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VOL. 21 • ISSUE # 255 • MARCH • 2010

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Contributor Limelight



Katie Panzer • "Jane-of-all trades"

Katie Panzer started shooting photos for SLUG back in 2008. Since then, Panzer has become a "Jane-of-all trades" at the magazine. She copyedits, was responsible for designing and creating the handmade trophies at last month's SLUG Games' Prom Jam, and has recently dabbled in writing. Panzer is willing to accept any photo assignment the SLUG editorial staff throws her way—be it shooting drag queens in ill-fitting clothing (**Heathen Ass Worship**), club nights at the W Lounge or Frosty Darling's annual cupcake social. We're happy that Panzer hasn't learned how to say "no" to SLUG and love her for it.



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(Oh yeah, it's called The Awkward Hour, almost forgot!)

DEAR DICKHEADS

4

Near the end of January an anonymous reader, known only as "Molly Mo Mo" posted the following in response to Princess Kennedy's January column, *Sober Sisters Pt. I*. Check out the second edition of *Sober Sisters* in this month's issue on page 38.

Dear Dickheads,

Hmmm... 20+ years of cocaine abuse indeed. And you say you have never hurt anyone, paid your bills & always lived up to your obligations? I think you should re-evaluate that—and the "line" of you being honest. I guess promoting cocaine abuse is really so very "punk" of you, but honestly, I know for a fact you have left a path of irresponsibility. And you wonder why people talk? Don't kid yourself. If there was a powdery line on a mirror back to San Francisco, you'd have your straw out the entire way. And when you got there I am sure your big mouth would be flappin as it seems to do non stop about how "fabulous" you are. We all read this article hoping to see that maybe you cleaned yourself up a bit, before the lines in your face got any deeper, and your gossipy tongue got any fatter. —Molly Mo Mo

Dear Molly Mo Mo,

I think you'll be happy to know that even the Princess herself realized she came off as a bit of a d-bag in the first installment of Sober Sisters. Check out this month's PK column to see for yourself how her 30-day sobriety went.

As far as your other accusations go, I think you may be the one who needs to hold their tongue. Here is the thing about SLUG writers: we don't get paid. Thus, most of us are extremely egotistical. We enjoy seeing our name in print. That's one of the reasons this magazine continues to be printed month after month. There is a reason that there is an old SLUG sticker that claims the magazine is for "People that don't care about anyone but themselves." Kennedy is fabulous. We love her when she's almost falling off the front of the SLUG float in the pride parade, doing hair at Ulysses Salon or converting her face to sticker form. If you were as fabulous as the Princess, you'd have a hard time not talking about it too. Rumor has it she may be organizing an art show dedicated to one thing—herself.

I have a serious problem with the over whelming presence of these scumbag gypsy kids. When the fuck did it become "cool" to smell like a taxi drivers nut sac after working a double shift in a heat wave. I see these kids at parties pulling up in their Audi's and their luxury SUV's getting out looking like a mix between the Indian from The Village People and Charlie Sheen in any 80's movie, and I mean all the way down to the greasy hair. Is this how kids rebel from their parents during the college years now a days, they stop showering, cutting there hair, or changing their clothes. You know inmates do the same thing in jail, and it has the same effect there it does out here, people just want to spray you with a hose and shank you in the leg with a sharpened toothbrush. My favorite part about seeing these worldly traveling types are their badges of travel. Clearly the feathers they rock in their ear is to symbolize the bird they had to hunt and trap to eat while in the wilderness, the super stretched out neck line of their over priced American Apparel shirt must be from bears and other woodland creatures clawing at them, most likely in an attempt to find where the smell of dead sheep and baby shit is coming from. The super skinny jeans are clearly for a function and not a fashion, life on the road is rough you never know where your next meal is going to come from, oh wait that's right you gypsy's just like to look broke and homeless, for the sex appeal. —Joe Jackman

Dear Joe,

Don't let those dirty gypsy kids get you down. They're just trying to do something different from the deep v-neck wearing hipsters rocking oversized eyeglasses that they don't actually need. The gypsy look is just one more rebellious style, in a long line of those that came before it, attempting to shock, challenge and repulse the status quo. In a few years these same kids will hang up their feather earrings, return their turquoise back to their grandmothers and trade in their dirty American Apparel shirts and pants with the crotch ripped out for suits and ties when they decide it's time to "grow up" and join the system. Either that, or they'll end up as fat losers at the local watering hole reminiscing about their glory days. At the end of the day, it isn't actually rebellion. It's just fucking fashion.

Love Always,

SLUG Magazine

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters! Fax: 801.487.1359 Mailing Address: Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag 351 Pierpont Ave. Ste.4B SLC, UT 84101 or dickheads@slugmag.com



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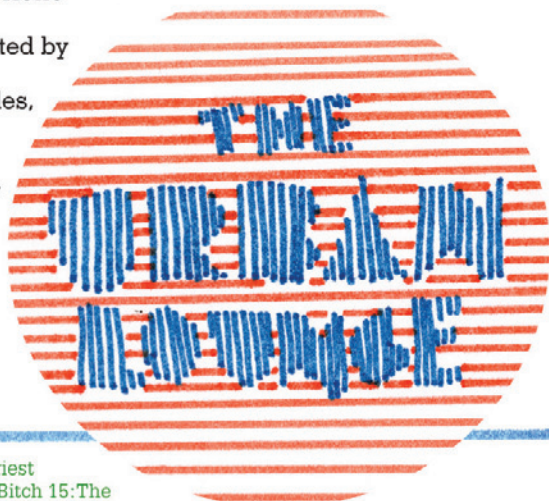


- 1 The Rubes, Pleasure Thieves, Nate Padley
- 2 Steady Machete, Big Gun Baby, Bee Stable, F Ghani (DJ)
- 3 La Farsa, Oh! Wild Birds, The Filthy Whipple Medicine Project
- 4 Cornered By Zombies, I Am The Ocean, Estrago
- 5 DUBWISE
- 6 Highdro, Kno it alls, Task & Linus, Pig Pen
- 7 Tumbledown (featuring Mike Herrera MXPX), Andrew Anderson
- 8 The Strange Boys, Furs, Naked Eyes
- 9 The Futurists, Fox Van Cleef, Bronco, Fauna
- 10 Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Marinade, Velvettones
- 11 Laserfang, Super Buttery Muffins, Sleepover, Nick Foster spinning records

- 12 SLUG Localized: Breaux, God's Revolver, Maraloka
- 13 Leslie & The LY's, Christopher the Conquered, Birthquake
- 14 Lousi Logic, Homeboy Sandman, Type, Mindstate
- 16 I Hear Sirens, Shark Speed, Dust The Books
- 17 Ted Dancin St Patricks Day
- 18 Unofficial Vampire Weekend After Party: Mathematics Et Cetera, Hello Amsterdam, Chase 1 2
- 19 Samba Queen Event presented by Samba Gringa
- 20 Red Bennies, Vile Blue Shades, Tolchock Trio
- 21 Sweatshop Union, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Synthesis, Scenic byway
- 22 The Shake Up Brigade, Regret Night, Discourse
- 23 Steady Vibes Tuesday: stag hare, seven feathers rainwater, patrick munger, ck
- 24 Scout Niblett, Morning Telpotation, Lindsay Heath

- 25 Quasi, Explode Into Colors
- 26 Xiu Xiu, Tune Yards, Talk Normal
- 27 The Devil Whale, Future of The Ghost, Palace of Buddies, Black Hounds
- 28 10 Acoustic Performers Night

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9: King Khan & The Shrines 10: Miike Snow 12: The Big Pink / A Place to Bury Strangers 13: Bitch 15: The Growlers 17: The Bronx / Japanther 20: White Rabbits 23: BRAINS! A Zombie Party 27: Red Sparrowes
29: Ugly Duckling

PENTABIKE

By Gavin Hoffman
reignforever666@gmail.com

"I've lied, bullshitted, exaggerated and fabricated some incredibly ridiculous stories about the creation of the Pentabike design in order to lend some sort of dark credibility to the question," says **Dave Strunk**, a Denver, Colorado resident and the focus of my interview, "but the reality is that it started in about 1989 or so when I was working in a book warehouse here in Denver." According to Strunk, the book warehouse afforded him the luxury to begin seditiously, if not somewhat subliminally, planting subversive images, such as the good, old-fashioned pentagram, in many popular book titles being shipped to what he refers to as "religious propaganda stores across this great land."

"Having cut my teeth in the first and second wave punk rock movements of England and the U.S., I naturally had a tendency to sway to the left and to appreciate cynicism and anything that caused people to pause and question what is worth believing in and what is not," Strunk says. As previously described, Strunk had become accustomed to inserting pentagrams into religious literature, and as a result of this, the first Pentabike design was scribed into Strunk's messenger bag when he left the book warehouse and began working as a bicycle courier in Denver. It was in effect forgotten about until years later, when Strunk began spotting the logo in various places around Denver, at which time he reclaimed the design and noticed it garnering a somewhat cult following, both in Denver and throughout the rest of the country, showing up everywhere from bike shops to trash dumpsters and even as tattoos without any help or persuasion from Strunk himself. "In reality," he says, "the logo was a modification of something that was started to simply raise eyebrows and rile up the middle-of-the-road establishment, but it was never meant to become an official logo or brand, as such."

Strunk did not, however, create the design as an indication of his support, interest, affiliation or interaction with any specific groups, agendas, beliefs or mantras. "I've always been sort of a devil's advocate on most anything you'd ever care to discuss," he explains, "and the logo, while stemming from some apparent icon that most people identify as being affiliated with a 'satanic' agenda, was simply a stupid little tag that was utilized by me during my years as a courier here in Denver and happened to be noticed by a somewhat small and subversive group of people."

Having first gotten into cycling in the late 70s and early 80s, Strunk's first experiences were with BMX. "The late 80s brought the purchase of my first real 'adult' bike," Strunk says. "It came in the form of a totally shitty, secondhand mountain bike with a six-speed Shimano groupo and an early Tru Temper frame. I called it the 'Cheetah Chrome Mother Fucker' (anyone who understands this reference, you're a true punk), and I rode it for miles and miles around Denver and the surrounding areas." Strunk got his first real road bike around this same time and logged plentiful miles, leading,

inevitably, to his courier gig in Denver.

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When asked about the fixie craze that seems to be in full-effect nationwide, Strunk's answer is stunningly poignant. "I get it, but I don't buy into it," he says. "It is pure and un-cluttered in a world full of impurities and clutter, but like so many other things, it has become a cliché." He continues, both posing a question and answering it. "How many people can buy a Chrome messenger bag, drink PBR, cut the legs off their Dickies work pants, get full sleeve tattoos, listen to Kyuss, wear skinny jeans and ride a fixie?" Way too many. On the other hand, I had a spiked leather motorcycle jacket with a painted back panel, chains and braces with combat boots, a spiked belt, a flannel shirt around my waist and a huge punk rock record collection. So really, when you think about it, what's the god-damn difference?"

That being said, what Strunk does like about the fixed scene is the persistence of the D.I.Y. attitude. "Family, culture, brotherhood and the willingness to take it to the streets no matter what the middle aged guy in the Benz thinks" are the things Strunk finds positive about the fixed scene. "This is a real movement with real inertia behind it, and I support THAT all-the-fucking way for sure... however, the only fixed bike I've ever ridden is a 1890s James Starley high-wheel bike in the parking lot of a bike shop where I almost went over the bars," he says.

"Punk rock was the music of my childhood, and although I only listen to it every once in a blue moon, I could never turn away from it because of what a huge part of my life I spent within the fold," explains Strunk. Apparently, it's this punk rock ethos that has inspired him, and helped allow his seemingly innocent and simplistic design to blow up into a legitimate underground phenomenon. As far as Pentabike goods, Strunk has several things currently available and more products on the horizon. "Pentabike ebbs and flows as far as the mail-order side of things go, but the development of more designs and products is constant," Strunk says. "Currently, we have a few items that are going through the final stages of R+D, and will be rolling them out to the public in the next few months if not sooner." Strunk was schooled and trained as an Industrial Designer, so the future for Pentabike as a business is going to focus on hard-good PRODUCTS rather than simply a clothing line. The shirts and stickers and socks were devised as a vehicle to promote a name-brand recognition, so according to Strunk, when the "real" shit is released, there is a familiarity with the logo and the ethos of the Pentabike agenda. Keep an eye on Pentabike, and contact Dave Strunk via the web to order Pentabike good—and don't eat the brown acid.

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BREAUX



Photo: Katie Panzer

Sam Simpson – Vocals
Greg Wilson – Guitar
Nick Parker – Bass
Alex Caldwell – Drums

Anyone who has ever heard of southern-style hardcore rockers Breaux has undoubtedly experienced the shit-talking that immediately follows. "Breux" seems like it couldn't possibly be the name of any sort of band that takes itself even half seriously—it's just way too goofy. Even with a rich history of awful band names (members of Breaux have been in emo bands called **The Sadness** and **Sons of Mourning**) it seems like a little much, but to guitarist Greg Wilson there was never any other choice. "Dude, we have to be Breaux because we are bros, and we like to be bros," he says. This touching brand of bro love carries over into the dynamics of the band in a very real way. The four members are like family—the kind of family that has the level of closeness and functionality that come from quality, wholesome bro activities such as getting drunk and watching the Super Bowl together. "What it really comes down to is that we are all absolute best friends. We are brothers," says Wilson.

Breaux wants the community and music scene to feel the same kind of heartwarming bro affection and love that they feel for each other. They work hard to push the scene towards progression and to make sure that everyone is having a good time. Although it's no easy task to keep the ball rolling in these parts, they do their damndest. Nick Parker, Breux's bassist, computer lab guy at a local middle school and copy editor at the *Deseret News*, expresses his dismay and frustration with the constant struggle. He points out, "Little venues spring up every once in a while, but Utah, with its conservative background, wants to squash them down because they see all these kids with mohawks and black shirts and they're like 'we gotta get rid of this venue.'" Singer Sam Simpson (possibly named after **Sampson**, the world's first ever bro?) is simple in his proposed solution to the problem. "I think what we really need to save the scene is love," he says. "Love your music, love your scene, love your venue and don't be a fucking dickhead."

Due to the incredible numbers of broken noses and holes stomped through stages, Breaux shows carry a reputation of being energetic and violent. Despite this, the band insists that it's all in fun, and to them that's what it's all about. "Kids feel it. They feel like they can have fun and don't have to act tough or be angry," says Simpson, who

Breaux and God's Revolver: The Disturbing Saga of a Perverse Generation

By Nate Perkins
perkins.nate@gmail.com

Sure, you've been to *SLUG Localized*, but never before have you experienced the combined sadistic threat of **Breaux**, **God's Revolver**, and openers **Maraloka**. It all goes down at the *Urban Lounge* on Friday, March 19. Five bones gets you in. Good luck getting out.

used to be afraid to go to shows when he was younger. "A band I liked would come and I'd be like, 'Aw fuck.' Some straight edge hatecore band was playing, and I didn't want to get a baseball bat to the head so I'd just stay home," he says. Parker is quick to clarify, "Straight edge has gotten such a bad name, but there are a lot of good straight edge kids. Straight edge didn't do this. Dumb kids did this."

Despite their "everybody love everybody" attitude, Breux is certainly not a band made up of hippies, and even though their name has a little bit of a French flavor to it, they are anything but classy. They're rednecks, pure and simple—the kind of whiskey guzzling, dirty metal kids who stumble intoxicated through Wal-Mart parking lots pissing in their drawers. They're the guys who pass out while playing house parties, so covered in sweat and booze, minds so clouded with alarming levels of THC, that they collapse, grinning, to their knees, incapable of even the most primitive thought or reason. It's simply who they are, and it shows in their music, which echoes the strong influences of bands like **Down**, **He is Legend** and **Maylene and the Sons of Disaster**, as well as southern rock champions **Lynyrd Skynyrd** and **CCR**.

Don't be fooled by their Andy-of-Mayberry-meets-MTV's-Jackass demeanor, though. With their *Brownbag EP*, which has been out since August of 2009, and another yet untitled full-length due for release by the end of this year, the band's constant touring, self-promotion and opportunity gobbling has propelled them to share stages with bands like **Gaza**, **Dropdead Gorgeous** and **Parkway Drive**. As of now, the band is shopping for labels, and is willing to go as far as the music will take them. "I'd love to be on **Roadrunner** just so I could tour with **Nickleback**," Simpson says. Relax. He's being sarcastic, bro.

God's Revolver



Photo: Ruby Johnson

Reid Rouse – Vocals
Elliot Secrist – Bass
Adam Loucks – Drums
Trey Gardner – Guitar
Jonlarsen Larsen – Guitar

Desperate for friendship and new to the state, the first person I met when I moved to Utah as a kid was Adam Loucks, current drummer of God's Revolver. Within minutes he managed to steal most of my best Pokemon cards and spit a huge gob of mucus on my skateboard's grip tape. Over the following years I watched with great interest and caution as he carefully cultivated his mysterious neighborhood image of being wildly unpredictable and somewhat dangerous. Now, over a decade later, I sit outside the *Blue Plate Diner* listening as his bandmates (who happen to be ex-members of **Parallax** and **The HiFi Massacre**) enthusiastically assure me that's exactly the image in which the self-proclaimed "time-travel, blackout, Western rock" band takes great pride and comfort. "You never know when," says frontman Reid Rouse, "but there will be antics."

Not only have they terrorized a handful of local bar owners who now harbor a wary resentment for the band and their famous brand of drunken chaos, but they've twice taken the show across the great United States in a retired UTA bus turned vegetable oil-powered tour craft. Guitarist Trey Gardner fondly recalls being "out in the middle of nowhere, sneaking into the back of KFCs and shit, pumping this nasty slop out of their grease containers" before he hangs his head at the thought of the bus sitting abandoned, finally done for somewhere in Maryland. Rouse says, "It was getting so that we'd

have to start the engine, go outside and pound the transmission into drive with a hammer and chisel, get back inside, and take off the brakes. We'd have to do that anytime we wanted to go anywhere."

After weeks of having the bus break down every day, tensions were mounting. One night in Ohio, loading up gear after a show with heads and guts full of mushrooms and the contents of an open bar, bassist Elliot Secrist and Loucks lost it. Between sips of his alcohol-infused coffee, Secrist tells the story in his slow drawl, "All I remember is that me and him [nodding to Loucks] were talking shit back and forth to each other about how each other sucked. At some point I lost my mind while I was moving his kick drum out and smashed [it], and he ran up and clocked me in the face. I pulled a knife on him. When everybody was holding me back it pissed me off, and I stabbed our bus window. Then I disappeared into Columbus with my whole hand torn apart. It was bleeding through my pants and through my hoodie that I was trying to hide it in. I passed out in a bunch of church lawns and the same cop woke me up like three times. When I finally got back to the bus, the only person still awake was Adam. I was just like 'what's up, bro? Sorry about last night.'"

God's Revolver brought home with them stories that make weak men blush—stories of trying to ride horses bareback while on mescaline, of getting urinated on by "hot, artsy girls," and of housefuls of howling thrash punks working themselves into beer-soaked frenzies over the group's energetic, haunting tunes. While these tales create a certain mystique, they also make booking shows increasingly difficult. Secrist explained the self-destructive

cycle: "*Urban Lounge* employees get pissed, and then they tell us we're banned, and then they ask us a couple weeks later to play a show." Gardner added, "*Club Vegas* banned us too, and they eventually let us play again." The ban that hasn't been lifted, however, is a citywide ban in Provo. One night at *Muse Music*, tripping balls on acid, Loucks and Gardner found themselves incapable of performing and decided to get naked instead. Loucks, not one to miss an opportunity for anarchy, threw his cymbals into the crowd like Frisbees. Jonlarsen Larsen grins as he tells the story, "The *Muse* thing kind of got us kicked out of everywhere in Provo, basically."

The band claims to be heavily influenced by **Neil Young**, **Ennio Morricone** (who wrote the theme to *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*) lots of classic rock and hometown heroes **Iceburn**, with whom they had the recent pleasure of sharing a stage. "The desert is probably a bigger influence on us than the music we listen to. The desert and constant booze," says Rouse. Their second album, *The Rosary/The Law*, is due for release on **Translation Loss Records** sometime within the next six months. Although the record is allegedly already 80 percent recorded, it's experiencing major delays due to the fact that their recording engineer is touring with **Air Supply**.

God's Revolver will be playing with **Breaux** and **Maraloka** at *SLUG Localized* on Friday, March 19 at the *Urban Lounge*. After making clear the group's affection and respect for the other band, Rouse said about the show, "If Breaux tries to pull some shit, we'll get butt-ass naked and suck." "Just wait 'til you see our dicks," says Gardner.

PROM JAM

Words by: Kendall Johnson
Independence_reigns@yahoo.com



Photo: Swainston



Sharpen your pencil and take note, millerflip transfer. Photo: Katie Panzer

This year *The SLUG Games* had a new twist: it was a Prom Jam filled with all the amenities you could ask for. It was high school all over again, except the gym was filled with snow, and instead of some strange middle aged dude with something to prove breathing down your neck, you were allowed and encouraged to get buck. The conditions were just right up on the mountain at *Brighton*—we had a bit of snowfall all day and some sunshine to match. Whether you prefer skis or a snowboard, the course was set up to shred up. The Prom Jam consisted of five heats, a best trick and, of course, everybody's favorite: best slam. Everything was in full swing when the young guns in the seventeen-and-under division got to it. Don't be fooled—just because they can't see an R-rated movie doesn't mean they can't hang. These kids were psyched to be there and it showed. For snowboarding the winners were as follows: **Jordan Tramp** took third place on the podium, **Brady Larson** took home the silver and **Jordan Morse** owned the crown. For the ski division the winners were **Hunter Beinstein** in the bronze spot, **Trevor Akimoto** in the number two spot (he's the shit) and **Walter Shearon** looked down at all the lowly peasants from atop his throne. Congrats to all the young ones who were able to make it up this year—come back again and you might just shut down all the old dogs out there. Somewhere between trying to find a beer and a trip

through **Dave Brewer's** Prom Jam photo booth, the skier's division started. Though the young guns put on quite a show the adult skiers didn't disappoint either—they took advantage of the entire course and left nothing untouched. I want to give **Kristie Giles** big ups for being the only girl in the skier's division. I am glad to know that not all girls over seventeen who ski are total puffs. **Alex Bueller** walked away with a nice prize bag for taking third, **Peter Fits** managed to please the judges enough for second place, and **Parker Williams** was crowned the victor of the skiers. Good on ya' three for killing it on your wood planks.

I know that skiing is pretty cool, but what seems to attract the most attention in our competitions is the snowboarding division. Unlike the skiers, there were both women's and a men's divisions. I did see a few people do some spin-to-slides on the rail as well as some upside down over-the-disco-ball maneuvers. The women's final three were **Lejawn Allen** in third, **Midori Oatari** one step higher on the podium and **Alice Gong** rounding it out with the win and the tiara. In the men's division, the finalists were **Chadwick Flom** in third, **Will Ernish** taking second and **Brandon Hobush** the champion and king of the men's division. Funny thing is that Brandon also placed in last year's *Summer of Death* skateboard contest—I guess he's just an all around ripper. Good work to the snowboard finalists. We hope to see you next year to hold your title against the up-and-coming shredders out there.

The contest was over, but the festivities were just beginning. It was time to award the finalists with their well-deserved king or queen crowns and a bunch of product to boot. No awards ceremony would be complete without a crowd of people jumping in the air with their arms up in the hopes of grabbing some always-needed free stuff. So,



All the girls dream of Hobush and his disco methods.

Photo: Katie Panzer



Photo: Swainston

I'm number one.



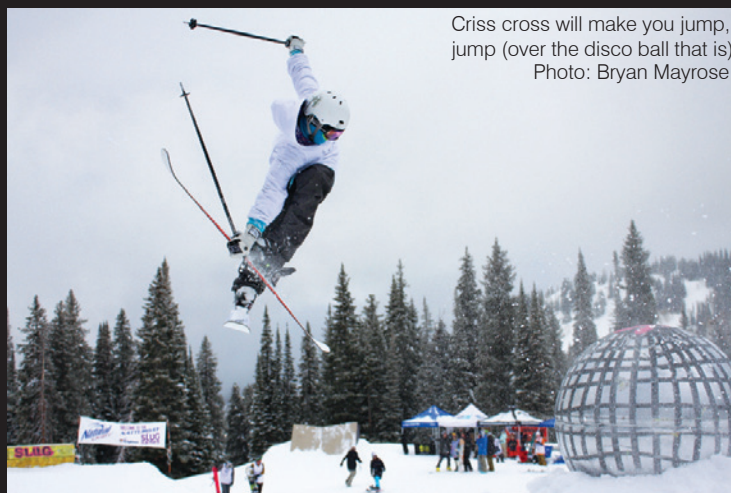
Photo: Swainston

One Love crew.



Photo: Swainston

Repetition and study are the keys to success. Hobush hooks up the helmet cam to capture this skate-style nose pick.



Criss cross will make you jump, jump (over the disco ball that is)
Photo: Bryan Mayrose



Photo: Katie Panzer

Let's get fired up
Get rough, get tough, get mean
Let's get fired up
and roll right over that ... boardslide 270.



Photo: Swainston

Chalk one up for the girl team.
Perfect front board execution.

naturally, we had one of those too. Best slam went to Midori Oatari for some painful looking shenanigans and best trick went to Alice Gong for a backside lipslide to back tail on the down rail. Apparently the ladies were the ones who got buck and got bucked harder than everyone else. With everything said and done, it was time for the after party.

It was time to get up to get down at the Brighton chalet. With the help of the hospitality crew and **DJ Ryan Powers**, that is exactly what we did. If you weren't able to make it to the after party, there is always next year. Though, I will say that you missed out on a slightly psychedelic, mountain top rock out that was hard to beat. In fact it was so hard to beat, we are banned from the chalets for life.

Everything went along without a hitch, and it was only possible with the help of the collective. We want to thank everyone for coming out and supporting the riders, I hope you had as much fun as I did. Special thanks to all the sponsors for making it happen: Natural Light, Yudu, Scion, Signal Snowboards, Brighton's Park Crew, KAB, Annex Skate, Dave Brewer and his Photobooth, Blindside, Celtek Gloves, DFP, Discrete, Fun Hat, The Jibyard, Lenitech, Milo Sport, North Face Masters, One Love Ski & Snowboard Club, Quiksilver, Revolution Snowboards, Salty Peaks, Skullcandy, Smith, Snodice, Sports Den, Surface Skis, Uprok and XSI Insurance—We couldn't have done it without you.

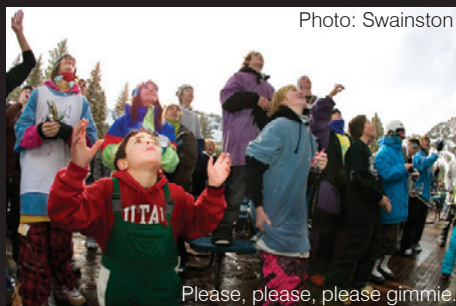


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Please, please, please gimmie.

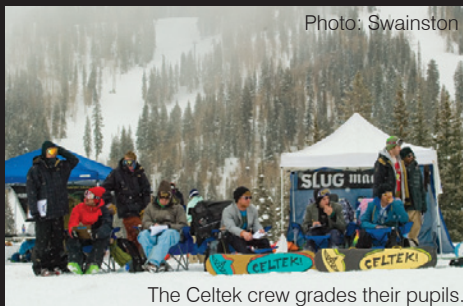


Photo: Swainston

The Celtek crew grades their pupils.



Photo: Swainston

Someones got a school boy crush on the Natty queen.

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Milk and Cookies

Words and photos by Chris Swainston chris@slugmag.com



Taking flight under flaming skies. Backside flip, Bobbo.



Blazing back disaster on three feet of brick vert, Dirk Hogan

Let's flash back momentarily to a childhood nostalgic memory of tree houses, cardboard castles and forts built of scrap wood hidden in the thicket of an undeveloped field. It was a secret place with a secret password to get in. Not just any chump on a BMX bike could enter. You had to be in the crew for the privilege to venture inside. Places like this were a fantasia for my imagination to run wild, battling dragons, fabricating weapons out of sticks and stones, hunting small birds and sneaking through the tall grass to spy on the old angry landowner. It was an impenetrable fortress, an oasis of delectation and I was the king. Now let's fast forward some 15 or so years. I'm 25 and supposed to be at the helm of adulthood. Another well-oiled cog in mother culture's machine settling in, creating a nest and planting my homologous seed to carry on my lackluster legacy—but I'm not. I'm still holding on to a life of disport. Running in the streets with dirty hands and a bloodstained shirt causing a ruckus and loitering where I please. My imagination still runs rapid with creativity, only it's no longer sticks and stones that I'm playing with, but ramps and rails. The clubhouse is still here—only it's a bit more refined now and no longer hidden in the thicket. It's nestled north of the city alongside an airstrip inside a garage built for airplanes and helicopters. I'm no longer the king of this castle, simply a convivial member. The keeper of this kingdom is **Spencer England** and behind the hanger doors lay the formations of his imagination, coined 'Milk and Cookies.'

“Lounge out on the leather couches and watch a skate video for inspiration.”





“The clank and slash of trucks blend together in harmony



Switch frontside flip no Muska, Jared (Snuggie) Smith.

Before you go blabbering on about how your friend has a mini ramp too, let me set something straight—there is no other ramp out there as pristine and diverse as this one and I’m still just talking about the ramp. I haven’t even mentioned the big screen TV, climbing wall, man-sized BBQ grill, trail 90s and arcade games that also live at the Milk and Cookies clubhouse, and all of this has been put together with England’s bare hands. He is a quiet cat that finds refuge in the seclusion of his hanger elysium. He’ll spend hours alone manipulating and expanding the ramp just so the rest of us can bask in the fruits of enjoyment that it provides. “It’s the man cave,” he says, “I just built it so there is a fun place for people to go shred it up.” Most recently he has added a brick wall-ride and pool coping to the wave extension. A session up there is always a tasty treat, especially in the frozen winter months that keep us locked indoors unable to unleash our lust for skateboarding. If it weren’t for England and his ramp, our crew would probably die of cirrhosis by mid-February as we try to drown out our skate cravings with endless bottles of whisky and beer. As a matter of fact, that’s usually where the session starts with the lovely **Kelly Sue** pouring off a shot and a beer down at *Johnny’s on Second*.

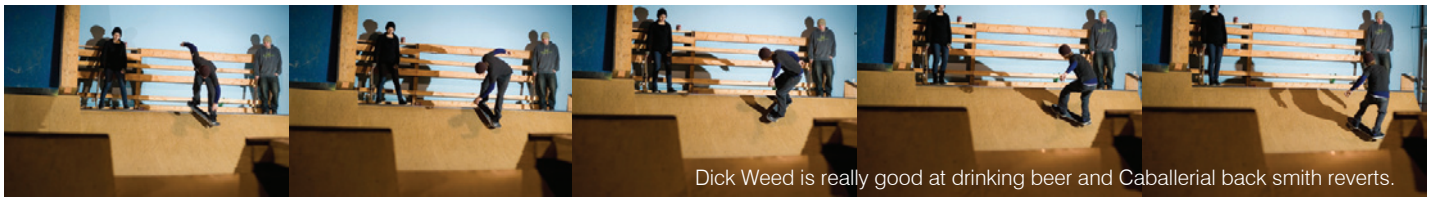
We impatiently wait for everyone to show up and most importantly, one of the ramp’s code keepers, **Rob Peter-**



Bringing some cheese and crackers to Milk and Cookies. Backside Nosegrind fakie. Bobbo.



One inch wide chainlink vert wall not a big deal. 5-0 pivot Sean Hadley.



Dick Weed is really good at drinking beer and Caballerial back smith reverts.

with the sound of urethane speeding across the masonite.”



Genius!

son—without him or England there is no session. As we trek north with stoked energies flaming inside us, that childhood nostalgia of racing to our secret hideout engulfs us. We know the destination by heart, not by address—around the corner off the free way, left at the spaghetti fork, past the old gas station, over the train tracks and right at the American Flag next to the beige buildings. It's straight into the airfield from there and a labyrinth of airplane garages, left at the green power-box and a high-speed power-skid to the front door. Walking through the front door is like passing through the wardrobe and being whisked into Narnia. It's a magical land that makes me completely forget about the outside world. The clank and slash of trucks on the coping blend together in harmony with the sound of urethane speeding across the masonite. Hours fly by without notice. If a break is needed, lounge out on the leather couches and watch a skate video for inspiration or take a climb to the top and nap out on the queen sized bed hidden behind the climbing wall. In the summer we can open up the hanger doors to skate a flat box and launch ramp while grilling up some burgers and watching airplanes fly in and out. The good times never die with Milk and Cookies, which in actuality would be a more appropriately nick named "beer and cigarettes," but it just doesn't have the same ring to it. Only with pure exhaustion will we ever think of leaving. We trek back towards home, our bodies weak with fatigue and our bellies gurgling with hunger. The only thing we're thinking about now are the days of speeding home in a blood-stained shirt on our bmx bikes to the comforts of mom's home cooked meal. There is no more meal, just an old onion and moldy piece of cheese in the fridge next to the empty bottle of Cholula. There are no clean clothes to change into. Just a heaping pile of yesterday's bloodstained shirts.



Drehobl... Dorobiala there is such a good ring to them both. Back 5-0 revert on the big wave.

"I just built it so there is a fun place for people to go shred it up."



King of his castle, fakie pivot transfer, Spencer England



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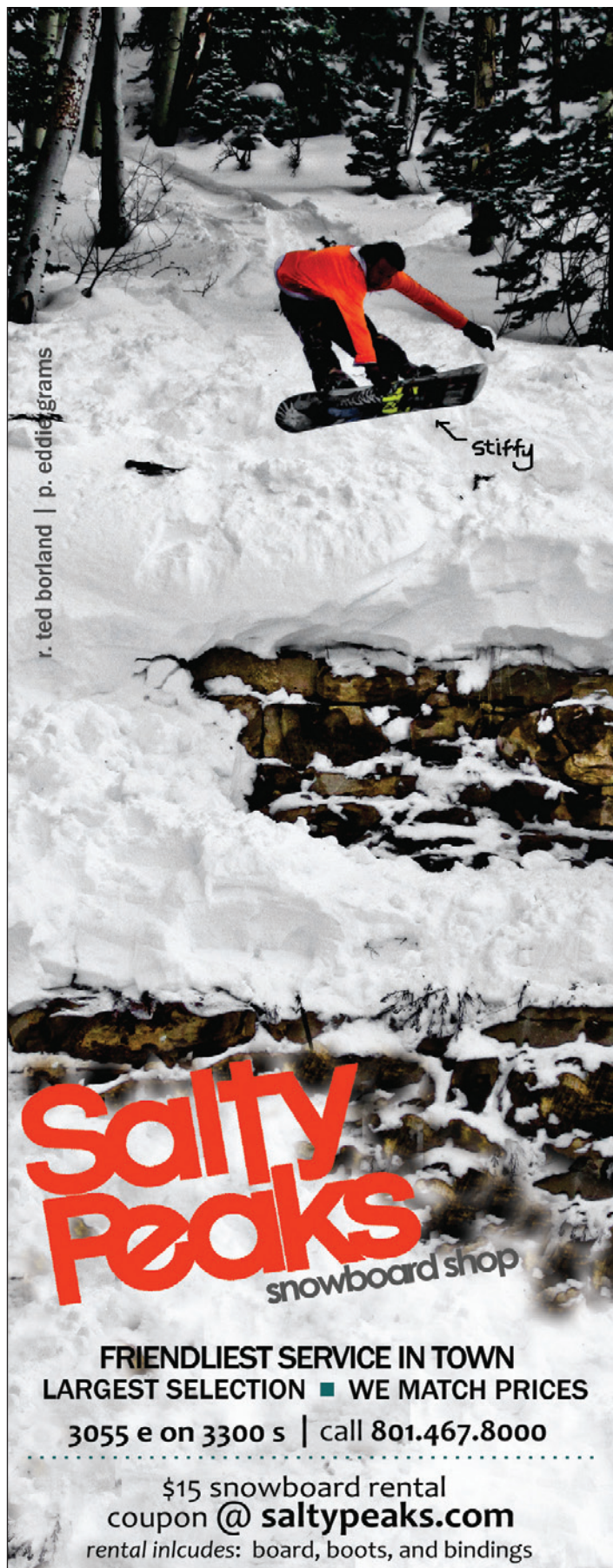
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NIKITA CHICKITA

Words by: **Chris Proctor** chris.proctor@utah.edu Photos by: **Katie Panzer** panzerphotography@gmail.com

Brighton resort was the place to be Feb. 20 where the Nikita Chickita all-girls snowboard competition, sponsored by Skullcandy, ShredBetties and Nikita (of course), took place at the lower Majestic terrain park. With over 40 riders competing for a \$2000 total prize purse for the Pros and a 1-year Nikita flow-sponsorship contract up for grabs for the Ams. These riders were stoked and ready to show some of the best female snowboarding around today. This year marks the first time this comp was held at Brighton after a three-day Nikita photo shoot excited those in charge enough to move the venue from *Mammoth Mountain*. As always, the kick-ass builders at KAB rails and the kick-ass Brighton park crew brought their best for this year's contest. The course started off with a jib section consisting of a handrail and a down-flat rail, leading to a flat box and a flat box with a lip at the end and finishing with a long butter box. After the jib section were two kickers and the course ended with a few wall rides, and a large Gatorade barrel jib.

This year's Nikita Chickita was a two-run-and-done format for the qualifiers, with the Pro and Am divisions taking runs together. The judges chose ten Pros and ten Ams to move on to the finals, where each rider was given two runs to send it all the way for their shot at the money and a product sponsorship. There was also a switch-up in the judging format for this year, where the rider who takes first place in the Am division is also eligible to be judged as a Pro for a shot at some serious cash. Nikita decided not to separate the two divisions, hoping to foster an atmosphere of camaraderie among all of the riders and it worked. Up at the drop-in zone, each time a girl dropped, one could hear over 20 other riders cheering her on.

Nikita rider **Gabby Maiden** started things off with a textbook frontside boardslide on the first handrail and **Paige Ranier** gave a good show on the flat box with a nose-tap to boardslide to tail-tap. Riders **Karra Reiney**, **Lynn Neil** and **Jessica Jensen** all completed multiple 540's in the final rounds. **Ariel Friedman** had one of the best Am runs with a risky backside 50-50 on the handrail, a super pressed nose press on the flat box and landing bolts on her 360 on the first kicker. For the Am division, **Ranae Palma** won herself some gear in the third place spot. For the first time in my life, I saw a girl attempt a backside lipslide. That girl was **Midori Oatari**, straight out of Japan, and even though she didn't land the back-lip, her frontside boardslide 270-out along with some super good looking airs earned her the second place spot on the podium. Finally, it was Jessica Jensen with her big spins and handsome jibbing who won the first place spot and the 1-year sponsorship contract for Nikita.

For the Pro division, **Colleen Quigley** earned herself \$300 cash plus Nikita gear and the third place trophy for this year's contest. Lynn Neill, after stomping a 540 melon and a 180 on/off of the flat box, was given the second place spot on the podium, plus \$700 and some sweet gear. Her mom showed up to show her support and couldn't be more proud. Every once in a while in competitive sports, an upset occurs, when the favored competitor is beaten by the underdog. That is precisely what happened this year, as Am rider Jessica Jensen took first not only for the Am division, but for the Pro division as well. Congrats Jessica for showing the pros what's up and coming home with a sponsorship, a snowboard and a big \$1000.



Karra Reiney with a proper front board.



Overall winner and champion, Jessica Jensen, boardslides her way to fame, fortune and kudos.

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photo feature



Robbie Walker

Sandy, Utah

Wall rides are pretty fickle tricks. The basic variety have been pretty played out the last few years, but with a bit of creativity and/or consequence involved, there is still quite a bit of value in this type of maneuver. Robbie Walker surprised a lot of people with his urban boarding skills this past winter and maybe not more so than with this high-to-low wallride session. It actually took most of the day to set up the landing to this thing, which was quite sketchy because when you came off the wall at top speed you were heading straight into another wall at about waist level. There was no time to throw on the brakes so we opted to make an "up" ramp that would take you over this lower wall. As we were finishing, the light was fading and we discussed whether or not to go get the generator and turn this into a night session with lights. The sunset became more and more incredible, to the point that I just had to ask Robbie if he wouldn't mind trying it a few times in this light instead of waiting. I know he was pretty beat from moving all that snow and we had planned to get some food and chill a bit before the session. He didn't even hesitate to run up the ladder to the top of the roof and jump start the session. We did end up shooting it later that night as well, but those shots didn't compare to the ones here at sunset. —Andy Wright

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Photo: Katie Panzer

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VALKYRIES ON WHEELS

I'm no **Severin Von Kusiemski**, but there is a strange primeval pleasure found in the company of a woman who is capable of beating my ass to a pulp. Last week I was watching tryouts for the **Salt City Shakers—The Salt City Derby Girls** All-Star team—and I heard a story about an unidentified Shaker, nearly banned from the *Women's Flat Track Derby Association* for hauling off and punching some high-falutin harpy from Los Angeles square in the face. Valkyries on wheels! Sleeve-tattooed Vixens! Be still my heart!

Okay, so I'm exaggerating a little. Still, there's a lot of entertainment surrounding this sport. In fact, compared to the snooze-fest that is a baseball game or golf, roller derby can deceptively appear as though it is a **Russ Meyers** film shown two minutes at a time. In the early 70s, televised roller derby matches were comparable to professional wrestling—choreographed camp with some collateral bruising. However, since the sport's revival in the early 2000s, roller derby has been slowly but surely gaining some overdue respect as a legitimate sport. A **Junction City Roller Doll**, known to me only as **Stryker**, defends the game rather vigorously. "This is an actual sport, and we are actual athletes. We train twice a week. We're very competitive." She recites a litany of injuries, incurred or witnessed, which is almost

too gruesome for our readers. **Rage N Red**, of the Junction City Roller Dolls, dislocated her kneecap all the way to the other side of her leg. Seventy years ago, such an injury would have consigned her to a low-grade carnival freak show. "Any play can be your last," Striker says.

Smack and Deck Her, a pivot who captains the **Death Dealers** of the Salt City Derby Girls league, also defends roller derby's legitimacy, "A lot of people think it's still the theatrical stuff from the seventies—throwing people over the rails or whatever—but we're on skates a good eight hours a week, training. It truly is a sport."

Derby takes place on a circuit track. Each team sends five players out to skate—three blockers, one pivot and one jammer. Blockers and pivots begin making their way around the track, setting the pace for the round. Afterwards, the jammers begin skating. The basic object of the game is for the jammers to break through the pack, scoring one point for each opposing team member they lap. Blockers and pivots try to prevent this, and this is where most of those gruesome injuries come from. At its sleekest, watching a jammer slalom through the pack is like watching salmon deftly evade the swinging claws of waiting grizzlies. At its worst, it's a stampede, a mosh pit on wheels. Typically if one girl falls, a couple will fall down right over them.

From where I'm observing, roller derby appears as much like a sport as any football or hockey game. Even if it were all pratfalls and staged slaps, the game would still require its players to skate at considerable speed, continuously for two minutes. After a half an hour, I'm starting to become dizzy just watching it, and I'm sure the effect is similar for those actually participating, plus all the exhaustion and sweat. A couple of times, I see a blocker quickly wheel over to the sidelines and fish out an asthma inhaler. Two quick puffs, a moment to collect herself and then she's back amongst the throng.

"That's not to say that roller derby can't be entertainment *and* sport, because I think it can," says **Hannah**



ROLLER DERBY IN THE BEEHIVE STATE

by John-Ross Boyce

Illustration by Manuel Aguilar

Bull Lecter of the Junction City Roller Dolls. "The cool thing about derby is that duality of athleticism and camp. I think the camp is kind of important. It's what sucks a lot of our fans in. And I think we like the campy aspects—we're out here with funny names in our fishnet stockings, after all."

Picking out a good *nom du skate* seems to be a huge part of that camp. While players like **Julia Rosenwinkel** (Chicago) and **Sarah Hipel** (Detroit) have begun skating under their own names, for many of the participants, choosing a good moniker is almost as weighty a decision as choosing to play the sport in the first place. The *International Roller Girl's Master Roster* is filled with the grotesque (**Anne Putation**), the portmanteau (**Swine Floozy**), the scatological (**Donna Rhea**), the pornographic (**Barefoot Cuntessa**), nine "Little Miss" Something or Others, fifty-plus "Lil" somethings and a hell of a lot of "Lady," "Kitty" and "Ivanna." My personal favorite is **Dirty Pirate Hooker** of the Salt City Derby Girls own **Leave It To The Cleavers**. As if she has no time for such cutesy-poo things as puns. If I got a sex change and walked onto a team, I think I'd call myself **Van Whoreison**.

In addition to the personas, derby bouts can also feature elements of the burlesque. Photos for the Salt City Derby Girls team **Leave It To The Cleavers** and **The Sisters of No Mercy** capitalize on the forbidden fetishes of 50s TV moms and nuns, complete with frilly aprons and habits. In some cases, things get a little crazier. Take **Fanny Fister** of the **Pikes Peak Derby Dames**, who likes to send a message to opposing skaters by violently shoving her balled-up mitt up the exit only of a blow-up doll.

Such bawdy aspects of roller derby, combined with the fact that derby leagues are typically run by women featuring all-female teams, lead a lot of armchair philosophers to equate roller derby with the post-punk, owning-your-sexuality tenants of third wave feminism. Watching the teams run their drills, it seems a little far-fetched. I'm no **Betty Friedan**, but it seems entirely anti-feminist to assume that a girl playing sports enjoys less the physical activity in lieu of having something to prove to the patriarchal powers that be. Not once in my interviews and observations do the politics of sexuality enter the conversation. On the contrary, the only rhetoric I hear is akin to the verbally sparse aphorisms I heard as a defensive lineman in Houston, Texas—sports clichés regarding one-hundred-and-ten-percent about how one's attitude, not one's uniform makes a derby girl. "I think it's a stereotype," says Smack and Deck Her. "We enjoy a certain camaraderie, but it's no different than a bunch of women getting together and talking about books, or knitting or taking an aerobics class. We just happen to be on skates, shoving each other around." Says Hannah Bull Lecter of Ogden, "We could share that same point of view, I guess, but we don't really have an agenda. We're just having a good time."

Time commitment for roller derby is pretty intense. For Smack and

Deck Her, being on Salt Lake's All-Star team means two nights of practice a week, plus captaining her regular team **The Death Dealers**, up to seven hours a week. Being a board member for your city's organization, says Hannah Bull Lecter, can be a seven-day-a-week obligation. It's a big commitment, but both athletes are quick to point out that it's a rewarding one. Especially with this season's expectations. "We're evolving," says Smack and Deck Her. "We're training to get to regionals, playing a few teams who are ranked and we hope to see the Salt City Shakers move up in the ranks. We'll be hosting regular double headers at the *Salt Palace*. It'll be an exciting season." Add to this all the parties, fundraisers, and charity drives that Salt City Derby Girls participate in, and 2010's season is pretty packed. Meanwhile, in Ogden, the Junction City Roller Dolls will be unveiling two new teams this year—**The Hilltop Aces** and **The Railway Banditas**. "We're not as serious as some of the leagues, but we're hoping to get more serious," says Hannah Bull Lecter. "We'll be hosting two double headers this season. Regionals would be nice, but we won't die if we don't make it. We're having a lot of fun out here."

Those interested in joining the ranks are invited to visit saltcityderbygirls.com or jcrdolls.com, depending on your particular zip code. Although Salt Lake's tryouts will have already happened by the time this article runs, volunteers are still welcome. Ogden, however, will be hosting tryouts on March 25, May 6 and August 12 at the *Classic Fun Center* in Layton. Players must be 18 or older. As for roller derby's other requirements, the resounding answer from Striker and Hannah Bull Lecter is enthusiasm and being willing to learn. "People think we have to be tough or something," says Smack and Deck Her, "but if you can skate, we'll teach you everything else."

On Saturday, March 13 the Junction City Roller Dolls will kick off their season at the *Davis Conference Center*. The Salt City Derby Girls will open their season with a bangin' party and fundraiser on Saturday, March 6 at *Club Edge*.



"Man With Balls" Will March in March:

By JP
jp@slugmag.com

Total paralysis, deaths of lovers and painful memories have thwarted Utahn Rhett Barney's step before, but he's still here, feet tapping with impatience. When Barney leans over a coffee table to stare me dead in the eye and say that he's going to Washington to "change this fucking law," well, I believe him. Barney, a well-known Salt Lake City retail fixture for 40 years, is angry, and he wants us to know about it. "I wanted to have that shirt that says 'Man With Balls' on it. That's the most important shirt," Barney says, lamenting the fact that he forgot to bring the much-beloved shirt to his photo shoot for this article. That t-shirt's phrase is important to a man who once experienced total paralysis for half a year. "One day I stood up out of bed and I fell down. I had Guillan-Barré [Syndrome]. I was paralyzed for six months," Barney says. "You do a lot of soul searching in that [situation]." It was during this time that Barney decided to take charge of his life.

"Man With Balls" has become Barney's mantra. "I've finally got all this shit outta my life and now I can be happy," he says. The only problem with Barney's happiness is that he has a sensitive, empathetic soul and he wants to see others with emotional scarring from abuses have their time in court regardless of sexual abuse statutes of limitations, which vary from state to state. As a youth, Barney allegedly suffered abuse from an older man in his neighborhood, and while Barney ultimately confronted the man and raised hell via fliers with accusations about the man in his hometown of Richfield, Utah a few years ago, some victims will never get free. Barney is happier than he was before he confronted his skeletons, but he would be much happier if other people could get involved in a cause that's near to his heart: a march to the capital building—a march of unity and support for changing the laws involving sexual abuse charges. Barney would like to lead a march to the LDS Church office buildings in town, too. He's



Photo by David Newkirk

**Rhett Barney—
ready to take on the world.**

fed up with being a member, wants to remove his name from the church records and wants others to do the same if they're so inclined. Barney has been frustrated with the time tactics the Church employs to slow removal of records. He is also upset about the fact that a temple-recommend-holding member of the LDS church with abuse in his background, like his victimizer, is allowed to practice holy rights while Barney is not even allowed to hold hands on Main Street Plaza in Salt Lake with a male friend. Barney wants nationwide equality and justice, as he sees it—now. Right now, Barney could be in San Francisco, designing stores, as he did for Mervyn's nationally at one time, and marching there, but he loves Utah, his family and the people. "I love it here. We have change in seasons. People are moving here from all over the world and it's not because of the Mormon church. They're losing their power, why do you think a democratic mayor keeps winning here?" he says. This particularly excites Barney and his trademark twinkling eyes verify this.

Barney has been known to march before, his first PRIDE march was very memorable, with Barney wearing an American flag draped over his body, but this march is different, he clarifies, "It isn't a gay thing." It's about "people." People that Barney says need to know their voices are still heard even though justice has turned a blind eye to the situation. He'd like to go to Washington with his message and let others hear it as well. He seems a whirling dervish of intense energy when talking about making this a national issue. Sometimes you have to take matters into your own hands, balls firmly clutched, and Barney has brought both of his to Salt Lake City.

At the time of publishing, Barney had yet to obtain permits for his march. For information regarding when the march will take place email rhettslc@yahoo.com.

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Body Piercing Makes Amazing Happen

By Jeanette D. Moses
 jeanette@slugmag.com
 Photo: Michelle Emerson

It was a week before President's Day weekend, a weekend that means one thing to the owners of Iris—it's time to gear up for SLC's annual Tattoo Convention. "It's pretty much like we're opening a second shop for three days," says Iris piercer and co-owner

Nick Lott.

For this one weekend Lott,

Jessie Dobbs and **Dustin Robbins,**

owners and piercers of Iris Body Piercing, transport their piercing jewelry, needles, gloves, back stock and their extensive collection of what Robbins refers to as "fancy jewelry" to the *Salt Palace*. They also lug a Statim Cassette Autoclave, which sterilizes by steam, to keep their gauze, needles, jewelry and even their gloves sanitary. Then there are the jewelry cases, drapes and other items to give their booth at the convention a similar aesthetic to their newly redesigned shop. Four years ago, when Iris participated in their first Tattoo Convention, setting up their booth was a little less labor intensive. "It was pretty simple. A booth with a case, like 'here we are.'" Dobbs says, "It's more artistic and inviting now, not just 'here's a piercing place.' It's getting the art out there."

This concept of presenting piercing as art is equally apparent in their newly redesigned shop. "The first day we were here we knew we wanted to turn it into something else, something amazing," Dobbs says.

The massive and long awaited redesign was started in July 2009 and completed at the end of November with the help of designer **Scott Truitt** and Richard De Spain Construction.

"The door is in the same place. That hasn't changed. But it is a new door," Lott says. According to all three owners/piercers, the window and door placement are about the only things that weren't changed during the remodel. The floor was replaced with hardwood. The walls were painted bright orange, a muted yellow and a beautiful shade of gold. Futons were replaced with tall modern barstools.

The original large wooden and glass cases that housed their jewelry have been replaced with 31 individually lit small glass cubes whose bottoms are lined with a layer of fine sand. The jewelry is separated according to material and carefully placed in the sand with small cards explaining the material and the



pros and cons of said jewelry. All of this is lit remarkably well. "When people come in here I think most notice the cases, the lighting and a different feel," Lott says.

The atmosphere of the shop has changed a great deal with the redesign. The space is relaxing and tranquil. The jewelry is presented in a way that makes it almost reminiscent of an art gallery. "It feels really good here. You walk in and you know you're in a place that you can trust—a place that carries really high quality stuff," Dobbs says. The interior space has finally come to match the warm, inviting and amazing atmosphere that Robbins, Dobbs and Lott have created for their customers since opening their doors five years ago.

Although Dobbs and Lott have known each other since they were teenagers, and Dobbs once approached Robbins for an apprenticeship (for which he was denied), the idea of Iris wasn't born until all three piercers were working out of Blue Boutique.

"I think we all just kind of knew working at Blue Boutique, there was only so far that we'd be able to take it," Lott says, "We wanted to not be the side show. We wanted to make a place that was just piercing so people would know that we were really serious about what we do."

This dedication to professionalism was a driving force behind Iris' opening. "When you walk into a place that's dedicated to doing one thing only, they must do a good job," Dobbs says.

Robbins also notes how much easier it is to answer customer's questions and address their needs in a working environment like Iris. "The thing that's really important that we all understand is that a lot of people feel intimidated going into a tattoo or piercing shop," Robbins says, "We're here, we got their back and we'll help them understand anything that they need to know."

All three Iris owners agree that KOI Piercing was an influence when it came to opening their own piercing-only shop. "There aren't really that many piercing-only shops in the country," Robbins says, "When you're working in

a city with just one all you think about is 'I want to be in my own shop.'"

"I really admired the way that they worked over there," Dobbs says.

Although their first year of business was predictably slow, and everyone admits how much time was spent sleeping, playing card games and photoshopping friends heads onto porn photos it didn't take too long for people to get wind of the new piercing-only studio. "I was surprised by how quickly we started to get really loyal clients," Lott says, "I think people could feel our dedication to be a piercing-only studio and make it a really cool place."

Luckily, the Iris piercers no longer have the time to master the art of fabricated porn. All three are far more focused on the piercing trade that they've already mastered. "There are days where we are busy from the time that door opens to after our closed hours," Lott says.

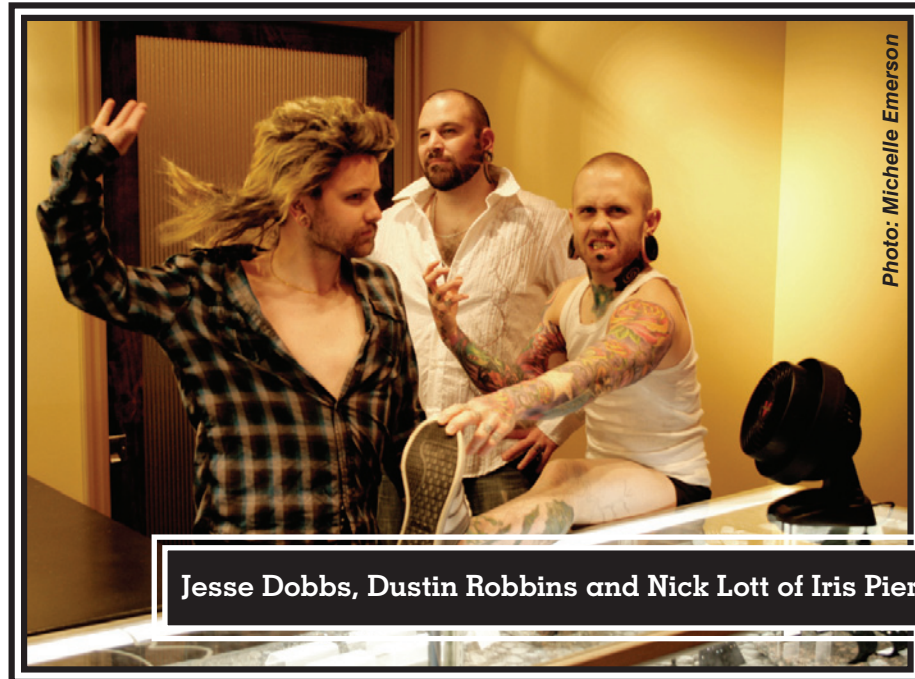
There are many aspects that make Iris unique, but the one that all three owners seem to take the most pride in is their dedication to using 100% disposable equipment. "When we talked about opening the place we knew we just wanted something incredible, and us as piercers, that was an incredible aspect of piercing," Dobbs says, "It's really nice to use something that you can just throw away. I think it saves us a lot of hours." Although this 100% disposable method does give client a peace of mind, it seems like it could get very expensive very quickly. According to Dobbs building an entire room dedicated solely to sterilizing tools would be just as expensive. Plus the switch to disposable tools has forced the piercers of Iris to rethink some of their piercing methods. "Redefining our piercing techniques to deal with what's disposable has actually been fun," Robbins says.

Swing by Iris Body Piercing on 2431 Highland Drive to check out their new set up and congratulate them on five years of business.

"The door is in the same place. That hasn't changed. But it is a new door."



Photo: Michelle Emerson



Jesse Dobbs, Dustin Robbins and Nick Lott of Iris Piercing



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Months ago, I started hearing whisperings of a local soul food restaurant that served chicken and waffles. Where the pairing of fried chicken and a syrup-covered breakfast waffle may seem a little strange to the uninitiated, this eclectic comfort food combination has been standard fare on the menus of traditional African-American restaurants for decades. The history is a little bit fuzzy, but many believe the dish traces its roots to Harlem-based restaurateurs catering to night club patrons who had danced most of the night away, and then spilled out into the streets too late to have dinner, but too early to want breakfast. Other legends claim that the pairing caught on shortly after **Thomas Jefferson** brought the waffle back from France in the 1790s. In any case, this uniquely southern delicacy is a rare find in SLC. The fact that it works so well is a bonus. It is just one of the many comfortable, made-to-order dishes available at Bayleaf Café.

To experience chicken and waffles in all of its glory, I had to consider the context of the myth. I would have to try the dish in the middle of the night, after an evening of dancing and soul music. Anything else would be outside of the appropriate framework. Now I don't pretend that this is how I always operate, but since Bayleaf seems to be steeped in tradition, I thought it appropriate to create the right context—especially for my first visit. Late one weekend, I headed over to the *Urban Lounge* to catch a set by the **Vile Blue Shades**. Not the most traditional soul music, but the best I could get on short notice. Once the dance floor cleared, I made my way to the café. Located on Main Street, Bayleaf is primarily a breakfast and lunch place. It's open 24-hours on the weekends. So in the middle of the night, after an incredibly long day, I sat down with a glass of Blueberry Lemonade (\$2.49) and had the kitchen fix me a plate of Chicken n Waffles (\$8.99). The platter that arrived shortly thereafter made me wonder why these two foods are ever served separately. The boneless chicken breast was coated with a crunchy breading and fried to a moist and tender perfection. The single, crisp waffle accompaniment was spiked with just the right amount of cinnamon, slathered with butter and served with the perfect amount of syrup. Individually the foodstuffs were certainly above-average. When



Photo: Barrett Doran

Chicken 'N' Waffles at the Bayleaf Cafe

served on the same plate, I understood immediately why everyone had recommended it to me. It is better than the sum of its parts.

Subsequent visits to Bayleaf have left me equally impressed. Owners **Seth** and **Haylen Radford** take the time to create comfortable, hearty meals that inspire repeat visits. My breakfast trips have been filled with the familiar Chicken n Waffles and other dishes like the Trash Plate (\$8.99)—a layered construction of thinly sliced hashbrown potatoes, cheese, sausage and bacon topped with two eggs. Everything on the breakfast menu looks fantastic to me, especially when paired with the café's creamy, cheddar-rich Cheese Grits (\$1.99). I have yet to try the Chicken Fried Steak and Eggs (\$8.99), but if the quality of the country gravy is any indication of how good it will be, I'm sure I'll love it.

Another dish I would highly recommend is the Meatloaf Platter (\$8.99). The meal consists of a generous slice of bacon-wrapped meatloaf smothered in country gravy and served with your choice of two sides. The meatloaf recipe has its origins in a handwritten recipe book that belonged to Radford's great-great grandmother. Seth's only tweak is the addition of bacon. When choosing side dishes, it is hard to go wrong with the traditional buttery Mashed Potatoes. The Collard Greens, customized with sugar, bacon, vinegar and Thai chili peppers, also stand up well. My favorite has to be the Hoppin John. Conventional Hoppin John is served throughout the South as an entrée. It normally consists of black-eyed peas simmered with onions and a ham hock served over white rice. Bayleaf's take on the dish eliminates the rice

entirely, adds a few more vegetables and a little more spice to the mix. The result is perfectly tender beans served in a rich, brown broth. A fine addition to any meal.

As Bayleaf finds its footing downtown, I expect it will become a favorite spot to many. The recent addition of a beer and wine menu and the new weekday delivery option (11 am-2 pm) make it that much more of a destination. And with the *glut* of quality late-night dining downtown, I don't see any reason to go anywhere else.

HOW I'M ACCIDENTALLY STALKING TIM BARRY

BY
RICKY
VIGIL

COLORING HELP FROM KELLEY JUDD

RICKY
SLUGMAG.COM

FEBRUARY 22, 2007-
KILBY COURT

I interview Tim Barry, despite only having heard his solo album 3 or 4 times and only being vaguely familiar with his band **AVAIL**. I'm pretty sure he knows both of these things.



His show that night had been canceled, but he and his sister/ violinist Caitlin and his friend/ guitarist Josh Small played a 2+ hour set out of their van.

It was probably the most amazing musical performance I've ever seen. I did a write-up for the show for slugmag.com. Go read it.

Tim drinks many cans of the misleadingly named beer "Milkshakes Best."



Also, Mr. Barry peed about a dozen times in front of me & my sister, but always with his back to us. A class act. I've seen one.



The night ends with a drunken hug between Barry and myself.



It should be noted that I wasn't drunk, and I'm pretty sure I initiated things.

OCTOBER 24, 2008 - BAR DELUXE

Full of alcohol and low on shame, I call Tim over and remind him who I am. He clearly doesn't wanna talk, but he's patient & polite anyway.



MARCH 23, 2009 - BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE

I have to confront Tim & his tour manager because I'm supposed to be on the list for his show, but I'm not. I eventually get in for free, but have to leave well before Tim plays. Oops.



SEPTEMBER 11-13, 2009 My girlfriend Kelley and I travel to Denver for the Suburban Home Records 14th anniversary weekend. Tim Barry is the headliner. Plus, he's staying in the same hotel as us—in the room next to us.

SEPTEMBER 11, 2009 We encounter Tim Barry in our hotel's elevator. He and Kelley strike up a casual conversation. She doesn't recognize him. I make no mention of our past encounters or my questionable actions during them.



SEPTEMBER 12, 2009

I pass Tim as I walk to the Suburban Home Warehouse. They are having a party and vinyl sale.



Tim informs me there is live music & pizza there. I act surprised, but I already know this.

LATER THAT DAY—3 KINGS TAVERN

I have to use the bathroom. Tim Barry is in there.



All potentially awkward situations are successfully averted.

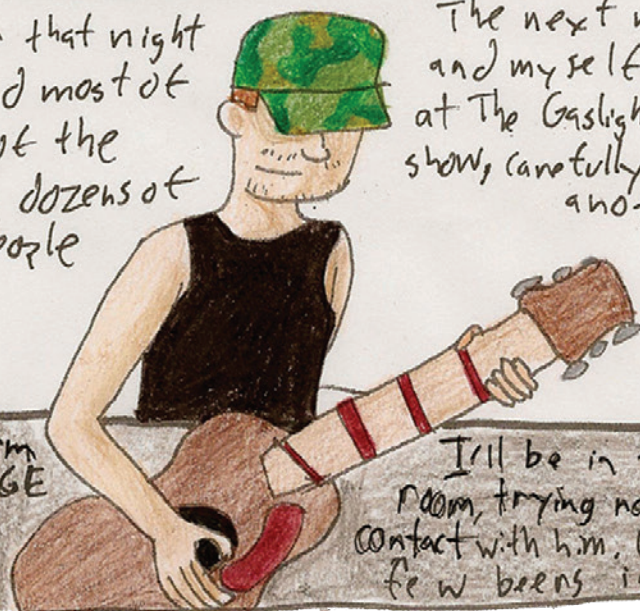
After several more beers, I have to use the bathroom again. Tim Barry gets in line behind me. He finally recognizes who I am. Tim tells me he recently re-read the write-up I did for his show at Kilby.



He said it gave him a much needed ego boost and he really enjoyed it.

Who's stalking who now?

Tim Barry's set later that night was awesome. He played most of it from the middle of the crowd, surrounded by dozens of pleasantly drunk people singing along.



The next night, both Tim and myself are in attendance at The Gaslight Anthem's Denver show, carefully avoiding one another's gaze.

TIM BARRY will perform at BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE on March 25, 2010

I'll be in the back of the room, trying not to make eye contact with him. Until I have a few beers in my system.



TIMES, THEY ARE A CHANGIN'



Photo: David Newkirk

KENNEDY GETS HER ASS KICKED BY TREVOR ROBINSON OF CUSTOM FIT.

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Facebook.com/princesskennedy

I must say I was really overwhelmed by the response to Sober Sister Part One. The notes of support and confessions of inspiration that **Jared's** story sparked were amazing. Thank you!

When we last left off I was embarking on a thirty-day sobriety plan in honor of my besty, Gorgeous Jared. It was a great way to learn which of my friends actually read my column. The ones that asked me (almost with joy) if my club soda was actually vodka and the ones that were confused as to why I wasn't drinking. **BUSTED ASSHOLES!** All in all there are a lot of folks in SLC that monitor my party habits. Mind your own beeswax, bitches!

You're all dying to know how it went, aren't you? I fucked up three times. The second day of it I went to a birthday party at a swanky joint with an open bar, I mean really, what's a girl suppose to do? Then there was an awards ceremony for *Dance Evolution* where I won best costume of the year with my compound FLDS child bride persona Viola Ated of the Ated Clan and finally, my girlfriend **Jo-Jo Bean's** birthday. So I've decided to limit my hardcore ways to award ceremonies and birthdays. With 1800 friends on Facebook (Princessa Kennedy) I figure I should be able to go balls-to-the-wall every day.

Reading my last column after publication, I kind of felt like a douchebag. It seemed a little to me that I was gloating at how "perfect I was" or "look at how easily I can put down the bottle." I get that I don't struggle the same way others do who have an alcohol addiction. I wasn't trying to point out others' flaws while, yet again, proving how incredibly fierce I am. I will never know what it's like to struggle day to day, powerless to the draw. I also didn't experience the guilt that would have come with the three times falling off the wagon, but it's

fair to say that I learned a bunch and milestones were reaccomplished. For one, I spent a sober five days in San Fran, which has never happened, even in the 12 years I lived there. I saved a ton of money, sort of—I just spent it on other addictions like fancy dining experiences and shoes (I got the most incredible Dolce and Gabbana fur-trimmed stiletto booties). It wasn't easy going to the bar and hanging out, but the most important thing I learned is, **SURPRISE**, I am in some sort of control of my life. I learned that I don't need to drink every time I go out. Four hours of sleep is way more functional than four hours of alcohol-induced sleep. I learned I'm a total stoner who doesn't consider pot a drug and I learned a lot of AA-ers feel the same (I guess sobriety is in the pipe of the beholder). I learned I don't need coke to shake my groove thang and that sober people hate drunk people, at least for extended amounts of time. I learned how much it sucks for the sober person to have everyone around either apologize for drinking or even worse, try to hide it. They're drunks, not retards. Love them, support them, don't make them feel compromised and you'll realize the common ground of your relationship will always be there, unless of course it was three-day crack binges, then it's pretty much over. Always remember that it's their problem to own, it's needless to point out your issues. Eventually with time and the right people, you'll be able to find humor in it, because alcoholism isn't funny, it's hilarious.

I've decided to continue on this path of self-control and really make a concerted effort for change in 2010. I started with transferring salons (I'm a hair burner by day) to the magnificent new *Ulysses* on State Street above *Sparks*. It's this really cool warehouse loft of turn-of-the-century vs. mid-century chic, uber creative and makes me feel like I've scored a little piece of the 718 right here in the 801. My next goal is to move out of my house. Those who attended *SLUG's* pride party

last year probably think I'm crazy cuz I have such an awesome party pad, but alas, it's too expensive. I'm over the "Old French Whore" feel and decor with too many fucking knick-knacks taking over my surfaces. I watch *Hoarders* on TV and instantly see my life careening to a guest appearance. I want a modern apartment downtown. Something with cement floors, clean lines, two white chairs, black coffee table and a giant canvas painted red hanging on the wall of my minimalist digs. Finally, I'm making the effort to eat less and go to the gym regularly. I've successfully, to this point of my life, managed to keep svelte on a diet and exercise of corn dogs and 40s of Old Milwaukee. I want to starve myself down 20 lbs so I look like **Britney Murphy**, postmortem. I have an amazing summer planned to reunite with my band **PEPPERSPRAY**, and I have to look flawless, especially if the rumors of us opening for **Beyonce** turn out to be true.

I'm going to do my best to follow through although I've never been one to keep up with New Year's resolutions, seeing as how they're mostly for fat people who work in cubicles. To reward myself for my accomplishments, I'm going to do something the Princess has never done: dye my hair dark brown. That's how you'll know I've succeeded. See, I've just recently found that I am half Italian (long story), once I've achieved my target I will fully embrace my newfound culture by living the motto of betterment practiced by countless Dego Wops everywhere—Gym, Tan, Laundry.

Who knows, I might re-succumb to the almighty corn dog and 40 oz., I might not have what it takes to condition myself to become a better person and reach my goals. Eventually, I may even be able to open myself to the idea of sharing this so-called-life with a significant other, but for now I'll take with me the most prophetic part of my sober sisters' mottos. One gay at a time Miss Thing, one gay at a time.

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KING KHAN

ROCK N' ROLL SOUL

By Ryan Sanford
ryansanford@slugmag.com



Photo: Kristen Klein

"I think this career choice was a lot smarter than boxing," says Arish "King" Khan, formerly known as **Blacksnake**. King Khan is the frontman of the retro soul-punk outfit **King Khan & the Shrines**. "I definitely chose a better type of brain damage," he says. Besides playing with the Shrines, King Khan also plays alongside good friend **Mark Sultan** (aka **BBQ**) in the two-piece, doo-wop punk band **The King Khan & BBQ Show**, and recently hooked up with **Black Lips** to record an album.

Newcomers to King Khan and his music will be surprised, shocked and possibly moved. When I first heard King Khan's music, I felt like I'd found something I'd been looking for all along: true rock and roll. There's nothing gimmicky, false or over-hyped about The Shrines or his music with BBQ. I could immediately tell it came from a deep-rooted passion, almost as if they were playing in a certain vein of music not because the times were changing, but rather because a man like King Khan was answering a calling to pay homage and continue to create the type of music that makes so many of us continue to fall in love

with records time and time again.

Take **Arthur Lee** from **Love**, mix him with dashes of **Bo Diddley**, **James Brown**, **Sun Ra** and the punk rock of **The Cramps**, throw in a few scandalous Bollywood characters and you still won't have even half the sum of who King Khan is on stage.

King Khan and the Shrines, who play here at *Urban Lounge* on April 9, are currently storming through the States on tour, bringing their soul-infused rock to needy individuals as if it were gospel. They met through personal ads placed in the German magazine *Happy Weekend*. They've been playing chaotic, fervent rock ever since, spreading their madness like disease.

King Khan opted to stay behind in Germany after a tour with his former Montreal-based band **The Spaceshits**, a band which was notoriously banned from most venues in Montreal. Germany is where King Khan still resides, operating his own Moon Studios, which he and his wife built in

their living room and where they have recorded countless records, including the last King Khan & BBQ Show album, *Invisible Girl*, as well as **Black Lips'** *Let It Bloom*, **Georgiana Starlington** and **Demon's Claws**. "People like to be entertained, and entertaining is what I do best," he says about his live show, which is filled with often notorious exploits.

The Shrines boast a variety of talent and a collage of influences (including some members having worked with **Ike and Tina**, **Bo Diddley** and **Curtis Mayfield**), and says their approach to music, while it may not sound like it, is to "keep it stupid simple."

King Khan approaches each show with a sense of spirituality, blending it with a certain mix of turmoil and soul. "My spirituality has a lot to do with chaos and firing up a bunch of bodies, whether it be through humor, pure psychedelic frenzy or music," he says. His stage antics are matched by his outfits (which his loving wife creates) and energy. "It's a question of soul-power and how to light a candle under the collective ass."

Apart from being a manic rock n' roll soul

preacher, many might not know that King Khan is a father of two and a loving family man. "I got married when I was 22 and we had our first baby a week after the wedding," he says. "Being a dad is the best thing ever and was the best inspiration to work hard and spread the rock n' roll love I have burning in my loins." King Khan also supports his sister's musical endeavors, who resides in Shanghai with her kids, and is helping her release her debut LP, after having been in the garage rock band **The Del-Gators** and **Cocobourre**.

King Khan's passion for music and life seems to pour out of him, and his dedication to his trade shows. He released three albums in just the last year and was part of numerous tours, including a tour with BBQ that was unfortunately cut short, thanks in part to the Oak Grove, Kentucky police department. Later this year, King Khan and BBQ will play numerous North American festivals, which includes time as **Almighty Defenders**. King Khan is also going to collaborate with **GZA**, working on his next album and touring in support of him.

He's also just finished creating the score for the German film *Schwarze Schafe*. "Director **Oliver Rihs** came to my house to show me a sex scene that he wanted one of my songs for," he says, "It was so great, the lovers even play chess after they make love." It sounds right up King Khan's alley. He continues, "I dug it so much that I asked if I could score the whole film. Next thing you know I was in the editing room with the film editors." King Khan has taken to life in Germany over the past decade, getting involved in nearly everything he can. "The film is a really great German black comedy that really captures the essence of Germany," he says.

King Khan is also a member of the **Kukamonga**

Death Cult. The group started from The Spaceshits and **Deadly Snakes**, and also includes Demon's Claws, **Gris Gris**, **The Spits** and the late **Jay Reatard**. Reatard, probably one of the world's greatest guitarists in recent memory, was dear friends with King Khan, having known him for over a decade. "Jay was definitely one of the greatest punk rockers I've ever known," Khan says, "I met him first when he was 17 and smoked dope with his mother at 5 am and then went to his place and watched UV porn."

"One of the best tales about Jay would have to be this show he played in a mechanic's garage," he says, "He got naked, covered himself in motor oil and then, by mistake, wound up spraying oven cleaner all over his balls and burning two layers of skin off his penis. Imagine him going to the hospital like that!"

King Khan's love for his family, music and friends shines through as he laments the last time he saw Jay Reatard. "It's really hard to believe that I'll never see him again. The last time we got to hang out was in South America. We did some shows together, and we were talking about how nice it is to meet in crazy parts of the world," he says. "We went swimming and took a long walk and had a very nice couple of days together."

"It gives me some solace to know that he is buried next to **Isaac Hayes**. I think that makes me really believe that we've all been following the right path in life."

Other members of the Kukamonga Death Cult include members of Black Lips, with whom King

Khan and BBQ recently teamed up in Berlin to record as a supergroup under the moniker Almighty Defenders. The album was recorded in four days in King Khan's living room following Black Lips need to flee India and seek asylum in Germany and boasts a great blend of some of the best parts of both group's musical leanings. King Khan, who is of Indian descent, says that India isn't ready for punk rock, but adds, "If I ever go there I wanna be typecast as a villain in several Bollywood films."

King Khan's adventures include many graphic tales of debauchery (pissing into a pint glass during an interview), Tarot cards and countless other wild sounding things, but at the end of the day, you can see he's one of the most easy going, excitable and genuine musicians you'll ever meet. When asked about Voodoo, he simply answers, "Invite me over to dinner and we can have a long talk about it over some owl meat." Apart from touring with The Shrines, BBQ and Almighty Defenders, he's also going to be working his fingers to the bone while working with **Bloodshot Bill** and past project **The Black Jaspers**, released on **In the Red Records**. "There is a lot of stuff to look forward to, but all the music stuff aside, I just wanna go home and cuddle," he says.

Anyone looking for a glimpse of what the true embodiment of honest rock n' roll looks and sounds like shouldn't miss the group when they grace our state with their fiery brand of music. You won't see any wannabe gypsy pirate folk-heroes on stage, but rather might catch a glimpse of King Khan and his loins. I'd say that's a fair trade.

King Khan & the Shrines play at Urban Lounge on April 9.





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Sat Mar 6: Werewolf Afro, Under Radar CD Release, Kiss Me Kill Me, Pink Tractor, KHP

Mon Mar 8: **GENE LOVES JEZEBEL**, Redemption, Carphax Files, Elemental

Thu Mar 11: Tera Vega, DarkBlood, Visions Of Decay, Enemy Octopus

Fri Mar 12: Blood Of Saints, Approaching Zero CD Release, Face The Tempest, Dead Wife By Knife

Sat Mar 13: Victims Willing, Corner Pocket, Negative Charge, Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday, Wanna!Gotta!Gimme!

Thu Mar 18: **BOBAFLEX, DOWNSTAIT**, Aura Surreal, Lidsore

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STUPID GIRLS

By Mike Brown

mikebrown@slugmag.com

It's no big secret that I work at a club that a lot of loyal *SLUG* readers frequent. I've already exposed to the world via *SLUG* what happens in the girl's bathroom there. In Leviathan issue #9 I revealed what it's really like to work the door. I recently started bartending and a whole new perception of the bar needs addressing.

The first myth I'd like to destroy like **Tiger Woods'** marriage is the one regarding the quality of music being shoved into my fragile eardrums. It isn't always good. People say things to me like, "Oh, you work at *Urban Lounge*? I bet you see so many awesome shows!" Quite the contrary. I'd imagine that's like saying to a highway trooper, "Oh! You are a trooper on I-15? I bet you see so many awesome cars!" When the reality is that the trooper probably sees so many mangled fenders and broken bleeding limbs he can't even care to remember the last time he pulled over **Mehmet Okur's** hot yellow Ferrari.

I mostly bartend on Mondays and Tuesdays. I see so many musical car crashes that it's just as sad as a twenty-car pileup on a pile of kittens. I'd rather hear the sounds of twisted metal and screaming, burning car crash victims than the sounds coming out of an amplifier on a Monday night at the *Urban*.

I can understand why people think that I see tons of awesome shows there. Those people go there when they want to go. I go there when I have to. I still like the job, but last week there were two bands that were particularly shitty. The quality of their behavior was as terrible as their music.

These two bands were **The Magic Kids** and **Girls**. Unlike my band, **The Fucktards**, the names of these two bands were highly misleading. There was certainly no magic in the bar that night and there were no girls in the band *Girls*, just a bunch of hipster bitches.

The first thing I noticed that night that made me think things could go awry was the high amount of Mormons entering the bar. Hey, nothing against Mormons (although most of you know how I feel about attending their mind-numbingly boring weddings) but Latter Day Saints in a bar is like me and all my friends in a church. It's just not right, but I still go when I have to.

How do I know when there are Mormons in the bar? Biggest sign of this is the unusually high number of Diet Cokes I'm serving without getting tipped. Please treat your Shirley Temples like your holy temples, Mormons. I understand that you already tip your god ten percent so you might feel like you don't have to tip anyone else. But look at it this way, since I don't believe in god you should tip me extra. I don't know why, but that makes perfect sense to me.

Things went from bad to worse when the Magic Kids started playing. It's hard to describe how shitty this band is. But alas, more insight into the Mor-

mons in the bar phenomenon, the singer mentioned the Holy Ghost. I don't know if the Holy Ghost was the name of one of their songs or albums, because I would never listen to this piece of shit band, but it suddenly explained why so many Mormons were there. (I will ask *SLUG's* resident Mormons **James Bennett** and **Rebecca Vernon** to confirm the relationship between the Magic Kids and the Holy Ghost, because my own research was lackadaisical and turned up nothing.)

Since the Holy Ghost goes to bed at midnight, the Magic Kids were done playing by said hour. But they weren't done being jackasses. Girls started playing and the crowd started doing the dance I like to call the Hipster Shuffle. It's where you don't really move very much: you kind of sway to and fro a bit with your arms folded, looking up at the band and then your shoes. Make sure you are ironically as offbeat to the music as you are to your outfit. Oh, and the most important part of the Hipster

Shuffle is when you look around the crowd at the other hipsters and make note of who is looking at you. Each nod equals three scene points.

Again it's hard for me to describe the terribleness that was coming out of our monitors. These bands insisted on using their own sound guy who clearly didn't know a soundboard from his own asshole. There was so much feedback that night you'd think Helen Keller was doing sound. People were actually complaining about how shitty the sound was, and rightfully so. But that's what those people get for listening to shitty music, in my opinion.

When these *Girls* and Magic Kids got drunk, they turned into the biggest wannabe rock star fucks ever, yelling at the bartenders for not getting booze after last call, not loading their gear until we had to yell at them to do so, trashing the green room and lighting off illegal fireworks at 2:30 in the AM. I wanted to get in a time machine and go back to their junior highs and become their personal bully.

I'm all for jackassery and whatnot, but I have a theory about acting like a rock star. The bigger

you and your band are, the bigger of a jackass you can act like. These bands brought 200 people to the *Urban Lounge* on a Friday night. That's not nearly a big enough ratio for such behavior. **Del The Funky Homosapien** smashed cookies all over the green room one time, and you know what? I was OK with that. Because Del packs the motherfuckin' joint and puts money in my pocket. Girls just pissed me off and acted like fuckfaces, and Magic Kids have Mormon fans, who don't drink, thus not making me any money. Stupid Girls.

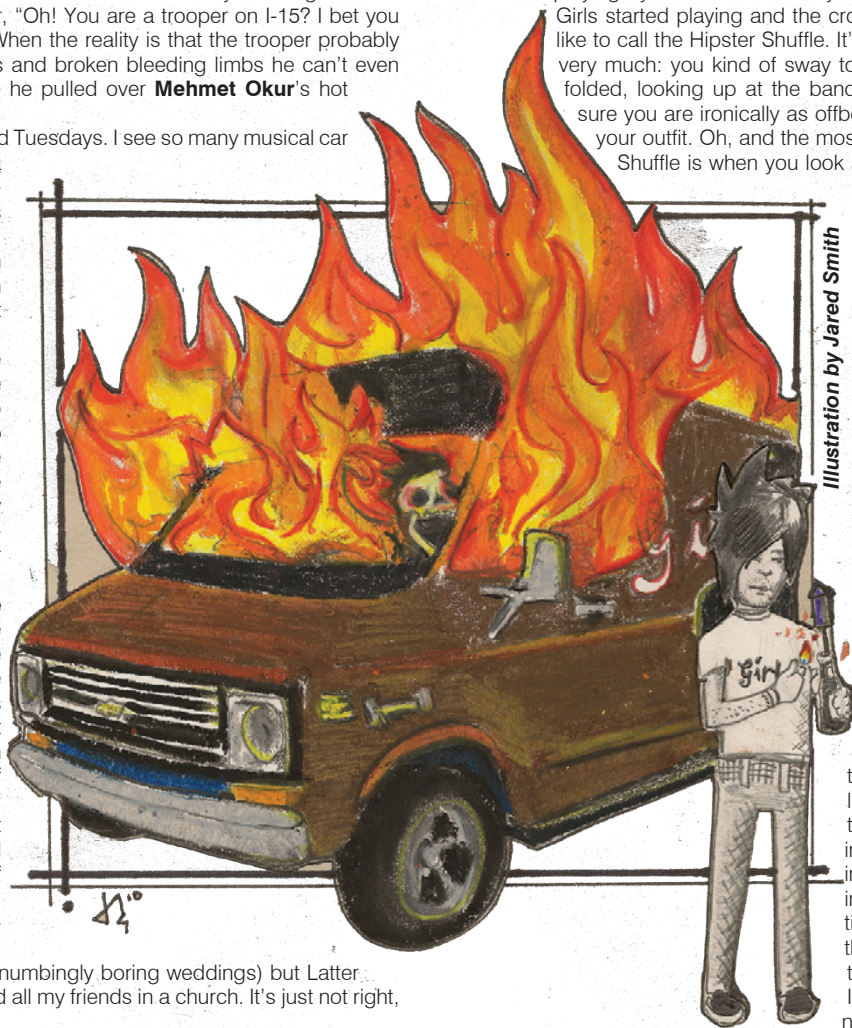


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GALLERY STROLL

4



Print by Paul Kaloper

Past, Present and Future as the Kayo Gallery Turns Six.

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Mariah@slugmag.com

The *Kayo Gallery* celebrated their sixth anniversary last month and like many locally-owned and operated businesses, they have changed the community that surrounds them for the better. I sat down with **Shilo Jackson** and **Davina Pallone**, the passionate women who keep the lights on and the art hung, to find out why they do it and what the future looks like for Broadway's flagship art gallery.

SLUG: Ladies, what was your favorite show since taking the helm two years ago?

Shilo Jackson: Each show has been so unique and so much fun. *The Oyster Pirates* was definitely a highlight. Working with newer artists like **David Habben** and **Dan Christoffersen** was a treat, and bringing artists in from outside of the state and country—*The Windy City* show from Chicago and **Christian Rothenhagen** from Germany was so much fun. Look for more of that in the future.

Davina Pallone: I'm really excited for this May's show, featuring a collaborative gallery take-over by **Cara Despain** and **Mary Toscano**. Last year, I really loved **Amber Heaton's** back-wall installation of deep-sea creatures. That was really sweet to live with for the month, and I missed it when it was taken down. **Kenny Riches'** show was also great and had it all: painting, installation, video, retail!

SLUG: What's the hardest part of owning and operating a gallery?

SJ: I don't think people realize that we pay out of our own pockets to keep *Kayo* going. Our overhead is low, but in the last two years we've only had a handful of months where sales were significant enough to cover rent. It can sometimes make it difficult to stay objective when picking shows because we want to bring in artists who will have sales, but at the same time don't want that to dictate what we show. Lucky for me I have good taste in art and that's what I go by frequently when picking shows.

DP: We need volunteers! We have a list a mile long for ways to improve our operations, expand our reach and better represent our artists, but we need about five more of ourselves to get it all done.

SLUG: What do you have planned for *Kayo* in 2010?

SJ: This year we have a plethora of new artists along with some of our standard shows (*Round 6*, *Print Exchange*, the *24 Hour Show*, *Small Works*, *Box*, *Paper*, *Scissor*). Check out our website for the line-up. Late last year, we decided to use the window space for exhibit space, and we still have some openings for 2010, so submit your entries! We're also looking at adding classes, critique groups and having memberships for pre-show privileges.

Kayo's annual *Print Exchange*, hosted by *SLUG* alumni **Camilla Taylor**, opens March 19 with a reception from 6-9 pm followed by a special "Coffee with the Artist" on Saturday, March 20 sponsored by *NoBrow*. Five of the participating artists will talk briefly about their work and their print in the show, along with a short demo of some of the techniques. Both the reception and talk are free. This year's theme is *Liminal*, by definition: "of or relating to a transitional or initial stage of a process. 2) occupying a position at, or on both sides of, a boundary or threshold." Each artist will have 15 6" x 6" prints available for purchase for the incredible price of \$20 each. Confirmed artists include Camilla Taylor, **Trent Call**, **Claire Taylor**, **Cein Watson**, **Sri Whipple**, **Paul Kaloper**, **Steve Jansen**, **Kimiko Miyoshi**, **Meg Charlier**, **Leia Bell** and **Amber Heaton**.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

7:00 PM

SLEEP DEALER

DIRECTED BY ALEX RIVERA

Set in a near future, a world is created where the border between the U.S. and
Mexico is closed, creating a climate where globalization, corporate greed and
exploitation of the poor are a chilling reality. **RATED PG-13.**

TUESDAY, MARCH 16

7:00 PM

CRONOS

DIRECTED BY GUILLERMO DEL TORO

Guillermo del Toro's first feature film won numerous awards and launched the
career of one of today's most respected filmmakers. Vampires and villains rule
the roost in a tale about a 14th century golden scarab that holds the key to
eternal life. **RATED R.**

TUESDAY, APRIL 20

7:00 PM

TIMECRIMES (LOS CRONOCRIMENES)

DIRECTED BY NACHO VIGALONDO

The first feature film from Oscar-nominated short film director Nacho
Vigalondo is an intricate and well-crafted sci-fi thriller with driving energy
and a disquieting atmosphere. **RATED R.**

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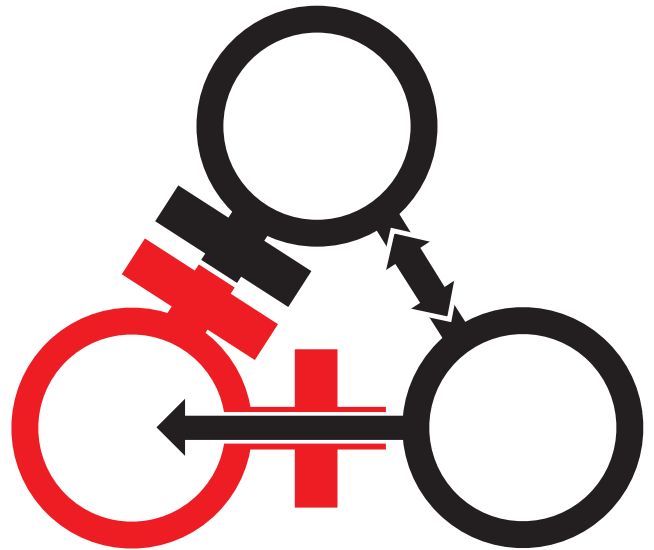
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



What's Your Fetish?

©By Dr. Evil, Ph.D.

What is the number one, most common fetish in the world? The *foot fetish*. Talk to just about any woman out there about shoes or shoe shopping and expect to get an earful. Try and ask a guy to throw out his favorite nasty old tennis shoes and you might risk divorce. According to researchers at the University of Bologna, 47 percent of people who fetishize body parts prefer feet and anything associated with the appendages (toes, toenail polish, socks, shoes, boots, heels, etc.).

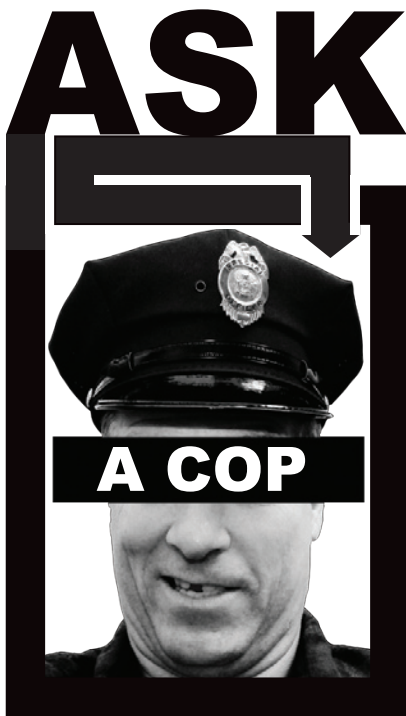
If you have five pairs of tennis shoes in your closet and six belts hanging off the closet door, that's pretty normal. If you have 30+ pairs of original Nike's or 65 belt buckles, that's a collection—or maybe a fixation or obsession? Does owning \$4,000 of MAC makeup give you a high every time you add to your stockpile, or does walking into a motorcycle shop make your endorphins rush? Then you may have a fetish, kid. If you have to have your MAC makeup on before you have great sex or wear full biker leathers while you do it (or both!) to get off, then you have a *sexual* fetish, no doubt about it.

Cruise the Internet and you'll find a million fetishes out there that will turn you on, make you laugh or just gross you out. There are body related fetishes like arm pit lovers, zit popper freaks (*popthatzit.com*), people who love midgets (*microphilia*), and people who only want to have sex with amputees. Then there are visual fetishes for people that get off looking at photos or youtubes about women who cook with other women, women who fart on things (*cakefarts.com*) and men or women in uniform. No icon is immune from fantasizing and fetishizing over either, as there are healthy happy freaks masturbating out there to (and even dressed as) The Jolly Green Giant or Sprout, Wonder Woman, Superman, Elmo, Hello Kitty, and on and on. The guy in the cubicle next to you may be wearing his Ninja Turtle boxers today, and not because they make his girlfriend laugh. Did you love that fuzzy teddy bear you had as a kid? If you really love or are attracted to stuffed animals, then you are a plushophile. And if you want to dress up as a big fuzzy plush toy then join a group of "furries" on Yahoo and subscribe to any myriad of furry fanzines.

Certainly not all fetishes are sexual in nature, though. If you really like robots or Barbie/Ken dolls and swear you don't get aroused by them you may just be a big dorky fan with an obsession. You move into the realm of kink away from ordinary people when you begin to admit you're into stuff like wearing diapers, cross dressing or watching people piss.

Words to the wise: "to each their own" is a terrific philosophy, but if your obsession/fetish starts interfering in a bad way with your life or the lives of others, you may need to see a shrink.

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.



Dear Cop,

While perusing the Salt Lake City Police Department's website, I stumbled upon a very interesting section: Tips for Cash. I'm not sure what I expected to find there, but when I realized that the crime tips deemed cash worthy by the SLCPD (homicide, drive-by shootings, toxic dumping, etc.) are far more serious than what most common citizens encounter, I was slightly disappointed. I have never witnessed any such events and likely never will, making my chances at being rewarded for reporting a crime very, very low. I understand the motive behind offering a reward for information about these most serious crimes, but why is there not a way to report less serious, but far more common crimes? It seems like I'm caught behind a clearly drunk driver at least once a week (usually on my way to work on an early Saturday or Sunday morning), and I can't count how many goddamn times I've seen a

person (usually a woman—sorry ladies) texting while flying down the freeway. I know that these crimes are relatively minor and they don't lead to serious consequences as often as, say, aggravated arson, but these are the kinds of crimes most people encounter every day and would likely be willing to report. I, for one, would be more than satisfied without a cash reward—the knowledge that I had ruined someone's day and cost them money because of their own poor decisions would be satisfactory enough. Plus, we'd be doing your work for you—just show up and write a ticket and you're one more pissed off citizen closer to your quota. It's win-win!

Wow.....You asked, "Why is there not a way to report less serious, but far more common crimes?"

What an excellent question! Recently, a couple of other very brilliant people (like you) asked the very same thing. What did those experts come up with? Well, very soon you're going to hear about a remarkable new system being implemented, not just in this country but in many places around the world. In the U.S. you will shortly have the ability to dial just three numbers from any phone and instantly be connected with the cops.

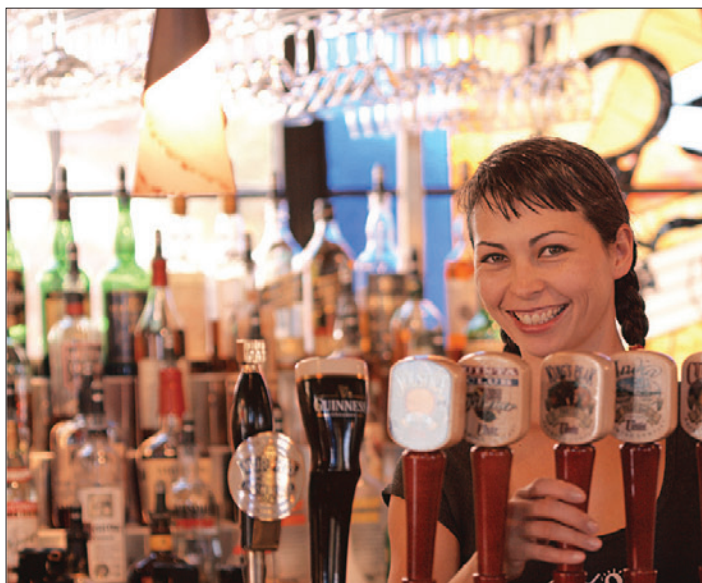
They're proposing the numbers 9-1-1 for this service, but I personally don't know if this will fly. Can you imagine how things will change? Instead of surfing the internet to discover how to report your ass being kicked, just dial 911 and describe your salad toss. No need to locate a cop at the station, 7-11 or local watering hole. They'll actually be sent to you when needed. Simply amazing!

Regarding your desire to obtain employment as a professional, less serious, common crime reporter (snitch, "brave tough guy/gal," loose lips, twaker, tattletale, narc, etc.), I doubt it'll fly. For the chump shit, you'll probably need to dial 911 out of the goodness of your heart.

Personally, I hope this 911 bullshit goes away. The last thing I ever expected when I became a cop was to actually have to help people, serve my community, or be excited about pursuing fun and danger. Change some ol' lady's tire in a snowstorm? Hell no, that's neither safe nor comfortable.

Your idea of doing my job for me, and getting paid for it, well that sounds like a lot more work for me. I see your 911 fiasco as destroying my pleasant career of sitting in a donut shop or Denny's, not being around when needed. Let's see, you propose that instead of sitting safely in a coffee shop, where nothing bad ever happens to cops, I should be summoned to your 16-year-old girl texting on the freeway report. I think that meeting the "man's" quota might be far safer than the coffee shop, and especially, of course, with your help, "brave puss." Sign me up!

Send your question to: askacop@slugmag.com.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

Black Dynamite

Sony Pictures

Street: 02.16



The **Wayans Brothers** should probably screen **Scott Sanders**'s perfected spoof of 1970s blaxploitation films if they want to discover how the comedic craft is properly executed. After his undercover brother is murdered in cold blood, the smoothest crime fighter this side of the street, **Black Dynamite (Michael Jai White)** comes out swinging with vengeance, but not without forgetting to sweet talk every foxy bitch crossing his path. As the funniest parody film delivered in years, White is hysterical as the jive-talking kung-fu kicking badass. The fact that no one breaks character, not even at the most hysterical of moments, is a testament to the dedication and motivation involved in the filmmaking process. Everything from the shifting cinematography and choppy editing to the retro costumes and mellow dialogue make Sanders' film a flawless tribute. To add icing on the cake, **Adrian Younge**'s funky soulful soundtrack only solidifies the detailed research that went into this uproarious undertaking. *—Jimmy Martin*

Cop Out

Warner Bros.

In Theaters: 02.26

Director **Kevin Smith**'s talents have always been stronger in the writing department, so his first attempt at directing an outsider's script was



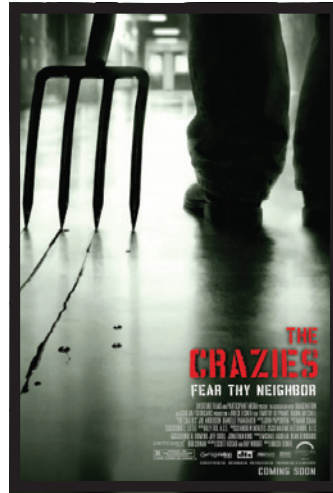
off to a questionable start from the beginning. His latest film, **Cop Out**, follows two police officers, **Jimmy Monroe (Bruce Willis)** & **Paul Hodges (Tracy Morgan)**, as they're put on a 30-day suspension without pay following their participation in a hazardous public shoot out. In order to pay for his daughter's wedding, a cash-strapped Jimmy decides to sell a rare baseball card, but after it's stolen in a robbery, the two officers become intertwined with a Latin drug lord/baseball fanatic obsessed with expanding his empire. Smith attempts to deliver an homage to 1980s buddy cop films complete with **Harold Faltermeyer**'s (composer of the *Beverly Hills Cop* "Axel F" theme) synthesizer score and the stereotypical enraged police captain, but fails with his lackadaisical approach in direction. To make matters worse, Morgan's inability to provide improvisational skills for long periods of time increase the sense of boredom paved smoothly throughout the entire production. Who would have guessed co-star **Seann William Scott** (a.k.a. *American Pie*'s Stifler) would be the only actor producing a significant amount of laughs as a juvenile, foul-mouthed mimicking cat burglar? *—Jimmy Martin*

The Crazies

Overture Films

In Theaters: 02.26

In the past year, the zombie genre



has gained increasing momentum, and I couldn't be happier. There's nothing better than a horrific visual representation of society crumbling in a fiery disaster. While the devastators of this remake of **George A. Romero**'s 1973 film are not those of the undead, their menacing antics are definitely in the same category. After a military plane crashes in a nearby swamp with mysterious cargo onboard, various residents of the small Iowa community of Ogden Marsh become psychotic killers without explanation. As the chaos escalates and an intense military operation quarantines the township, the local sheriff (**Timothy Olyphant**) and his pregnant wife (**Radha Mitchell**) fight for survival as they make their way to the border. Director **Breck Eisner** puts a great spin on the genre with these ravenous citizens who hold grudges and place their victims in multiple terrifying predicaments including a thrilling car wash sequence. Olyphant and Mitchell play off each other well as their situation becomes increasingly gruesome. The film does utilize cheap thrills and gags to extract screams from the audience, but not too many to spoil its creative elements. *—Jimmy Martin*

Dead Snow

IFC Films

Street: 02.23

Straight out of Norway comes the greatest resurrection to a

genre since sliced bread...wait, that doesn't even make sense... fuck it...Nazi Zombies!!! When eight college medical students (four horny males and four sexy females) decide to spend their Easter vacation in an isolated cabin in the mountains with no phone service, rock music, alcohol, and Twister, no good can ever come of it. When a stranger unexpectedly arrives, seeking brief shelter, he informs the rambunctious bunch of the region's unnerving connection to World War II. Add a barrage of blood-thirsty zombies from the SS and the result includes splattered gelatinous brains, slit throats, exposed intestines, and gallons upon gallons of blood spilled on the glistening white powder. The level of horror surpasses frightening and veers toward absurd, and that's the point. One can only pray Hollywood doesn't sink its whetted teeth into the neck of this foreign beauty and develop another turd-tacular replica. *—Jimmy Martin*

Nirvana Live at Reading

Universal Music Enterprises

Street: 11.3.09

Nirvana's live performance at the UK's Reading Music Festival in 1992 has been noted as one of the most significant in the bands history as well as that of the festival itself. Until now, this performance has only been available as a bootleg. I was originally planning on just throwing this on in the background while I did some stuff around the house, but I was lured in by my loyal grunge leanings and had to sit and watch the DVD in its entirety. Re-mastered and colorized and all of that stuff, **Kurt Cobain** is still gruff and leaving **Krist Novoselic** and **Dave Grohl** to fend for themselves on stage while he steps off to "do his thing" (he really only takes off twice). The beauty of the grunge scene is you've got to be pretty jacked up to really mess up the show, which Kurt did not do. Performing almost all of *Nevermind* and taking tracks from *In Utero* and *Bleach*, Nirvana is in top form for most of the set. A "Hendrix-esque" cover of the National Anthem by Cobain provides top-notch

background music as Grohl chucks cymbals like Frisbees at his drums and bandmates to make for an amazing ending. —Ben Trentelman

Percy Jackson & the Olympians: The Lightning Thief

20th Century Fox
In Theaters: 02.12



Anyone denying that the Percy Jackson series is a rip off of **J. K. Rowling**'s wonder wizard is clearly lying to themselves. Hell, even the director of the first two Harry Potter films, **Chris Columbus**, helms this first cinematic envisioning of **Rick Riordan**'s modern Greek mythology escapades. However, seeing that the Potter parade is almost over, a new fantasy franchise is exactly what the doctor ordered. Percy Jackson (**Logan Lerman**) is a typical teenager suffering from dyslexia, ADHD and an abusive stepfather, but when it is discovered that Percy is a demigod and the son of Poseidon, the fact he can hold his breath under water for over seven minutes becomes more plausible. Along with this breakthrough, Percy is informed that Zeus' lightning bolt has been stolen and he is the prime suspect, and if the weapon is not returned within 14 days, a war of epic proportions will erupt on Earth's surface. With the help of a centaur (**Pierce Brosnan**), a satyr (**Brandon T. Jackson**) and a fellow female half-god (**Alexandra Daddario**), Percy sets out to clear his name and restore order to both realms. Columbus, while using unoriginal yet unavoidable source material, separates himself far enough apart to spark off these new adventures in good graces,

but rushes somewhat to diminish the running time. Lerman offers up a fearless interpretation of a rising hero, but it's the grandiose visual effects that positively overshadow the entire production. —Jimmy Martin

Shutter Island Paramount Pictures In Theaters: 02.19



There's no question whether or not **Martin Scorsese** is a master filmmaker. His latest project plays out like a Hitchcockian film noir detective story that contains enough twists and turns to make **M. Night Shyamalan**'s jaw drop. Set in 1954, the film follows an ex-military officer now deputy marshal, Teddy Daniels (**Leonardo DiCaprio**) and his new partner (**Mark Ruffalo**) who have been assigned to investigate the disappearance of a female patient at a mental institution for the criminally insane. As the investigation slowly progresses despite an unhelpful staff led by the snarky Dr. Cawley (**Ben Kingsley**), the simple missing person case spirals out of control into a multi-layered governmental conspiracy theory where no one can be trusted and reality may not be exactly what it seems. While there are a few middle segments that bog down the pace and a misplaced yet powerful score that cheaply induces suspense, Scorsese does utilize his environment with lighting, camera angles, and sound design (especially the creepiness of silence) to evoke fear in his susceptible audience. Two supporting roles standing out include **Michelle Williams** as an eerie spiritual guide/DiCaprio's dead wife and **Jackie Earle Haley**'s portrayal of a patient of Ward C, the

housing for the most violent Shutter Island guests. —Jimmy Martin

Valentine's Day New Line Cinema In Theaters: 02.12



For some directors, it can be a nightmare to control the inflated ego of a Hollywood icon on set, so one can only imagine the headaches **Garry Marshall** endured while directing the 20+ celebrities starring in his latest romantic comedy, Valentine's Day. Set during a 24-hour time period in Los Angeles, the film revolves around a series of couples, somehow connected in one way or another, as they endure the Hallmark holiday creation. The stories include a newly engaged couple (**Ashton Kutcher & Jessica Alba**), fraternizing co-workers (**Topher Grace & Anne Hathaway**), a superstar quarterback with a secret (**Eric Dane**), two lovers living a lie (**Patrick Dempsey & Jennifer Garner**), recently acquainted airline passengers (**Bradley Cooper & Julia Roberts**), high school virgins (**Emma Roberts & Carter Jenkins**) and a preachy elderly couple (**Hector Elizondo & Shirley MacLaine**). The majority of films that cram enough celebrities to perform a rendition of "We Are the World" usually fall flat on their face, and this ensemble romance isn't an exception. **Katherine Fugate**'s script fails miserably with its contrived dialogue and cookie cutter storylines, while Marshall follows suit by filling the screen with clip art visuals of love including toddlers kissing and a midget couple walking hand-in-hand. The overabundance of clichéd sweetness will put anyone into a diabetic coma. —Jimmy Martin

The Wolfman Universal In Theaters: 02.12



After receiving notice of his brother's disappearance, Lawrence Talbot (**Benicio Del Toro**) returns to his childhood home in Blackmoor, England only to find out his sibling has been found ... in several shredded pieces. As the township blames the local gypsies for the brutal murder, Lawrence visits the gypsy compound to seek out the truth, but during his investigation, he himself is bitten by a savage beast in a vicious attack. After recovering rather quickly with bizarrely heightened senses, Lawrence is notified of his newfound curse that transforms its victims into man-wolf hybrid creatures during full moons. When the news spreads, the parish immediately gathers their pitchforks and torches, but end up in a gory bloodbath. Director **Joe Johnston** is unsuccessful at providing appealing characters worthy of compassion, which comes across even worse given the actors associated with the film. **Anthony Hopkins** stands out amongst the cast as Lawrence's off-putting philosophical father, while the gifted **Emily Blunt** is left with barely anything to do except periodically shed tears. Nevertheless, the target audience for this classic stylized horror genre, and various newcomers, will be quite satisfied with the gruesome body count and inventive death sequences, and especially with **Rick Baker**'s unrelenting talent in the makeup department. —Jimmy Martin

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S4 OPTICS

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Photo: Dorobiala

I must say that I am quite the stickler about what I wear on my eyes while shredding in the mountains. Goggles can make or break your day. There is nothing worse than a blower powder day ruined by fogged or frozen goggles. I have used different brands of goggles, but I must say these things stand up right next to the big dogs. I was fortunate enough to test them out all over the place in different conditions, from sunny bluebird days in the Wasatch to blower greybird pow days in the interior of British Columbia. As you can imagine, this pair of goggles performed really well. The pair of goggles that I received came with the Smoke Lens, which was excellent in both flat light and those sunny days at the 'Bird. There were no watering eyes, no fogging and no distortion, allowing me to do what it was I came to the mountain for. The spherical lens design provides good peripheral vision with no distortion at all. That being said, this pair of goggles gets the two-ski-poles-up rating for extra-awesome eye protection. —Mike Reff

32 Outerwear

Cappa Jacket, Shilo Pant and Lashed Boots
Thirtytwo.com

When I'm layering up to go shred, I want to keep warm, not flare out with my unzipped jacket, flannel and five little chest hairs poking out of my v-neck to accent my gypsy-bling chain and skinny jeans belling out over my boots. The dudes over at 32 understand this, and they have created some functional outerwear masterpieces, no fashion statement needed. I'll lead you from top to bottom starting with the Cappa Jacket. It's a technical-but-subtle design with just a few color accents. A 100gm inner liner keeps you toasty while the double pit zips get the air circulating on those steaming spring days. Waist and wrist gaiters keep the pow out, and the waterproof pocket zips keep my utensils dry—Jah know I be shreddin' da trees, bra! Inside features also include an MP3 player pocket and goggle pocket. Moving down to the Shilo Pant, this is their baggiest design. I'm not talking G-Thug 3000 here, just enough room to really tweak your switch method without a crotch blowout. There is a full crotch zip vent for an extra breath of fresh air. An EP-8000 waterproofing rating and

the EP-5000 breathability rating ensure dryness inside and out. Now to the toes. There is nothing worse than new boots, unless you're rocking a pair of Lashed Boots. This boot looks as good as it feels. STI Evolution Foam makes the boot extra lightweight—it feels about as heavy as my skate shoe. Independent eyestays allow you to get a snug fit with traditional laces. The articulating cuff eliminates shell distortion and increases heel hold. As with all 32 boots, the inner liner can be heat molded to custom fit your foot. So there you go kids: the full rundown on some hecka-tight gear brought to you by 32. —Swainston

Eskuché

Control CPU Headphones
Eskuche.com

Just when you think all headphones are created equal, for the most part, someone comes out of the woodworks and drops a pair of the best things you've ever seen/heard. Eskuche has done just that and kept it extremely old school, too. The Control CPU headphones are lightweight, loud and extremely functional. They have two extender cords that customize the length of the cord to be exactly how long you need it to be and also offer a hands-free mic for use on all those fancy phones that do the internet on them too, so no one can tell if you are just singing the words to a really odd song or talking on the telecommunication device. They remind me of an old pair of studio headphones, but with the technological advancements of today. The Control CPU is without a doubt the top contender for any music lover when the quality of the sound comes first. Escúchalo por ti mismo. —Adam Dorobiala

VholdR

Contour HD
Vholdr.com



Photo: Dorobiala

I have broken so many cameras trying to strap them to places they shouldn't go: under skateboards, on legs, wrists, hats, etc. Now thanks to the awesome folks over at VholdR, I can strap my digital camera anywhere I please with no repercussions. The ContourHD wearable camera is about the size of a pack of smokes and shoots 720p HD video in 30 frames per second or, if you want that gravy-train slo-mo to turn out, 60 fps. Its lens is seriously wide and can be modified by clicking the front casing to either side so no matter how you mount it, you can make sure that the video clip will be facing the right way. They even have models that do full 1080p video, are water-

resistant (not waterproof mind you) and yield even more spectacular unseen views of your adventures on anything that you want a different angle on. Fuckin' rad. —Adam Dorobiala

Ergophobia Clothing

Sachmo Hoodie and Double Standard Jeans
Ergophobia.com



Photo: Mayrose

Despite the fact that I do pretty much everything in life for free, there are times when I am rewarded. One of those times was this winter, when I received a box of fresh gear from my friends over at Ergophobia. Yeah, I know you haven't heard of them—or maybe you have and they just haven't become a household name yet—but that's about to change. Hailing from the "Jersey Shore," this anti-Guido gear is sure to be the next Volcom without the public stock options. Now in its second year, Ergophobia, which means fear of work (yup, we can all agree on that), has expanded its line into full production including jeans, tees, hoodies, shorts and hats. Its team also got a revamping when they signed the talented **Kris Markovich** to bolster their already impressive lineup (they have some beasts of old and new). Although not readily available everywhere yet, this company is spreading faster than Snookie's legs. So if you don't want to be that lame kid looking like an Abercrombie and Fitch model or a thrift store hero, head over to ergophobia.com and check out some of that "next, new, now" shit! In a day and age when being fresh and different is hard to come by, these guys are turning the tables, because nobody really wants to be that smelly kid at the skate park. —Shawn Mayer

More product reviews available on slugmag.com



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GAME REVIEWS

5



Salem and Rios:
a nightmare for hired goons everywhere.



I like my women like I like my coffee:
incorporeal and hesitant.

Army of Two: The 40th Day

EA Montreal

Reviewed on: Playstation 3

Also on: Xbox 360

Street: 01.12

What was your favorite aspect of the first *Army of Two*? For me it was the sense of camaraderie that came from the co-op gameplay. That, or pimpin' out my guns in gold, silver and mahogany—that part was sweet too. If these aspects are what appealed to you too, then *Ao2: 40th Day* is a must-play. Every aspect of the co-op shooter gameplay mechanic has been polished to a squint-inducing shine. Read carefully: *40th Day* has the single best cover shooter mechanic ever invented. Fuck your *Gears of War*, and double fuck your *Mass Effect 2* (you know it takes a lot for me to say that). But seriously, the fluid ease with which you take cover and fire in this game really just reduces other cover shooters to quivering puppies fear-pissing in the corner. Of course there's a catch, and the catch is this: *40th Day* has zero story. I can sum up the plot in four words: "Shanghai is exploding, escape!" The feeble morality choices presented us are as 2D as they come and really they feel like an apology to the player for not having more characterization. Well, apology accepted, EA Montreal. If you have to cut out aspects of your sequel to give sufficient development time to what really matters (gameplay), so be it. Maybe *Army of Two 3* will be the total package. Until then, gameplay on this title is near-perfect and I have the option of a leopard print AK-47. What's not to like? —Jesse Hawlish

(54) SaltLakeUnderGround

Dirt 2

Codemasters

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: PC, PS3

Street: 09.08.09

There aren't many racing games worthy of a complete play-through—especially for the Xbox 360, which doesn't have any of the *Gran Turismo* titles. If you're sick of playing the *Need for Speed* games, *Dirt 2* is challenging enough to hold interest for any player but not so difficult as to cause frustration. Most importantly, the translation from real-life racing to video game racing is downright amazing. There are plenty of moments during race types, especially the trailblazer races, when you'll be cringing with your controller in a tight grip, completely engrossed in the experience, almost feeling like if you crash, you're going to sustain injury somehow. For fans of the first game, which utilized some of the same no-holds-barred race types, or Codemasters' other racer *Grid*, you'll see the lovely flashback ability that you can use if you total your car or truck or buggy, or if you just plain screw up during a key moment of the race. You can essentially rewind and attempt to fix your error. *Dirt 2* offers straightforward intensity and aggressive off-and-on road racing based more on substance than style, no worrying about drifting points or even bumping into fellow racers, just down and dirty outright racing glory. —Bryer Wharton

The Legend of Zelda: Spirit Tracks

Nintendo

Reviewed on: Nintendo DS (Exclusive)

Street: 12.07.09

You've played *Zelda* before. You're Link. She's *Zelda*. She gets kidnapped. You have to rescue her. Go to a dungeon. Get a new weapon. Kill a giant monster. Repeat until Ganondorf is dead and order is restored. The formula hasn't changed over the years, but holy fuck are the *Zelda* games fun, and *Spirit Tracks* is no different. Set 100 years after Link's previous DS outing, *The Phantom Hourglass*, *Spirit Tracks* features the same intuitive controls and addictive gameplay that has made the series, and particularly the DS entries, so much fun to play. Oh yeah, and *Zelda* gets killed at the beginning of the game. Kinda. She's your ghostly guide for most of the game, and can even possess some enemies, but it really sounds cooler than it is. This is the kind of game that you can play for hours at a time and not realize just how much time has passed in the real world. Some of the game is still tedious and irritating (traveling by a train is no more fun than traveling by boat) and you'll surely look like a jackass blowing into your DS to play Link's magical flute (if you don't do it the Demon King wins!), but *Spirit Tracks* is a lot of fun, even if it isn't a vast re-imagining of the *Zelda* universe. —Ricky Vigil

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LOCAL

REVIEWS

Arsenic Addiction *Requiem of the Fallen*

Self-Released
Street: 08.04.09

Arsenic Addiction = Crisis + In This Moment + Kittie

Any band that has a song titled "Bruce Campbell" is cool with me, even if it's only a minute long. In all seriousness, Salt Lake City's Arsenic Addiction leave listeners wanting more instead of less with their EP *Requiem of the Fallen*. The band plays a nice, modern metal melodic/heavy mix with no damn chugga chugga breakdowns, thank goodness. The riffing, while a bit simplistic at times, is effective at being catchy and contains some nice lead work and brief yet good soloing. The songs feel like Crisis and In This Moment had a bastard child and it's Arsenic Addiction. Vocals are a standout sung with conviction and range, death snarls and growls from a woman vocalist that don't wind up sounding like a dude growling. The most important thing about the songs on the EP is they're all backed with real emotion because in the end, who really wants to listen to a band pretend to be angry and sorrowful when you can get the real deal. —Bryer Wharton

The Awful Truth *Object Permanence*

Orchid Collective
Street: 10.20.09
The Awful Truth = Magnolia Electric Co. + Bill Callahan + Kind of Like Spitting



Newcomer to the Salt Lake folk and indie scene, **Brent Colbert** (and friends) will fit in nicely. *Object Permanence* is a quiet album, setting the mood nicely on the second track from which the album gets its name before drifting into the apologetic "Out of State Places," one of the album's best and a song which carries the mood with an almost twangy lead guitar, brushed drums and a delicately picked acoustic rhythm before kicking into the upbeat "Picture and Find," adding contrast. "Sons of Disaster" is a crafty tune much akin to **Elliott Smith's** *Figure 8* phase, although it's short and bittersweet. "M.S.T." is a reflective, almost melancholic track that (56) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

gives way to the yee-hawing "Purple Station Wagons." The Awful Truth is recording another album already and *Object Permanence* is a sign of good things to come. (Kilby Court 03.25) —Ryan Sanford

The .bLARE" *Nine Time Priming EP* **KeepTheBasUP Records**

Street: 12.30.09

The .bLARE" = The Helio Sequence + Mock Orange + Owl City

Every unpaid music critic dreams of writing a critical review of a band's early release that prompts them to make prescribed changes and then go on to great glory. I know this is a mirage, but still ...The .bLARE", let's chat. Like any first time director, you have a great first act, but have no clue how to follow that up. To wit, "Signs of Life" is a fantastic instrumental electro-pop song, but it is almost totally divorced from the rest of the EP. Your middling indie rock songs erase any memory of that competent, albeit brief, moment. Second, keeping with the electro-pop aesthetic, just play instrumental. Seriously. I know you have a journal full of wistful ideas for pop songs, but don't, ok? I will not sit through another tone-deaf Owl City-esque "I am (T)Here." Cool, glad we had this talk. TTYL. —Ryan Hall

Citizen Fate *Cranked To Overkill* **Self-Released**

Street: 01.10

Citizen Fate = drunken karaoke – the alcohol and the fun

Local CDs are always a mixed bag. 95 percent of the time they suck, and once in a while they 100 percent suck. Unfortunately for my ears, *Citizen Fate* fell immediately into the latter category. It is always impressive when someone pays money to produce their own music—that is 'indie' in the purest sense of the word after all—but that doesn't mean it makes for good or palatable listening. Lead by the dull monotone vocals of guitarist

Tom Berry, the band can't quite decide who or what it wants to be. There are no less than 35 musical "influences" listed on their MySpace page and Facebook page, where they have already announced the cancellation of their "final show" (!) and maybe that's not such a bad thing. The rest of the band sound like a group of high school friends getting together to play backup at an imaginary karaoke bar, but without bothering to rehearse. The songs—credited to the whole band—are generically bad, especially "War Boomerang," "Phoenix Rising" and "In The Sun." There is a slight, welcomed reprieve in "Nothing To Say" and in reading the liner notes I discovered why: someone else sings it. The worst of the lot is the dreadful "Rhonda," a stab at humor that fails both musically and especially lyrically. One wonders if

it was due to hearing a *Citizen Fate* tune that made poor Rhonda vomit in the narrator's car on their way to the big prom? Probably, as I felt the same listening to it. —Dean O Hillis

The Fully Blown *Three Some in Sparta* **Best Table in Hell Records**

Street: 02.04

The Fully Blown = Nine Pound Hammer + Black Flag + Super Suckers

How do I relate to you the greatness found on this record? In complicated words I could say, The Fully Blown is a heavy hard rock band with post-punk influences and lightly dusted with hardcore inflections, with touches of psychedelic guitar work. Simply put, they fucking rock. Unapologetic, especially about the mixing of rock genres, it's great that this band does not shy away from going heavy on songs such as "Hot Barking Ropes," but also will speed things up like on "Escape Goatee" which has an intense pace. Subjects like religion and sex are certainly not taboo in these lyrics, just listen to the song "Go Satan!" Even though they reach out to all of these areas of the rock n' roll landscape, the Fully blown still keep a continuity about themselves which is no easy task considering the ground they cover on this release. I can't wait to hear more from this band, as they seem to still have some tricks up their sleeves. —James Orme

Hearsay *Lost Direction* **Self-Released**

Street: 10.07.09

Hearsay = Sprung Monkey + Blink 182 + Dogwood

Poppy punk chops are fun to listen to and that's all there is to it. Doesn't matter how high-pitched the vocals, how emo the subject matter, or how derivative the melodies. Those things are secondary. Hearsay is about playing power drums and rock guitar with energy. Perfectly moshable rhythms, staccato fills, and guttural bass punctuate the tightly structured songs. "Upbreaks and Breakdowns" is a great example of the attitude. They're clearly having a blast while playing. That being said, I thought these guys could've branched out a little. The fun never really crystallized into something catchy enough to warrant repeated listens. Nothing was really dramatic enough for a spot in a sports video. After a while, the vocals were starting to get grating. You know on second thought, there's a lot of room for improvement in this fun. Chops are one thing—inspiration is another, but don't give up Hearsay. —Rio Connelly

Heterodactyl *Fourier* **Spy Hop**

Street: 08.11.09
Heterodactyl = Maroon 5 + Red Hot Chili Peppers + Steely Dan



These local boys deserve credit for coming up with charismatic instrumental parts which complement each other nicely, but the overall production feels overdone in a smooth jazz kind of way. I couldn't connect with *Fourier* because I felt so far away from what was going on. "Ballad," the best track of the album, has two successive transitions which ease the song from energetic to calm and ambient. I enjoyed it. I wish the last track, "The Producer," was left off the album. The overused anti-mainstream soapbox rant is the embodiment of underdog musical kitsch. —Bradley Ferreira

The Hung Ups *Red Rocket*

Self-released
Street: 12.15.09
The Hung Ups = Screeching Weasel + The Mooks

Dripping sexual frustration as teenage pop-punk is prone to do, there's no more to *Red Rocket* than twelve songs about girlfriends, pizza and alcoholism. The songs blast through with such hap-hazard high energy that they are almost indistinguishable. **J Hole**, the lead singer and guitarist, tries awfully hard to make his voice sound trashed and gravelly, throwing flat what would otherwise be decent melodies. The guitar parts are sometimes catchy and sometimes grinding (unbearably so in "Stuttering Stanley") and they are, more often than not, super-reminiscent of mid/late 90s pop-punk standards. The intro of "Anywhere with You" is suspiciously similar to **Blink 182's** "Wendy Clear," and "The Age of Minimum Wage" sounds so much like "Punk Rawk Show" by **MxPx** that it's alarming. Unimaginative unpleasantness aside, I dig "The Bowling Song" for its juvenile simplicity and the line repeated over and over, "I'm gonna get drunk and go bowling." —Nate Perkins

I Hear Sirens *Beyond the Sea, Beneath the Sky* **Self-Released**

Street: 12.15.09

I Hear Sirens = late-era Mogwai + M83 + Explosions in the Sky

E. H. Gombrich said, "To talk cleverly of art is not difficult, because the words critics use have been employed in so many different contexts that they have lost all precision." So is writing a review about a post-rock record. What adjectives can be used that haven't been read a thousand times? Words like brooding, cinematic, cathartic and swelling all do justice to the formulaic I Hear Sirens, but I have felt this record far more than I have critically listened to it. While it may be paint-by-numbers, the tremolo picked guitars, major chord riffing, swirling soundscapes, delicate piano lines and sell-all crescendos possess that throat-tightening near religious revelry associated with the genre. The result is expected, but nonetheless palpable. —Ryan Hall

Invdrs

**Electric Church
Corruption Recordings**

Street: 03.30

Invdrs = Eshategod + Sunn0))) + Thou + Electric Wizard

The only things you really need to know about the Invdrs' *Electric Church* is it makes you feel alive yet doomed, and you need to own this album. With drum hits that sound like bones snapping and popping under the immense weight of the distortion-maximized guitar and bass, you will welcome this sonic atrocity to melody. The tracks mix up drudgingly slow songs with faster tempo groove or almost crust/punk-oriented tracks and even some psychedelic-type tunes, all with a raw blood-and-booze, spewing, visceral, throat-shredding voice. There is nothing clean or pleasant about what Invdrs offer—it's amplifier and subwoofer murder, it's raw meat and no potatoes. This behemoth will not disappoint anyone—even your jazz-show-tune loving grandma can't deny the density, diversity and pure devastation that *Electric Church* bellows from its charred, devilish and haunting hateful depths. —Bryer Wharton

**J.P. Whipple
Bible Milk**

Self-Released

Street: 10.01.09

**J.P. Whipple = Poopy
Necroponde + Stereopathic Soul
Manure-era Beck + Calexico**

I popped this bad boy in on the way to/through southern Utah recently. It's sometimes folk-country music made for great road trip music, mixing with the increasingly redder rocks—and the "Mexican" elements of the music manifested what it might be like taking the same trail down to Las Vegas a-carousing back when honky settlers were exploring the southern deserts of this country. There are some sublimely silly moments and some insightful songs as well. This is one of the few local CDs I've heard lately that made me think there were some people "thinking outside the box" of what people want to hear in Utah. Good job Whipple. —JP

**Mindstate
Black Lungs EP**

Street: 11.27.09

MindState = House Of Pain + Cypress Hill + Peanut Butter Wolf



It's got some soul to it. The Black Lungs EP has some character to it as well. Normally the self-loathing game can get a little played, but **Dusk One** does it and sells it with a proper delivery. Opening with a soulful Shawshank-Redemption beat you get a solid idea of what you're in for, solid beats and meaning. A real stand-out track "Boss (part 1)" is a track for **Honna** to showcase his ability to create. "I do like **Johnny Cash** and grab my cleanest dirty shirt" comes off the track "Same Old Trouble," an insightful track about living life in a rut and the complications that go with trying to break the rut and move on. The whole album is a solid creation. The beats sound good, the lyrics are meaningful and delivered with consequence. —Jemie Sprankle

**Sawed Off Smile
Chaos Theory**

Self-Released

Street: 12.06.09

Sawed Off Smile = Mudvayne + Deftones (early) + Tool (early)

Ogden's Sawed Off Smile play modern rock/hardcore on *Chaos Theory*. Heavy riffs and plenty of clean, yet well executed melodies that don't excessively rely on breakdowns like some of their peers. If you enjoy the bands in the band equation above, the album is a good offering—think the melody and heaviness of Mudvayne meets the early emotions of Tool with a hint of the rawness of the Deftones' first album. The record does have some misses with plenty of room for improvement. Some of the anger seems a bit forced and false at times and the sung vocals do have quite a range, at times feeling a bit shaky in the confidence area, but not enough to ruin anything. The bass is easily stand-out, and so is the fact that the band isn't afraid to use different guitar tones and mix-ups of styles of heavy modern rock. —Bryer Wharton

**Skychange
Hallelucination**

Self-Released

Street: 12.26.09

Skychange = Evanescence + Trapt + P.O.D.

Supposedly inspired by heavy doses of psilocybin, *Hallelucination* almost covers up its regrettable style and terrible taste by thickly laying on highly produced psyche-out space effects and decent guitar chops. Every track is a tease. Each one builds up like it's going to be an ambient, drifting **Flaming Lips** tune

or even a delightful hardcore romp, but then quickly brings everything to a jarring halt a la early-2000s alternative rock. The energy is fierce, however. The disc is almost tribal in spots—if uncultured, **X96**-listening Juggalos and **Ozzfest**-goers count as a tribe. This album is enough to keep me away from shrooms and acid. Kids, just say no. —Nate Perkins

**Sleep Slid IN
The Open Diary**

Self-Released

Street: 12.05.09

Sleep Slid IN = Clan of Xymox + Sisterhood * Twice Wilted

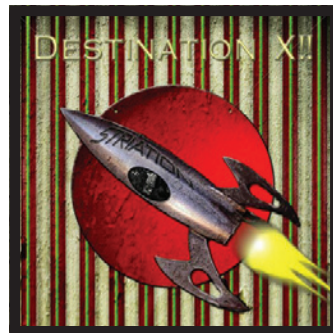
Tragic and big gothic rock doesn't happen anymore. It's just not ironic enough these days. Apparently, Sleep Slid IN didn't get the memo, and thank the gods for that! Merging traditionally gothic growly male vocals and the high-pitched swirly female soprano of collaborator **Whitney Willow**, over capable (if not yet inspired—give them time!) melodic and moody backing tracks of traditional rock instrumentation along with some more electro-inspired experimental bleeps. My only quibble is that the songs drone on a bit and, with the possible exception of the title track, fail the dance-floor test. Fans of the Salt Lake City instrumental gothic/new age project, **Revideolized**, will know the **Rose Phantom (Ted Newsom)**, and are encouraged to track down this intense and pleasing local release. —Madelyn Boudreaux

**Striation
Destination X!!**

Self-Released

Street: 12.10.09

Striation = A Perfect Circle + Hum + Our Lady Peace



If Striation could learn the difference between brooding and moody, "Memories We'll Keep" could have been a great radio single 10 years ago. I am not being sarcastic, "Memories We'll Keep" has the loud-soft dynamic, reverby vocals, driving bass and simple power chords that dominated the ubiquitous, qualifier-driven alternative rock of the late nineties. Unfortunately Striation put their best foot forward early and let the rest of *Destination X!!* (two exclamation marks? really?) wade through an angst-filled post-grunge miasma filtered through mid-nineties space rock. **Nick Borrego**'s vocals are the driving agent on the album and fortunately don't overstep his range. This is par for the course of a band who know their roles and play close to the book of mainstream alt-metal. —Ryan Hall

V/A

**Grudge City Activities Mix
Tape Vol. 1**

Grudge City Activities

Street: 12.7.09

Mix Tape = SLC Hardcore 2009

The size, popularity and volatility of the Salt Lake hardcore scene has ebbed and flowed over the years, and it only takes a cursory glance at the posts on *grudgcityactivities.com* to realize this. However volatile and large or small, the scene is (I remember packed shows at *Bricks* back in the late 90s and small shows in band practice spaces) something that is never absent is intensity. GCA put together this compilation as a document of what's going on in the Salt Lake hardcore scene currently and in true DIY hardcore fashion, it's free. The comp features 10 unreleased tracks by a slew of bands including: **City to City**, **Reviver**, **Dogwelder**, **Tamerlane** and **Glacial**, to name a few. It's amazing how far the history goes back with members of each of the groups on the comp and is a testament to the "never say die" attitude of the hardcore scene. Musically, a span of hardcore-related genres are represented—from the heavy, to fast punk infused, to experimental. I've always liked hardcore comps because they show the diversity that can be found in an oftentimes one-note genre. The thing that is striking about Salt Lake's hardcore music is that it has such a unique sound that is decidedly Salt Lake. Whether this is because of the cultural atmosphere or the isolated locale, I don't know, but one thing is for sure: if it's from Salt Lake, you know it. If you haven't checked out Salt Lake's hardcore since **Tripphammer** and **Clear** were kicking around, this comp is not only a good reference point, but it's free, so there's no reason not to give it a spin. Here's to the past days of *DV8* basement shows and the like, and to the future of Salt Lake hardcore. —Peter Fryer

**Written in Fire
Written in Fire EP**

Self-Released

Street: 01.29

Written in Fire = Voivod + Trivium I've never felt any personal opposition to the recent thrash revival some of us metal fans have been noticing. Written in Fire are not purely a thrash band, but the influences are heavy in every way and I find myself enjoying them quite a bit. The modest tempo and some modern heavy metal additions will help make the band more approachable to the more casual metal listener, but there are enough thrashy elements skillfully written to please older metal fans. Every instrument here is accurately performed, and the vocals are raw and honest, never venturing anywhere near cheesy territory. I think the only thing I'd like to see these guys do is open up their songs a little more. It is obvious that special attention was paid to the structuring of each song, but there are also hints of some potentially excellent jam sessions. You can download material for free on their MySpace page! —Conor Dow



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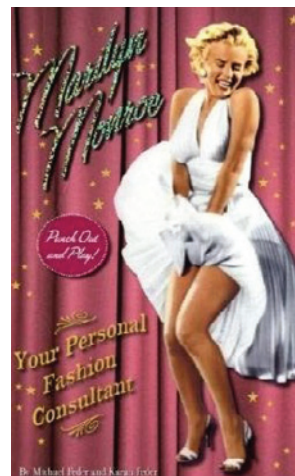
Marilyn Monroe: Your Personal Fashion Consultant

Michael Feder and Karan Feder
Abrams Image

[Street: 09.01.09]

Charming enough to alleviate my initial irritation with the misinforming title, this collection of pop-out paper dolls is sure to entertain anyone captivated by Marilyn Monroe's allure. With ridiculous fashion advice such as "Daily housework is best accomplished in an evening gown that doubles as a floor mop" under an image of the icon in a stunning red floor-length gown, it is clearly not intended to serve as any sort of legitimate style guide. The images are brightly colored and sometimes sparkly, something sure to appeal to those idolizing Ms. Monroe. I just hope that some young stylist-in-training doesn't pull this off the shelf and take the advice to heart. Far-fetched? I'm talking about the fashion industry here, people.

—Ischa Buchanan



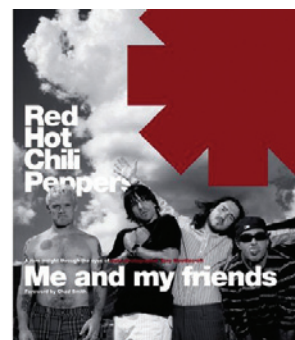
Red Hot Chili Peppers: Me and My Friends

Tony Woolliscroft
Abrams Image

[Street: 10.01.09]

Suffice it to say that **Tony Woolliscroft** is a photographer, not a writer. What this book lacks in captivating prose, it certainly compensates for with a collection of photographs that depict the story of one of, in my humble opinion, the greatest bands of our generation. Punctuation and spelling errors aside, the behind-the-scenes tidbits were compelling enough to keep me going. Plenty of information was omitted, purposefully I imagine, but the photographs don't lie, and that's what this book was all about. For example, although Mr. Woolliscroft doesn't specify, it's clear that **John Frusciante's** departure from the band in 1992 was drug-related. The first picture of him is disconnected, the images of him six years later, upon his return to the band, tired and used-up. Nothing like opiates to take it out of ya. It also chronicles the many hair-styles of **Anthony Kiedis**, beloved frontman of the band, something I like to attribute to his life in L.A. I'm not sure who told him the short blond pixie cut was hot, or that the bob with bangs was a good look for him, but it certainly does emphasize his will to try different things. Entirely palatable, the book left me wanting more, which, when it comes to marketing the band, can only be viewed as a good thing. After googling the gaps in the story, I felt very satisfied with the experience, and can certainly suggest this book as a coffee table addition once it lands on the \$9.99 table at your local bookstore.

—Ischa Buchanan



The Stooges: The Authorized and Illustrated Story

Robert Matheu, Jeffrey Morgan [ed.]
Abrams Image

[Street: 10.01.09]

The music of The Stooges is a force that exists outside of time—it's just as raw, fucked up and scary today as it was when it was released four decades ago. They don't seem like a band very well suited for a retrospective book celebrating their legacy, but it's no less weird than the fact that **Iggy Pop** has outlived two of his band-mates. The Stooges' story is retold here via some amazing photos by Robert Matheu, taken during the band's heyday and after their recent union, blown up big to fit a 12x9 page. The accompanying text is sometimes interesting, but it mostly comes across as attempts by aging rock journalists to remind themselves about how interesting their lives used to be or to let readers know that they did, in fact, meet Iggy Pop. Even so, Matheu's photos are great and there is some occasionally insightful stuff.

—Ricky Vigil



BEER REVIEWS

9

By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Zion Canyon Brewing Company

"What the fuck is that?" This is the general statement I get if I have some Zion Canyon Brewing Company beer in my fridge. Based out of Springdale, Utah at the mouth of Zion Canyon, **Dale Harris** (Head Brewer) and his brother **Derek** opened the brewery in 2005. They have five styles regularly in production (Amber, IPA, ESB, Lager and Stout) and are introducing their newest seasonal in late February. While distribution has not made its way to Salt Lake City, the brewers have had their eye on finally working out some circulation to us folks up north. Keep your eyes open, but in the meantime, it looks like you will need to smuggle some home from down south.

Springdale Amber Ale

Brewer/Brand: ZCBC

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: 12 oz Bottle

Description: The crystal clear pour fizzes off with a nice bubbly head that recedes quickly, leaving a deep orange to light amber color. The nose has some light malt, a dull sweet toffee and light hop character. The flavor is clean and crisp with a sweet malt backing and nice floral hop bite to it. This brew rounds off with a bready caramel backing and a dry finish.

Overview: The Springdale Amber Ale is the flagship beer out of ZCBC, rightly named for the town they brew in. Out of the lineup, I would have to say that this is my favorite of the bunch. What makes this killer brew so tasty is the residual hop character. This is a good brew for anyone out there who wants some hop kick to their amber ale.

Hop Valley IPA

Brewer/Brand: ZCBC

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: 12 oz Bottle

Description: The IPA poured a copper color with a soft white head that stuck around for a bit. The aromatics were grapefruit forward with a little hint of caramel toast. The taste was definitely on the bitter side, without too much hop character coming out, allowing some of the sweeter grains to come through. All of this is backed up with some sweet citrus notes and a drying finish.

Overview: When I am reviewing beer from a new brewery I always like to review the head brewer's favorite beer. I get the impression as to what he is looking for in the rest of his beers, and this one is a clear-cut sign of what he is looking for: a sessionable brew with a bitter kick. While I am still a bit of a nag when breweries spit out "IPAs" at 4%, I will let this one slide because of its simple-drinking style.

Hidden Canyon Hefe (Unapproved Label)

Brewer/Brand: ZCBC

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: On Tap Only

Description: This unfiltered wheat beer is a light yellow to deep straw colored brew with a solid white head that leaves some amazing lacing behind. The aroma is very light in banana, soft clove and a grainy wheat. The flavor is banana dominant with a nice clove backing and light bitter finish.

Overview: When assistant brewer **Keith Forsgren** was handed the reins to develop a new recipe, he managed to pitch out this wonderfully complex wheat beer. While I was only able to drink it fresh off the fermenter, this brew was still coming around to age and it was already pretty tasty, so I can only imagine it now. It is on tap only at the *Majestic View and Lodge*, so if you just so happen to be in the area, give it a taste.



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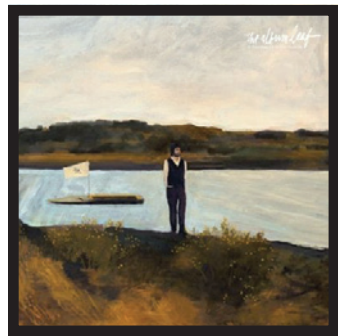
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The Album Leaf *A Chorus of Storytellers*

Sub Pop

Street: 02.02

The Album Leaf = Lymbyc Systym
+ Arms and Sleepers + American
Analog Set



A simple Internet search reveals that over 28 of **Jimmy LaVelle's** compositions have appeared on television. His contributions range from **Obama** Public Service Announcements, **Britney Spears** television documentaries, Hummer commercials, to **The O.C.** (six songs total). There is something about LaVelle's layering of vintage Rhodes piano, bowed strings, mournful guitars, and live drumming over skittering programmed beats that screams SUBTEXT! SUBTEXT! SUBTEXT! *A Chorus of Storytellers* follows a similar trajectory but reigns in *Into the Blue Again's* obvious daytime soap overtures and builds quiet climaxes around classical compositions. "Summer Fog," with its full string orchestra and horn section, is as majestic as an Album Leaf song has ever been—enjoy it now before it finds its way into a **Nicole Kidman** period piece. LaVelle's best moments are when he steps away from the mic. Fortunately, only four songs have vocals, leaving the rest to wander in wordless beauty. —Ryan Hall

Blood Cult *We are the Cult of the Plains*

Moribund Records

Street: 03.02

Blood Cult = Darkthrone + Venom +

Satyricon + Guns N' Roses

What do you get when you take dank, murky, basement-styled production, tremolo black-metal riffing, solos that could very well have been written by **Slash** and dirty n' gritty punk and Venom-fueled beats? You get the sophomore album from Illinois' Blood Cult. It's an odd combination at times, but if you're not a crier and devout worshipper

of true black metal, *We are the Cult of the Plains* is a bluesy, psychotic rampage into a backwater brainwashing alcoholic demonic cult's worship circle. The record has moments reminiscent of more recent Darkthrone and Satyricon, meaning it's very black n' roll, and did I mention Venom? But it's got mud and coagulated blood churning in the wine of Satan's spawn—traditional true black metal. If you're looking for a tantalizing, sadistic, Southern-fried grim bastard child of the coldest Norwegian father and a trailer-trash, hillbilly truck-stop hooker, Blood Cult is that child. —Bryer Wharton

Bomb The Bass *Back To Light*

IK7 Records

Street: 03.10

Bomb The Bass = Coldcut + The
Beatmasters



I have to confess that when I first gave legendary **Tim Simenon's** new *Bomb the Bass* release a spin in early January, I didn't know what to think about it and put it away for a bit. Perhaps it was the omnipresent digitized voice reminding me exactly what I was listening to every few minutes (and while I can appreciate the industry's need to protect its releases from being leaked early, it doesn't make it any less annoying) that left me undecided. Or maybe it was the frequent Bomb the Bass vocalist **Paul Conboy**—who is featured on four tracks here, with his voice that's hard to warm to—that did it. Revisiting it now, as it is finally set for release, has made me appreciate it a little more. Certainly the music is great (being both bouncy and melodic) and Simenon picked the right co-producer in Brazil's wondrous **Gui Boratto**, who definitely enhances the tracks he touches. I really enjoyed "Price on Your Head" (featuring the more agreeable vocals of **Richard Davis**) and while the Conboy-sung tracks really aren't horrible (especially the delicious "The Infinities,"

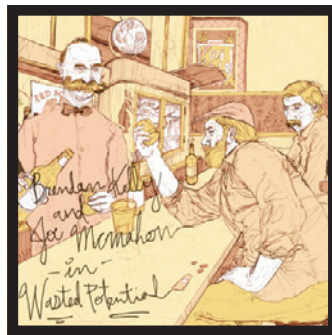
from which the album's title is derived) it would have been interesting to hear someone else's vocals on them, or even none at all. The pretty instrumental track "Milakia" rounds the album out and not too surprisingly, features **Martin Gore** on keyboards (since it was originally demoed after Simeon produced **Depeche Mode's** *Ultra* album) and is a pleasant conclusion to the proceedings. —Dean O Hillis

Brendan Kelly/Joe McMahon *Wasted Potential*

Red Scare Industries

Street: 03.16

Wasted Potential = The Lawrence
Arms + Smoke or Fire - electricity



The announcement of *Wasted Potential* a few months ago undoubtedly resulted in many a ruined pair of jeans for dorky punknews.org perusers and **Fat Wreck** fans, and for good reason: Brendan Kelly has become the prototypical pop-punk vocalist in recent years and **Joe McMahon** ain't too shabby, either. This split features 14 songs split down the middle as Kelly and McMahon render acoustic versions of some of their bands' best songs, plus a cover apiece. Kelly's side is charmingly sloppy, especially his take on fellow Lawrence Arm **Chris McCaughan's** "Blood Meridian," which features a Smoke or Fire shout-out in its closing moments. Speaking of McCaughan, he's shafted in the credits, but appears on three of Kelly's songs, totally stealing the show. Joe McMahon's side is more straightforward (and probably less drunk), but it definitely left me clamoring for a new SoF full-length. This one's strictly for Lawrence Arms and Smoke or Fire fans, but it's definitely something to be excited about if you fall into either camp. —Ricky Vigil

Crime in Stereo *I Was Trying to Describe You*

to Someone

Bridge 9

Street: 02.23

Crime in Stereo = Brand New +
Cave In + Able Baker Fox

Crime In Stereo could've played it safe with their new album. After polarizing fans with their 2007 album, *Is Dead*, Crime in Stereo could've written an easy, by-the-numbers melodic hardcore album more attune to their first two full-lengths to win back old fans and convert kids discovering **Kid Dynamite** and **Bad Religion** for the first time. Instead, Crime in Stereo made the album they wanted to make—and it's awesome. Using *Is Dead* as a foundation, CIS has stretched further away from their roots while remaining firmly planted in them, creating a cold, sparse and darkly atmospheric sound that is anchored in melody and driving intensity. Much of the songs on the album deal with feelings of distance and loneliness—"Drugwolf" and "Not Dead" ain't exactly pick-me-up tunes, but they're great songs worthy of any band's musical canon. This album is Crime in Stereo's album, and something tells me they don't really care whether or not you like it, but you definitely should. —Ricky Vigil

Dessa *A Badly Broken Code*

Doomtree Records

Street: 01.19

Dessa = Fiona Apple + Lauryn Hill +
Atmosphere



At first listen, this jazzy, subtle piece of hip-hop wasn't upbeat enough for me. Now I can't get enough of its emotionally demanding soul music. This woman pours herself—sarcastic wit, throaty purr, brick-wall honesty and all—into these songs. There are hymns here, jumpers, and floaters too. Listen to her croon on "The Chaconne" and then shake your fist to "Dutch." Several songs read like someone's stolen diary, or an obscure

Russian novel, whichever. Longtime fans will recognize motifs, especially direct references like "Mineshaft II." Precision plays a big role here—the rhymes and rhythms are tight, on time, beyond solid. You can tell Dessa is as comfortable in prose as over a beat, which is fitting, as she recently released her first published book, *Spiral Bound*, and has another in the works. While the talented producers of the Doomtree collective (Lazerbeak, Paper Tiger, MK Larada, Cecil Otter) all provide excellent backgrounds, the beats are just that: a canvas where Dessa can express what she pleases. Like she says in "Alibi," for this one, she "put on her best fresh little black dress," and got seen. It's going to take something tsunami-grade to knock this from my "favorite record of the year" position. —Rio Connelly

Eluvium Similes

Temporary Residence Ltd.

Street: 02.23

Eluvium = Brian Eno + Hammock



Eluvium, the recording moniker of **Matthew Robert Cooper**, returns in a good way, breaking a three-year silence with *Similes*, a collection of eight meager and pale tracks that often draw upon neo-classical minimalism to create his own trademark ambience. The album begins with the aerial tracks "Leaves Eclipse the Light" and "The Motion Makes Me Last," in which Cooper shows us a delicate, monotonous voice much akin to **Ian Curtis**. Some listeners may be disenfranchised by the vocals, but they're few and far between on *Similes* and the next tracks are a gossamer of faint, atmospheric textures and soundscapes backed by melancholic piano playing. The album lulls and drones all at once and is a welcome addition to an ever expanding ambient music genre, and a genre in which Eluvium has firmly made its impression. —Ryan Sanford

Fear Factory Mechanize

Candlelight

Street: 02.09

Fear Factory = Godflesh + Sybreed + Napalm Death

Behold the amazing industrial strength of Fear Factory. *Mechanize* is the best the band has sounded since *Obsolete*.

It's a well-oiled concoction of precision in its machine-gun-style guitar-riffing mixed with the best damn double-bass drum sound ever. It's a style the band has basically trademarked—yeah, it may be unofficial, but they made it sound the best—absolutely devastating, like having one of those auto-hammer power-tools pounding on your very brain. The guitar riffs on *Mechanize* are not only damn catchy, but the most diverse and interesting they've sounded in over a decade, and that's easily attributed to the return of Mr. **Dino Cazares** coupling his riffs with the laser-like-jackhammer-heavy precision drumming of none other than **Gene Hoglan**. The result is humans skillfully crafting songs that sound like a demonic machine could've created them, and that's truly the point with the futuristic, apocalyptic and technology-fearful-themed Fear Factory. The most humanly raw element is vocalist **Burton C. Bell**'s harsh screams and haunting, clean vocals. If ever there was a time to rejoin the love for Fear Factory, it's with *Mechanize*—it's an audio war of the future, it's the grease in the treads of tanks. As the song "Powershifter" exclaims, "If you want war, you've got war." —Bryer Wharton

Fucked Up Couple Tracks

Matador

Street: 01.26

Fucked Up = Black Flag + Cloak/Dagger + Career Suicide



In addition to being angry and Canadian, Fucked Up is also one of punk rock's most interesting and prolific bands. *Couple Tracks* compiles 25 hard-to-find Fucked Up songs, and though it isn't comprehensive and is already outdated by at least three releases, it showcases near-perfect, straightforward punk fury. The experimental (and sometimes self-indulgent) tendencies the band displayed on their pair of full-lengths are mostly absent on *Couple Tracks*, replaced by hardcore straight outta 1982. "No Pasaran," "Dangerous Fumes" and "I Hate Summer" are among the best songs the band has ever written, and the pair of songs featured from the band's Daytrotter session (a psychedelic interpretation of "Magic Word" and a crazy disco version of "David Comes to Life") should appease those only familiar

with the band's latest album. And good news, twee fans: there's an **Another Sunny Day** cover. If you enjoy any form of aggressive punk rock, *Couple Tracks* is essential listening. —Ricky Vigil

Galactic Ya-Ka-May

ANTI-

Street: 02.09

Galactic = NOLA



Jazzy funk group Galactic—or Galactic Prophylactic, if you want to go way back—is in the second half of its second decade of music. Like the previous album, *From the Corner to the Block*, *Ya-Ka-May* is a collaborative effort. Featuring artists intended to embody the musical styles present in modern-day New Orleans, Ya-Ka-May has a new feel in every track. This album is a damn fun romp through New Orleans' musical subgenres, and the diversity here is surprising, even for a Galactic record. I must say, though: the "bounce" style of hip-hop present in a few tracks is now my quintessential example for everything I hate about hip-hop. Nevertheless, fans of Galactic will find all the fantastic funkitude they're hoping for, and new listeners are sure to find something to shake their boot heels at in such a diverse lineup. Barring the "bounce" bullshit, the rest of the record is bitchin'. —Jesse Hawlish

The Heligoats Goodness Gracious

Greyday Records

Street: 02.10

The Heligoats = The Ladybug Transistor + Beachwood Sparks

Originally the solo moniker for artist

Chris Otepeka, The Heligoats has undergone numerous additions and transformations since its original inception over 10 years ago. With each year has come a new release from the project, each different than the last. While *Goodness Gracious* isn't going to change any lives, it still is a very satisfying listen. Otepeka's songwriting has improved drastically, resulting in a solid and melodic album with no lulls throughout. The other members that have joined the project since—**Mike Mergenthaler**, **David James** and **Steven Mitchell**—round out the quartet, producing a sound that is not unlike a less-gritty **Blitzen Trapper** blended with

the random musings of **The Apples In Stereo**. —Ross Solomon

Immolation Majesty and Decay Nuclear Blast

Street: 03.09

Immolation = Morbid Angel + Incantation + Drawn and Quartered

There's brutality and then there's Immolation, pure unrivalled devastation—looking into the abyss and having it stare back at you with fervent hate and disdained power. That's what Immolation is. The song structures, rhythms and drumming is all very psychotropic in nature, possessing your mind and initiating a hateful trance, beating your aural senses into submission until the noise of the down-tuned guitar riffing ruptures blood vessels in your cranium and everything on *Majesty and Decay* becomes your darkest and most delightful focus. Each track is like dragging you by your feet down the steps to hell and it's not torture in any form; it's pure monolithic death metal that disturbs and violates the core of your imagination, transcending any death-metal trends or fads. No blood and guts, just a disarray of dissonant guitar soloing amongst pummeling after pummeling of the heaviest bottom-end riffing one can handle without their ears bursting with blood and sinew and lyrical manipulations that will make any God-fearing folk run for the hills and rejecters of the faith empowered. —Bryer Wharton

Jason Collett Rat A Tat Tat

Arts & Crafts

Street: 03.09

Jason Collett = Broken Social Scene + John Mellencamp + Bob Dylan



When **Kevin Drew** and **Brendan Cannon** released their solo albums, they used the endorsement "Broken Social Scene Presents" in the album title. I am not sure if Jason Collett feels he doesn't need the association or if the band won't let him use it, but this album is pumped full of corny shit. "Long May You Love" sort of makes me queasy, especially since he just repeats that line in the chorus. The most exposure the single "Love is a Dirty Word" can hope to receive will be on a shitty B-list movie soundtrack. This feels like an aging rock star's attempt to get in on indie. I am

probably going to give my mom this CD, and I have a feeling she won't mind.
—Cody Hudson

Name
Internet Killed the Audio Star
Lifeforce Records
Street 02.10

Name = Psypus + Cursed + The Chariot

If you like **Between the Buried and Me** half as much as the members of San Francisco's Name do, then you'll get a kick out of *Internet Killed the Audio Star*. That's not an insult—Name truly have crafted an album worthy of your time, combining legitimate musicianship with smart songwriting and unconventional lyricism. **Wes Fareas'** versatility as a vocalist is apparent, and though his attempts at melodic singing come across a bit emo, he hurls everything from a guttural growl to a strident screech like a pro. The album opener, "Killer Whales, Man," dazzles with technical prowess, then ends so thunderously that after first listen, I had to restart the track just to get my fill before moving on. I will say that this album is long, at almost an hour and 20 minutes, but despite the fat, IKAS is a healthy portion of tasty metal worth the chewing. —Andrew Roy

Owen Pallett
Heartland

Domino
Street: 01.12
Owen Pallett = ThouShaltNot + Mozart + (Laurie Anderson – Lou Reed)



The latest release of Toronto-based indie-rock violinist Owen Pallett (who has retired his **Final Fantasy** moniker to avoid confusion), this album is truly impossible to pin down. Absurdism melds with emotional violence (and emotional violins), drawing out a strange narrative of a Lewis, a "young, ultra-violent farmer," and his one-sided conversation with God, presumably about laying down righteous fury on cabbages and carrots. Lest that sound too heady, the baroque tracks—equal parts pop and classical-tinged works backed by none other than the **Czech Philharmonic Orchestra** and New York composer **Nico Muhly**—will not bring you closer to earth. With titles like "Oh Heartland, Up Yours!" and "Tryst with Mephistopheles," Pallett covers broad territory, from **X-Ray Spex** to **Dante**, dragging **Philip Glass** along for

the ride. —Madelyn Boudreaux

Shearwater
The Golden Archipelago
Matador Records
Street: 02.23

Shearwater = Talk Talk + Vic Chesnutt + Nick Drake



I fell in love and nearly melted away while listening to the brilliant 2008 album, *Rook*. This year sees the release of *Golden*, the final album of a trilogy about a man's impact on the natural world. The album starts off with aborigine chants on "Meridian," quickly giving way to **Jonathon Meiburg's** falsetto voice. The piano keys rattle and **Thor Harris'** drum thunders on "Black Eyes," bruising our emotions. "God Made Me" shows their delicate side and "Castaways" has the band continuing their signature taste for the sudden changeover from quiet to loud. The subtle surprise is hidden towards the end on the **Pink Floyd** *Final Cut*-esque "Uniforms," sharing subject matter of war and delicate string arrangements leading to a dramatic build. *The Golden Archipelago* may not be superior to *Rook*, but it's damn close. —Courtney Blair

Sigh
Scenes from Hell

The End Records
Street: 01.19
Sigh = Venom + Sabbath + Unexpected + the soundtrack to a 70s Western/horror/sci-fi film

Devilishly artful-minded avant Tokyo black/dark-metal crew Sigh are at it again and have crafted not only their best album since their 2001 *Imaginary Sonicscape*, but the most listenable offering since said album. At times, the guitars and creepy keyboard, which entails brass and string variances, can sound like they're doing two separate things at once, but it's not confusing, it's downright awesome. Almost like getting the satisfaction of listening to two albums' worth of music in one sitting. Other times, they're toe to toe with each other, crafting intricately eerie or devilishly silly sounds, like some 70s TV show or movie from hell, or the evil Star Wars-sounding "The Soul Grave." The compositions crafted for *Scenes from Hell* are the kind that will keep you running back for more.

I cannot stress it anymore—this album is just full of good shit. If you're a fan of keyboard-driven avant-styled black/dark metal, this will not disappoint. —Bryer Wharton

The Souljazz Orchestra
Rising Sun

Strut
Street: 02.16
The Souljazz Orchestra = Budos Band + Antibalas



Hello, my name is Courtney and I am a Strut Records junkie—please don't judge me. Let's just say it's a damn good thing I have this fine magazine to support my ear addiction. Ottawa's own The Souljazz play their own brand of Afro-funk-jazz. Their third album, *Rising Sun*, opens with "Awakening," which is lacking caffeine. Don't worry though, the funk-confident "Agbara" rapidly takes the stage with Afrobeat horns sending good vibrations straight to your belly. "Lotus Flower" will seduce you with its mid-tempo smooth bass line and soaring trumpet solo. By far the best track is Guinean-rhythmic "Mamaya," which includes the 12/8 Afro-jazz time signature. Souljazz Orchestra simply rise to the occasion on their Strut debut, and deliver that debut perfectly. —Courtney Blair

Strange Boys
Be Brave

In the Red
Street: 03.16
Strange Boys = Mojomatics + King Khan and the Shrines + Conor Oberst and the Mystic Valley Band
You know that immediately post-orgasm buzz where just the smallest amount of further physical stimulation will send you over the edge into an uncontrollable, mushbrained fit? That's how singer **Ryan Sambol** pushes out every word—like it feels so good it almost hurts him. His sensual howls are backed by beautifully sloppy guitar parts and low pressure drumming that hints that the whole experience is just seconds away from falling apart completely, but by some miracle, it never does. Though much of the album is plagued with that indie/neo-folk-influenced, softly strummed "quiet is the new loud" mentality, it redeems itself with a handful of solid garage tunes, all of which are infused with soulful blues and traces of bluegrass. *Be Brave* is full of the kind of dirty harmonica and

saxophone solos that you might hear on a **Jonathan Richman** record. The loving, clever lyrics peak in the song "Laugh at Sex, Not Her." (*Urban Lounge 03.08*)
—Nate Perkins

Surfer Blood
Astro Coast

Kanine
Street: 01.19
Surfer Blood = Vampire Weekend + Weezer + Real Estate

You know the story: freshmen dormmates at the University of Florida record album in their room, the appropriate hype machines take notice, release single, we salivate over the debut. Now the debut drops and I apologize, I just can't get behind this young band. I just can't get past the distinct **Vampire Weekend** influence. And I am not saying that Vampire Weekend is the worst band in the world, but when is the whole precious, polyrhythmic, Afro-pop thing going to run its course? I can't even get into the whole 90s alternative rock tag without getting caught up on the staccato guitar-playing and start-stop time changes that come close to **Talking Heads** worship. I mean, a pan-flute?! Come on! The album's saving grace is "Swim (To Reach the End)", easily one of 2009's best singles, but where is that aggression on the rest of the album? Very misleading. —Ryan Hall

Tim Barry
28th & Stonewall
Suburban Home
Street: 01.26

Tim Barry = Scott H. Biram + Chuck Ragan + Steve Earle



Yes, Tim Barry is the former frontman for Richmond punkers **Avail**. Yes, he now plays acoustic folk and country music. But unlike the seemingly innumerable aging punks suddenly discovering **Townes Van Zandt**, **Woody Guthrie** and **Johnny Cash**, this is the kind of music Barry was born to play. More than any of his previous albums, *28th & Stonewall* showcases Barry's songwriting versatility. The album may not be as consistent or impressive as *Rivanna Junction*, but it's interesting to hear Barry explore his own emotional peaks and valleys from the lighthearted (but still vaguely pessimistic) "Thing of the Past"

and "Downtown VCU" to the heartbreaking weariness of "Walk 500 Miles" and "11/7." The upbeat songs are fun, but it's in the darkest moments that Barry is most successful, as he explores overwhelming sadness in such an enthralling way that you can't help but relate. Throughout *28th & Stonewall*, Barry is occasionally funny, sometimes grumpy, usually endearing and often affecting, but he's always human. (Burt's: 03.25) —*Ricky Vigil*

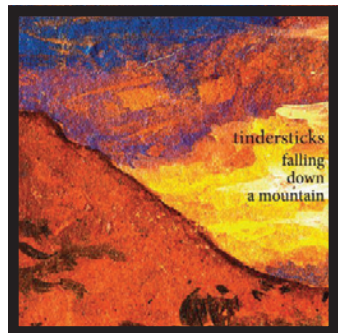
Tindersticks

Falling Down a Mountain

Constellation

Street: 01.25

Tindersticks = Lambchop + Bryan Ferry + Blanket Music



If it weren't for the Brits' stressing of hard consonant "t," the touching ballad "Peanuts," off of the Nottingham trio's eighth studio album, would be a semi-pornographic novelty track. Unfortunately or fortunately for us, Tindersticks keep things classy and offer a beautifully subdued slowburner of an album. **Stuart A. Staples'** characteristic vibrato-heavy baritone leads the heavily orchestrated backing band through bouncing, **Stax**-style soul, smoky Americana, heartfelt ballads, and two delicate instrumental tracks. The bottomless instrumentation can be missed at first blush or buried under Staples' late-night lounge croon, but a dedicated listen reveals some brilliant stuff happening beneath the surface. A Hammond organ and Rhodes piano pretty much have their way with your headphones, placing melodies in your subconscious that take days to get out. If the adjectives "tender," "delicate," "chamber-pop," or "British" make you want to throw up, Tindersticks are not for you. Your loss. —*Ryan Hall*

Untied States

Instant Everything, Constant Nothing

Distile Records

Street: 02.16

Untied States = Failure + Liars + Fugazi

Untied States have forged a whirling and atonal sound, drawing heavily from post-hardcore, 90s grunge and indie to create an abrasive, raucous and brooding album that seems much akin to something *Dischord Records* would love to get their hands on. The album (64) *SaltLakeUnderGround*

is full of tracks that pirouette and bark, drawing sometimes from a **Jawbox** vein and sometimes from a place **The Jesus Lizard** used to dwell in, while the vocalist is at time reminiscent of **Stephen Brody** circa *Antenna*. The band dabbles in the sonic, as seen on the track "Bye Bye Bi-Polar," during their exploration of the discordant side of rock while still maintaining a sense of subdued melody, shown on tracks "These Dead Birds" and the album's opener "Gorilla the Bull." Fans of dissonance will get on rather well with this. —*Ryan Sanford*

Vampire Weekend

XL Recordings

Street: 01.12

Vampire Weekend = Tokyo Police Club + GIVERS + Abe Vigoda

An album titled *Contra*, with no thinly veiled video game references, was an awful idea, but the execution was pretty decent. It seemed like everyone liked Vampire Weekend's eponymous debut, and the same will probably be true of *Contra*. It is everything you enjoyed about the first album, but with more interesting sounds, like on "Diplomat's Son," when they sample **M.I.A.** Even the single, "Cousins," is more **White Denim** than Tokyo Police Club. The experiments in style do cost the album some of the cohesive feel their debut had, but it is definitely worth it. They are still the Vampire Weekend you remember casually dropping **Louis Vuitton** references into their songs, only this time it's a "ski in the Alps" or a "sweet carob rice cake," and now they seem slightly sarcastic about their blatant rich-kid remarks. It is still the same tropical Afro-punk, but this time they were shooting for a more cohesive album lyrically. —*Cody Hudson*

Various Artists

Untitled 21: A Juvenile Tribute to Swingin' Utters

Red Scare

Street: 02.16

Untitled 21 = A tribute by many terrific bands to the greatest working-class punk band of the day.

I would like to start off by saying that the fact that anyone calling themselves a fan of punk rock that is not a Swinging Utters fan can fuck right off. This is a band that never let up—they've made great punk rock for decades and it's only fitting that they receive a tribute record. A testament to how great the Utters are is that every track on this album is listenable, not because the bands are so great (some of them are and some aren't), but because the songs are so fantastic. Bright spots on this 31-track monster are the new Celtic kids on the scene, **Flatfoot 56**, doing "Something to Follow"; **Off with Their Heads** adding a dramatic touch to one of the greatest songs ever written, "Next in Line," and **Johnny Two Bags (Social Distortion)** stepping out of his sideman roll to lay down a hell of an acoustic version of "Pills and Smoke." But I'd have to say the best track award

goes to the **Street Dogs**, who turn in a rampaging live version of "Dirty Sea." Honorable mentions should also go to **Dropkick Murphys** and **Blag Jesus & the Druglords of the Avenues**, which contains members of the **Swinging Utters**. As many amazing bands and ridiculously awesome, fun songs as there are on this record, it only gets me fired up to hear the next Swinging Utters record, which as of writing this review, they're supposed to be in the studio. Fuck, I can't wait! —*James Orme*

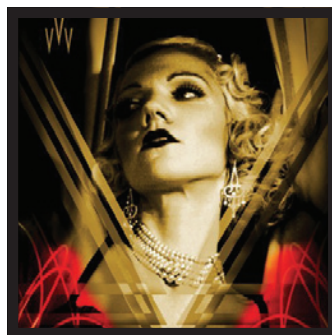
Veil Veil Vanish

Change in the Neon Light

Metropolis

Street: 02.23

Veil Veil Vanish = Early Cure + Joy Division + The Bolshoi



A real stunner of an album, this first release by San Francisco-based dark- and cold-wave outfit Veil Veil Vanish instantly dragged me back three decades. The lost releases of **Robert Smith?** **Ian Curtis'** suicide notes? Nope, just really excellent, restrained yet somehow lush creations reminiscent of **The Chameleons** and their entire genre of shoegazing Britpop. This is a band who consider guitars to be "brush strokes of a painting" and disavows rock, yet write hard, musically witty tracks like "Exhile City" and "This is Violet," that scream at you to just stand up and pogo like a moron in a skinny tie, monkey! DANCE! The vocals are, if anything, too close to Robert Smith's, and the chiming instrumentation on "Anthem for a Doomed Youth" is so similar to "The Walk" that I think an intervention—or an exorcism—might be in order. However, this CD is staying in my player for a while, and I can't stop wiggling to the songs at my desk, and that's about the best thing a band can ask for a debut CD. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

White Wizzard

Over the Top

Earache Records

Street: 03.09

White Wizzard = Iron Maiden + Saxon + Judas Priest

The New Wave of British Heavy metal—or as it's affectionately known, "NWOBHM"—is alive and well in all parts of the world, even Los Angeles. White Wizzard showed a large amount



of promise in their debut EP, *High Speed GTO*, and there's no shortage of killer Iron Maiden-style bass and guitar riffs, even vocal patterns and ranges, that sound close to classic Maiden, which at first sounds a bit too similar, but *Over the Top* is a growler. The majority of the songs' goodness doesn't sink in until repeated listens, but, ultimately, being similar to IM is a good thing for White Wizzard, because they don't exactly copy classic Maiden, they just take the influences of said band and other classic British heavy metal bands and run with it. They use the best of NWOBHM to craft the infectiously gloriously guitar-driven *Over the Top*. —*Bryer Wharton*

Xiu Xiu

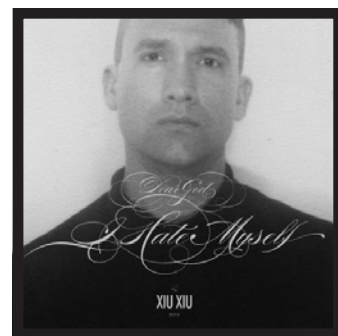
Dear God, I Hate Myself

Kill Rock Stars!

Street: 02.23

Xiu Xiu = Former Ghosts + Zola Jesus

Jamie Stewart has whispered his



dark and perverse confessions into the lives of unsuspecting lovers. From deep depression, hatred is birthed and begins to walk, soon meeting love at the backdoor to create a brilliant work of art. *Dear God, I Hate Myself* explores a dark pop creation full of self-loathing accompanied with dancery whirrs and springing explosions. Abstract starts and crashes follow Stewart's subtle serious vocals, then swoon into Nintendo beeps. Whether you focus on the lyrics or the instruments, you must stay attentive not to miss each intense switch from sweet to demonic. (03:26 *Urban*) —*Jessica Davis*

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3

DAILY CALINDAR

Send us your dates by the 25th of the previous month: dailycalendar@slugmag.com

Friday, March 5

We Were Promised Jetpacks, Lonely Forest, Bear Hands – *Kilby*
 Blood Into Wine Documentary – *Tower Theatre*
 Dubwise – *Urban*
 Small Town Sinners, Michael Gross and the Statuettes – *Woodshed*
 Irony Man, Collin Creek – *ABG's*
 Roses Pawn Shop, Hog Luvdog and The Sleaztonz – *Burt's*
 Raunch Records Presents All Systems Fail, Negative Charge, Draize Method, Eat Your Enemies, Invdrs, DJ Electronic
 Space Jihad – *Vegas*
 California Guitar Trio – *State Room*
 The Trademark, Ex Machina, Mary May I – *Muse*
 Dan Weldon – *Brewski's*



Midlake Wed., March 10- State Room

The Icarus Account, Eye dee Kay, Mute Station, Follow Earth, Between the Avenue, Sugar Stone, Grant Jones – *Murray Theater*
 The Grey Area – *Sugar Space*
 Opening Reception: Perspective – *Utah Arts Alliance Gallery*
 Junior Bellows – *5 Monkeys*
 SLUG's Film Critic Jimmy Martin on 97.1 ZHT 7:30 AM – 97.1 Ulysses, The Velvetones – *Bar Deluxe*

Saturday, March 6

Cobra Skulls, Dead To Me, Second Front, Problem Daughter, Mason Jones – *Kilby*
 Highdrow, Kno it alls, Task & Linus, Pig Pen – *Urban*
 Short Films for Kids – *Sorenson Unity Center*
 Lard Boy, Nathan Spencer & the Low Keys – *Blue Star Coffee*
 Oh!WildBirds, Bluebird Radio – *Burt's*
 Young Dubliners, Potcheen – *Depot*
 Nate Baldwin & The Sound, J. Wride, Ask For The Future, Double or Nothing – *Muse*
 Parsec – *Brewski's*
 Deny your Faith, Solyn – *Woodshed*
 Prophecy, Apparition, Ghost of Zion, Tickle the Penguin, Rage Against the Supremes – *Murray Theater*
 City Library 50th Anniversary Celebration – *City Library*
 Utah County Swillers – *Piper Down*
 Davidian, Sawed Off Smile, Blood Of Saints – *Kamikazes*
 The Grey Area – *Sugar Space*
 The Stacey Board Trio, Baxer and Sold Juice – *Vertical Diner*
 Sombra Party, Boots to the Moon, Rick & the Rayguns, Northern – *Velour*
 Salt City Derby Girls fundraiser – *Club Edge*
 Werewolf Afro, Under Radar CD Release, Kiss Me Kill Me, Pink Tractor, KHP – *Vegas*
 Riverhead, Redemption – *Bar Deluxe*

SLUG Games Beat The Pro – Park City

Sunday, March 7

Tumbledown, Andrew Anderson – *Urban*
 The Creepshow, The Atom Age Vampyres – *Burt's*
 The Grey Area – *Sugar Space*

Monday, March 8

Broadway Calls, Red City Radio, Ex-Okay – *Kilby*
 The Strange Boys, Naked Eyes, Furs – *Urban*
 Izzy and The Kesstronics – *Burt's*
 Dave Chisholm's Graduate Composition Recital – *Libby Gardner Concert Hall*
 Gene Loves Jezebel, Redemption, Carphax Files, Elemental – *Vegas*
 Chick Corea – *SLC Bashorin*
 Free Film: Waltz With Bashorin – *Post Theater*

(68) SaltLakeUnderGround

Vinyl Roots Lounge – *Vertical Diner*
 Babylon Down Sound System, Catch a Vibe – *Bar Deluxe*
 Happy Birthday Bryer Wharton!

Tuesday, March 9

Black Chariot, Covendetta, The Direction – *Kilby*
 The Futurists, Fox Van Cleef, Bronco, Fauna – *Urban*
 New Found Glory, Saves the Day, Hellogoodbye, Fireworks – *In the Venue*
 Masta Ace & Edo G – *Bar Deluxe*
 Souville – *W Lounge*

Wednesday, March 10

Hip White People, Hectic Hobo, Filthy Whipple Medicine Show, Tango Yankee – *Kilby*
 Puddle Mountain Ramblers, Marinade, The Velvettones – *Urban*

DJ C-Well – *Woodshed*

This Passing Moment, Little Black Pill, The Trust Method – *Burt's*
 Felix Cartal – *W Lounge*
 Midlake, Matthew and the Arrogant Sea – *State Room*

Masta Ace, Edo G – *Bar Deluxe*

Free Film: Body Typed – *Vieve Gore Auditorium*
 Simple Book Repairs Workshop – *Book Arts Studio*
 Utah Opera Preview Lecture – *Main Library*

Thursday, March 11

Jaguar Love, Mary May I – *Kilby*
 Laserfang, Super Buttery Muffins, Sleepover, Nick Foster DJ – *Urban*
 Bug Girl, Muckraker – *Burt's*
 Rocky Votolato, Timothy George – *Velour*
 Potcheen – *Piper Down*
 Diego's Umbrella – *Salt Shaker*
 Tera Vega, DarkBlood, Visions Of Decay, Enemy Octopus – *Vegas*
 Bad Medicine Brigade, Roots Rawka – *Woodshed*

Scullys Dope – *Bar Deluxe*

Skeighties Night – *Manhattan*

Friday, March 12

Appleseed Cast, Dreamend – *Kilby*
 The Devil Wears Prada, Killswitch Engage – *Saltair*
 Follow The Earth – *Muse*
 Poo Pee D and the Family Jewels – *Burt's*
 Until the Light Takes Us Documentary – *Tower*
 Irony Man – *Brewski's*
 Free Film: Our City Dreams – *Salt Lake Art Center*
 Split Lid – *Woodshed*
 SLUG's Film Critic Jimmy Martin on 97.1 ZHT 7:30 AM – 97.1 Blood Of Saints, Approaching Zer0 CD Release, Face The Tempest, Dead Wife By Knife – *Vegas*
 Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*
 Equaleyes – *Downstairs*
 Neon Trees, SharkSpeed, P. Jacobsen – *Velour*
 Jezus Rides a Riksha, Brute Force – *Bar Deluxe*
 SLUG Localized: Breaux, God's Revolver, Maraloka – *Urban*

Saturday, March 13

Love Like Fire, The Lionelle, Cedars, Pleasant Tree – *Kilby*
 Junction City Roller Dolls: Hilltop Aces vs. Railway Banditas – *Davis Conference Center*
 Leslie & the LY's, Christopher the Conquered, Birthquake – *Urban*
 The Rubes, Broken Spells – *ABG's*
 Long Distance Operator – *Woodshed*
 Victims Willing, Corner Pocket, Negative Charge, Chopstick Sidekick Tuesday, Wanna! Gotta! Gimme! – *Vegas*
 Solar Euphoria, Aka the Badger, The Hung Ups – *Blue Star Coffee*
 Junction City Roller Dolls Season Debut – *Davis Conference Center*
 Under Great White Northern Lights – *Tower*
 Big John Bates and The Voodoo Dollz, Reverend Deadeye, Hog & The Sleaztonz – *Burt's*
 Desert Noises, Son of Moses – *Velour*
 The Wailing O'Sheas – *Brewski's*
 The Baby Lotter, Condemned From Exile – *Outer Rim*
 Tommy Castro Band – *State Room*
 No Strings Attached Puppetry Festival – *City Library*
 Equaleyes – *Hog Wallow Pub*
 Chans Iverson, Kris Zeman – *Vertical Diner*
 Shred-a-Thon – *Park City*
 60 Watt, The Krypted, Truce – *Bar Deluxe*
 Happy Birthday Rio Connelly!

Sunday, March 14

Grand Hallway, Mighty Tiger, The Future of the Ghost, Sayde Price – *Kilby*
 Louis Logic, Type, Homeboy Sandman, Mindstate – *Urban*

Monday, March 15

Lake Mary, Oslo, 7Feathers Rainwater, Alameda – *Kilby*
 Visions of Decay – *Burt's*
 Loren Battle – *Outer Rim*
 Lukas Nelson Band, Promise of the Real – *State Room*
 Vinyl Roots Lounge – *Vertical Diner*
 Babylon Down Sound System, Catch a Vibe – *Bar Deluxe*
 Blood on the Flat Track: The Rise of the Rat City Roller Girls – *City Library*

Tuesday, March 16

Brian Andelin, James McOmber, Emily Melander Band, Stars of Leo – *Kilby*
 I Hear Sirens, Shark Speed, Dust the Books – *Urban*
 Manchester Orchestra – *In The Venue*
 Free Film: Cronos – *City Library*

Wednesday, March 17

Treehouse, See You in Mexico, Hot Air Platoon – *Kilby*
 Ted Dancin St, Patricks Day Bash – *Urban*
 Nate Robinson Trio – *ABG's*
 DJ C-Well – *Woodshed*
 Scotty's Corbeast – *Burt's*
 Rose Funeral, Wretched, And Hell Followed With, Wrath & Rapture – *Outer Rim*
 Simple Book Repairs Workshop – *Book Arts Studio*
 Glade – *City Library*
 The Rovin' Boozers, Swagger, The Heathen Highlanders – *Piper Down*

Ariennette, The Night Birds – *Muse*

Chali 2na, DJ Dez, DJ Odi-Wan – *Bar Deluxe*

Loom, I am the Ocean – *Monkey's Pub*

Funkin' Gonzo, Scenic Byway – *Club Edge*

Thursday, March 18

Vampire Weekend, The Blow – *In The Venue*
 The Spins, Night Birds, Holy Water Buffalo, Max Payne & The Groovies – *Kilby*
 Mathematics et Cetera, Hello Amsterdam, Chase One Two – *Urban*

The 44's – *Burt's*

Lebaron, Broken Hearted Rounds – *Velour*

HeadEase, MC K, DJ D Sharp – *Woodshed*

Skeighties Night – *Manhattan*

Bobaflex, Downstait, Aura Surreal, Lidsore – *Vegas*

Swagger, The Heathen Highlanders – *Piper Down*

SLAJ, The Chickens – *Bar Deluxe*

Friday, March 19

Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*
 Great American Taxi – *Vegas*
 The Baskies, Storming Stages and Stereos, Hot Air Platoon, Skank Race, Superhero, Rebellious Cause – *Kilby*
 Samba Gringa – *Urban*
 Shauntay Ramsey, Sarah de Azevedo, Michelle Emerson Art Show – *FICE*
 Utah County Swillers, The Switchblade Cobras – *ABG's*
 St. Elias, Collin Creek, Estrago – *Burt's*
 Blues On First – *Brewski's*
 And The Sirens Sang, Maridona – *Outer Rim*
 St. Smedy's Day – *Kamikazes*
 No Bunny, The Broken Spells, Lazy Billy and the Pillows, The Fucktards – *Woodshed*
 Screaming Condors – *Bar Deluxe*
 SLUG's Film Critic Jimmy Martin on 97.1 ZHT 7:30 AM – 97.1

Saturday, March 20

Future of the Ghost, Sevs vs. Evan, Bad Weather California, The Continentals, Bicycle Voice – *Kilby*
 Bandwagon Live W/ Deny Your Faith, Fireborne, Jeff Lawrence, Shift & Shadows – *Vegas*

20 Stories Falling – *Muse*

Vile Blue Shades, Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio – *Urban*

The Bradshaw Effect, Dramione, Oslo – *Blue Star Coffee*

The Front – *Burt's*

Cinderella – *Depot*

Kid Theodore – *Velour*

Copeland, I Can Make a Mess Like Nobody's Business, Person L, Deas Vail – *Murray Theater*

Mini-Workshop: Flipping Out and Over – *Book Arts Studio*

Jeremiah James Gang – *Piper Down*

Kirby Canyon Band – *Woodshed*

Emily Allen, Goat Beard – *Vertical Diner*

Slippery Kittens, Kettlefish – *Bar Deluxe*

Sunday, March 21

Sweatshop Union, Sick Sense & Skinwalker, Synthesis, Scenic Byway – *Urban*
 The Lives of Famous Men, David Elijah – *Kilby*
 Moheynows – *Bar Deluxe*

Monday, March 22

Ophelia Swing – *Kilby*
 My Life in Black and White, Dirty Vespuccis, The Hung Ups – *Burt's*
 Free Film: Every Little Step – *City Library*
 Vinyl Roots Lounge – *Vertical Diner*

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Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*
 The Shake Up Brigade, Reget Night, Discourse – *Urban*
Tuesday, March 23
 Prince Polo, Sally Yoo, Together Forever in Love, Our Mission, The After Party – *Kilby*
 Stag Hare, Seven Feathers Rainwater, Patrick Munger, Cloud Kiva – *Urban*
 Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons – *State Room*
Wednesday, March 24
 Libbie Linton, Armorie, Portrait of Norm, Cody Taylor – *Kilby*
 Scout Niblett, Morning Telpotation, Lindsay Heath – *Urban*
 Jucifer, The Slants, Muckraker – *Burt's*
 The Dutches & the Duke, The Moondoggies – *State Room*
 Jessica Bassett – *Velour*
 The Naked Eyes, The Maldives, Bluebird Radio – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Joe Jewkes!
Thursday, March 25
 Tim Barry, Michael Dean Damron – *Burt's*
 Drew Danburry, Kevin Greenspon, The Gypsy Cab, The Awful Truth, Small Town Sinners – *Kilby*
 Willy Dalton Benefit Show Featuring Funk Fu, Radiata, Reaction Effect, Sawed Off Smile – *Vegas*
 Skeighties Night – *Manhattan*
 Quasi, Explode Into Colors – *Urban*
 Los Hellcaminos – *Woodshed*
 Twiztid – *In The Venue*
 Ruins Of Tomorrow, Saleska – *Outer Rim*
 88 Keys, Kidz in the Hall, Izza Kizza & Donnis – *Murray Theater*
 Doco Band – *Piper Down*
 Reason of the Citizen, Left in Company, Ortega the Omega, Dusk One of Mindstate, The Smash Brothas, Reason of the Citizen, Left in Company, Ortega the Omega, Dusk One – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Sam Milianti!
Friday, March 26
 From First to Last, Eyes Set To Kill, Confide, Black Veil Brides, Sleeping With Sirens, Oh, Antartica & The Wilderness – *Kilby*
 Everson – *Muse*
 Xiu Xiu, Tune Yards, Talk Normal – *Urban*
 Big Black Sky – *ABG's*
 Black Square, Dubbed – *Burt's*
 Ultimate Combat Experience – *Vegas*
 Jet, Crash Kings – *Depot*
 SLUG's Film Critic Jimmy Martin on 97.1 ZHT 7:30 AM – 97.1

J. Wride, Jennifer Blossil – *Velour*
 Marinade – *Brewski's*
 Vannacutt, The Fall of Babylon, Graveslut – *Outer Rim*
 Story of the Year, Maylene & The Sons of Disaster, After Midnight Project – *Murray Theater*
 Queens Cup – *Park City Resort*
 Wasnatch – *Woodshed*
 Majoy St. Project, Ayisha, Fuzzy Form – *Bar Deluxe*
Saturday, March 27
 Tyrone Wells, Tonny Lucca, Roy Jay – *Kilby*
 Lord Boy – *Blue Star Coffee*
 Dawson – *Muse*
 The Devil Whale, Future of the Ghost, Palace of Buddies, Black Hounds – *Urban*
 Nine Worlds, Nanda Nevi, Subrosa, Borasca – *Burt's*
 Humane Society Of Utah Benefit W/ Bird Eater, I Am The Ocean, Separation Of Self – *Vegas*
 The Asylum – *Outer Rim*
 Misdelpheia – *Murray Theater*
 Queens Cup – *Park City Resort*
 Spyhop 8 Musicians – *Vertical Diner*
 Elizabethan Report, Mathematics et Cetera – *Velour*
 Big Head Todd & the Monsters – *Canyons*
 Game On – *Woodshed*
 Downtown GetDown, DJ Selleck – *Bar Deluxe*
Sunday, March 28
 Laura Gibson, Ethan Rose – *Slowtrain Subterranean*
 The Goddamn Gallows, Ugly Valley Boys, Hog Luvdog & The Sleaztones – *Bar Deluxe*
 Fishbone – *Canyons*
Monday, March 29
 Mac Lethal, Soul Crate Music, Prof, Akream, Burnell Washburn – *Kilby*
 Mac Lethal, Soul Crate Music – *Urban*
 The Big Wheel Stunt Show – *Burt's*
 Devendra Banhart and the Grogs – *Depot*
 The Kap Bros. – *Brewski's*
 Coco and Camaro – *Woodshed*
 Vinyl Roots Lounge – *Vertical Diner*
 Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*
Happy Birthday Ischa Buchanan!
Tuesday, March 30
 High Places, Silver Antlers, Wyld Wyzards – *Kilby*
 Peelander Z, Tough Tittie – *Burt's*
 No Bragging Rights, Affiance, Across the Sun, Hands Of The Martyr, Lets Burn It

Hemlock, TBA – *Vegas*
 Down, Five For Fighting – *Depot*
 Drop Dead Gorgeous, Sky Eats Airplane, Motionless in White, Get Scared – *Murray Theater*
 We Shot The Moon – *Velour*
Wednesday, March 31
 Cymbals Eat Guitars, Bear in Heaven, Freeland Whales – *Kilby*
 Sissy Spacek, Gerritt Wittmer & Paul Knowles, How To Kill, Cache – *Urban*
 Weedeater, Black Tusk, The Gates Of Slumber, Struck By Lightning, Jesusit, Old Timer – *Vegas*
 We Shot The Moon, Broke City – *Velour*
 Loom, Ednochuli, God's Revolver – *Browntown*
 Simple Book Repairs Workshop – *Book Arts Studio*
Thursday, April 1
 Swimming With Dolphins, We are the in Crowd, Places and Numbers – *Kilby*
 Voodoo Glowskulls, Resistor Radio – *Burt's*
 Brasstronaut, Will Sartain – *Urban*
 Red Eye Junction – *Piper Down*
 Mouse Fire, TBA – *Vegas*
 Fictionist – *Velour*
 Monk Soundssystem, Marco, The Body – *Woodshed*
 Skeighties Night – *Manhattan*
Friday, April 2
 The Cave Singers, The Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, David Williams – *Kilby*
 Greg Ginn and The Taylor Texas Corrugators – *Burt's*
 The Low Anthem, Nathaniel Rateliff & The Wheel – *State Room*
 Allred – *Velour*
 Bang Tango, Aerial, Heartbreak Hangover, Werewolf Afro, Corvid – *Vegas*
 Ulysses – *Brewski's*
 Same as it Never Was, Hot Reagan – *Woodshed*
 SLUG's Film Critic Jimmy Martin on 97.1 ZHT 7:30 AM – 97.1
 A Textbook Tragedy, Continuance – *Outer Rim*
 Dubwise – *Urban*
 Steady Machete – *Bar Deluxe*
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MIDLAKE



fans of: Modest Mouse, Shearwater

Tue Mar 23

JERRY JOSEPH & THE JACKMORMONS



fans of: Jason Isbell, Vic Chesnutt

Sat Mar 13

TOMMY CASTRO BAND



fans of: Johnny Lang, Keb' Mo'

Wed Mar 24

THE DUTCHESS & THE DUKE



with: The Moondoggies

Mon Mar 15

LUKAS NELSON



& PROMISE OF THE REAL

Fri Apr 2

THE LOW ANTHEM



fans of: Great Lake Swimmers, The Avett Brothers

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4/6 HUGH CORNWELL of the LEGENDARY STRANGLERS

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ALL ages

- 1 -Faith For The Fallen, Stomp The Mockingbird, Saints Are Sinners, The World is qu
- 3 -John Allred, Tommy Gunn, Brian Bingham, Damir Hara
- 4 -Seth and May, Remedy Motel, James Steed
- 5 -We Were Promised Jetpacks, Lonely Forest, Bear Hands
- 6 -Cobra Skulls, Dead To Me, Second Front, Problem Daughter, Mason Jones (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6pm)
- 8 -Broadway Calls, Red City Radio, Ex-Okay
- 9 -Black Chariot, Covendetta, The Direction Hip White People, Hectic Hobo, Filthy Whipple Medicine Show, Tango Yankee
- 11 -Jaguar Love, Mary May I, TBA
- 12 -Appleseed Cast, Dreamend
- 13 -Love Like Fire, The Lionelle, Cedars, Pleasant Tree (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6pm)
- 14 -Grand Hallway, Mighty Tiger, The Future of the Ghost, Sayde Price
- 15 - Lake Mary, Oslo, 7Feathers Rainwater, Alameda
- 16 -Brian Andelin, James McOmber, Emily Melander Band, Stars of Leo CD Release
- 17 -See You in Mexico, Treehouse, and Hot Air Platoon
- 18 -The Spins, Night Birds, Holy Water Buffalo, Max Payne & The Goovie
- 18 -S&S Presents: VAMPIRE WEEKEND w/ The Blow @ In The Venue (7pm)
- 19 -UT. Ska Show! feat: The Baskies, Storming Stages & Stereos, Hot Ait Platoon, Skank Race, Superhero, Rebellious Cause (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 5:30pm)
- 20 -Bad Weather California, Future of the Ghost, Seve Vs Evan, The Continentals, bv (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6pm)
- 21 -The Lives of Famous Men, David Elijah, TBA (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6pm)
- 22 -Ophelia Swing, TBA
- 23 -Prince Polo, Sally Yoo, Together Forever in Love, Our Mission And The After Party (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6pm)
- 24 -Libbie Linton, Armorie, Portrait of Norm, Cody Taylor
- 25 -Drew Danbury, Kevin Greenspon, Gypsy Cab, The Awful Truth, Small Town Sinners (EARLY SHOW! 6pm)
- 26 -From First to Last, Eyes Set To Kill, Confide, Black Veil Brides, Sleeping With Sirens, Oh, Antarctica & The Wilderness
- 27 -Tyrone Wells, Tony Lucca, Roy Jay
- 29 -Mac Lethal, Soul Crate Music, Prof, Akream, Burnell Washburn (EARLY SHOW! - Doors: 6:30pm)
- 30 -High Places, Silver Antlers, WYLD WYZARDS
- 31 -Cymbals Eat Guitars, Bear in Heaven, Free-lance Whales



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natt • chos (năt-chōz)

A small, often triangular, piece of tortilla topped with cheese or chili-pepper sauce, best served with Natty Light.



“Ray has a dilemma. He really likes Amy... but he *really, reeeeeeally* likes nattchos, watchin’ the game on TV and Natty Light.”

Visit naturallight.com to submit your own nattyisms!

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