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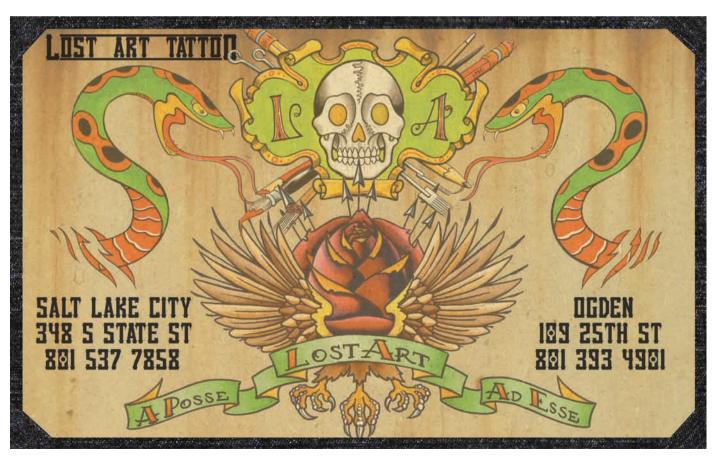
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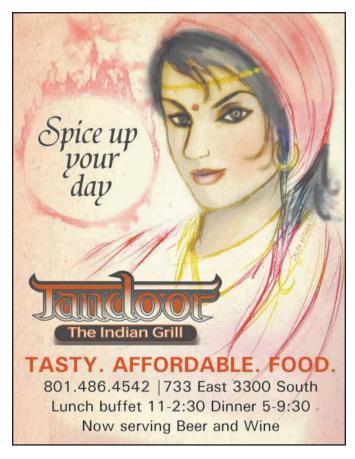
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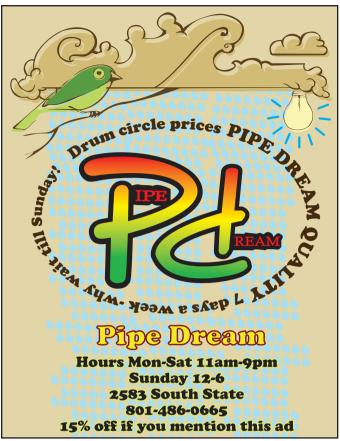


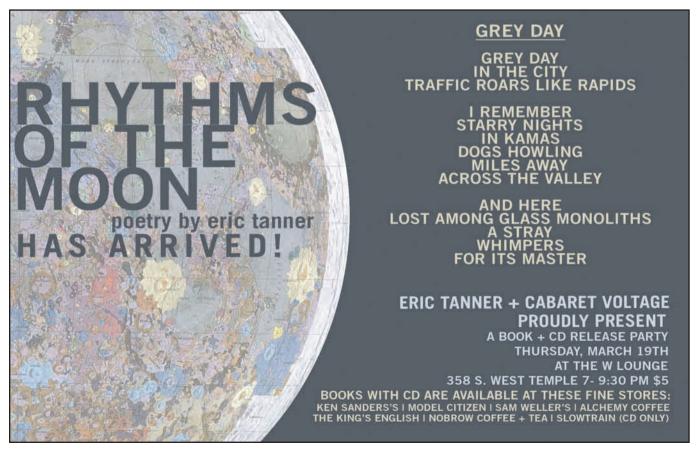


Jesse Hawlish

Jesse Hawlish started at SLUG Magazine last summer shortly after finishing his BA in English at the University of Utah. Hawlish clocks in at 6'4", but is far from intimidating. When he isn't drinking free RedBulls and nerding out at SLUG's monthly video game meetings over FPS's, RPG's and whether it is more accurate to spell out Playstation 3 or refer to it as a PS3, he can be found doing market research at the airport or schooling lil' kids as a substitute teacher with the Salt Lake School District.







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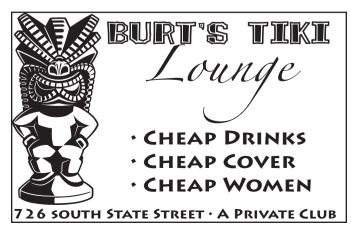
DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads. Why the fuck is every exciting upcoming event 21+? When I first moved here, I could see at least one decent show a month at one of the all ages venues. There has been a giant shift, every fucking show is at Urban. SLUG events are no exception. It is making me think everybody in this sad repressed state is a raving drunk (especially SLUG staff members). Don't even bring up your snowboard "contests" as a testament to your sobriety, I am fairly sure not a one of you is sober during these events. I have enjoyed the occasional drink myself, but I also want some shit to do. I am even contemplating joining a fucking ward, just for the activities (and the funeral potatoes). Host an event at Kilby, use some of your hipster clout to get the folks at Kilby to throw us children a decent show a little more often, do something. Or don't I guess, go get trashed.

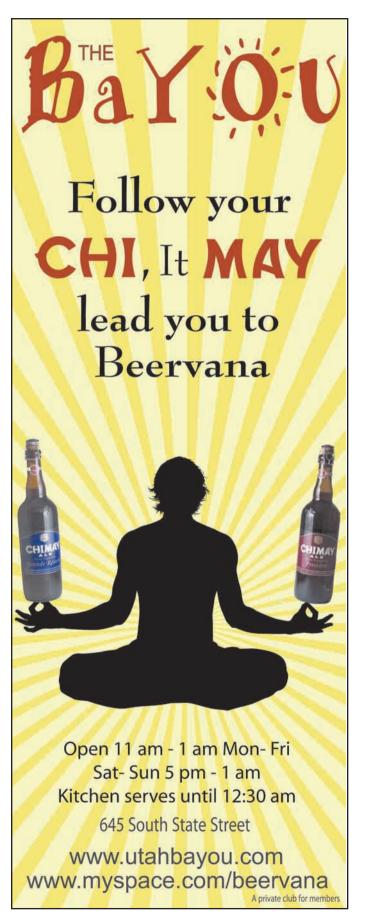
Sincerely, Underaged and Enraged Dear Underaged and Enraged,

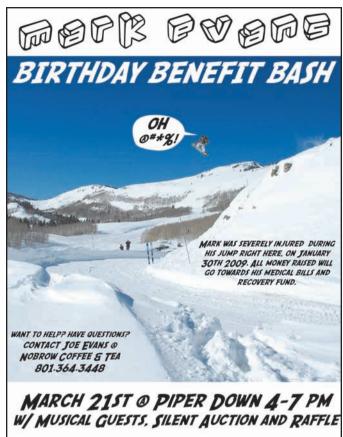
SLUG Magazine hosts and sponsors a number of events outside of SLC's bars. During the month of March alone we're sponsoring The Hardboiled Book Club at Sam Weller's, Sprint Fest at the Fairgrounds. The Dark Arts Festival Fundraiser at Area 51 and the Brighton Jazz Jam at Brighton Resort, If these events aren't "hip" enough for you, I suggest crawling back into your hipster hole until vour 21st. After all, it won't be long until vou're an old decrepit clinging to a bar reminiscing about how much more fun you had in your youth.

Send us your Letters! Email: dickheads@ slugmag.com Fax: 801.487.1359 Snail Mail: Dear Dickheads 351 Pierpont Ave. ste.4b SLC, UT 84101



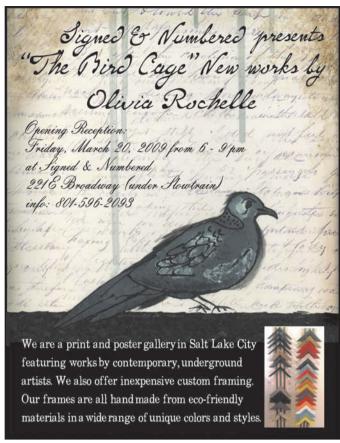


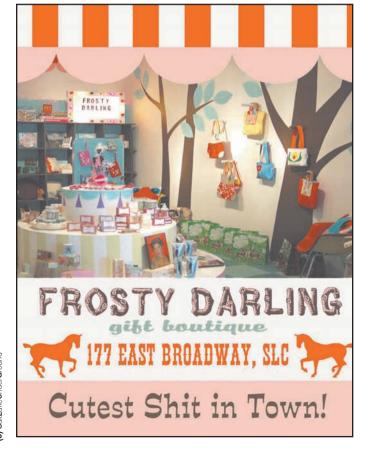














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Screwed, and Tattooed, Six Ways 'til Sunday: THE 6THANDAL SLC ANNUAL SLC Friday, Feb. 13-Sunday, Feb. 15 2009

By Jon Paxton jonathanpaxton@gmail.com

The telltale whir of many tattoo machines, a New York accent echoing on a PA and mariachi music (if you're lucky) greet you upon entering Salt Lake City's tattoo show. The sixth year of this colorful festival had some new editions, mainly in the art show department, and a special display I particularly enjoyed: what I'm calling the Upskirt Limbo. Note to next year's female contestants: Please keep accidentally wearing skirts to the Limbo contest.

Body art artists from all over the world now descend every year onto **Flaco Production's (CJ Starkey** and **Nate Drew** of **Lost Art Tattoo** shops) finely executed convention. Japan, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, U.S. states as far flung as Hawaii and Alaska, and neighbors as close as Idaho, are all represented by artists—including piercers—with row upon row of booths full of clients.

Tattoo conventions are unique among all others. The collective feeling in the air of needling pain can actually be heard, combining with the



Nate Drew and CJ Starkey (outside left and right, respectively) with MC Chris Longo at the convention.

sight of blood dripping from under the cellophane of fresh and colorful new ink, makes for an almost tactile experience for observers. It is spectacular and one that can only be felt at this event.

Tattoo conventions aren't only about watching people squirm under the needles, they're also inspiring showcases for the talent of the artists in the form of daily contests. I walked into the Salt Palace through a crowd of cowboy hat-sporting Latinos with their hot Latinas as music from the Hispanic Valentine's Day dance bled lightly through the walls to mix with the audio from the awards ceremony. It made an interesting sonic backdrop in the tattoo convention hall for MC **Chris Longo**, **the Mayor of Tattooville**, and his Brooklynese-inflected shenanigans. A character, tattooed to the gills (literally), Longo consistently spouted some hilarious shit. In response to a contestant's portrait of a life-size cock: "Jesus Christ! Look at the whacker on that guy." And in speaking to lovers with matching feet tattoos he actually said "the two of yous." I didn't even know people said that shit, but the Mayor's east coast roots were showing like black on a bleach-blonde-bitch's head.

Tattoo of the Day ran three days straight and was split up three ways. Fortunately for underrepresented female tattoo artists, one of their own received that distinction twice. **Darcy Nutt** of Boise, Idaho won for her bearded lady tattoo—a traditional "old-school" design—and for a perfect portrait the next day. Some of the male artists were miffed at this, but the sets of three expert judges were completely different each day. Nutt was very impressed at her luck and humbly, and honestly, said "That's cool man. But art is in the eye of the beholder. On one hand I aknowledge its bullshit and the other hand it's very flattering. You don't see a lot of women winning tattoo of the day, so that was

very rewarding." Especially twice. The winners of tattoo of the day received Dringenberg & Co. machines and I suggested Nutt split up her pair and give one to the duo of artists from Reno who won the final day's contest. She politely declined.

Absolute Tattoo in Nevada had two of their artists, **John McCann** (formerly of SLC) and **Rick Clark**, take their plaques for Tattoo of the Day home for their work of a skull in a foggy night replete with snake. Sounds a bit played out, but the gentlemen spent a few days on the excellently executed backpiece and brought some nice dimension to the traditional images.

February seems to be a great time to host the event and bring some tourists into town to stimulate things. CJ says, "One of the reasons we set it in February is so people can come out and take a vacation. The children area is really good you can bring your whole family. A lot of people come out and rent houses and stay at the hotels for like a week at a time." At a time when Utah, boycotts included, really needs some cash the guys at Flaco are helping out. "The recesssion didn't bother us one bit," says Nate. "I think even if the economy keeps tanking we'll be OK here," says CJ. And next year? "We're working on it already. We're expecting to get even bigger. We've got another art show planned. We're trying to get new interesting vendors and we're gonna have to get some new tattoo booths. These guys are so busy some people can't even get tattooed." And what a sad world that is, where pigment-starved throngs go un-tattooed. Look forward to next year: the faint mariachi music, the tattooed wonders, and even more gallons of ink guaranteeing no one goes home empty-skinned.



Darcy Nutt from Boise won two best-of-day awards at the convention. One was for this bearded lady.

Eagle Twin is a twin-peaked mountain, a tentacled dream monster, a sea of silt causewayed in two. Eagle Twin signed with Southern Lord (Earth, Sunn O))), Probot, Boris, Pelican) in Dec. of 2008. In Jan. 2009, Eagle Twin finished The Unkindness of Crows, an LP to be released in the following months, recorded with Randall Dunn (Earth, Sunn O))), Boris, John Zorn, Jesse Sykes) in Dunn's Seattle studio. Eagle Twin is Gentry Densley (Iceburn, Form of Rocket, Ascend) and Tyler Smith (Clear, Hammergun, Form of Rocket). Smith and Densley first appeared together live in 1998 as the three-piece group Furious Fire, from which threads present in Eagle Twin are traceable: air-moving guitar tones, eye-concussing drums, blues-formed solos phrased in the grammar of Greg Ginn, Page Hamilton and Mahavishnu Orchestra, rubato riffs and thunder. Out of the death-pit of collapsed Furious Fire rose Project: Ion, free and traveled. Densley assumes guitar and bass duty simultaneously with Dan Thomas (Tolchock Trio, Red Bennies, Vile Blue Shades) together constructing electrified bop mathletes Smashy Smashy. Then Smashy's dissolution, less right angles, the re-entry of Tyler Smith: Log-Armed Primalist, more speaker surfaces, more doom, baritone guitars, the mythology of Ted Hughes' Crow-so has come about Eagle Twin, companion to owls.

SLUG: Why does Eagle Twin play so loudly?

Gentry Densley: There's a kind of range to them. They're not always ...

Tyler Smith: I don't think ..

GD: All loud.

TS: I mean, it is more low response than loud. Hearing it, I don't think it is so much loud as it is ...

GD: Full

TS: Yeah, full. Sometimes ..

GD: I mean, I just have worked on getting a more full sound. I don't know, I think that it's not these piercing sounds, really. It's more that you can feel the air hitting you, or the floor moving a little bit. It arises from the world where you have to play loud, or you have somebody with a fucking haircut talking loudly over you while they are trying to pick up girls. That kind of environment. I guess we can play quieter [sic] sometimes, like at *Ken Sanders* or whatever. Keep it light ...

TS: I don't think our main goal is ever to be super loud. You know. It's just to have it be appropriate for what we do. Sometimes being a little louder, I guess, is what it takes. GD: I think he just hits hard.

SLUG: That's the next question. Gentry, why does Tyler hit his drums so hard?

GD: Because he can.

TS: It's the only way I know how to play. I know one way—I'm not finesse. It's never a conscious effort for me to hit hard.

GD: Yeah, I remember the first time, at a Furious Fire show, I was down and I was plugging in my pedals and he set his bass drum down—and it was BLAGKTP! I seriously jumped because I thought that a shotgun had exploded or something. And back then I was using an Ampeg fucking 2x12, you know?

TS: Man, it was like he just didn't have any respect for anything, like I'm just going to fucking play. As loud as shit.

by Curtis Jensen curtisinterruptus@hotmail.com

SLUG: Why does Gentry play guitar and bass at the same time. (Or play the lower and higher registers at the same time, on the same guitar)?

GD: It's all the same. I don't know,
I learned at one point. I mean, the big sound, the bass, is just playing an octave lower than the guitar a lot of times, you know, and you might have some other guy at the top doing something, but...it's probably, again, because I can, and because otherwise ...

TS: It's fucking because you can, that's right!

GD: It becomes an all encompassing thing so that at the end of a performance you are exhausted. So you put it all out there, and I think that me and Tyler have talked before about how that's just the way we do it. Anything else feels phoney, if you are not giving it your all. When I have to play all those things and do all of that, it forces me to give everything. Then we don't need anybody else. The dynamics of the band change because you don't have, you don't develop any two-on-one camps within the band—it's a one-to-one relationship, like a kind of monogamy instead of the polygamy of the normal band world. Does that answer your fucking question?

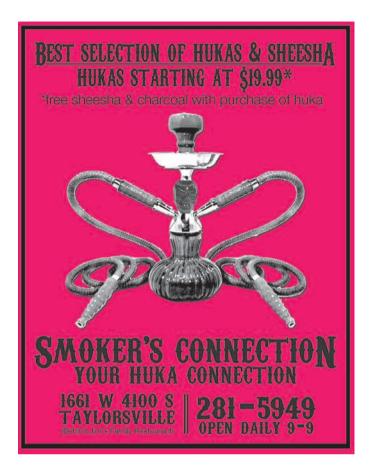
Eagle Twin will be making the trek down to Austin to take part in this year's SXSW festivities, performing at the Southern Lord Showcase alongside **Wolves in the Throne Room** and Pelican on Friday, March 20 at Emo's.

Curtis Jensen is a noted verse and prose writer, who recently celebrated his return to Salt Lake City with a reading at Ken Sanders Rare Books. His work has been featured in the pages of SLUG and Swinj, as well as in a series of self-published books, the most recent being 2006's Watch Me Dig a Hole. Before serving as a Peace Corps volunteer in Ukraine, Jensen played with the members of Eagle Twin in Salt Lake's own Form of Rocket.

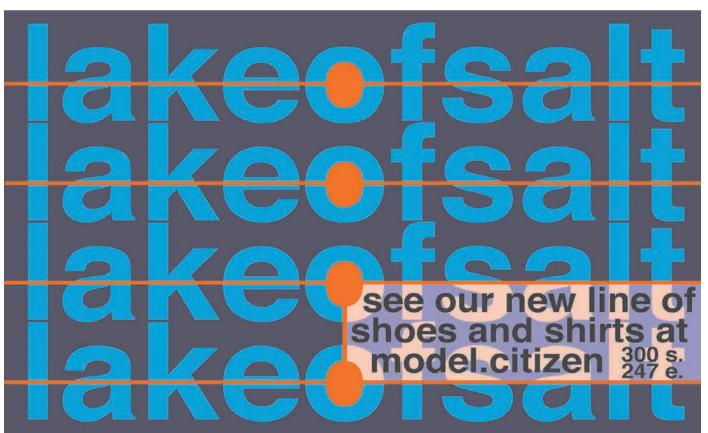
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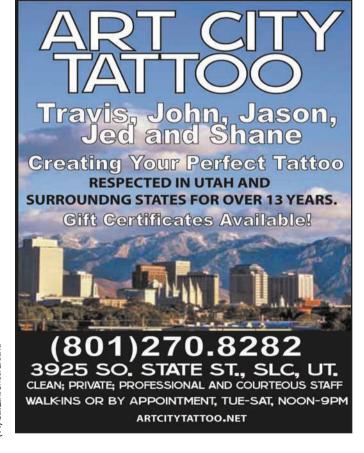










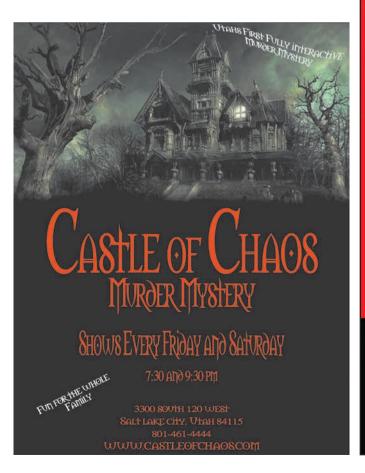






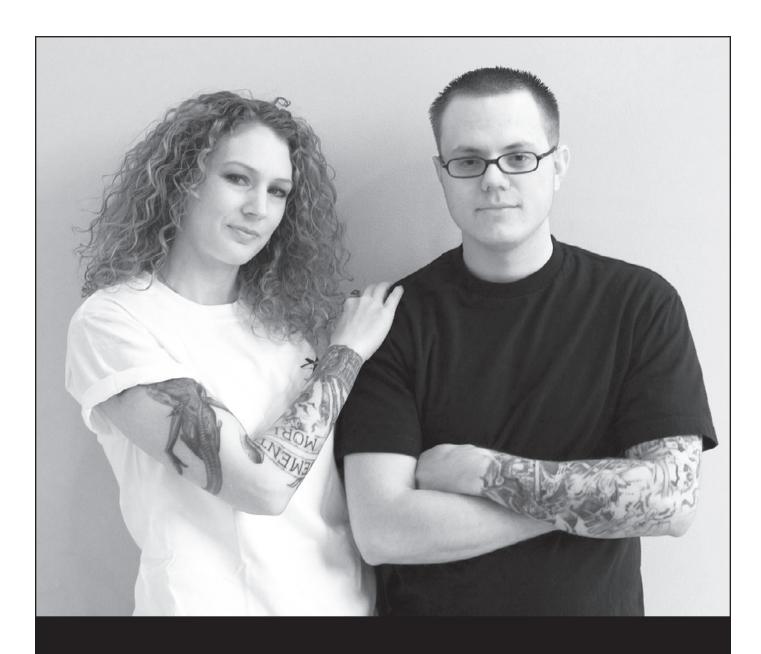
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"XMission doesn't treat me like a number, they treat me like an individual."

- Rachel Gray (pictured with XMission technician, Chris Larsen)



Destroyer nterviewed by Gavin Hoffman

reigniforever666@gmail.com

I felt like a dick when I called Pig Destroyer vocalist J.R. Hayes for

this interview and interrupted his dinner, but he's a champ. He said he was ready to go and assured me that I wasn't bothering him, so I proceeded to bombard him with guestions about the re-release of Terrifyer-accompanying track Natasha, their tour of Australia, and why Scott Hull, Pig Destoyer's guitarist, is such a busy guy.

SLUG: "Natasha" was originally released as a DVD track with the Terrifyer album in 2004—why was the decision made to re-release it on its own?

J.R. Hayes: Scott's wanted to do it for a couple of years now. We didn't finish "Natasha" until right before Terrifyer went to press, and Scott didn't feel that he had a chance to mix and master it as well as he could have. Personally, I'm never that excited about re-releasing things, but when Scott played me what he had done with the track, I was on board.

SLUG: The vinyl seems to have a much fuller sound than on the original release..

J.R.: Yeah. Scott's come a long way in the last couple of years with his production knowledge and that sort of thing.

SLUG: What was the inspiration behind the song? J.R.: Well, we've always been fans of really, really fast music, but also really, really slow music, and we hadn't incorporated any of that stuff into our sound. We had been listening to stuff like Winter, Earth, and Corrupted...I think that's how every band does it. Whatever you're rocking at the time tends to make you want to gravitate toward that sound. Scott had the idea to do a really long, extended piece, and I thought it was an interesting idea.

SLUG: Do you have anything upcoming release-wise?

J.R.: We're in kind of a strange place right now. We don't really have a place to practice currently, and we haven't been able to write anything in quite some time. The general consensus in the band is that we want to start writing another full length, but I was hoping to do some more splits. We always talk about doing splits, but then other things come up and plans get changed. I've always liked splits because I like the idea of putting out a 7" without all the press and the hype. Plus, I've always thought of splits as being a very punk thing. You don't see any other

genres doing them.



SLUG: Pig Destroyer doesn't really tour, but you recently toured Australia. How was that?

J.R.: Grueling, Generally when bands tour there, they fly, which we did a couple of times, but we also had some punishing drives... 18- and 20-hour drives. The people were wonderful, my voice held up, and we drank a lot of beer. I actually think we scared some people. We were drunk the entire time—there wasn't a time during the whole tour that we didn't have booze with us.

Since it might be four or five months between shows for us, when something comes up, we go all

SLUG: Is limited touring something everyone in the band agrees with?

J.R.: Some bands seem like they were born to be on the road. We aren't one of those bands. We get kind of home sick...we want to be home, hang out with our girlfriends, listen to music and things like that.

SLUG: Have you ever considered playing in Utah? J.R.: Maybe we will eventually, but I never promise anyone anything. I never thought we would be going to Australia, but then one day someone's like "Hey, we're going to Australia." I didn't believe it until I got on the plane. There are so many places I'd love to go...I mean, we just played Chicago two years ago for the first time, and that's a huge city—every touring band is gonna hit Chicago. We're getting ready to play a show in Atlanta at the end of February, and we've never been there. I always end up pleading with the others to go out and hit places we've never been, but it never happens.

> SLUG: Does everyone in Pig Destroyer keep themselves busy with other

> J.R.: Man...right now, I'm just trying to eat. It's been really tough over the last couple of months, and I'm starting a second job soon. Scott's got Agoraphobic Nosebleed and all of that... who knows what he's up to? He could be mastering the new Police record right now for all we know.

Although Pig Destroyer apparently won't be stopping in Salt Lake City any time soon, the recently re-released Natasha should provide some solace. Do yourself a favor and pick up the vinyl release ... you won't regret it.



Carrie Wakefield – Vocals Travis Nelson– Bass/ Backing Vocals Levi Lebo – Guitar Julie Stutznegger – Guitar/ Backing Vocals Gavin Hoffman – Drums Felicia Baca – Keyboards

"[Touring with] All Systems Fail is what propelled me to start AZON," Julie Stutznegger says. "I hadn't ever played guitar in a punk band until All Systems

occurred more than five years ago. "The five year-plan is easy. The 22-year plan is probably more difficult," Nelson says about the massive musical history of its members.

This history and the diverse backgrounds of the members are contributing factors to their tight and polished sound. Prior to AZON, many of the members were working with lower-energy bands, so the transition to fast, high-energy punk rock was refreshing. "I love playing with Invaders, but I hadn't played with a punk rock band since We All Fall Down with Travis in

time in Subrosa. Not to mention the individual projects

that the members have been involved with or anything that

Members of the band also credit their polished sound to the additions of Hoffman in April 2008 and Lebo in Sept. 2008.

1999," Hoffman says. "I love it, and it's a nice change from

playing turtle metal."

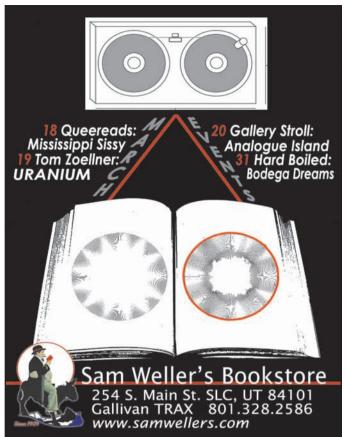
AZON recorded with **Andy Patterson** last fall, but they plan to redo portions of the 14-track album before officially releasing it. Lebo was added to the line up mid-recording and learned every AZON song in about three hours. "It's not that I dislike what I did, but it will just sound better if I'm playing it all through instead of punching it in," Lebo says. In the meantime, you can find the music on the band's MySpace page (*myspace.com/azonband*) or snag a four-track CD-R from Stutznegger at one of the band's shows. "We initially did the recording as a demo, but it turned out a lot better, and we don't want it to go to waste," Hoffman says. "Rather then just letting it sit, Julie has been making four-song CD-Rs."



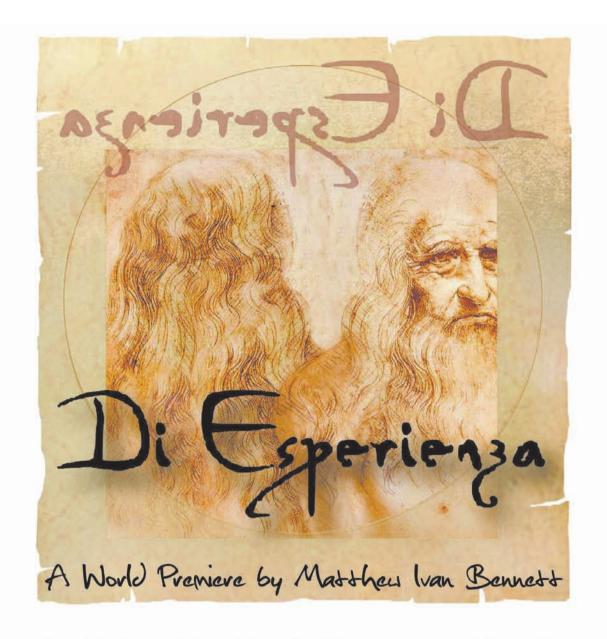
Lounge on Saturday, March 14.

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PANALENAN ANDER ONE AND ARREST REASONALE DOUGT

by Ricky Vigil ricky@slugmag.com

In 2009, it's pretty damn easy to be a punk rocker. Go to Hot Topic, buy yourself a studded belt and **Casualties** t-shirt then pirate a bunch of old **Black Flag** albums off the internet and you're halfway there. But, as legendary Canadian punks **D.O.A.** said, "Talk minus action equals zero." Manitoba, Canada's own **Propagandhi** is a perfect example of the "action" aspect of punk rock and have been for the entirety of their 23 year existence. Throughout the band's career, they've launched aural attacks against homophobia, religion, sexism, imperialism, **Haile Selassie**, ska music as a whole and even **NOFX** frontman **Fat Mike**. *SLUG* recently had the opportunity to correspond with Propagandhi frontman (and former Worst Canadian in History nominee) **Chris Hannah** about the band's new album, *Supporting Caste*, and the current sad state of the world.

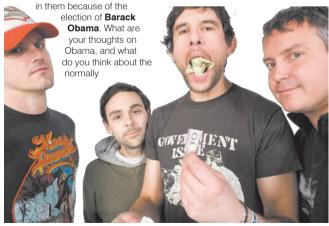
SLUG: A common misconception among Americans is that Canada is a place free of political injustice, social inequalities or any other kind of strife. Why do you think this is?

Chris Hannah: I suppose that in the past Canada was relatively less jingoistic, slightly less inclined to mindlessly enter imperialist wars, a little more likely to favor universal health care, etc. All these differences, of course, are melting away before our eyes.

SLUG: What do you think are some of the biggest problems facing Canada right now, and why should Americans care about them?

CH: The immolation of the entire planet springs to mind. Americans may want to pay close attention to the high probability of that as they inhabit said planet.

SLUG: A whole shit-ton of people here who have never been excited about politics before are suddenly interested



apathetic American public's excitement about him?

CH: If people are becoming actively engaged with the world around them, then I guess that's a good thing! If, on the other hand, people are thinking they've just elected a messiah that is going to lead them to the promised land while they fawn over his every move, then nothing has changed. The Obama ticket was way less terrifying than the **McCain/ Palin** ticket, but Obama serves the same system of corporate and lobby powers that financed his campaign. He is beholden to those interests above all. People must keep that in mind and hold his feet to the fire about all this "change" rhetoric.

SLUG: When you guys posted the pre-order for your new album, fans were given the chance to instantly download two new songs if they donated as little as one dollar to charity, only to have the album leak all over the internet within a few days. What are your thoughts on the prevalence of music piracy on the internet, and particularly it's relationship to punk rock?

CH: Maybe if bands and labels hadn't tried to turn a quick buck foisting so many shitty, phony baloney records on people for so many years, people wouldn't be so hesitant to shell out a few bucks for a new record. You reap what you sow and the music industry and shitty bands are getting what they deserve. Tough titties.

SLUG: One of the most striking aspects of Propagandhi's songwriting is the clever use of metaphor and narrative to convey big ideas in an entertaining way. I think some of the best examples of this on *Supoprting Caste* are "Dear Coach's Corner" (comparing fascism with sports fandom), "Human(e) Meat" (comparing the consumption of animals with the consumption of humans) and the title track. Could you talk about your approach to songwriting, and how you choose to cover important topics the way that you do?

CH: I wish I knew how it worked. I wish we had a formula. Every song we write is a complete struggle for us. As far as topics for songs go, they just evolve organically from conversations we have in the practice space. That's kinda all there is too it. We are trying to entertain ourselves first and foremost.

SLUG: If there is one message listeners could get out of *Supporting Caste*, what would you want that to be?

CH: Doubt is good. Doubt of the prevailing orders is a virtue.

If there's one thing that we the people have as a weapon against the powers that be, it's doubt. The skepticism and distrust of authority that punk rock engrains in each of its followers is not something that should be forgotten with age, and punk rock itself is not immune to the criticism that should be directed towards government, religion and other social norms. Though Hannah's word and Propagandhi's work should not be taken as testament, it is an excellent example of the free, independent thought that we should all be employing in looking at the world around us. Not only is *Supporting Caste* one of the smartest records to come out in recent memory, it'll also rip your fucking face off. If you like your punk mixed with a whole lot of thrash and social consciousness to boot, you'd do well to pick up the new album when it's released on March 10 via **Smallman Records** and Propagandhi's own **G7 Welcoming Committee**.







The extreme metal scene is constantly evolving while the traditions that made the genre unique are fading away. Record labels are releasing albums from bands that serve up accessible music derived from artists that perfected their craft decades ago. In the modern age people can listen to whatever they want, but understanding what the artists wants to say can easily become lost. There is a reason Absu are at the forefront of metal coming from the U.S. The driving force behind the group is Proscriptor, lyricist, vocalist and drummer. It was clear in an e-mail interview with the man that he has a vision for Absu. The band is out to present their own set of challenges in the form of sonic distortions, melodies and subtlety. Stop eating those cookies made by the cookie cutter and take a bite of something driven by passion and thought that goes beyond the realm of average thinking.

this is "Mythological "Mythological occult metal," is the term Occult Metal" Proscriptor uses to describe Absu. "Our lyrical content is based on themes such as Sumerian, Mesopotamian, Celtic mythology, Goetic. Chaos, Enochain Magic(k), Thelemic Mysticism, Metaphysics, Necromancy and Barbarism," Proscriptor said. Absu's name comes from a term for a subterranean ocean, "a mythical place that produces secrets," Proscriptor said.

The multitudes of fact-based mythologies are played throughout the bands five full-lengths and their various EPs, demos and split albums. Absu's last three fulllength albums were a trilogy, and

the band's latest self-titled record (released on Feb. 24) offers the first truly enchanting and challenging musical experience of the year.

When asked to sum up the musical equation of Absu's sound Proscriptor said, "Take the lyrical aspects of Sumerian mythology, Celtic history, Thelema, Goetia and musically combine those elements with Slayer, Soft Machine, King Crimson and Kreator, then you would have a fine representation of what Absu is all about. It's all a recipe of black, death, thrash, heavy and progressive metal." Absu listeners can find all sorts of derivatives of extreme and classic metal culminating into a raw elemental blistering edge that from start to finish will eave listeners picking out chords beats, guitar soloing, individual notes and vocal transitions. You may be done listening to an Absu album and have that stuffed feeling, but second helpings from music can't give anyone discomfort.

> Absu released their last full-length album of new material eight years ago. Though the band was poised to keep the momentum going in 2001 after the release of their extremely successful album Tara, things were put on hold after an injury to Proscriptor's hand, which required surgery and rehab time. By the time he had recuperated, several key band members had moved on for their own reasons. But he staved busy-working with Equimanthorn on a solo project, and with Starchaser Network and Melechesh, a band to which he still contributes lyrics and vocals. Proscriptor also started his own record label, Tarot Production, and played as a session musician in countless bands. Finally in 2007, Absu began working again.

Although the mythological terminology may be a bit confusing, the newest self-titled record is the epitome of the word epic. "The song 'Magic(k) Square Cipher' is a numerological song representing the Seal of Saturn and its ruling Sephirah. Amy (no, not a ballad about my wife-her name is Tiamatsu) is a story concerning a prevailing demon said to have been an imperative part of the underworld alongside Nergal," Proscriptor said when describing some of the themes presented on Absu-

> concept behind Absu is the packaging. "Internet piracy is a plague and an unquestionable poison to the music industry. Proscriptor said. "CD/LP

design and packaging is the ornamental topping that coats the music and that's what's missing with digital downloads in today's industry.

When all is said and done, all you have to do is listen to what Absu has to offer. Ultimately it is an extremely vivid form of art. The importance of this in the modern age is undeniable. It challenges your mind instead of numbing it.

To see the full interview with Proscriptor from Absu go to www.sluamaa.com



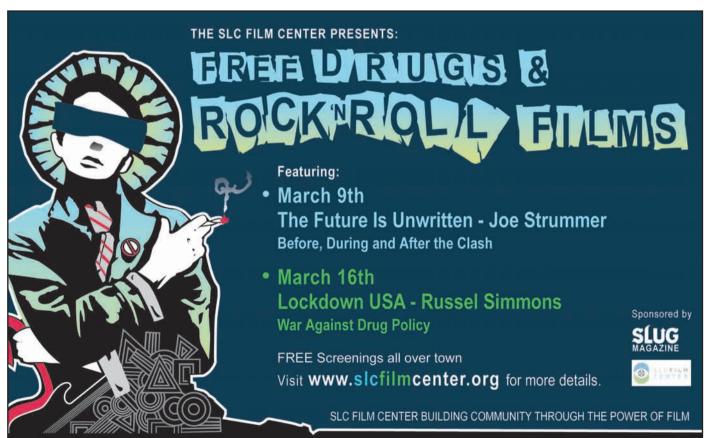
By Bryer Wharton

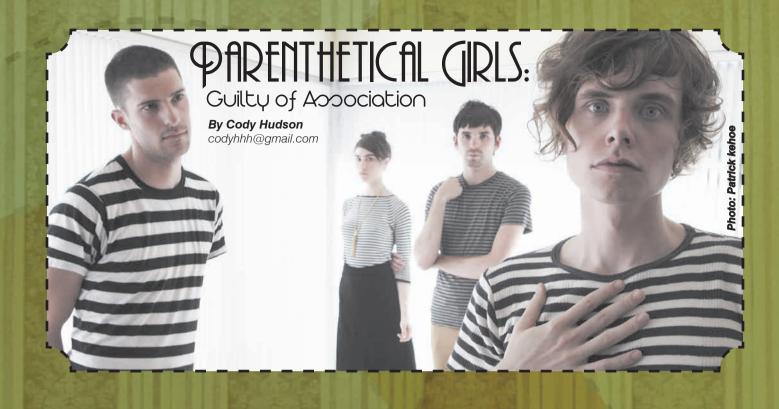
bryer@slugmag.com

Inside the Abyss,









Indie music, despite its many subgenres, is really nothing more than a fraternity: once you're in, you're in. Some bands become legacies simply through association—old friends in hometowns (every band on the Saddle Creek roster exemplifies this idea). The key to success in this genre is networking. Zac Pennington, lead singer of Parenthetical Girls, knows this and plays the game well. Parenthetical Girls have clawed their way into indie media outlets such as Pitchfork and have played larger European festivals like Primavera Sound —using the pull of praise and association. Having their songs covered by the bands Casiotone For The Painfully Alone, Deerhoof and No Kids certainly helped. However, for the most part they've used their associations with The Dead Science and Xiu Xiu to get their name out there. Pennington is fully aware of his networking skills. "I know that a lot of people heard about us through Casiotone. A lot of people have heard about us [from] our loose associations with Xiu Xiu. I feel like most people come to us not on our terms, but on other peoples terms." People are coming-and isn't that what a fraternity is all about?

Parenthetical Girls (originally the **Swastika Girls**) started out in Everett, Washington in 2002. After having no luck in finding a label to release their debut, Pennington started his own, **Slender Means Society**. "It's essentially a vanity label that I started to put out our first record," Pennington says. After their first release, *Christmas With Swastika Girls*, they ditched their original name for their current and slightly wordier one. In 2004 they released their first full length (((GRRRLS))) with the help of The Dead Science's **Jherek Bischoff** and Xiu Xiu's **Jamie Stewart**. Despite a relatively inconsistent line-up, the only constant being vocalist Zac Pennington, they have released three full-lengths and numerous EPs. Their newest album, *Entanglements*, was released on **Tomlab**.

The move to a larger label has provided some relief despite Pennington's control issues. "It was a lot easier to just handle everything myself than to rely on other people to do it—to allow other people to have input on the project," he said. It was a lot easier to accept a minor loss of control for the financial support though it has become nearly impossible for SMS to recoup costs. "It was a relief not having to pay for everything," Pennington says. And of course, Tomlab seemed the obvious choice with friends like **The Blow, Final Fantasy** and the other previously mentioned bands already signed.

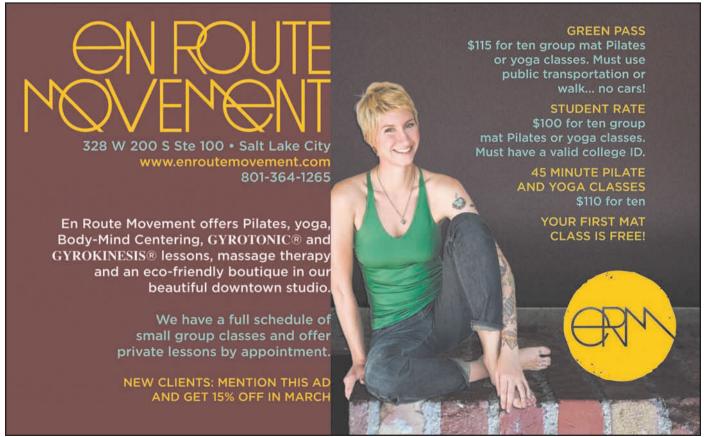
In keeping up with the 'fans by association' publicity scheme he knows

so well, Pennington tried to orchestrate an album made up entirely of friends covering their songs to promote *Entanglements*. "We started this somewhat crass commercial attempt to promote the record by having musician friends of ours do covers," he said. "If people don't like us, and they do like ... say Deerhoof, which is probable, we can still have our album be promoted by having our friends in Deerhoof do a cool cover of our songs," Pennington said. Unfortunately this plan fell through after only three of the enlisted bands (No Kids, Deerhoof and The Dead Science) came through with the cover tracks. Deerhoof's cover of "Gut Symmetries" can be found on Itunes. The others are floating around the Internet somewhere. Pennington hopes for a future release of these covers (and possibly more) so they will end up as something more than "blog fodder."

Last September, Parenthetical Girls released their third full-length album, *Entanglements*. Despite maintaining an outlandish songwriting style and overthe-top vocals, this album was a drastic change instrumentally. The songs have just changed from slightly minimalist pop-narratives to extremely orchestrated narratives. This was something that was in the works for years before finally getting around to production. "We had a plan to make a record like this for a long time ... I didn't feel really confident we could pull it off," Pennington says. Even with the help of their new label, they still had a hard time crafting an album of this scale, but with the aid of about 25 of their slightly less prominent friends they made it happen. "We didn't have a budget so it ended up being people donating their time," he said. "We recorded a lot of stuff in people's living rooms and weird basements throughout the few months that we were recording it."

If you missed their SLC show last October like most people did, you must be wondering how this heavily orchestrated album will translate into a smaller venue like *Kilby Court*. "It's just a shitload of keyboards," Pennington said. He points out that it wouldn't be very practical to play with a full orchestra at *Kilby* (I think that's debatable). One thing that is to be expected from the show on March 15 is a grandiose performance from Pennington. The few people at the their previous appearance at *Kilby* were treated to quite the show, with Pennington leaving the main room and singing to them through the window. The upcoming show, (even though it's on a Sunday) should have a bit more energy than the last, with the burgeoning fan base growing daily. With the help of their Northwestern Indie brethren, an extremely strong album and a new label, things seem very promising for Parenthetical Girls.







local more than once. She showers love on her menagerie of two pugs, a boxer, pekinese, pomeranian, persian and turtle. Miss de Azevedo's whimsical charm comes through strongly in her art. "For lack of a better term, I call it cutesy-creepy. It's stuff I've been drawing since I was a kid," she says. Admittedly, I only have so much tolerance for "kinder art" but when done with stylistic panache, it can transport you into the artist's own personal Where the Wild Things Are. She is definitely a chick that has her finger on the pulse of Salt Lake. With her ambition to succeed, we'll be seeing work from her for years to come.



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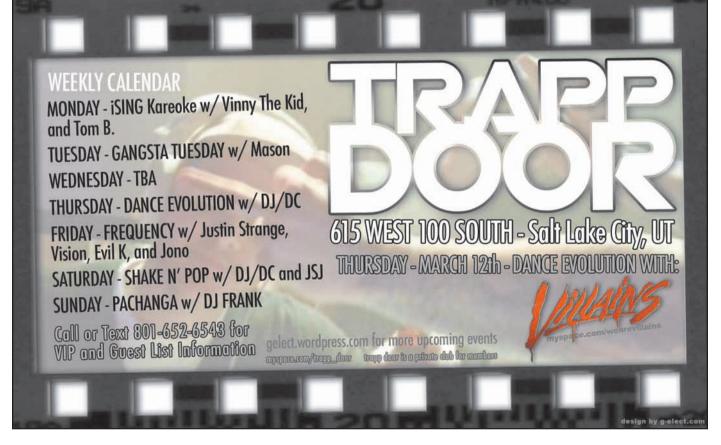
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So Many Tacos.

by Fred Worbon worbon@slugmag.com Taqueria "El Paisa"

Taqueria "El Paisa" 800 South Main Street (southeast corner) Salt Lake City, Utah, 84111 801.792.3019 Open seven days a week Reviewed Wednesday, Feb. 11, Saturday, Feb. 14 and Tuesday, Feb. 17, 2009

A few months ago I mentioned that my favorite Mexican restaurant, *La 35*, had closed, and pleaded with you to recommend a new one. NOT ONE OF YOU ASSHOLES REPLIED! Not that I'm bitter or anything ... but I have resorted to eating at taco carts on a regular basis. While my mouth enjoys this, my stomach is not always happy. I am not saying that I get sick, just that I think I need to build up a tolerance to street vendor food ... it can be a little rough.

Being a downtown resident without a car limits my daytime mobility (I can mooch off my Sugar Momma at night and use her car), but I find myself stoned and hungry at noon more often than I like to admit. This means that the area around Sears has become like Mecca to me. I am not sure, but I think I counted 637 taco stands in the immediate vicinity. It has taken me a while to decide because they are all great, but one has come to stand out above the rest, Taqueria "EI Paisa" on the southeast corner of 800 south and Main.

You would think that spending all this time eating Mexican food I would have picked up a little Spanish. Being the shitty American that I am and possibly because of a slew of learning disabilities, I haven't, so I will refer to all menu items by their English names. In a one week period I stopped by *El Paisa* at least three times, sometimes dragging a semiwilling friend and my wife along so I could sample their dish as well.

I usually stick to tacos when I hit up the street

vendors and for the first round I stuck with it, ordering two: one with beef head, a slightly tough steak like meat, and one with roast chicken, surprisingly tender and well seasoned. The tacos are \$1-1.50, depending on the meat selected, and are served with grilled onions and pinto beans on two lightly fried tortillas. There is a cooler full of salsas, cilantro, radishes, and fresh cut onions to choose from as toppings. Cheese is available by request. My wife asked for two tacos with no meat and the man at the cart happily, with a somewhat confused look on his face, obliged. For all you vegetarians out there, I am not sure if the beans, rice, or grilled onions are lard free. My wife just figures that in certain situations, it is

a little rude to ask about how veggie friendly something is, but she's not always a purist about these things. The food was fresh and tasted great.

On the second round, Valentine's Day (I know, I am one romantic mother fucker) I dragged not just my wife, but also two of my buddies along. With no discussion before-hand, we all opted for burritos (\$4 each). I tried the roast pork this time and had my burrito made with grilled onions, rice and cheese. The pork was a little tough and crisp, but was not overly salty and had just a hint of sweetness to it. My wife went veggie again, but wasn't quite sure she liked the grilled onions in burrito form, and my buddies mirrored our selections.

The third time around I ditched out of work early for some mid-day grubbing and tried two Vampiros (also \$1-\$1.50 ea), a cheese topped tortilla grilled until crispy and topped with my choice of meat. I went for one with roasted pork and a spicy and sweet chili sauce (probably my favorite of the bunch), and one with beef tongue, which tasted almost like roast beef, succulent and juicy. The cart also has a handful of other dishes, but seeing as it is in every way fast food. I always stick to the simple dishes and leave the more involved plates for restaurants, which brings me back to the beginning of this page—please send me some suggestions! I am a Mexican food nut and can easily be reached by email at worbon@slugmag.com.



urbanlounge

March 6th Crown City Rockers, Scenic Byway, Feel Good Patrol, Knoitalls 7th AFRO OMEGA

8th Time To Talk Tween Tunes + Giant + James Miska

9th Blind Pilot, Laura Gibson, Kathryn Cowles

10th And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, Funeral Party, Midnight Masses

11th Portugal The Man, Dusty Rhodes

12th Antenna Farm Records Night: The Botticellis, Sugar And Gold, Bart Davenport

13th Efterklang, Peter broderick, Jinga Boa, Silver Antlers

14th SLUG Localized: The Will Kills, Azon, Dig Nos Rebeldes

15th 7 PM Monthly Acoustic Event: Mary Hamilton, Kristin Erikson, Fifth Fret

10 PM Time To Talk Tween Tunes + Silver Desert + Ben Kilbourne

16th Lucky I Am of Living Legends, Scenic Byway, Dusk of Mindstate

17th TED DANCIN' St. Patrick's Day Party

18th Bad Weather California, The Future of the Ghost, Black Hens, Blues Dart

19th Three Reasons, Aeon Ghosts, Blaklystd, Melodramus

20th CLUMSY LOVERS, Puddle Mountain Ramblers

21st PALACE OF BUDDIES CD RELEASE, VILE BLUE SHADES, BIRTHQUAKE

22nd Knobody, Germane, Poeticali Disterbd, Scenic Byway

23rd The Upside Down, FURS, Shaky Hands

24th Ariel Pink's Haunted Grafitti, Tolchock Trio

25th Pigeon John, Rootbeer, Who Cares, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Blue Collar Theory

26th Rope or Bullets, Purr Bats, Le Force

27th Oh Wild Birds CD RELEASE, La Farsa, The Platte, Samba Gringa

March 16th

Lucky I Am

28th Funk Fu, Funk & Gonzo, Wisebird

29th Kinski

31st Dark Meat, Giant, Trouble On The Prairie, Fox Van Cleef

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April 1st Astronautalis

3rd Band of Annuals

7th Spindrift

8th White Denim

9th Ting Tings

10th Sleepytime Gorilla Museum & Faun Fables 11th The Hold Steady

12th Atmosphere After Party!

12th Atmosphere After Party

13th Clem Snide

17th SLUG Localized - Blue Sunshine Soul

20th ZION I

21st Blue Turtle Seduction

22nd Black Lips

23rd The Thermals

25th Yann Tiersen

30th Starfucker

May 1st Mr Lif

7th Bob Log III

11th Louis Logic

12th Trampled By Turtles

13th Cowboy Mouth

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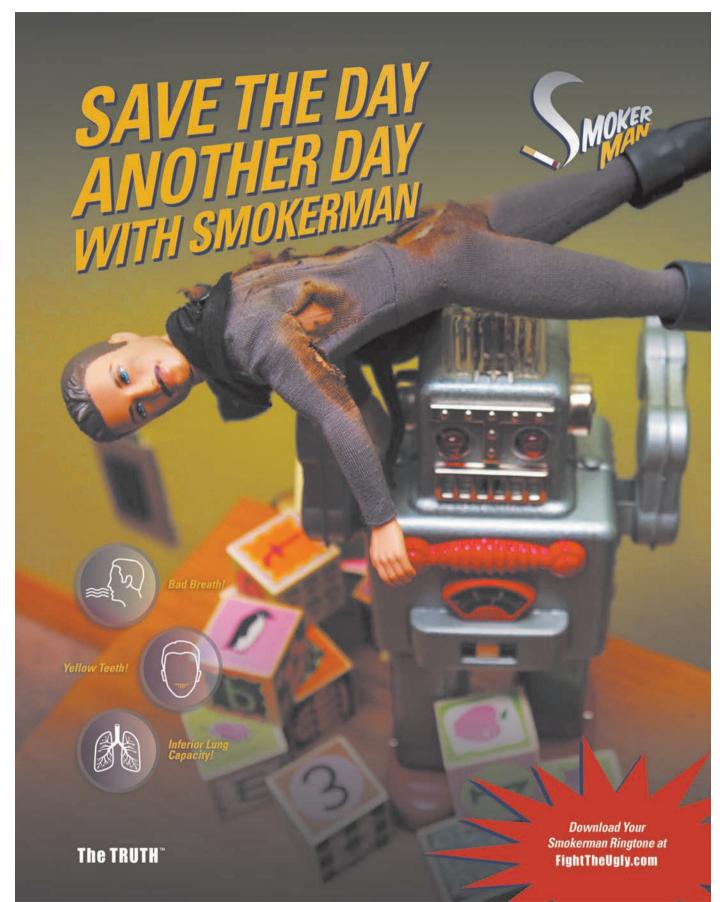
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what moves you



State of Salt Lake: Predictions mikebrown@sluamaa.com

I was recently in Chicago visiting friends, drinking myself stupid just to stay warm. and doing drugs I don't normally do. Doing strange drugs in a city I haven't been to before seems to be a reoccurring theme in my life lately. I think I'm gonna do a new drug in every new city I visit from here on out.

Former SLUG employee Nate Martin, who now lives in the Windy City, (which is actually called the Windy City because of its infamously corrupt politics and not because it's windy as fuck) told me how folks kind of hibernate there. He said that people instinctively couple up with someone to snuggle with for the bitter winters and once springtime gets sprung, everyone kind of goes a little crazy. Cheating on significant others and breaking up and out of winter relationships is a common theme there. I was left wondering if this happens in Salt Lake and what can be expected this spring?

Oh, what an interesting and convenient little bubble we live in here in Salt Lake City. I haven't really noticed if this springtime breakup phenomenon is just isolated to places colder than here, but I'm keeping my eye on it.

That's my first prediction: the local breakup ratio will skyrocket by 60 percent this month, thus kick-starting my theory that you don't date in this city—you wait your turn. March will be the perfect month to snag a rebound. Our dating scene

will remain like a bakery where you take your number and wait for your bread, but bread you can fuck.

March is such a bullshit month in my opinion. Nothing other than St. Patty's Day happens, and what a stupid holiday that is-drinking green beer to celebrate potatoes or some shit like that.

Prediction number two: The national recession will force more green beer down more sad throats to deal with losing their 401Ks, creating a 20 percent increase in green puke I will have to clean up at the bar where I work.

Anyway, March comes in like a sheep and out like a lion, which is just another way of saying the weather will be making a fabulous transition from winter to spring. Snow will melt, revealing massive amounts of dog shit and cigarette butts that have been cocooned by

a soft, white winter blanket—and things will start to change.

This means more outside activities. Kids will start trading in their snowboards for fixed gears and fresh new American Apparel v-necks to match. I don't see this fixed gear trend going away any time soon, so my next prediction is that the local BFC bike crew will finally be challenged by another bike crew, but it won't just be another set of fixie fucks. I have sources that tell me there is gonna be a beach cruiser bike crew called the SFBLH, which stands for Slow Fat Bike-Lane Hoggers. They will have their own set of bike sprints at the exact same times as the Salt City Sprints.

The SFBLH will have their own set of competitions much like the sprints. Whoever can fit the most craft store materials in their baskets and ring their cute little bell at the most old ladies, wins a new spoke card. They will also have a marathon ride going as slow as possible to a smelly brine shrimp beach on the outskirts of the Great Salt Lake just to validate that they are hardcore beach cruisers.

As far as local music trends go this spring, I predict that things will stay pretty much the same. Every local band I think the whole world should hear will continue to fester in local bars, and every band I think no one should hear (unless they deserve to be tortured) will get the attention of major labels. I'm gonna leave band names out of this one, I get enough shit as it is for music I don't like.

Speaking of music, I'm also predicting that the local Salt Lake Juggalo community will start their own missionary program to try to recruit new members for their church and backyard wrestling events. You can never go wrong with strength in numbers. I would be much more entertained by two dark clowns knocking

> on my door than two dark suits. I don't think I'd make it past the first discussion though.

I should also predict how the new SLUG office is gonna turn out. It will be located right by Trails Strip Club, so we can make an easy prediction about where I will be spending most of my lunch break. I can also easily predict that my SLUG commissions will be coming in the form of one dollar bills stacks instead of the usual round of Burt's Tiki Lounge bucks or Este Pizza coupons.



Since the new office will be in a house, we will have less than adequate

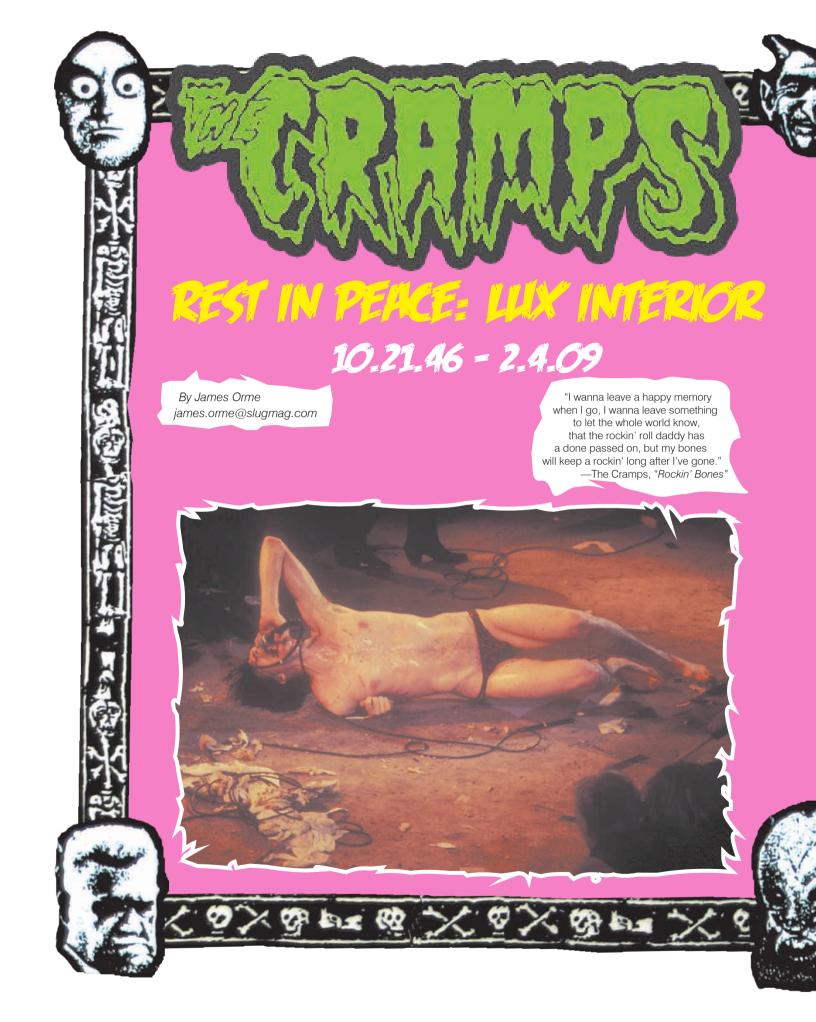
living guarters for all new interns, keeping them chained upstairs twenty four hours a day, getting me and **Jeanette** coffee whenever we want. I think keeping interns at the SLUG house should help lower the high turn-over volunteer rate for different events and what-not.

These predictions may seem trite and shabby, so I humbly encourage you to email me your own predictions for the upcoming spring.



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When Lux Interior of The Cramps hit the stage, he commanded you to watch him. He didn't seem human — he was a leather-clad extraterrestrial ripped from the pages of *Tales from the Crypt*. I was lucky enough to see The Cramps in 2006 on their last major tour of the U.S. Sadly, it's a spectacle the world will never have the chance to see again. Lux Interior died on Feb. 4 at the age of 62 from aortic dissection.

The Cramps were formed in 1976 when Lux and his rock 'n' roll soulmate, guitar player Poison Ivv. followed their musical passions to New York City. Amidst the early punk scene, the duo formed a band that reached all the way back to the dawn of rock 'n' roll, pulled out its most garish and primal elements and gave them new life. Playing the infamous stages of Max's Kansas City and CBGB's, The Cramps quickly set themselves apart from their punk peers with their '50s-inspired sound, gorgeous vixen on guitar and deranged lead singer. After gigging around New York and releasing several 7" records, they signed with the label I.R.S Records and landed a European tour, opening for none other than **The Police**. The Cramps proved to be a tough act to follow for the young pop stars. Over the years, the band survived many setbacks—like having to sue their one-time record label, I.R.S., for unpaid royalties, line-up changes and label changes—but the band persevered through it all. Relentless touring brought the band loyal fans all over the world, allowing them the opportunity to make a guest appearance on the TV show 90210 of all places. Eventually, The Cramps were able to take control of the majority of their back catalog, releasing both old and new records on their very own label, Vengeance.

It's easy to understand why Lux and lvy believed that true rock 'n' roll is a dirty little secret that the public at large will never comprehend. In a 2004 interview, Poison lvy told *SLUG*, "We are keeping rock 'n' roll alive. It's not radio music and it cannot be dismissed as something classified within the music industry by their terms."

Midnight B-movies, strange sex, good drugs and the purity of rock 'n' roll were all themes that found their way onto every Cramps record. I can still put on Songs the Lord Taught Us, and even though I've heard the song "I was a Teenage Werewolf" thousands of times, I still get chills from Lux's crazed performance on this track. Something about The Cramps just makes me feel free: free to be angry, free to be horny, free to be strange and weird—a freedom rarely found in music. When SLUG asked Ivy if the perversesexual themes in The Cramps' songs came

naturally because they were a couple, she responded, "Absolutely. Most of it has to do with our relationship, but it also has to do with the fact that rock 'n' roll has a lot to do with sex. After all, in the beginning rock 'n' roll was a street slang term for sex."

Throughout their three-decade career, Lux and Ivy kept The Cramps going through many transformations in pop music, but they stuck to their guns and always made the rock 'n' roll they wanted. Ivy's slow and slinky, echoedout guitar style and Lux's over the top sexually driven performances became the heart and soul of everything The Cramps did musically. "Lux is quite the character on stage," Ivy said. "I'm a lot more introverted than he is, I tend to do my talking through my guitar."

Lux and The Cramps' mark on rock 'n' roll is immeasurable. From punk and garage rock to rockabilly revival and psycohbilly, all these genres are unimaginable in 2009 without the existence of The Cramps. Bands like **Gun Club**, **Reverend Horton Heat**, **The White Stripes**, **Tiger Army** and countless others were touched by what Lux Interior, Poison Ivy and The Cramps created. Anytime a music fan finds the true honesty that only pure rock 'n' roll has to offer, Lux will be part of that. Thank you Lux, thank you Ivy, for permanently altering the world's rock 'n' roll landscape.







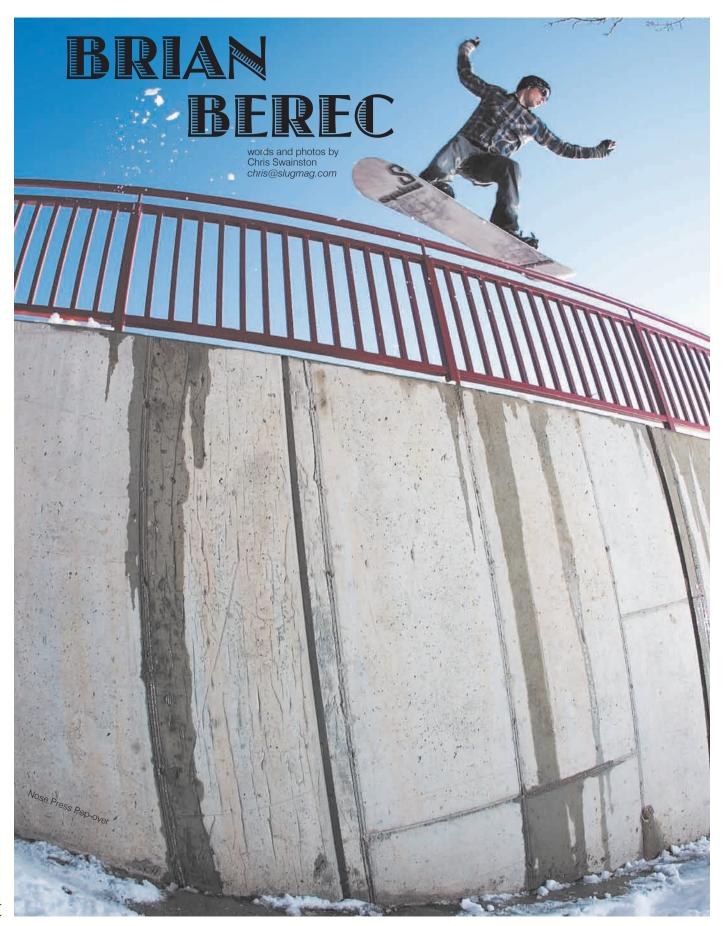








PAULMITCHELL SKULL







Hailing from the garbage state (New Jersey), **Brian Berec** moved out to SLC seven years ago. "I came out here to snowboard and explore as many spots that I could find on and off the mountain," he says. It was the typical broke-joke lifestyle—shacking up in a tiny studio apartment, rocking bunk beds with another friend from Jersey, living off of nothing and experiencing everything.

The first time I met Berec, he didn't even give off the persona of a snowboarder. He came off as a mellow cat that drank a bit on the weekends, worked and did his own thing in a medium-paced life. My first impression couldn't have been more wrong. A few weeks later, beer in hand, I was caught in a trance starring into one of the Jackalope's TV screens. The Smith video was playing and I noticed all these local spots pop up. I turned to my friend Kendal to ask him whose part it was. He laughed and pointed across the table. "It's Brian. He fucking rips and he filmed most of it by himself." From then on, it became apparent that Brian Berec didn't live a mid-paced life.

One of the raddest things about Berec is how motivated and on point he is with his snowboarding. A couple months ago, he rolled over to my house with a head full of spots to shred. It was just him, Fuzz and myself cruising up to the U for a lesson in shredenomics. This was the first time I had ever gone out with Berec. It was a little weird at first since there were only the three of us. I'm so used to sessions being annoyingly large with one photog, two filmers, three dudes riding and four modeling cigarettes on the sidelines, all trying to get footy. When we got there, Berec and Fuzz busted out their shovels and had everything set up in about 15 minutes. Berec landed what he wanted in three tries and we took off to another spot. He never set up a camera and never stressed about anything. He just came, conquered and left. It happened so fast, I was a little stunned. I wasn't even sure if I got the photo. We checked out three other spots that day. None of them really worked out, but I didn't care. I was hyped that he even had more than one spot idea in mind. This kid really takes a close look at the world around him, discovering spots in places I would have never even thought to look.

Berec's shred sessions are more or less low-key like this all the time. When he first



"I just lay in the road, struggling to breathe for a good five minutes, hoping if a car came they would see me and not hit me."

moved out here, he was so ecstatic with how much Salt Lake had to offer in the sense of snowboarding that he would go out and hit anything he saw. It was like a smacky scoring a fix. The only thing to settle Berec's nerves was snowboarding. This led to self-filming tons of his own footy. "I think I have A.D.D. My mind wanders. Typical nights alone, I will switch an activity several times in several hours, and with snowboard spots close to your house, I would just go out and try to do something, he says.

Setting up a tripod to hit a spot by yourself is no picnic in the park. Nobody is there to hype you up. The first drop is all you, and nobody is there to un-click your bindings after that horrendous slam you just took. A friend of mine told me a story about Berec slamming into a wall and breaking his arm after sliding a massive double down by himself. I couldn't believe anybody would be that gnarly with nobody around to see it, so I asked Berec about his worst slam while out on a solo mission. "I was filming on a ledge at the U when I got hung up and pitched to my chest, knocking the wind out of myself. I just lay in the road, struggling to breathe for a good five minutes, hoping if a car came they would see me and not hit me." If that was me. I would never snowboard again, but for Berec, it's just another day. He takes things how they come and always keeps a good attitude about it. His mellow, cool vibe rubs off on everyone around him, and that's why every session always goes so well—it's all for the love.

Lifestyles Projection Movement and Danksquad have been around for the ride, helping Berec out with some gear and good heads to film with. When he is not shredding, he hustles tables at the angry quail to make ends meet and rests up next to his beautiful girlfriend Jenny. As long as there is snow on the ground, he will keep on shredding every time an idea rattles his brain, whether anyone is there to see it or not.

Today's lesson in Berecology: Put down that cig, forget about the footy and just rip it.





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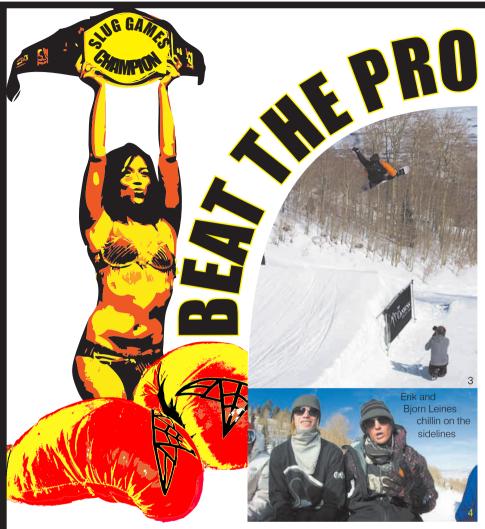












SLUG Games



PHOTOGRAPHY BY

- Adam Dorobiala
 Katie Panzer
- 2) Bob (Possum) Plumb
- zer 4) davebrewerphoto.com

words by Ben Robertson benjamin718@aol.com

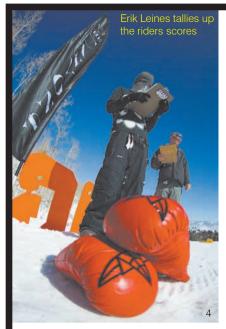
On Saturday, Feb. 21, 2009 an arsenal of kids armed with skis and snowboards went head to head against pro skiers and riders at The Canyons in the SLUG Games and Celtek Gloves Beat the Pro contest, the second and final SLUG Games comp of the season. Mother Nature took a break from her winter fury and provided a beautiful sunny day. The course was built to perfection by the Canyon's park crew rails, led by Steve Duke (co-owner of KAB Rails) It consisted of a big ol' boosty table, flat box, up-box to rainbow and up-box to flat-bar. These kids came to fight, and fight they did. Delivering blow after blow in an attempt to beat out their favorite pro in a good old-fashioned game of S-K-A-T-E. Bjorn Leines, Iris Lazzareschi, Stefan Thomas and lil' Cale Zima offered their bodies for a serious beat down.

The day started with an open jam format. The top five riders from each division were chosen to battle it out against a pro. This is when the competition really began: each pro set the trick for the ams to beat and a game of skate ensued. Leins and Lazzareschi took some brutal hits early on that sent them down,









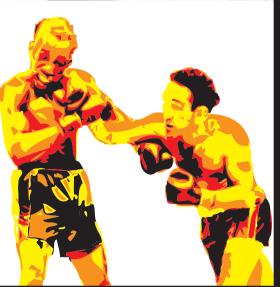


but not out. Thomas led the skiers with a huge backwards ("zero spin" sounds lame) tailgrab and huge 450 gap off the up box. Zima flung twirly birds off the flat bar. The ladies killed it, but it was **Wiki Jones** with her laid back and effortless style that put her on top of the podium. The competitors were unleashing a barrage of tricks I didn't know existed. **Drew** Brighton's FS 360 Tai Pan won Best Trick, which reaffirmed that between-the-legs grabs are the new tight pants. The competition went on longer than anyone expected and it became very apparent that these kids were good, damn good. They were matching stylish switch sevens and other trickery consistently. All the smiling and high fives between pros and competitors made it seem that the competition was in the back of everyone's mind. It became just another day in the park with friends. It was awesome to see pros giving advice to the competitors and vice versa. All camaraderie aside, the pros remained standing as the final bell rang. Prizes were given to the top riders in each division.





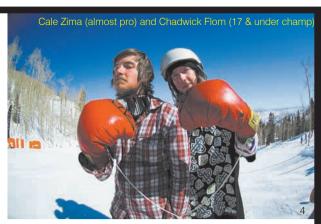












Men's Snowboard Open:

- 1st Andy Kantola
- 2nd Drew Brighton
- 3rd Ted Borland

Women's Snowboard Open:

- 1st Wiki Jones
- 2nd Kirra Kostenburg
- 3rd Dani Bastian

Drew Brighton - Front Side

Greg Pinette - Aaron Bittner

Best Pro Look-a-like:

Best Trick:

360 Tai Pan

Look-a-Like

Skier's Open: 1st McRae Williams

- 2nd Adam Battersby
- 3rd Luke Perin

Men's Snowboard 17 & Under:

- 1st Chadwick Flom
- 2nd Evan Drange
- 3rd James Morgan

Skier's 17 & Under: 1st CJ Bode

Tremendous thanks to: everyone who came out, Bjorn Leines, Iris Lazzareschi, Stefan Thomas, Cale Zima, Celtek, The Canyons, KAB Rails, Nitro, Armada, One Love, ASWC, Discrete, Roxy, Odeus, The Click, Milosport, Salty Peaks, Straight Line, Lenitech, ABZ Enterprises. The Truth, Autumn Garage, The Sunnyside Company, Fun Hat and FICE.









Words and Photos By Kealan Shilling keshilling@gmail.com

Last year in late spring, I got to break away from the scene with Derek Dennison and Jace Foster to head up to Ogden for a day of fun-inthe-sun urban snowboarding. No serious filmers breathing down the riders' necks, a no vibe setting, not a cloud in the sky or one bit of hassle from the men in blue left the day completely open to bullshit and smiles.

We spent our day building one of the biggest drop-in ramps ever built. Piled up high, we set our ramp up on about 6 loading crates packed in with snow and supported by various 2x4's. The ramp was balanced on top of an old wooden bank covered in snow, giving us just enough speed to get sideways on the giant, old Ogden cement wall. As the snow melted away from the late spring storm, we took turns making the climb to the top and dropping in for a go at it. The afternoon came and we had to leave. Foster had to be at work in an hour, and we still had a bit of a drive, but as we packed up the car, I realized I had some great shots of two kids who definitely still know how to make it happen on their own terms.

Derek Dennison

DOB: 04.29.?? - "Keep the ladies guessing"

Sponsors: TechNine, Nomis, 686, Celsius, Smith, Neff and Technique

SLUG: How long have you been riding the old shred stick?

Dennison: Oh man ... it's been about 13 years now.

SLUG: I heard you got to design a board for TechNine this year, tell me about it. Dennison: Yeah, somehow I weaseled my way into that! It's a pretty mellow, basic design. I wanted to keep it simple: good flex, good shape, good sizes ... what more can I

SLUG: What does a day off mean to you?

Dennison: It usually means one of two things: 1) a travel day with no shredding (sometimes that's nice to heal up the body for a day) or b) a day away from the camera, up at Brighton, shredding with the boys!

SLUG: Anything crazy happen last year when you were out filming?

Dennison: Well, I did fall off of a pretty good-sized bridge about 30 ft straight down to flat, bare, frozen asphalt ... that didn't feel too good. I got real lucky and escaped with only a bruised heel, but that could have been the dreaded "season ender" really easily





Jace Foster

DOB: 09.22.88

Sponsors: Forum, Special Blend, Nixon, Spy Optics, Ogio, DVS and

SLUG: How long have you been riding?

Foster: Six vears.

SLUG: What's the hardest part of being an amateur snowboarder? Foster: You gotta still work to pay the bills. Lately I've been working three jobs and trying to snowboard as much as I can. My motto is basically that I can sleep when I'm dead.

SLUG: Do you prep yourself before dropping in to hit something? Foster: Not really... just focus and get a good beat in my head.

SLUG: Like music?

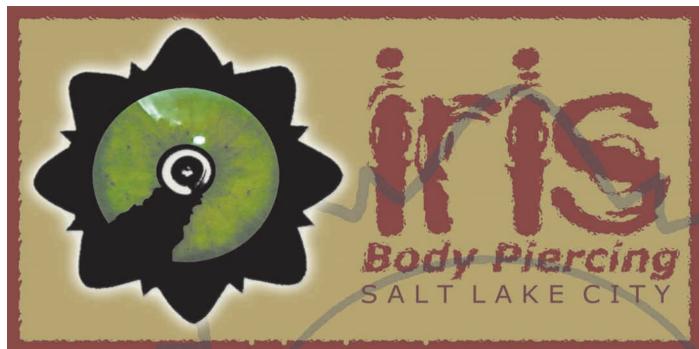
Foster: No, I don't listen to music when I ride, I just get a good beat going in my head and go with it.

SLUG: Anything crazy happen to you last year while filming?

Foster: I broke two ribs. It sucked because you really can't do anything for it except rest.

SLUG: So you're one of the few Mexican riders getting any recognition right now in a predominantly white sport. Were there any boundaries you had to overcome and does that have any significance for you?

Foster: I obviously didn't grow up in a really wealthy family. I was actually really poor, and I had to start work when I was 13 just to have money because I didn't have a dad in my life. So growing up having the drive and determination but having to work for what you want, you get a good work ethic. Being from a different race, not that it happens all the time, there are people who discriminate. You definitely got to turn some heads with your riding. Another person that comes to mind is Stevie Bell, he's black and proved that you can make it happen despite all the shit. I get shit like people saying, "Oh Jace, he's just trying to be like Marco (MFM)," so stereotyping works both ways and is definitely an issue in snowboarding. I guess the significance for me is if you're hating on me enough to realize what I'm trying to do, and you're trying to put me down, then obviously I'm doing something right.



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Big Lines in Little Cottonwood photos courtesy of MSI

by Shawn Mayer smayer@ldbnsnow.com

For the second consecutive season, the North Face Masters Contest Series kicked off at Snowbird Resort. This year's event, which took place between Jan. 29 and Feb. 1. saw a few improvements over the previous, most noticeably the change of mountain location and more big name riders. In all, about one hundred competitors hiked out towards North Baldy in search of the sketchiest terrain to earn themselves a piece of the 50k purse. The event kicked off bright and early Friday morning as the field was narrowed down to the top twelve women and thirty-five men. On Saturday, the remaining riders were given one run for their chance to make it into the super final. Being lazy by nature. I showed up to the hike zone just in time to see the last two riders of the semi-final take their runs.

When up top, the conditions looked poor at best, which was surprising because a large storm had just passed through the area four days before. You would think with this kind of competition, the powers that be would keep the area closed to preserve some of the snow. This didn't stop many riders from hucking themselves off, over and on to every cliff, rock, tree and powder pocket they could find. After navigating my way down the course, I perched up below the last cliff line in order to observe the finals. For the next two hours, the remaining six women and sixteen men battled it out for the win. If you want to see what happened in the finals you can look it up on Internet, but here are some of the highlights I saw.

All the women charged it and dropped some decent cliffs. It's pretty cool to see the ladies stepping it up every year. A few local riders killed their runs, including **Tyler Anderson**'s huge back three. **Travis Rice** showed up and spun off of one of the biggest cliffs (he fell), as some photo guy behind me screamed and giggled over a "smart run!"

In the end, the "smart run" took him the top spot for the men. I was a little disappointed to see that freestyle tricks weren't scored as high as "billy-goating" (yeah if I hear that term again I'm going to punch someone if the face, glasses and all). Then I remembered it's a big mountain competition and not slopestyle, so the ability to get yourself into and out of dangerous shit is respectable (but it's a lot more fun to watch riders do tricks in those spots).



Men:

1st Matt Annets

2nd Ralph Backstrom

3rd Rob Kingwell

Women:

1st Shannon Yates

2nd Michele Locke

3rd Susan Mol

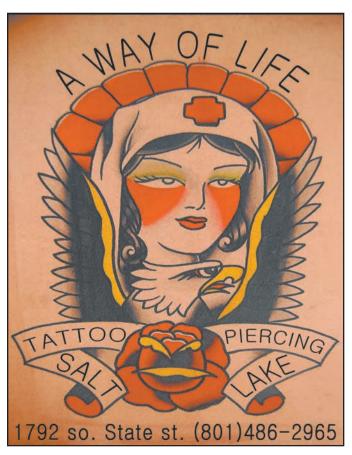


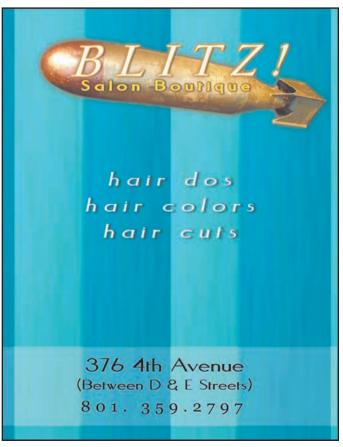












PRODUCT REVIEWS

BozWreck Snowboards

Home Wreck (a.k.a. Matty Ryan) 148 Pro Model Bozwreck.com

BozWreck was started in 2005 as a video production company and has since put out two DVDs, both of which are self-titled. If you haven't had a chance to check either of them out, you're failing at life. Since 2008. BozWreck has become a full-on board company. The team is made up of two unclassy individuals, Nate Bozung and Matty Ryan — both of who have been staples in the Utah urban shred scene for the past decade. BozWreck also consists of a few flow riders and tree burners. Ever heard the piña colada song? You know, the one that goes, "If you like piña coladas and getting caught in the rain, if you're not into health food and you have half a brain..." That song reminds me of BozWreck snowboards. Their boards are smooth and they are not made for pussies. These boards are geared towards people with attitude problems and people who had issues growing up. I mean who the fuck wants to grow up? Jobs aren't anything but work. If you don't have any attitude, you might as well kill yourself because you're missing out on fucking shit up. Home Wreck hooked me up with a sweet shred stick due to the fact that it was either that or get one of his fingers chopped off for losing a bet. The board was a little stiff at first, but after a few days it became all buttery like a crack hit. I hadn't ridden on a board this small for a while, but to my surprise, this thing was fun as shit. I'm only five-foot-nothing though, so you might want to take that into consideration. The board has proper pop and a sketchy little top graphic of Matty partaking in his two favorite pastimes, swilling a brew and choking down a cancer stick. Go to Milo Sport and pick up both DVDs and a BozWreck board, and if you're lucky, Boznuts and Home Wreck might be lurking and burning in the parking lot. Watch your children around these two! -David Amador

Crescent Moon

Gold Series 10 Snowshoe

Crescentmoonsnowshoes.com

It was nasty inversion-filled air when I woke up that morning, and all I could think about was getting the fuck out of the grimy smog. Fortunately, it was time to test out my new snowshoes, so I packed and headed up Little Cottonwood to make my way up Little Superior for some fresh turns. People don't normally use snowshoes with ski boots, but it happens, and I was one of those people making it happen. The strapping mechanism on the shoes is super easy and makes for a quick entrance with the use of their single-strap pull technology. The hike itself was steep, but the excellent toe claws of the snowshoes made for superior traction up the peak. Once I had reached the summit, I was psyched to learn that nothing was broken on the snowshoes and it was time to shred some gnar. Hand made in Boulder, Colorado, this pair of snowshoes is built to last. The super light construction of these bad boys make it so you don't even notice they are strapped onto your pack when descending. Good work Crescent Moon, I had another happy day of shredding thanks to my hardworking friends in Boulder. -Mike Reff

Brixton

The Drifter and The Caddy BrixtonItd.com If you haven't seen me around town gathering crowds of girls due to this fresh new cap, then you probably will soon. Seriously, I have received so many compliments on this hat that it's almost annoying. I know this is an awesome hat. I am wearing it nonston duh! I received the Drifter in the natural colorway, and I'm very excited to bring this hat into my spring wardrobe as an everyday wearer. Now on to the Caddy...



this is a perfect wallet for those of us that don't have cash and just carry cards (why we even carry the cards, I don't know). It is very slim and doesn't take any attention away from my great ass. Keep it up fellas! —Hehshun

Rome SDS

Vagrant Pant and Draggers Only Jacket

Romesnowboards.com

Ahhh, there is nothing like a comfortable pant and jacket combo that keeps you dry, warm and stylish on the mountain. Rome nailed it with a new take on the classic Members Only jacket that keeps you extremely dry while you're showing the homies on the mountain "how we do." The Vagrant pant is also another great addition to the Manifest Collection and has enough pockets to hold just about anything you can think of needing to have with you while riding. Both the pants and the Draggers Only jacket have Drytac 15™ Technology, meaning they allow the moisture inside your gear to get out as it repels water like light repels darkness. Even though I am not a huge fan, the all-over print on the liner of the jacket is pretty cool for an all-over print and complements the plain black shell to a T. So if you want some classic gear that has just enough flare to satisfy your tastes, check out the website or, preferably, head over to a local snow shop to pick up their goods. After all, we are in a recession, right? *Adam Dorobiala*



Vans

Dennis McNett Pack

Skate.vans.com

Vans teamed up with **Dennis McNett** to bring you a run of radical art clothing. Much of McNett's art inspiration comes from the aesthetic of mid-80s punk rock, album art and the raw skateboarding scene of the time. Printed in a linoleum-cut style, powerful, dark animal imagery of howling wolves, deathly bats and cunning crows cover the shirts that came in the pack. The 100 percent cotton keeps you comfortable while the slightly faded, worn-out look keeps you looking rugged and raw, not like a munted drip dressed in the freshest new gear that mommy bought for the first day of school. More cackling crows grace the insole and backside of a pair of J-Lay mids. I almost didn't want to skate them, but that would be anti-Vans and McNett. As

be out for another year, so keep saving up that scrilla so when they drop, you

will be the first one strapped in at the top of the mountain. -Adam Dorobiala



McNett says, "If I were to recall an image of how Vans fit into the aesthetic of the '80s it would be a SK8-Hi with blown out soles and a wad of duct tape around the toe holding it all together." Visit vansapparel. com to see more of the art/clothing collaboration series and visit howlingprint.com to see more Mc-Nett art -Chris Swainston





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SAFEERY-STROLL

Gallery Stroll hot picks for March By Mariah Mann Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

30 years ago Gallery Stroll was an underground event. Since then it has risen to a mainstream monthly occasion celebrating the extraordinary art scene in Salt Lake City. Offering the highest caliber of galleries and artists, rivaling SoHo or San Francisco, this little mountain town is abundant with arts and cultural events. What better way to enjoy the scene than during the monthly Gallery Stroll? It takes place on March 20 from 6-9 p.m. An explanation for this thriving vibrant art community could be the exposure that budding artists receive. Branded And On Display currently at the Salt Lake Art Center features the work of over 20 artists that looks at the commercial messaging we receive daily. Some images are explicit and others more subliminal, but the repetition proves to be mind-altering. Would you recognize the word Coca Cola no matter what form it is placed on? Or the striking swoosh known only as the Nike symbol? Think of the brands Band Aid or Google that have transformed into verbs. adjectives and nouns. "Put a Band Aid on your cut". Or "I will google him." The exhibit is presented in video, installation, sculpture, painting, photography and sound--iust as they are introduced into our subconscious, but presented in altered states to allow the viewer to reflect, rewind and reprogram. The exhibit opened Feb. 21, but you can still catch the "replay" through May 23. The Salt Lake Art Center is located 20 South West Temple and open Tuesday-Thursday and Saturday 11 a.m. - 6 p.m., Friday from 11a.m. - 9 p.m., closed Sunday and Monday.

The Salt Lake gallery community grew by one in the last few months, The Meyer Gallery (who has been making a name for itself in Park City since 1965) has opened its second location in the new Metro Lofts at 350 S. 300 East. Adjacent to the flourishing Broadway artisan community Meyer is positioned to become a must stop with over 2,000 square feet of exhibit space, a solid roster of seasoned and emerging artists, and a mix of local and national painters and sculptors. Whether it's during Gallery Stroll or your lunch break. I highly recommend stopping in for a little revitalization and refocusing with the bold yet soothing paintings and sculptures. It's a great way to counteract the hazy winter blues.

The Meyer Gallery

Working at the SLC Film Center as the Marketing and Community Outreach Manager, has given me the opportunity to pause at their art shows on Main Street that occur at 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. daily. Last August the SLC Film Center unveiled Sidewalk Cinema. the latest technology in outdoor video displays. These "big screens" showcase upcoming SLC Film Center trailers and film shorts. but as of recently, daily art shows and art video installations are also being included. Throughout the month of March you can catch The 337 Project Images and Artists. The film features a video walkthrough of the 337 Project by Alex Johnstone and Davey Davis. They catch up with artists Trent Alvey and Jan Haworth and their latest endeavors. The film is topped off with clips from the final hours of the 337 Project and its destruction. The show lasts approximately a half hour and can be seen at 260 South Main and 122 South Main. The video exhibits change with every gallery stroll.

BEEREVIEWS

Amateur Hour Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

Ahhh, so the month of March has hit and it's time for the amateur hour of excessive drinking, piss water disguised as "green beer," pretending that you are Irish (despite the years of strategic breeding that proves otherwise) and placing bets to see which one of your friends will get a DUI this go round. All the same. St. Pattv's day is a day when good beer should be consumed in honor of heritage and chasing snakes out of the Emerald Isle. The Irish styles of today are rich in history and make themselves present in mainstream beer production (i.e. red ales and stouts). So if anything, make this St. Pat's a day when you drink a beer that ends with anything other than "light."

Oatmeal Stout Brewer/Brand: RedRock Brewing Company

Abv: 4.0% Price: \$4.50

Size: On Nitro Tap/Pint

Description: This comes off nitro, and when poured in a pint, it has a deepbrown color with a dense pillow-like tan head. The nose is very light in roast with some undertones of toffee and caramel. The taste is so smooth that it is hard to hold on to the softly sweet caramel malts and light roast. The finish is as light as the body on this one, and leaves you wanting another sip.

Overview: The typical oatmeal stout is rich and creamy in body with a very unique mouth feel pitched off by the oats that are used in the production of this type of beer. In all other ways, this style of stout fits the standard of any regular stout as well (i.e. bitterness, roasted character, and sweet complexes). When it comes to this style, the majority of Utah brewers are left with no flexibility of alcohol content, so the beer has a tendency to suffer. This brew is usually a bit better than other oatmeal stouts available in Utah. I recommend giving it a try if you have yet to, or even better: try pairing it with a smoked meat and dessert to bring out this beer's full potential.

Where to Find: This is on tap year round at both locations in Park City and SLC.

McGees Red Ale Brewer/Brand: *Hoppers*

Abv: 4.0% Price: \$4 Size: On-Tap

Description: With an off-tan head, this beer is crystal clear and amber to "red" in color. The aromatics lead you into some sweet dextrines and malts, some dry toastiness, and finish with a bland hop character. The taste is some toast and roast with sweet malts laying the backing with next to no hop bitterness.

Overview: The Irish red ale style is typically an easy-drinking ale with moderate hop bitterness, a touch of sweet malt laying out the body and a very light toasted or roasted undertone (which is where the color is derived). In this case, it is an easy drinker without too much to think about.

Where to Find: This is on tap year round at Hoppers.

Captain Bastard's Oatmeal Stout

Brewer/Brand: *Utah Brewers Co-Op/Squatters*

Abv: 4.0% Price: \$1.25 Size: 12 oz Bottle

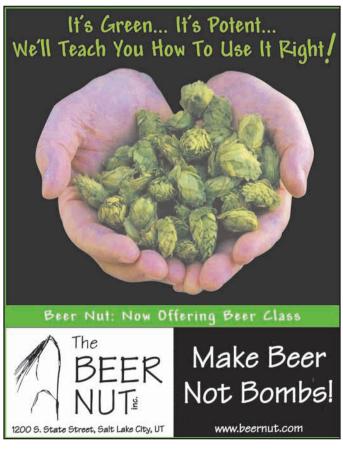


Description: This beer is deep brown/borderline black with light ruby hints and a quickly receding tan head. The scent is a definite coffee with some light undertones of currant, tobacco and some chocolate. The body is a touch light for an oatmeal stout, but makes up for it with a complexity of deep roasted characteristics. It finally leaves your palate with flavors of roast, chocolate and light tobacco to finish rather crisp, which opens you up for more.

Overviews: This is a brew that has been on the *Brewers' Cooperative* arsenal for many years and does not seem to be going anywhere. As it is a touch bland on its own, I would recommend pairing this with any hearty breakfast or even some raw oysters to make a killer pairing.

Where to Find: Found at most grocery stores, The Beer Store and on nitro tap at Squatter's. Cheers.





ECELEVIEWS

Big Gun Baby

Self-titled
Self-released
Street: 03.24
Big Gun Baby = The Poster Children + Republica

This five-song EP contains three original tracks and two remixes. Big Gun Baby is run by two members—Jaycee, who is in charge of the sexy singing over the drum track beats and Greame, who provides the power chord guitar. The three songs definitely have a late-nineties dance rock vibe to them. It reminds me of back in the day when I would longingly look at my Garbage poster, the one where Shirley Manson is crawling on Hollywood Boulevard. I used to look at that poster as a young junior high child and have some very impure thoughts. I miss that poster. I need to get that out of my parents' basement. Back to Big Gun Baby, the original tracks are standard techno rock, but the remixes at the end of the album are awesome. You guys should remix all your songs and stick with the club sound. -Jon Robertson

Jacket Weather/ The Highwire Act/ I Hear Sirens

Self-Titled Three-Way Split
Self-released
Street: 05.31.08
Jacket Weather + The Highwire
Act + I Hear Sirens = top acts from
Utah Valley

Three different bands (no side

projects of one musician) separately recorded three songs and then combined their efforts to put out a well-polished and goodlooking album. Jacket Weather is a culmination of four talented guvs who listen to a lot of The Promise Ring or Stella Brass. They are the new awesome, local, post-hardcore group. The Highwire Act is a simple quitar/drum duo who play not-so simple guitar riffs glazed over with bass, similar to No Age without the glare. I Hear Sirens is like DoMakeSavThink if they had crafted gorgeous melodies while still in high school. This split is worth owning, if you can find it. Try Jacket Weather's MySpace profile.

The Mighty Curse

-Jennifer Nielsen

Good Luck Ábove the Sea EP Self-Released Street: 12.31.08 The Mighty Curse = a punk rock version of Gwar + Elvis (bastardized) + The Dead Kennedys



Admittedly, I was a bit confused when I first spun the latest EP from Salt Lake City's The Mighty Curse. It is a mishmash of styles, and the vocals are so obviously bad that you know even the members probably laugh at them. The first thing I should have done was the last thing I did, and that was go to their MySpace page. Lo and behold, the intent behind TMC is not to be serious music, but just a plain old good time. The guys actually have tossed some good riffs together, creating an upbeat sound. Then the vocals come in, completely out

of key and not in rhythm with the music. Basically, it sounds like a few guys with a few beers behind them singing about whatever comes to mind. The sad thing is, I've come across plenty of bands that are extremely serious about what they do who sound a hell of a lot worse than TMC. If I missed the point of what TMC is doing, I sincerely apologize to the band. In any right, I took it for what it was, had some laughs, and I can surely guess the guys put on a raucous live show. —Bryer Wharton

Muscle Hawk

The Speed of Dark EP Self-released Street: 01.28 Muscle Hawk= Justice + Ratatat + Chromeo



This band is fucking hot to trot. Two guys on synths/computers plus one lady on the drums formulates the perfect combination for a dance party. There is a reason one of their songs is called "Cocaine," because MH is audio base. A little baking soda, some shiny foil, irresistible beats and some live bass guitar (for taste) makes this some of the purest dance rock around. Sorry to mix crack and freebase metaphors, but you get it. These motherfuckers are cooking up at 100 percent pure. I can't say enough positives, so I will let your ears do the listening and your head the bopping. Pick this up if you like to get out of your gourd and shake it epileptic.-JP

Paper Cranes & The Doom Machine DVD

Live in Provo November 30, 2006

A. Star Recordings Street: 10.17.08 PC & TDM = Anla Courtis + Black Dice (early years)

Is Provo the next hotbed for noise music? The stark conservatism mixed with a large number of youth should make for a loud and subversive subculture. Where are the artists? Are they afraid to take off their headphones? Luckily for Provo, the folks at **A. Star** brought a little chaos down south to test the waters. There is only one camera angle capturing some guitar pounding, knob twiddling and a few concerned audience members. The limited video is great because it allows the viewer to fill in the rest of the situation with whatever imagery is lingering in their frontal cortex. The audio is compelling and the noise masters in the group riff off each other effortlessly, slowly building the tension with all manner of quitars. noisemakers and live drums. I'm sure Provo felt a little less safe on that evening. -Andrew Glassett

Shark Speed

Sea Sick Music Self-Released Street: 03.10 Shark Speed = Look Mexico + Ra Ra Riot + Minus The Bear



Oh boy!! Another band with shark in the name. I am starting to think that the whole shark thing in the



band name might be getting a bit over used. One thing that is comforting: this band is really good. Their sound is basically Franz Ferdinand mixed with The Appleseed Cast, who they opened up for at Kilby Court back on Feb. 20. These guys are dope-fresh. The best part of the band is the light. intricate, Jake Snyder-type guitar work and mellowed-out tempo that the band brings with the majority of the album. You gotta love the random horn parts that pop in and out of the tunes as well. There's nothing like some trumpet action to get you out in the crowd hopping around. That son of a bitchin' trumpet will get you every time. Just curious, do you guys have JS portraits hidden under your bed? -Jon Robertson

Shark That Got Her

Bravo Self-Released Street: 03.17 Shark That Got Her = Between The Buried and Me + Mouth of The Architect + Blinded Black



I want to start off with stating that Shark That Got Her has the coolest band name in the whole state of Utah. I have always been a sucker for band names with shark in them, i.e. Sharks Keep Moving and Bear vs. Shark. Getting back on subject, STGH sound nothing like the two previous bands mentioned. Their sound is more of a standard metalcore screamo sound, which is too bad because they do have some really original sounds and interludes in between the standard stuff. Like the first track "Ursa Oley" and the beginning of the fourth track "Soot In The Skin" and the majority of the fifth track, "Brazilian Braille." This band has awesome artwork, killer lyrics and a sweet band name-I just wish they would get the music up to par with their image. If they developed a more

individual, creative sound and got rid of all the screaming, I would love them forever and come to all of their shows - Jon Robertson

Trouble on the Prairie

Virgins Pastors and Other Disasters

Self-Released

Street: 02.30.09 Trouble on the Prairie = Shellev Short + Band of Annuals + Mirah Minimalist percussion and plaintively delivered vocals make this release one of the most haunting local pieces I've heard in a while. Band members Big Red and Little Fran create a lot of atmosphere with only some sparse acoustic guitar, a shaker, a tambourine on some songs and a small drum kit on others. I inherently respect the desire to have just two instruments on a song if the songwriting can fill in the gaps, but I also think that there is something to be said for a bass in this case, even if it's just on studio tracking. If there is one on most of these tracks. I didn't hear

Wite Nite

Self-titled A. Star Recordings

Street: 11.15.08

it. In addition to bass, I say include a pillow with this EP because,

barring the last track and "secret" song, it's yawn inducing. JP

Wite Nite = Isis + Pelican + AODL Wite Nite's self-titled EP starts off with a promising ambience of swirling sounds and soft guitars, but moves quickly from that beauty into an unrelenting, bad mushroom trip. The whole alblum is actually perfectly described as a mushroom trip-it starts off pretty and exciting, but time seems to stop about five minutes into it and you just want it to be over. The disc iolts in and out of consciousness, from ambient post-rock a la Isis or Pelican to grating noise. The switch is neither completely jarring, nor smooth and fluid, which makes the concoction taste like someone forgot to scrape the shit out of the caps before selling you the bag. A. Star Recordings makes no effort to hide their philosophy of helping friends instead of doing what's right for the label. As former SLUG Managing Editor Andrew Glassett said in the November 2008 issue. "...it appears [A. Star] chooses to release whatever comes their way.' This release proves that sentiment. -Nick Parker



CHAINE REVIEWS





"Hulk sneeze! Rrraargh-choooo"

Long tuck knee on the beach.

The Incredible Hulk SEGA

Reviewed On: Xbox 360 Available On: Xbox 360, PS 3, PS 2, Nintendo Wii,

Street: 06.05.08

January and February are always boring months for gamers. We spend more time drooling over preview articles on our favorite gaming sites and less time on actual games. Some of us even dress in deep hoods to hide our identities from the Blockbuster clerks and, in desperation, rent shameful titles like *The Incredible Hulk*. "Hello. My name is Jesse, and I am a game-a-holic." Hi, Jesse.

Surprisingly, *The Incredible Hulk* doesn't suck as much as some of its peers in the comic book, turned movie, turned video game genre. Isn't it sad how many of these games there are? Who the fuck plays them, I mean, besides me? It's my job, shut up. *TIH* is not a good game by any stretch of the imagination, but there is some fun to be had. Bounding through Manhattan is occasionally exhilarating, and you get a good sense of the Hulk's weight and power. These days, a fully-explorable sandbox map doesn't get the "Wow!" it used to. If we were still on the Gamecube, *TIH's* open world would be impressive. We're not, and Manhattan looks empty, repetitive and bland.

For the first hour or so, causing destruction with the Hulk is pretty fun. You can tear cars apart, bash everyone with anything you can find, and hurl enemies for miles from the tops of skyscrapers. Sadly, it's a shallow game and the repetition will get to you at about hour three. There will be tons of missions and side quests left to do at this point, *TIH* is not short, but you probably won't want to do them. My verdict: rent it. Only because it's March and once you've seshed **Skate 2**, there's nothing else to do. —Jesse Hawlish

Need For Speed: Underground E/A

Reviewed On: X-Box 306 Available on: PS3, PC, Wii, PSP, Nintendo DS, Mobile Phone. Street: 11.08

As a big fan of NFS: Most Wanted, I was looking forward to Undercover, but I've got good news and bad news

Good news: all the cars you'd expect are here-Lamborghinis, Corvettes, Porsches. The arcadestyle racing NFS fans have grown to love is alive and well. The music—both licensed and the original score—is amazing. Chris Vrenna (NIN) has stepped down since *Most Wanted*. **Paul Haslinger** (movie credits: "Underworld," "Shoot 'Em Up") is now the man in charge, and his rocking score deserves a mention. The customization is greater than in any other NFS game, offering a full array of vinyls, paint-styles and so on. The downside is that non-stock body frames are still limited to four or five per car. Plus side? They look damn good. Graphics are top notch, controls handle well, and there's more car response to environment than before (i.e. greater resistance to off-roading, more realistic response to wet patches). Given, it's no Gran Turismo, but for an arcade-racer it's an improvement.

Bad news: races are ridiculously simple for the first half of the game. You no longer have to drive to get to shops, and while this is a welcome update from Most Wanted, they've so oversimplified it with onscreen access to races, garages, etc. that world roam is completely defeated. Even moreso since you can't achieve any bounty goals from roamtriggered police chases. That's right. No more 20-minute, white-knuckled, high-speed chasesjust five minutes, single objectives and no bounty cross-overs. Rumor has it that while the game runs well on 360, there are major glitches on both PC and PS3. A decent game, but definitely not worth the \$60 price tag. Rent it or wait for the heat to go down and get it when it drops to \$20 .-- Kat Kellermever

Skate 2 EA Black Box

Reviewed On: Xbox 360 Also On: PS 3 Street: 1 23

Breaking precedence set by former industry leading skateboarding game Tony Hawk's Pro Skater, Skate 2 dropped well over a year after the original game. There are few games I've ever anticipated like this one. Anything you're anticipating that much can't possibly live up to your expectations, but Skate 2 comes pretty close. The major problem that plagued the first game was that you couldn't get off your skateboard and walk. This is kind of remedied in Skate 2. Perhaps, since walking requires both analog sticks, you'll feel like you're plaving T Mek, but then you'll remember that even when compared to a 15-year-old vehicle combat game, the walking in Skate 2 is still fucking terrible. You will probably find yourself using session markers just as much as you did in the first one. It seems that they lowered the height at which you can safely land from the first game. Every time you slam, it's in slow motion, and that's also frustrating. That's just about every negative point in the game. There isn't enough room to list all of the positives, because that list is probably 100 times longer. This one is faster than the first one. You can move objects around to make your own spots. Skate Reel is actually functional now and video editing is improved. A handful of old-school tricks are now at your disposal: no complies, cavemans, handplants, bonelesses? Yes, please. On top of that, the soundtrack, featuring D.R.I., Youth Brigade and Stiff Little Fingers, is ace. If you liked the first one, you'll probably love this. —Aaron Day

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

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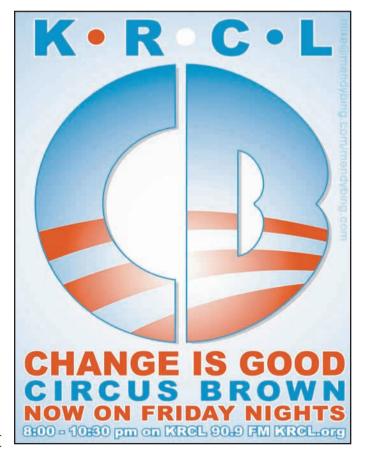
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Bodega Dreams Ernesto Quinonez

Vintage [Street: 03.00]

Quinonez's debut effort is one part Gatsby, one part Faustus and one part generic crime film. Through a couple of well-placed references to the Western tradition, he attempts to satisfy the anxiety of being included by near-sighted Caucasian English majors, while simultaneously, he overbearingly embraces the ins and outs of life in Spanish Harlem. When his characters affect almost cliché "street talk", when he takes great pains to explain the history of the Young Lords or inserts a couple of italicized Spanish words, we see his self-consciousness, ultimately marring our trust in him as an author. It is as if he is trying to authenticate his identity as a Puerto Rican author to the smug white college kids he knows to be his audience. Come discuss Bodega Dreams at Sam Weller's Hardboiled Book Club. Tues. 03.31., 7 p.m. -JR Boyce

Everywhere All the Time: A New Deschooling Reader Matt Hern

AK Press [Street: 09.01.08]

Fuck school! Anarchy! Right? ... right? Well, not exactly. Everywhere All the Time focuses on the benefits that schools could provide, but shows how flawed the system currently is. This involves pointing out its many shortcomings, with the main point being that they focus on everything except teaching kids how to learn and grow. This book is comprised of an amazing collection of essays from popular deschooling advocates, including Ivan Illich and Emma Goldman. I sometimes got the feeling that the book was pulling a Waking Life on me. Some of its claims are seemingly unsubstantiated. This feeling was often fleeting though, and in the end I found this book to be an incredible and enlightening read on the alternative education movement. -Ross Solomon

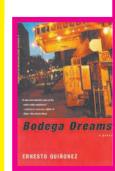
I Love Geeks: The Official Handbook Carrie Tucker

Adams Media [Street: 12.08.08]

Hey ladies, tired of meatheads? Carrie Tucker, a self-professed nerd, breaks it all down for the girl who hopes to land a geek in the wild and figure out how to deal with his obsessions (i.e. don't change him, and nod politely as he cries over the possibility of a Firefly movie). After a guiz to determine the breadth (and depth) of your guy's nerdiness and a brief history lesson—from D&D to DOS prompts—each chapter defines and addresses the mindset of various genres, from Anime to graphic novels, video games, film, television and sci-fi to ... sports (90-pound weaklings need some survival tactic against guys pressing them against lockers, I suppose). The absence of information on music and literary geeks is puzzling, but this is an otherwise informative primer for women sick of waking up nude in an alley after blacking out at the local sports bar. -Dave Madden







BELLYOCKAPHY



Jen By Astara

At first glance, Jen appears to be a very young performer, but don't be fooled. Jen's youthful appearance belies the fact that she is a talented, focused and intelligent young woman. Jen is married, a graduate student at the University of Utah and a certified ATS instructor and dancer. Jen's solo performance at December's Hafla was fresh and executed skillfully. Jen brings a new, confident and light energy to tribal fusion, with an emphasis on the joy of performing and the beauty of the dance.

"Growing up, dance was always in the background because my father was Palestinian. But it was my mother that introduced me to belly dancing. We signed up for a class so we could have some time together and get some exercise. It wasn't until I moved to Salt Lake and saw **Fat Chance Belly Dance** that I truly committed myself and became serious about dancing," she says.

Jen moved to Salt Lake City eight years ago. She studied first with Thia and danced in Topaz and Wysteria, and then studied with Corrie Walker and danced with Kashmir and Black Pearls. Jen has also taken workshops from Rachel Brice, Cami Liddle and Zoe Jakes. Jen was certified as an ATS dancer by Carolena Nericcio in 2007.

"The vocabulary of ATS is immense. There are many



intricacies involved that you don't expect, like the hand movements floreos. They are based heavily on flamenco. Something that is considered Middle Eastern is rooted in Spanish dance," Jen says.

"I love the camaraderie in ATS. It forces you to have interaction with your sister dancers. Because it is improv, you have to pay attention to them. You have to read their body language when you are performing. It is an incredible way to connect with someone else. ATS is at the core of being a good tribal fusion dancer. It all originates there."

Jen currently performs with **Barefoot Belly Dance**, under the direction of **LaRa Zorn**. They are Salt Lake's only fire tribal fusion troupe. The troupe includes Jen, LaRa and **Amina**. Their information can be found at www.myspace.com/barefootbellydance and www. tribe.net/barefootbellydance.

"Barefoot Belly Dance is presenting the softer side of tribal fusion. We want to be more appealing to the feminine. We appreciate all forms of tribal, but we want to create Barefoot's own style by engaging a lighter side of the dance," Jen says.

You can see Jen dance with Barefoot Belly Dance at *Belly* Dance Spring Fest on March 7, Sand Storm on May 15 in Logan and Speak Through Dance 2009 on June 27.

EARTH GODDESS PAGEANT



Saturday March 28, 2009 9:00 PM - I:00 AM The Old Bottling House* I390 W. North Temple Salt Lake City, Utah Ticket price \$10 *A private club for members



This year's entertainment line up:

Past year's goddesses blessings and welcoming
Past years goddesses performing their unique and special talents
Recycled clothing fashion show designed and produced
by 2008 Goddess Tracy
Band: Hidden Truth DJ: Micha

Band: Hidden Iruth DJ: Micha
Talent competition for our goddess applicants!

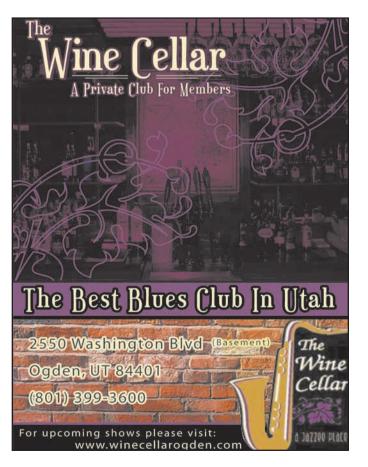
Passing of the wand
Ouncing the winner of the 2009 Farth Goddess P.

Announcing the winner of the 2009 Earth Goddess Pageant!

There will be food, drinks, music, photos, and art.

A raffle for prizes and an auction for the goddess fashions

If you would like to participate in The Goddess Pageant, please contact Tracy at goddess@earthjam.org For more information on the Goddess Pageant and Earth Jam Productions, please visit our website at www.earthjam.org



2012: Science Or Superstition

Disinformation
Street: 01.27.09



There is a lot of talk going around about the Apocalypse happening on Dec. 21, 2012. This movie takes a glance at why people believe this and the different reasons that suggest something may or may not happen. The Mayan calendar ends on this date and seeing how extremely advanced their studies on the stars and the Earth's cycles were, people have started to believe we might not make it out alive. The interviews with all of the doctors and philosophers are interesting, and they give a lot of good points for each side of the coin - death and rebirth. I'd like to think that yes, the 2012 Apocalypse will happen, but not the type of apocalypse you might be thinking. I am hoping it's an apocalypse of our current thought system of greed and hatred — a rebirth of ourselves as a people. A realization that we are nothing but love, and we are one with all creation, no longer separated from the eternal, remembering that we are completely whole and perfect right now. Although who knows, maybe it will be a total apocalypse like The Bible speaks of. After all, if they had a commercial in a distant galaxy to explain what the human race has done to the Earth, it would be like those old commercials where they would scramble eggs and say this is what our planet looks like ... on drugs. -Adam Dorobiala

Bards of Fantasia

Scott Wilcox-createspace. com/251003

Street: 12.05.08

To lay the facts simply, this animated film cannot be viewed as a Hollywood or even as an independent production. Bards of Fantasia should be viewed strictly as a DIY creation of Odden musician/artist Scott Wilcox. The 39-minute film is done entirely by Wilcox: character voices, music and art. That in itself garners some artistic merit. The story follows two students time traveling through European cultures and touches on many mythical creatures. It has a Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure meets Shakespeare feel to it. The visual aspect isn't motion. animation, but collections of still art. At first glance, someone might say the art looks like something a 12-year-old could've done, but the art and music are the true highlights of this film. The still paintings have an impressionistic feel to them and effectively illustrate the feeling of motion. The music is eclectic and, at times, almost psychedelic. To appreciate Bards of Fantasia, one has to have an open mind and treat the film for what it is. The ambition in the creation is strong, but similar-sounding character voices and a storyline that tries to tie too much together lend to confusion in the end. As an artistic, musical and poetic piece, the film is one of a kind. -Bryer

Cities of the Underworld: Season Two

A&E Home Video Street: 02.24

Definitely not for claustrophobics, The History Channel's innovative series prolongs its documentation of global adventurer, Don Wildman, as he wedges, burrows and slithers his way though the jagged subterranean structures that lay beneath our feet. In the second season, Wildman continues his travels around the globe and exposes the astounding yet mysterious architectures of the deep including an atom bomb shelter underneath Japan, a prohibition-era speakeasy in New York City and a safe house for government officials below Washington, DC. The guerilla-style filmmaking effectively offers viewers a firstperson alimpse into these treacherous expeditions without the chore of having to remove their ass from the cavernous

cracks of the couch. Along with the

mesmerizing visuals, Wildman's inter-

views with informed locals and industry professionals add to the creatively efficient method of providing historical information. The box set encompasses four discs with all 13 episodes of the eerie escapades. –*Jimmy Mattin*

Fired Up!

Screen Gems

In Theaters: 02.20

In reality, two words can summarize this putrid shit stain ... Umm ... no. The task of assessing first-time director Will Gluck's moronic attempt at filmmaking continually makes my brain swell and ears bleed profusely. I think I should see a doctor. However, I'll attempt to reveal the elements that make this pile of hot shit garbage the worst movie since Battlefield Earth without hemorrhaging everywhere. The answer? Everything! Anyone who directed, produced, wrote, acted in or served ham sandwiches from the fucking catering cart needs to be violently beaten and have their faces rubbed into the script while being told "No!". It worked for my little brother's pissing on the carpet issue. Seriously, who gives a dick about two horny fucktards (Nicholas D'Agosto, Eric Christian Olsen) going to cheer camp to get ass in a PG-13 borefest? It's like watching a porno with no sex, shitty acting and a plot that a monkey with Down's syndrome could write. Now, if you don't mind, I'm off to the shower with a cheese grater and a box of baking soda to scrub off the remaining layer of filth left by this godless abomination. -Jimmy Martin



Friday the 13th

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 02.13

It's been eight laughable years since Jason Voorhees was cuttin' hitches in outer space, so it's good to see him return from orbit and settle back into his nest at Camp Crystal Lake. When Whitney Miller (Amanda Righetti) goes missing after visiting the infamous lagoon, her concerned brother, Clay (Jared Padalecki), returns to the region (accompanied by Team Abercrombie & Douche) only to be greeted by the legendary machete-wielding maniac. Now, I love absurd beheadings and gratuitous nudity as much as the next guy, but when it comes from the team that successfully revamped The Texas Chainsaw Massacre franchise, it's quite disappointing to see them take the low road and attach another predictable and clichéd addition to the Friday the 13th series. Rather than focusing on the dark origins or inner demons of the psychopath's saga and creating something memorable, as was done with 2003's Texas, director Marcus Nispel decided to neglect the narrative with a pair of ten-dollar tits and refrain from any type of engaging storytelling. With that said, the overall product is not total garbage. It's the true epitome of a standard horror flick. There are thrills, chills and kills, but don't expect anything cutting-edge from the jaded antagonist. -Jimmy Martin

The Future is Unwritten – Joe Strummer

Sony BMG Film Street: 07.08.08

Who would have guessed that when John Graham Mellor was born in Ankara, Turkey in 1952, he would re-emerge 24 years later as The Clash's lead singer. Joe Strummer, opening for the Sex Pistols at The Black Swan in Sheffield, England. Documentarian/director Julien Temple (The Filth and the Fury, Earth Girls Are Easy) triumphantly complies an array of archival news footage, animated caricatures, vintage film clips, and in-depth interviews with Strummer's friends to reveal not only the multifaceted story of THE punk rock warlord, but also presents the viewer with an outstanding account of the emergence and lasting effects of the punk scene throughout London in the 1970s. Complete with an unforgettable soundtrack and an abundance of tragic/hilarious reminiscences, The Future is Unwritten exposes the truth behind the punk setting..."If you were ugly, you were in." The SLC Film Center

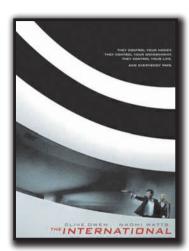
is screening this film for FREE at *The* Sorenson Unity Center (1383 South 900 West) on March 9 at 7 p.m.

-Jimmy Martin

The International

Columbia

In Theaters: 02.13



With the state of the global economy and our wonderful financial institutions, what a quaint idea to release a film whose enemy is a corrupted bank sponsoring war in third world countries. Who can oppose that, right? Interpol agent Louis Salinger (Clive Owen) has been tracking said bank for years, but every two steps forward results in three steps back. After an informant who agreed to leak vital information dies mysteriously, a whirlwind of assassinations and cover-ups stretch from Milan to New York City in order to keep the empire's reign unscathed. As the first engaging thriller of the year, director Tom Tykwer (Run. Lola, Run) paints a chilling image of just how deep distortion can go. Ironically, the most action-packed scene is its greatest downfall. One must question why an organization that hires the world's greatest assassins would let the goon squad shoot up the Guggenheim Museum in a 20 minute gunfight. Granted, it's a great scene, but for the wrong movie. Subtract the evident and unnecessary Hollywood injection, and the remainder is an intriguing look at the illegal profiteering of the world's financially elite. -Jimmy Martin

My Bloody Valentine 3D Lionsgate

In Theaters: 01.13

One would think that this film would be released on Valentine's Day weekend, but then it would have to contend with the reboot/remake of *Friday the 13th*. This remake of the already sub-par 1981 slasher flick follows the same tried-and-true slasher rules: the vengeful killer, gore, nudity, no plot and expendable characters, only this remake isn't filled with camp and cheese like all

those glorious '80s movies. MBV3D would have been great for horror fans if it didn't take itself so seriously. By the end of the movie, viewers are left caring less about who is the killer (who is sunposedly inflicting his revenge on a small town because of a mining accident), and which of the main characters left will survive-they just want gore in 3D. How that got interminaled with Valentine's Day ... I'm still wondering. None of the actors are noteworthy except for horror veteran (in the highly underrated Halloween III) and frequent TV guest Tom Atkins, who definitely should have had a larger role. Ultimately, if you go to this film for skin, blood and guts flying in your face, you've got it. Just remember the story got checked at the door. -Bryer Wharton

Push

Summit Entertainment In Theatres: 02.06

When a secret formula is stolen from an underground U.S. government agency, a band of individuals with special abilities will stop at nothing to expose the truth and see the destruction of the evil empire. I was certain Brett Ratner would die clenching the "World's Worst Superhero Film" award after the atrocity that was X-Men: The Last Stand. I was wrong. He can pass that puppy over to Paul McGuigan like a gruesome case of gonorrhea for this unbearable, music-video saturated tale that delivers nothing but headaches and regrets. Essentially, Push is a generic story that follows all the comic book characters no one ever cared about (without using the Marvel or D.C. universes). Remember Banshee the X-Man whose special ability was a deafening scream? Good, you're not supposed to, but somehow writer David Bourla thought the same mutation was clever enough to fit into his pointless fantasy. It isn't. Moving along, Dakota Fanning is in a tough position career-wise. As the amateur psychic who scribbles foreseen visions on her Magna Doodle, she's too old to be seen as cutesy and too young to be taken seriously. Who knew losing your ability to act was a side effect of puberty? With far superior productions of the same genre on the horizon. Push will quickly snuggle up nice and cozy to other comparable flicks like Daredevil, The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen and Elektra in the discount bin at Wal-Mart. - Jimmy Martin

Quarantine

Sony Pictures Home Entertainment

Street: 02.17

Director **John Erick Dowdle** proves to be incredibly impatient as he remakes the 2007 Spanish horror flick, [REC], only fourteen months after the original premiered at the Venice Film Festival. While documenting the actions of the Los Angeles Fire Department with her cameraman in tow, television reporter

Angela Vidal (Jennifer Carpenter) soon finds herself separated from society inside a multi-level apartment complex along with its tenants and a variety of blood-thirsty savages. Now, why would anyone believe that by increasing the budget of first-person/voyeuristic feature, you would create a more realistic terrifying experience? Quarantine's attempt to prosper on the technical aspects of The Blair Witch Project's inventive filmmaking techniques fail miserably. The simplistic production value and the use of nameless actors allowed the 1999 blockbuster to sail unscathed in uncharted waters, however, the same product cannot be replicated with a high-definition camera and Ally McBeal's Greg Germann. It lacks any type of innovation. Also lacking is any form of expertise in acting. I was willing to watch Carpenter take a crack at the big-screen (she's already the weakest link on Showtime's Dexter), but was once again confirmed of her inability to convey any type of authentic emotion. Quarantine is a one-trick \$12 million pony that needs to mosey straight into the glue factory. -Jimmy Martin

Under the Sea 3D

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 02.13

I'm fairly certain you could transfer any film into 3D and automatically make it incredible. Can you imagine a threedimensional Mannequin II? Amazing! Director Howard Hall returns to the IMAX universe with another installment of deep-sea adventures in Under the Sea 3D. Narrated by Jim Carrey, the film chronicles the various relationships that exist amongst the creatures of the deep. Documenting both extremes with mutually benefiting acts of symbiosis and jaw-dropping accounts of the submerged food chain, one thing's for certain ... nothing amuses an audience quite like a scaly sea serpent slithering inches from your retinas. While the narration feels as though it were generated for 3rd graders (their primary audience I'm sure), the clever soundtrack and voveuristic cinematography allows for an experience unimaginable in the classroom. Under the Sea 3D can be seen at the Clark Planetarium downtown at the Gateway. -Jimmy Martin

Urban Legends: Season

One

NextFilm

Street: 03.31

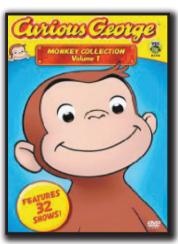
Following in the lucrative footsteps of The Discovery Channel's Myth Busters, the Biography Channel has developed a somewhat entertaining series in which celebrated folklore is explored and deemed truth or fiction. Hosted by **Michael Allcock**, each episode presents three popular myths, but only one segment is an accurate account. While the last-minute unveiling of the real story is amusing, I continually

questioned myself on why I wasted my time on the remaining two-thirds of the fictitious programming. After seven episodes, I began to skip straight to the revelation. Also, the shoddy production work doesn't assist with garnering my full attention. The cheap dramatizations, amateurish visual effects and grainv video quality feel as though they were created by the same team who produces Osama Bin Laden's cave adventures. It does nothing but take away from the appealing substance. All in all. it was exciting to hear about a variety of bizarre yet true stories including the one about the man who survived after being run over by a steamroller! Whoops, you can skip episode five. -Jimmy Martin

YOU SHOULD HAVE WORK A CONDOM

Curious George: Monkey Collection Vol. 1

Universal
Street: 02.10



I can't fathom why anyone would deem the Curious George cartoon series a positive influence on children. If we've learned anything during the month of February, it's that primates don't make acceptable pets. Ask Charla Nash, the 55-year-old Stamford, Conn. woman who got her ass handed to her by Travis the chimpanzee after he went completely apeshit (pun definitely intended). It's a shame to see the Man. with the Yellow Hat setting America's future generations up for certain death. Oh well c'est la vie This four-disc set includes 32 individual episodes and over seven hours of mischievous content, including an episode entitled Zoo Art where George decides to strut his freedom in front of all the caged animals at the local zoo. What an asshole. After each animated segment, the program presents an inventive live-action piece showcasing children as they enact the moral lessons they just learned. On a side nerd note, listen for William H. Macy as his voice narrates George's misadventures. - Jimmy Martin

Animal Collective

Merriweather Post Pavilion

Domino Records

Street: 01.06

Animal Collective = Avey Tare

Animal Collective = Avey Tare +
Deakin + Geologist
This is the ninth album from Baltimore

psych-folk engineers Animal Collective, possibly the most anticipated album of 2009. They return (minus member Panda Bear) to the fold, defying genre and musical stipulations alike, creating another experimental yet accessible album. With that, I'd also like to say that if you like AC, you'll love this. If you don't, don't expect to be converted. Merriweather comes across catchier, somehow happier than past ventures, with the rhythmic percussion and Brian Wilson-esque sing-alongs still present. The album was named for a venue in their hometown, but I picture something more of a beach alongside Brighton checkered with rainbow towels, brilliant Roman candles and hippie children on poppers dancing in the tide beneath red-hot air balloons to tracks "Summertime Clothes" and "Brother Sport." So if you like AC, you'll once again be one of those dirty hippies stinking up the beach to this album. -Ryan Sanford

The Appleseed Cast

Sagarmatha
The Militia Group
Street: 02.17
The Appleseed Cast = Explosions
in the Sky + The Casket Lottery +
Moving Mountains



The term "post-rock" has always bugged me. As a society, we have not moved past rock music. Even practitioners and advocates of post-rock have to admit that the genre shares most of the aesthetics of pre-post-rock. The Appleseed Cast seems to understand this, as they deliver a brand of post-rock that is not beyond the rock, but of the rock. Sagarmatha is a solid

piece of epic, atmospheric rock that is simultaneously simple, sprawling, dense and dreamy. Opener "As the Little Things Go" is pretty indicative of the whole album's sound. It showcases the band's ability to meld the traditional with the experimental through its strong and tight rhythm and the hypnotic guitar-work that sets a haunting mood, all before the vocals break in around the six-minute mark. There's also some variety on "Raise the Sails," which hearkens back to the band's early emo days, and the heavily electronic "Like a Locust. With Sagarmatha, The Appleseed Cast have created an album of post-rock that actually rocks. -Ricky Vigil

Blatz/Filth

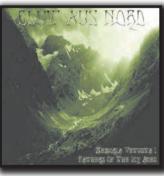
The Shit Split
Alternative Tentacles Records
Street: 01.20
Blatz = X-Ray Spex + I Object +
D.I.R.T.
Filth = Nausea + Poison Idea



Thanks to Alternative Tentacles, younger generations will continue to discover music from punk bands that would otherwise have fallen from the punk scene's collective consciousness years ago. The Shit Split was originally released on Lookout Records in 1991 and featured seven songs from Filth and eight from Blatz. The album highlighted some of the more volatile talent that oozed from the East Bay's 924 Gilman Street. The Alternative Tentacles reprint features the original tracks from The Shit Split plus all the other material that each band ever released. The Filth disc features Nausea-influenced crustcore. Their cover of Peter and the Test Tube Babies' "Banned from the Pubs," "Freedom" and "Filth" are some of my favorite tracks. The Blatz side is sloppy three-chord punk rock with screechy, hair-raising female vocals and ridiculous lyrics. Their rendition of **Fear**'s "I Don't Care About You" is classic and so is "Roadkill." This album is a nice slice of history. *Jeanette Moses*

Blut Aus Nord

Memoria Vetusta II— Dialogue with the Stars Candlelight Street: 02.24 Blut Aus Nord = Ved Buens Ende + Deathspell Omega + Glorior Belli



Fuck me. Those French folks know how to push the limits of black metal and do so in such a fashion that it results in music that actually transcends the black-metal label. As with most "standard" black metal. Blut Aus Nord have unleashed an album that is exceedingly up-tempo and loaded with blastbeats and guitar riffing that would surely destroy the forearms of even the most seasoned players, but, as is their wont, they allow their magic to shine through during the slower, more majestic, passages of this release. As the title suggests, this album is intended to be a sequel to 1996's Memoria Vetusta I-Fathers of the Icy Age, and although I can see the continuation, it is not a requirement that listeners be familiar with the precursor when submersing themselves in this release. Incredible. -Gavin Hoffman

The BPA

quest vocalists

I Think We're Gonna Need a
Bigger Boat
Southern Fried
Street 02.03
The BPA = Fatboy Slim + Iggy
Pop + David Byrne + several other

It is always a little worrisome when a CD from a band you've never heard of comes complete with an unbelievable back story. How do you filter musical content when you don't really know the source? This one's back legend mentions a box of old recordings. long rumored to exist, discovered in a warehouse that was slated to be demolished. Bullshit. This is a contemporary recording of Norman Cook (a.k.a. Fatboy Slim) with a series of guest vocalists. Iggy Pop, David Byrne and **Martha Wainwright** each do a track, as do several UK singers that will be unfamiliar to most. Much of the music has an older, 1970s feel to it. This works well with some singers and poorly with others. Overall, this BPA record will appeal to Fatboy Slim fans, but I don't really see much of a chance for crossover success. Still, the disc is addictively listenable, even if the history is a little too grand. -James Bennett

Cannibal Corpse

Evisceration Plague Metal Blade Street: 02.03

Cannibal Corpse = Gore Obsessed + The Wretched Spawn + Kill + the E chord played to its utmost extent Cannibal Corpse are at a point in their career where they can do no wrong, unless George "Corpsegrinder" Fisher starts rapping or the band decides they should do some breakdowns. They're pretty safe using the formula they've used for their last three albums-it's consistent and accessible to newcomers, although in that level, there is plenty of mediocrity. However, with all the interchangeable songs on the new record, the blatant overuse of the mighty E chord and Corpsegrinder's tried and true death vox. I can still find some highlight tracks. "Carnivorous Swarm" is probably the track I'll listen to the most from the album, and the title track is enjoyable in its use of some slow grooves, something that has actually been missing a bit in the past few albums. On a different note, I've come to the conclusion that CC have all but given up on selling a worthwhile CD or vinyl package: It started with the Kill album and is continuing with Evisceration Plague. The band's CD packaging, once notoriously known for having some of the best gory and offensive artwork, is completely gone. -Bryer Wharton

Cattle Decapitation

Metal Blade
Street: 01.20
Cattle Decapitation = Carcass +
Circle of Dead Children + Deaden +
Leng Tch'e

The Harvest Floor starts out all guns blazing with the diverse sounding "The Gardeners of Eden," that has some

progressive elements, even hints at some black metal, in its blast beats and vocals. But hey, this is Cattle Decap. They've been gore-grind since they started eating their veggies without the beef. There is an interesting conundrum whilst listening to this new offering—it sounds great and there are some nice technicalities in the guitars. But the drumming sounds like every other grind drummer and when the album is done and over with, the only tracks I really remember are the last two-the title track features Jarboe and is nothing grind at all, and the last cut, "Regret & The Grave," features some nice cello work from Jackie Perez Gratz of Grayceon/Amber Asylum. In all honesty, i it weren't for the guest appearances on the album, this would just be another grind album for the pile. -Bryer Wharton

Darkane

Demonic Art **Nuclear Blast Records** Street: 02.10 Darkane = boring Soilwork + boring Dimension Zero

YAWN. If I were to show your snotnosed little brother some metal bands as a gateway to good metal, and to get him away from **Slipknot**, maybe I would show him Darkane. But why would I expose his young mind to the sweaty pile of boring that is Darkane? There are already a plethora of bands who wrote (and created) this digestive style of metal known as "the Gothenburg sound" who did it much better, and made it much more interesting over a decade ago. Metal is amazing because it can be daring, intriguing, thoughtful, intense, beautiful and risky. Darkane are none of these things and is somehow still classified as metal. Look elsewhere.

Dimension Zero

He Who Shall Not Bleed Candlelight USA Street: 01.27 Dimension Zero = At The Gates + Dismember + Enslaved

With a notable lineup of Scandinavian rockers created by in Flames members Jesper Strombald and Glenn Ljungstrom. Dimension Zero's fourth release. He Who Shall Not Bleed, is worth getting giddy about. I'm not very familiar with their earlier releases besides knowing the hype around band members, but with He Who Shall Not Bleed, my ears were easily satisfied. Fans of thrash and Swedish metal don't have much room for a letdown. You can quickly pick out comparable artists, but the tightness, speed, black-metal styled vocals and overall construction of the album should give Dimension Zero their own place in your heavy metal heart. From start to end, this album is a solid whiplash of thrash and I found myself listening to the CD on repeat, liking it more each time. My favorite track, "Way to Shine, has riffs related to Enslaved and gothic vocals that sound like Dracula. It's an overall pleaser. -Nicole Dumas

Edie Sedgwick

Things Are Getting Sinister And Sinsterer Dischord

Street: 01.11 Edie Sedawick = Panther + Dirty Projectors + At The Drive-In



Don't even try Googling this band, it's a bitch (not literally). They're like a lo-fi dance party fueled by hatred (or fascination) of public figures. Lyrically, this album is like a Chuck Klosterman book. It is just entertaining and erratic. This transgender reincarnation of the 60s Warhol icon sings about things like the Olsen twin with an eating disorder, your favorite brat-pack member, and/ or everybody's favorite penguin documentary. The best part, though, is that it is done well, it's fucking clever and you can dance to it. -Cody Hudson

From Monument to Masses

On Little Known Frequencies Dim Mak Street: 03.10

From Monument to Masses = Trans Am + Fugazi + Red Sparowes

From Monument to Masses' fourth studio album is a cinematic and politically charged post-rock endeavor, in which they've carved their name in the tree with precise, clockwork drumming and intricate, driven guitars. Opting for samples rather than vocals, the voices and clips that flicker in and out over the tightly wound instruments call for social change and everyday questioning. Starting where they left off, this is the perfect installment to their catalog. Always practicing what they preach, they also prove themselves to be very adept instrumentalists, putting to shame any other boring drivel called instrumental rock. This eight-track album is the perfect continuation to their last release, Schools of Thought Contend. It sounds like a fast-paced documentary on riots or the French Surrealist movement. with triumphant and harrowing tracks ("Beyond God & Elvis") as well as explosive and demanding tracks ("The First Five"). -Ryan Sanford

Goblin Cock

Come With Me if You Want to Live

Robocore Street: 01.27 Goblin Cock = The Sword + Torche - sincerity and balls.

I want to have a chat with Rob Crow. Pinback guru and driving force behind Goblin Cock. I find this band to be somewhat insulting to the genre it tries so desperately to be a part of, almost



like what I would expect if Atom and His Package attempted to play doom metal. It's a silly band with a silly name, silly lyrics, silly stage names, and extremely silly album packaging, and yet Rob, purposefully or not, tries so hard to be a part of the waning stoner-rock hipster crowd with the music Goblin Cock plays. Thankfully, the album falls flat on its face. Although the album's production may initially fool a doommetal novice, Goblin Cock can't escape weak riffs, weak composition, and a completely soulless effort from the entire band. -Gavin Hoffman

Harlem Shakes Technicolor Health Gigantic Music Street: 03.24

Harlem Shakes = Neutral Milk Hotel + New Pornographers



The album starts out quite nicely before someone had the dreadful idea to add in choir-like backup vocals and a cowbell. Luckily, the tangy lead vocals similar to **Jeff Mangum**'s stand out enough to exploit the small downfalls. Each instrument bounces off the others, creating a small breakthrough in each song. From "Niagara Falls" catchy piano bits to the unsettling **Cher**-like bursts in "Sunlight" and "Winter Water," the album runs complete with the creepy dream intro of a super-nun's healing power during a 50s dance entourage. Throw in the electric-island dance beats, and a great new body-shaking experience has arrived. -Jessica Davis

I.U.D. The Proper Sex The Social Registry Street: 03.24 I.U.D. = Growing + Gang Gang Dance

The dream combination of Sadie Laska

of Growing and Gang Gang Dance's Liz Bougatsos reads as a no-brainer collabo, but it's a tad different than you might expect from the pedigree of this group. I.U.D. is dark and brooding. Some of this shit is really sonically bizarre but entrancing at the same time. "Please let me in," a sampled line from some frightful movie, is replayed under Liz's iconic reverberating vocals and some industrial beats on "Monk Hummer," creating an altogether disturbing vibe. But it's good. Not party music, but something for the more depressed side of your manic depression or something to play at a wine-tasting in Brooklyn for you hip fucks. I say more Gang Gang, less Growing next time, please. -JP

IXXI

Elect Darkness Candlelight Street: 03.17 IXXI = Ondskapt + Mortuus + Zavorash



IXXI is one of those bastardized blackmetal bands most would refer to as "black n' roll," and although this release has a ton of potential, it ultimately fails to deliver a knock-out punch. It's heavy on the blackened growls and blastbeats, but it seems like it could have a bit more thrash interjected into the songs to make them more noteworthy. Most of the tracks end up sounding like one another—if not outright stepping on each other's toes, so to speak—so attempting to single out any stand-out songs is damn near impossible. While Elect Darkness is definitely a release that's great for a listen, it's nothing I would deem mandatory. Newer Satyricon delivers the black n' roll far better. -Gavin Hoffman

Jeremy Jay Slow Dance K Records Street: 03.24 Jeremy Jay = Joy Division + The Smiths + Buddy Holly

It's obvious that Jeremy Jay has put a lot of effort into sounding like his favorite bands. He's put so much effort into it, in fact, that his music is void of nearly any individuality. Not only that, but his work lacks the inspiration to be even appropriately derivative. While Joy Division used their dark new-wave atmosphere to deliver unsettling and provocative lyrics, Jeremy copies that same atmosphere for generally meaningless tripe like "Canter canter canter/ Over star

streams/ In the night air/ Going somewhere." His music does not make up for these lyrics, either. His songs consist of dreary, uninventive synthesizer hooks that repeat themselves ad nauseam, so the first 20 seconds of a song is nearly indistinguishable from the last 20 seconds. At best, Slow Dance is terribly mediocre. It's good background music because it's so easy to ignore. —Devon Hoffman

Mirah

(a)Spera
K Records
Street: 03.10
Mirah = Rilo Kiley + Hope Sandoval
+ Gregory and the Hawk

This album is brimming with warmth and truth and blossoms with beauty and generosity. Strangely enough, its fragility is one quality that strengthens the album as a whole. It's full of variations, too. Some songs are the kind you'd be likely to hear in a spa or in the waiting room of your psychiatrist's office, while others are more upbeat and have the type of sound that you can really groove to. On some tracks. Mirah's voice is timid and delicate. Others bring forth a more powerful tone that's even on the verge of sexiness. At times the acquistics are reminiscent of such acts as Cat Power, but Mirah brings her own distinctions to the mix. From strings to drums to horns to the mandinka kora, (a) spera is full of supernatural variation. -Erin Kelleher

Morrissey Years of Refusal Attack/Lost Highway

Street: 02.17

Morrissey = The Smiths - Johnny Marr + Boz Boorer (and 20 years)



Yeah, yeah, yeah ... so I'm an unabashed Morrissey fan. So what? For as whiny and "Kermit-the-Frog"-ish as he can sound sometimes, the man's released some excellent music, both on his own and with The Smiths. Years of Refusal is somewhat of a conundrum though. I've come to expect nearperfection from Moz as opposed to filler tracks, which unfortunately seem to engulf this album. Of course, there are a few strong tracks, particularly the singles "All You Need is Me" and "I'm Throwing My Arms Around Paris," as well as the Jeff Beck-guested "Black Cloud," and his lyrics are particularly biting this time around, but this album stands as a footnote instead of a shining star in his solo career. It's

definitely worth owning, but it's also not as memorable as it should be. –Gavin Hoffman

Nashville Pussy

From Hell to Texas

SPV

Street: 03.03 Nashville Pussy = Lynyrd Skynrd + Motörhead + ZZ Top + Turbonegro

It seems like ages ago. I was an 18-year old kid walking into the Heavy Metal Shop, when my musical collection and tastes were thin. One of the featuredselling items was Nashville Pussy's Let Them Eat Pussy. Nevermind the fact that I was an awkward teen and the CD came with a bonus VHS tape that had some busty women on the cover, I thought I'd try something new. Now with the band's latest, not hearing any of their albums since, I was hugely surprised. The band's initial sound was raw, which was fun, but everything here has tightened up within the songwriting Each rocking cut is its own and the riffs are a blast, with lyrics that just scream rock n' roll. The whole album has that classic-vet-modern feel to it. Everything flows naturally and just yells at you to keep coming back for more. The song "Lazy Jesus" is my new favorite song of the year. The regular rock n' roll songs of the album are fun, but the real quality is in the songs that go outside the box, with harmonica or that good old country twang. -Bryer Wharton

Obscura

Cosmogenesis
Relapse Records
Street: 02.17

Obscura = Cephalic Carnage + Hammerfall + Death (Symbolic era)

Hating, as I so violently do, the jazzy pretensions of technical death metal, this release featuring ex-members of

Necrophagist and Pestilence took an unlucky turn finding its way to my inbox. And, true to form, within two minutes, Cosmogenesis' rapid staccato riffing, intricate songs, and "out-to-impress" musicianship had me scratching these Germans' name on my shitlist. But as the album played out, Obscura, surprisingly, won me over. Rather than relying on technical ability alone, this band exhibits an astute sense of pacing and song structure. In fact, I'll go so far as to favorably compare the best songs on Cosmogenesis to Symbolic-era Death and Spheres-era Pestilence. Track four in particular, "Incarnated," is a swinging, leather-lunged song that does the ghost of Death's "Evil Chuck" proud. There's some dross here, to be sure, but if Obscura can improve on this, they might just make a fan of this tech-metal-hating hesher. Obscura opens for Cannibal Corpse on April 6 at the Avalon. -Ben

P.O.S.

Never Better
Rhymesayers
Street: 02.03
P.O.S. = Atmosphere + Dälek +
Sage Francis

The worlds of hip hop and punk rock have collided in the past with mostly disastrous results (**Transplants**, anyone?), but with each release, P.O.S. has



proven that the two seemingly disparate genres can be combined without compromising the integrity of either. Never Better continues the Minnesota rapper's nearly flawless track record and wil appeal equally to open-minded punk rockers, Pitchforkers and backpackers. "Drumroll" is a standout as P.O.S. spits fire over a droning guitar, gang vocals by The Bled and of course, an unrelenting drumroll. There are a few other particularly intense tracks ("Purexed, The Brave and the Snake"), but the album is firmly rooted in hip hop. Songs like "Savion Glover" and the autobiographical "Out of Category" prove that P.O.S. fully deserves to stand proud next to Aesop Rock, EI-P and Slug as one of underground hip hop's most talented and unique MCs. No matter your genre of choice, you aren't gonna hear many albums top Never Better this year. -Ricky Vigil

Pronto

All Is Golden
Street: 3.10
Contraphonic
Pronto = Badly

Pronto = Badly Drawn Boy + Wilco + Amos Lee + Biirdie + French Toast + Sleepercar



Wilco's Mikael Jorgensen, alongside members of Iron & Wine, Cat Power, Antibalas & Califone, form the indierock/pop group Pronto. Don't write off Pronto as just another side project, though; their sound reaches out and grabs those ol' eardrums to make them smile and itch for more. All Is Golden compromises 13 tracks of pop-sensibility indie-rock laden with soft-spokenthough-emotionally-charged vocals, as well as soothing piano and guitar work. Tracks such as "Good Friends Have Gone." "Had And Have." "When I'm On The Rocks" and "Say It All Night" bring together Pronto's mellow tendencies, while "I Think So," "Monster" and "Unexpected Vex" are clearly a bit

edgier and get the heart rate up a bit ... but not too much. For a debut album from a band who is considered a partime side project, Pronto exceeds all expectations—and would even without any name-dropping. —Jeremy C. Wilkins

Richie James Follin

Battle

Red Bear Recordings Street 03.20 Richie James Follin = Jack White + The Willowz

It seems that the frontman of The Willowz decided to go out and Yankee his doodle by putting out an album that's a little less rock n' roll and a little more country. Fortunately, his strained voice fits well with the acoustic instruments and at times you can even hear the Willowz' yell that is so distinct. Everything works so well on the 12 tracks of the record, so smooth, and then ... all of a sudden, completely from beyond the depths of Satanic ruins, comes another 12 hidden tracks, looped backwards. Now I've lost my mind and I'm hearing messages that are telling me to rape, plunder and pillage. No. I didn't really hear anything along those lines, but what the hell? You've got this great bluesy album equipped with pedal steel and soul and it's ruined just because Follin had to be weird and "creative It gave me the heebie-jeebies so bad I forgot that the first half was actually worth listening to. -Lyuba Basin

Roxy Epoxy and the Rebound

Band-Aids on Bullet Holes Metropolis Records Street: 03.10

Roxy Epoxy and the Rebound = The Epoxies + Siouxsie Sioux + Pointed Sticks

From the ashes of the defunct Epoxies come Roxy Epoxy and the Rebound. The new project sounds strikingly similar to the Epoxies, but it's expected because, let's face it—it's Roxy Epoxy's stunning voice that made her first band so noteworthy. The synth-pop creeps in and out of Band-Aids and Bullet Holes instead of overwhelming it. Roxy Epoxy and the Rebound are more rooted in rock, which is a good match for the darker songs. Ultimately, this entire allbum showcases her voice more than any Epoxies song ever did, and I think thatis the point. —Jeanette Moses

Steve Kilbey

Painkiller

Second Motion Records Street: 02.17 Steve Kilbey = The Church (circa "Forget This")

It's great when good artists refuse to lie down. Steve Kilbey, frontman of Australian rock band The Church, has been making music for 23 years. In that time he's been successful at many things: having lived vegan for 30+years, becoming a published writer, bus driver and music producer and his work with Church. He now adds to that this, his eighth album, which contains both the agitated, edgy songs that Kilbey is known for as well as his bleak, quiet and spacey songs that are imitated so frequently nowadays.



The latter make up much of the album (see "Crystalline Rush"). He hasn't lost anything over the years. In fact, age has given him a raspy voice, which adds a nice touch. Anyone who fancied the dark, moody feel found on previous albums Starfish or After Everything Now This will feel at home when listening to the 11 tracks here. -Ryan Sanford

Suidakra

Crógacht Wacken Records Street: 03.03 Suidakra = Ensiferum + Equilibrium + Wintersun

Through their 15 years and 9 full-length releases, Suidakra has certainly created a name for themselves. In the few years I've been familiar with them, I've always felt that they'd be a great band to introduce folk metal to a new listener. While they still have a hefty chunk of fairly standard death metal as the core backbone of the songwriting, there are quite a lot of interesting traditional folk structures and some fantastic melodies that carry most of the tunes into repeated listening territory. The album doesn't necessarily take a long time to digest, but it might take a few listens to fully appreciate. Just make sure to not pass this off as another band jumping on the victorious battle-metal bandwagon like many of the current lackeys. Suidakra are completely fucking legit at what they do. -Conor Dow

Telepathe

Dance Mother I Am Sound Street: 03.31 Telepathe = DJ Krush + The Chemical Brothers + Tegan & Sara

Telepathe are totally the hippest thing out right now. If you were to categorize one band as the cat's pajamas, this would be the band. Anybody who is anybody listens to this band and knows how freaking cool they are. Serious. The album is produced by TV On The Radio's Dave Sitek and features Kyp Malone-oh so cool! This music is actually good beyond all the hype and business that everybody has been preaching about this band. They use super experimental beats and random chorus structures to make original and trance-type pop songs. It's like Kruder & Dorfmeister but a lot sweeter. If you are looking for some tunes to mix up the daily hoo-haw, then grab this album and try not to hate on them for being associated with the overrated TVotR -Jon Robertson

Throne of Katarsis

Helvete/Det Iskalde Morket Candlelight Records Street: 02.24 Throne of Katarsis = Watain + Mayhem (De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas era)



In 2004, the excellent UK boutique label Paradigms released Throne of Katarsis' first 3-song demo, Unholy Holocaustwinds. That 23-minute demo has remained among my favorite black-metal releases. Loud and raw, the youthfully blasphemous Unholy Holocaustwinds had rasping venom and glorious acoustic interludes, with a gravelly 4-track production that perfectly suited the music. Their following full-length on Candlelight, unfortunately, robbed those near-perfect songs of much of their charm with too-bright production and extra, needless filler. And now their second Candlelight release is another step in the wrong direction. Helvete/Det Iskalde Morket presents an echoing, windy sound and overlong songs that pale in comparison to better bands of similar ilk, such as Watain. Throne of Katarsis could become something special—the potential exhibited on Unholy Holocaustwinds is undeniable but these young Norwegians should return to their 4-track and focus on their strengths. Candlelight's bigger budgets and better production is severely diluting their effectiveness. -Ben West

Thunders

The Sympathetic Oscillations ΕP

A Squared Industries Street: 03.03 Thunders = The Velvet Underground + MGMT



I really want to like Thunders. I mean these guys openly plagiarize Joy Division ("MagicSick"), Faith/Pornography-

era The Cure, Jesus and Mary Chain ("Somnambulist"), T. Rex ("83") and The Velvet Underground (everything else), marginally updating each sound with a few tricks and cleaner production. There is a snag, however. Our generation demands a lot: the house that took our parents 30 years to afford, we want it now—and we don't care how we get it (hence this fake-ass recession). By the same token, saying "baybay" 146 times doesn't automatically make you Robert Plant or Mick Jagger. Thunders wants the glory of some seriously holy relics, but their empty-headed, cliché-laden lyrics, Ryan Reidy's ridiculously slurred swagger (note: unless you are Jim Morrison, the word "hair" does not contain five syllables) and the lack of contribution to this template all overshadow any potential. You just haven't earned it yet, baybay. -Dave Madden

ThursdayCommon Existence **Epitaph Records** Street: 02.17 Thursday = Poison The Well + Boy Sets Fire + The Cure



In music's ocean of bands. Thursday is no small fish. Forming in 1997, they led the so-called "post-hardcore" movement with force. Their freshman album, Waiting, changed the landscape of music forever and a budding sound was brought into bloom. Full Collapse, the bands' follow-up, then scattered the seeds of perfection and grabbed the attention of many. But Thursday didn't stop there, and most impressively, they have never put out the same record twice. Their sound has matured without losing its signature qualities, and Common Existence is evidence of that. Easily their most diverse and tight yet free-at-the-same-time recording, Existence brings trademark Thursday to the table in a new light. Tracks like "Resuscitation of a Dead Man" and "As He Climbed the Dark Mountain" lean toward traditional sounds while still sounding different, while "Circuits of Fever" and the amazingly epic "You Were the Cancer" break ground into a thick and full sound. -Jeremy C. Wilkins

Thyrfing Hels Vite

Regain Records Street: 01.27 Thyrfing = Moonsorrow + Enslaved + Månegarm

Straight away, the best thing about this album for me is you can distinctly hear the bass guitar moaning and plodding throughout each song, which creates some wonderful atmosphere. The music here is fairly mid-paced Viking metal as you might deduce from the above equation, with a nice and clean production and some rather adventurous song writing. **Thyrfing** has been cranking out quality releases for quite some time now and aren't showing any sign of losing their footing atop much of the forgettable muck out there. I guess mv only criticism is that I wish they'd attempt some more epic song structures and perhaps increase the length of their songs. This doesn't necessarily work out for everyone, but when bands such as Moonsorrow go from fairly good to incredible by attempting such things, I imagine Thyrfing could effectively pull it off as well. -Conor Dow

Vulcano

Tales From the Black Book I Hate Records Street: 12.10 Vulcano = super old Slayer + Desultory

There's something about most of the death metal that comes out of South America that has such an endearing old-school quality to it. This isn't a bad thing at all, either, as Vulcano originally released this album in 2004 and somehow makes it sound straight from mid-1990 in both style and production, back before death-metal subject matter cornered itself into "surgeries and misogyny" and could still be considered evil and occult-based. This is definitely an album that will beg for you to break out your old denim vest with all the patches. Vulcano has been around for almost as long as I've been in existence and they still manage to deliver some great music for those of you who might be living as if it was still the Reagan administration. -Conor Dow

Workers

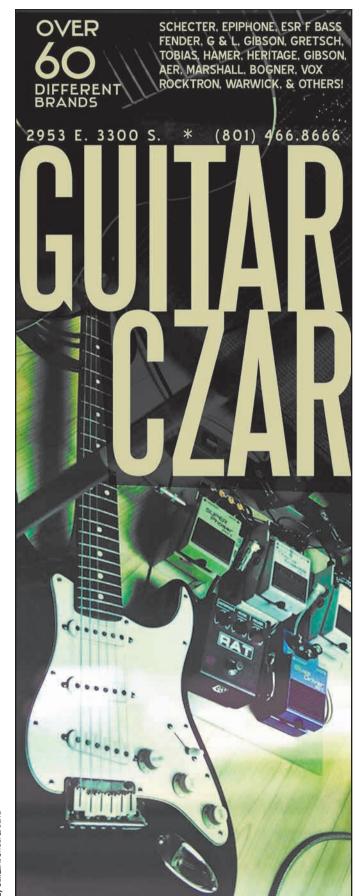
Workers **Bleeding Death Records**

Street: 02.06

Workers = The Black Angels + Joy Division + The Cult

Formerly known as **Your Black Star**, I had the privilege of seeing these gentlemen perform when they came through town supporting Pelican. They were easily the highlight of the night for me, with their large arena rock sound that somehow manages to still keep a bit of an indie rock feel to it thanks to the slightly Ian Curtis-tinged vocals that hover just barely above the instruments. The music is diverse as can be, with infectious drum beats and bass, and large, loud guitars that sometimes even teeter toward psychedelic or space-rock jams. This album is really even better than I remember the band being on stage, and definitely a bit of a step up from their only release as Your Black Star This very well could be one of the best sleeper hits of 2009. -Conor Dow

EXCLUSIVE REVIEWS ONLINE AT SLUGMAG.COM





THE INVERSION TRAWLER

From the Observation Files of Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

AT LEAST A GUIDING LIGHT: MS. LIAHONA GLOW Conducted by Oomingmak and Boudica Juicyfruit

Boo and I have decided to conduct a series of interviews with people we find fascinating — well, with people or disembodied energies who seem to have something interesting to say. Admittedly our interest in certain characters can be a bit patronizing at times. I suppose even calling them characters seems somewhat condescending, but we do try hard to never be smug about another's perspective. (Boo interjects: WHAT-THE-HELL-EVER. We're weirdos, they're big 'ole weirdos and HOORAY! I like things a bit askew.) Our first interview was with Aunt Kate's good friend, Ms. Liahona Glow and took place in Aunt Kate's paranormally overactive home, Weedpatch. What follows are selected excerpts from that interview.

Oom: It's hard to believe Liahona is your real name. What's the story behind that? Liahona: And my family name is Glow. I come from a long and strong line of guiding lights. My family has always been very in tune with the other realms — especially on my mother's side, where the name Glow comes from. In many ways my father worshipped my mother, and he insisted on taking her sumame instead of the more common patriarchal alternative. The name Liahona, of course, comes from the Book of Mormon in which the Liahona was a sort of compass or early GPS Navigation device for the ancient prophets. It ran on faith power, looked a bit like a Fabergé Egg and relayed messages from God. For many generations my family's faith has been Latterday Saint.



Boo: So you were born and raised full-on LDS, though many of your personal beliefs and practices would get you unceremoniously catapulted out of that institution. How do you reconcile ... how do you maneuver through that?

Liahona: Well Boudica, It's true that some people — both LDS and non — would like to make

Liahona: Well Boudica, It's true that some people — both LDS and non — would like to make it difficult, and goodness, how they try. What those people miss is the true essence. It's a pure energy that goes beyond the words, the buildings, the structured ceremonies and the roll call. I believe the LDS Church and all churches are tools for us. The churches are here for us, we are not here for the churches.

Oom: Well said Liahona — even though you've creeped Boo out. (Boo was at this point staring widely at Liahona and emitting a high-pitched whistle from her nose.) You claim to be a psychic medium, and we saw you in frightening action when you tried to cleanse the house we're in now of its evil spirits. Can you elaborate?

Llahona: Yes, I am a psychic medium and I have been blessed with many gifts. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry and I occasionally channel spirits. I am the full package. My one big flaw is in my spirit-eye mechanism, which seems to have a short-circuit. Without warning my spirit-eyes will flare up. Oh I don't mean flames shoot out of my eyes — they flip into the on mode and I will suddenly be seeing the spirits that surround us. This can get very confusing because although there is a very slight amber tint to spirit people, that tint is cancelled out in many lighting conditions. I often find it difficult discerning whether I'm beholding a spirit or a living person. This has caused many an embarrassing moment, I can tell you. Concerning Weedpatch, the spirits in this home were never evil and did not require cleansing.

Boo: Word on the street is that you were a free and easy teenager — that you were even a favorite of Led Zeppelin. Is this true?

Liahona: You mean word on the street is that I was a slut. That wouldn't be a lie — easy I may have been, but (chuckle) I was NEVER free. You must understand, by the time I was 15 I was ware that in at least two of my previous lives, I had been a virgin sacrifice. That fact terrified me. I needed to ensure that I did not suffer that same fate in this life. It wasn't Led Zeppelin incidentally.

Boo: That is the best rationalizing-oneself-to-hell I've ever heard. That kicks ass! **Oom**: Do you have a spirit-guide?

Liahona: Yes, many. I have a council of twelve, headed by Kwantum — a Native American medicine man from the lost tribe of the Chiahoochiho. We meet at least twice weekly. It must be that time now! I can hear the drum beat calling me to pow-wow.

(Liahona bolts for the door)

Oom: Oh, uh ... thanks for sitting down and answering our questions. Have a great day. Liahona: (over her shoulder) I intend to.



DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, March 6

Surface Shred Day – Brighton Drop Dead Julio CD Release, Kiss Me Kill Me, Better Life Band, Jack Jones -Liquid Joe's

Crown City Rockers, Scenic Byway, Feel Good Patrol, Knoitalls – *Urban* The Naked Eyes, Jr. and the Transportation, Simple Shelter

– Brewski's Shat, Nurse Sherri, Levi Rounds, Balance of Power - Burt's Love Hate Hero. Massacre at the Wake. Tempest Storm, Hotel on Baltic, How October Fell - Avalon Jesse Rockwell - D&R Spirits Joe McQueen, Clayton Furch - The Wine Cellar Jebu - The Owl Bar

And Embers Rise, Flatline Tragedy. Never Before, Rise of Athena, Raze, Empire of Ruin - Mojo's RavenHurst - Kamikazi's

Zoltan Vegvari - Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott

Fictionist - Velour The Game - Saltair Cavedoll, Vicious Starfish, Muscle Hawk DJ Crooked- Harry O's Gary Lee & The Rockin Jukes - Pat's

The Brobecks, In:Aviate - Muse Frysauce and Willy Waldman - Monk's

Saturday, March 7

BBQ

Afro Omega – *Urban* Young Dubliners - Depot Flew the Coop - Brewski's Jesse Rockwell - D&R Spirits Duffy Kane Trio - The Wine Cellar Free Range Chickens - Pat's BBQ Better Life Band - Johnny's

Belly Dance Spring Fest -Fairgrounds

"Jitters" Music & Comedy – Salt Rock Coffee

Shark Speed, Auto Pirates, Funk Shui, Darlin Broads, Silence in Night - Mojo's The House Cats, Way Back Machine -Kamikazi's

Str8-up - The Sandtrap Adam Kozlewski & Benjamin Jennings -Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott Midnight Comedy Mayhem - Tower Managing the Writing Process

- Community Writing Center Joshua James - Velour Warrant - Saltair

Happy Birthday Cassidy Jones

Kate LeDeuce and the Soul Terminators, LA Farsa, Triggers and Slips - Burt's Escape the Fate, Black Tide, William

Control, Attack Attack! - Murray Theater Future Cop, Theophilus London, Cut Off Your Hands – Kilby

Run with the Haunted, XReflectX, Reviver, Impact - Boing!

Brighton Jazz Jam - Brighton

Americana – Velour Spencer Nielsen Band - Tony's Sophie Barton, Jordan Booth, This Side Up, GoDogGo - Avalon Mean Molly's Trio, Blackhole - ABG's

Sunday, March 8 Happy Birthday Bryer Wharton

Time To Talk Tween Tunes, Giant, James Miska – Urban Duffy Kane - The Sandtrap Dub Lounge International - Bar Named

Bradley Hathaway, Backseat Goodbye, Small Town Sinners - Kilby

Monday, March 9 The Future is Unwritten - Sorenson Unity Center

Blind Pilot, Laura Gibson, Kathryn Cowles - Urban Rob-N-Hood-Chang - D&R Spirits Bonk?!, Red Caps, Babble Rabbit Eloquent Madness - Kilby Dub Lounge International – *Monk's* Yunavi, Psychedelajawea, Dunedain Devon Frankenreiter - Depot Unpunked - Burt's

Tuesday, March 10

Jory Woodis - Muse US Freeskiing Nationals - Snowbird And You Will Know Us by The Trail of Dead, Funeral Party, Midnight Masses

Iration, Melonrobotics - Burt's Valencia, Houston Calls, Fight Fair, Ask for the Future – Kilby

Happy Birthday Mitch Allen

Wednesday, March 11

US Freeskiing Nationals - Snowbird Jazz at the Station: WSU Jazz Combo -Ogden Union Station

Chase Long Beach, Fews & Two -Burt's Marinade - Johnny's

Dub Lounge International - The Star

The Five Browns - De Jong Concert

Avant-Garde Poetry Workshop - Community Writing Center Y Mount Productions Showcase -Velour

Dim Spook, Melodramus, 3 Reasons -Liquid Joe's

Automatic Loveletter, A Cursive Memory, Tickle Me Pink, Closure in Moscow - Kilby Portugal The Man, Dusty Rhodes -Urban

Happy Birthday Astara Knowley

Thursday, March 12

US Free-skiing Nationals - Snowbird The Wailing O'Sheas - Piper Down Gina Sicilia - The Wine Cellar Dance Evolution with Villains - Trapp

Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo* Frankie Smooches - Outer Rim Victoria Preacher - Velour Castor and Pollution, The New Thrill Parade, The Fully Blown - Burt's Grieves, Soul Crate Music, Type, Pat Maine – *Kilby* The Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down* Antenna Farm Records Night: The Botticellis, Sugar And Gold, Bart Davenport - *Ŭrban*

Friday, March 13

US Freeskiing Nationals – Snowbird Superfly Open, The Codi Jordan Band - Brewski's

Les Claypool, Saul Williams, Secret Chiefs 3 - Depot

Neon Trees, Love Like Fire - Velour Jazz Session 1st Anniversary Party -The Wine Cellar

The Fabulous Sensations - Pat's Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits

Tasia McDonald, Scott & Jace of Blue Storks, Coffee House Soundtrack, Jake Smith, Taylor of Explicit, Brenda Hattingh, Cody Dew - Mojo's Dividian, SOS Band - Kamikazi's Duffy Kane Trio - The Sandtrap Ryan Conger & Brad Wright - Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott

Warsaw Poland Brothers - Piper Down Irony Man, Kiss This - ABG's Split Lid, Monarch, Killing Carolyn, Hard Luck - Liquid Joe's Grimm Prophecy, Demon Cross - Outer

Efterklang, Peter Broderick, Jinga Boa,

Silver Antlers - Urban Hillstomp, Mcdougall, Pink Lightnin', Naked and Shameless - Burt's Katsumoto, No Bragging Rights, I Am the Ocean, Dethrone the Sovereign _ Avalon

Blitzen Trapper, Alela Diane - Kilby The Wailing O'Shea's - The White Owl

Saturday, March 14

US Freeskiing Nationals - Snowbird Funk Schwa – Johnny's Korene & Co. – The Wine Cellar Much Bigger Diamonds - Pat's Drop Dead Julio CD Release, Jack Jones - Brewski's Joe Bonamassa - Depot Jebu - Hogwallow Warsaw Poland Brothers - Piper Down Loom, How October Fell, I Take Blame, Shades of Midnight - Mojo's Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits RuRu, The Devil Whale, Sayde Price

Fuzz Plugz, Blue Fix - Kamikazi's Zoltan Vegvari - Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott

Patrol Day Fundraiser - Brighton The Lonely H, Dirty Sweet - Bar Deluxe Tumbledown, Voodoo Swing, Drivetrain, SGFY - Burt's

Trivium, Death Pilot, From Sword to Sunrise, 7th Son - Murray Theater Managing the Writing Process - Community Writing Center Starfucker, Guidance Counselor, Future of the Ghost, Patterstats - Kilby Everson - Muse

SLUG Localized: The Willkills, Azon, Digna Y Rebelde - Urban

Dark Arts Festival Benefit: Kiss Me I'm Evil - Area 51

Sunday, March 15

US Freeskiing Nationals - Snowbird Kerry O'Kee - Piper Down Duffy Kane – The Sandtrap No Kids, Parenthetical Girls, Tedronai Project - Kilby 7 PM Monthly Acoustic Event: Marv Hamilton, Kristin Erikson, Fifth Fret -

10 PM Time To Talk Tween Tunes, Silver Desert, Ben Kilbourne - Urban

Monday, March 16

Swagger - Piper Down Unpunked - Burt's Dee Dee Bridgewater - Sheraton Suidakra - Club Vegas Lucky I Am, Scenic Byway, Dusk of Mindstate - Urban Apple War, Loom, Cyrus Fell Down,

Foxwhiskery – *Kilby*The War on Drug Policy Film Series: Lockdown, USA - City Library

Tuesday, March 17

Swagger – *Piper Down*Pendulum – *Murray Theater* Arms & Sleepers, Nate Baldwin - Kilby Jerry Joseph and The Jackmormon's-Harry O's Russ Balli - Muse TED DANCIN' St. Patrick's Day Party

Wednesday, March 18 Bad Weather California, The Future

of the Ghost, Black Hens, Blues Dart – Urban Embryonic Devourment - Club Vegas Thriving Ivory, Company of Thieves -Murray Theater Harper - The Wine Cellar Labcoat, Fox Van Cleef, The Auto Pirates - Kilbv Queereads: Mississippi Sissy Reading -Sam Weller's

Thursday, March 19

Tom Zoellner: Uranium Reading - Sam Weller's

The Nate Robinson Trio – Piper Down Crooked Ways, Reviver, One Clean Life, Despite Despair - Baxter's Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits

Eric Tanner, Cabaret Voltage - W Lounge

Dan Weldon - The Wine Cellar To the Death, Cornered by Zombies

Robbie Kapp - The Kokomo Labcoat!!!! - The White Owl Three Reasons, Aeon Ghosts, Blaklystd, Melodramus - Urban American Relay, The Utah County Swillers. White Trash Watson - Burt's Happy Birthday Kyrbir

Friday, March 20

Analogue Island- Sam Weller's Blues 66 - Pat's BBQ

Clumsy Lovers, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban* Mojo Mafia – Kamikazi's Adam Kozlewski & Benjamin Jennings – Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott Young Dub, Legacy - Mojo's Local Takeover Bash - Model Citizen The Bird Cage - Signed and Numbered Herban Empire, The Futurists - Burt's

Gallery Stroll - SLC

Channel Z – *Brewski's*Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band – D&R Spirits

Jebu Šolo – Powder Mountain Resort Bird Eater- Kilby

Disciples of Darkness, O-Town Wickid, Chronic Minorities. Homicide the 187. S.I.K Brothers – Avalon Freely Bound, Haley Henrickson – *Muse*

Saturday, March 21

The Hundred Arms, Blackhole, The Hell Press - Burt's R.Dub, American Relay – *Brewski's* The Street - Tony's The Aggrolites – *In the Venue* Legendary Porch Pounders – Pat's BBQ Burnt Reynolds, Split Reactions – ABG's Cub Country, Indian Headset, Bluebird Radio, The Shady Chapel - Kilby

Mark Evans Benefit - Piper Down Battle Axes Art Show - Oni Tattoo Red - Avalon

The Question, Broken Hearted Rounds and Jen Cook - Muse Palace Of Buddies CD Release, Vile Blue Shades, Birthquake – Urban Managing the Writing Process - Community Writing Center Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits

Ken Critchfield's Seraphim - Universe City Gallery

Jeremiah's Fire & Phoenix Rising, Off the Wall Comedy Improv – Salt Rock Coffee Jebu Solo – Powder Mountain Resort Junction City Roller Derby Dolls Party: Ophelia, Dethrone the Sovereign, Descent to the Sea, Empire of Ruin, Behold the Requiem - Mojo's Never Cast Anchor, Burning Cycle -Kamikazi's

Mike Dee - The Sandtrap Zoltan Vegvari – Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott

Sunday, March 22 Charity Chili Cook Off - Piper Down

William Fitzsimmon, Kathryn Cowles -

Knobody, Germane, Poeticali Disterbd, Scenic Byway – *Urban*Duffy Kane – *The Sandtrap*

Monday, March 23

Tim Barry, Josh Small, Austin Lucas, Dubbed – *Burt's* Candlebox - Depot Rafter - Kilby Rob-N-Hood-N-Chang - D&R Spirits The Upside Down, FURS, Shaky Hands – Urban

Tuesday, March 24

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti, Tolchock Trio – *Urban* Sub City Take Action Tour - Murray Theatre Jebu Solo - Rooster's Lavton Nature Writing - Community Writing Center

The Slowdown – Burt's The Pink Snowflakes, Le Force, The Wolfs, Tiny Lights - Kilby

Wednesday, March 25

Lioness – Sorenson Unity Center The Wine Cellar's 5th Anniversary Party – The Wine Cellar Roxy Epoxy and the Rebound, The

Action Design - Burt's Avant-Garde Poetry Workshop - Community Writing Center

Pigeon John, Rootbeer, Who Cares, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Blue Collar Theory _ I Irhan

Silverstein, Norma Jean, Bless the Fall -Murray Theater Or the Whale, Band of Annuals, Boots to

the Moon - Kilby Happy Birthday Sam Milianta

Thursday, March 26

The Devil Makes Three, Hotel Le Motel - Rurt's

Swillers - Bar Deluxe Utah Symphony & Keith Lockhart -Abravanel Hall Junk – *Kamikazi's*

Gueen's Cup – PCMR
Soul Tree – The Sandtrap
Adam Kozlewski & Benjamin Jennings – Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott Framing Hanley, Vayden, The Veer Union

Oh Wild Birds CD RELEASE, La Farsa, The Platte, Samba Gringa – Urban

Saturday, March 28

Cabaret of Fools - Rose Wagner Theta Naught, James Miska, Chaz Prymek - Boing! TRUCE - Heavy Metal Shop Relief Society - Tony's Stonefed – Pat's BBQ Pony Ride – *Johnny's* Frontside Five, McRad, Minus-One Sunday, March 29 Happy Birthday Ischa Buchanan Kinski – *Urban* Duffy Kane – The Sandtrap

Blue Lotus Presents: Egytptian Nights-Mazza

Monday, March 30 Unpunked - Burt's

Rob-N-Hood-N-Chang - D&R Spirits My Super Sweet Park - PC

Nicosia – *Kilby* John Brown's Body, Blue King Brown, Ivy League – *Murray Theater*

Tuesday, March 31

Ace Enders and A Million Different People, Craig Owens, The Color Fred, The Gay Blades, Versa Emerge – Avalon

My Super Sweet Park - PC

The Acacia, Strain, Tamerlane, Gaza, XReflectX – *In the Venue* Greely Estates, I Wrestled a Bear Once, Memphis Mayfire - Studio 600 Blue October - Depot Dark Meat, Giant, Trouble On The Prairie, Fox Van Cleef – Urban Nature Writing – Community Writing Center

Dark Meat, Grampall Jookabox Hybrid Harmonies - Kilby

Polar Bear Club, Reviver - Burt's Hardboiled Book Club One Year Anniversary: Bodega Dreams - Sam Weller's

Wednesday, April 1

Astronautalis – *Urban* The Hudson Falcons, Fail to Follow, Shackleton - Burt's Brian Earnst - Johnny's Ten out of Tenn Tour- Kilbv My Super Sweet Park - PC Suffocation, Whitechapel, Decrepit Birth - In the Venue Shaky Trade - WSU Austed Auditorium

Thursday, April 2

The Voodoo Organist, Devil's Cuntry, Hellfire Villainy – Burt's
Park Star Orchestra – Depot
Beep Beep, The Show is the Rainbow, The Assent – Kilby Pelican, Wolves in the Throne Room, Tombs - Club Vegas Blue Blazers- The White Owl Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits Dan Weldon – *The Wine Cellar* Robbie Kapp - The Kokomo My Super Sweet Park - PC

Friday, April 3 Pick up the new SLUG-Any PLace Cool!

Ire Press, Battlefields, Nine Worlds -Burt's

The Voodoo Organist - Brewski's Band Of Annuals - Urban Surface Shred Day - Brighton Joe McQueen & Clayton Furch - The Wine Cellar

Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits

The Skaficiaonados, Spontaneous Kennie, Illegal Beagle - Kilby Chris Cullen, Damon Faschio, Jake Smith, Dungbar, Cody Dew, White Ghost – Mojo's

Reaction Effect – Kamikazi's Zoltan Vegvari – *Club Rocks/Ogden* Marriott

My Super Sweet Park - PC



STEREO TOTAL 3/28 Kilby Ct.

Katie Brandeburg, Drew Capener -Velour

Rope or Bullets, Purr Bats, Le Force-Urban

Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits Bishop Allen, Miniature Tigers, Mt. St

Helens Vietnam Band – *Kilby* Robbie Kapp – *The Kokomo*Mystery Writing Panel – *Community* Writing Center

Wisebird - The White Owl

Friday, March 27

Vermillion Lies, Marinade – *Burt's* Wailing O'Sheas – *Brewski's* Bishop Allen – *Velour* Doug Wintch Band - Pat's BBQ Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -D&R Spirits

Much Bigger Diamonds - ABG's Less Than Jake. The Expendables. The Flatliners – *Murray Theater*The Spinto Band, Maps & Atlases, Lord Mandrake - Kilby

The Saddle Tramps, The Utah County

Brewski's

Eagle Twin/Night Terror Split 7" Release, Massacre at the Wake - Burt's Salt City Derby Girls: Sister of No Mercy vs. Cleavers - Salt Palace Saints & Sinners Tour - Murray Theater Vivace: Viviane Hagner - Abravanel Hall Queen's Cup - PCMR

Leslie & the LY's, Stereo Total - Kilby Dicky Martinez & the Little Big Band -The Sandtrap

Rachael Yamagata, Greg Laswell-

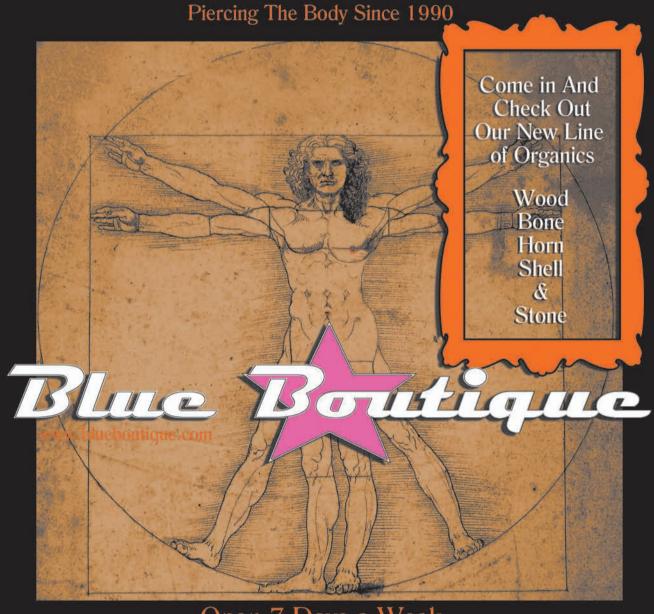
Rough Draft, Off the Wall Comedy Improv, Poetry Out Loud - Salt Rock Coffee

Funk Fu, Funk & Gonzo, Wisebird – Urban

The Wailers, Spearit - The Canyons Avapava, Sweatband, The Show, Private

Junction City Derby Dolls Benefit with Bomber & Pink Lightning - Kamikazi's Ryan Conger & Brad Wright - Club Rocks/Ogden Marriott

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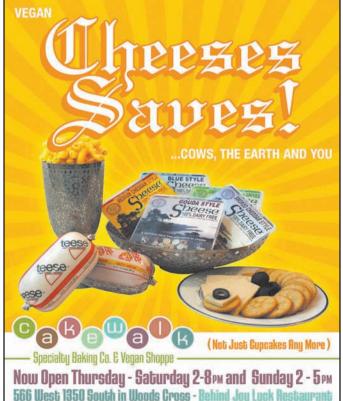
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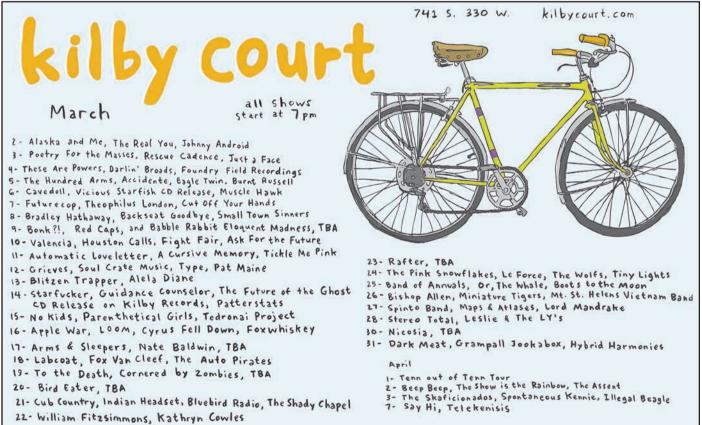




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bow•isimo\bō-is'i-mō\ adv: to play the violin with such pathos and virtuosic skill that the listener will be astounded





