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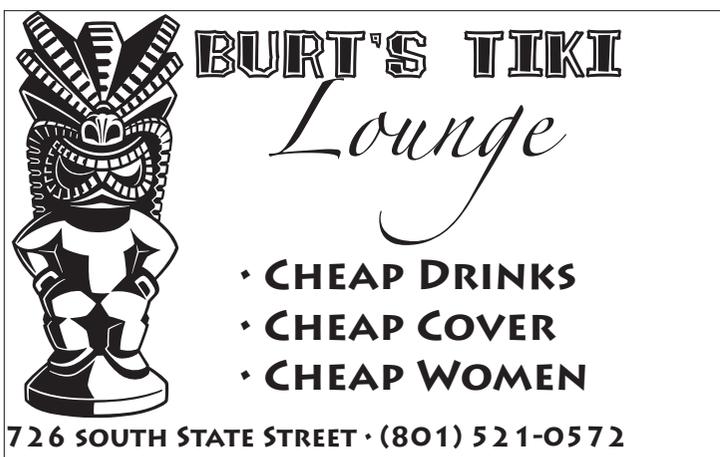
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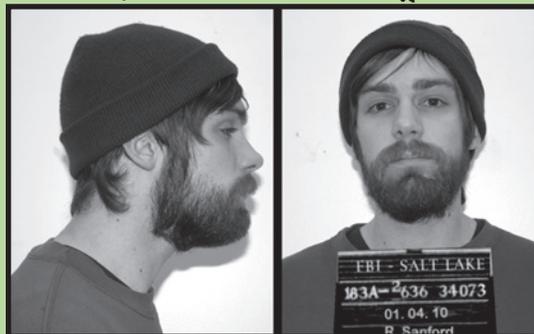
SLUG

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Copy Editing Team: Jeanette Moses, Rebecca Vernon, Ricky Vigil, Mary Enge, Esther Meroño, Liz Phillips, Katie Panzer, Rio Connelly, Ryan Sanford.
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dailycalendar@slugmag.com
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Photographers: Chris Swainston, Ruby Johnson, Katie Panzer, Dave Brewer, Sam Milianta, Adam Dorobiala, Bob Plumb, Weston Colton, David DeAustin, David Newkirk, Barrett Doran, Adam Heath, Michelle Emerson, Jesse Lindmar, Bryan Mayrose, Jeremy Riley, Andy Wright.
Ad Sales: SLUG HQ 801.487.9221
Angela Brown:
sales@slugmag.com
Kate Wheadon:
kate@slugmag.com
Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
Darren Muehlhaus
Darren@slugmag.com
JP
JP@slugmag.com
Marketing: Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette Moses, Jessica Davis, Erica Bobela.
Marketing Interns: Ellie Cannon, Katie

Rubio, Jaded Crofts
Distribution Manager: Eric Granato
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Contributor Limelight



Ryan Sanford • Copyeditor/Writer

Ryan Sanford has been copy editing and writing for SLUG since the beginning of 2008. He took a brief hiatus to wander the bay area, and returned to his duties in the magazine in October 09 with full force and dictionary in hand. This "Grammar-o-saurus" stepped it up a notch this month by writing about Yony Leyser's new documentary on William S. Burroughs—set to premiere at Slamdance later this month. When he isn't writing or copy editing for SLUG, you might see this keenly dressed cat in the city explaining random etiquette to strangers and filling their heads with knowledge on just about every band or out drinking with friends.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,
Nick Parker
Musings of a Dickhead
SLUG reviews
Street: 12.05
Nick Parker = Every shitty wanna-be
"writer" you've ever read

At first read, Nick Parker's writing is pretty generic. The sentences are boring, clichéd scraps of pretentious thoughts that don't stand out and certainly don't do much of anything for anyone. Certainly nothing to be too proud of. At first read, he is the perfect writer. There I said it. If I knew nothing about writing, I might mean it. The reviews he writes are retardedly juvenile and lack any literary talent beyond beginner-level teenage journal scribbles. If his writing is ever on the menu in a magazine you read, order out between courses. It's full of mediocre, self-important musings and weak sentiments that were probably written by an eighth grade English student. His writing is so subtly complex that words probably won't be invented for hundreds of years to even begin to describe the amount of layered thoughts and literary mastery provided to our minds in his insightful reflections. Wait, no. It's actually the exact opposite. If this local-music hating dickhead would venture outside of his parent's basement and listen to anything other than the cookie-cutter mainstream music he seems to prefer, he might just be able to pull his head out of his ass and capitalize on the fact that for some reason people publish his opinion. If Perez Hilton had a vagina instead of a cock worth more than Nick Parker's pathetic, local music hating life....well, this vagina would still be worth more than Nick Parker's pathetic, local music hating life.... -anonymous (for now)

Dear disgruntled member of Until Further Notice,

If you're attempting to stay "anonymous" it's probably not the best idea to rip off Mr. Parker's "generic and juvenile" style. Kudos for being creative though—most readers that are pissed about our local CD reviews just end up typing up letters in all caps with way too much punctuation. It's nice to see a reader put some thought and effort into a letter. Maybe if you dudes stopped playing Nickelback and Chevelle inspired rock you'd stop getting compared to said cookie-cutter bands. Just a thought ...

DEAR DICKHEADS,

YOUR REVIEW OF HOUR 13 SUCKED!!!! DID YOU REALLY EVEN LISTEN TO THEIR MUSIC...IT WAS LIKE READING A DEAR ABBY ARTICLE... TRYING TO BE ALL CUTZIE WERE YOU???AND THE REVIEW WAS IMMATURE AND VERY 8th GRADE.... YOU SHOULD COME TO THEIR LIQUID JOES SHOW WHERE THEY WILL BE HEADLINING ON DEC 31st NEW YEARS EVE AND THEN WRITE A STAGE REVIEW INSTEAD... THEY WERE INVITED TO HEADLINE BY ROYAL BLISS' OWN TAYLOR RICHARDS FOR SAID SHOW....

BUT WHO AM I??? JUST SOME NOBODY PROMOTER THAT HAS WORKED WITH 28 LOCAL BANDS AND 2 NATIONAL AND ONE INTERNATIONAL ACT.... AND WHO'S UNCLE IS THE CFO AT CAPITAL RECORDS... -SCOOP EINER

Dear Scoop,

Headlining New Year's Eve with Royal Bliss eh? Hold onto your hats ... the boys of Hour 13 are blowin' up big. With all your connections maybe you can hook 'em up with a record deal on Capitol. I've heard cougar slaying rock has quite a following these days.

Dear Dickheads,

First off let me say I'm glad u was able to go an make it thru a carnival. But now stepping into a lions cage 1.not being down with the clown. 2.wearing a charm round ur neck (that from what I read saved your ass twice) when ur not even a juggalo but posed as if you were your what we call a juffalo. Your outfit may have been a hit but you would have gotten more props being your self instead of painting u like u was one of us.you also said that u didn't worrie bout having issues with all the security think about it tho us juggalos n juggalettes are family we live fight an destroy together if they wanted to u could have been life flighted out like the straight edgers that came to start shit at the tempest show. But also understand that the younger juggalos n lettes are a little more crazier then then the older generation so I don't think that the seven or eight security gaurds could have gotten to u fast enuf. But I'm glad nothing happen to you at the show. An the juggalo loyalty is bigger an better then kiss an the greatful dead. How many bands do u know that is not mainstream that have a following like violent j n shaggy 2 dope people a lot of us have joker cards/juggalo/juggalette/dark lotas/hatchetman n girl or anyone from psychopathic tattooed on them my guess is slim to none. An then the last thing just cause we live scrub life doesn't mean we work at taco bell or fast food places don't judge without knowing your facts I've been down with the clown since 1994 an I own my own business. An working on getting a to open up a hachet gear store with faygo here in logan so the lettes an juggalos wouldn't have to travle down to slc to get there gear so don't judge us like u know us or even think u know. MCL..... WHOOP WHOOP. To all the juggalos an juggalettes

Dear MCL,

Since when did selling meth start counting as owning a business? Just curious.

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KILLBOT



Photo: Adam Dorobiala

Hell's Too Full: Old Timer & Killbot

By Rebecca Vernon

Sweetsweetjane76@hotmail.com

Prepare for the thrash/stoner-metal onslaught of the decade Friday, January 15 for *SLUG Localized* (at the *Urban Lounge*, natch). Opening will be **Speitre**, who will blow you away with their homemade leather warrior costumes, cunning guitar solos and youthful visages. Are you guys really a day over 16?

Deavy Metal—vocals, guitar
Smelly—guitar
Paul Lachica—bass
Mikey T—drums

Smelly has black spandex leggings on under his ripped jeans when I arrive at Mikey T's house. This is really all the proof I need that Killbot are true metalheads, and by the end of the night, Killbot are debating what parts of **Nietzsche's** *The Antichrist* **Anton LaVey** ripped off for *The Satanic Bible*, and there's no doubt left. That and the fact that their two cats are named after the two holy Ls of metal: **Lemmy** and **Lucifer**.

Killbot play old-school thrash with positively shredding solos. In fact, their music tastes are so classic that I ask if they're in their late 20s. They're way bummed out by that question and explain that Mikey T (also a member of **Negative Charge**) is the oldest, at 26. Uups.

They approve of the whole thrash revival movement going on currently, proclaiming that anything with "core" in its name is probably bad. **Skeletonwitch** and **3 Inches of Blood** are examples of "true old heavy metal."

Killbot are not just your straight-ahead thrash band,

(8) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

though. Deavy Metal's unique vocals help set the band apart, as does Mikey T's drumming. "Mikey's drumming is 50% of Killbot's sound," explains Deav. Deav's and Smelly's guitar playing is some of the best I've heard—sharp, precise, surgical, fast, like nail scissors. Deavy has been playing guitar for 13 years, and Smelly, who was influenced greatly by **Paul Gilbert**, for 10. Both create a dual-guitar attack onstage that sounds not unlike a meat grinder. Which can then turn the crowd into a meat grinder.

"Killbot are complete Hessians, there are lots of injuries per shows," says Deav. "They're mostly alcohol-fueled. After every show, there's a pile of beer cans you can see from outer space.

"No bar shows get crazy, but at all-ages shows, there's only been two where no one got seriously hurt. Cops got called, people get injuries they have to be hospitalized for," says Deav. "There have been broken arms, shin injuries, and multiple instances of people getting knocked out from guitars." Once, bassist Paul's hair got stuck in Deav's guitar and some of it got ripped out.

Even the shows they don't play are prone to mayhem. In Elko, at a biker rally, Deav got arrested. "They thought I was a girl because of my tight pants and long hair," says Deav. "Then they saw the brass knuckles in my back

pocket." It is true that between the four of them, they could make thousands selling their (seriously!) gorgeous hair to a high-quality wig company. Deav went to jail and Killbot didn't get to play, even though they were sharing a stage with **Joan Jett**.

Killbot's also played Las Vegas, at a vacant house "venue" called *East Side Joe*, with a half-pipe in the living room. People skated while they played in the kitchen and threw firecrackers into the crowd.

"The owners of the place paid us \$12, then a biker group called **Satan's Sinners** ran us out of town," recalls Mikey T. Mikey T rode his bike to a nearby town for refuge.

Killbot's combined influences run the range from **Conan the Barbarian** and jazz (Mikey T) to **Curtis Mayfield**, bong rips and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 1 & 2* (Paul), to Iron Maiden (Smelly) to Satan, old-school metal, Freud and **Hannah Montana**—"What?! She's hot!" (Deavy). Old gangster rap names are listed, along with a fascinating array of old horror movies, a couple of which I haven't heard before, like the controversial *Cannibal Holocaust* and *Rabid*.

The band has been together for four years and have seen their share of lineup changes. Mikey T and Deav met for the first time at the *Gateway Mall* while Mikey was on his way to see **Judas Priest** in Las Vegas. He found out Deav was going to the same place, and the rest is Killbot history.

Killbot just released an awesome CD called *Welcome to the Cemetery* on Dec. 12, 2009, the artwork of which was done by well-known female artist **HALSEYCAUST**, who has done CD art for **Municipal Waste** and **Toxic Holocaust**. If you don't go to *Localized*, watch Killbot play and buy their album, then you're just dumb.



Max Johnson—vocals
Matt Miller—guitar
Dave Jones—bass
Dave McCall—drums

"You run the stone slab back and forth as the machine is shooting out sand at high speeds. The sand blasts the stone around the rubber stencils and creates the grooves that spell the words."

Stone, sand and grooves ... sounds like exactly the stuff stoner rock is made of. Dave Jones explains his job as a monument builder/engraver (a lot of headstones, a lot of LDS church signs), which he's been doing since he was a teenager, while the rest of the band waits in the other room eating Sour Patch Kids and smoking. Their practice space is in the basement of the place Dave works, and is covered in the following posters: **Danzig**, **The Clash**, **Reservoir Dogs**, **Marilyn Monroe** bench-pressing, **The Who**, **Manowar**, **Animal House**, **Split Hoof**, a **Them!** movie poster, no less than four **Misfits** posters, two **Clockwork Orange** posters, and two identical **Evil Dead II** posters.

"Max and I had the same poster," says Dave Jones, explaining the *Evil Dead II* duplicates. "The posters are all the extras we had lying around all of our houses."

Old Timer create thudding, heavy, repetitious grooves from their formidable rhythm section (think **Sleep** doing **Mammutus**, and possibly **Earthless**, too, simultaneously) overlaid with guitar solos that are pretty much indescribably soulful and raw, and precise as planetary orbits—about four parts **Jimi H.** to every one part **Jimmy P.** Matt has been playing the ax since fifth grade, and cites **Yngwie Malmsteen**, **Mike Pike** and **Black Sabbath** as influences, in addition to the two Jim(m)i/y.s. He took two years of lessons when he first started, then learned for 5-6 years on his own.

"I started taking lessons again when I was 16

because I started soloing and wanted to play blues guitar," he says.

Max, whose favorite band is the **Melvins**, tells me the main influence on his guttural, gasoline-gurgling rasp is **Cookie Monster**. He laughs, the band laughs, then he insists he's serious. Also **Freddy Mercury**. Max recites some lyrics which the band has never heard before: "Cosmic imagination/First man to be formed/A cold that never died/Thoughts transformed. ... Coming from the stars/Images carried with them/Idols brought from dim eras and darkened stars" and ends by saying, "And that's good enough for me."

Just like with **Killbot**, horror plays a big part in Old Timer's music. **HP Lovecraft's** Cthulu is a big influence—their song "Hibernaut" is about Cthulu and Dave Jones has a half-finished tattoo of Cthulu on his arm. One of the songs on the set list in their practice space is "Hell's Too Full," about zombies, and "Echohawk," about Navajo witches called skin-walkers.

I'm a little partial to Old Timer because they happen to play my favorite genre of music—stoner rock, but also because our bands happen to share an important member in Dave Jones (he also plays in **Subrosa**, **The Dwellers** and **My 3 Sons' of Bitches**). He not only fixes garbage disposals for chocolate cake, has a penchant for punctuality and is an all-around great guy, but he also plays bass like an apocalyptic chainsaw filled with sand. His **SUNN** amps chug out low ruin, buzz, raw viscerality.

"My first paycheck when I first started working was \$50," says Dave. "I went to multiple pawn shops until I found a bass in that budget, called my friends to jam and formed a band that very day."

He picked the bass because it's easy to start playing, but then grew to love it.

"The bass is rhythmic and musical, and I love those lower frequencies. I feel like you should feel

the bass as well as hear it," Dave says.

Old Timer's been together two years and is planning on releasing a full-length soon (they've already released a couple EP-ish releases), but Max says laziness holds them back.

"It's hard to write a song," says Max. "And playing too many shows is the death of new songs. We also need to overcome our laziness to tour."

They did play **Doom to Grind** in Denver last year, at *Blast-O-Mat*, an old car wash/record shop with a venue. It was at that show that Dave McCall met Old Timer for the first time, when he was living in Denver.

Dave McCall (**The Corleones**, **The Fucktards**, **My 3 Sons' Bitches**, **Politically Erect**) is brand new to the band—he just started a few weeks ago and is already holding down the OT stoner groove like a pro. When he was a teen, his grandma died before she could buy him the drumset she said she'd get him, but an uncle made good on her promise and bought a set for Dave—a Mike Bordin signature series for \$1700.

"I knew I was going to take drums seriously, so it made sense to buy a quality set up front," says McCall.

Dave McCall rounds out the music group and the friend group nicely, joining three guys who have all been friends for over a decade.

"We go skateboarding in the summer together," says Matt. "We yell at each other, but then we work through it."

Besides sweet Jane, friendship seems to be the ultimate unifying factor of the band—definitely one of the best reasons, if not *the* best reason, to be in a band at all. Well, that, and the glory that comes from playing *SLUG Localized*.



Photographer Adam Dorobiatu



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 7 - 8:30 PM | MEN'S & WOMEN'S
 SUPERPIPE FINALS
 (AWARDS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23
 10:15 - 10:45 AM | WOMEN'S QUALIFIER
 11:30 AM - 12:30 PM | MEN'S QUALIFIER
 1 - 2:30 PM | XBOX JUNIOR JAM
 (PICK N SHOVEL TERRAIN PARK)
 7 - 8:30 PM | MEN'S & WOMEN'S
 SUPERPIPE FINALS
 8:30 - 10 PM | FREE CONCERT, AWARDS
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Not real sure where they're going with this one



I know the bear at the beach is weird, but what's with the sexy beach bod scene getting filmed in the background?

Sometimes I Wonder About Team Thunder

Text and Photography by: Dave Brewer
davebrewerphotobooth.com

Nearly seven years have passed since a long-time group of friends deemed themselves "Team Thunder." The name, which started out as a joke mocking a group of over-achieving students who called themselves "Team Lightning," is now infamous for being one of the most influential local snowboard video production companies, as well as being known for their raw "make something out of nothing" attitude, with zero money from major sponsors. But, just like the **Monica Lewinsky vs. Bill Clinton** scandal of '98, there is always another side to the story.

It all started back at Brighton High School with names and faces that nowadays seem to be forgotten. One has since tied the knot, working a nine-to-five designing computer software. Another, also married, recently scored insanely high on the LSAT and has applied to various prestigious law schools. Last but not least, another original Thunder spends most of his days fighting for human and animal rights, volunteering for numerous organizations and recently returned back to SLC after being invited to Mexico to speak at the Latin American Religion, Social, and Politics Congress, speaking about liberation theology in the Mormon church and how it relates to **Zapatismo**. Two of the three still find time to snowboard and continue to be some of the best riders around, yet haven't had an appearance in the local videos in years.

There are mixed emotions as to why there have been so many drastic changes since Team Thunder's first video, *Timid and Tame*. Is it because the original Thunders were too "timid and tame" to pursue a career in snowboarding, or do the words "til death do us part" play more of a role in families vs. a crew of talented snowboarders, filmmakers and photographers that seemed to have a recipe for success?

Sean McCormick was once the main cameraman for Team Thunder Productions. Through his efforts, and after paying some long-term dues, he has recently been given the opportunity to film for a much larger, more sought after video called *Videograss*.



Thread the needle 5050, Will Tuddenham



Picnic table climbing wall tuck knee, Pat Fenelon

The concept behind *Videograss* is ironically similar to that of Team Thunder. McCormick says, "*Videograss* was started by **Mikey Leblanc, Darrell Mathes, Nima Jalali** and **Lance and Mike Hacker**, with **Justin Meyer** on board to be the head guy for editing and coordinating it all. It's best described as a raw video that isn't based around fancy filming and a lot of money. It has the snowboarders that we want, having fun. No matter what, that's the bottom line." Recently another friend's video only containing homies has hit the scene, called *Skeleton Crew*. That video project was put together by **Pat Fenelon's** once upon a time roommate, **Evan Lefebvre**, who ironically was surrounded by Team Thunder for close to six months. Now, I am definitely not insinuating any foul play because Lefebvre is a great guy who knows a lot of good people, and I believe that is the reason *Skeleton Crew* has had so much success. Cheers! It simply seems as though Team Thunder might have been on to something years ago when creating a video that consisted of friends purely having a good time without the need for fancy equipment and sponsorship money. But just like the batteries on McCormick's old VX-2000, that can only last so long until something has to change.

Adam Morales was once a secondary Team Thunder filmer and when asked his opinion about all of the many changes that have happened to the crew, he simply said, "I don't have a problem with it anymore. I did at first, but once I realized I couldn't take out any more student loans to make films that I loved, I had to give

up filming." Morales went on to say that when he thinks of Team Thunder, he thinks of "friends having fun, or a bunch of kids I don't know, depending on the day."

So why does it seem that Team Thunder lacks consistency? If so, is that even a problem? A misunderstood perception is that a few of the new guys took over things and somewhat boxed out some of the originals, but given the opportunity to document the ever-changing saga that is Team Thunder by way of photography since day one, I will boldly state or otherwise clear up that Team Thunder is not exclusive, but rather very accepting of anyone and everyone wanting to have a good time on a snowboard. There are some that would argue against that, and one person specifically known for always saying exactly how he feels is the one and only **Hondo**. "They told **Kyle Fischer** he would have a part just so he would make them stickers, then they cut him out. Haha," he says. I don't know what really happened with Fischer, but he's still a good friend to us all. Thanks for all of the stickers, especially the newly created **ICP** hatchet man **FUNhat** die-cuts.

Any day of the week, one can take a lap at *Brighton Resort* and meet up with friends that consider themselves part of Team Thunder. It is likely that they have had at least one shot in the friends section of one of the five Thunder videos since '03. *Brighton* continues to be the official resort sponsor and home stomping grounds for TT. **Jared Winkler**, the terrain park manager, has



Mean Muggin blazing pole jam tweak knee, Eric Fernandez

been extremely supportive of their efforts by offering them discounts or otherwise industry-rate passes in exchange for web edits on major snowboard websites such as *Snowboardermag.com* and *Twsnow.com*. Part of their annual *SLUG Games* contest series, *Brighton* hosted the *Lumberjack Jam* (judged & filmed by *Team Thunder*), which was a contest primarily based on creative features made out of logs inspired by Team Thunder's famous "Logs" web edit that was included in the '05 release, *Remember When*. **Nick Lipton**, the infamous web master/smart ass contributor over at *Yobeat.com* admitted,

"Somehow last year, I used the Team Thunder *Brighton* budget every day for two weeks. Team Thunder got in trouble for it. When I heard about the trouble, I asked **Ben Gustafson** if he used the Thunder passes too, and he punched me in the chest." Aside from being one of the main riders, Gustafson has been one of the core driving forces behind TT since '05 when he purchased one of the first HD cameras and introduced it to the local snowboard scene. Gustafson's creativity and willingness to make something out of nothing is one of the reasons that Team Thunder videos continue to be so



5050 up, backside 180 off, Cody Comrie

entertaining. In '08, **Ben and Eric Fernandez** pitched in together to buy an '84 Chevy Beauville van. After applying stickers from what little sponsors continued to back up the team, they piled in the van with a few other friends, including **Laura Hadar** and myself, to take one of the most recent videos, titled *Beauville*. We hit the road towards Idaho to visit fellow Thunder, **Martin Campbell**, who is known for being the "only jumper in Team Thunder." Martin's parts continue to stand out year after year for his backyard and backcountry shots that are really one and the same. The *Beauville* trip was a success, stacking footage outside of Salt Lake and once again making an entertaining full-length video.

Will Tuddenham is a name that was once primarily affiliated with Team Thunder, but last year, he got a well-deserved break and was given the chance to film with the **People**. As for this year, he has been picked up by *Videogress* to once again film with old Thunder, McCormick and friends **Jordan Mendenhall** and **Jon Kooley**. There appears to be a trend in local friend videos being a stepping-stone to moving on to bigger and better. When catching up with Tuddenham I asked about his recent exposure, to which he humbly said, "Filming with Team Thunder helped me not only to understand how to actually film a video part and have a good time with it, it also helped me to get my name out there. Not like that's all I was looking for, it just came along with it." McCormick went on to say, "You have to pay your dues somewhere. I think there are so many good guys in SLC that are doing the same thing we did. Obviously, I'm super happy for Will since he has been a good friend over the past seven years or so, but I think it's awesome what other crews are doing as well. **Bozwreck** spawned some really good guys like **Cale Zima**, and even though **Keegan Valaika** was doing things before, I feel like his part in *Bozwreck II* and landing himself on the cover of the August '09 issue of *Snowboarder Mag* blew him up. **Dinobots** have some really good kids too, and of course **Variety Pack**. Simply put, snowboarding is about having fun. Anybody can do it, even if they have to film a 25-minute movie in SLC. It's about being creative and doing whatever they want to do. Team Thunder is the shit, even if they aren't the best snowboarders."



Roadside tree launch tail grab, Ben Gustafson



Kyle Fischer bomb drops this rock, but how did he get up there in the first place?

I caught up with Team Thunder rider/filmer/interweb hype guy Fenelon and asked about future plans for Team Thunder. He claimed that this year's video is alive and well. After a few glasses of post-dinner wine, all he had to say was, "You just got to keep on givin' 'er." Despite the euphemism, trust Fenelon, and trust that Team Thunder will continue to set the bar high in creativity while having fun, which is the driving force behind their passion for slashin'.



Who said stay-at-home dads have to stay at home? Ben Gustafson takes a lunch break with son Marzipan

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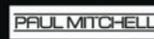
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(THE COLT BOWDEN SAGA CONTINUES)

TEXT BY: TULLY FLYNN, INFO@SLUGMAG.COM



Photo: Swainston

This back tail looks good and feels good, so it's art.

Colt Bowden has a deep, throbbing relationship with his skateboard. When asked what motivates his raw-dog approach, he said, "The push." When he grabs his wood and throws down, you can tell he's putting passion into every thrust he musters. Bowden likens skateboarding to jazz music. He's most happy when improvisational poetry is coming out on the streets. Bowden tells me that he is intensely familiar with every crack on his block, and penetrates them often during daily rides. It's no wonder that after a long session in the hot sun he often finds himself wet and satisfied. Carving, grinding and railing are his favorites and he can do them all night. Bowden's an abstract guy and enjoys hittin' it switch. He's so carefree and playful that you can tell he's just out having fun with the guys. Skate obstacles are canvas for his proverbial stick to stroke as he creates his perverse performance art. Bowden has been pounding asphalt for a long time and over the years he has seen and adapted to many a skate trend. Nowadays, it looks like he's got it pretty figured out. Let's all watch and listen—his queer approach to boarding might proselytize us all a handy lesson.



Buck nasty backside flip over a crumbling boob, Colt Bowden.

Photo: Colton

SLUG: You served a mission in Hawaii.
Bowden: Yes.

SLUG: A lot of babes in bikinis?
Bowden: And a lot of dudes in speedos.

SLUG: Did you ever hear your companion masturbating?
Bowden: No.

SLUG: Is skateboarding sport or art?
Bowden: It's art when I'm by myself and I'm trying something different that feels good, not just trying to show someone up. It's art when it's not like, 'Yo, I'm gonna show you up with my backside tailslide.' It's art when it's like 'I'm gonna do a backside slide and it's gonna feel really good and slide really long—it's gonna look really good.' That's art, it's full of finesse, it's almost like ballet. When I'm competing against Tully Flynn in a handrail contest, it's sport.

SLUG: Have you ever sat on a long rail?
Bowden: I butt slide down these rails when I get out of class at the Y.

SLUG: That reminds me of junior high. My school had some kink rails we'd butt slide.
Bowden: I don't butt slide the kinks.

SLUG: Shut up, you don't get kinky? Sure you don't, tell me about when you have gotten kinky.
Bowden: I boardslid this rail with a kink at the end, I think board slides are kind of the crazier trick to do.

SLUG: So you have gotten kinky.
Bowden: Gotten way kinky on those handrails. Kinks remind me of rollerbladers. They're all about kinks.

SLUG: Yeah, they're distasteful.
Bowden: You know those rails on South Temple in front of the cathedrals? I looked at them and I was like, 'Dang, I wanna skate these,' but then like afterwards would I have to go into confession and be like, 'Father, I grinded thy holy rail?'

SLUG: Where is skateboarding right now?
Bowden: It's like when **Gator** and **Hosoi** were competing in the late 80s when it was just about to die, 'cause it was like so mainstream, but it wasn't as mainstream as it is now. So it's gonna do something different than it did in the 90s, but something drastic, and it's gonna suck for a lot of people.

SLUG: You were known as the annoying kid, the grom, the one upper, the little snake. I'm just wondering if you have any concept of skate politics or if you have motives?
Bowden: I think it was more that I was a little brother and my older brother always had the attention so I had to show off. I remember in elementary school all the kids would call me the show off kid. It wasn't planned, it's just how I rolled.

SLUG: What would you say is the number one thing that you have contributed to the SLC skate scene?
Bowden: Hucking my carcass down salty steps. I showed kids that they could hurt themselves and that's okay. We rolled deep as carcass-hucking teenagers. I don't think I made my mark, 'cause kids don't know who I am. I'll go to the skatepark and introduce myself and sometimes it's to people I know and they're like, 'Who are you?'

SLUG: You moved to California and got sponsored, right?
Bowden: I moved down there and I was skating for **Lib-tech** and **Savier**. **Savier** went out of business and I quit **Lib-tech**. I started skating for **I-Path** and **Toy Machine** for a year, and after the *Good & Evil* video came out, **Ed Templeton** was like, 'We're gonna turn **Matt Bennett** am instead of you.' So I got my video to **Stereo** and skated for them for like six months and then I moved back here to do my mission. I never told the **Stereo** guys I was leaving—I just moved.

SLUG: What made you finally give up on the dream and come home?
Bowden: If you're not the bro or whatever, you're gonna have to bend over to make it. I wasn't into the party scene and if I woulda been I probably would have made it somewhere as far as sponsors go, 'cause that's what they're all about—if you party, you're their bro. Like **Adam Dyet**, he's perfect for the industry.

SLUG: Did you ever justify moving to California and not going on your mission by thinking you would spread the gospel to fellow skaters?
Bowden: Yeah, yeah, sometimes I'd be like, okay, I'm sponsored and maybe this will be good for my religion if I get to a certain point. And then I realized I'm not that good that people are gonna look at my skating and be like, 'Oh, I wanna join his religion,' or 'I'm interested in his beliefs.' You know, I'm pretty nice, I'm a good dude, maybe I could be a good influence and maybe someone would look at the church, but they never really did.

SLUG: Back to the subject of skating full pipes. How big have you ever gotten in a full pipe?
Bowden: Probably 9:15 [on the clock].

SLUG: Pretty conservative.
Bowden: Is there an A.M.?

SLUG: How do you feel about lubrication?
Bowden: I like my bearings loud.

SLUG: What's changed in skateboarding in the last decade, in this city specifically?
Bowden: There were no free cement



Photo: Swainston

“So you have gotten kinky?”



Fakie ollie, no lube necessary.

Photo: Colton



Photo: Colton

Backside smith done sensually under a sexy sunset.

“Have you ever sat on a long rail?”



Photo: Swainston

Colt ollies this wire fence on his way to Wall Mart for some garment shopping.

skateparks. In '99 all we had was *Classic Skating*, Tully was a regular and I was too sometimes. So you had to pay to go skate in the wintertime, or anywhere with transitions. Or drive to Tooele or Farmington. We've had "a" professional skater come out of Salt Lake City, **Mike Plumb**. Most of the dudes who were filming skate videos for Utah have moved to different cities. Hardly any of those dudes are on the scene. So, the scene's entirely changed, if there is a scene.

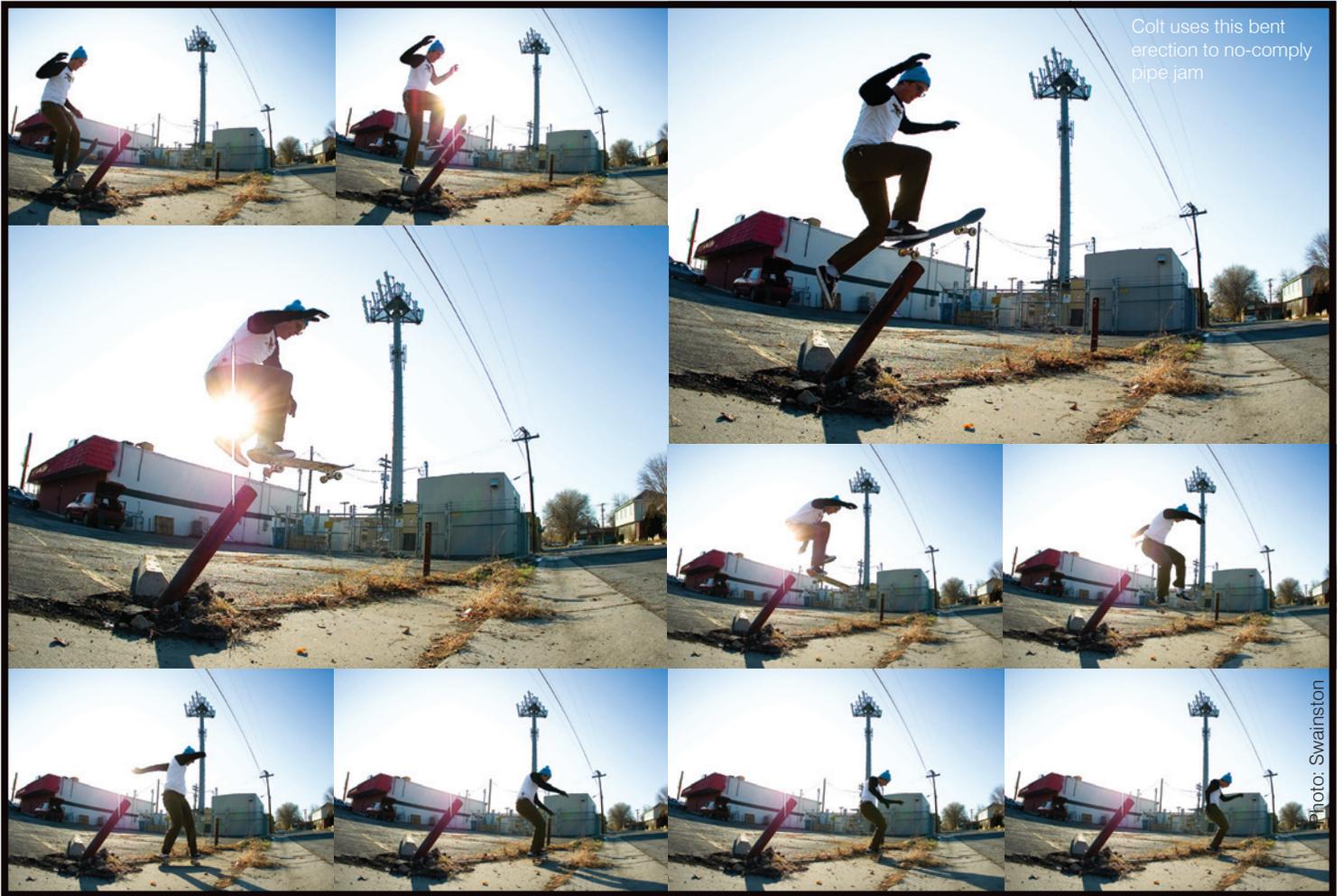
SLUG: What's the difference between leaving a skate video premiere now compared to leaving *DH DETH*, say, 13 years ago?

Bowden: It's almost to the point now where it's too diluted. It made me want to go find spots in Utah and if I found a spot in the video it felt like I'd made it. Ah, **Shane Justus** did a drop, melon grab 180 off this ledge at Hillside. Dude. I wanna go skate that. And we'd go skate it in the snow.

SLUG: So, it never made much sense to me, how you went from skating in **Vans** to moon boot **Saviers**.

Bowden: Mostly it was like free shoes.

SLUG: Is there any pride involved skating free shoes?



Colt uses this bent erection to no-comply pipe jam

Photo: Swainston

Bowden: Sometimes there is. Like yo dude, I'm reppin' this dope company.

SLUG: Are there any favorite memories from filming for the *Mutiny* videos back in the day?

Bowden: Getting holes in every pair of jeans that I owned. My favorite was filming in the pre-wintertime from September to late November when we'd all do Shelby missions.

SLUG: Did you have any funny **Greg Wrotniac** moments?

Bowden: We'd just mock him 'cause we could, 'cause we thought it was funny. It's true though. I'll just say *Connections*. One thing was he was shorter than most of us, a little pudgier than us. I think it was the shaved head thing, it kinda like wasn't going for him 'cause he was short, you know. He was an easy target to pick on. He really thought he had this underground music thing going on, and knew something that all of us didn't. And we could all just see him for who he really was. So we were all just mean to him.

SLUG: Back to the subject of hearing your companion masturbating. I think you're a liar.

Bowden: I mean I'm sure kids are weak, and they do that. We're all just human.



Photo: Swainston

“How do you feel about lubrication?”

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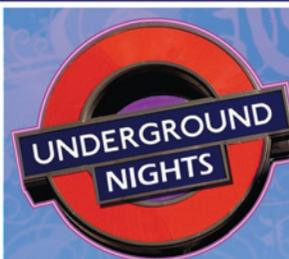
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Dan Brisse

Salt Lake, Utah

Dan called me up and told me about a 40-stair straight rail he wanted to do in Salt Lake and I couldn't for the life of me think of where one of those would be. Every rail in this town has been mapped out and sessioned heavily over the years. All I could come up with is that maybe there was a new building or school constructed that I had overlooked. Having only lived here a few years, Dan sees things through fresh eyes. That, and he's one determined dude when it comes to making stuff happen. The rail he was talking about was as obvious as they come, but had generally been written off by the community as "not do-able," which explains why it didn't register. Let's just say it wasn't easy to make this happen, and it was sketchy as all hell with the narrowest of run-outs, but Dan willed this session to happen and walked away with one of the longer (possibly longest?) switch frontside boards I've seen. —Andy Wright

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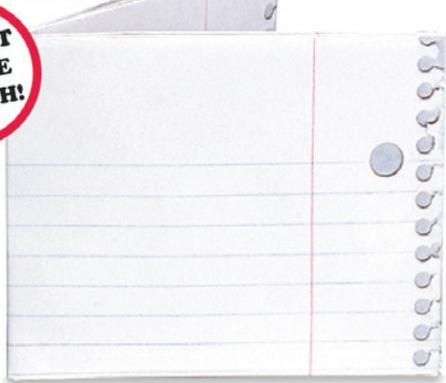
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Substance Over

By **Bethany Fischer**
patiriphotography@gmail.com

An Interview With the GZA Numbers

The **GZA**, also known as the Genius, is one of the great veterans of hip hop. His beginnings with **RZA** and **ODB** in the group **All in Together Now** in 1992, to his latest release in 2008 of the album *Pro Tools* have made him a highly respected force to be reckoned with in the hip hop industry. In 1995 his album *Liquid Swords* was named one of *Source Magazine's* 100 greatest hip hop albums of all time. After all the hard work and time he has put into his music, he still constantly raises the bar for himself and for everyone around him, proving why he and the **Wu Tang Clan** are still as strong and dangerous as ever.

SLUG: After your solo *Words from The Genius* album what inspired you to eventually create, join and start the Wu Tang Clan?

GZA: It wasn't my idea. It was RZA's idea to start the Wu Tang Clan. I was on **Cold Chillin'** and he was on **Tommy Boy** and unfortunately things didn't work out for us in those places. So we decided to step off and RZA had an idea to form a clan and get some of them brothers from Staten Island and a couple of us from Brooklyn and just bring everybody together.

SLUG: What would you like to see come out of hip hop in 2010?

GZA: I would like to see hip hop take a step up the ladder as far as the maturity level because hip hop in the masses is associated with immaturity, ignorance and stupidity. I would like to see growth of originality. It would be good if in 2010 the ten most played hip hop songs on the radio sound like ten different songs.

SLUG: Do you feel that hip hop has hope to progress in positive ways with albums like *Pro Tools* and *Only Built for Cuban Links Part Two* providing higher standards for what should be acclaimed as epic, ground breaking new albums?

GZA: It all depends on who's listening. *Pro Tools* might not mean shit to the average crew that's out there, because people look at things differently. I mean you have to go outside the box, but stay within yourself. You got guys out there rhyming about big million dollar mansions saying this is my lifestyle. Dude that wasn't your lifestyle six, seven years ago. It doesn't make a difference whether you live it or you don't. I can write about stuff I don't live, the person who wrote *Harry Potter*, you think they lived all that shit? I don't have to physically own a Rolls Royce to talk about being in one. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with talking about cars or clothes, but shit, make it interesting.

SLUG: With the genre growing into so many different branches such as indie rap and hip-hop, do you think that evolution like that is positive or negative?

GZA: I think it's positive and negative. It all

depends on the method it's given and the message that's got. Hip hop was started to get kids off the streets, keep them outta gang violence. Then you flash forward thirty something years later and you see all this violence in hip hop and you're like, man, it's lost. I'm not saying songs should be about, go to school get a education, learn to read, cause its about delivery. Music should be delivered in a unique way. It should be clever, it should be fly, it should be hard. I think it should be gangsta. I can do songs that have only one profane word and it will sound just as hard as having a bunch of very profane words, because I can deliver it like that. A lot of artists don't realize this because they don't control it, the environment controls them. That's why they always have to be in the mansion if they at home. They can't be in a shack, I can be in a shack because I know ima get more out the rhyme. If I'm in a shack with no TV, no luxury, ima get more out of the rhyme because it's harder for me. If I'm sitting in a mansion eating out of a silver spoon it's too easy, where's the struggle? What's the plot? Nowadays I see a lotta kids and they wanna rap because they wanna be rich. I don't run into kids that say, 'I just LOVE writing'. Its like OK well where's your drive? Where's the passion?

SLUG: Your son **Justice** is currently venturing into the music industry, what would you like to see come from him?

GZA: You know he is pretty well grounded and focused. You know he understands, he has love for the music. His drive is not like the average youth.

SLUG: Are there some projects that you two are collaborating on together?

GZA: Sometimes we sit down and we write. He's learned a lot. I think we'll be doing some songs. I tell him he should learn music, so he should be playing instruments, because that's the best way if you're gonna do music, learn to read music. That way you can take it a step further. You don't have to just do hip hop. If you read music, you can do anything. You can do opera, you can do R&B, you can do score, you can do commercials, you can do all of that and you can teach music, which really steps it up 'cause that's givin' back.

SLUG: With all the members of Wu growing into their lives, do you think everyone's kids will make the Wu Jr. Clan?

GZA: My son loves hip hop and he loves music. I love chess and my children play chess. chess. But they don't like

chess.

I used to try to

get them to

play and I remember one time drilling him and he's looking at me like, this is you dad, this ain't me. At one point I used to pay them to play. But they don't like the game, so why force it. It's just like if you're a boxer that don't mean your son is gonna be a boxer, so why force it.

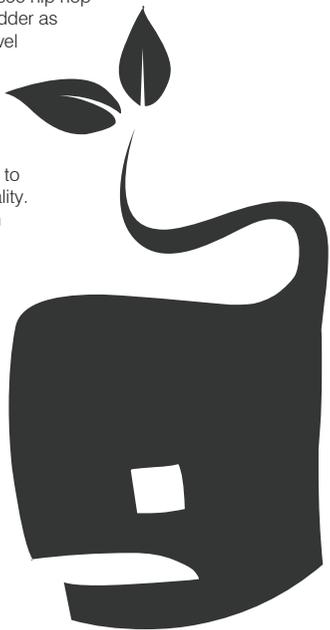
SLUG: What's the next adventure for The Genius?

GZA: I'm just writing. I'm working on a couple of books and scripts, that's takin' a long time to do.

SLUG: As difficult as it is to get all the members of Wu Tang together is there a chance in the future of a full Wu Tang Clan tour ever again?

GZA: Yes, and albums next year.

Come check out GZA on Jan. 23, at the *Urban Lounge* and experience a true genius in hip hop.



chess. chess. But they don't like

chess.

I used to try to

get them to

Avenue Q

Finds Signs of Life After College

By Brian Kubarycz
yammerskooner@gmail.com

So, you loved *Christmas Fantasy On Ice*? Well, according to Johns Hopkins University professor **Michael Fried**, renowned defender of orthodox modernism, nothing is more harmful to art than blending genres. The term of abuse Professor Fried reserves for the illicit mixing of genres is Theater. By this he means not just stage productions but also multi-media, video and performance pieces, all of which began in the 1960s to challenge the purity and authority of modern art. What, then, might an Ivy Leaguer such as Michael Fried make of the musical *Avenue Q*, which lead actor **Brent DiRoma** calls an "homage to children's shows, where puppets and humans live in harmony and learn lessons together"?

DiRoma, who appears in the touring production of the show, plays Princeton, a twenty-something puppet whose situation could recall that of Ben Braddock from the film *The Graduate*. DiRoma and I discussed the challenges and rewards of life as an actor and his experiences as a member of the cast of *Avenue Q*. Wildly successful on Broadway for over six years, *Avenue Q* will come to Salt Lake City this February. DiRoma says, "We've played Boston, Providence, the East Coast, and we haven't had a bad reception yet." In great measure, the show's appeal stems from its decision to replace purity with an unrepresed blending of story, gesture, song and stage effects. But beyond that, *Avenue Q*'s writers

Robert Lopez and **Jeff Marx**

lock arms and merrily march further down the yellow brick road to modern-art perdition by bringing together human actors and puppets, live theater and television. The result is a queered, coming-of-age *Sesame Street* in which the main characters are felt and foam and their puppeteers are fully visible.

Fried would be horrified, no doubt. But the cast of *Avenue Q* is more than comfortable with that, as are the numerous reviewers whose enthusiasm has helped the show win several *Tony Awards*, including Best Musical. Joyfully free of the modernist cult of purity, *Avenue Q* announces itself to be inclusive, popular and hybrid—unabashedly postmodern. DiRoma says these qualities allow *Avenue Q* to be great fun and yet also deeply serious. "We can say things through puppets, which we couldn't say without them." Pleased at the paradox, DiRoma says, "Make-believe turns out to be the place where we can be most real, most truthful."

Thematically, *Avenue Q* is about personal risk, about learning to step outside protective institutional barriers and into direct contact with others. This is true for both the characters and the actors. "Right out of high school I moved

to New York," DiRoma says. "I trained at the *American Music and Dramatic Academy*. When I graduated I was in a great place to play Princeton. I was him—just out of college and out in the world, and looking for a job. After years of study, I'd found no work after many months. Then, suddenly, *Avenue Q*. Actor and character converged." DiRoma admits that after spending years learning to act through his own body it felt odd suddenly to put a puppet on his arm. "Schizophrenic," he says, "but fun." DiRoma is quick to admit the biggest risk he faced when accepting his current job. "I never imagined I would play a character who has sex on stage [via] a puppet." He laughs and says, "I dreaded that part, that song. But the whole show sets it up. It's actually not weird once you're into the groove. Though we always get very different responses, sometimes laughs, sometimes a collective gasp. We feed off that energy."

Is *Avenue Q* just for adults then? "It's very much for college kids, where they are in life," DiRoma says. While the show displays an open nostalgia for *Sesame Street*, it goes where a children's show never could. "Instead of ABC's and 1,2,3's," DiRoma says, "we explore relationships, obsessions and addictions." Some older audience members have walked out on us, DiRoma says. But the show must always go on. "In Boston we had a school bus full of kids screaming and yelling for us," he says. It seems these kids hadn't found

sources of social or cultural recognition prior to *Avenue Q*. "I saw *Avenue Q* for the first time with my grandmother," says DiRoma. "I can't think of a more awkward experience. But I learned a lot from it, and I hope other kids can do the same."

DiRoma recalls the most valuable thing he learned in school. "Everyone has their own set of issues." He says, "People are who they are and you can't change that, only accept it." He advises students to put off self-doubt. "Midway through school," he says, "I realized so many people wanted exactly what I wanted. I felt like a grain of sand on the beach." He believes this is true of any profession. "I wondered if I'd made the right decision. But you've got to go with your gut, finish what you start." And acting had been in DiRoma's gut since he was very young.

"I always had a severe passion for performing, and I allowed myself to get lost in it, in the most healthy way. Now I'm living my dream."

Acceptance, self-discovery, and ignoring outer and inner detractors—these seem to be the primary lessons *Avenue Q* invites its audience to consider as they create their own lives. Check out *Avenue Q* and decide for yourself what it has to offer. The production runs Feb. 2-7, at the *Capitol Theater*.



Photo: John Daughtry

Left to Right: Princeton, Brent Michael DiRoma, Nigel Jamaal Clark, Kate Monster, Jacqueline Grabois from *Avenue Q* National Tour 2009

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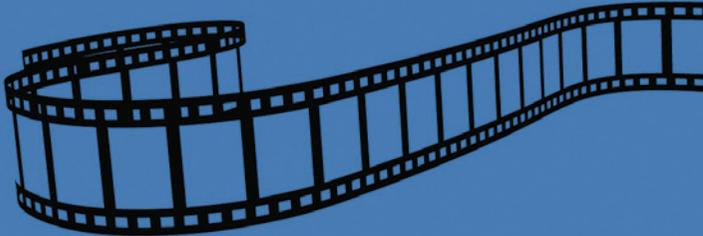
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BATTLING H8

By Jimmy Martin
jimmy@slugmag.com

It's only been 14 months since Proposition 8 (a.k.a. the California Marriage Protection Act) sought and garnered enough voters to concur that "only marriage between a man and a woman is valid or recognized in California" thereby abolishing same-sex marriage and voiding previously conducted nuptials. The support from both sides was phenomenal and unlike anything the issue or country had ever seen. Both sides raised a combined total of around \$83 million from all over the world and the item was calculated as being the highest funded campaign ever on a state ballot. To say that tensions were running high is an understatement, but it was the controversial actions of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints' leaders and followers that forced passions to boil over.

Not only did a significant portion of the donations supporting the proposition, some sources claim 75%, come from LDS sources, but nearly all of the early volunteers advocating door-to-door on behalf of the bill were members of the LDS faith. Furthermore, congregations all over the state set fiscal goals among their fellowships following the distribution of a letter from the LDS First Presidency that read "Do all you can to support the proposed constitutional amendment by donating your means and time." It was a well orchestrated plan of attack.

On the other side of the country, **Reed Cowan**, the director of the upcoming documentary *8: The Mormon Proposition*, which will make its world premiere at the 2010 Sundance Film Festival, responded to the day's voting results with mixed reactions. "I was simultaneously watching the glorious win of America's first black president, seeing a great triumph for those who died in the struggle for civil rights," he says, "and, at the same time, watching the dreadful numbers coming in from California. It was a profound feeling. Joy over what our nation had accomplished relative to **President Obama**, and tragedy in seeing that we still haven't progressed far enough."

Cowan, a former Utah resident and once an anchor on ABC4's *Good Morning Utah*, focuses his latest film (his second documentary feature) on the questionable tactics of the LDS Church and the people who have directly fallen victim to this major setback in the fight for gay rights and tolerance. "When I see an important story not getting told, it feels to me to be a great, great wrong. Nobody else was stepping up to the plate to put Prop 8 and other measures like it on record ... so I stepped up."

Throughout the film's development, the harsh and sensitive subject matter has taken a toll on Cowan both personally and professionally. "This film dropped a nuclear bomb on my family relationships," he says. "That and hearing day in and day out for two years the stories of those who are heartbroken over Prop 8 and other things Mormons have had their hands in relative to the LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender) movement. I've been sharing



Protesters in Salt Lake City upset over Mormon participation in the California election of Proposition 8 (to outlaw gay marriage) in a scene from the new film: "8: THE MORMON PROPOSITION" - A FILM BY REED COWAN

their tears and it's difficult and painful." However, as a dedicated journalist determined to unveil the truth no matter the controversies or consequences, Cowan genuinely believes this impassioned rollercoaster of filmmaking is his calling to serve a greater purpose. "I've learned that this is kind of my style. I see the fires of pain and I rush in. I find the experience of communicating burning truth delicious."

The film, still under wraps until its *Sundance* premiere, has already received an onslaught of criticism and praise with the release of its trailer on mormonproposition.com. Passionate discussions have predicted the film to

be everything from "informative" to "an embarrassment," but not all of the perturbed comments originate from the obvious source. "The Salt Lake City LGBT community, I am told, is worried this film will damage relations between them and the church." Cowan says, "My feeling is ... STOP KISSING THE RING. You're not invited to the Mormon table as a gay person. You never will be. Set your own table!"

Along with Cowan, the film has attracted many influential gay rights advocates who have helped with the journey to carry the message along to the public. Narrating the project is Academy Award-winning writer and filmmaker **Dustin Lance Black** who won the Oscar for Best Original Screenplay for *Milk* in February 2009 and moved the audience to tears with his moving speech about

demonstrators shouting their religious ideals over the cries of enraged liberals can almost be heard pouring down the slippery sidewalks of Main Street, but Cowan is attending the Festival with a clear cut message with the film he calls "unapologetic." "People like me are not going away. I'm looking to make certain that every single gay kid who ever felt the sting of bigotry finally gets to know that someone punched a bully on their behalf," he says. "I'm looking to make certain that every kid who died at the hands of bigotry gets to be a part of my legacy, which is to give meaning to their passing."

As time moves forward and the appeals to overturn Proposition 8 continue to flow into Californian courthouses, the thought of civil balance reaching everyone anytime in the near future may appear bleaker by the day, but the power of content, according to Cowan, cannot be concealed or ignored. "People who see this film would have to be heartless to, at least at some level, NOT know better and do better after seeing it. The stories in this film compel people to DO better. Better is what I want."

With that said, the advocates for equality weathering the dreary days currently surrounding the issue may have a real future to look forward to. Not only were the same-sex marriages conducted before the vote allowed to stand in accordance with the *Strauss vs. Horton* verdict on May 26, 2009 that utilized a grandfather clause for their protection, but anyone familiar with the LDS Church's wavering stance on controversial topics with the progression of society can see a sliver of light beaming through the cracks. When asked if he could imagine a possible future where the LDS Church would change their opinions toward same-sex marriages and the gay community, Cowan responded, "The LDS Church wants to be liked. They put a lot of money behind achieving that goal. If enough people in America become sufficiently disgusted at what they have done and what they may continue to do against ANY marginalized group, my feeling is they may be advised by their PR firms to change, and then maybe they'll change, but not a moment sooner."

The road to egalitarianism may not be paved smoothly, but the ultimate destination is worth the trip. Fifty-five years ago, the United States Supreme Court decided that segregation in American schools was unconstitutional the same year that **Rosa Parks** refused to give up her seat on a bus, and now we have our first black president. On Dec. 12, 2009, Houston, Texas elected its first openly gay mayor, which marked the city, the fourth largest in the nation, as the biggest to do so. In light of this monumental achievement for the LGBT community, who's to say that twenty or thirty years down the road Americans won't elect their first openly gay president? The strength of America's democracy will be the critical determining factor and an ambitious Cowan aspires to the best. "We will be the sum total of our choices, and I hope we make good choices."

The 2010 Sundance Film Festival will run from Jan. 21-31, 2010. *8: The Mormon Proposition* has been placed in the documentary portion of the Spotlight section of programming.

8: The Mormon Proposition Screening Times:
 2:15p.m. *Park City Racquet Club* Sunday Jan. 24
 5:30p.m. *Park City Library Center Theatre* Jan. 25
 6p.m. *Salt Lake City Tower Theatre* Jan. 27
 12p.m. *Park City Temple Theatre* Jan. 29
 9p.m. *Sundance Resort Screening Room* Jan. 30

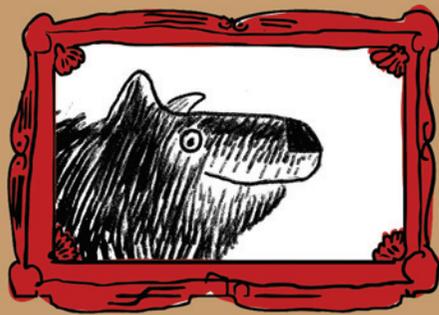
the unconventional love his mother had for her gay son and a forthcoming America with equality for everyone. "Who could forget his Oscar acceptance speech?" Cowan asks. "When I saw him that night on stage, knowing of his Mormon background, there simply was nobody else worthy enough to guide our audience through the scenes of the film." Also assisting with the progression of *8*'s vital message is diverse philanthropist and Salt Lake City's own **Bruce Bastian** who has taken on the role as the film's co-executive producer.

There's no question whether *8* will spark emotional outbursts and protesting in the frigid air of Park City this year. The heated sounds of conservative



Photos: Reed Cowan

The Gay Pride flag pictured in front of the Mormon Temple symbolizes the two opposing communities in a scene from Cowan's new film.



2 1/2 SIGNED & NUMBERED

by Jessica Davis
ms.lovelyq@gmail.com

Leia Bell and **Phil Sherburne**'s house is the epitome of simple, artistic comfort. Framed prints decorate the walls and two large, loving dogs are the perfect welcoming party. Seated at their table for four, Bell and Sherburne share the beginning of their local poster and frame shop, *Signed & Numbered*, currently located under *Slowtrain*, and what's in store for their relocation into two new locations, opening up early 2010.

Inspired by growth and new ideas, it's time for *Signed & Numbered* to move out of the basement, splitting the focus of posters and frames into two locations. The first location, expected to open Jan. 2, will be in Sugarhouse (2100 S. 2105 E.) next to *The Blue Plate Diner*. "It may be a work in progress for the first couple weeks, but the place used to be a coffee shop and has a lot of windows and natural light which I think is good," says Bell. This location will focus mainly on the frames. "Posters don't sell enough to make a living," says Sherburne. Though they'll have some poster bins at this location, the shop has limited space, and the majority of posters and other handcrafted items will be located in Sherburne's old woodshed at the end of *Kilby Court* which will open as a shop early spring of 2010.

We can say this growing love story started at *Kilby Court*, the beloved all-ages venue started by Sherburne. Bell, wanting to utilize her artistic talents, offered to help in show promotion by making fliers. "They started as Xerox copies for friends, and then Phil suggested I screen print fliers, since that's what I went to school for," says Bell. The suggestion eventually led to the thick-lined, multi-colored collectible screen prints she makes today. In Bell's screen printing, she uses the photo emulsion process, using about 3-5 screens for gig posters and maybe 8-10 screens for an art print. Bell says the inspiration for her illustrations comes from her surroundings. "In the *Kilby* days I drew a lot of people from pictures I had taken in the indie rock scene we were surrounded by." After having kids, Bell says her focus moved more towards animals. "Not that we're surrounded by polar bears, giraffes and penguins," says Sherburne. "But it's something the kids enjoy and everyone else can relate to," says Bell.

With the start of the Bell-Sherburne family, the decision to sell *Kilby* was a natural one. "We weren't making money with *Kilby*, and with kids we were living a little unrealistically," says Sherburne, "it was time to move onto something a bit more grown-up, and with regular business hours." Thinking of the giant poster collection and Bell's connections in the printmaking field, a poster shop was the best answer to their question of 'what's next.' "It was something Salt Lake didn't have, and it seemed a good way to make art more accessible to everyone," says Bell, "If you have a small amount of money, you can buy a magnet with the design instead of spending thousands of dollars on an oil painting." "And it's still connected to the music and art scene, which we love," says Sherburne.

It didn't take long for *Signed & Numbered* to become much more than just a poster shop, though. "It's much more real, more of a gallery," says Bell. Through *Gigposters.com*, then onto conventions and festivals such as *Flatstock*, friendships brought more artists, and the shop started bringing in new styles and fine art prints. "The business takes up a lot more of my time than I expected. I wasn't really prepared for that," says Bell. Aside from purchasing your favorite prints you can also have the posters you've snagged from street corners framed with Foxy Frames, the other half of *Signed & Numbered*, to preserve the design. "We started with Ikea frames, and then decided to bring Phil, who's a carpenter, in to make unique custom frames. Created with recycled wood, they have many simple frame designs to choose from or custom designs. "We're actually working on new stuff using molds and plaster to create unique designs," says Sherburne.

For those who have frequented the basement shop during *Gallery Stroll*, they plan to keep their presence in the *Broadway* area. "We've been talking with Ken Sanders about working with him four [*Gallery Strolls*] out of the year to help him with his busy schedule," says Bell. Though they're very busy with work and family, they both agree they look forward to Mondays. "We love our kids but we love going back to work and doing what we do," says Bell. "We started young and now we've made a career out of it," says Sherburne, "we have an awesome life and we do what we love."

As for any aspiring local artists/business owners, Sherburne says "Just jump in. Do it before you have kids, it gets a lot harder when you have kids, but you have to be driven especially as an artist, and you have to be willing to work but make sure you love what you're doing." And don't worry if you have to explore to find yourself happy right back where you started. Creativity, music and family—nothing could be better for the community.



Photo: Adam Heath

The Masterminds behind Signed & Numbered and Foxy Frames: Phil Sherburne and Leia Bell.

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Located right at the racy hip of State Street, *Little World* sits like an old buckle on the belt of the city's tenderloin. Dependable, delicious, and so defiantly small that they even keep the entrance to the wash closets outside.

For more than a decade, *Little World's* run-down atmosphere and unpretentious, dependably homey Chinese food has attracted big city refugees from both coasts. Recently given a makeover, the cafe's signature ambiance has been replaced with a newly painted and spiffy atmosphere. My inner **Oscar Madison** felt a twinge of disappointment at the change, but my girlfriend, who usually notices these things, took to the change like a goldfish to clean water.

The joint is always packed. Even when it's not, it's bustling. For a vampire like me, the drive-through, though open and useful during the day, would be my second driveway if it were open in the wee hours. Salt Lake could use an all-night noodle house, and this should be it. When you're seated you might wonder why half the folks in the dining room seem to be standing around—they are waiting for the take-out, which is as generous and affordable as the dine-in. As far as price goes, no restaurant on my list of eateries is so conveniently undervalued.

The starters are fine and tasty. The Egg-Drop Soup (\$.99), not vegetarian, is delicious and warming and a variation, the Eight Treasure Tofu soup (\$1.25), is a hot-rod take on egg-drop with tofu and kitchen odds and ends: tomato, beef and ham. The Hot and Sour Soup (\$1.25) is rich, very spicy and full of mysterious ingredients—it none the less prevails in being a refreshing, complex palm warmer. Your experience may vary on some of these items, as the homey nature of the cooking makes its way into the ingredients on some parts of the menu. Take this in stride. It is part of the joy. The Pot-Stickers (\$5.60) are a must, pork filled and delightfully spiced and sauced, they are slightly breadly, like a dumpling.

Here is the secret many who eat here know, but which until this assignment I did not: You cannot go wrong with the Eggplant Stuffed with Shrimp (\$11.90). This dish of eggplant filled with shrimp-cake in black bean sauce is simply the most satisfying and surprising mouth experience I've ever had. It's on the same shelf in my food life with the first Spider Roll, the first very good Miso and the

first French Silk Pie. The flavors of eggplant and shrimp transform from hot food to real emotion in the first bite: a transforming moment—time-stopping. The last three times I had this it wasn't perfect, but it was still really good. Unlike some great foods that are best enjoyed in the moment, this one is just as good reheated, turning your otherwise cold kitchen into a warm nook of eating pleasure.

At the front counter's south end is a great glass meat warmer where there are always several birds (chicken and duck), ribs and Char Su on display. For sale whole, they or their peers also go into the plated meats: Soy Sauce Chicken (\$6.50), Ginger and Green Onion Chicken (\$8.30) and the two or three Barbecued Meat Plates (\$6.80 & \$7.50). All are served sparsely with rice and some braised greens. For me, this is yet another style of comfort food.

The fish is surprisingly good and subtle in some of the dishes. Served with rice or flat noodles, the white fish, in particular, seems fresher than that served at other fish markets in town. The sesame oil hinted House Special Flat Noodle (\$8.50) (dry, much superior to the wet, a choice you will be asked to make when you order) is a big plate of mixed meats, fish, noodles and beansprouts, which never fails to please with its savory and encouraging flavors. It's a big sweater on a cold day. The Fish and Fresh Vegetable (\$8.95) is a subtle color-field of flavor. Deliciously mild and not at all coastal in its sensibility, it's a minor miracle, the flavors that are missing are exactly right. It's a plate of food sure to reassure and cheer, but without mocking or bombast. The **Carl Sagan** of fish dishes. The Shrimp Balls and Sea Cucumber Pot (\$14.95) is a fun sidelight that you won't find many other places. Sea Cucumber, which is not a cucumber but a kind of fish (like a starfish) is a delicacy in both Chinese and French cooking. A Cuban Sushi Chef told me I should try it wherever it's available, because it is a delicacy and a seasonal speciality. Chewy and yielding like few other things, it is a little on the tame side for my palate.

The Two Kinds of Mushroom and Vegetable (\$7.90) is like a vegetarian's meat dish. Using large straw and medium sized shiitake mushrooms, it's a hybrid service of the *Little World's* braised vegetables. It is a nice change to see the mushroom presented as the unabashed star of a dish and not as the flavor "also ran." The hearty, tart earthiness of the shiitake holds up to some closed eye consideration. It isn't hard to enjoy a meal of just vegetables at this great little diner. The different types of leafy greens are wonderful in all their iterations. The Chinese Broccoli in Oyster Sauce (\$7.90) is simply adorable, earnestly attempting to please but not offend. And the stir-fried vegetables slurp up with the same uncouth pleasure as a piping bowl of udon.

Perhaps the best thing about *Little World* is the last thing: The always affordable bill presented with the best fortune cookie in town. My wall, my wallet and my computer at work all have one or more of the oddly aggressive little koans that come in these otherwise common little cookies. It's a no-brainer for the active diner: a chance to eat your share (or more) of beautiful and interesting food and then to go home happy that you are such a smart cheapskate.



Photos: Bryan Mayrose

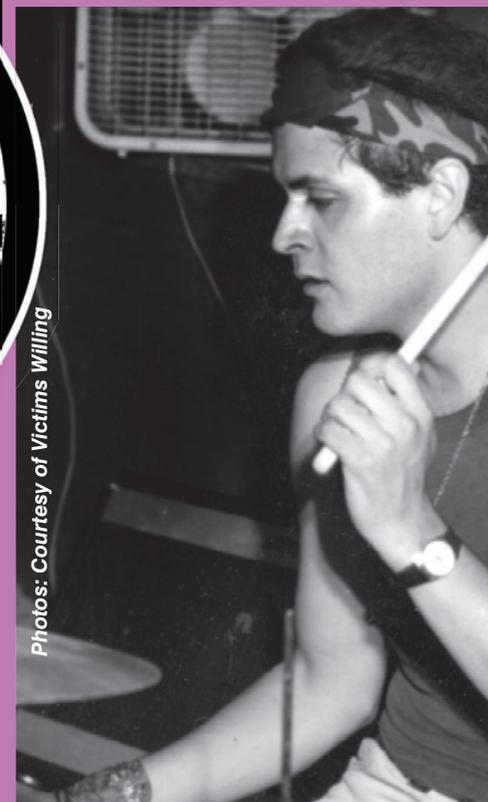
General Tso's Chicken
at Little World Cafe

A Band Called

VICTIMS WILLING

by Aaron Anderson

twentyfour23@hotmail.com



Photos: Courtesy of Victims Willing

On Nov. 9, 2008, **Brad Barker** was informed of the unexpected death of his brother, **Brent Barker**. A few days prior, he had visited Brent in the hospital following a routine medical operation. He told his brother that **Barack Obama** had won the recent presidential election. In return, his sibling raised a thumb up. "He couldn't talk after the operation, but otherwise he seemed just fine," says Barker. "It hit me extremely hard me hard when Brent died. I still struggle with it every day."

Twenty-eight years prior to his brother's death, 1980, Brad Barker was a sixteen-year-old kid in West Valley City, UT. Unsettled with the circumstances at home, Barker spent much of his time with a close friend, **Kelley Evans**. With a mutual love for music they decided to start a band together, a band named **Victims Willing**. "We started playing around the time that **Maimed for Life**, **The Potato Heads**, **The Bad Yodelers** and **The Massacre Guys** came along. There weren't clubs around back then. We played in houses or rented spaces," says Barker. "At first people had a hard time 'getting' us. We were far too metal for the downtown punk scene and way too punk for the metal-heads out in suburbia."

Regardless of any initial setbacks, the band went on to become a staple of the Salt Lake underground music scene over the course of the next decade. The band underwent a few member changes (including Brent, Barker's brother, and **Terrence D.H.**) but eventually settled on a lineup including: Barker on vocals, Evans on guitar, **Joe Jewks** on bass, **Derek Stearns** on drums, and **Steve Hickock**, also on guitar. The band soon found itself sharing a stage with touring acts, bands like **The Descendents**, **S.N.F.U.**, **Youth of Today**, and **NOFX**. **Brad Collins**, owner of **Raunch Records**, released a 7" of the band on his record label. "I like to think the band was a success," says Barker.

Victims Willing died a relatively quiet death in the early 1990s. After failing to procure a record deal with a European label that had taken interest in the band, and a lack of any new song material, the members decided to take a break. The band agreed to take the summer off with the intention of getting back together the following autumn. "I remember Steve was incredibly sad with the idea," says Barker. "He even stated that he felt if we took the time off it would be the end of us. Sadly he was right."



Victims Willing in the early 80s

The months following his brother's passing were particularly difficult for Barker. "I began to start thinking about what was really important to me," says Barker. "It's so easy to get caught up in the day-to-day stuff. If you were to ask me a year ago if Victims Willing would ever get back together, I would have laughed at the notion. But after Brent died I realized how important my friends are to me. Joe and Kelley are like brothers to me. I love them as much as my siblings. I realized that it is really important to me to have them in my life." Brad contacted what members he could. To his surprise, both Evans and Jewks agreed. "I told them that I didn't care if we just got together to play some songs in a basement somewhere. More than anything, I just wanted to spend some time with them again."

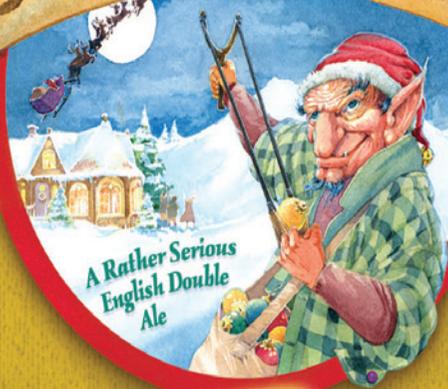
In addition to former members, Evans and Jewks, **Troy Lemmon** joined on drums and **Matt Moyle** on guitar as new members. "In some ways the band has come full circle. Troy use to come and watch the band rehearse when he was a kid. He was a drummer and he liked to come and watch Derek play. He contacted me offering to play with the band if we decided to get back together," says Barker. "I also got in touch with Matt. He played guitar in a band with me called **Knowitall** for years." Victims Willing began rehearsing again in the spring of 2009.

"The band has never been a band full of conflict and egos," says Barker. "One of the members will put together some music and bring it to band practice. I bring the lyrics. We just jam the song and see how it goes. It's a very fluid process. There isn't any petty competition. We're all too old for that." Barker continues, "Matt and Troy have brought something really great to the band. I definitely think it is an improvement. I get people coming up to me after our shows talking about all the times they have watched Victims Willing play over the years. They go on to say that they have never heard the band sound so good. We hope to be back in the studio soon."

For more information and music, visit Victims Willing's website at: www.myspace.com/victimswilling.

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STRIKE ANYWHERE: IDEAS ARE BULLETPROOF

by Ricky Vigil
ricky@slugmag.com



There is an innate assumption that punk rock is nothing more than a phase in most people's lives. If you're still rocking a **Subhumans** back patch or maintaining a **NOFX** vinyl collection past the age of 21, people will think you're weird—and not even the good kind of punk rock weird. Even though most punk rock stalwarts, your **Rancids**, **Pennywisps** and **Bad Religions**, were started with the intention of representing the combination of youthful exuberance and the mistrust of authority that is so crucial to punk rock. The intention seems to be lost when they're balding, cranking out by-the-numbers "comeback" albums and selling bobbleheads of their own likenesses at their *Warped Tour* merch tents. **Strike Anywhere** is different. Ten years after their formation, they've kept their energy, anger and, most importantly, their integrity. I spoke with Strike Anywhere frontman **Thomas Barnett** just before the band embarked on their European tour in early December to discuss aging and evolving in the ever-changing, but ever-stagnant world of punk rock.

"Punk isn't necessarily the angry teenage music anymore. It used to be the only choice, but now there are so many other genres out there," Barnett said. It's a given that the Internet has changed the way we all live, but it has also changed the way that we experience and interpret art. Because it is so easy for any and all music to be heard by any and all people with an Internet connection, punk rock is losing some of its underground appeal as Pitchfork-endorsed, **Carpenters** wannabe bands become a collective rallying point for aficionados of underground culture. "[Punk rock] is becoming more and more of an exotic thing—it's becoming a harder thing to explain it to people." Barnett said, "This is a counterculture where the audience is more important than the band. Everyone is a peer, we're all doing it together and the music shifts and changes with the people who are there interpreting it." Try to get that at a **Vampire Weekend** show, you v-neck wearing trend-hoppers! "It does its job of spitting in the face of everyone getting so lapsed into their structures of what they consume and what they think and who they think they are. People are attached to this music and this movement because it speaks to them about the power that the rest of the world tells them that they don't have." Barnett said, "That's what has kept us coming back for ten years."

Since the beginning, Strike Anywhere has been fiercely political, but not by design. "We haven't been conceptual about our existence at all—we're in a band because we need the catharsis and the personal realities of writing these songs. Committing them to the world is sort of like public vulnerability," Barnett said. Even though the band's songs, which tackle such issues as women's rights, gay rights, globalization and police brutality, have become rallying

cries for many, Barnett was quick to admit that they are not trying to speak for anyone but themselves. "Our stuff is definitely political, but we're still just five friends making music, and in some ways, we want to make it a party." Barnett said, "We never wanted to be the band that thinks they have all the answers. We know that we don't know everything about what we need to know."

Strike Anywhere's new album, *Iron Front*, which was released last October, is just as aggressive as the band's earliest work. "Having a new record and new songs, it re-energizes the band—you're reborn with every record," Barnett said. The band has played over 200 shows over the last three years in all corners of the globe, and their time spent performing in a live setting can definitely be heard on *Iron Front*. "We're always building on music. It's not like we're going, 'Time for a new record! Oh shit! We need to write and record more songs!' it's more of a continuum, like writing in a journal everyday. There's a rhythmic discipline." This energy has manifested itself in some

unique ways on *Iron Front*, as Strike Anywhere expands their melodic-hardcore sound by aptly incorporating both more melodic and hardcore influences. "There's more breakdowns and dance parts and some darker melodies, but there are also just more melodies," Barnett said.

To begin 2010, Strike Anywhere are embarking on a winter tour as support for synth-pop-punk-core headliners **Four Year Strong**. "I think on some level if you only play with like-minded bands that are your friends and that you've been playing with for twenty years, it's a lot of fun, but you're not engaging folks who are maybe just coming to shows for the first time." Barnett said. "We don't have a lot of epic pretensions about what we do. Just because we sing about issues and have political stances and have

been part of a more activist-minded punk community for ten years, we don't want it to become an exclusive thing. That makes everything esoteric, rarified and academic, and those are not punk words. It's good to open that shit up and make it relatable without diluting it."

Strike Anywhere will be performing at *Kilby Court* on February 2 with Four Year Strong, **This Time Next Year** and **Title Fight**.



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William S. Burroughs & Yony Leyser:

Men Within

By: Ryan Sanford
ryansanford@slugmag.com



Photo: Hank O'Neal

Allen Ginsberg and
William S. Burroughs

A Man Within is the upcoming documentary about the life of famous writer, artist and icon William S. Burroughs, the first made since his passing in 1997. The film, which will have its world premiere at *Slamdance 2010*, aims to get beneath the character of the legendary man who has had an undeniable influence on countless artists from those associated with the Beat era to modern day writers, artists and musicians.

Burroughs died at the age of 83 in August of 1997 from complications after a heart attack (amazingly only four months after lifelong friend **Allen Ginsberg** passed away) and was buried in the same place as his birth, St. Louis.

The film's maker, Yony Leyser, depicts how Burroughs had struggled as a person and *A Man Within* explores that issue, scratching away the tough surface that Burroughs projected, sometimes leaving a stark and naked portrayal of the legend.

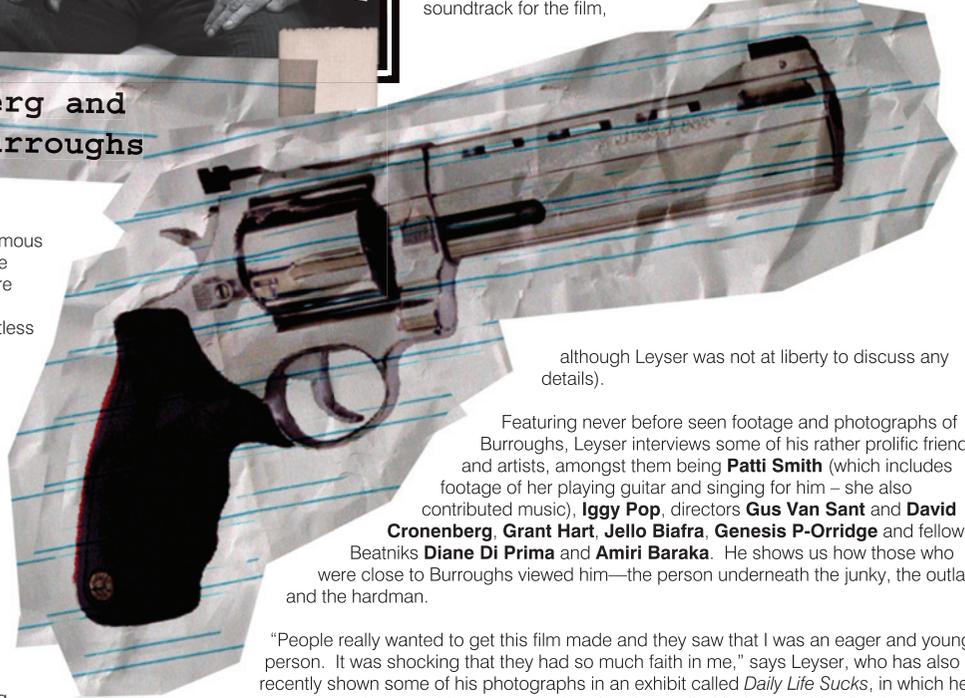
"In his life, he was viewed as this monster in society: he killed his wife, he's cold and sadistic, he's a junkie, he shunned his son," Leyser says of Burroughs. But Leyser dug deeper than the myths and the general conception of Burroughs, examining instead the tenderness and the man beneath the public persona.

Leyser, who is also a writer and photographer, began making documentaries and films when he was 16, his first being *Bill & Anna*, a love story involving a drug-addicted

prostitute. That being said, it goes hand in hand that Leyser was the correct man to tackle the task of making a posthumous documentary about Burroughs.

Leyser moved to Lawrence, KS (the same town where Burroughs lived in his later years), after being kicked out of art school. He first came across the works of Burroughs from a friend and read *Naked Lunch* on the beaches of Lake Michigan. "In high school, when I read *Naked Lunch*, I couldn't believe that something like that had been written and that it was still so relevant. I chose to do [Burroughs] because while Ginsberg and **Jack Kerouac** were very fascinating, I feel as if I kind of outgrew my interest in them as I became older," says Leyser of why he chose Burroughs over other Beat-era writers and artists. "Burroughs was also a lot more versatile, he did a lot of collaboration with people and influenced a lot of the culture I really respect. I think his work will definitely stand the test of time."

Leyser began working on *A Man Within* by interviewing and speaking to around thirty of Burroughs' friends and those loosely connected to him, gradually working his way up the pyramid. He sort of fell into it, and after interviewing **Patricia Marvin**, a woman who owned a salvage yard and helped in taking care of Burroughs during his later years, he was invited to accompany her to upstate New York to visit **Charles Plymell**, who suggested he interview some old friends of Burroughs, **Sonic Youth** (members of whom are working on a soundtrack for the film,



although Leyser was not at liberty to discuss any details).

Featuring never before seen footage and photographs of Burroughs, Leyser interviews some of his rather prolific friends and artists, amongst them being **Patti Smith** (which includes footage of her playing guitar and singing for him – she also contributed music), **Iggy Pop**, directors **Gus Van Sant** and **David Cronenberg**, **Grant Hart**, **Jello Biafra**, **Genesis P-Orridge** and fellow Beatniks **Diane Di Prima** and **Amiri Baraka**. He shows us how those who were close to Burroughs viewed him—the person underneath the junky, the outlaw and the hardman.

"People really wanted to get this film made and they saw that I was an eager and young person. It was shocking that they had so much faith in me," says Leyser, who has also recently shown some of his photographs in an exhibit called *Daily Life Sucks*, in which he captures punks, anarchists, transgendered and so-called "other outsiders" going about their lives.

Leyser's work as a photographer is as important to him as his film work and it all ties together. "People outside of what is called the 'mainstream' have always

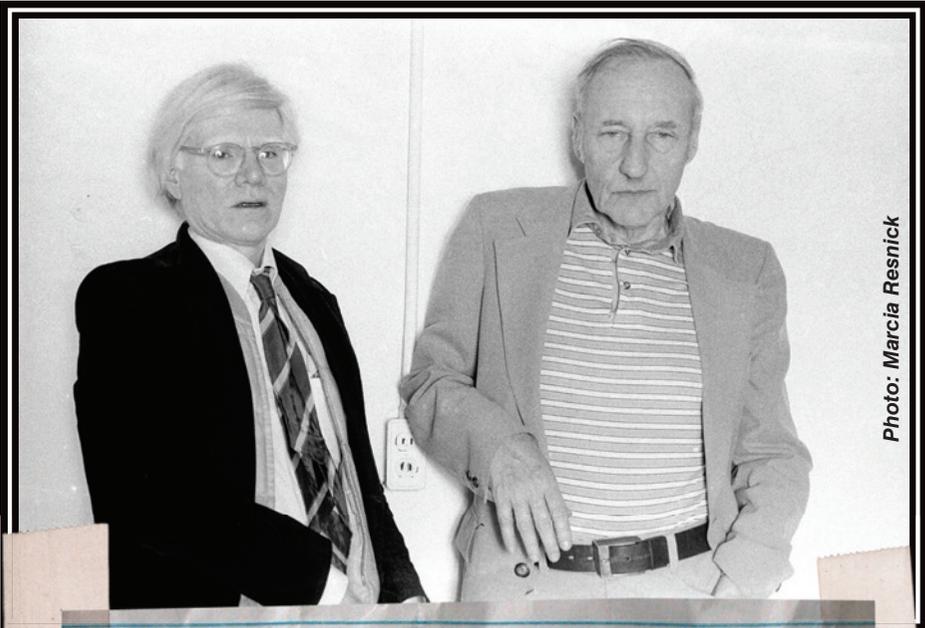


Photo: Marcia Resnick

William S. Burroughs
with Andy Warhol

interested me." He has plans to publish a photobook and fictionalized memoir based on his travels to places such as Freetown Christiana, an anarchist village in Copenhagen and IDA, a communal farm in Tennessee made up of different types of people, including the homosexual and transgendered. "Christiana is full of people who have just completely dropped out of society and there are thousands of them there, people



dropping out of a basically capitalist culture, and while William [Burroughs] was definitely not a dropout, he was an outsider and I wanted to push the envelope that he was an outsider who came into the overground, underground and middleground consciousness and became very famous," he says. "I don't know if 'outsider' is the correct term," he continues, "Because maybe to people in Christiana and IDA it's the businessmen, the capitalists, the people who don't care about anything else and work at corporations. You know, maybe the way life should be lived is the way they are. I think if you're looking at minorities and majorities, these people are a minority, but to me they are definitely living a more interesting life."

Leyser's outlook on "outsider culture" definitely provides us insight into Burroughs and perhaps why Leyser has gone about the task of documenting his life so admirably and tastefully. "I think what's important is [Burroughs'] sharp accuracy at pin-pointing the hypocrisy of society and the American mainstream that we were stuck in when he wrote, and in a way we're still stuck in it now," he says.

Burroughs, born to a fortuitous family in Missouri, left home at the age of 18 to pursue an education at Harvard University and, while there, made many trips to Harlem and Greenwich Village where he began to explore the underground world of homosexuality and drugs. Years afterwards, Burroughs bounced around Europe, making friends with the queer and outsiders before returning to

America. He quickly became known as an eccentric, even moreso after dismembering his own pinky in what has been described as a fit of jealous rage, although Burroughs told a psychiatrist it was "an initiation ceremony into the Crow Indian Tribe."

Burroughs moved to New York City with **Lucian Carr** and lived with Kerouac as both began their fledgling writing careers. It was also here that he became addicted to opiates, which would play a major controlling role for nearly the rest of his life and inspire such works as the book *Junky*, his first published book (originally released as *Junkie* under the pseudonym William Lee before switching it over to his own name), which detailed his time as a pusher in Greenwich Village and his addiction to drugs.

Throughout his life, Burroughs was known for his often infamous exploits, such as planning to rob an armored bank car to prove his manhood and his quest to find the entheogenic plant Yage (which is detailed in his letters to Ginsberg, later published as *The Yage Letters*). Among these is the William Tell incident in Mexico, where he shot his wife, **Joan Vollmer**, in the head and spent two weeks in a Mexico City jail before being released. If not for this tragic event, Burroughs said, he would have never been

able to become a writer.

The film places specific focus on Burroughs' relationship with the world around him and his seemingly cold demeanor, including his relationship with his son, **William Burroughs, Jr.**, author of *Speed* and a man often described as "the last Beatnik." Oftentimes a heavy documentary, it does contain some light-hearted footage of Burroughs painting with a toilet plunger and running about in his old age, wielding a shotgun and shouting, "I wanna shoot something!"

When Burroughs moved from the Bowery in New York City to Lawrence, KS, he quickly became an attraction in the town, with traveling bands often making stops on their tours to meet and speak with him. He performed at *The Bottleneck* and organized the *River City Reunion*. At the reunion he was joined by **Dr. Timothy Leary**. Burroughs lived there with writer, editor and long-time friend **James Grauerholz**, who throughout the last portion of his life assisted Burroughs and cared for him, as well as taking the reins by helping Burroughs organize reading tours. Burroughs later adopted Grauerholz, who still lives in the house.

A Man Within, a sobering documentary, offers a fair and honest look into Burroughs' life and shows him to be a much greater social being than his works would have you believe. A significant point in the documentary is Burroughs' last journal entry, which shows that in the end Burroughs, a man who seemed incapable of entering a relationship and most likely the saboteur of such personal unions, did indeed absolve to love in the end.

The documentary is a mandatory viewing for anyone interested in social change, the arts, the Beat era and literature in general. It captures Burroughs and portrays him as he was: a remarkable man, an agent of change, an original soul and one of the most important and influential artists in modern culture. Burroughs' legacy and influence continues to live on, as shown here in Leyser's respectful homage to the man.

A Man Within premieres at *Slamdance 2010* on Jan. 22 at 5:30 PM and again on Jan. 27 at 7:30 PM.

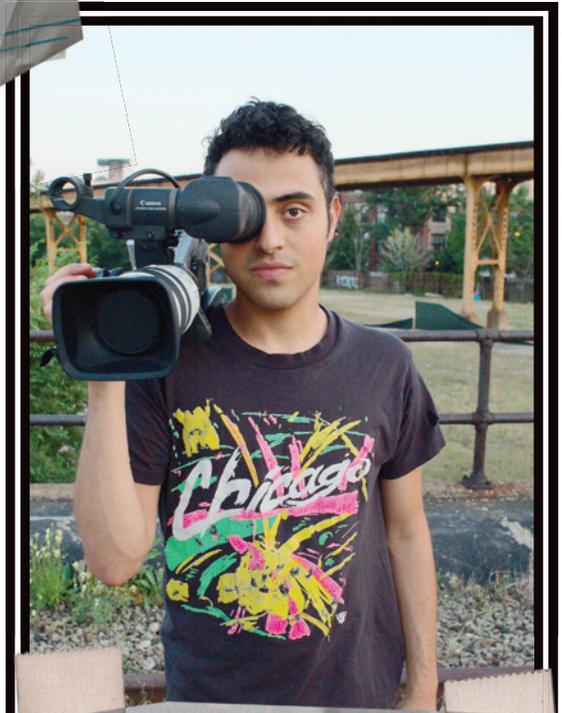


Photo: Akasha Rabut

Director of William
S. Burroughs: A Man
Within, Yony Leyser

Oh, Bill Burroughs, How I Heart: These

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

By far and without a doubt, as great as these other dragon chasers may be in their contributions to society and made a lot more sense. I think to understand Naked Lunch you have to understand just how fucked in the head Burroughs is.

five shitty bands we like. But it got a little out of control. "Top Fives" soon consisted of the five best reasons to own a ferret and things of that nature.

If you don't feel like diving straight into Naked Lunch after reading these, *Cities of the Red Night* is like a diet coke version of Naked Lunch. And still thoroughly entertaining.

drug known to man. He wrote a letter once, and called it A Letter From a Master Addict to Dangerous Drugs, where he described the effects and symptoms of every

style. Stephen King once said that in order to be a good writer you have to read a lot. I disagree, but I also don't consider the self-proclaimed master of terror a good writer.

Then I read *The Yage Letters*, where he goes to South America to find a drug more fucked up than heroin to wean himself off of heroin. Then I read Naked Lunch again, and it

understand. I then read his first book *Junky*, which is all about him doing junk in the early 50s. And that book made sense.

I was first turned on to the great works of Bill over ten years ago by my friend Greg, who is also a genius. Greg was cool because he dressed like a moron back then, he was a

I'm not too sure if old Bill influenced my own writing in any way. There's no way any human could possibly bite his

For my SLUG article this month I talked the editors into letting me use Burroughs's cut up method. Which is basically where you write something, cut the shit out of it, throw it in a hat and put it back together all random. It's how he turned in *Naked Lunch* to his editor. So if this article doesn't make any sense to you, drop some acid and read it again. Trust me, it will work. And if this article bothers you, please go get fucked and write your own article. This is why I write for SLUG, they let me write what I want. Thank you.



Mike Brown as his hero: William S. Burroughs

Illustration: Manuel Aguilar

gangster skater kid with a very intimidating demeanor. So before I ever knew Greg, I just assumed he was a moron.

So what was mine? It was my "Top Five Favorite Heroin Junkies." The nice thing about having my own article is that I can share things with you the

drug he ever did. It was so accurate that it got published in the *British Journal of Medicine*. And guess what? Weed is harmless. I knew it.

I don't read very much these days. Mostly for fear of my writing morphing into what I just read. Instead I drink a lot and watch TV. Because that's what most of my favorite writers did.

Aside from just junk, Burroughs did just about every

spot. And it turns out he was an English major at *Westminster*. And for his senior thesis, he stole all the **William S. Burroughs** books from the downtown library and told me to read *Naked Lunch*.

Until one day when I gave him a ride to the skate park and had a **Jello Biafra** spoken word CD playing

defiantly the kind of genius that bordered closer to insanity, and I'm convinced he could see the future. He also liked kitty cats, and so do I.

and wrote the grossest most beautiful books ever. He was started drinking Burroughs signature drink, vodka cokes.

works dope sick. Despite my admiration for the man, don't worry, I won't try the chiba any time soon. But I have

art, none compare in my mind to who I consider to be the greatest writer of all time.

loyal reader that may go over The formula up to now seems to be working. I defiantly do my best writing hung over. As I'm sure old Bill did his best

the office cronies and volunteers could be a little more creative and flexible with the top fives this year, not necessarily limiting them to

looked. So, drum roll, please. Allow me to unleash my top five favorite skin spikers: 5: **Ray Charles**. 4. **Dee Dee Ramone**. 3. **J.R. Ruppel**. 2. **Kurt Cobane**. And number 1. **William S. Burroughs**.

I didn't have a top five in last months SLUG. Well, I did, but it got edited out. The SLUG editorial staff decided that all

And the best way to do that is to read *Junky* and *Yage Letters*, and possibly *Queer*. Which is a semi-Autobiography about being gay that he wrote after he shot his wife in the head.

I don't really feel like explaining to you who William S. Burroughs is if you don't know. A gay genius junkie who shot his wife in the head

I read it and every page was like watching a car crash that would never end until the book was finished. It's by far the grossest thing ever written and impossibly confusing to

in my truck, and he knew who he was and what he was talking about. We instantly became great friends on the

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No Rest for the Wicked Cool

RJD2

on his new album, and the future of the industry By Rio Connelly
globalicon@gmail.com

The first time I heard **RJD2 (RJ Krohn)**, I was at a party for the radio station where I worked as a DJ, and I wasn't wearing any pants. The soon-to-be-ridiculously-ubiquitous single "Ghostwriter" off his *Deadringer* LP came over the speakers through the crowd of pantsless folk with its infectious horn lines and I could not cease my boxed booty from shaking. Two solo albums and numerous other projects later, RJ is known for his versatile production and collaboration with an army of hip hop's elite. After going in a new, more self-reliant direction in 2007 with his last release, *The Third Hand*, he's blasting back onto the scene with his newest, *The Colossus*. RJ found some time in his busy schedule to talk with **SLUG** about how he does what he does.

SLUG: You just established your own label, **RJ's Electrical Connections**. What was the most difficult part of that process?

RJD2: Locking down the distribution, because I had to coordinate with more than one company, both inside and outside of America. It's manageable, you get it done and it's done.

SLUG: Do you have any immediate plans to sign new or current artists to Electrical Connections?

RJD2: The point of the thing for me was primarily to be able to release music that I do on my own terms and on my own time schedule. I am really not eager to be anybody's boss. The reason I did this in the first place was to escape that dynamic. The way things are going in the industry, they're moving toward artists doing things that they find sustainable on their own terms. In the future, if there isn't going to be enough money generated for overhead, for labels, then let me get on board, whatever that's going to look like. I don't want to get left behind.

SLUG: It sounds like the last year has been busy for you, finishing your fourth LP and starting a label. Has it been difficult to balance your life as an artist and as a label head with your personal life?

RJD2: It's a challenge, but I love it. I've already got six videos in the works, I got two of the remixes back, there are going to be four or five remixes for the record. I take this snapshot and I look at where I was a month before the release of *The Third Hand* and I feel much better. I mean, we didn't even plan a video, I basically had to call in a favor to get a treatment for a video and that was only done three months after the record was out.

(44) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

SLUG: For *The Third Hand*, you toured with a band. What approach will you be taking for touring behind *The Colossus*?

RJD2: What I realized after doing that first band tour was that there are a lot of really cool aspects of the show I do on my own that I could incorporate. In my 2008 tour, about a quarter to a third of the show was just me doing what I do with turntables and a sampler and then it would ebb and flow in and out of the band dynamic. That's going to be the format for this tour.

SLUG: You got your start DJing before moving more into hip hop. Do you still enjoy playing long, danceable sets?

RJD2: Yeah, especially this year. I'll look for two-hour sets and do an hour centered

around what I do, then an hour of more traditional DJing, other peoples' records. It's a refreshing reminder of what really sucked me into DJing in the first place.

SLUG: The new album is like a mix of the completely new direction you did for *The Third Hand* and your earlier albums. Upbeat pop songs that show off your songwriting ability like "Walk With Me" right next to old-school-sounding instrumentals like "Tin Flower." Was that the idea?

RJD2: There were two overarching themes for this record. For *The Third Hand*, one of the goals was for me to go as far as I could by myself. I wasn't going to hire any parts out. I thought it would be fun to do a record that was the opposite of that: do as much collaboration with other people as I could. The other one was to inhabit the working methodologies that I had used over the years, but do it with a modern eye to songwriting. With the sample-based stuff, it was to see what would I do now in that format? Also, I wanted to do some live stuff, some stuff that I wrote for other singers and some stuff that I wrote for myself.

SLUG: You have been known for your vintage-sounding samples. Tell us about how that happens.

RJD2: Nine times out of ten, I just like the engineering aesthetics of a record from 1969 more than I like something from 2009. It's a fine line because what I don't want to do is to fall into some kind of imitation, revivalist thing.

SLUG: We just got done doing *SLUG's* Top 5s of 2009, can I ask you if you have a few releases from the last year that come immediately to your mind as favorites?

RJD2: Oh man, the way that music works now is so thoroughly overwhelming for me. There's so much coming out. The first one that comes to mind is the **Mastodon** album, also the **Foreign Exchange** album.

SLUG: What's next for RJD2?

RJD2: I'm hoping to take a little time off. After this tour is done, I need a little breather. I've taken one vacation in the last eight years.



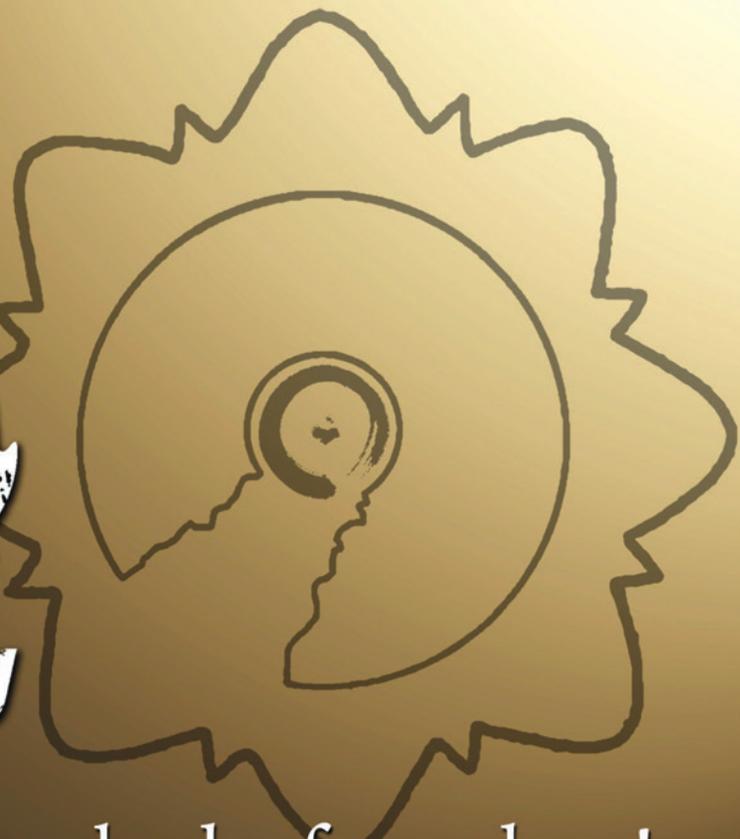
Photos: Dan McMahon



The Colossus will be released on Electrical Connections on Jan. 19. The record features great beats on "Let There Be Horns" and "The Stranger," and ethereal tracks such as "The Shining Path" featuring **Phonte of Little Brother** and **The Foreign Exchange**. A word of caution when the rhythm hits you, may you have recently misplaced your pants.

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GALLERY STROLL



Lust (The Seven Deadly Sins-A Series), 2005

**Salt Lake's Gallery
Stroll—Better Than
Quitting Smoking**
By **Mariah Mann Mellus**
Mariah@slugmag.com

January, the first month of the new year, named after Janus, the Roman god of all beginnings. In January we resolve to change our lives for the better, we set goals: lose weight, drink less, ride or ski 100 days this season ... all good resolutions, but may I suggest one more? Try setting the goal to see one art exhibit a month, given the slew of art galleries and the always inviting gallery stroll held on the third friday of every month, this resolution doesn't require a 12-step program or waking up at dawn every day, a fairly easy and fun resolution to keep, therefore making you an example of fortitude when you declare your resolution successful!

The tools for your quest if you should choose it:

Beginning in January, the *Salt Lake Art Center* located 20 S. West Temple in the street level gallery welcomes **Jamie Wyeth** and his latest work, *Seven Deadly Sins*.

The theme of the *Seven Deadly Sins* is historically associated with Christian art. Very few contemporary artists have tackled these human frailties, none of whom have done it without the use of a single human subject. In Wyeth's pieces, seagulls illuminate the characteristics of greed, anger, envy, gluttony, lust, pride and sloth. "Gulls are nasty birds, filled with their own jealousy and rivalries ... it always bothered me the way gulls have been depicted through the years ... they're made out to look like white doves and in fact, gulls are scavengers, they can be evil," says Wyeth. Since the late 1960s, Wyeth has been fascinated with birds and currently has over 200 paintings and drawings of them. This exhibit was first on display at the *Adelson Galleries* in New York in the Spring of 2008, then traveled to the *Farnsworth Art Museum* in Maine where the artist has spent many hours painting and observing his subjects, then off to the *Brandywine River Museum* near the artist's birthplace and now Salt Lake City. Utah has long maintained a love for seagulls, in particular the

California Gull, since the summer of 1848 when swarms of crickets attacked pioneer food supplies. It was reported that flocks of the birds arrived, settled in the half-ruined fields and began gorging themselves on the attacking crickets. In February of 1955, Utah adopted the bird permanently as the state bird. The *Seven Deadly Sins* opens January 27. For more information visit slartcenter.org.

Over, under, around and through, two artists at the *Finch Lane Gallery* want to amend your perception and change the perspective. **Trent Thursby Alvey** returns to the *Finch Lane Gallery* with the show *Sacred Geometry* featuring two-dimensional collages and wall assemblages that combine objects with tactile surfaces. Alvey enjoys working within and through the studies of science, philosophy, medicine and faith. **Corey Bowman's** installation allows the viewer to walk around, inside and through space. "I hope to look deeper into the state of the present within urban landscapes through this concept of accumulated time, using cardboard as a sculpture medium to represent layer time. I hope to show that urban landscapes are not devoid of context. Layer upon layer of context is added constantly to add to the relationship and interaction around us," says Bowman.

The Salt Lake Arts Council's *Finch Lane Gallery* is located at 54 Finch Lane in *Reservoir Park* by the *University of Utah Campus*. This show will hang from January 8 through February 19 with artist receptions during the monthly gallery stroll held January 15 and February 19 from 6-9 p.m.

Gallery News:

This month we lose a great stop on Broadway's *Gallery Stroll*, *Signed and Numbered Gallery and Frame Shop* is leaving its current location and moving the framing business to 2100 South and 2100 East. Everything should be up and running by the first part of January, so stop by, say hi and get your unframed art ready for the new year. [See pg. 32 in this issue for an interview with *Signed and Numbered*.]

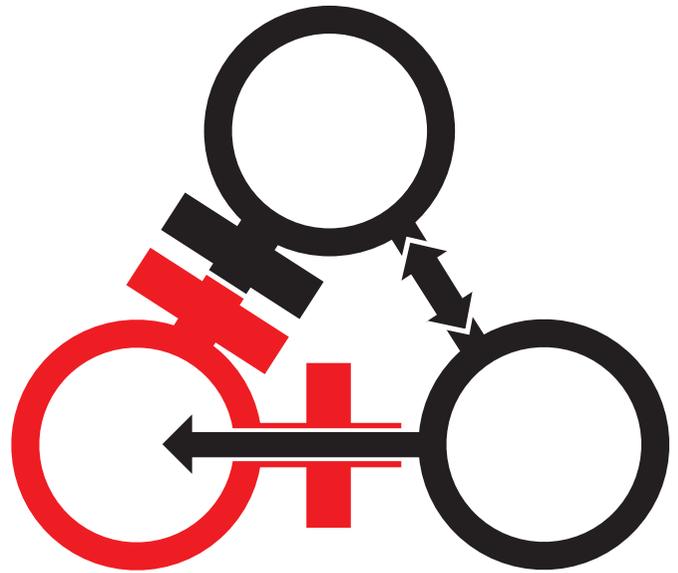
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



Licking Strawberries for Better Sex
© Dr. Evil, Sexologist DrEvil@slugmag.com.

My friend Midori teaches a sex class on "How To Eat A Peach." When peaches aren't in season she uses strawberries. The class is simply a wonderfully delicious, almost hands-on lesson in cunnilingus. Try this yourself, if you can't take one of her classes:

Get a partner (yes, any partner) and get a big juicy pointed strawberry. Don't use those "grown in the shadow of a nuclear reactor" berries that are fan-like and as big as your hand. Find a nice ripe single point fruit and take off the green stem.

Put the strawberry in your mouth with the pointy end sticking out. Grip it with your teeth and hold onto it. Now, motion for your play partner to come up close to you and have him/her lightly lick the end of that berry. Take it out of your mouth from time to time and tell him/her how you like your berry licked. Have him/her try again. Now give him/her a berry and show him/her what YOU like with your tongue.

Hot yet?

Eat the berries you've been licking. Feed them to each other. Now get a new berry, grip it (pointy end out) and have your partner suck on the fruit. Instruct him/her from time to time on alternating licking and sucking, on how hard you like the suction and what speed you like the licking. Now

let him/her show you by having you do the same with her own berry.

Hotter, now?

Cunnilingus is derived from two Latin words: *cunnus* (another word for vulva) and *lingere* ("to lick"). When you perform cunnilingus it means you are licking anything from the clitoris to the bottom of the vaginal lips—the vulva. Most people think cunnilingus is just about licking the clit, but it's oh so much more! Licking a woman's labia lips or even sucking or nibbling on them can arouse a girl in such a lovely way, long before you ever get to the good spot.

Some men or women want to rush things and start right in on the clit and expect a woman to explode in a few minutes. She might, but if you start slowly and use some sensual play she's going to get off bigger and better than she ever has before.

Now run off to the market before you go home tonight and see if there's a nice batch of berries to take home to your partner! Playing a game of "lick my strawberry" might be just the ticket to an all-nighter!

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

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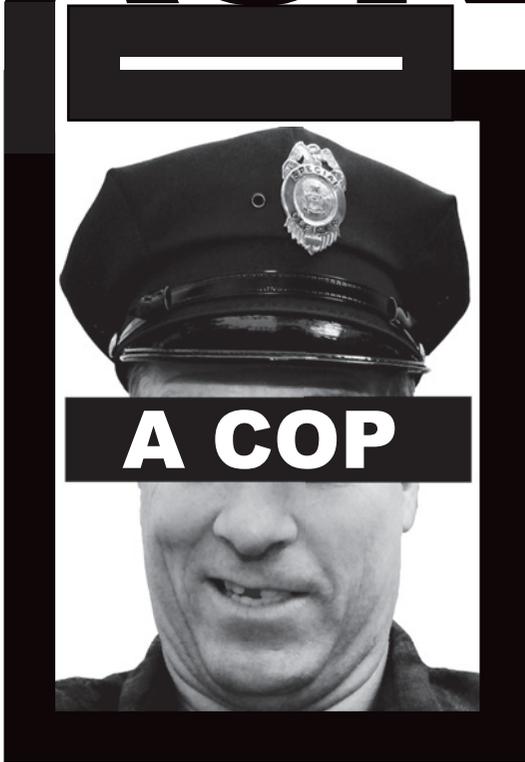
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ASK

Need some advice from a friendly, anonymous police officer? Email your question to: askacop@slugmag.com.



Dear Pig,
How come cops always treat us skateboarders with such disrespect even when we are courteous and respectful? Is it because we are seen as the lowlives in the community, having fun all over town at the cost of private business owners' personal properties? Could it be because you want to rid us of the passion and love for having fun that your fathers happened to drive out of you as a young child, and you figure you must return the favor? Or is it because you have such contempt for our devilish ways that you must prove a point by endangering citizens' lives with car pursuits over some small infractions to save our souls? I only ask because recently a few of my friends and myself were enjoying a pleasurable time pushing around the city and before we knew it, we were being chased like animals down the street. The climax was the two cops screeching through a red light (sans lights and sirens), almost tagging an unsuspecting vehicle, hopping out and arresting two of my friends. Is it because you are just flat-out bored and want to spice things up by projecting your superiority complex on supposed lesser beings? Let me know.

Your Highness Delusional Skater – I hate to destroy your momentary sentiment of grandeur, but cops targeting skaters as criminals? Sorry, your scene is somewhere in the bottom five of a list of 100 “lowlives” to fuck with. I hate to power slide on your views, but skaters ceased being “counter culture” about 30 years ago. I’d think someone with your vocabulary would know this (Did you really use “sans?”). You’ll hate to hear this, but an eight-year-old on a RAZR scooter in traffic is a much juicier target for rehabilitation than a

mere skateboarder for our passionless, loveless, contemptuous, endangering, chasing, screeching, tagging, hopping, bored and superior selves.

Although, I can see how you place yourself on a pedestal above that which is generally reserved for those who, say, commit auto thefts, armed robberies, drive/walk by shootings, aggravated assaults, etc. ... you know, those felonious crimes which actually allow cops to pursue (when I was 12 I placed myself on the same pedestal). You’re right, I can’t think of anything more heinous than you riding a rail at some business, falling and then mommy and daddy suing them for not having installed proper padding or posting a “No Skating” sign. Yep, the last crime suppression operation I worked specifically targeted skaters at businesses who could fall and hurt their bum, much to mom and dad’s dismay. “EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT! Salt Lake City Police announces the formation of a ‘Skater Squad’ to deal with nefarious skateboarding enthusiasts. They’re staffing it with those who previously worked gangs, murder, sex offender, property and terrorist-type crimes, because the world will end without us dealing with those goddamn skaters, RIGHT NOW!”

I’m curious why two of your friends getting arrested for some crime brings you to a “climax”? Years ago, I skated a lot, but you new breed are strange and into weird shit.

You describe yourself and other skaters as respectful, courteous, lowlives, devilish, pleasurable, animals and lesser beings. That seems a tad schizophrenic to me and somewhat explains your rant.

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Sober Sister: A Sobering Tale

Part I

By The Princess Kennedy
theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com

One thing you'll quickly learn about the Princess Kennedy is that I wear my life on my Dolman sleeve. I'm honest to a fault about my private life because, being in the public eye, skeletons are eventually ripped out of the closet quicker than a Senator in a public bathroom. To save myself from humiliation I'm the first one to admit. I was held back in the fourth grade, I'm horribly dyslexic and can't spell. I only have sex in tranny and I LOVE to excessively party; I sometimes drink to blackout, if I'm shaking my booty on a dance floor I've most likely snorted copious amounts of cocaine, yes I did wake and bake today, and if you hand me a pill I'll most likely pop it. Have I made poor judgment calls? Sure! Do I have a problem? I don't crave when I'm not using, I know when to say when, and I've never hurt anyone, stolen anything, or driven intoxicated. I pay my bills and I keep all of my obligations, such as work and meetings... on time, no less! It's pretty much been this way for the past twenty years.

Since I'm so honest, it really gets my tucker bunched when judgmental people come in and twist others and my business into completely untrue stories. I've encountered a few gossip websites in town that needlessly fuel these fires. What's more, they have the gall to allow the general public to comment, giving these complete esteem-depleted retards an opinion where they don't deserve one. I feel it necessary to pass on a tale of one friend's fight for sobriety, to share just a little of what someone might go through in a struggle to simply stay alive. I hope that when you or others are sitting around being Judgey McJudgerson on someone you know nothing about, that you turn and take a long look in the mirror at your own life and figure why you're such a bitter, jaded asshole with bigger problems.

Gorgeous Jared Gomez is a personality in town that just about everyone knows. At some point and time, we've all been graced by her sharp tongue, razor wit and infectious charm. Her club antics are stuff legends are made of. She had her first drink in junior high: one she attests did nothing. Flash forward to high school, when she discovered binge drinking and like that, she was hooked. As predictable as the most tired anti-drug campaign this was a gateway to a crystal meth addiction, one she says was not only about the high, but also about the ritual. While a club kid in the 90s, her fondness for meth and



Princess Kennedy (Left) and Gorgeous Jared (Right) Reinacting the famous Michelangelo Painting

thrifting lead to the discovery of midnight D.I. dumpster diving. One particular 3AM excursion led to the discovery of the loading dock door being open just enough to squeeze her drug diet physique under. While rummaging through the donation bins it somehow seemed a good idea, in her cohort's drug-addled brain, to smash in a window to the store and do some extensive after hour thrift-lifting. All the while, unbeknownst to them, a silent alarm was being triggered straight to the po-po. "Who knew that the D.I. had the security of Ft. Knox?" She laughed, "We would have been fine if we hadn't been so greedy and gone back for another load." On their way out from the second excursion, they were greeted by a swat team holding machine guns being ordered to, 'DROP TO THE GROUND, FREAKS!'"

"There is something about a steel-toed boot on your neck that makes you think," she reminisced. Of course this incident came with the ramification of drug awareness class, but it was something she did not face seriously until she started having the lovely side effect of paranoid delusions. "That's when I started realizing how messed up I was," she confessed. "So I decided to clean myself off it [meth] with a mix of cocaine and booze. Mostly booze. I drank to feel better about myself, actually I drank to feel nothing."

She continued a many year path of binge drinking. She drank as if it were always the last. She pounded two and three at a time to even get the slightest buzz, building such a tolerance that eventually she had to hide how much she was consuming from even her drinking buddies. After a couple DUIs and having quite enough of the humiliation from waking up at the bottom of a staircase bloody or

in the arms of her crying mother who had broken into her house to nurse her back, she decided to give good old AA a try. Her first attempt failed miserably (as do most first attempts) sending her spiraling downward to an even darker and more dangerous place. At this point Jared's problem had come to affect our friendship. I avoided her at first and when we did go out I knew I had an hour before

I had to ditch her so I wouldn't have to watch her fight, pass out on her face and break her nose or sit in the gutter in front of the club, completely

incoherent.

Finally one day (excuse me while I oversimplify), while driving drunk down the street guzzling a bottle of mouthwash, she realized if she continued down this path she was going to die. "I had to do something," she tells me with clarity, "I didn't want to die! This time I went to AA meetings and actually gave it a shot, I didn't start with a drink in the parking lot, and I learned how to do it for me." As cliché as it sounds, it worked.

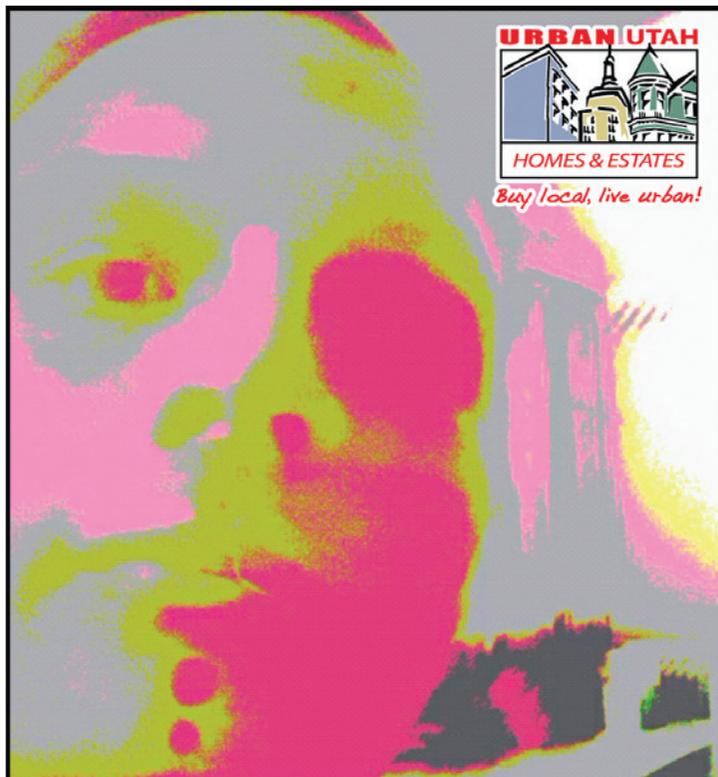
That was two years ago, and since then I've seen the most amazing transformation in some twenty friends' sobriety journeys. As close as we are, I've have also seen how fucking hard it is. Apologizing for the destruction of her past, making amends to those she's wronged, pulling herself up by the bra straps and going back to the club scene has not been easy. She came through and faced the addiction and conquered her fears of never being involved with the life and people she loves. Hardest of all, I watched her turn herself in to the cops, spend a horrifying week in jail with fucking homophobic asshole guards and come out a much stronger person than I could ever hope to be. I'm so glad I've been able to keep Jared as a friend and find inspiration in her struggles every day. So much so that I've decided to walk a mile in her pumps and spend one month sober. I'll chronicle my social study with my feelings, emotions, successes and failures as well as my monetary and egotistical savings, hopefully proving something to myself in the process. I'll be back in March with 'Sober Sister Part II'.

I appreciate so much that Jared has shared this deeply personal story. Everyone, please raise your glasses. Here's to being better at climbing 12 steps than tumbling down them.

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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Sway Boards

Kill Bot vs. No Love Board
swayboards@gmail.com



I got this deck the day after I had watched *The Iron Giant*. The graphic was perfect: A robot battle in the midst of a big city. I was so keen on it, in fact, that I had serious indecision when it came down to actually skateboarding on it. But it skated well. This is the newest addition to the Sway Boards line by local artist and skater **Manuel Aguilar** (I heard he delivered it to the *SLUG* offices wearing a robot suit). The board is 7-ply maple and skates pretty well. With the size being 7 3/4" it's not for those skateboarders with clown feet and big beer bellies. You will need to be light footed and have a small beer belly (like myself). Two weeks later, it still has pop, with no signs of letting up. Pretty cool. Check out Sway Boards on Facebook. —Ryan Sanford

Brixton

Lewis Long Sleeve & Debaser Jacket
Brixtonltd.com



When the cold starts nipping at your heels, it's always a commodity to have a nice new long sleeve and jacket to stay warm with. The Lewis long sleeve shirt is a classic. Heather gray body and colored sleeves wrap your torso and arms with the softest touch and keep you comfortably warm while you are out and about during the winter months. One fabric that will never let you down when it's cold out is wool and the Debaser doesn't disappoint. The shell is all wool, with fancy anchor buttons, and the inside is lined with black satin for that classy touch. The Debaser jacket is almost too classy, in my opinion, to rock when you go out skateboarding when it dries up enough to do so,

(52) SaltLakeUnderGround

it's custom tailored fit is a bit constrictive even for most tastes. Although, with a hidden breast pocket, a flask is a great addition and assistance in staying warm enough to brave the elements. Check out Brixton's website—they have plenty of other stuff that can keep you toasty enough to want to stay outside. —Adam Dorobiala

Vision Street Wear

Suede-Hi
Visionstreetwear.com



Vision Street Wear is back and just as awesome as when they first started out. I feel like I could show up to any bowl in the nation with these puppies on and have instant respect from all the elders, not to mention tear some shit up. The Suede Hi's are the epitome of skate shoes in the 80s and they are just as prevalent today. The shelled toe repels wear and tear while the strategically placed ollie guard does its best to keep your feet from ripping through the sides. They are extremely functional as well as super comfy and it feels like you are wearing nothing at all. If you aren't into the whole retro kick, head over to their website and see all the modern takes on classic shoes.

—Jonathan Livingston

Celtek

Tranquility Facemask and Mitten
Celtekclan.com

Long ago I accepted the fact that while snowboarding my hands would go numb. Regardless of the quality of gloves I rocked or the liners underneath, it only took a few runs until I couldn't feel my fingers. Then came the Tranquility Mitten. These gloves kept my hands toasty warm and super dry, even in frigid 4-degree weather, when my other gear began to fail me. The bright white color looks super fresh, especially with the black peacock feather design. The compliments on how rad these gloves look haven't stopped coming since I got them. The aqua facemask (which doubles as a headband—total genius!) features matching peacock designs in purple. It's long enough to tuck into your jacket and since it's made of nylon mesh it's breathable, doesn't freeze up like a cotton bandana does and looks a million times better. On real cold days rock this one in the hair though, I found it to be a little drafty for my taste. —Jeanette Moses

Ifrogz

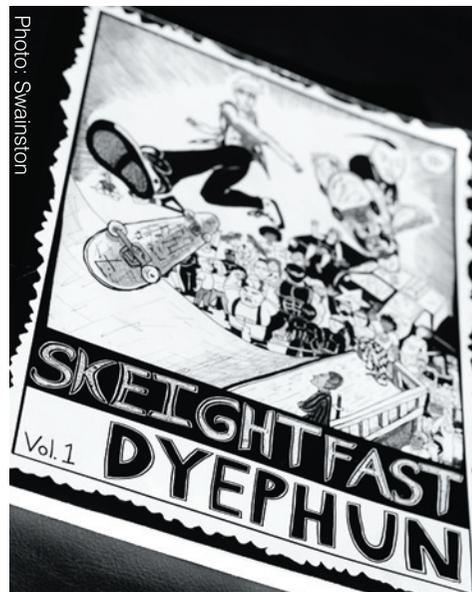
EarPollution Timbre with Mic
Ifrogz.com

Named after the musical term for tone quality, the Timbre earbuds do live up to their namesake.

Fashioned with wood chambers, these mini speakers deliver crisp treble and clear bass in the right spot—my ear canal. Attached to the cord is a tiny, high def mic making it easy for us iPhoneers to switch between calls and music. I gotta say it's pretty fun talking to your friends with this hands-free device and hearing their voice in clean stereo. Timbre takes the best elements of the Apple and Skullcandy earbuds and fuses them together with state of the art sound. Like the Skullcandy earbuds there are three earfit pieces included so that you can easily find a comfortable fit. This feature is ideal for someone like me who has conch piercings in the inner cartilage of their ears. Without this sizing option I would have a tough time positioning the sound chamber in a comfortable and audible position. —Emma Smith

Skeightfast Dyephun Vol.1 by Victor Giannini

Victor.giannini@gmail.com
Comixpress.com



"It's a work of pure love, obsession and total madness," says **Victor Giannini**. I would have to agree. Giannini's hand-drawn comic book *Skeightfast Dyephun* is an epically wild adventure about how two derelict skate rats, Mikey Spiface and Boardlord, get caught up in ancient conflict between battling ninja clans to protect a secret spell that harnesses eternal life. The spell is inscribed on the bottom of a skate deck that is given to Boardlord by the local shop owner, Henry, who is supposed to be the protector of the spell. When the Seven Demon Hearts Ninja clan gets word of this they track down Spiface and Boardlord in an attempt to steal the board and harness its powers. The ninja clan wreak havoc in the city, killing anyone in their path, including an onslaught of cops as they hunt down the skate rats. The illustrations are hilarious and the story outrageous. I enjoyed every page, all the way to the climactic, to-be-continued end of the book when the foolish Demon Heat Clan raises the dead. Ninja assassins, ancient super powers, skateboarding and zombies, what more could you ask for? —Chris Swainston

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GAME REVIEWS



Dragon Age: Walt Whitman as a Tree



Guitar Hero: Smells Like Teen Stupid

Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2 Infinity Ward / Activision

Reviewed On: Xbox 360
Also On: PS3, PC
Street: 11.10.09

When a game starts with a "Disturbing Mission Content" warning, you know you've officially left the kiddie titles behind. The developers at Infinity Ward have truly outdone themselves with the newest edition of the COD franchise. There are so many positive elements to the title it's difficult to decide where to begin. The non-stop action single-player campaign slaps gamers smack dab in the middle of an international war zone that has the United States pitted against Russia as they reignite the Cold War on American soil. The experience of battling in annihilated suburban communities and a post-nuclear blasted Washington D.C. will no doubt leave shocking images imprinted in your helmet-covered head. Can someone say Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder? Once you've completed the solo events, which takes roughly six hours, the co-op special ops episodes create an incredible amount of additional gameplay and an entirely new gaming experience that forces friends to efficiently work together in missions specifically designed for collaborative participation. To top everything off, the online multiplayer aspect has been exceptionally revitalized with a plethora of new expansions, including the ability to customize killstreak rewards with various tactical weapons like sentry guns, predator missiles, Harrier strikes and a full-on nuclear assault. The words "shock and awe" don't even begin to describe the chaotic mess that ensues in this stunning achievement. —Jimmy Martin

DJ Hero

FreeStyleGames / Activision

Reviewed On: Xbox 360
Also On: PS3, Wii
Street: 10.27.09

Expanding on the mounting popularity of *Rock Band*, *Guitar Hero* and the overall craze of

musical titles associated with today's gamers, the newest hero showcases the world of scratching vinyl records to master the art of mixing classical oldies with modern-day goodies and everything in-between. The quintessence of cool comes in the form of the turntable controller that provides a faithful, hands-on experience complete with crossfader (the most difficult feature) and effects dial that add more complexity to the standard regimen. The impressive collection of over 90 songs features exciting collaborative mash-ups including **Daft Punk's** "Robot Rock" vs. **Queen's** "We Will Rock You," **Vanilla Ice's** "Ice Ice Baby" vs. **MC Hammer's** "U Can't Touch This" and **Marvin Gaye's** "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" vs. **David Bowie's** "Let's Dance." While the techniques required to master the game's offerings can take some time to grasp, it doesn't take away from the overall enjoyment or content. Like its predecessors of the same genre, players unlock additional tracks, venues and avatar clothing items by properly executing multiple sets and garnering points. As an admirer of all forms of music, from symphonic to synthesized, it's appealing to witness a breath of fresh air being delivered in the virtual melodic community with the opportunity for artistic expressionism and the tutorial teachings of **Grandmaster Flash**. —Jimmy Martin

Dragon Age: Origins

BioWare / Electronic Arts

Reviewed on: PC
Also on: Xbox 360, PS3
Street: 11.03.09

On my first play-through of the wonderfully crafted *Dragon Age: Origins*, I chose the path of a shifty human mage. A mage's life in the world of Fereldon is one of constant study and isolation, so I figured I would lead my character down a somewhat darker way of life. Within the first few hours, I had killed a small boy in front of his hysterical mother, slept with three deceptively prudish whores (one of which was an overweight black elf), and roughed up a respectable number of authoritative figures,

earning my spot in an underground guild of magi. The hundreds of different paths one can end up taking in this game are generously complimented with hours of superb voice acting and cutscenes. The combat is incredibly customizable, bloody and satisfying. The story is consistently mature and engaging. Everything has a feel reminiscent of the *Baldur's Gate* series, but without the mouth-breathing D&D lore behind it. The graphics are beautiful and the music is spot on. BioWare has created a massive and incredible world with *DA:O*, one that drives possibly the best RPG ever made. —Ross Solomon

Guitar Hero 5

Neversoft / Activision

Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3, PS2, Wii
Street: 09.01.09

What's new for the fifth installment (not counting all the spin-off games) of the *Guitar Hero* gaming franchise? Basically nothing major, other than the 85 new playable songs of mostly bland popular or already overplayed radio rock tunes. When you think of a guitar hero, **Coldplay** and **The White Stripes** don't really come to mind do they? The addition to *GH* of playing drums or singing is just to stay competitive with the *Rock Band* franchise. So does the element of adding playable special guests to the mix, including deceased music legends **Johnny Cash** and **Kurt Cobain**, who might not enjoy the fact that their likenesses are making an appearance in a video game. How anyone took the time to master expert or even the hard difficulty in *GH* gameplay is beyond me, though the trend of the game is easily going downward: I don't see kids carrying their wireless guitars along with them everywhere they go anymore. There is a reason *Guitar Hero* is called a rhythm-based game and not a guitar simulator. Maybe the kids caught on and are actually attempting or playing the real deal, instead of staring at a video screen being a so-called "guitar hero." —Bryer Wharton

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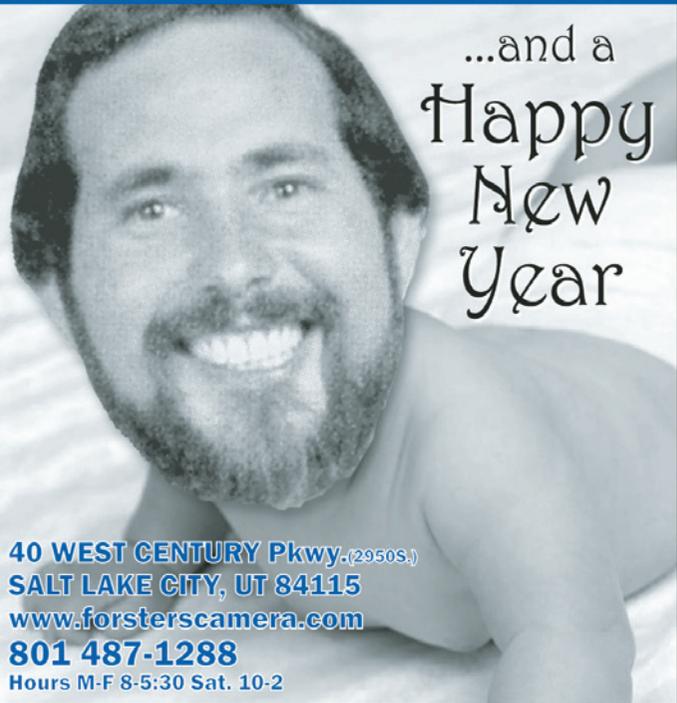


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MOVIE REVIEWS

A Single Man

The Weinstein Company

In Theaters: 01.08



From the first shot of a nude man submerged in water and floating insensibly in a dreamlike state, fashion designer turned director, **Tom Ford**, instantly transports the audience to the 1960s with a deliberate muted color scheme and a soft focus on his subject matter. Centering on the themes of loss and acceptance, the film features **Colin Firth** as George, an English professor who has reached his emotional limit with the anguish brought on by the tragic loss of his long-time partner, **Jim (Matthew Goode)**, who died in a car accident eight months prior. As George performs his daily routines, like leading a class on the subject of fear, he also carefully plans his imminent suicide by emptying his safety deposit box and purchasing bullets for his antique revolver. Determined to carry out his desperate fate, George's plans are continuously obstructed by various outside sources including an infatuated student (**Nicholas Hoult**), a charismatic drifter (**Jon Kortajarena**), and his alcoholic, chain-smoking best friend, Charley (**Julianne Moore**). A stylistic Ford briefly loses footing with an uneventful third act, but rebounds by creatively and effectively expressing the constant alternating emotions through the use of color. The lens captures depression with dreary and bland tones, but as the lost soul is reminded of the love once shared, Ford instantly intensifies the palette giving renewed life to the griever. That is, until the misery somehow finds its way back. Firth offers a soulful performance that truly embraces the struggle of coping with death and self-destruction while searching for meaning in a cruel world. *—Jimmy Martin*

Avatar

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 12.18

It's been over a decade since **James**

(56) *Sail/Lake/UnderGround*



Cameron sat in the director's chair and helmed a feature-length production. His last film, *Titanic*, garnered \$1.8 billion worldwide and remains the highest grossing movie of all-time, so his homecoming project was guaranteed to be an endeavor of epic proportions. Set in the year 2154, a strong arm of hired mercenaries and a group of scientists have colonized the foreign planet of Pandora in search of the precious mineral, unobtainium, to rescue a dying Earth, but the largest composite rests beneath the home of the indigenous and primitive race of the Na'vi and they aren't too keen on relocating. In order to build relations with the 10-foot tall aliens with blue skin, the scientists engineer a human/Na'vi organic hybrid that is capable of being remotely driven by the mind of the operator, who is resting in a pod. Assigned to handle the operation is **Jake Sully (Sam Worthington)**, a paraplegic Marine hoping to earn enough cash to pay for spinal surgery, but after he initiates an interspecies relationship with the enchanting Princess Neytiri (**Zoe Saldana**), the soldier begins to question his orders and principles. Cameron unleashes an exotic world of pulsating color and unbelievable imagery with groundbreaking digital technology that not only fascinates but terrifies as well. On the down side, his self-scribed screenplay is weak and derivative in regards to its laughable dialogue and regurgitated plot points already utilized in *Dances with Wolves* and *The Last Samurai*. And while I'm not quite ready to fully invest my life savings in Worthington as the next action star, the actor does deliver an adequate performance that will keep my eyes on his future projects. Even though it isn't another master stroke for Cameron, it's great to see the talented director back where he belongs. *—Jimmy Martin*

Did You Hear About the Morgans?

Columbia Pictures

In Theaters: 12.18

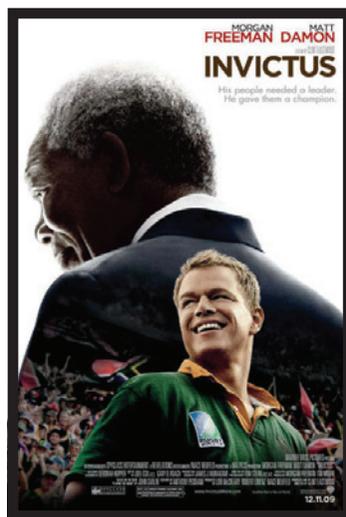
It's becoming quite evident that **Marc**

Lawrence is incapable of evolving as a director, seeing that his third feature is his third dreadful romantic comedy and his third partnership with **Hugh Grant**. Is someone still considered a one-trick pony if their original ruse is faulty to begin with? This clichéd and witless story is a paint-by-numbers excursion that stars Grant and **Sarah Jessica Parker**. "We get it, you're from New York" **Parker**, as a well-to-do married couple: he's a lawyer and she a real estate agent, who's been separated for months due to his infidelity. In an attempt to rekindle their marriage, the two have an awkward dinner together and end the uncomfortable night by witnessing a murder and being seen by the killer. Witness Protection Program here we come! After agreeing to testify, the two are sent to Wyoming and placed in the protective custody of the town sheriff (**Sam Elliott**) and his wife/deputy (**Mary Steenburgen**) who not only offer protection in the form of Smith & Wesson, but recommend corny marriage counseling tips as well. How convenient! From Grant's non-stop excruciatingly annoying nervous body language to the dead end subplot involving their two personal assistants' budding romance, Lawrence reveals the true nature of his inability to direct in the closing 15 minutes when it's obviously clear all creative hope is lost and the only leftover remaining is the unbearable torture of absurdity. *—Jimmy Martin*

Invictus

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 12.11



On February 11, 1990, the divided country of South Africa saw the release of convicted anti-apartheid activist **Nelson Mandela (Morgan Freeman)** two separate ways: the majority of the politically dominant white population saw it as a travesty against their country, while the repressed Afrikaans saw it as a glimmer of hope in a racially segregated nation. Either way it was construed, the debatable icon

was elected the country's first black President in its first multi-racial election four years later. Hoping to create a "Rainbow Nation" of forgiveness and reconciliation before addressing the region's other key issues of food shortages, unemployment and rising crime rates, the philosophical leader saw an opportunity for unification in the state's controversial rugby team, the Springboks, and their slim chance of winning the 1995 World Cup held in Johannesburg. In order to set his radical theory into motion, Mandela called upon the team's captain, Francois Pienaar (**Matt Damon**), and the two form a unique bond of optimism committed to progress for the future. Director **Clint Eastwood** must have a monogrammed seat inside the Kodak Theater for the Academy Awards, because he continues to deliver powerhouse productions stocked with authentic emotional integrity and rigid aptitude over and over again. Along with a commanding story of unrelenting determination, he creatively personalizes the heartbeat of a nation through a subplot concerning the tension-filled relationship between the multi-racial security detail assigned to protect Mandela's life. Damon puts on an admirable display as a competitive leader eager to separate from his father's bigotry and enthusiastic for change, while Freeman delivers a career-defining performance worthy of universal praise. The only drawback from the film's execution is the lack of explanation in the unfamiliar sport's rules and regulations that may leave some viewers scratching their heads in confusion but definitely not boredom. *—Jimmy Martin*

It's Complicated

Universal

In Theaters: 12.25

Writer-director **Nancy Meyers** has found her ideal niche in the filmmaking world with comedies intended for the middle-aged moviegoer, but her latest undertaking invites younger audiences to take a gander at the craziness life brings post-nuptials and children. After having been divorced for 10 years, Jane (**Meryl Streep**) has finally learned to play nice with her ex-husband **Jake (Alec Baldwin)** and accept the fact that his old mistress is now his new wife. However, on a trip to their son's college graduation, the two former lovers, both sans a significant other, rediscover the old spark in an ambush of martinis and shots in the hotel bar and engage in a wild affair of their own. Waiting on the sidelines to sweep the divorcee off her feet is **Adam (Steve Martin)**, the architect hired to remodel her dream kitchen and hopefully her life. At least that's how the hopeless romantic envisions their paired future. Sound like a plot your parents would drool over? Well, you're right, but the hysterical interactions between Streep and Baldwin are strong enough to reach Meyers' next generation of ticket buyers. A particularly interesting yet hilarious point of view comes from Jane's soon-to-be son-in-law, **Harley (John Krasinski)**, as he singlehandedly witnesses the devious couple's interactions unfold, but isn't quite sure how to break the news... or even if he

should. The script is full of authentic family-centered chemistry and a few bumbling gag blunders that could have been left out, but the heart and soul of a loving family, no matter how dysfunctional, is present and accounted for. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Lovely Bones

Paramount

In Theaters: 01.15

After barricading himself within the confounds of Middle Earth for the past decade, director **Peter Jackson** emerges from his hillock of awards and recognitions to helm a project devoted to the fragile structure of a family coping with the horrific loss of a loved one. Jackson adapted **Alice Sebold's** novel concerning the brutal murder of 14-year-old Susie Salmon (**Saoirse Ronan**), as she observes the devastating aftermath her family suffers and the ongoing actions of her killer from her own personal heaven. Along with the family's difficult transition from sorrow to acceptance as her father (**Mark Wahlberg**) and sister desperately attempt to solve the crime, Susie, too, must acknowledge her own death in order to progress to the subsequent stage in the afterlife. The film is a true testament to Jackson's talents as a visual storyteller and director as he not only captures the mesmerizing beauty of an adolescent's imaginative paradise, but guides his actors' performances to excellence, especially in the case of the endearing Ronan and the utterly terrifying **Stanley Tucci**. The film does feel rushed at moments, neglecting a number of emotional building blocks necessary to truly convey the five stages of grief, but knowing Jackson's history, all will be mended in the DVD's 3-hour director's cut. —*Jimmy Martin*

director, Guido Contini, who's been quick to promise the press and the public that his upcoming project will be his best yet, but the minute fact that he hasn't even begun to write a script due to writer's block he's decided to keep to himself. In attempt to break the curse, the womanizing artist seeks inspiration from the most influential female figures in his life: his wife (**Marion Cotillard**), his mistress (**Penélope Cruz**), his actress (**Nicole Kidman**), his costume designer (**Judi Dench**), his admirer (**Kate Hudson**), his childhood infatuation (**Fergie**), and his deceased mother (**Sophia Loren**). There's no question that the intricate production side of the film is stellar. The set design is pulsating and the costumes radiate with unremitting energy, but it's the insipid cast and **Maury Yeston's** forgettable song selection where everything falls apart. Day-Lewis is an actor who's known for selecting his roles with precision and care, so this detached interpretation is even more uninviting than natural. It's a shame to witness a line-up of such talent and capability, minus Fergie, to fail to deliver the expected. Here's to Marshall's next try. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Road

Dimension Films

In Theaters: 11.25



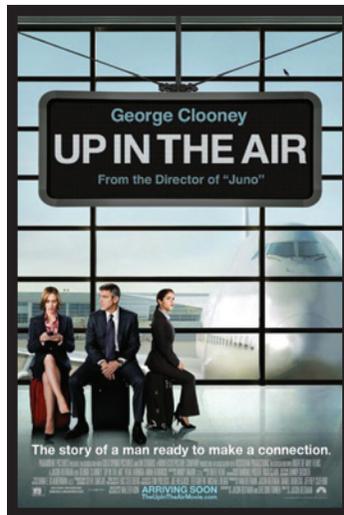
The concept of an apocalyptic film isn't anything new. Whether it's nuclear annihilation or slimy aliens destroying national monuments, we've all seen how this world might play out its final encore. However, the same cannot be said for director **John Hillcoat's** (*The Proposition*) sensational adaptation of **Cormac McCarthy's** 2007 Pulitzer Prize winning novel. As the world rests in an inexplicable ash-covered ruin, a father (**Viggo Mortensen**) and son (**Kodi Smit-McPhee**) travel south in order to escape death via another freezing winter. As they travel along the barren highway with their possessions stacked in a rickety shopping cart and a pistol with only two bullets, they must fight off starvation, dehydration, infection, and cannibals in order to survive. Hillcoat and cinematographer **Javier Aguirresarobe** have captured an absolutely beautiful-looking film with an unnatural gray color scheme that leaves a relentless sense of hopelessness left in the pit of your stomach. In a film where little action is present, which is not a bad quality, the actors are given the challenge to carry the weight of entertainment directly on their shoulders and Mortensen and

Smit-McPhee, along with **Charlize Theron** and **Robert Duvall**, shine brightly, even in the murky unforgiving landscape. —*Jimmy Martin*

Up in the Air

Paramount

In Theaters: 12.25



In a time when the national unemployment rate is rising above 10% and doom and gloom speeches run rampant through office hallways, business is not only usual for Ryan Bingham (**George Clooney**) it's booming. As a third-party downsiz-

ing consultant, Bingham travels the country over 300 days out of the year to carry out the difficult managerial duty other executives are too "pussy" to perform. Given the challenging requirements his occupation demands, the desire for a life weighted in intimate relationships has been exchanged for an obsession for elite benefits at rental car companies and hotel chains. Forget marriage and children, Bingham's life ambition, other than sleeping with his traveling female counterpart Alex (**Vera Farmiga**), is to earn 10 million frequent flyer miles. All is set for aeronautical glory until a storm of technological change is conjured by Natalie Keener (**Anna Kendrick**), a young and innovative addition to Bingham's team that proposes the company utilize the internet to perform layoffs via webcam thereby grounding all employees indefinitely. In a reluctant act of desperation to alter her perception, the veteran takes the rookie under his irked wing to reveal the ins and outs of frequent travel and the art of divulging disparaging news to strangers in their most vulnerable moments. This film couldn't be any more appropriate or poignant, especially in today's rough economical climate. Adapted from **Walter Kirn's** satirical novel, it flawlessly focuses on harsh realities, yet is full of non-stop laughs brought on by interesting characters performed by talented actors. Clooney gives his best performance in a role that was tailor made for his distinctive quirks and charm. —*Jimmy Martin*

Nine

The Weinstein Company

In Theaters: 12.25



Rob Marshall must feel some sense of irony, since the star of his newest musical adaptation is a movie director who's hit a creative speed bump and the only discussions concerning his work are those of his "earlier films". After he took home the Oscar for Best Picture in 2002 with Chicago, Marshall didn't acquire the same appreciation for his follow-up project, *Memoirs of a Geisha*, and he certainly won't receive nearly as many accolades with the disappointing *Nine*. **Daniel Day-Lewis** stars as said fictitious

YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM

This is your future if birth control fails.



The Princess and the Frog

In Theaters: 12.11

Growing up, I was immersed in the pinnacle of Disney's grandest hand-drawn musical animation achievements with films like *Beauty and the Beast* and *The Lion King*, and when it felt like it couldn't get any better... it didn't. For years, an onslaught of run-of-the-mill projects was released and the conglomerate soon began solely relying on the talents and executions of Pixar films for approval. Now, in a move to return to their reputable status, Disney has welcomed back the directors of *The Little Mermaid* and *Aladdin*, **Ron Clements** and **John Musker**, to develop a new princess tale engulfed in the upbeat jazz scene of New Orleans, Louisiana. As the dashing-yet-penniless Prince Naveen (**Bruno Campos**) sets foot in the booming Big Easy, he soon finds himself the target of the deceitful voodoo shadow man, Dr. Facilier (**Keith David**). On the other side of the city, Tiana (**Anika Noni Rose**), a hardworking girl whose dream of owning her own restaurant has taken over every aspect of her life, finally finds an opportunity to make her vision a reality when she discovers Naveen has been turned into a frog. A financial deal is agreed upon in exchange for a kiss, but, contrasting to the classical tale, it is Tiana who is transformed, and

into a frog, no less. Together, the two must journey the dangerous region's bayous to find Mama Odie (**Jenifer Lewis**), the only conjurer capable of reversing the curse. Welcome back to Disney's foundation! Every character is enchanting, the animation is beautiful, the charming story provides a valuable moral lesson, and the catchy Cajun musical accompaniments with striking vocals deserve an assortment of accolades. The romantic side of the tale comes across a bit slapped together, but all is remedied with the brimming positive elements. —*Jimmy Martin*



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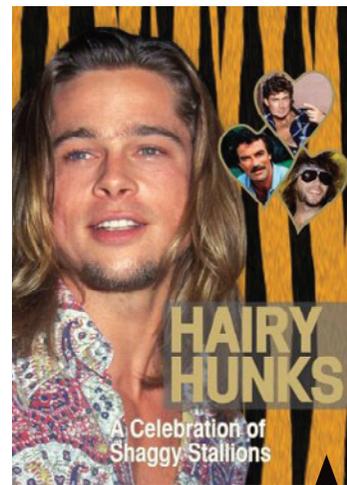


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Hairy Hunks
Lucy Porter
Abrams Image
[Street: 10.01.09]

I have no idea what possessed me to agree to review this fine bit of literature, but I'm already regretting it. It's a comedy book for the bathroom or coffee table about celebrity guys with lots of hair. *Hairy Hunks* is full of the winning combination of ridiculous pictures, horrible puns and a surprisingly deep vocabulary of words that all mean "hairy motherfucker." Just look up hirsute, flocculent, lanate or piliferous if you don't believe me. I don't really need to describe it any further to you, the book is maybe 300 words at best, so let me instead leave you with some of my favorite lines. Enjoy.

"Alec Baldwin: He wasn't born, he was knitted," "Patrick Swayze: Dirty Glancing," "Will Smith: The Fresh Prince of Bel-Hair" and my personal favorite: "Pink Floyd: Dark Side of the Comb." Obviously, these are too awesome for me to have made up. Good stuff. —*Jesse Hawlish*

Revolutions: For Fun And Profit

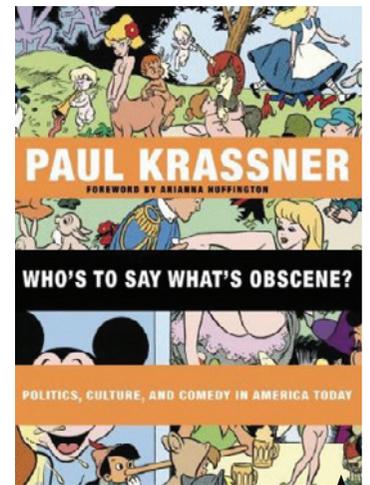
Ryan Shattuck
Bullshattuck Publishing
[Street: 09.22.09]

What reads like a joke ultimately is one. From the first turn of the page it's clear that this is the point of *Revolutions*. Each chapter looks like textbook gone wrong—complete with drawings, charts and even neat tables. Funny one-liners, like famous quotes by **Thomas Jefferson** mixed with **Poison** lyrics, are sprinkled throughout the reading. At times they do a nice job of getting a laugh, but ultimately a better job of taking the reader out of the moment. A lot of the facts I would find interesting are fouled up when they get paired with a joke lamer than something your history teacher would have said. It may just be me, but a book with section reviews, quizzes and little games in it is a workbook. And workbooks, unless paired with a juice box and some Nilla Wafers, are no fun. —*Jemie Sprinkle*

Who's To Say What's Obscene?

Paul Krassner
City Lights Publishers
[Street: 07.01.09]

What the hell has happened to us? This is basically what Paul Krassner is getting at in this book by taking a close look at how, as a society, we have muddled up what is important to us, how we interpret what is happening to us, and who we let tell us what we are doing. Krassner very blatantly points out how, through a carefully staged smoke and mirror routine, our priorities are being manipulated by politicians, media, and the filthy rich. By pointing a big angry moral arrow at comedians using crass language, it is easy to distract people from caring about actual issues that warrant concern. Ignore anything that is actually newsworthy and focus on **Bono** dropping the F bomb on TV or **Janet Jackson's** nip slip during the super bowl. What is truly obscene: all content that we enjoy as entertainment being controlled by a very small group of wealthy businessmen, or **Tommy Chong** selling a few bongos over state lines? —*Ben Trentelman*



BEER REVIEWS

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

It's a new year and the forecast on the local craft beer front could not look any better. *Squatters* will be releasing an array of Belgians, *RedRock* will be pumping out more with the help of their new facility, *Bohemian* brewery is slowly producing more seasonals, *Hoppers* has got a bottling line and Bud Light Golden Wheat has managed to take a fat hot carl on us all. What a great fuckin' way to kick off the year. So, in honor of this mass-market piece of shit, I figured I would toss out some wheat reviews. But first, let me take some time to shortly review Bud Light Golden Wheat. Out of the bottle BLGW is a hazy golden color with aromatics of decaying fruit and stale coriander and almost a faint amount of tin foil. From there BLGW hits your palate as smooth as municipal tap water, except with less flavor. (Only one beer reviewer was injured in the drinking of this beer.) So when you get a chance to drink this piss water in disguise, turn it down and reach for one of these ...

Happy Valley Hefeweizen

Brewer/Brand: Desert Edge

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: On-Tap

Description: This purdy yellow hefe is hazy and comes with a nice little head. The aroma is lightly grassy, hints of yeast, and a very light amount of banana. The flavor is on the sweeter side with a light malt character and some notes of banana coming through in the finish. All around balanced flavor.

Overview: This is one of those 'hard to argue' beers for me. It stands well on its own, but its simple character makes this a regular for me to pair with their portabella salad. The light flavors of this beer also make it a decent pairing with any of their chicken salads as well.

RedRock Hefeweizen

Brewer/Brand: RedRock

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: On-Tap



Description: Off the tap, this hefe is a hazy straw yellow with a tight head and some light lacing left behind. The aroma is yeasty with light amounts of spice, citrus, and almost a pinch of

banana. The flavor is on the sweeter end of the spectrum with floral and spice notes finishing out the light bodied drink.

Overview: This is one of RedRock's regulars in their line up of beers, so plan to find it on tap year round. The light body and the pleasant flavors make this a simple sipper to drink with a light appetizer or any of their seafood options.

Golden Spike Hefeweizen

Brewer/Brand: Uinta

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: On-Tap/12 oz. bottles



Description: This brew pours a hazy, honey blonde color with an average head. Off the nose, you get a lot of bready malt characteristics with a hint of citrus, almost orange-like aromatics. The flavor is very light and sessionable. There is quite a bit of citrus notes in the flavor and a soft floral background.

Overview: This brew has been around for as long as I can remember and it has managed to stand up over time. The accessibility of this brew is another big bonus for me. It can generally be found at most sporting events and every 7-Eleven that you score smack from.

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LOCAL CD REVIEWS

AODL
Hard Cobble Abdomen
Red Light Sound
Street: 07.21.09
AODL = Whitehouse + Merzbow



Released on black 12" vinyl by the excellent **Red Light Sound** and featuring silk-screened cover art, *Hard Cobble Abdomen* is yet another excursion into the blackest parts of our souls by the harsh noise activist, AODL. I wasn't sure whether this was supposed to be played at 33 or 45 RPM, so I played it at both and I have to say that it was enjoyable (enjoyable in an S&M hurt-so-good sense) at both speeds—like two records in one. You know that scene in *The Empire Strikes Back* where they're on the ice planet of Hoth and the wind is whipping around and Han Solo finds an unconscious Luke and stuffs him inside a cut-open tauntaun so they can survive the snowstorm? Now imagine C-3PO and R2-D2 in there with him, malfunctioning from the extreme cold, and beeping up a storm of their own. Yeah, pretty kinky baby. —Ryan Fedor

Atilast
Self-Titled
Independent
Street: 01.12.10
Atilast = Paramore + The Material

Atilast has their girl-fronted-copy-cat-anthem-emo rock down. They know exactly how to follow the formula. Just listen to Paramore as much as possible and memorize exactly how they sing and play songs. Then write songs exactly like they do but make sure not to use the same notes and chord progressions because you will get sued and go to jail. The thing that is best about being a copy-cat band is you can dress up like the band as much as possible and no one can call infringement on being fashionable, so at least Atilast has that going for them. You guys have a strong future in being a cover band. Rock that

shit—your career awaits you. —Jon Robertson

Big Black Sky
Inside Passage
Self-Released
Street: 11.08.09

Big Black Sky = Leftover Salmon + Son Volt + Flash Cabbage
It's always good to hear local music that differs from the norm. This debut CD from Big Black Sky is a unique-sounding animal in the sense that it sounds different from almost everything else going on in Salt Lake these days. But different isn't always good. Sure, BBS straddles the musical line between traditional roots rock and the alt-country sound that seems to be doing so well in the local scene. And lyrically, the 11 tracks on *Inside Passage* are all quite thick—weaving together stories about criminality, natural disasters and old, departed authors. As a local release it's good, but it's not really that remarkable. I wanted it to either hit harder or to mellow out more. Instead, the disk seemed to follow that familiar, well-traveled path that has led so many to mediocrity. The music seemed worn out, and the lyrics seemed a little too concerned with dropping literary references to really flow well. Plus, the intro to "Nevertheless a Mess" reminded me a little too much of a **Rod Stewart** song. I mean, come on guys, if you're looking for oil, there are better places to drill. —Woodcock Johnson

Black Seas of Infinity
Hieros-Gamos
Autumn Wind Productions
Street: 10.09.09

Black Seas of Infinity = Raison D'être + Nostalgia + Hexentanz
Black Seas of Infinity have always existed outside the realm of what most would consider "typical" ambient, or experimental music, and their latest release, *Hieros-Gamos*, is yet another example of just how under-appreciated this group is here in Salt Lake City. Featuring four songs—two at more than 20 minutes in length—the album can be a little trying for those not accustomed to extended periods of drone and/or repetitive ambient incantations, but it is inherently interesting and addicting. The final piece on the album, "Thy Secret Shall Stain the Heart of The Ekstasis (Aleim Edam)," is extremely reminiscent of almost everything ex-**Swans** vocalist **Jarboe** has ever laid her hands on. This is highly recommended for anyone interested in occult dark ambient, and it is absolutely best enjoyed in the dark. —Gavin Hoffman

The Castanettes
Blank Page
Self-Released
Street: 06.05.09
The Castanettes = Sloan + Midlake + The Brobecks

First off, the press sheet almost made me write this disc off before I even played it. I'm not supposed to quote the press sheet, but DOODS! Get all that self-righteous garbage about "Logan's seedy music scene" and "the void of hedonism" out of there. It's totally cool that you're Mormon, (really) but most of that just comes off as really condescending. </end rant> Fortunately, the tunes mostly made me forget all that and got me humming along to some very well-arranged and catchy power-pop gems in the style of Canada's power-pop masters, Sloan. What, you've never heard of Sloan? Much Music? Eh? "In the Making" features some excellent swelling horns, strings, and an accordion that lead to a memorable ascending melody while "New French" brings things down a notch with subtle organ drones, clean guitars, and a general air of subdued sobriety. "Telephone" starts out slow with harmonized vocals and gentle piano chords but is soon overtaken by ... funk? Don't laugh, it works. All of it. Except for the press sheet. —Ryan Fedor

Christian Asplund
The Anatomy Series
Comprovis Records
Street: 04.22.09
Christian Asplund = The Bad Plus + John Zorn + John McLaughlin

Recorded live, *The Anatomy Series* is a performance that took place on the *Sonarchy Radio Hour* back in 2000. Featuring Christian Asplund on piano, **Greg Campbell** on drums, and **Mark France** on guitar, the trio bang, plow, creep, and occasionally almost groove their way through nearly 55 minutes of metal-tinted prog-jazz. There are seven pieces here, but the CD is broken into 35 tracks, each containing a single movement, bringing many a tear to the iPod generation. The music changes time signatures frequently and stops and starts just as much, each pause usually followed by a wandering piano line or a screeching guitar and a lurching drumbeat. While some moments feel constrained by the mind/finger flexing of musical academia, the group occasionally opens up and busts out a mean riff that would fit perfectly in an evil clown-car chase scene. **David Lynch**, look these dudes up. If you ever want to film an

evil clown-car chase scene, that is. —Ryan Fedor

Gorgeous Hussies
Sweet Surrealistic Queen
Sloththrop
Street: 10.13.09
Gorgeous Hussies = Third Eye Blind + The New Radicals + Sister Hazel



The Gorgeous Hussies have quite the reputation around the Salt Lake City area. Everyone is always talking about how cool they are and how dedicated they are to touring and by listening to their newest release, you can tell these dudes take themselves seriously. The band comes across as tight as ever on their recording and you can almost feel the energy they have coming right out of the recording. I give the Gorgeous Hussies respect for making a solid recording that truly represents what their band is all about. One thing they could work on a little bit is updating their sound. The band is caught in the late nineties power-pop genre. To me, this is something that is played out and a band with this kind of dedication could really benefit by trying to bring a little bit more variety and originality to their brand of sugar-coated alterna-rock. —Jon Robertson

The Insurgency
Let the Revolution Begin
Independent
Street: 01.19.10
The Insurgency = The Butthole Surfers + Reverend Horton Heat + The Sex Pistols

The Insurgency is starting a revolution and apparently the revolution is keeping its garage style. I love it when bands put all this propaganda in their music and album artwork about fucking the system and livin' life. The Insurgency's low-fi punk, guitar-solo whacking makes me want to go to their shows and get blitzkrieged and puke on the stage. Now that's really livin' life and fucking the system. My new favorite

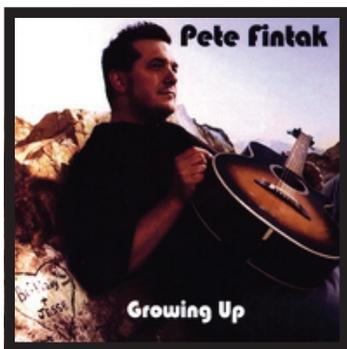
band is The Insurgency because they are inspiring and now I don't have to improve my life. Thanks guys. — Jon Robertson

Lexi Sayok
Anxious
Self-Released
Street: 10.01.09
Lexi Sayok = Neon Trees + Big Gun Baby



Anxious starts with sophisticated wah-ing crashes into synth and electro vocals. Then there's descending keys working into dancy beats. Now enters the dramatic-punkerteen vocals. In small quantities, it might be fine, but after a couple repeating lines it gets very irritating. In "Reputations," I'm not sure what's really going on. The pre-teen forced growl fades and the "tender" side tries to shine. A few "whoaaohrrr's" and it's about time for a break. I can almost dig the synths and bits of bass to drums, but the "I'm-so-punk" vocals throw-off the whole deal. —Jessica Davis

Pete Fintak
Growing Up
Self-Released
Street: 11.09.09
Pete Fintak = Nickelback + Creed + a piano – lyrical abilities



For me, suppressing the urge to poke fun at this guy is like swallowing a loogie that's already in my mouth—not something I would do unless forced. Luckily for him, it's my job to be at least somewhat objective. Fintak's voice adheres to the **Chad Kroeger** school of thought: the more gravely and emotionally inflected, the better. At the worst moments you might think he's trying a comedic impression of

Kroeger. Sadly, Pete's not in on the joke. Fintak's musicianship, however, is plenty competent. He can throw down a jaunty piano intro or a **Santana**-esque guitar lament that'll make you wish the rest of the song held true. The problem is he always starts singing eventually. Before the lyrics kick in, almost every song sounds like it could be the beginning to a **Matchbox Twenty** track, and that's honestly the nicest way I can think to spin it. The lyrical and melodic structure throughout this album is painfully traditional. In fact, I'll state it plainly: barring decent intros and one track with a female vocalist, every moment of this album is either face-palm cliché, or undeniably derivative. Despite these truths, Fintak's sincerity is obvious and I'm sure fans of gravelly acoustic singer/songwriters can find some moments on *Growing Up* that'll please. —Lia N. Green

The Platte
Grus
Hankie Frankie Music
Street: 11.16.09
The Platte = Calico + The Antlers + Bon Iver



After moving to Salt Lake in 2003, **Andrew Shaw** kept himself busy creating various musical outlets for local ears to take in: **Chanticleer the Clever Cowboy**, **Calico**, **The Adonis**, and **Bluebird Radio**. His latest moniker, **The Platte**, shares the name of the river that runs through his home state of Nebraska. The songs on *Grus* have been carefully crafted with quiet emotive lyrics, light percussion and a soft layer of haze. The delicate "Plaster Caster" greets you with minimal guitars and the echo of a Wurlitzer. Trumpets call for your attention on "Ten Years Older," and "The Town Where You Was Born" sends you marching in search of someone. The strongest track is "Suture & Sing," Shaw's vocals flow slowly with simple words that mightily resonate, "My face just isn't the same. I think the mirror forgot my name. It laughs and it cries, but it's just a disguise." *Grus* is truly a work of rare beauty, right down to the design of the packaging. —Miss Modular

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CD REVIEWS

Angelo Spencer *Et Les Hauts Sommets*

K Records

Street: 02.09

Angelo Spencer = Ry Cooder + Ennio Morricone + Link Wray

Et Les Hauts Sommets is the newest venture from former Frenchman (who now resides in Olympia, Wash.) and one-man-band Angelo Spencer. With his guitar and some accompanying instruments, Spencer alone crafts a cinematic journey. It begins with Spencer's reverb-drenched guitar-noodling over shakers and a bass clarinet before going into the more direct and brooding second track, "Northwest." The fourth track is a film segment all by itself—a hot, dreary ride through a Mexican town in some Sergio Leone film. The album has an overall psychedelic sound, with some of the guitar playing sounding like it'd be on earlier Can albums, while some of it is accomplished surf rock (as on "Shepard's Delight," a perfect mix of the two styles). Anyone who fancies psych-rock, post-rock, Spaghetti Westerns and anything in between will fall in love with this album, which feels more like a soundtrack. —Ryan Sanford

Animal Collective *Campfire Songs*

Paw Tracks

Street: 01.26

Animal Collective = Young Prayer-era Panda Bear + Black Dice + Tyrannosaurus Rex

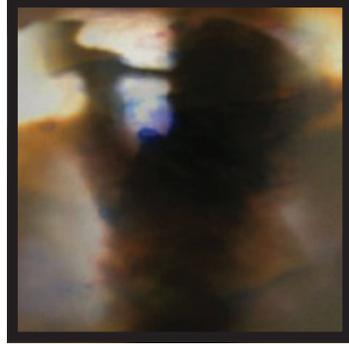
Going through Animal Collective's back catalog is the experience of watching an occasionally listenable freak-folk noise outfit evolve into an indie powerhouse in under a decade. Originally released in 2003 on the ridiculously obscure imprint *Catsup Plate*, *Campfire Songs* is being reissued on Animal Collective's own **Paw Tracks**. The five-song suite, performed live on a screen porch and recorded onto Sony MiniDisc players, isn't given any remastering or fidelity improvement. The atonal acoustic guitar strumming and improvised soundscape's lo-fi warmth are untouched by the studio sheen of later albums. "Doggy" is the most enduring and listenable track, combining the looseness of the album with an undeniably catchy melody. *Campfire Songs* is important because it serves as a reference point between their early compositional and tonal freak-outs and their strummed acoustic guitar work on *Sung Tongs*. I don't envy the consternation of someone picking this up and expecting *Merriweather Post Pavilion*. —Ryan Hall

Animal Collective *Fall Be Kind EP*

Domino

Street: 12.15

Animal Collective = School of Seven



Bells + Beirut + Growing

They don't have a new album, but this should hold over their über-fans and the seven (!) *SLUG* staffers who thought A.C.'s last album was worthy of being featured in our annual *Top 5 List* (Dec. '09 Vol. 20, Issue 252). Though I didn't include them in my Top 5, *Merriweather Post Pavilion* definitely made it into my Top 10 this year—and this EP is in keeping with the same style of greatness. There's even some fucking South American pan flute in this shit! It's that grand. The EP is thematically cohesive and fans of the tripped-out psychedelia will embrace this release and note it as almost inseparable from *Merriweather* ... Five songs isn't much for new-music fiends, but it should do the trick during our next Animal Collective dry spell. "Is everything alright/You feeling Stony?" they ask on "What Would I Want? Sky." You'll have to answer that yourself after a listen or two and give thanks for the ride. —JP

Andrew Belle *The Ladder*

Self-Released

Street: 02.23

Andrew Belle = Matt Pond PA + Tokyo Police Club + The Fray

The Ladder is bright. A gang of upbeat instrumental friends never leaves Andrew Belle to fight for himself in his debut LP. The album begins with a banjo circling lofty auto-tuned folk vocals. It's original. Belle just won the *MTV Video Music Award* for Chicago breakout artist and seems unconcerned with genre expectations. "Open Your Eyes" feels like **Death Cab For Cutie**'s "Transatlanticism," and "Make it Without You" could pass as **Michael Bublé**. However, although *The Ladder* stands out as artistically innovative, it never connects emotionally and lyrics seem to be used only as placeholders for progressing musical notes. —Bradley Ferreira

Citay *Dream Get Together*

Dead Oceans

Street: 01.26

Citay = The Allman Brothers + Trans Am + Yes

Every dual guitar-harmony, three-part

vocal harmony and liberal amounts of guitar-neck-bending, minute-long solos on *Dream Get Together* are strong contenders for induction into "Guitar Hero 15: The Neo-Psychedelic Indie-Rock Edition." Citay embody every schlocky, over-indulgent, bloated moment that lend classic guitar-rock bands like **Styx** and **Journey** so much nostalgic credence and escapist fantasy in their over-the-top theatrics. This is inherently a good thing. The dual-guitar histrionics split time with **Tim Green**'s (of **Fucking Champs**) 12-string jangly pop songs. Appearing solo on one of the golden-coast, mid-tempo ramblers, "Mirror Kisses," **tUnE-yArDs** frontwoman **Merril Garbus**' husky croon is the best thing to happen to the album. Another unexpected and altogether heartwarming moment is their reverb-drenched cover of **Galaxie 500**'s "Tugboat." All together a nostalgic, sunny ode to the music your parents made out to in high school. —Ryan Hall

The Company Band *Self-Titled*

Restricted Release/Red

Street: 11.10

The Company Band = Clutch + Fu Manchu + Fireball Ministry



Finally a "super" group that is actually quite super! The Company Band is comprised of singer **Neil Fallon** of Clutch, **Jess Margera** of **CKY**, guitarists **Jim Rota** of Fireball Ministry and bassist **Brad Davis** of Fu Manchu. Being an avid follower of Clutch, I found that the most satisfactory portion of jamming out to the band's self-titled debut record was listening to Fallon sing and do things he doesn't do in Clutch. Keep in mind that with these talented musicians of similar yet different rock acts, you will get an album that will have you in a land of sheer rock with grooves a-plenty. The variety amongst the songs is fresh and appealing, giving the album replay value. It's as if the musicians playing on the album have been playing together for years instead of possessing that usual identity crisis feeling that most super groups have. The Company Band offers flat-out rock bliss for fans of any musical genre. "Zombie Barricades" is also one of the best rock

songs I've heard in years. —Byrer Wharton

Exodus *Shove Headed Tour Machine (Live At Wacken And Other Atrocities)*

Nuclear Blast

Street: 01.15

Exodus = Metallica + Dark Angel + D.R.I. + Destruction

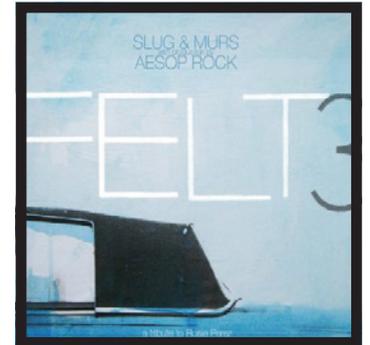
I've never really sought out purchasing "best of" albums because if it's a band I enjoy, I already have most of their albums, along with the sometimes obligatory live album. With this latest live offering, you get what Exodus sounds like now from some newer tracks, as compared to the old-school-sounding Exodus from thrash's glory days. The production is clean and clear, sometimes to the point you forget it's a live recording. The only time you can tell it's live is when the singer screams at the fans to mosh and go crazy. The end result feels like a strictly Exodus fan affair. The downside is that there really isn't anything on this record that Exodus hasn't already shown us. —Byrer Wharton

FELT (a.k.a. Slug, Murs) *Felt 3: A Tribute To Rosie Perez*

Rhymesayers

Street: 11.17

Felt = Atmosphere + Aesop Rock



This is the third in a series of ongoing collaborations between two well-known "indie" hip-hop MCs with Aesop Rock sitting in as producer this go round. Slug and Murs are pretty well known emcees to people who know the real meaning of the term (if you think I'm talking to you, **Young Jock** or **T-Payne** whatevs fans—I'm not). And as such, *Felt 3* is pretty tight and definitely made for a good bump n' romp. I'm a big enough Aesop Rock fan that while I appreciated the efforts of "Ace" (as he's referred to by the emcees) as producer, I definitely wanted him to get out from behind the boards and school these other emcees. Note, track nine gives not one, but TWO shout-outs to this place: one as a state, and again as "Salt Lake." Super-group. —JP

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Mischief Brew & Guignol *Fight Dirty* Fistolo

Street: 11.24

Mischief Brew & Guignol = World/
Inferno Friendship Society + Gogol
Bordello + Zydepunk

Fight Dirty is a collaborative affair featuring seven songs by anarcho-acoustic punks Mischief Brew on which instrumental gypsy-punk band Guignol is the backing band, six Guignol tracks with Mischief Brew mastermind **Erik Petersen** playing guitar, a **Django Reinhardt** cover and an **Iron Maiden** cover—it sounds exactly like you'd expect. This release is a lot of fun, but a little bit goes a long way. Guignol (which features **Franz Nicolay** of **The Hold Steady** on accordion) is great at what they do, but their songs tend to drag on and Petersen's contributions are barely even noticeable. The Mischief Brew songs fare better, but even so, 16 tracks of clarinet-fueled, accordion-propelled, tuba-filled punk rock is just too much. The Maiden cover ("Hallowed Be Thy Name") is pretty awesome and there's definitely some cool stuff on *Fight Dirty*, just don't expect to make it through the album without skipping a few tracks. —*Ricky Vigil*

Mnemic *Sons of the System*

Nuclear Blast

Street: 01.26

Mnemic = Fear Factory + Strapping Young Lad + Meshuggah + Soilwork
Mnemic is a band I've been listening to since they began. I enjoyed the band's first two albums, but the last record, *Passenger*, was a dud in so many ways. The band was breaking in a new singer and bringing some big stylistic changes that really played out for a terrible and disjointed-sounding album. Thankfully, the band has returned, starting the year off with a nice, cleanly heavy and melodically catchy record. If there were ever a way to incorporate breakdowns and have them not sound completely overused and redundant, Mnemic have found a way to do it on *Sons of the System*. The record is also the most melodic the band has ever sounded, using a lot of clean singing, which they should've done on the last record, which was unpleasantly chaotic. With *Sons of the System*, Mnemic paint a futuristic, metallic, clean, atmosphere, heavy wrecking-ball of an album, be it in the band's extensive and brilliant keyboard/programming, stop-and-go Meshuggah-type tempo changes and/or subtle yet potent melodies. —*Bryer Wharton*

NOFX

Cokie the Clown

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 11.24



(64) *Sail/Lake/Underground*

NOFX = The Adolescents + Lagwagon + The Vandals

Keeping with their great tradition of not keeping any sort of traditions, NOFX have released a preview EP for their new album, *Coaster*, more than six months after its release. The cover art of *Cokie the Clown*, an endearingly horrifying oil painting of NOFX frontman **Fat Mike** decked out in clown makeup, is easily the best part of this release—the music is pretty standard NOFX fare. The title track doesn't really live up to the expectations set by the accompanying art, though it's always nice to hear **Eric Melvin** singing part of a NOFX tune. "Straight Outta Massachusetts" and "Fermented and Flailing" are forgettable, but the acoustic version of "My Orphan Year" (which appeared in electric form on *Coaster*) reveals a rarely seen side of NOFX, as Fat Mike ditches his normally jovial attitude to cope with the death of his parents. *Cokie* isn't an essential NOFX record, but it's OK for what it is. —*Ricky Vigil*

Ólöf Arnalds *Við og Við*

One Little Indian

Street: 01.10

Ólöf Arnalds = Joan Baez + by way of Björk

When a debut album receives as much praise as this one has, and fellow Icelander Björk endorses you (this is even released on Björk's same UK label) you know there must be something to it. Folk singer and **Múm** contributor Arnalds has created a soothing, eclectic mix that at times sounds like lullaby—yet is intriguing and complex, too. It doesn't even matter that it is entirely sung in Icelandic—that just adds to the beauty. Originally released two years ago, *Við og Við* is finally receiving its overdue US debut in the form of an enhanced CD. The album was produced by **Sigur Rós'** **Kjartan Sveinsson** and features mainly acoustic guitar with some occasional bass and strings and is highlighted by Arnalds' unique and delicate vocals. Her voice also has a soothing quality to it, and the more reflective moments do recall a peace and tranquility, but again, in an intriguing way. The song titles—also all in Icelandic—seem irrelevant to list, as this is one of those great albums one can listen to from start to finish and still want more. —*Dean O Hillis*

Polka Dot Dot Dot *Szygy*

Bicycle Records

Street: 11.12

Polka Dot Dot Dot = Deer Tick + Diane Cluck + Horse Feathers

Today's over-abundance of folk bands is good and bad for different reasons that I won't go into, but Olympia, Washington's Polka Dot Dot Dot can be categorized under both lists. A lot of groups right now are doing the crooning, eccentric, banjo/ukulele "weird-folk" (thanks no doubt to **Beirut** and **Joanna Newsom**), and while Polka Dot Dot have a unique approach, I don't feel that it sets them apart. *Szygy* is an eccentric album which left me divided at times. I liked the soft tunes and sparse leanings that open and close the album ("Nijewel," "Nautilus Teef," "You're On the Phone" and "Up All Night" being standout tracks) but couldn't stand the rest of the

album, which was wasted on these quirky, highly annoying, sometimes a cappella, hand-clapping, bouncy, whimsical tunes driven by the harpy voices of the girls in the band. The wrong ideas or mostly filler?—it's hard to tell. —*Ryan Sanford*

Real Estate *Self-Titled*

Woodsist Records

Street: 11.17

Real Estate = Galaxie 500 + Woods + Yo La Tengo

Real Estate's catchy, light-hearted brand of so-called "beach punk" is contagious. I picked this album up after seeing them play at *Kilby Court* on a wet, cold day to a crowd of about five people and it's rarely left my player since. The moods on the album shift between breezy and light to uplifting and reassuring, with frontman **Martin Courtney IV** showing he has the ability to pen nearly perfect lo-fi pop songs in "Fake Blues" and the timid "Green River." At times, it sounds very threadbare, like Galaxie 500, while other times it comes across as being sprightly, chilled-out surf rock. Repeat listens allow the album to open up and tracks that seemed to shy away from notice before stand out, as in the case of the 6-minute amiable and groovin' "Suburban Beverage." I don't think this New Jersey quartet have put a foot down wrong in making this 10-track debut. —*Ryan Sanford*

Salvador Santana *Keyboard City*

Quannum Label Distribution/RED

Street: 01.10

Salvador Santana = Mozart + Carlos Santana + Beastie Boys

The range on *Keyboard City* is ridiculous. Every song on the album has a different feel, but doesn't ever sound schizophrenic. Starting off putting the good foot down, "We Got Somethin'" is an old-school pimp-walking song with a new-school feel. This being Santana's first solo album, it's invigorating to think what the spawn of Carlos Santana will produce in the future. Every beat is diverse and unique. "Under The Sun" is something refreshing, sounding like a **Ladytron** song with a stronger drum and guitar sound. He shows off of his Latin roots on "Keyboard City" and his Bay Area swagger on "Don't Do It". Along with superb beats, Santana lays it down with vocals to get a real "total package" vibe. The last track, "Keep Smiling," an impressive feel-good song with a marvelous brass sound, crisp drums and soothing vocals, is a proper way to end an album. —*Jemie Sprankle*

Siegfried *Nibelung*

Napalm Records

Street: 12.15

Siegfried = Battlelore + Crematory + Tristania + Trail of Tears

To get any sort of enjoyment from Austria's Siegfried is a stretch. Yes, I've enjoyed a few gothic/epic metal-type bands in my day. Siegfried's concept is slightly unique, singing about the Nibelungs, a race of dwarfs that hold a treasure stolen by none other than Siegfried. It all sounds highly D&D sounding, but the Nibelungs do come from actual German mythology. Siegfried's music reflects the band's inter-

pretation of the concept. Their interpretation is probably much more interesting than how they present that interpretation on the band's third full-length album, which is an exercise in mediocrity. With bland, emotionless male (clean and harsh) and female vocals coupled with stagnant orchestration and droll, repetitive guitar riffing sans anything technically or melodically appealing, the whole record sounds forced and uncomfortable, even with itself. While the band tries to do a lot, it comes off as poorly executed and silly-sounding. —*Bryer Wharton*

Sprocket *Medicated Empty*

Blynd Pheasant

Street: 01.19

Sprocket = Stabbing Westward + The Out Circuit + Unwritten Law

I have some astonishing news! The members of Sprocket have been in relationships, in break-ups and now have ex-girlfriends. The world has more then certainly come to its end. The lyrical content of this album is horrendous. It's all mumbling, suicidal, sulky-ass bullshit about how the other person in the relationship fucked these dudes over. It's too bad that the lyrics are so bogus and boo-hoo, because the music and vocal melodies are actually pretty good. Sprocket brings a good amount of mood and electronic experimentation, and then mixes it up with unexpected riffs to make their music enjoyable, if only they would get over their past relationships. To quote the great Garth Algar: "Just get over it; go out with somebody else." —*Jon Robertson*

Sunset *Gold Dissolves to Gray*

Team Clermont

Street: 11.24

Sunset = George Harrison + John Cale + Van Dyke Parks

Sunset's frontman **Bill Baird** obviously wears his influences on his sleeve, which isn't always a bad thing. *Gold Dissolves to Gray*, the debut album from this Austin, Tex., ensemble, is a Rolodex of influences. Intentional or not, it works to their favor (sometimes). The second track ("Sunshine Hair") would fit perfectly on **Brian Eno's** *Another Green World*. That song bleeds into a cover of **The Melodians'** reggae hit "Rivers of Babylon," which would fit nicely on John Cale's *Vintage Violence* album. *Gold Dissolves* is sometimes a tad bit **Townes Van Zandt**, while other times it feels very **Stephen Merritt**. The song "Pocketful of Debt" begins suspiciously, like **John Lennon's** "Imagine," embedded with a recycled and undeniable George Harrison influence, and the next track, "Sandy My Love," has that particular **Johnny Cash** stench to it. While I feel this album is good, it's hard to determine how original and sincere it truly is. —*Ryan Sanford*

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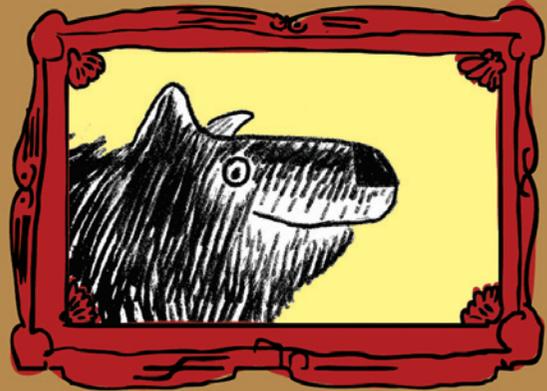
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KOI PIERCING



L to R: Melissa Christensen,
Jen Alden

12 Years of Poking the People of Utah

By Jeanette D. Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

Tucked in a small space on the back end of a building on the corner of 1300 S. and 900 E. is *KOI Piercing Studio*—Utah's first piercing-only studio. "I wanted my staff to be fully knowledgeable about jewelry and piercing, instead of possessing little knowledge about a lot of products," **Curt Warren**, founder and business owner of *KOI*, said.

Warren's interest in piercing started in 1993 while he was living in Maui. A friend of his had recently moved back from New York City with a new "piercing that I had never seen, heard or thought of before," Warren says. Warren was so intrigued by his friends tongue piercing that he decided to get one himself. Upon moving back to Utah, Warren's tongue piercing motivated another friend to get one: "I went with him to a tattoo shop that was also offering piercing and was very disappointed in the entire experience," Warren says. After talking shit about the experience, Warren's friend suggested that he might be able to offer something superior.

After attending the *Gauntlet* and *Fakir's* piercer-training workshops in San Francisco, Warren began piercing at *Blue Boutique* in August 1995. During this time he also did guest piercing stints at *Body Accents* in Indianapolis, *Body Work Production* in Cleveland, 23rd St. *Body Piercing* in Oklahoma, *Black Hole* in Reno, *Black Hole* in Portland and *Mastodon* in San Diego, all of which were piercing-only studios. Warren opened *KOI* on July 1, 1997.

Warren is modest about *KOI's* influence on the piercing scene

in Salt Lake City, but prior to the studio opening, people's only options were getting pierced at tattoo shops, head shops, sex shops or their friends' basements. "I know we helped elevate piercing in Utah, but no way in hell can *KOI* take credit for totally altering the course of body piercing in Utah," Warren says. Part of *KOI's* influences was due to the fact that: "We were dedicated strictly to piercing, none of us were tattooists who would have to stop in the middle of a tattoo to do a piercing," Warren says.

In the shop's early days, Warren worked at *KOI* six days a week while attempting to balance the other responsibilities that come with owning a business. "I opened *KOI* for a better place to work. I never planned on being a business owner, so the responsibilities that I had to include in my daily regimen were definitely not what I had signed up for," Warren says.

"I remember when Curt left the *Blue Boutique* and started *KOI*. It was unprecedented and exciting; a piercing-only studio, piercer owned," full-time piercer, **Patrick Bogdanich** says. These days the shop employs three full-time piercers: Bogdanich, **Jen Davault** and **D.J. Heaton**, all of whom started as *KOI* clients. Warren stopped piercing on the schedule in 2001, but still pierces by appointment.

Bogdanich jokes that before being hired at *KOI* in 2001, he was trying to get a job at the studio. While Bogdanich was piercing at *Wizards & Dreams*, it wasn't uncommon for him to call *KOI* to ask questions about piercings he had never done before. After piercing at *Wizards & Dreams*, Bogdanich spent time honing his skills at *Big Deluxe* as a piercer and manager.

"I feel like my interview process for *KOI* lasted



Photos: David Newkirk

The piercers of *KOI*: "D.J. is really tall, Jen is pretty short and I'm just right. Together we have a very average height."

for years. I don't think that's unusual. When you are the top game in town you keep an eye out for potential future team members," Bogdanich says. "I know that I kept an eye on both Jen and D.J.'s careers before they were invited on board here." Davault and Heaton were both hired as piercers in August 2008. "I've always considered *KOI* to be the most reputable studio in Salt Lake City and I've always had my sights set this way since I started. Feels like I've finally come full circle," Davault says.

Past influential *KOI* employees include **Marty Kestler**, who retired from piercing in 2007, and **Michelle McClellan**, who left the shop in 2005 to return to Atlanta, Georgia.

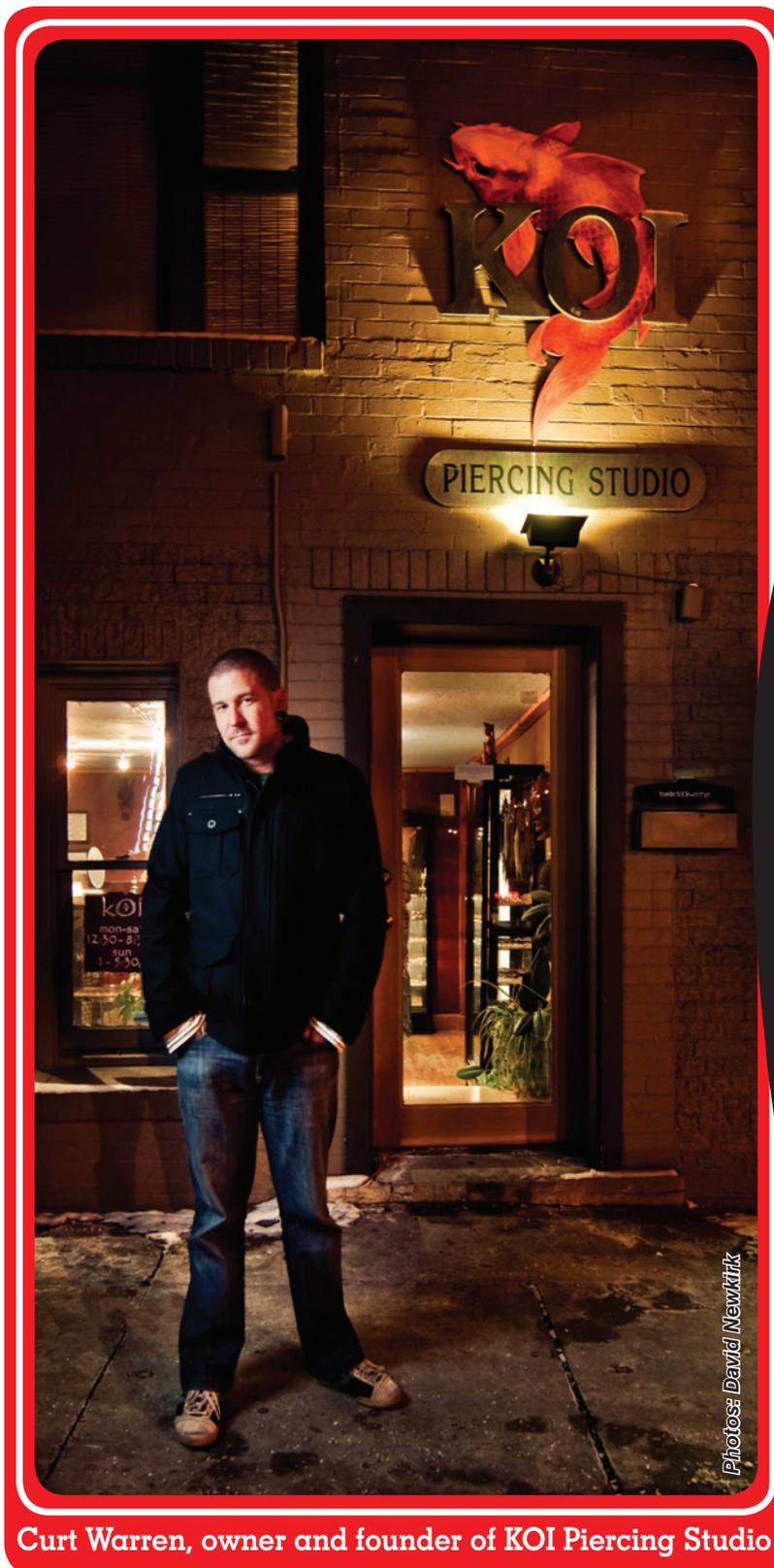
Other current *KOI* employees include **Melissa Christensen**, the shop manager and jewelry purchaser, and **Jen Alden**, who assists Christensen with working the counter. "The lobby was tiny and everything was purple and velvet, there were pieces of jewelry that I couldn't imagine fitting anywhere. 00g jewelry was rare and considered HUGE 12 years ago," Christensen says regarding her first memory of the piercing shop.

Although *KOI* is well known for being the oldest game in town when it comes to a piercing-only studio, their jewelry selection is just as legendary. The lobby is lined with glass cases that are filled with a massive collection of intricate organic jewelry as well as gold, steel and titanium pieces. "We have clients that move to big cities and are surprised that we have the best selection at *KOI*," Christensen says. The jewelry inventory at *KOI* is not only beautiful and quality, but it's also been created in fair and cruelty-free environments. "All of our horn and bone jewelry is the byproduct of a major food source for the people of Indonesia," Christensen says. She is referring to the organic carved pieces, which are made of water buffalo byproducts. In Indonesia the water buffalo is a major source of food. "The animal isn't killed for horn, but instead of throwing it away they utilize it," Christensen says.

KOI has maintained its reputation as one of Salt Lake City's premier piercing institutions, due in part to the way that customers are treated as soon as they enter the door. Bogdanich stated that *KOI*'s receptionists are more "knowledgeable, informative and courteous than most piercers that pop up around town." There is no air of pretention when you walk in the shop, something that according to Christensen has been true since the first few times she visited *KOI*. This same attention to detail is taken in the piercing process. "Piercers are encouraged to take as much time as they need to get something as perfect as it can be and to help someone feel more at ease," Bogdanich says. According to Davault, much like *KOI* did with Bogdanich in his early days, all the piercers at *KOI* spend a good deal of time discussing various piercing techniques. "I try not to express a lot of rigidity in technique because that can keep you from learning," Bogdanich says and adds with sarcasm, "Plus I have children ... and darts. Never hurts to practice."

According to Bogdanich, the real key to *KOI*'s success is that: "D.J. is really tall, Jen is pretty short and I'm just right. Together we have a very average height." Average heights aside, *KOI*'s success over the last 12 years can be traced back to the reasons that the studio was initially opened. "I simply wanted to work at a place that was dedicated to body piercing," Warren says.

Whether you are in the market for a new piercing, stretching an existing piercing or picking up some new jewelry, *KOI* can help.



Curt Warren, owner and founder of *KOI* Piercing Studio

THE DAILY CALENDAR

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Friday, January 8

Filthy Children – *Brewski's*
Mudbison, The Devil Whale, The John Whites, Kid Theodore – *Velour*
Ironyman: A Black Sabbath Experience, Seventking – *Burt's*
Michael Gross & the Statuettes, Small Town Sinners, Discourse, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm – *Kilby*
Nastee N8, Technique, Roma, Medesyn, Ms. Kinetik, DJ Nebula – *Manhattan*
Warcola, The Scandals, Rebellious Cause, Never Say Never, The Riff Robbers – *The Basement*
Dubwise, No Thing of Babylon, System from SF, illoom, Tink, Mixotic – *Urban*
Slim Chance and his Psychobilly Playboys – *ABG's*
Victoria, A Gentleman and A Scholar – *Muse*
Game On, Better Life Band, Slowride, Badgrass – *Liquid Joe's*
Wasnatch and The Body – *Woodshed*
Film: Objectified – *Salt Lake Art Center*
DJ Pryme Tyme – *Lit Lounge*
The Hood Internet – *W Lounge*
Ember Eyes, Wanna! Gotta! Gimme! – *Vegas*

Saturday, January 9

Kate LeDeuce, Dubbed – *Burt's*
Kid Theodore, The Naked Eyes, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake – *Kilby*
Aye Aye, The Blare, The Flow – *Woodshed*
Loom, Ursa Oley, Righteous Vendetta – *The Basement*
Junior & the Transportation – *Brewski's*
Vile Blue Shades, Cornered By Zombies, Mammoth – *Urban*
Shameless Bastards – *Johnny's*
Lightning In Alaska, Eye dee Kay, Between the Avenue, Gentleman Ghost – *Murray Theater*
Tijana Bible, Reviver, Big Trub, Despite Despair – *Muse*
Night Night – *Velour*
Nate Spencer and the Low Keys (10am), Alex Lackey, Patrick & RJ, Utah Free Jazz Collective – *Blue Star Coffee [2795 S. 2300 E.]*
Know Ur Roots – *Bar Deluxe*
Three Reasons, Ogal Hill Drive, Michael Wine, Orbis Intus – *Vegas*
Put That In Your Pipe and Jib It – *Brighton*
Happy Birthday Kyle Trammell!

Sunday, January 10

Righteous Vendetta – *Outer Rim*
Reel Big Fish, Suburban Legends, One Pin Short – *Murray Theater*
Joey Pederson, David Williams, Glade Sowards, Trever Hadley, Will Sartain, Brian Oakley, Tony Lake, Cathy Foy, Nick Neihart – *Urban*

Monday, January 11

Cross Canadian Ragweed – *The State Room*
Fox Van Cleef, Futsaleka, Ka Ching!, Kaleigh Pollett – *Kilby*
Ahmad Jamal – *SLC Sheraton*

Tuesday, January 12

Rev Peyton's Big Damn Band – *The State Room*
Hectic Hobo, It Foot It Ears, Holy Water Buffalo – *Kilby*
A Winter Burial – *Outer Rim*
The Body, Blues Dart, The High Council – *Urban*
Legions – *Muse*
Soul Night – *W Lounge*

Wednesday, January 13

Cambriah and Kinfolk, Dos Dragones – *Burt's*
Ladyfingers, Homebodies, Grey Fiction – *Kilby*
Manhattan Project, Consumed by Silence, Plague Years – *Outer Rim*
Scenic Byway, Funk & Gonzo, Cubworld, Rebel Zion – *Urban*
Film: Orgasm – *Vieve Gore Auditorium*

Thursday, January 14

Indian Headset, Glade Sowards, Sam Burton – *Kilby*
Cameron Rafati – *Velour*
The Devil Whale, Cub Country, Black Hounds – *Urban*
Muckraker – *Burt's*
The Manhattan Project, The Plague Years, Reaching the Summit – *The Basement*
Kung Fu Fax Machine – *Muse*
Film: Showbusiness- The Road to Broadway – *City Library*
Smashing Bumpkins – *Bar Deluxe*

Orion Music Festival – *Woodshed*
The Dark Past, Time For Timer – *Vegas*
Dew Tour – *Snow Basin*

Friday, January 15

Sturgeon General – *Burt's*
Kinch – *Kilby*
Split Lid – *Woodshed*
Wild Apples – *Muse*
Minus-Steven, Dear Bobbie, Public Descent, Natas Lived – *The Basement*
Neon Trees, Seve vs. Evan – *Velour*
Vannacutt, Castle Grayskull, The Fall of Babylon – *Outer Rim*
Breakfast Mafia, Loki & Steezo, Tinklu – *Manhattan*
The Rob Bennion Trio – *ABG's*
Screaming Condors – *Bar Deluxe*
Orion Music Festival – *Woodshed*
(Thee) Mike B – *Lit Lounge*
Bird Eater, Nine Worlds, Jesust – *Vegas*
Dew Tour – *Snow Basin*
SLUG Localized: Killbot, Old Timer, Speitre – *Urban*

Saturday, January 16

Fox Van Cleef, Mean Molly's Trio, The Naked Eyes – *Burt's*
Tash of The Alkoholiks, The Baylions, League 510, Obnoxious – *Urban*
Emily Fox – *Muse*
Isaac Russell, Moses, Desert Noises – *Velour*
Hotel Le Motel – *Brewski's*
Storming Stages & Stereos, Hot Air Platoon, Treehouse, Dubbed, The Willkills – *Kilby*
Hands Of The Martyr, Reaching The Summit, As Grace Falls, Never Forget – *Murray Theater*
Professional Production Workshop – *SLCC*
The Blu Storks – *The Basement*
Skaface, Jordan Ballou, Private Partners – *Blue Star Coffee [2795 S. 2300 E.]*
Skeleton Hearts Band – *Johnny's*
Afro Omega, The Green Leafs, James Shook – *Bar Deluxe*
Orion Music Festival – *Woodshed*
BandWagon, Firebone – *Vegas*
Dew Tour – *Snow Basin*
Happy Birthday Darren Muehlhaus!

Sunday, January 17

Heart & Soul Benefit – *Urban*
Orion Music Festival – *Woodshed*
Dew Tour – *Snow Basin*
National Night of Celebration for Women – *Club Jam*

Monday, January 18

Both, All Systems Fail – *Burt's*
Headcase – *Urban*
Falujah & Danny the Champion of the World, Consumed by Silence – *Outer Rim*
Happy Birthday Barrett Doran!

Tuesday, January 19

Killbot, Screaming Condors, Noise Attack – *Kilby*
Jesus Rides A Riksha – *Vegas*

Wednesday, January 20

Umphrey's McGee, Cornmeal – *The Depot*
Free Press, Miles Beyond – *Burt's*
Southshores, Lover's Ball – *Kilby*
Bee Stable, Steady Machete, This Passing Moment – *Urban*
Access Film-Music "Sneak Peak" Launch Party – *Piper Down*
The Toros – *Bar Deluxe*

Thursday, January 21

Safety Suit, Parachute – *In The Venue*
State Radio, The Aggrolites – *Murray Theater*
Nate Baldwin – *Velour*
Afro Omega, Samba Gringa, Purdy Mouth – *Urban*
LP Sessions – *Woodshed*
Howie Day – *The State Room*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Soul Serene, Codi Jordan – *Burt's*
Nana Grizol, Max Levine Ensemble, Prince Polo, Sleeper – *Kilby*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival Opening Screening – *Eccles Theater*
Sundance Film Festival Opening Night Party – *Legacy Lodge*

Shift & Shadows – *Bar Deluxe*
Just Visiting – *Vegas*

Friday, January 22

Reviver, The Lionelle, Shark That Got Her, Swans of Never – *Kilby*
Soul Serene – *Woodshed*
Broke City, The Sound Archives, Epic Ragdoll Scene – *Velour*
Brendan Benson, Future of the Ghost, Birthquake – *Urban*
Hectic Hobo, The Ugly Valley Boys – *ABG's*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Jesus Rides A Riksha, Cunning Stunt, Ravings of a Madman – *Liquid Joe's*
Benefit for Milo Hobbs: Tough Tittie, Negative Charge, Red Weather Vane, Breaux – *Burt's*
Malice, Decay, Xzenmasta, Nico Caliente, Push – *Manhattan*
Burning Olympus, The Indecision, Pariah Poetic – *Muse*
Before There Was Rosalyn, I Am Terrified, Harp and Lyre – *Brewski's*
U.S. Snowboarding Grand Prix – *PCMR*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival Gala Screening – *Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center*
Thunderfist – *Bar Deluxe*
Sid Vicarious – *Lit Lounge*
Irony Man, Deny Your Faith, Seventking, Approaching Zero – *Vegas*

Saturday, January 23

Dix Deacon and The All Nighters, Badgrass – *Burt's*
John Nolan, Mansions, Ask For the Future, This is Anfield – *Kilby*
Douglas Jay Boyd, Aly Tadros, Hectic Hobo – *Woodshed*
GZA, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, The Kno It Alls, The Stanger – *Urban*
Ghostowne – *Brewski's*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Gypsy Cab, One Man Short, Vinyl Club, Archie Crisanto – *Muse*
Imagine Dragons, Links – *Velour*
U.S. Snowboarding Grand Prix – *PCMR*
The Codi Jordan Band – *Johnny's*
Reaction Effect, Jesus Rides A Riksha, Aura Surreal, Adjacent To Nothing – *Vegas*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City & Salt Lake*
Oliver Lemon, Nate Spencer and the Low Keys, Forget the Whale – *Blue Star Coffee [2795 S. 2300 E.]*
Big Black Sky, Flash Cabbage – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday, January 24

Blacklisted, The Separation – *The Basement*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City & Salt Lake*

Monday, January 25

Bracewar, Mother of Mercy, Cruel Hand – *The Basement*
Adam Franklin and Bolts of Melody, Furs, The Astrals – *Urban*
Ivan Neville's Dumpstaphunk – *The State Room*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City & Salt Lake*

Tuesday, January 26

White Denim, NOMO, Brazos – *Urban*
Heroes Are Forever, Watchers and Hunters – *Outer Rim*
X-Dance Action Sports Film Festival – *Off-Broadway Theater*
Garrett Weikler – *Kilby*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
SLUG's Hard Boiled Book Club – *Sam Weller's*

Wednesday, January 27

Last Fall, Dread the Mainstream, Planning Armageddon, End the Eternity – *Kilby*
AA Bondy, Will Sartain + Eight – *Urban*

Carney – *The State Room*
"Driven By Sound" Screening – *Velour*
Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday – *Burt's*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City & Salt Lake*

Thursday, January 28

Fictionist, Matt Ben Jackson – *Kilby*
Rebellion, SOJA, Zion-I – *The Depot*
Peter Breinholt – *Velour*
Handguns – *Outer Rim*
Palace of Buddies, Super Buttery Muffins, Mathematics Et Cetera – *Urban*
ESX – *Burt's*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Treasure Mountain Inn*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City & Salt Lake*
The Rez, Until Further Notice – *Vegas*

Friday, January 29

Brand New, Manchester Orchestra, Dusty Rhodes – *Salt Palace*
PULSE, Gentlemen's ticket, All Star Locals – *Saltair*
Fictionist – *Velour*
Urban Bleu – *Brewski's*
Sweatshop Union, Pat Maine, Burnell Washburn, Malevolent MC – *Kilby*
Gaza, Hypno5e, The Binary Code, Revocation – *Outer Rim*
Latter Day, Dub Crew – *Manhattan*
Sweatshop Union, Mindstate – *Urban*
Jeremiah Maxley and the Bad Habits, The Velvetones – *ABG's*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Jackie Greene – *The State Room*
Sundance Film Festival Closing Film – *Eccles Theatre*
Sober Down – *Bar Deluxe*
DJ Spider – *Lit Lounge*
Ultimate Combat Experience – *Vegas*

Saturday, January 30

The Continentals, Future of the Ghost, Drew Danbury, The Spins, The Direction – *Kilby*
Shark Speed, Mathematics et cetera, Forest World – *Velour*
2 Weeks Notice – *Brewski's*
DJ Radar – *Urban*
King Conquer, Brotherhood – *Outer Rim*
Kirby Canyon Band – *Woodshed*
Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*
Alex Lackey, Alex Shrimpton – *Blue Star Coffee [2795 S. 2300 E.]*
Big Black Sky – *Johnny's*
Slippery Kittens – *Bar Deluxe*
Vina, Separation Of Self, Never Before, Arsenic Addiction – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 31

Access Film-Music Showcase – *Park City*

Monday, February 1

Ping Pong Tournament – *Urban*
Eric Sardinas – *The State Room*

Tuesday, February 2

Four Year Strong, Strike Anywhere, This Time Next Year, Title Fight – *Kilby*
Nouvelle Vague – *Urban*
Dissenter – *The Basement*

Wednesday, February 3

Joe Firstman, White Buffalo – *Kilby*
The Insurgency – *Burt's*
Bramble, Trouble on the Prairie – *Urban*

Thursday, February 4

Alps of New South Wales, Ok Ikumi, Crumpler – *Kilby*
Hellbound Glory, Hog&The Sleazetonz – *Burt's*
Montana Slim String Band – *Urban*
The Drama Scene – *Outer Rim*
Trevor Hall – *Velour*
Dacho – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday Kate Wheadon!
Happy Birthday Todd Powelson!

Friday, February 5

City Weekly Music Awards – *The State Room*
City Weekly Music Awards – *Burt's*
Hellbound Glory – *Brewski's*
Super Shred Day – *Brighton Resort*
Raunch Records Party – *Vegas*
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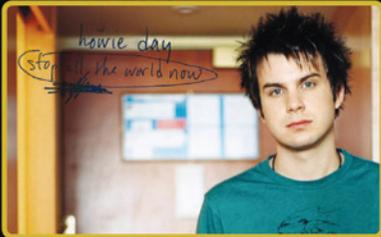
fans of: Robert Earl Keen, Reckless Kelly

Tue Jan 12
REV PEYTON'S BIG DAMN BAND



fans of: Old Crow Medicine Show, Hank III

Thur Jan 21
HOWIE DAY



fans of: Jason Mraz, John Mayer

Mon Jan 25
IVAN NEVILLE'S DUMPSTAPHUNK



fans of: Funky Meters, Karl Denson

Wed Jan 27
CARNEY



fans of: AmbulanceLTD, Regina Spektor

NEW ON

JANUARY CALENDAR

- 2** Miniature Tigers, Bicycle Voice, Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, Drew Danbury (doors at 6:30PM)
- 3** Cedars, Jason Mckey, TBA
- 4** 90's Television, James Barlow & The Such & Such, Solvo Pomum
- 5** Aesop (of Living Legends), Yze
- 6** Jared Paul and his Prayers for Atheists, Babble Rabbit, Repo's Alembic Retort
- 7** Victory Heist, The Futurists, TBA
- 8** Michael Gross CD RELEASE, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm, Discourse, Small Town Sinners
- 9** Kid Theodore, The Naked Eyes, Palace of Buddies, Birthquake
- 11** Fox Van Cleef CD Release, Futsetta, Ka Ching!, Josaleigh Pollett
- 12** Hectic Hobo, It Foot It Ears, Holy Water Buffalo
- 13** Ladyfingers, Homebodies, Grey Fiction (doors at 6PM)
- 14** Indian Headset, Glade Sowards, Sam Burton
- 15** Kinch, TBA
- 16** Storming Stages and Stereos, Hot Air Platoon, Treehouse, Dubbed, The Willkills
- 19** Killbot, Screaming Condors, Noise Attack
- 20** Southshores, Lover's Ball, TBA
- 21** Nana Grizol, Max Levine Ensemble, Prince Polo, Sleepover
- 22** Reviver (Tour Kick off), The Lionelle, Shark That Got Her, Swans of Never
- 23** John Nolan, Mansions, Ask For The Future, This Is Anfield (doors at 6:30PM)
- 26** Garrett Weixler, TBA
- 27** Last Fall, Dread the Mainstream, Planning Armageddon, End the Eternity
- 28** Fictionist CD Release, Matt Ban Jackson, TBA
- 29** Sweatshop Union, Pat Maine, Burnell Washburn, Malevolent MC
- 30** Continentals CD RELEASE, Future of the Ghost, Drew Danbury, The Spins, The Direction

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