINE'S

By Mike Brown
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I've been thinking about buying a gun lately. In these uncertain economic times, it seems like a rational decision. I guess crime is on the rise because of the recession, and protecting my assets with a new set of hollow points made sense, until I thought about it more.

First off, the recession is relative to how rich you are. I say this because I don't fall in a very high tax bracket, and my non-existent 401K is unscathed. As far as my finances go, I haven't noticed shit. I'm kind of glad about it really, it's like, "Hello you rich fuckfaces, welcome to my standard of living! That uncooked Top Ramen doesn't taste so bad now, does it?"

The recession hasn't done anything but help the safe manufacturers, gun makers and gigantic rice barrel companies. The Mormons could be on to something, folks.

So seeing how I have very little to protect, a gun wouldn't do to much for me, other than make me feel like a total badass, which I think is the real reason so many people pack heat. But not wanting to write off the issue, I talked to my sister about getting a gun anyway.

My sister just married a cop and is somewhat of a libertarian in her political views. So she's the perfect person for me to ask about guns. She knows how to kill because she once took a dog out with some horse tranquilizers. Don't feel bad though, that bitch dog had it coming.

I asked her what a good gun for my apartment would be. She suggested a shotgun. I told her that a shotgun might be too messy, and I was kind of thinking of something that would fit in a safe or a lock box. So she suggested a nine-millimeter, but then said that the right gun for me is the one I was most comfortable with.

That made sense ... I used to tell people the same thing about snowboards back when I sold them. She said that I could go shooting with her and her husband down at the precinct and to check out their arsenal, to see which hand cannon would feel the warmest against my palms and itchy finger.

I have yet to go shooting with them, but I still really want to. Having a gun in my apartment is probably a bad idea. First off, there's no point in keeping a gun in a safe. If I do need to wet an intruder and my shit's locked up, well that makes my hollow points pointless.

And besides, the price of therapy that I might need after blasting away some stranger honestly outweighs all the shit I have worth stealing in my apartment. If someone wants my dusty old Xbox that bad, well they can have it. My Nintendo Wii on the other hand? Well, you just might get two in the head before that leaves my living room. The biggest reason I don't have a gun in my apartment, though, is I'm afraid I'd lose it under a pile of shit and accidentally blow

my toes off or shoot my cat or something. If you've ever been to my pad you know how messy and unorganized it is. Bullets by the dirty dishes and a 45 hidden in the soiled laundry that doubles as my bedroom floor doesn't seem smart.

So scratch that, no gun for the apartment. But a gun for Valentine's Day? Now there's a great idea in my book! Diamonds may be forever, but a fucking gun can make somebody's forever come to actuality. And what says, "I trust you. I trust you so much that I can get you this implement of death and I know you won't use it on me!" like a semi-automatic?

Chocolate-covered cherries vs. fully-loaded shotgun shells? No contest, my friend. A love sonnet gently tied to the trigger describing that the direct way to a persons heart, literally, is most easily accomplished with an AK 47. That would be the most romantic thing that I can think of right now.

Now for the record, I fucking hate Valentine's Day. I'm one of those pretentious self-loathing ex-romantics who thinks dedicating a day to candy coated hearts and selfless expressions of intimacy is retarded. I neither have anyone this year I could give a gun to, or any ex-lover I feel like shooting. I guess that's another good reason for me not to have a gun in the first place.

Al Capone, the coolest gangster ever, made guns popular for Valentine's with his epic Chicago massacre. Is there a cooler name for an old-fashioned gangster slaughter than the St. Valentine's Day Massacre? I don't think so.

I had my own personal St. Valentine's Day Massacre once. I'm sure we all have. On a stormy Valentine's night in 2001, I was in my truck with a cute plate of cookies and flowers to make a petty attempt at romance on some broad. I got distracted, ran a red light going 40 MPH, and T-boned some unsuspecting couple. Nothing ruins Valentines like watching a couple get loaded into an ambulance because it's your fault.

Needless to say, some dumb girl I was trying to bang didn't get her cookies. This accident capped off a two-month stretch where the apartment I was a week away from moving into burned down, forcing me to squat in my best friend's ex-girlfriend's mom's old house, and my current girlfriend decided she liked crystal meth more than me (although there's no easier way to break up with someone than by telling the bail bondsman to tell your girlfriend in jail that you won't be putting up the bail money and that you want to start seeing other people). That car crash was just the frosting on the cake that tasted like the worst dog shit ever.

If I had a gun that Valentine's, who knows what would have happened? Things probably would have been so much better.



Illustration: Snugs

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SKATE PARK ETIQUETTE

By: Dave Amador
peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Well, I left you little shits and your parents alone for a month. Sorry, but I have a life. Plus, I know you probably can't read anyways. Thank the Lord for pretty pictures. With that in mind, let's get to this month's lesson: No God-damned graffiti at the skate park! There is never any reason for you and your little punk friends to put up any tags or awful artwork at the park, even if you are the most badass local there.

I don't know if any of you spray-can-wielding children have ever seen the movie *Colors*, but in the movie there is a scene I would like to tell you about. In that scene there is a little kid crossing out another gang member's name on the wall when two of Los Angeles finest police officers run up on that bitch. The good cop explains to the kid he is going to get himself killed by disrespecting other people's gang tags. On the other hand, the crooked cop of the pair grabs the kid's spray can and colors his face with it quite nicely. I am that crooked cop and if I see you disrespecting any park with markers or paint you'll be going home a different color than you came. Your parents probably will not like that too much, since they are racist Republicans and want you to stay their little Aryan baby.

The whole point of this rant is that I have never seen decent artwork at any park. It is usually something totally stupid like your crappy nickname or a pot leaf that looks nothing like the real thing. The powers that be hate this kind of stuff and want none of it. I don't know if you think it's cheap to pressure spray your talent-filled garbage off, but it's not. Also, when the pressure washers come to the park and clean it, they get every transition soaking wet and puddles form. We all know this is not good for skating, that is unless you fall and crack your head open and forget what spray paint is. The fact is, the money spent on cleaning up your scribbles could be used toward the development of new parks or making existing parks better by adding lights or water fountains. Some of the parks have gone as far as closing their gates because of graffiti, and believe me, they're just looking for a reason to close those gates permanently.

Start treating your local park like it was your mother because we all know you spend more time at the park than with her. Next time you want to paint a transition or ledge, try picking up a push broom instead because no one likes fart rocks. Peace, bitches.



MattO gives a Sandy shark a backside slash, Swainston photo



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SIX FEET UNDER SIX FEET UNDER SIX FEET UNDER

Words and Photos by Chris Swainston
chris@slugmag.com



Blazing nollie back heel, Caleb Orton

It's that time again—frigid temperatures, frosted windshields, frozen locks, short days and cold hard ground. Winter is like being locked in an insane asylum for five months. Most people fatten up on calories and hibernate behind locked doors, but not skateboarders. We're too fucking ADD for it. We try and settle our nerves with early afternoon sessions, but by the time the ground thaws, the sun has set and it's back to the whisky bottle. Occasionally we brave the city at night, but those sessions always end early once that deep lung burn sets in and cold sweat starts freezing your body inside and out. If we weren't all such a massive disaster, we would have acquired girlfriends over the summer to keep us warm, but being a dirty shit-bag and having a girlfriend doesn't go hand in hand. The only escape we have is to go underground where the lights stay on and the ground stays dry.

For the most part, underground sessions are compiled of flat ground and little manual pads scattered about the parking lot. Every now and again when someone comes up on a truck we pack in some boxes and flat bars. My favorite car park

hidden amongst hills of knowledge is heated and lit all night. The bust factor is close to nothing. You've either been there for three hours and some half assed security guard that couldn't get a job at the cop shop rolls up to kick you out or some random hero civilian makes the call to the real cops. They will most likely be assholes to you because you've just pulled them away from stuffing their faces with free doughnuts at 7-11. The worst part is they can actually write you tickets for criminal trespassing. If you come up on one of these don't just tuck it under the bed with all those dirty tube socks. It will come back to grope you, steal your money and land you a night in jail. This actually happened to a friend of mine that forgot about his trespassing ticket until it turned into a warrant. The boys in blue pulled him over for expired plates, looked up the warrant, impounded his car and shipped him off for a few hours behind bars. Luckily County was so over-crowded they had to let him out. Here is the best part—he checked in with eight dollars cash and checked out with a three-dollar check. Those dirty rats actually stole five

Timing is everything, Poppa T and Dirty Hads



bucks from him. I guess free doughnut hour was over at 7-11.

Another favorite spot of mine starts eight stories up and spirals all the way to ground level. Conveniently an elevator is there to take my lazy ass all the way to the top. I'm not real keen on walking up heaps of stairs. At the top there's a little stair set to crack ollies down before you bomb the garage. The thunderous roar from a train of skateboards speeding down the garage echoes through every level. At the bottom there is a little gap to pop over before ducking the parking boom and shooting into the street—scaring the hell out of a sleepy parking attendant dribbling on his fresh uniform. Since the elevator is around the corner from the exit you can usually get a good jolt out of the parking attendant three or four times before another one of those rough and tuff security guards comes at you with his finger on the trigger of a mace can.

The only shit thing about skating car parks are all the cars parked in them. You have to wait for late at night when all the cars clear out before you can shred. This wouldn't be a problem if there was something better to do than go to the bar at seven. Half the time we're drunk by nine and still have another hour and change before we can skate. At least whisky keeps you warm.

The most recent crem-de-la-crem to skate resides in an obvious spot in the city, but has hardly been skated. Unfortunately for you, I'm not going to reveal its location because it's bust factor is rising. I will, however, tell you how awesome it is. Two levels of fun packed with plenty of parking blocks to slappy, enough free space to build a skate park, a long manual pad, wall rides, enough material to ghetto-rig a launch, a loading dock bump to pop off or flick into, a little three-stair ledge and a couple of little hill bombs from level to level. With all those goodies I rounded up some shredders for a late night winter session. We rendezvoused at X-Wives to warm our bones and wait for all the cars to clear out. It was **Poppa T** (a.k.a. **Bottles**), **Mr. Hadley**, **Caleb Orton**, the illustrious **Cheese**, **Adorable Dorobiala** and myself gearing up for this mission. Once the clock struck sk8-thirty we skulled the rest of our beers and pushed into the darkness.

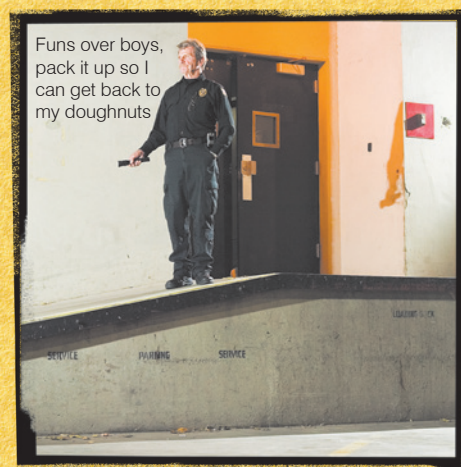
It's a good time underground. With nobody around it feels like you have your very own TF. Everyone had their balance right and those quick flicks dialed on the manual pad. We packed in a mini quarter pipe that Hadley was blasting off, doing wall rides to flat from a good five feet up. Some creativity and precise timing came into play when Hadley set the quarter pipe about three feet from a wall for a gap out to wall ride, while Poppa T crossed his path with an ollie over the quarter just as Dirty came off the wall. We left the bottom

floor to see what else we could get ourselves into. Caleb, Cheese and Hads immediately started flying off the loading dock bump. Hadley rolled away with a solid switch flip, but later got broke off trying to put down a back three. Doctor reports say he cracked his foot from the pinky toe back. Hads said there isn't any ligament damage so there won't be any harsh physical therapy. He'll be back skating once the bone heals. To make Hadley feel better, Caleb stomped a nollie back heel and Cheese backed him up with a nollie big spin just before security walked out of a door waving

his flashlight around. Fucking security always harshing on our sessions, and of course there is always more than one. Ripping up from the bottom floor with a surprise flank came another security guard. This one was special—not only did he get mace, but a car and a gun (can someone please tell me what the hell parking security needs a gun for?). He stormed out of his car chalked full of attitude, yapping like a little chihuahua claiming he needed to see all of our IDs. His request was noted and dually ignored. There was no point in heckling with security. They can't do shit and we got what we came for. The car was loaded and it was time to roll home. Let security get back to reminiscing about how they almost became real cops. If only they could have run that 12 minute mile and made it over that six foot fence.



Can't stop, won't stop, Poppa T, switch crooks



Funs over boys, pack it up so I can get back to my doughnuts



Nollie big spin moments before security killed the session, Jason Gianchetta



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CANDY LAND CANDY JAM

by Mike Reff
mikereff@gmail.com



Brighton Ski Resort is the epicenter of all things new, hip and ridiculous in snow culture today. The resort was also the first stop of the 2009 SLUG Games. The Candy Land Candy Jam was held on Jan. 10, 2009 on a brisk, sunny day at Brighton.

All of Brighton's characters made an appearance that day. There was the kid wearing the gangster gold flake **Obama** tall T that nearly hung down to his ankles and young gypsies-in-training dangling everything from shark's teeth to dream catchers from their necks right under their prepubescent mustaches. There is something about teenage boys emulating the style of turn of the century eastern European women that just makes me cringe. Ridiculous fashion statements aside, the Brighton park crew built a delicious course for the day to let riders jib up their wildest candy coated dreams. There was gumdrop pops, iced up Gingerbread house slides, licorice rails and of course everyone's favorite piece of candy—a giant Natty Light beer can to jib—but only for those that were 21+.

The riders ate up the course like a fat kids in a candy store. The big gingerbread house saw the most exciting action. I witnessed people clearing over the monstrous house with some stylish shifties, 450 pretzels out and even the occasional skier nut slide across the top of the roof. **Liam Wentworth**, of the open skiers division, wooed the judges with serious style when he threw out a royal with cheese grind across the flat box. Those fancy fast food moves earned





Wentworth first place in the open skiers division. **Jason Heckle** took first place in the men's snowboarding open division with his stylish twisted pretzels off the gingerbread house.



Elise Barelli stole the women's snowboarding open podium while looking good in green head to toe.



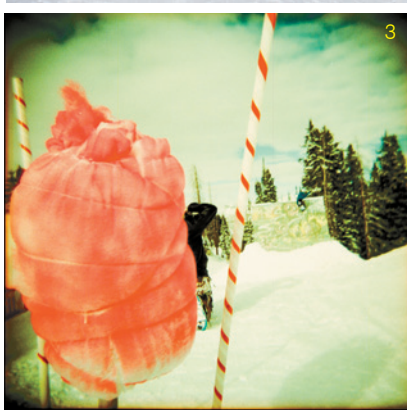
In the young gun (or seventeen and under divisions) there was a plethora of talent. **Chris Romney** took the first place spot for the seventeen and under skier category and **Chadwick Fion** for the men's snowboarding seventeen and under. Instead of popping champagne bottles on the podium the winners were given giant lollipops to carry with pride through Candy Land.



SLUG would like to thank everyone who came to check out the event and especially thank our sponsors: Natty Light, Ski Utah, KAB Rails, Armada, Lib Tech, Discrete, Odeus, Gnu, Sound, The North Face, Blindside Company, DVLP Clothing, Salty Peaks, MILO Sport, FICE, One Love, The Truth, CELTEK, Oakley, Fun Hat, Lake of Salt, Dakine, Autumn Garage, Lenitech, Roxy and The Sunnyside Company.



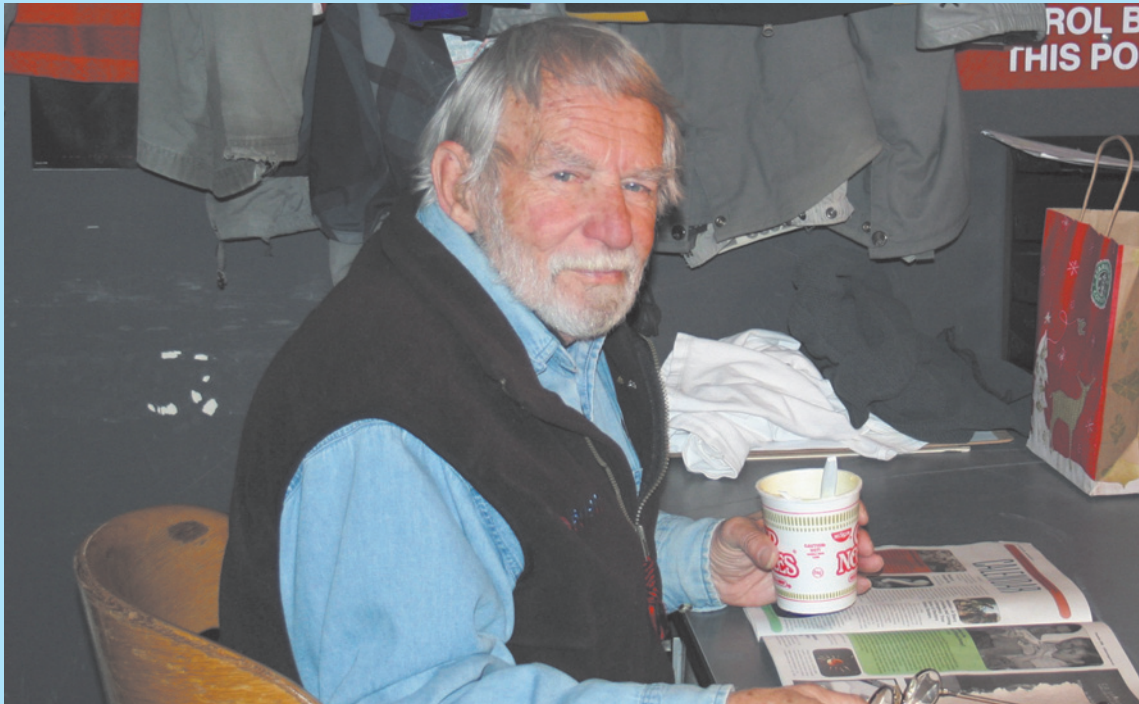
If you missed *The Candy Land Jam*, make sure you check out the second and final installment of the SLUG Games when we host *Beat the Pro* at the Canyons on Feb. 21. For more info visit thesluggames.com.





Photographers (1) Adam Dorobiala (2) Chris Swainston (3) kcshillingphotography.com (4) davebrewerphoto.com (5) Jesse Anderson

The **BRO** (Not **PRO**)



CHECKOUT

Words by
Helen Wade,
hwade1981@hotmail.com

NAME: ERIC ACHTER

TITLE: CAPTAIN OF FUN/WINDOW CLEANING SPECIALIST

YEARS AT BRIGHTON SKI RESORT: 40 YEARS

(NO, IT'S NOT A TYPO. HE HAS BEEN AT BRIGHTON FOR 40 YEARS)

Winter has begun, the resorts are open and people are rekindling their wintertime friendships. As an employee of *Brighton Ski Resort*, I look forward to the first day of work. This is the time I get to see who came back for another season of wintertime work. For the past three years that I have worked at *Brighton* there has been one familiar face that I always see. I had never really talked to him, but we would give the occasional "Hello" and get on with our business. His name is **Eric Achter** and he has been living the dream at *Brighton Ski Resort* for 40 years.

Achter began his role at *Brighton* as part of the ski patrol. Before *Brighton*, he was working on *Solitude's* ski patrol team. **Randy Doyle**, manager of *Brighton Ski Resort*, remembers Achter thumbing rides up the canyon over 40 years ago. Doyle believes Achter would still be a patroller if it were not for the slight loss of hearing Achter incurred over time. Once Achter stopped working as a patroller, he worked at the Brighton Store, *Alpine Rose* and finally found a permanent spot in building maintenance.

Achter lives in Farmington and makes the drive to *Brighton* at least three times a week. With a drive like that, I would personally be over it very quickly, but Achter is always the first one to arrive in the morning. He sometimes even beats the boss, **Ricky Morris**. I asked Achter what keeps him coming back all these years and his reply was, "What else is there to do in the winter?" Of course, the paycheck helps, too. The maintenance crew does not have an easy job. They have to clean up after all the guests, including cleaning the restrooms. Fortunately for Achter, Morris leaves him off of bathroom duty. "Eric is the best at washing windows, he knows everybody up here and always has a great

attitude," Morris says.

I asked Achter how it is working with the young crowd and he said, "They keep me moving. They are fun to work with as long as I am not responsible for them!"

During the summers, Achter stays busy taking care of the "honey do" list, a list put together by his wife. Achter recently sold his motorcycle and now enjoys taking rides on his scooter that packs 250cc of pure power. If you're lucky you may catch Achter out on the slopes, but only if there are no people and the sun is shining.



Photos: Courtesy of Jeff Sr.

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RIDER CALE ZIMA PHOTO BOB PLUMB

PHOTO FEATURE



Darrell Mathes
Ogden, Utah

I'm not sure how this played-out rail in Ogden got all crooked, but I suspect it's from a snowboarder bailing early on a trick and running into it. If that was the case, I would have to cite this as a prime example of the old saying: one man's folly is another man's fortune. Well, maybe that's a bit dramatic, but seriously, a frontside board on this in 2009 ain't gonna cut it on a straight rail, but through the bend, well, that's just fresh.

—Andy Wright

product reviews february

Dekline Shoe Co.

Lieutenant Moto Jacket

Dekline.com



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Damn, *SLUG* actually let me do a product review, which I love because that means free product for me, son. It could also be a Christmas present for somebody in these trying times. Looks like Dekline Shoe Co. sent us a nice little fall jacket. I dig the jacket because, first and foremost, it's comfortable as hell and made out of 100% lightweight cotton. Second, you can shred in it without it getting in your way because it's not bulky or oversized. It also comes in black so you can get that shit dirty and not give a fuck. Let's put it this way, the jacket is not some all over-print-fashion train wreck that you have to worry about tearing it. If you do, it's only going to add character to this item. Plus, your mom won't shit her britches because all of Dekline's goods are affordable. The only downfall to this jacket is that they put a patch on the jacket's shoulder that I personally don't like, but if you know me you know I always have something to bitch about. All in all, this jacket is the goods, so please go out and cop some Dekline gear because, after all, our hometown hero **Adam Dyet** rides for them, that is if he hasn't been kicked off the team already. —Dave Amador

Able Planet

Clear Harmony Foldable Headphones

Ableplanet.com

These headphones are probably some of the nicest, most affordable and professional-quality headphones I have seen on the market. They are completely traveler friendly, folding into a small size for carry-on packing ease, and they also come with a soft carrying case and a few extra headphone-jack sizes and assortments. They have a switch on the side that allows you to boost your noise-canceling experience

to the point that you actually feel like you are listening to a movie soundtrack in real time. They are pretty stylish as well—a nice flat black that is flashy but not overly so. Even if you aren't listening to music, you can walk around in complete silence from the world with noise cancellation and get lost in your thoughts. It's pretty rad shit. —Adam Dorobiala

Oakley

En Bleiler Jacket & Mane Pant

Oakley.com

Oakley has become a synonym for great eyewear, and now it can check off outerwear. I was fortunate enough to get my sticky fingers on the En Bleiler Jacket and Mane Pants, Oakley's signature series created by **Gretchen Bleiler**. First off, the style on the rack was sick. The jacket has enough flare to keep you looking fly on and off the hill. The outfit was fashionable and functional. The only thing I would have changed was the bagginess of the pants. However, I am one of those tight-pants-wearing kids. But if you are one of the normal-pants-wearing riders that keep it real, then these pants will fit you just fine. To lay it out for you, the seams are fully taped, the waterproofing and breathability is top-notch and the active venting will cool you down (since you will be looking so hot on the hill). The pants would not be my first choice to wear, but they go with the jacket like peanut butter goes with jelly. On those deep Utah pow days, you won't have to worry about snow going up the jacket or down the pants because they zip together for secure warmth and dryness. If you are feeling like it's time to update that hand-me-down kit you got from your older brother, get yourself kitted out with the Oakley En Bleiler Jacket and Mane Pants. —Helen Wade

VBS TV

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Vbs.tv

This collection of short films chronicles the lives of professional skateboarders in their daily routine and how they really act when they're not in front of the camera. The director, **Patrick O'Dell**, follows around skateboarding's best, such as **Jason Dill**, **Mark Gonzales**, **Jerry Hsu** and **Dustin Dollin** (to name a few) and gets them to chat intimately about their rise to fame and the reality of life as a pro. Dill's episode is probably my favorite, complete with a brief history on his career as well as the rise of his most infamous skate parts. **Jim Greco**'s episode shows you how drugs messed with him until he finally went sober. I'm not usually one to pry into other people's lives, but during the cold, wet winter months it's something to watch to keep you from going completely stir crazy when you can't skate the streets. Volume two is coming out later this year, just in time for the next winter season, and it's sure to be just as awesome as Volume 1. —Adam Dorobiala

FunHat

Punch the Camera Zine

It seems that everyone and their buddies are trying to start a company, and how many beanie companies do we really need? You know I can still call home and have my grandma knit me a bunch of beanies, but the difference is I'm not going to sell them. **FunHat**'s zine entitled "*Punch the Camera*" has by far one of the most wretched titles, ever. When I pick up a mag in this pamphlet-esque form, I think back to the DIY days: pages with photos taped and words written in ink, shrunk down to an almost unreadable size. This, however, has a much more lavish look. That look, combined with the title, stinks to heavens of rich kid tomfoolery. Cameras are expensive, why would you punch them? Besides that, I really didn't mind the zine — it's free. If you know these guys, then by all means check it out. Hey, you do what you got to do to keep your parents thinking you're using their money wisely, right? —Shawn Mayer

Loafman Studios

Custom Glass Piece



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Custom glass goods never go out of style. When Scotty McDonald of Loafman Studios sent over a 16" bong and a sneak-a-toke, I was pretty pumped. These perfectly blown glass pieces are of the highest quality. The bong was created for good use and easy cleaning maintenance. It has a built-in female piece of the slide with a shemale connecting piece that's attached to a bowl sliding apparatus. Sneak-a-tokes are perfect for the chair-lift and urban usage. Remember, these products are custom blown here in the Salt Lake Valley and can be purchased at *Pipe Dreams Gifts*, located on 2583 S. State St. You can contact the man himself a *Scotty.mcdizzle@gmail.com*. —Dave Amador

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GALLERY STROLL

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

Why do people live in Utah? *Men's Fitness Magazine* recently rated Salt Lake City no.1 on their "Fittest Places To Live" survey. Is it our parks and recreation that keep people in Utah happy and healthy? Maybe it's the fact that people are 202 percent more likely to play table tennis than any other state (is beer pong the same as table tennis?), are 351 percent more likely to practice kickboxing and are 102 percent more likely to use walking as an exercise. Walking is just a brisker version of strolling right? Hence Gallery Stroll is good for your health and can make you fit—that is if you stay away from the cookie plate.

Gallery Stroll is an open invitation on the third Friday of every month for the public to peruse the local art galleries, mingle with artists and possibly take home an original work of art. Put on your power walking shoes and grab your *SLUG* as we point out the highlights along the way.

Alpine Art has been at 430 East and South Temple for 25 years yet they are as fresh and feisty as lime in Sangria. This chic gallery is welcoming and disarming with a vast selection of high-quality art in all price ranges. February marks its first exhibit that's exclusively photography, featuring work by **Shalee Cooper, Stan Evans, Ed Firmage, Lauren Hansen, Lisa Mitchell, Daniel Hendricksen, J.P. Jespersen, Kermit Johnson, Dave Laub, Dennis Mecham, Oove Orozco, Eric**

Overton, Jelisa Ljn Peterson and Kelly Schaefer. It's a timely show as photography is changing and lines are being drawn between traditional film and digital processes. The majority of these photographers do not use digital enhancement—instead, they work harder at finding interesting subjects, bold colors and whimsical angels to captivate the viewer.

Alpine Art framer and former gallery owner **Lindsay Orgill** put photography in focus by saying, "Photography is a fascinating media because it is not just about having an artist's eye or a sense for color and composition. It's about timing, patience and persistence." The show opens Feb. 20 with an artist reception from 6-9 p.m.

The *VIEW Foundation* (Vision to Inspire and Empower Women) invites you to its second annual art benefit on Feb. 13 from 6-9 p.m. featuring **Cat Palmer, Wren Ross, Mary Lynn Alldredge Ehrengard, Andrew J. Byrnes, Chaise Payan, Anne Spencer, Cori Redstone, Emily Capito, Chelsea James, Jeff Pugh, Brooklyn Morgan and Erin Westenskow Berret.** The *VIEW* is a nonprofit that promotes awareness and empowerment for women and children affected by domestic violence in hopes of breaking the cycle of abuse. This one-day show will take place at the *Kayo Gallery* on 177 East 300 South in downtown Salt Lake City.

Whether you're power walking or strolling, there is always a lot to see and do at Gallery Stroll. Keep it fresh, buy local and support art!

Winged Victory by Andrew J. Byrnes, one of the many pieces that will be showcased at the VIEW Foundation art benefit.



WINE REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

I know this veers away from the typical beer reviews, but after a recent trip to southern Utah, I was reminded of the great job our vintners do here. You may never guess, but the climate of southern Utah is prime for growing fantastic wine. In Moab, of all places, there happen to be a couple of vintners producing wine that should suffice your viticultural drinking needs. While I know that these wines are not exactly the new rave in every wine magazine, you ought to focus on supporting local vintners and contributing to wineries that are getting better with every vintage. So for those people who are not low enough in class to drink beer with us "common folk" (or for someone with celiac disease), place your glass of white zin aside — here are SLUG's wine reviews.

Winery: Castle Creek

Varietal: Chardonnay

Average Price: \$9.95

Serving Style: 750ml bottle

Description: After the pour, this wine has a nice light straw color with a hint of gold. Off the nose, you detect pear coupled with honey, followed by citrus and some subtle, light fruit. The taste was almost exactly what the aromatic qualities promise, with a great deal of pear with a soft-sweet finish of honey along with honeydew fruit nectars.

Overview: One thing I liked about this wine was the crisp finish that did not linger —which gave me a pretty damn good excuse to keep drinking it! I personally think that this would pair fairly well with sliced pears and some whipped cream. For more conventional dining, I think I would dig this with some fresh basil pesto pasta from Sage's Café.

Where to Find: Found at most of our liquor stores and at the Castle Creek Winery.

Winery: Spanish Valley

Vineyards & Winery

Varietal: Riesling, 2007

Average Price: \$10.95

Serving Style: 750ml bottle

Description: Uncorked and poured into a dessert wine glass, this wine is a perplexed golden yellow with an almost silky pour. This medium-bodied riesling is lightly sweeter than traditional, and reveals notes of apples, peaches, and the finish of butternut toffee and passion fruit.

Overview: This has always been an easy grab at any liquor store when I am in a fix for a bottle of riesling. While the bottle is pretty average on its own, the key is to hit up *The Bakery* on 250 South and 300 East (or your bakery of choice) and snag a couple of fruit tarts to make it a touch better.

Where to Find: Liquor stores and the Spanish Valley Vineyards & Winery.

Winery: Castle Creek

Winery

Varietal: Cabernet

Sauvignon

Average Price: \$12.95

Serving Style: 750ml bottle

Description: In the glass, this cab is a deep ruby color with a medium body and skinny legs. The aromatics put off some dark fruits with a firm backing of plum and the lightest hint of cherries. Carried over to the flavor, the plums and cherries present themselves with an average tannin backing and an off-dry finish.

Overview: Proudly boasting a bronze medal winner on the label, I found this to be just average. A solid-drinking cabernet for sure, but this is nothing to get moist about. One major complaint with the bottle is that it does not give you a vintage. What the fuck? Especially with reds and for anyone who cellars wine, it makes it rough to track its aging.

Where to Find: Pray for a revolution, but in the meantime, it's at the liquor stores.

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GUITAR CZAR

LOCAL REVIEWS

Brandie Frampton

What U See

D&LF Records

Street: 03.09

Brandie Frampton = Jailbait hoedown



Oh. My. Gawd. Brandie Frampton is, like, such a superstar!! She sings about things that I just really, like, relate to! Things like, you know, butterfly tattoos, and boys! Ugh, boys are 2 lame!!! She's 16 and from Lindon, so she totally relates to my problems, lol! I mean, when u r 16, u know so much about life!! OMG my favorite song is "Dreams," where she sings about that super-cute boy down the street who is so, like, responsible and mows lawns when he's not studying!! She also sings about how, like, colors r like every day of her life, u know!? I kno what u mean, Brandie! LOL. She even spells it "colours!" She's so European. I mean, life is rly like a ferris wheel, like, you know? Brandie Frampton, I luv u!!!! —Ross Solomon

Lee Madrid

Abusing All Your Charms

Unsigned

Street 10.08

Lee Madrid = Sean Lennon + Noah Georgeson

As a solo artist, Madrid possesses what many lack. He's got an ear for classics. It's not always easy to entertain an audience with just a guitar, piano and buttery vocals. This album should be a lesson to

other aspiring musical locals—it proves that simple can be beautiful. The addition of the trumpet in tracks "Accident Prone", "Flopping Around" and "Nasty Weather" give *Abusing All Your Charms* the right amount of jazzy flavor, perfect for a laid back afternoon. Madrid's instrumental talent and songwriting are great examples of genuine work and a love for music. Plus, he did all his album artwork. It never hurts to multitask. —Lyuba Basin

Revideolized

Sounds From the Canyon

Revideolized

Self-Released

Street: 1.01.08

Revideolized = Mountains + Night + Nature



Sounds from the Canyon is Revideolized's (a one man project) third album and one highly enlightening concept. The album was recorded in "The Canyon," also known as Butterfield Canyon. The music, at first glance, could be described as easy listening, but it morphs from that genre's simple, sterilized, happy, soothing sounds to a darker atmosphere, heightening senses, with ambient and haunting excursions. The electronic synths mixed with beats and brilliant piano melodies are highly organic, far from a mechanical sound one would expect from music played out on an electronic piece of equipment. *Sounds from the Canyon* feels like a soundtrack beginning at dusk and ending in

the deep calm of the extremely early morning, capturing the spirit of nature at night. We can't all spend every night in the mountains, so this record encapsulates that feeling and allows you to go to that place whenever and wherever you want. —Bryer Wharton

Rope or Bullets

The Turns

Self-Released

Street: 04.11.08

Rope or Bullets = Purr Bats + Tilly and the Wall



Sometimes I think bands are making music for the sole purpose of driving people to stand closer to speakers, with the result of never hearing anything again. Sadly, my dinky computer speakers are not that powerful. Bits and pieces of each song could be considered tolerable for listening to, but only if the purpose is to drown out someone who is much more annoying than a song that seems to last 20 minutes, but in reality lasts just over three minutes. *Rope or Bullets* should take the idea "less is more" and create something worth the time spent cringing through this album. (*Urban Lounge*: 02.07) —Jessica Davis

Secret Abilities

Planet Earth About to be Recycled

Self-Released

Street: 11.24

Secret Abilities = They Might Be Giants + Purr Bats + Star Trek + Red Dwarf

After seeing Secret Abilities live, I can at least say they are consistent with their music. Most bands excel in one setting or the other. Secret Abilities are the same talented blah live or recorded. From crazy dance riffs in "Can't Stop" to a disgustingly sweet "Love and A Parking Lot." I think the secret of this album is that it confuses the hell out of me. I want to dance and listen to each song over, but then the vocals start dragging out each song until I want to destroy every lingering "bah, get up, and get out." Sadly, I do not own a laser gun, and I will probably listen to the CD once more, then throw it into a pile of forgotten rubbish. —Jessica Davis

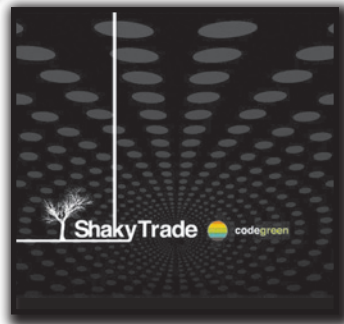
Shaky Trade

Code Green

Self-Released

Street: 12.08

Shaky Trade = Fishbone + super-early Red Hot Chili Peppers + Go Jimmy Go



I don't know about you, but when I think about Ogden, the first thing that comes to mind is funk. Well, maybe the first thing that comes to mind is poverty, then drug use, then crime, then funk, but I'm sure they're all related somehow. Anyway, Shaky Trade offers some great O-Town style funk across the 13 tracks of *Code Green*. The band's style is closer to the SoCal funk rock of the 80s than it is to **George Clinton**, but that's far from a bad thing. Forays into reggae-style rhythms on "180 Dub"

and "Wink and a Nod", plus the generally awesome use of horns give Shaky Trade a Fishbone-esque vibe and keeps things fresh and fun throughout the album. Maybe Ogden isn't known for its large amounts of funk, but Shaky Trade just might change that.

—Ricki Vigil

The Tenants of Balthazar's Castle

The Moon

A. Star Records

Street: 10.14

TTOBC = Autechre + The Lord of the Rings (the book)



An ongoing and ever-changing experiment, TTOBC's third full-length can be described as nothing other than an astoundingly beautiful and ambient stroke of genius. Even with so many established artists in the genre of noise, never has the spirit of imagination been captured like this. Accompanying so many familiar samples are ones that spawn from the obscure or bizarre. Even without the beat-driven framework present in almost any other genre, these sounds and noises are still woven together with extraordinary intricacy. An open-ended tale results, providing an incredibly unique way of interpretive storytelling that is displayed marvelously by TTOBC. With this album being so drastically different than the last two, the rest of the series (nine in total) are sure to differentiate themselves even further from the mainstream.

—Ross Solomon

Vicious Starfish

Remember To Forget

Independent

Street: 02.10

Vicious Starfish = Eels + Superdrag

Vicious Starfish are a peculiar band. Their tracks vary from campy light hearted upbeat stuff

to somber, piano-driven songs to electronic pop songs. It's hard to pin them down. While I like the variety, it seems like the band is a bit scattered. I feel like if they would concentrate on one genre and perfect it, they would really benefit. But the 12 songs here are all pretty good for being so varied. I would have to say that track four, "Black Satin Gloves", is my favorite on the album. I secretly wish that **Austin Merkley**, **Justin Carrell** and **Nathan Merkley** would all put on satin gloves and violate my personal space because I hear that the more vicious the starfish, the greater they are in the sack. These dudes are Utah's version of **Queen** and you can't hate on that. Pick up this album if you're down to hear a band that knows how to mix it up. —Jon Robertson

X96 Live & Local

Volume 5

Independent

Street: 02.03

X96 = A compilation of a bunch of local bands

The fifth installment of X96's live local features 18 tracks from Utah's finest bands. The bands featured are the ones that you would expect to be on here—**Tolchok Trio**, **Starmy**, **Purr Bats** and many other scenester bands that all of SLC seems to be obsessed with. All the tracks are standard dancey rock business. But, there are a few stand out tracks from some bad ass bands on here. **Spörk's** "Midnight Bomber" is definitely the coolest track on the compilation with some other solid cuts by **Ex Machina** and **Andale!**. Another highlight of the compilation was the quirky electro number "Decoder" by **Chris Merritt**. I'm just glad that I wasn't subjected to a **Royal Bliss** track. Thank you Jesus! Thank you Lord!

—Jon Robertson

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GAME REVIEWS



Mortal Kombat vs. DC Universe

Midway Amusement Games

Street: 11.16.08

PS3 / Xbox 360 – Fighting

Even for the convoluted storylines in today's video games, a fight between Batman and Sub Zero is a big fucking stretch. But no one plays fighting games for examples of reality or lessons on logic, right? So let the absurdity run rampant! And it does.

If I were a video game developer in charge of making this game a reality, I would avoid scripting a story entirely — who the fuck wants to hear me try to explain the circumstances that cause Superman and Jax to go three rounds? So it came as quite a surprise to me how very story-driven the single player campaigns in *MK/DCU* really are. No one's up for an Oscar in these cut scenes (except maybe Captain Marvel. Shazam!) but it's actually quite nice to have a little *discussion* between these well known intellectual properties, before they beat the skin-tight onesies off each other. Some of the DC characters, like Superman, are entirely too powerful in their own mythology to even be hurt by conventional means, which the story attempts to explain through a mysterious condition affecting all the characters as a result of the chaotic merging of the MK and DC realms. This condition, dubbed "The Rage", levels every character's power so that each pairing is more or less equal. The Rage is also used to justify match-ups like Superman versus Batman — wherein one of the two is under the influence of The Rage, and the other is the unwilling defender.

The game makes as much sense as it can, given the circumstances, and for that I give it props. The cut scenes are numerous and amusing to watch. No games stand on the strength of their cut scenes, fighting games least of all. Here is where we begin to reveal the unfortunate truth. *MK/DCU* has all the problems that have caused the Mortal Kombat franchise to lose its status over the past 20 years. Set next to *Soul Caliber* or *DOA4*, *MK/DCU*'s fighting engine is almost unbearably clunky. Combat is a series of static, singular moves — never a flowing progression of combos. In fact, I would go as far as to say there are literally no improvements in playability between this and, say, *Mortal Kombat Annihilation* (the last MK game I played). To top it off, fatalities and overall violence have been eased way down to reach a T-for-teen rating. There's still plenty of blood, but when I have the urge to rip of my enemy's leg and beat him to death with it, I'm left with an empty feeling inside because I'm denied my right to do so.—Jesse Hawlish

3 disappointed Noob Saibot fans out of 5



Midnight Club: L.A.

Rockstar

Street: 10.20.08

Xbox 360 - Racing


A favorite among casual and serious gamers alike, the *Midnight Club* franchise has finally come to current-gen consoles. The overall result is, to be professional and objective about it, a fricken blast. Pimpin' out the **Cobra Concept** with dubs, metallic baby-blue paint, and those classic dual-white racing stripes, made my inner gear-head poop a little out of sheer excitement. It's a solid racing title full of all the goodies you remember from previous *Midnight Clubs*, all tricked-out and expanded for the Xbox 360.

The game boasts "no load times!" on the back cover, which is a dirty, dirty lie, but there *are* very few and each is brief. The persistent game world of L.A. is impressively detailed and receives no complaints from me. The map is presented in a sweet way too. Rather than a picture in the start menu with lines representing real roads, the camera simply zooms way out when you press the map button, allowing you to view the actual model of the city from a distance in order to navigate. The soundtrack is extensive, probably the best I've heard in a racing game, though I still muted the music after a few hours. Although there aren't enough bikes, there are plenty of cars and the customization interface is huge and nearly perfect. I say *nearly* because players who attempt high levels of vehicle customization are going to run into some awkward camera-control issues when placing their decals. It's no biggie for most, but if you spend two red-eyed hours pimpin' out your **rx8** like me, you'll find the placement controls are a bitch.

If you're on the fence about renting or buying this title, the difficulty level may help you decide. If *MC:LA* fails in any way, it is because it's simply too challenging for casual gamers. Gamers who enjoyed and were challenged by previous *MC* titles may very well find this iteration frustratingly difficult. From half-way through the game onward, crashing in the second half of the race almost guarantees you'll be too far behind to catch up and overtake your competitors before the finish line. By the end of the game, the Lamborghinis and Saleens race with robotic precision — a challenge for even the most battle-scarred racers.


MC:LA is also impressively long. My bet is the average game renter is going to tire of this title before he runs out of challenges and missions. Couple this with the high level of difficulty, and while it's not exactly a well-rounded experience, *MC:LA* from a racing gamer's perspective is an absolute must-buy. —Jesse Hawlish

4.2 chumps in my rear-view out of 5




feb 18 queereads: *The Passion*


feb 24 hardboiled: *Girl on the Fridge*



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THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of
Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit



"Refreshments Anyone?"
Filed by Oom

Immediately after it was discovered by the British tabloid media that missing British pop sensation (our cousin) **Tempest X** was hiding out in Utah, Tempest was ordered back to the UK to fulfill contractual obligations. **Aunt Kate** has a mania for organizing family functions and she insisted on throwing a going away party for Tempest and her mother, our aunt **Delila**. The soiree was held at aunt Kate's notoriously unkempt home, Weedpatch, in the great parlor (which in contrast to the rest of the house stays strangely clean and clutter free). The room's mismatched furniture was pulled back to the sides and several additional folding chairs (which obviously came from a Mormon cultural hall overflow area) were added. A large refreshments table was set at the far end of the room. Aunt Kate instructed us to invite everybody, and evidently she did the same.

Arriving in flowy skirts and enveloped in a cloud of hippy scent was **Liahona Glow**. She walked into the parlor waving her arms in slow motion while her mouth machine-gunned scatterbrained gibberish. Liahona is one of Aunt Kate's Mormon-gone-new age friends who claims to be a psychic medium or clairvoyant or some-such. Close on Liahona's heels was Sci-Fi Man, **Stewart Lennox III**, local and unintentional celebrity and native of the United Kingdom. He seems to love Tempest-X nearly as much as he loves science fiction. **Thumper** and **Zibah** from our band **The Weeping Giblets** were there along with about 20 of our friends. **Aunt Leona**, our mom **Petunia**, our brother **Foulkswrath** and several Weedpatch cousins were also in attendance. Arriving fashionably late, looking weary and bedraggled, and with her right hand held up and out in front of her, was **Cumoram Hill-de Garde** (globe-head, gossip and greatest friend of Aunt Kate).

Without so much as a "Hello, how are you?," Cumoram launched into one of her bonkers announcements. As soon as her fingertips touched Aunt Kate's shoulder, she sighed, "Oh Katherine, sorry I'm late. The Gadianton Robbers kept me up all night. Absolute legions of those evil spirits came down off the mountain last night and fought a great war with the angels on my back-lawn... again. That's twice this month!" In local Mormon folklore the

mountains of Utah are filled with the ghosts of these evil baddies from the Book Of Mormon. Liahona, slowly flitting past and eavesdropping, joined in, "Oh, was that up at your place? I heard them. All those swords clanking against shields." Cumoram's lips pursed and her eyes narrowed before she spat back, "They don't use swords and shields! It's not Camelot. They use stone-hatchets and a sort of... death-ray."

Though Liahona, Cumoram and Aunt Kate grew up as part of the same group of friends, Cumoram has never liked Liahona and her hybrid Mormon/New Age ways. Cumoram couldn't resist taking a self-righteous stab at the more sensitive Liahona, "You and all your flighty mumbo-jumbo! I wouldn't be surprised to hear you'd voted Democrat. Out of your mind! Looney as a moon-mushroom in mauve slacks." As she loudly delivered the last line, Cumoram slowly looked around announcing it to everyone in the room as much as to Liahona. Liahona looked hurt, and Aunt Leona sitting nearby gasped aloud at the senseless cruelty.

Cumoram took in a deep breath and attempted to launch another verbal attack on Liahona, but Aunt Delila cut her off by saying, "Oh Cumoram! I think you might be right about the eagle! Something dropped onto Leona's car while passing underneath it." Leona shot a surprised look at Delila but stayed silent. The bait was taken. Cumoram instantly shifted her attention from Liahona to Aunt Delila. Her right hand raised up as she scurried over to Delila exclaiming, "See! See! I tqold you. I knew it! It poops! There's something sinister about that bird—probably part of the liberal conspiracy." At that, a strange stuttering sound came from Sci-Fi Man, which eventually morphed into a "Good Gawd!" Everybody in the room turned to look at him. Sci-Fi Man was standing in front of the refreshments table, corn chips in one hand, party plate of seven-layer dip in the other. He was frozen in a sort of deformed praying-mantis pose, and had a look of absolute disgust on his face. He was glaring

at Cumoram. He went on keeping the same pose and expression on his face. "You call this fine lady crazy (nodding toward Liahona), yet you believe that a giant metal statue of an eagle is part of a liberal conspiracy? And that it poops on your car when you drive underneath it? You tell us that armies of evil spirits swarm down out of the mountains just to fight wars with angels in your back garden and keep you from getting a good night's sleep? Madam, you take the cake. You are more bonkers than a birthday party in Bedlam." With that, he dipped his chip and chomped it.

Boo, who had been giggling away with Tempest, Delila and Zibah, decided to try and bait Sci-Fi Man about his own strange beliefs. Loud enough for the whole room to hear, she asked, "Hey Stewart, have you seen your phantom wasp-ladies lately?" Without thinking, Sci-Fi replied, "Yes I have! I believe they are the pony-tail snatchers." He then caught on to Boo's ploy and clammed up. Despite the loudly silent cold war of dementias going on between Cumoram, Liahona and Sci-Fi Man, the send off party was a roaring success. We laughed 'til our faces hurt and Tempest swore she would return as soon as she possibly could.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

A Quiet Little Marriage
Slamdance Film Festival
Director: Mo Perkins
Winner: Grand Jury Award for Best Narrative Feature

One of the amusing aspects of filmmaking is having the pleasure to work with your friends and family and collectively create something beautiful. Director **Mo Perkins** along with long-time friends **Mary Elizabeth Ellis** and **Cy Carter** have most certainly achieved this task with their dramatic comedy, *A Quiet Little Marriage*, an emotional account of moving forward in life with those you love and being held back by fear. When Olive (Ellis) is ready to take the next step with her husband Dax (Carter) and have a child, a catastrophic rift of deception and betrayal separates the once happy couple. Mary Elizabeth Ellis is absolutely stunning. Her emotional range offers smiles and tears at every corner, and Carter no doubt follows suit. **Eric Zimmerman's** cinematography and wonderful use of light and **Dave Lux's** simple yet brilliant score add another element of elegance to the artistic palette.—*Jimmy Martin*

The Cove
Sundance Film Festival
Director: Louie Psihoyos
Winner: U.S. Documentary Audience Award



In the 1960s, **Ric O'Barry** helped create the family friendly television program, *Flipper*. Forty years later, he's one of the most well-known activists spending every waking minute of his life to rescue captivated dolphins. His biggest challenge lies in the remote location of Taiji, Japan, where each year over 23,000 dolphins are horrifically slaughtered in a veiled cove, which no one has ever been allowed to film in...until now. With assistance from every source imaginable, Ric and his covert team risk their lives to reveal the true horrors shrouded in the land of the rising sun. Comparable to last year's heist documentary on artistic expression, *Man on Wire*, **Psihoyos'** crucial message can ultimately save lives. Did you know that dolphin meat's mercury levels are considered toxic, and yet are still sold to the citizens of Japan? Not only does the abundance of jaw-dropping content make this film a masterpiece, but the oceanic cinematography is some of the most fascinating imagery to reach the screen in ages. In the course of its run, *The Cove* will not only save lives, but will change them as well.—*Jimmy Martin*

Dead Snow (Død snø)
Sundance Film Festival
Director: Tommy Wirkola
Winner: Straight Up Badass Award...from me

Straight out of Norway comes the greatest resurrection to a genre since sliced bread...wait, that doesn't even make sense...fuck it...Nazi Zombies!!! When eight college medical students, four horny males and four sexy females, decide to spend their Easter vacation in an isolated cabin in the mountains with no phone service, rock music, alcohol, and *Twister*, no good can ever come of it. When a stranger unexpectedly arrives, seeking brief shelter, he informs the rambunctious bunch of the region's unnerving connection to World War II. Add a barrage of blood-thirsty zombies from the SS and the result includes splattered gelatinous brains, slit throats, exposed intestines, and gallons upon gallons of blood spilled on the glistening white powder. The

level of horror surpasses frightening and veers toward absurd...and that's the point. One can only pray Hollywood doesn't sink its whetted teeth into the neck of this foreign beauty and develop another shit-tastic replica.—*Jimmy Martin*

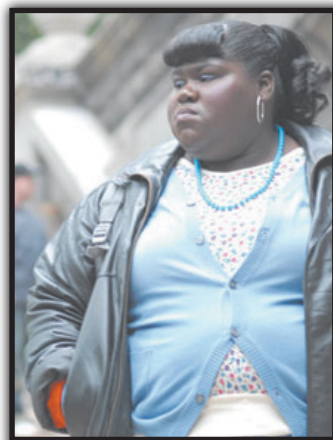
Punching the Clown
Slamdance Film Festival
Director: Gregori Viens
Winner: Audience Award for Best Narrative Feature

Musical comedian, **Henry Phillips**, stars in this twisted comedy as a musical comedian named... Henry Phillips. Ok, so it's not the most original idea, but this satirical observation of the Hollywood dream and those who control it from behind the curtains is funny enough to pass inspections. As a drifting folk singing comedian roaming the country, Phillips makes his way to Los Angeles, and due to a fortunate mishap, achieves the music career he always dreamed about. However, he soon learns there's a price to be paid for notoriety and grandeur. The film's entirety is just filler to get Phillips on stage in front of the camera to perform his ingenious songs. One may question why a live concert/documentary film wasn't created instead of producing a basic script and forcing someone who is clearly not an actor into a lead role, especially when the majority of the film is of Phillips performing. However, when a man stands before a Christian fundraiser, and sings of crack, hookers, and the apocalypse, you can't help but smile.—*Jimmy Martin*

Push
Sundance Film Festival
Director: Lee Daniels
Winner: U.S. Dramatic Audience Award, U.S. Special Jury Prize, U.S. Dramatic Grand Jury Prize

The film adaptation of **Sapphire's** *Push* is a stunning and phenomenal story of racism, poverty, education, growing up, and love told through the heartwrenching tale of Precious Jones, a black teenager in Harlem pregnant by her father for the second time, illiterate, and destined

to a miserable fate at the hands of her wretched, jealous mother. Acting performances in this film scream Oscar-caliber from the get go - the tears from the audience were streaming not from sappy melodrama but from real life struggle and desperation. By the end of the film, everyone was on an emotional tipping point, seconds from bursting



into tears. When director **Lee Daniels** took to the stage, he was greeted by an overwhelming standing ovation. I can't say enough great things about this film - the frustrations are so real and the scenario so hopeless it is as sad as it is frightening. The film effectively paints a picture of a Harlem in which the public schools barely function and children are allowed to go progress without even learning to read. Though the subject of education plays a major role in the film, the core subject of the film is belonging, family, and love at all costs. Anyone who has ever doubted their family stability or upbringing or taken their family for granted should watch this film. It is inspiring beyond words and a testament to human fortitude.—*Ryan Powers*

Zombie Girl: The Movie
Slamdance Film Festival
Directors: Justin Johnson, Aaron Marshall, Erik Mauck
Winner: Spirit of Slamdance Award

Most adults would shake their heads and roll their eyes after hearing a kid mutter, "I like wanna

make movies when I grow up." In the case of Austin, Texas' **Emily Hagins**, she's already converted the non-believers...at the age of 12. **Zombie Girl: The Movie** shadows Emily on her two-year journey as she writes, casts, shoots, and directs her first feature-length zombie horror film, **Pathogen**. Produced with a miniscule budget, the true spirit of independent cinema surfaces with costume hunts at local thrift stores and boom mics taped to



painting extension poles. While the unprecedented filmmaking bit is the initial draw, the genuine story comes from the relationship between Emily and her mother, **Megan**, and the unconditional love one has for their aspiring child. Willing to push herself beyond the limits to ensure Emily's happiness, Megan assists with anything and everything she can and that includes creating a prosthetic head for decapitations. June Cleaver ain't got shit on this woman! It's both beautiful and heartbreaking to watch as Megan foresees her daughter's independence and is reluctant to let go. Not only have directors **Justin Johnson**, **Aaron Marshall**, and **Erik Mauck** successfully captured the true essence of childhood innocence and family bonding, but they have also documented the undeniable passion of a rising artist. —Jimmy Martin

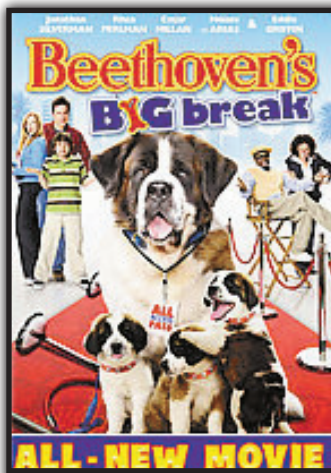
Check out slugmag.com for Jimmy Martin's Academy Award and Razzi Award projections.

YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM
THIS IS WHY BIRTH CONTROL EXISTS:

Beethoven's Big Break Universal

Street: 12.26.08

What the hell is with all the dog movies starting with the letter 'B'? There's *Balto*, *Baxter*, *Beethoven*, *Benji*, *Bingo*, *Bolt*... something's going on, damnit. This



adventure marks the ... fuck me ... sixth feature film in the canine series (not to

mention a failed cartoon show). Apparently, the family in the preceding film got tired of cleaning up mountains of dog shit and kicked the bitch to the streets, because we discover Beethoven stirring up trouble and pissing people off as a stray. Soon after, he's rescued by Billy (Moises Arias), the son of professional animal trainer, Eddie (Jonathan Silverman), and brought to the family's overcrowded animal sanctuary of a home. Oh, what silly antics will Beethoven get into this time? Basically, every gag from the first film is regurgitated. There's even a scene where footage from the original film is recycled. How cheap is that? The only variation is that this time Beethoven becomes a movie star, and all of his films revolve around swiping food off of people's plates. Oscars watch out! While **Eddie Griffin** slips in mature comical dialogue for the parents forced to sit through this corny nightmare, the funniest element was the fact that the film was shot at Universal Studios Orlando in an attempt to resemble a real town ... did I just see the Terminator 3D Ride in the background? I think the time has come to take Beethoven behind the barn and reenact the ending to *Old Yeller*.—Jimmy Martin



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Fri. Feb. 27: Irony Man, Truce, Tombstone Jesus

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BOOKS ALOUD

Don't Stop Believin': How Karaoke Conquered the World and Changed My Life

Brian Raftery

Da Capo Press

Street: 01.01

I love Karaoke. I love it so much that I have sung, among other things, **M. Manson's** "The Beautiful People" while aged strippers shook their thing a few feet away (aka Stripperoake) and braved a lethargic version of **Radiohead's** "Optimistic" just because I wanted to show off my **Thom Yorke** dance. A connoisseur, yes, but my participation and devotion to the art are nothing compared to Brian Raftery's, a former *GQ* and *Spin* journalist who spent years perfecting his craft. An equal mix of history (interviews with inventors, track production houses and members of live karaoke bands), the author's White Whale chases (i.e. **Fugazi's** "Waiting Room," "Thirty Songs I'll Never Find at Karaoke"), karaoke cruise ships and underlying sadness over age versus the desire to get up—and get your friends up—to rock, Raftery's text does the culture justice like no other. —*Dave Madden*

Girl on the Fridge

Etgar Keret

Farrus, Straus, and Giroux

Street: 2008

Amid the bitching of overanxious Internet-Age literati decrying humanity as a race of illiterates with goldfish attention spans, Israel's **Etgar Keret** has found a solution — make short stories even shorter and 10 times as potent — like mixing a Long Island iced tea on paper. Flash fiction is steadily gaining prominence in contemporary literature, but Keret has the economy, the twisted imagination and the unbridled empathy to make stories like "Asthma Attack," "Sidewalks" and "Freeze!" as memorably jarring as anything his long-winded predecessors may have accomplished. It is as if **McCarthy** and **Kafka** formed a vaudeville duo that performs in a Dreamland ghetto and forbids punchlines. Funny, violent and heartbreaking as well as fast, *Girl on the Fridge* is the best response yet to those moans and groans and perfect for the reader with only five or 10 minutes. —*J.R. Boyce*

Jetpack Dreams: One Man's Up and Down (but Mostly Down) Search for the Greatest Invention That Never Was

Mac Montandon

Da Capo Press

Street: 11.1.08

"Where the hell is my jetpack?" That is what Mac Montandon asks as he explores how we could live in this booming technological age of computers in our pockets, space travel, and escalators and not have our very own personal jetpacks? Montandon discusses the cultural phenomenon of the jetpack in science fiction and reality by looking at the origin of the jetpack concept in comic books and movies and how that evolved into the obsession of several garage tinkers. Perfecting jetpack technology has been left to the brave weekend warriors unafraid of the slight risk of exploding or plummeting to their death. Montandon tackles the subject with a very appropriate sense of humor. This book is an inspiration. Where the hell is my jetpack? —*Ben Trentelman*

Legally Stoned

Todd A. Thies, Ph.D

Kensington Books

Street: 01.01

This is a stoner's dream come true. Obtaining substances that are somewhat legal to possess without the fear of the dirty, dirty police seems like the right direction toward nirvana. Thies is a forensic psychologist and has no doubt had his fair share of blazed days and colorful nights. The book explains how to obtain, use and some risks for things like toad venom, nutmeg and cactus. Is it too good to be true? Are there drugs surrounding me that I don't know about? Although many of the substances are legal to obtain, some do not sound like they would be that beneficial to the pursuit of enlightenment. For example, the "other" mushroom, *Amanita muscaria*, causes nausea and vomiting in most of its consumers and is highly toxic. Another example is the sage related *Salvia divinorum* which causes a completely dissociative experience for many who partake. The overriding theme that I took away from this book is that all drugs have risks, physical or social, and should be used with care. It is possible that if we did everything with care, we might find that nirvana that we crave. —*Andrew Glassett*



Bellyography: Mecha

By Astara

It is fascinating to track an artist's journey. I have been following **Mecha's** belly dance evolution for several years. Besides being a beautiful woman, her performance persona that really caught my eye. I have witnessed her transformation from an unsure beginning student/performer to an elegant, articulate and exciting teacher and soloist. She is a lovely person, inside and out—soft-spoken and gentle. But this tender exterior belies a smoldering sensuality that she harbors, and it becomes very attractive when tapped through her dancing. Combine that with meticulous technique and we have one hot and talented dancer.

Mecha became involved in Middle Eastern dance nine years ago. Her main focus before that was aerobics, jazzercise and working out at the gym. She has never had any previous formal dance training of any kind. "I was big on fitness and in really great shape," Mecha says, "Then, a good friend of mine wanted me to go with her to take belly dance classes. I honestly had no idea what belly dancing was. It only took one class. I was hooked!"

"When I started lessons, I thought that I would just take the classes. I really didn't want to perform. A year later, there I was on stage, shaking like a leaf, and getting ready to do just that—perform," Mecha says, "Even if you [never] perform, I think belly dance classes are positive for women. It is one hour you don't have to think about your everyday life. It is one hour for you. You can feel beautiful, lose yourself in music and movement and get some fabulous exercise."

Mecha's first and only teacher is **Thia**. Mecha has been a member of **Troupes Topaz, Daughters of Isis** and **Avatar**. Mecha is presently a member of **Troupe Ultima** and a teacher/choreographer for **Thia's Egyptian Dance Center** and **Troupe Ostara**. "Teaching and choreographing dances for Ostara, my performing class, has improved my own dancing so much. As a teacher, I have to work hard on my own technique so that I am teaching my students correctly. I have learned so much since I became a teacher," she says.

Mecha describes her own solo choreographies as having no real style because she likes them all. She has definitely been inspired by Thia and influenced by **Dina** and **Virginia**. "I love Egyptian Cabaret. I love the movement, the costumes and it is so sexy! When I perform a solo, I don't dance just one style, I break the rules. I just let my body do what it wants to do. I listen to the music and go with it. And I love dancing to live music. Having that connection with the musicians, hearing the live drumming. It is so uplifting to improvise and to just dance," she says.

You can watch Mecha "just dance" at *Belly Dance Spring Fest*, March 7 and at *Indian Fusion* each month.

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CD REVIEWS

Asobi Seksu

Hush

02.17

Polyvinyl Records

Asobi Seksu = Slowdive + My Bloody Valentine + pop

This review could be summed up in one word: disappointment. That's really all there is to it. 2006's *Citrus* was as good as everyone said it was, so the prospect of the next Asobi Seksu was exciting. How would they improve on that wall-of-sound, but catchy style of shoegaze that only they could pull off? Well, I guess we have our answer: they couldn't. Asobi Seksu decided to go stripped down for *Hush*, which isn't inherently a problem. However, they lost that spark, that interesting ability of singer **Yuki Chikudate** to bring a certain lightness and beauty to the sometimes-pop, sometimes-noisy band behind her. Gone is the need for the earplugs on *Hush* and with it, the stellar dichotomy of abrasive and gentle that was their calling card. It would be a pleasant listen if it came up on *Pandora.com*, but it wouldn't receive a thumbs-up; it might even get skipped. —Peter Fiyer

Beirut/Real People

March Of The Zapotec/Holland Pompeii Records

Street: 02.16

Beirut = Final Fantasy + A Hawk & A Hacksaw + Devotchka

Real People = Beirut + Album Leaf + No Kids

The first half, recorded with a 19-piece Mexican band, is unmistakably Beirut, with its grandiose instrumentation and sickeningly catchy melodies. The latter portion, recorded under **Zach Condon**'s old band name, is the product of being locked in a basement with a collection of synthesizers. Real People's *Holland* plays like Condon was trying to construct a soundtrack for a dramatic teen comedy in the late 80s. I mean that in the best way—it is just as lush and melodic as the *Beirut* EP. Strangely though, synth beats seem to be very flattering for Condon, as "My Night With The Prostitute From Marseille" is more infectious than anything on *March Of The Zapotech*. That could, however, be my love of classy hookers coming through. —Cody Hudson

Combichrist

Today We Are All Demons

Metropolis

Street: 01.20

Combichrist = Icon of Coil + Wumpscut + Hocico

Andy LaPlegua, formerly of Icon of Coil, wanted something different from the typical dance electronica, and created Combichrist in early 2000. The

group is pretty much the shizznizzle at the moment in gothic and regular dance clubs. They've come to SLC a few times in the last year, and they just played the *Avalon* on Jan. 30. I'm not much of an electronic music fan, but what drew me to Combichrist was the darkness and noise their albums created. However, LaPlegua's vision of the group has changed from ultra-angry to a more danceable style. It's not the **Chemical Brothers** or **Paul Oakenfold**, but the anger is gone with a good half of *Today We Are All Demons*. The single that came before the album *Sent to Destroy* is the trademark Combichrist, and the latter portion of the album brings some of that anger back in. Overall, the record is a disappointment for someone like me, who relished in the harsh, pissed-off sound Combichrist purveyed. This is just too damn pop oriented. —Bryer Wharton

The Damned

So, Who's Paranoid?

The English Channel

Street: 12.08

The Damned = Roy Orbison + The Doors

I first caught wind of *So, Who's Paranoid?* on Halloween night 2008 when I saw The Damned on *The Late Late Show with Craig Ferguson*. Immediately, my mind went wild imagining sounds reminiscent of *Damned*, *Damned*, *Damned*, *Music for Pleasure* and *Machine Gun Etiquette*, but such is not to be found on this record. "Nothing" and "Little Miss Disaster" are about as close as it comes, and they are two of the album's better tracks. This album is very much in the same vein as their last outing, *Bedtime for Democracy*, which overall, was just all right. One thing that must not go unmentioned is the development of **David Vanian**'s voice. It sounds pretty ace these days. This album isn't the new *Damned* record I had hoped for, but you can't go wrong with The Damned. When it comes to them, you're going to get substance, no matter the record. So, while this one may not garner too many new fans, there is much to hear on this record, and old-timers should certainly grab this one. —Aaron Day

Dirtfedd

The American Nightmare

Koch Records

Street: 02.24

Dirtfedd = Drowning Pool + Sonic Syndicate + American Headcharge + Professional Murder Music

Oh, how I love it when band bios try to paint a picture that the artists went through hardship and are darned ready for some stardom. I could ramble on about the PR aspects of any band but that defeats the purpose of this

review. For a six-piece, I'd expect some innovative tunage but hey, when a member of the eight-or-so member troupe **Slipknot** produced the CD, the possibility of any dynamics with many members is just pointless. *The American Nightmare* is a mishmash of styles, that utilizes some elements that came from extreme metal and turns it into a nü-metal nightmare. There are so many negative things I could say about this record that in the end, I would just come off as redundant. In a short summation, the album is made up of breakdowns, screamed and whiny-ass vocals, horrific keyboards and really damned annoying guitar riffs. This one's coming soon to the cheapo used bin at your local CD shop. —Bryer Wharton

Eighteen Wheels Burning

Tweak'd Out Strung Up & Redefined

Meteorcity

Street: 02.24

Eighteen Wheels Burning = ZZ Top + Dirty Sweet + Mudhoney

Eighteen Wheels Burning are so close to being a bodacious band, with a sound that's thick and dirty, similar to post-grunge stoner bands like **Craw**. But they have one major flaw. When they get the dirt flowing and it starts to sound all dark and fuzzed out, they break out the bogus 80s guitar solo. I hate guitar solos—they are probably the most cheese-dick thing ever invented in rock music. There are so many things you can do differently in a song than let the guitarist get their wank on. That's the problem with Eighteen Wheels Burning—they are too busy playing with themselves than getting down into the crunchy goodness of what post-grunge music is all about. Word to the wise, **Adam Valk**: If you keep wanking on that guitar, you're gonna go blind. —Jon Robertson

Grave Digger

Ballads of a Hangman

Napalm Records

Street: 01.27

Grave Digger = Judas Priest + Iron Maiden + Manowar – the wussy ballads

My only previous experience with Grave Digger was seeing some of their terrifically cheesy music videos, thus, the new album is my first full-on experience of the German power-metal crew. Gathering up some facts from the bio, the band, originating in 1980, had a short run of success before changing their name and trying to go glam, which led to a break-up. The band is classic metal through and through, but interestingly, their career had more success from the 90s on. Ironically, on *Ballads of a Hangman*, there aren't any ballads, although there's one that borders on a power

ballad. Everything else is supremely rocking in the oh-so-classic way, with fast riffing and smooth, yet old-school-sounding, production. The most positive thing about the album that leaves any classic metal clichés and monotonous sounds at the door is the gruff-styled vocals—no über falsetto stuff here. It's similar to **Rob Halford**'s rougher singing style. If you like Priest or Maiden, then be a Grave Digger! —Bryer Wharton

HEP*Z

Centavos

Street: 01.01

100% Zero Records (the local label) HEP*Z = Motörhead + Poopy Necroponde (on downers)

Necroponde is at it again, this time with a satirical homage to "classic" metal. Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery gets somewhat lost in his take on the genre in some songs—culminating with ironic lyrics about consuming every type of drug in the 80s metal arsenal of substances in the song "Smoke Some Hash." This is not for the diehard hard rock fan that can't poke fun at themselves, but for everybody else that will enjoy some surprisingly well-crafted rock songs with a less-than-serious **Judas Priest** mentality (or any other UK band of that era and style). **Lemmy** would be well pleased if he heard Necroponde's take on his voice—I almost thought I was hearing a Motörhead cover band initially. For a good time, follow the prescription on the liner notes: "Play this shit loud and high as fuck, bitches." —JP

Here We Go Magic

Self-titled

Western Vinyl

Street: 02.24

Here We Go Magic = The Shins + Animal Collective + any other "hip" neo-folk indie-pop band

When I received this album, I was expecting nothing more than another bearded pussy with an acoustic guitar and SM-57 microphone. I was wrong (about the beard part). Here We Go Magic is the moniker of songwriter **Luke Temple**, plus two. This is his sophomore release. That being said, I hope he learns with time. The music isn't bad by any regards, it's actually quite pleasant (pleasantly boring). The main problem is that this vein of music has run dry and Temple lacks the sincerity and originality that his contemporaries have found no problem injecting into this type of music. A few of the grooves on here are good and will provide pleasant background music, most notably the delightfully repetitive "Fangela." After that, skip to the closing track, "Everything's Big." To sum it up, to hell with these NYC-apartment 4-track bands. You'd be safe sticking with **Fleet Foxes** this year. —Ryan Sanford

Iran

Dissolver

Narnack Records

Street: 02.03

Iran = Deerhunter + TV on the Radio + Black Dice

Iran emerge from a seven-year slumber showing they've never lost the wild-eyed edge of youth, refusing to trade any excitement for maturity and boring securities. Take minimal post-punk leanings and pull it by the hair through a puddle of noise, throw in singer **Aaron Aites'** brilliance and TV on the Radio's **Kyp Malone's** angular guitar-playing and you have their third album, *Dissolver*. It sounds a little less like erratic lo-fi schizophrenics and a bit more like one of the more promising albums of 2009. "I Already Know You're Wrong" sounds like **Deerhunter** giving **Sebadoh** a handjob in some bad dream, with brilliant multi-instrumental tracks like "Where I'm Going" helping the album reach new dimensions. While a great album without many flaws, the only drawback is that it sometimes sounds like a collection of TV on the Radio B-sides. Still, I think I'd prefer this. —*Ryan Sanford*

Look Mexico

Gasp Asp 7"

Tiny Engines

Street: 12.23

Look Mexico = Braid + Minus the Bear + Scream Hello

Despite the gruesome cover art featuring a variety of bloody animal heads ensnared by a snake, Look Mexico's *Gasp Asp* is a mellow collection of three songs that combine smooth vocals with delicately layered instrumentation and killer drumming. I admit that the cover art had me hoping that these laid-back Florida dudes had secretly let a whole lot of **Slayer** seep into their sound, but this 7" is good enough that I'm not really disappointed. Side A ("You're Not Afraid of the Dark, Are You?") begins with a sweetly smooth string section, which sets the mood for vocalist **Matt Agrella's** clean and relaxed delivery over hypnotic guitars and surprisingly varied drumming. *Gasp Asp* is a little bit self-conscious and almost a little too "Awww, shucks" cute, but it recalls the days of emo before it got all smeared in eyeliner. Go ahead and give this one a spin. Just because there's no screaming, it doesn't make you a pussy. —*Ricky Vigil*

The Modern Society

The Beat Goes On

Original Signal Recordings

Street: 2.10

The Modern Society = Sahara Hot-nights - female vocals + The Pink Spiders + Jackson United

Hailing from Atlanta, The Modern Society's brand of rock n' roll/pop n' punk is upbeat, catchy and yet it still misses the mark, though not by much. Tracks like "Matinee" and "Mona Lisa" urge a sing-along and some good ol'-fashioned hand-clapping, while tracks such as "Paper Moon" offer a foot-stomping beat to rock to. So what's the problem then, you ask? It's hard to pinpoint exactly, because the ingredients are right and everything flows well, but there's still something missing. Maybe it's that some songs are too polished and clean instead of raw and edgy, or that the choruses float around in your head

for too long and are too simple. On the surface, *The Beat Goes On* succeeds, but it fails in its lack of overall depth and originality. —*Jeremy C. Wilkins*

Obi Best

Capades

Social Science Recordings

Street 02.24

Obi Best = Azure Ray + Lily Allen + Metric + Regina Spektor + Kate Nash

These indie girls are really climbing up that talent ladder, aren't they? They like to show all those boys who broke their hearts just how unique and special they really are now that they have a record deal. Oh yeah, they show them by singing sappy songs about love and origami and aww ... don't you wish you were still with her? Probably not, because if you are like me, you're overwhelmed. There are about a million of those girls who each have at least a 12-track album. If you do the math, I think there are possibly more sappy songs by these Raggedy-Anns than there are taxis in New York. At this point, I'd rather go back to angry bitches like **Alanis Morissette** who like to yell and cover their boobs with hair rather than deal with the uncomfortable cuteness of polka dots and ballet flats. —*Lyuba Basin*

Point Juncture, WA

Heart to Elk

Mt. Fuji Records

Street: 02.10

Point Juncture, WA = The Album Leaf (think "Always for You") + Wet Confetti + (gasp!) Sonic Youth

Oh, nostalgia. It's a favorite feeling of mine, and this album inspires a lot of it. Although I don't usually tend to characterize music as organic, *Heart to Elk* truly is forming an integral element of a whole. Sometimes it's raw and screechy, other times it's soft and earthy. It's sort of like spending a week in the depths of a forest. The sounds you hear there are ever-changing, and this album captures that woodland essence quite well. The band is obviously not as proficient and versatile as the great veterans in the aforementioned equation (I'm talking about Sonic Youth here), but the two definitely share some of the same sound qualities. *Heart to Elk* is an instrumental hotbed for purified reverberations. —*Erin Kelleher*

Psychic TV/PTV3

Mr. Alien Brain vs. The Skin-walkers

Cargo

Street: 12.08

Psychic TV/PTV3 = The Velvet Underground + Coil

A Psychic TV record is always a messy, terrific display of studio tricks, disconnected lyrics, sideways songwriting and futurism via genre-bending of outdated styles—and usually four albums whiz by before you really "get" the first one. This disc doesn't break ranks with that notion, as this current lineup (featuring vocals from **Genesis P-Orridge's** recently departed **Lady Jaye Breyer P-Orridge**) cycles through a puréed strangeness as inviting as it is off-putting. "Trussed" is curiously **Sound-garden's** "Mind Riot" meets **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, drummer **Morrison Edley** chugging along on hi-hat amidst the bands incredibly complex

drone. P-Orridge does la-la-I-love-you sounds on the meandering, screwed-up rock ballad, "The Alien Brain," then jumps to metal posturing ("Papal Break-dance") to flailing **Iggy Pop** antics on the over-the-top **Stooges**-like "Pickles and Jam." Grotesque, fascinating and otherworldly, the accompanying DVD (a documentary of sorts) only furthers Psychic TV's oracular mythology. —*Dave Madden*

Scott Pinkmountain & The Golden Bolts Of Tone

The Full Sun

Howells Transmitter

Street: 02.10

Scott Pinkmountain & The Golden Bolts of Tone = A less mystical Frances + Scott Walker without the flair and proficiency

It's no secret that this guy is clearly good at what he does. Before becoming Mr. Pinkmountain, Scott's last name was Rosenberg, and he played a mad saxophone. It's that very overtone, the jazzy instrumentals and sometimes-bluesy quality of the album, that make it worth listening to. "I Shall Not Be Released" is the album's shining star, but it doesn't get much better than that. The opening track is pleasant enough—piano and delicate vocals provide for a nice listen. As the album progresses, however, it quickly spins into chaos and becomes a vacuum that sucks up all the album's pleasantries. I'm all up for psychedelic jazz, but when it becomes a complete abyss of noise, it's far too overwhelming. I appreciate what's trying to be accomplished, and this album is pretty close to being a successful experiment, but those noisy kinks definitely need to be worked out. —*Erin Kelleher*

Sepultura

A-Lex

SPV

Street: 01.27

Sepultura = Soufily + Cavalera Conspiracy + Nailbomb - Max and Igor Cavalera

Well, I'll give Sepultura some credit: *A-Lex* is the closest the band has sounded to any era of Max Cavalera-Sepultura since he was ousted from the band over a decade ago. Unfortunately, it's the latest era, *Roots/Chaos A.D.*, which adds to that fact. The album sounds a hell of a lot like any project Max has been associated with since his ousting. The band took on a complex concept for the new record based on the *A Clockwork Orange* novel. Though I wonder, listening to the tribal/industrialized jam-type-vibe tunes from the album, which came first, the concept or the music, because neither really fits the other. Add to that notion that the album was recorded in three months' time but was primarily based off jam sessions coming from the group, it really doesn't seem like they tried to refine or unite those jams. The tunes come off as bland, repetitive and lacking any feeling, especially none of the feelings that *A Clockwork Orange* gave us. —*Bryer Wharton*

Sole & the Skyriders Band

Remix Album

Anticon

Street: 02.03

Sole & the Skyriders Band = The Anticon Collective

Not being a huge fan of wordy wordsmith Sole, but being a huge fan of most things Anticon, I was really excited for this track-for-track (sequenced in the same order) redo of the "band's" self-titled release. From **Dosh's** drifting, drum-heavy take on "The Sound of Head on Concrete" to **Sleeper's** dense textures and circuit-bent "Magnum" to **Subtitle's** nü-Crunk future beats on "Nothing is Free" to **Astronautalis's** spacious piano balladry on "A Sad Day For Investors" to my favorite, **Andrew Broder's** wobbly, overdriven version of "Stupid Things Implode on Themselves," this crew conjured enough magic to make me revisit the originals. A really terrific album except for one problem, something I hesitate to mention, as it's extraneous: Putting "This is a promo/thank you for downloading this promo" on the album every 30 seconds is an obnoxious, dickish Def Jam move. Just distracting to no end—so knock it off, Anticon. —*Dave Madden*

SOS

Adult Situations

Independent

Street: 02.17

SOS = Jesus Lizard + The Melvins + Urge Overkill

SOS has been around since 1995 and it shows, in a good way. These guys make some tough, hard-hitting music. It's like an old-school muscle car that's being ghost-driven into a brick wall. While the vocals sometimes sound like **James Hetfield** from **Metallica**, it's easy to tolerate because the songs are so hardcore. You have to respect bands that are bit older because they put attention to details that are vastly overlooked with most bands of today. The main thing about these guys is you can tell that they concentrated on the tones and EQs of the instruments. This is something that most poser-ass-douche bands of today rarely concentrate on. Keep it up, SOS, I would answer your distress call any goddamn day of the week. —*Jon Robertson*

Weird Owl

Ever The Silver Cord Be Loosed

Tee Pee Records

Street 02.17

Weird Owl = Entrance + Dead Meadow

Tee Pee never fails to bring me heavy guitar, psychedelic vocals and mythical references. Weird Owl is no different from other Tee Pee children: **The Warlocks**, **Witch**, **Earthless**, etc. This album is fully loaded with all the head-swaying you need. I can already see the strobelights and fog machines. **Trevor Tyrrell's** vocals exude the perfect amount of "I'm not even trying" attitude. Take that and break it down with lengthy guitar solos and thrusting percussion. Now add some hypnotic delay and you've got a new winner of my everlasting neo-psychedelic fantasy. Tee Pee is like the **Martha Stewart** of the music world, crafty and rebellious—who could ask for more? Weird Owl meets all the expectations of Tee Pee greatness. The best part of it is that, unlike Martha, it never gets old. —*Lyuba Basin*

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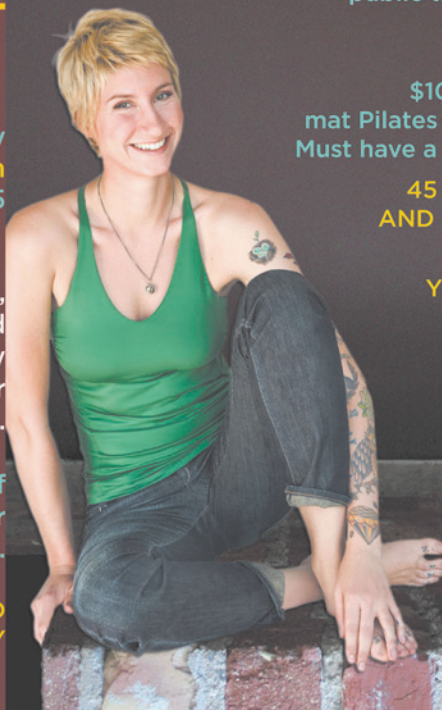
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Friday, February 6

Surface Shred Day – **Brighton**
Burton Demo Tour – **PCMR**
Reaction Effect, Invaders, Old Timer, Massacre at the Wake – **Burt's**
Amy Ray, Arizona – **Avalon**
Nate Baldwin – **Muse Music**
Design for a Cause – **Utah Arts Alliance**
The Daredevil Gene Bender, Screaming Condors, Thunderfist, Charlie Don't Surf – **Liquid Joe's**
Simple Shelter, Cavedoll – **Brewski's**
Band of Annuals, St. Bohe'me, Black Hens – **Kilby**
SL Weekly Music Awards: Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio, The Future of the Ghost – **Urban**
Frysauce & Willy Waldman – **Monk's**
Steez, Rudeboy, Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**
Carrie Scott & After Hours – **Pat's BBQ**
Cache Tullman – **Tin Angel**
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**
Joe McQueen & Clayton Furch – **The Wine Cellar**
The Street, Super So Far, The Better Life Band, Until Further Notice – **Club Vegas**
Zoltan – **Ogden Marriot**

Saturday, February 7

Yo! Majesty, Natalie Stewart, Rope or Bullets – **Urban**
Cavedoll, Demension Zero, Simple Shelter – **ABG's**
Burton Demo Tour – **PCMR**
Infiniti Trapp Door 8th
Anniversary – **Trapp Door**
Endless Summer – **Pat's BBQ**
Sintehis, Shades of Grey, Feel Good Patrol – **Tony's**
Chris Merritt – **Velour**
Them Changes – **Johnny's**
City Weekly Music Awards: God's Revolver, Blackhole, Cave of Roses – **Club Vegas**
Red Fang – **Bar Deluxe**
The Recovery, Drop Dead Julio, Sorry For Yelling, Going Second, Imagine Dragon – **Avalon**
Art of Attrition, A Trademark Phrase – **Muse Music**
The Utah County Swillers, Radio Rhythm Makers – **Burt's**
Arm the Angels, Until Further Notice, Chris Alder, Stay for the Summer – **Kilby**
New American Philharmonic – **WSU Auditorium**
Grant, Schreech Weasel, Discourse – **Brewski's**

Sunday, February 8

Burton Demo Tour – **PCMR**
Kate MacLeod, Andy Reiner – **University Unitarian Church**
Duffy Kane & Benjamin Jennings – **The Sandtrap**
Time to Talk Tween Tunes – **Urban**

Monday, February 9

Unpunked – **Burt's**

Babylon Down Presents Mad Professor – **Urban**
Party Dream – **Kilby**

Tuesday, February 10

Delta Spirit, Bleu Sunshine, Soul, Furs – **Urban**
Katy Perry – **In the Venue**
Shine a Light – **Sorenson Unity Center**
Alexis Munioa – **Muse Music**
The Futurists, Estrago – **Burt's**
Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**
Mean Molly's Trio – **Monk's**
Delta Spirit, Other Lives, Dawes – **Kilby**
Viktor Uzur – **WSU Theater**
Hurricane Keith – **The Sandtrap**

Wednesday, February 11

Tyrone Wells, Trevor Hall, Green Like July – **Velour**
Oh Wild Birds, The Moss – **Burt's**
Codi Jordan, Better Life Bnd, Slow Ride, Jake Jacobson – **Liquid Joe's**
The Assent, Seriously Even, Crashing at Dawn – **Kilby**
Musee Mechanique, La Farsa, Black Hens, Farris – **Urban**
Trent Thornley, Chad Townsend, Melissa Kelly – **Johnny's**
Jazz Sessions – **The Wine Cellar**
Joe McQueen & Friends – **Ogden Union Station**
Gladys Knight – **Kingsbury Hall**

Thursday, February 12

Miles Beyond, Free Press – **Burt's**
Kris Zeman – **Tin Angel**
Belly of the Whale, Josh and the Dream Killer, Bird on a Wire – **Club Vegas**
Joe Chisolm and the HG Band – **Piper Down**
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**
SLC Tattoo Convention
Opening Party: Agent Orange – **Urban**
Jam with Benjamin Jennings – **The Wine Cellar**
While We Were
Skateboarding: Photos by Adam Dorobiala, Sam Milantia and Chris Swainston – **Positively 4th Street**
Robbie Kapp – **The Kokomo**
Yeko's Birthday and L'Jeane Moody's Graduation – **Trapp Door**

Friday, February 13

Scripted Apology, Blessed of Sin, Penalty of Treason – **Avalon**
Die Monster Die, Blackhole – **Burt's**
Ben Kweller – **Depot**
The Walling O'Sheas – **Monk's**
Friday the 13th Massacre – **Tony's**
Drop Dead Julio, Better Life band – **Huka Bar**
Derek Wright – **Tin Angel**
Doug Wintch – **Pat's BBQ**
Steez, Rudeboy, Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**

Visions of Infinity, Front Line Morale Destroyer, Gawdzte, Reaction Effect, Choke – **Club Vegas**

Major Street, Synthesis, Scenic Byway, Groots, Dank Squad – **Liquid Joe's**
Kap Bros. – **Brewski's**

Happy Birthday David Newkirk

Quasi – Stellar Radio, Motif – **Muse Music**

Happy Birthday Jennifer Nielsen – Junior's

Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**
John Allred, Benton Paul – **Velour**

SLUG Localized: Cub Country, Silver Desert, Bluebird Radio – Urban

P.O.S., Sims, Lazerbeak, Hand Over Fist – **Kilby**
Mean Molly's Trio – **Kamikazis**
Duffy Kane Trio – **The Sandtrap**
Zoltan Vegvari – **Ogden Marriot**

Saturday, February 14

Cary Judd, Drew Danbury, Elsinore – **Velour**
Kap Bros – **Pat's BBQ**
Cupid's Revenge – **Hookah Lounge**
Horror Masquerade Party – **Trapp Door**
Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**
The Mad Love Spell, Heart Pharmacy – **Burt's**
Turbine – **Brewski's**
Flash Cabbage – **Alchemy**
Renee Broderick – **Tin Angel**
K-Loves First Annual Valentines Bash – **Tony's**
Nurse Sherri – **ABG's**
Ted Dancin Valentines Day Party – **Urban**
Five Live – **Johnny's**
Othello, Dubruit – **Muse Music**
Vampire Valentines Day Ball – **Area 51**
Obi Best, Jason Anderson, Kid Theodore, Super Beats – **Kilby**
Dividian – **Kamikazis**
Lily Griggs' Birthday Party – **nobrow**

Sunday, February 15

Anke Summerhill, Hal Cannon, Teresa Jordan – **University Unitarian Church**
Happy Birthday Lily Griggs
Jesus Rides a Rik'Sha, Life Has a Way, Skull Captains – **Bar Deluxe**
Duffy Kane & Ben Jennings – **The Sandtrap**
6 PM: Charley Simmons, Shane Jackman, Andrew Larsen – **Urban**
10 PM: Full Sail, DJ Coolacaust – **Urban**

Monday, February 16

Unpunked – **Burt's**
I am Ghost, Lower Definition, Driver Side Impact – **Kilby**
Zepperella – **Urban**
Model Citizen Local Takeover Meeting – **Model Citizen**
Straight Line Stitch, Flatline, Separation of Self, MAIM Corps

– Club Vegas

Tuesday, February 17

The 600 – Year Habsburg Dynasty – **City Library**
Russ Balli – **Muse Music**
Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**
Enter Achilles – **Tower Theater**
Waiting to Inhale – **City Library**
Deicide, Order of Ennead, Adrift, Devour the Sky, Vital Remains – **Club Vegas**
Sick Sense, Skin Walker, Relief Society, Funk & Gonzo, Herban Empire – **Urban**
Castor and Pollution, Throwing Randy, The Assent – **Burt's**
Return to Sender, Secret Abilities, The Fictionist, The Dim Spook – **Kilby**

Wednesday, February 18

Melodyanne, Cambriah, Ruby Sue, Kate Ledeuze – **Burt's**
Art & Architecture of Vienna – **City Library**
Andy McKee, Chaz Prymek – **Urban**
Del Prestin – **Johnny's**
Oki Ikumi, SLFM, Forest World – **Kilby**
The Dhamma Brothers – **Westminster College**

Thursday, February 19

Swagger – **Piper Down**
Block 8 – **Rose Wagner**
Jimmy Knobs – **Tin Angel**
Eric Bliss's Midvale Middle School Bands – **Kilby**
Balance of Power, Dead Vessel – **Burt's**
Happy Birthday Lance Saunders: Starmy, Pleasure Thieves, Gods Revolver – Urban
Viennese Waltz Cass – **Utah Opera Production Studios**
Big Head Todd and the Monsters – **Depot**
UVSF discussion with Tim DeChristopher – **Provo Library**
Open Jam Charity Show – **Club Vegas**
Fire and Ice Festival – **Salt Lake City**
Dan Weldon – **The Wine Cellar**
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**

Friday, February 20

Fire and Ice Festival – **Salt Lake City**
Alicia McGovern – **Tin Angel**
Blues 66 – **Pat's BBQ**
Devil's Cuntry, Naked Eyes – **5 Monkeys**
Steez, Rudeboy, Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**
Negative Charge, Killbot, Skint – **Burt's**
The Elizabethan Report – **Velour**
Hellbound Glory – **Brewski's**
32 Bravo, Mandala, Sex Dragon – **Monk's**
Future of the Ghost CD Release, Palace of Buddies, Laserfang – **Urban**
Appleseed Cast, I Hear Sirens, Shark Speed – **Kilby**
Codi Jordan – **Kamikazis**

JEBU – Sandtrap

Duffy Kane and Ben Jennings – **Ogden Marriot**
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**
Gallery Stroll – **Salt Lake City**

Saturday, February 21

Taste of Chaos Tour – **In the Venue**
The Cats of Mirikitani – **Rose Wagner**
Woolf Bell Band – **Pat's BBQ**
Branded and on Display – **Salt Lake Art Center**
Kris Zeman – **Alchemy**
Transcending: The Wat Misaka Story – **Rose Wagner**
Scotty Lee's Comedy Show – **Tony's**
Drop Dead Julio, Punky Jah Funkys – **Club Allure**
Paul Boruff – **Tin Angel**
Fire and Ice Festival – **Salt Lake City**
Slipper Kittens Sexy Secrets Show, Kate Ledeuze and the Soul Terminators – **Bar Deluxe**
Rob Maestas Birthday – **Trapp Door**
Goblin Cock, These Arms are Snakes, Darker my Love, Warship – **Urban**
Hellbound Glory, UC Swillers – **ABG's**
Mardi Gras Party – **Area 51**
Deathless Pros – **Brewski's**
SLUG Games: Beat the Pro – Canyons
Shackleton, Dubbed, AOC, The Bexer County Bastards – **Burt's**
Submarines, Morning Benders, Josaleigh Pollett – **Kilby**
Balance of Power, Mashader, Blood or Saints – **Kamikazis**
The Legendary Porch Pounders – **The Wine Cellar**
Duffy Kane and Ben Jennings – **Ogden Marriot**
Speak Easy – **Johnny's**
Dicky Martinez & The Little Big Band – **D&R Spirits**

Sunday, February 22

Ken Shaw, Jeremiah Maxey – **University Unitarian Church**
Utah AIDS Foundation Presents Utah's Official Oscar Party – **Wells Fargo Building**
Duffy Kane & Ben Jennings – **The Sandtrap**
Thank You, Mi Ami, Restiform Bodies, N1nth Cloud – **Urban**

Monday, February 23

Two Cow Garage, Michael Dean Damron – **Burt's**
SLAJO, Berta – **Kilby**
Nico Caliente – **Johnny's**
Spring Field Workshop – **Rose Wagner**

Tuesday, February 24

Mayerling – **City Library**
James Hunnicutt – **Club Vegas**
Topaz – **Rose Wagner**
The Hepcats – **Muse Music**
Hardboiled Book Club: Girl on the Fridge – Sam Weller's
Mardi Ska, Herban Empire – **Burt's**
Tiebreaker, I'm Broken Let's

Kiss – *Kilby*
 Doshka – *Monk's*
 The Strangerz, Mr. Benny Records,
 Pressure – *Urban*
 Hurrican Keith – *The Sandtrap*

Wednesday, February 25

The Bad Apples, Hades, Ras Benjamin
 – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Jimmy Martin
 Vienna Boy's Choir – *Gardner Hall*
 The Quakes – *Bar Deluxe*
 Better Life Band – *Johnny's*
 Broken Spindles, Bear Proof – *Kilby*
 Female Suicide Bombers: Dying to Kill
 – *Sorenson Unity Center*
 DJ Rainbow Tay, Muscle Hawk, Samba
 Gringa, Patterstats – *Urban*
 Andrew Bird – *Murray Theater*

Thursday, February 26

18 Wheels of Justice – *Piper Down*
 The Third Man – *City Library*
 The Wanted's, The Castanettes, Ben
 Johnson, The Dim Spook – *Burt's*
 Savage Country, Hard Luck, Reveeler –
Club Vegas
 Physics of Meaning – *Velour*
 Zion Curtain, Castor and Pollution,
 Aeon Ghosts – *Kilby*
 Trouble on the Prairie, Puddle Mountain
 Ramblers, Blues Dart – *Urban*
 Jam Session with Ben Jennings – *The*
Wine Cellar
 Kris Zeman – *Tin Angel*
 Electric Valentine, Sex on the Run
 – *Trapp Door*
 Dicky Martinex & the Little Band – *D&R*
Spirits

Friday, February 27

Slim Chance and his Psychobilly
 Playboys – *ABG's*
 Joshua James – *Velour*
 Bronwen Beecher – *Tin Angel*
 Labcoat – *Brewski's*
 Steez, Rudeboy, Nico Caliente
 – *Johnny's*
 The Insurgency, The Calm Before the
 Storm – *Monk's*
 The Miraculous Mandarin – *Abravanel*
Hall
 The Wailing Osheas – *Burt's*
 Band of Annuals, Larkin Grimm, Oh
 Wild Birds – *Urban*
 Irony man, Truce, Tombstone Jesus –
Club Vegas
 Shark Speed, Loom – *Muse Music*
 The Annuals, Jessica Lea Mayfield,
 What Laura Says – *Kilby*
 The Sister Wives – *Pat's BBQ*
 Shaky Trade – *Kamikazis*
 Ben Jennings, Zoltan Vegvari, Jed
 Keipp – *The Wine Cellar*
 Adam Kozlewski & Ben Jennings –
Ogden Marriot
SLUG Magazine 20th Anniversary
Party: The Fucktards, Hell Press, DJ/
DC, JSJ – Trapp Door

Saturday, February 28

Duffy Kane Blues Band – *Brewski's*
 White Trash Party – *Bar Deluxe*
 Super So Far – *Tony's*
 50% Store Wide Model Citizen Sale
 Ends – *Model Citizen*
 Fleet Street – *Velour*
 Derby Girls Masquerade – *Post 112*
 Derek Wright – *Tin Angel*
 The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Pat's*
BBQ
 Flash Cabbage – *Johnny's*
 From Russia, With Love

– *Abravanel Hall*
 The Miraculous Mandarin
 – *Abravanel Hall*
 The Meadows, A Horrible Night to Have
 a Curse, This is My Escape – *Avalon*
 Oh! Wild Birds – *Muse Music*
 Split Lip Rayfield – *Burt's*
 Form of Rocket, Curtis Jensen,
 Levi Rounds – *Urban*
 Bandwagon, Skies of Redemption,
 Scripted Apology, Exanima, The
 Akashic, Reaction Effect – *Club Vegas*
 We Shot the Moon, Big Surrender,
 Black Hounds – *Kilby*
 Jebu – *The Wine Cellar*
 Dicky Martinex & The Little Big Band –
The Sandtrap
 Adam Kozlewski & Ben Jennings –
Ogden Marriot

Sunday, March 1

Guttermouth – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Meghann Griggs XO!
 The Finderns – *Unitarian Church*
 Time to Talk Tween Tunes, Paper Bird
 – *Urban*

Monday, March 2

Sirhan Sirhan, Loom – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Heather Gaither
 Alaska and Me, The Real You, Johnny
 Android – *Kilby*

Tuesday, March 3

Nico Caliente – *Johnny's*
 Poetry For the Masses – *Kilby*
 MC Untytlled, John Henry – *Urban*

Wednesday, March 4

We Shoot the Moon, Big Surrender
 – *Velour*
 Chad Townsend, Kevin Cook – *Johnny's*
Mike Brown Fest: Fucktards – Urban
 Two Viennese Schools of Music
 – *City Library*
Happy Birthday Lionell Williams
 One Drop, Melon Robotics – *Burt's*
 Foundry, Field Recordings, There are
 Powers – *Kilby*

Thursday, March 5

Small Town Sinners – *Piper Down*
 One Enchanted Evening
 – *Gardner Hall*
 The Hundred Arms – *Kilby*
 Presence, Irony Man – *Urban*
 Shreds and Threads – *City of Seven*
Gates
 Dear and the Headlights, Reuben's
 Accomplice, Miniature Tigers, Mesa
 Drive – *Avalon*

Friday, March 6

The Naked Eyes, Jr. and the
 Transportation – *Brewski's*
 Surface Shred Day – *Brighton*
 Steez, Rudeboy, Nico Caliente
 – *Johnny's*
 The Return of Shat, Nurse Sherri
 – *Burt's*
 The Wailing O'Sheas – *Monk's*
 Crown City Rockers – *Urban*
 Decrepit Birth – *Club Vegas*
 Drop Dead Julio CD Release Party, Kiss
 Me Kill Me – *Liquid Joe's*
 Cavedoll, Vicious Starfish, Muscle Hawk
 – *Kilby*
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Feb 18 - DEL PRESTIN REUNION \$2.00 PBR's
Feb 25 - BETTER LIFE BAND
Mar 4 - CHAD TOWNSEND and KEVIN COOK \$2.00 PBR's

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Free Texas Hold 'Em @ 8pm \$3.00 Steins, \$2.50 Slices @ 7pm

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\$3.00 Bloody Mary's w/ KellySue
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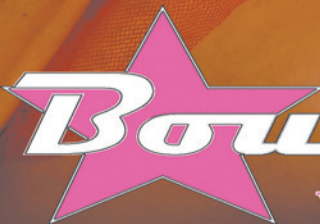
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February



3- Josh Martinez, SLEEP (The Chicharones), Dusk 1 of Mindstate
 4- Grizzly Prospector, Solar Euphoria, Disposable Genius
 5- Fox Van Cleef, The naked Eyes, Throwing Randy, Seamus
 6- Band of Annals, St. Bohe'me, Black Hens
 7- Arm the Angels, Until Further Notice, Chris Alder, Stay For the Summer
 9- Party Dream, TBA
 10- Delta Spirit, Other Lives, Dawes
 11- The Assent, Seriously Even, Crashing at Dawn
 13- P.O.S. (Rhymesayers) w/DoomTree Guests: SIMS, MICTLIN, LAZERBEAK, HAND OVER FIST
 14- Obi Best, Jason Anderson, Kid Theodore, Super Beats
 16- I am Ghost, Lower Definition, Driver Side Impact
 17- Return to Sender, Secret Abilities, The Fictionist, The Dim Spook
 18- OK I Kumi, SLFM, Forest World
 19- Eric Bliss's Midvale Middle School Band Extravaganza
 20- Appleseed Cast, I Hear Sirens, Shark Speed
 21- Submarines, Morning Benders, Josaleigh Pollett
 23- Berta, SLAJO, TBA
 24- Tiebreaker, I'm Broken, Let's Kiss, TBA
 25- Broken Spindles, Bear Proof
 26- Zion Curtain, Castor and Pollution, Aeon Ghosts
 27- Annals, Jessica Lea Mayfield, What Laura Says
 28- We shot The Moon, Big Surrender, Black Hounds

March
 2- Alaska and Me, The Real You, Johnny Android
 6- Cavedoll, Vicious Starfish CD Release, Muscle Hawk
 7- Futurecop, Theophilus London, Cut off your Hands

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*The New Yorker is a private club for members.

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