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John Lydon / Negura Bunget / The Platte

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hunt you down and make you pay for your sins. Now, that's a promise.

Contributor Limelight



Team Ramrod • Two-Man Coverage Team

Chris Proctor and Jeremy Riley (a.k.a. **Team Ramrod**) have been busting ass and slaughtering everything in their path with *SLUG* for nearly a year. Proctor, the brains of Team Ramrod, is an all-around literary genius with superb writing skills while Riley, the brawn, holds it down with his trusty camera. Transforming into a two-man coverage machine, much like Robocop but instead of killing things with guns and weapons, they use their words and photos to destroy all in their way. They both have used their extreme knowledge and deep roots in the snowboard community to help plan and execute the stellar course at *SLUG Games Prom Jam* this past February. If you see a flash of bright light, a dreamcatcher flying through your plane of vision and some mumbled words, you can be sure Team Ramrod has kicked your ass and taken your name.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

4

Dear Dickheads,

If I had a penny... no really, If I had a penny for every time some drunk idiot came up to me saying shit like, "I used to have hair as long as yours, but I cut it off because it was too much of a pain, blah, blah, blah..." you get the picture? Or... If I had a penny for every uniform change that has hit these streets in the thirty years I've been playing music in this town, I would be Bill Gates' neighbor on Puget Sound and not bothering you all with this rant. I was around when Uncle Shame, literally overnight, went from his King Diamond kick to a new Punker-than-thou uniform, that he bought at the original Raunch Records. The rest of the band followed suit, because it was the trendy thing to do once our little thrash metal band moved into the downtown scene. I was a metalhead who loved hardcore but hated trendy bullshit uniform modifications so, when I got sick and tired of the fake punker-than-thou bullshit, I walked. I wasn't going to cut my hair, give-up and give-in, symbolically self-castrate, give up my 'flag of hate' for anyone or any goddamn scene. Guess who is still playing music here? Guess who went Mormon and is trying to get you to buy a car by placing an ad in Slug, claiming his own punk-rock authenticity as the reason why you should do so? The 'scumbag gypsy kids' (a phenomenon I have yet to encounter) are just another uniform choice for the bored and weary children of worker-ant plebes. The author is absolutely correct about the fact that 99.999% of them will turn in their trendy get-up for a corporate jack-ass monkey suit or a new set of Masonic cult ritual underwear before they reach 25. The point is this, some of us are just 'who we are' and some of us are just a collection of little pieces of everyone we think are in a cooler club than we are and dress so that the people we admire most will then like us better. I have always been the same since I refused to wear the zebra-print spandex that Uncle Shame was bringing to every gig for me to wear because I wouldn't go buy my own (before he went "Punk" and then Mormon car dealer). I took a ton of shit from these punker-than-thou fuckers because I wouldn't get a haircut (surrender my flag of hate) and paint stupid shit on my jacket (become a walking billboard for capitalism) or "go rockabilly" (try to suck off the aura of Elvis). It just wasn't 'me' to do any of those things and it would have been stupid and silly. Really! Let me clarify. There are real punkers. There are real gypsies. There are real Rockin'billies. There are real long-haired meat-head punkers without tattoos and skinny-jeans falling off their ass from all the

chain-work pants ornamentation. And there are many many many more fake poser wannabe fashion statements running around trying to get popular on Facebook. Here's to you, guy that used to have hair as long as mine! ..Some of us weren't 'just kidding' to piss off our parents and get Brad at Raunch to like us and let us in the 'cool kid' club. We did and still do really hate this fucking Mormon-ass corporate butt-fuck bullshit that we have to live in! Really! Until next time... I'm going out to find a new hip uniform to "...fit right in with the people I admire most..." (-from David Yow/The Jesus Lizard.) Rock-on Dickheads!

—Cousin It

Dear Cousin It,
While we appreciate (in theory) your positive response to our negative response to last month's Gypsy-centric Dear Dickheads letter, we're not as appreciative of the rambling, anti-Mormon, pro-hair format in which you've chosen to express yourself. There's definitely something to be said about sticking to your guns and not compromising your morals, but no one wants to be a surly, creepy, hateful old dude complaining about a world that has passed him by but has somehow remained just as fucked up. I should admit that I didn't read all of your letter (paying attention ain't punk), but I think you should probably give the Mormons a break. Sure, I beleive in seperating Church and State and when State Legislators try to impose their conservative morals on me (like that fucking new smoking law), it chaps my hide! But, encouraging hate towards punkers-turned-mormon or just Mormons in general is bullshit. I understand that Uncle Shame tortured you for not wearing shitty fucking rocker pants (good decision, BTW) but big fucking deal. What SLC punker hasn't been targetted by dickwads looking to start shit based on looks? Plain and simple, douch bags are douche bags regardless of their religion, race or fucking hair length. And for the record, some of our favorite people and even many members of the SLUG staff are just crazy for that Joseph Smith—probably because of his moderate yet rebellious hairstyle.

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!
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Fri 4/16: I Am The Ocean

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Welcome to Beervana!

Out of the light into the fog with NEGURA BUNGET



By Bryer Wharton bryer@slugmag.com

Black metal is an ever-changing sonic experience. From the extreme raw and harsh tones to beautiful atmospheres that share the raw primal and spiritual exorcisms, all of it is an exercise in emotional releases and a general expression of beliefs and ideology. "Our music is a direct reflection of our souls. We do the music we do because of who we are, but at the same time we are who we are partly because of the music we do. Negura Bunget was always a spiritual endeavor for us, our ultimate goal is to have people sharing this," says drummer **Negru**.

Recently, the strange and ever-evolving Transylvanian black metal band Negura Bunget opened the next chapter in their 15-year-lifespan by revisiting a past album: The band's newest release *Maiestrit* is a re-envisioning of their 2000 album *Maisastru Sfetic*. That recording is the last to include long time members **Sol Faur** and **Hupogrammos Disciple**. Remaining member Negru will propel the band forward with a new line-up and a new album *Virstele Pamintului* coming early this spring. In an interview with Negru, the already vast and foggy shroud surrounding Negura Bunget wasn't quite cleared. Questions were answered, but only more surfaced, which added to the already dense and mysterious themes that Negura Bunget has displayed on five studio albums and a few EP releases.

Negura Bunget's lyrics, sung and screeched in Romanian, feel like whispers and hints explained through themes that only the band understands. Negru didn't elaborate much on the lyrical content other than saying that they lie in the local spiritualism and that they're very rooted to the environment of Transylvania. The feelings, however, that Negura Bunget purvey are still deeply felt in the layered atmospheric and haunting black metal displayed by the band. Negura Bunget, which is translated as "Dark Foggy Forest," started with

drummer Negru and guitarist Hupogrammos in 1995, gained members and progressed as songwriters over the years. Each chapter of the band's existence exhibits different ideas and themes. The band's 2002 album '*N Crugu Bradului*, for example, used each track to represent one of the four seasons.

"The band is the main center of its members' spiritual evolution. Since the first album, we got into the local [Transylvanian] spirituality, history and folklore, although initially more at a lyrical and conceptual level. In time, things shifted more towards a local traditional musical expression and a universal lyrical approach. The essence remained the same from the very beginning," says Negru. The events that transpired to

cause Sol Faur and Hupogrammos to leave may not have been pretty, but were typical of most bands' disagreements. "There was a bit of a drama around the split, mostly done by the two former members. But now things have calmed down a bit I guess," says Negru. "And I'd say it's time for the music to do all the talking. That's all that matters in the end." The re-interpretation of *Maisastru Sfetic* wasn't finished when Sol Faur and Hupogrammos left, and it wasn't easy to complete *Maiestrit*. The end result, nonetheless, boasts depth to a record that the band wasn't initially happy with.

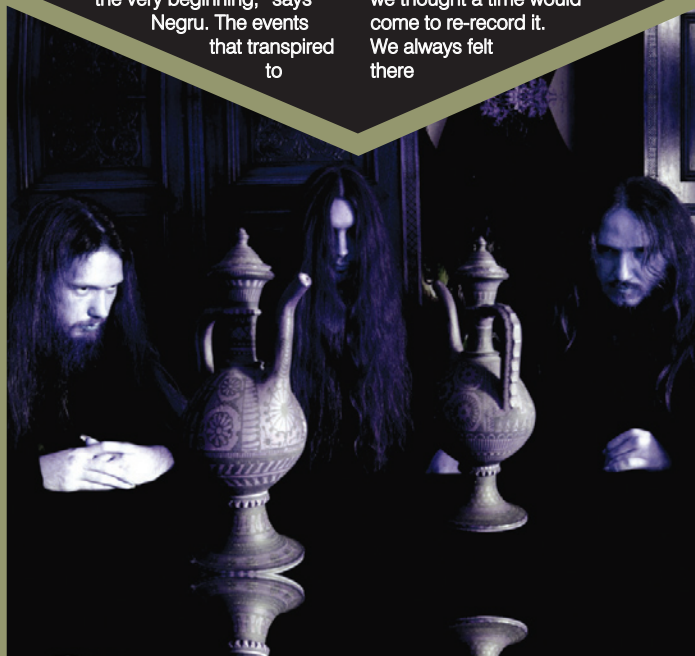
"Since we left the studio after the original recording of *Maisastru Sfetic*, we thought a time would come to re-record it. We always felt there

was a lot more unexpressed there," says Negru. Although the band had a clear vision of how they wanted *Maiestrit* to sound, Negru said putting the vision into reality wasn't easy. The album is similar to its predecessor, but there are many small changes re-arrangements and new layers added to the songs, which all enhanced the atmosphere of the album.

If you listen to each track from *Maisastru Sfetic* and *Maiestrit* back to back, similarities stand out easily, but so do the differences. The re-envisioned version is superbly layered and subtly atmospheric with melodies and guitar riffing that stands out. There is also a haziness to the sound, which creates a feeling of singularity amongst the songs and a highly layered effect. This culminates in more varied depths and naturally denser feel than the original.

The weary fan or newcomer may see different motivations to reinterpret an album—the most obvious being financial reasons. Negru explains the more personal motivation behind it: "Maiestrit offers a new vision of the original album. It puts it into new perspectives and brings a lot of new elements to it. Of course people are always free to choose what to listen to and enjoy. We did this version because we owed it to ourselves first."

With Negura Bunget's *Maiestrit* and its predecessor, you can listen to either repeatedly and get a different reaction. There lies a mysterious reaction listening to the albums—anger, tranquility, deep thought and inner contemplation—all of which are brought on by a language I don't understand. But such is the power of Negura Bunget's music and black metal in general. It's not a simple melody here and a chorus there. Negura Bunget's music will make you look inward, outward, and contemplate the darkness and light of your soul at the same time.



Negura Bunget's Transylvanian metal stays shrouded in mystery.

Lindsay Heath



Localized By Ryan Hall

dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com

There is no excuse for missing *SLUG* Localized on April 16 at *Urban Lounge*. The line-up includes **Lindsay Heath's** newly minted post-classical project, the ethereal, unearthly drones of **Tiny Lights** and opening band **My Dead Ego**. Five bucks at the door, be prepared to be floored.

Lindsay Heath— Composition, guitar, vocals

Cache Tolman – Bass

Kim Pack – Violin

Amy Marquez – Guitar

Moey Nelson – Vocal Harmonies

Camilo – Drums

Pop quiz, name as many female drummers as you can in the next 10 seconds ... Ok, time's up. Does your list include: **Janet Weiss? Hannah Blilie? Paloma Romero? Maureen Tucker? Sheila E.? Sandy West?** If that list doesn't include Lindsay Heath, you should really take a cursory look at the liner notes of your favorite SLC band's album. Chances are Lindsay Heath is credited somewhere in there, if not behind the drums, then elsewhere in the production. Don't feel bad if your list isn't too extensive, Heath herself would have a hard time creating one. When I asked if her inspiration to pick up the drums at a young age was a reaction to the (seemingly) low percentage of women playing the instrument, she says, "That actually did have some play into wanting to be a drummer in metal and things like that. I liked being an example of someone that bent gender stereotypes, especially in the community I grew up in. I did like that attention for a while. Then it became this novelty that I wasn't into. I'm just a drummer. I'm not the girl drummer, I am just the drummer." So, it makes sense when Lindsay Heath cites **Dave Grohl** over **Samantha Maloney**.

Lindsay's life-long mastery of the drums has helped stake her claim as the go-to girl for percussion, contributing to wildly successful local acts such as **Redd Tape**, **The Tremula**, **Vile Blue Shades**, **Mushman**, **Musclehawk**, **Delicatto**, her semi-solo project **Kid Madausa** and the list goes on. The list also oversteps geographic boundaries with her contributions to NYC-based musicians **Sybil Buck** and **Valerie Geffner**. This year, however, finds Heath staring down her musical past, re-treading ground that came before many and existed side-by-side with some of her louder, heavier projects. "With this project I have come full circle, some of these compositions were written close to 10 years ago. A lot of them have been works in progress," she says. When asked why these songs are just seeing the light of day now, Heath said, "I never felt like they were done justice and weren't ready to be recorded. I had never been satisfied with any of the recordings that I had. I finally realized that I was on the right foot in the very beginning with the classical music. I realized strings would be the best way to go."

This mysterious new project is so simple it can seem radically experimental. Heath is dropping any moniker and performing under her given name. "I feel I am in a place in my life where I want that raw vulnerability. That is something I am trying to cultivate in myself and in my person and it is happening musically and artistically in the songs," she says. With this newfound emotional transparency, Heath prefers to engage the songs at face value instead of pigeonholing them into a certain genre as she did in the past. Heath says that

in her former projects, "I definitely wanted the songs to cause a reaction. I wanted them to be as accessible as possible for everyone. But, I realized I was doing the songs injustice by doing that. They are what they are. I think with the name change it is really parallel to what I am doing with the songs, stripping them down." She warns, "I don't think I have any songs that are under six minutes."

Don't let the picture on top of the article fool you—this is all Lindsay Heath. Each song is written and composed by Heath and then played by a cast of recruited accompanists that act as an outgrowth of Heath's musical vision. She explains it as such, "I've arranged a group of professionals. Cache Tolman is my stand-up bassist, Kim Pack is playing violin. I'm giving Cache my left hand, giving Kim the upper range, and I am working with a cellist who will have the mid range. I write all the guitar and I do lead work or mix rhythm and really simplified percussion." This new project is more prone to footnote **Erik Satie** and **Arvo Part** than **Nirvana** and **Sonic Youth**, but, in the musical landscape of Heath there is little difference between sprawling noise rock and classical compositions. "The obsession was always the music and the sound itself. The life of it, whatever it is, just bled into me, I didn't see any separation between the music and myself, as cliché as that sounds," she says.

This new project announces a kind of cycling back to what drew her into music in the first place. A new beginning of sorts. She even wore lipstick for the first time ever in preparation for the photo shoot and interview. Not that I'm flattered or anything.



TINY LIGHTS

Andy Cvar – Guitar
Bryan Holbrook – Bass
Mike Gonzales – Drums
Matt Hill – Guitar/vocals
Terrence Warburton – Guitar/vocals

Tiny Lights grew out of guitarist and singer Matt Hill's desire to

do more with less. His idea was to create a band that stripped the auspices of rock and roll down to the brass-tacks of straightforward rhythm and chord progressions. "Our songs, honestly, are super easy and really simple. To rehearse them over and over—you really dig into the details, almost every note becomes important," says Hill. The idea is that when you are unfettered by complicated moves that take mental concentration to master, simple compositions become jumping-off places to create largely improvised soundscapes buried under a floating wall of reverb-drenched guitar drones. "In meditation, that constant repetition of movement, thought or oration starts to take on different allusions. And honestly, that is how it is for us. We will take off on the end of 'Froggy' and it just goes and goes and there is this moment where I am like, 'I should probably stop it,' but then it just opens up," Gonzales says.

While all members are set on creating open-ended, three-guitar explorations around unadorned compositions, the talents of the members of Tiny Lights are not squandered on experimentation. All vets of the SLC music scene, each member boasts an impressive resume. Hill has played in projects ranging from **The Furs** to performance art ensemble, **Godstar Experience**. Guitarist Terrance Warburton has played in almost every influential band in SLC from the **Purr Bats** and **Red Bennies**, to the **Vile Blue Shades**. Guitarist **Andy Cvar** played in **Tom Greenwood's** revolving-door experimental group **Jackie-O Motherfucker** in Portland. While bassist **Bryan Holbrook** and drummer **Mike Gonzales** split time in **The Plastic Furs** and **Come-down** while moonlighting in the Tiny Lights. The proficiency and pedigree, evident in the projects left in their wake, aid more than hinder Tiny Lights in their self-imposed minimal aesthetic. Hill explains, "Honestly, before I even started talking to these guys about what the sound was going to be, I thought I was just going to get some amateur musicians to play really simply. So it worked out perfectly, I don't really have to explain any of the details to them. The sound is understood and comes together naturally...It would be one thing if any one of us were poor musicians who couldn't remember how to play a D-Chord. But we all have that much within us."

Gonzales' drum set-up speaks to their insistence on tearing rock and roll to its very essence. Consisting of a single tom, a recently acquired snare and a tambourine, his primitive arrangement achieves what Hill calls "a primal thud," a straight back beat that

eschews the macho propulsion of the typical bro-rock band and allows Tiny Lights three guitarists to explore the spaces in between. Gonzales insists, "**Phil Rudd** (drummer for **AC/DC**), the best drummer ever, never played a fill. Straight back beats."

When asked what affect these droning, hypnotic soundscapes have on the audience, a ripple of laughter erupts around the table. Warburton yells, "Boooring!" mimicking an audience patron at their latest *Urban Lounge* show. Audience disapproval of Tiny Light's expressionistic drones extends beyond mere catcalling and enters the realm of truly impressive acts of sabotage. During their last show at *The Woodshed* someone cut the lock off the electrical box in the men's bathroom shutting off all the power to the club, effectively ending their show that night. They were only 30 minutes deep. While they are quick to add that these audience reactions have been exceptions rather than the rule, cutting through a crowd's thick skin of jaded expectations and creating a passionate response is something to be proud of.

Tiny Lights pride themselves in creating music for the sole purpose of expression, rather than something that is immediately commoditized. All members agree that the experience of getting lost in the ephemeral barrage of noise is more important than entertaining or pandering to a crowd's taste. Hill says, "My hope for someone that might enjoy it would be along the lines of hypnotic. For me, it is totally like that on stage and in practice." When asked about the occasional grating between the band and the audience, Gonzales says, "There is always going to be that because we are going for something that we have always wanted to do rather than what we thought would make us band of the year."

With the triumph of modernism has come the blasé acceptance of pretty much everything and anything considered avante garde. The shocking has become the new standard, the once offended bourgeois are now flocking to outsider art galleries and are glad-handing music considered unintelligible noise a generation back. So, in this post-**G.G. Allin** artscape, what does a band have to do to elicit a genuine response? Miraculously, Tiny Lights have found a way to gain the respect of, and in many cases, raise the ire of concert patrons. All you have to do is play loud, slow and long. Really long.

Tiny Lights are playing Friday April 16 at the *Urban Lounge* with Lindsay Heath. Come, but leave your bolt cutters at home.

BEAT THE

PRO

By: Chris Proctor chris.proctor@utah.edu



Goaaaaaaah! Dorobiala kicks one in for everyone in Steeler country. Photo: Swainston



Ewwwwwww! Photo: Katie Panzer

Tuck Kneeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Photo: Jesse Anderson

If you happened to be a pro snowboarder or skier at *Park City Mountain Resort* on March 6, then it was your unlucky day as the best unknowns from around the valley were standing by to take you down in the second annual *SLUG Games Beat the Pro*, presented by Scion and Yudu. When I arrived at PCMR three hours before any normal person even thinks about waking up on a Saturday morning, I laid eyes on the glorious *Pick n' Shovel* terrain park where this prestigious event was being held. It consisted of an upper jib section with a bonk, handrail and a flatbox. It then led to four progressively larger jumps separated by two gigantic pole-jam-style boxes, and ended with some kinked handrails, a wall ride and a log stall. Pro riders, such as skier **Tim Russell**, and snowboarders **Alice Gong**, **Nate Sheehan** and **Aaron Blittner** all showed up to grace us with their presence and to set the standard for which amateur riders were to be judged in the "crucible" round

of the competition. Up for grabs for all competitors were some Signal snowboards, a pair of Surface skis and poles, a one-year S4 Optics sponsorship, a Revolution Snowboards "Build a Board" certificate, YUDU personal screen printing machine, a handful of prize packs and the gold belt and silver and bronze medallions.

This year there were divisions for Men's and Women's Snow and Men's Ski. The 17-and-under

divisions were combined with the open divisions. They were all run at the same time in a jam format for the first round of the competition, which was judged as a regular slope-style comp. The judges then chose the top riders from each division to go on to the "Beat the Pro" round, where said pro did a line through the last three features, the last jump, the handrails and the wall ride, and each competitor attempted to match that same line. It was basically like a game of S-K-A-T-E at a skate park except on snow and they actually gave us permission to camp out with our friends in front of a feature people were trying to hit. The judging for this round was pretty straightforward. If a competitor didn't complete a certain trick, they got a mark against them. The person with the fewest marks when time ran out got first place, the person with the second fewest marks got second place, and so on. The first round was set to start at 11 am, so naturally, at 11:15 everything was ready to go.

I was amazed at some of the tricks these skiers and riders were stomping even after riding PCMR for 12 years and seeing the kind of local talent that frequents this resort. Being up at the starting gate and looking down at the rest of the course, I was able to see how every rider was itching to prove that they belonged among the pros. For forty-five minutes, skiers and snowboarders took over the park with a mixture of big spins, buttery jibbing and good vibes. Snowboarder **Gabe McGovern** dropped in first and stomped a backside 360 in the qualifiers. After that it was **Beau Day** who came to work with a floating back-side rodeo, one of the many thrown that day. **Ryan Flaska**, one of the riders who dominated the course for the first round, dropped in switch and landed bolts on a frontside 720 spinning off his toes. From the skiers' side of things, **Nicholas Consiglio** went out on a limb for a 900-rodeo and a 270 on and off of the kinked handrail. **Trevor Akimoto** switched things up with a

Siiaiiiiick! Front board through the kink. Photo: Swainston



front flip, and **Aden Shaw**, the outright youngest competitor of the day, wowed the crowd with an array of stylish tricks. The contest took its first bad turn of the day when Alice Gong, the pro assigned to the women's division, took a blow to the head and ended up having to sit out of the final round. No girl pro meant there would be no final round for the girl riders, so the judges took the scores from round 1, and the girls placed on the podium accordingly. Third place for the women's went to **Hailee Mattingley**, and her sister **Taelor Mattingley** took second, both winning their bronze and silver medallions and prize packs. Defending champion **Wiki Jones** came home with the gold belt, prize pack, YUDU screen printing machine and a Signal snowboard.

The qualifying round came to a halt after forty-five minutes, and the judges got together to decide which riders were going to make it into the final round. After deliberating with one another as hopeful riders took a few last practice runs, the judges passed their decision onto the MC and names from each division were announced over the loudspeakers for all to hear. Both joes and pros met up at the knuckle of the third jump as the final round was set to begin. First to drop was pro skier Tim Russell. He started things off with a 540-rodeo, then went into the left handrail with a 50-50 to 270 out, and finished with a hand-plant over the wall ride. After two runs, the podium for the skiers went as follows: **Micah Bybee** won third place and was awarded the bedazzled bronze medallion and a prize pack full of delightful product. **Trevor Akimoto** came home with the silver medallion and prize pack, and **Nicholas Consiglio** topped the skiers' division and won himself the gold belt, a prize pack,



High Fives for Kiiiiiling it. Photo: Jesse Anderson



Suitcaaaaaase! Photo: Jesse Anderson

and a pair of Surface skis and poles.

Snowboarder pros Nate Sheehan and Aaron Biittner were up next. Biittner, being the trooper that he is, decided to ride with an injury and kept it simple with a back-side 180, a 50-50 down the middle handrail, and a front board on the lip of the wall ride. After Biittner dropped, Sheehan raised the stakes with a 540-rodeo, cab-50, and a blunt stall. After two rounds of competition, the scores were tallied up and the winners were announced. In third place was **Jordan Tramp** and second place went to Ryan Alaska. Ryan, I forgive you for throwing your medallion away right in front of me after the award ceremony was over. And finally, after some seriously technical spins and difficult jibbing, **David Sylvain** earned the gold belt, prize pack, a YUDU, Signal snowboard and S4 Optics sponsorship.

SLUG would like to throw out a big "thank you" to the PCMR Park Crew, our awesome crew of judges and all of our amazing sponsors. We couldn't have done it without you: Scion and Yudu, Celtek, Discrete, Sports Den, Fun Hat, Salty Peaks, XSI Insurance, SnoDice, Revolution, Blindside, North Face Masters, Surface, DFP, Uprok, Annex Skate, Quiksilver, Signal Snowboards, FRESH, S4 Optics, Milo Sport, The Jibyard, One Love Ski & Snowboard Club and RAJA.



Tiggghhhht! Double Grab. Photo: Jesse Anderson



Sleeeeeeepy! Photo: Jesse Anderson



Zimmmmerman! Photo: Swainston

Check slugmag.com for more photos and videos from **Beat the Pro**, as well as keep an eye out for any updates about next years competitions at thesluggames.com.



Wiki wikky wild methhhhod! Photo: Jesse Anderson



Frooont fliiip. Photo: Jesse Anderson

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Fri Apr 2: BANG TANGO, Aerial, Heartbreak Hangover, Werewolf Afro, Corvid

Sat Apr 3: Bomber, Means Nothing, Enemy Octopus, Uncle Scam

Wed Apr 7: THE WILLOWZ, LIONIZE, Dwellers, Los Rojos

Thu Apr 8: Occidus, CHAINED EXISTENCE, The Blare, Five Finger Mojo

Fri Apr 9: Cunning Stunt, A Different Element, Orbis Intus, Matt Ben Jackson

Sat Apr 10: Such Vengeance, THE VEER UNION, THE SAMMUS THEORY, DarkBlood

Tue Apr 13: FAITH AND THE MUSE

Wed Apr 14: WOE OF TYRANTS

Thu Apr 15: JAMESON, Jataka, Still-Born, Life Has A Way

Fri Apr 16: Birthday Bash for Quentin & Dusty w. Arsenic Addiction, Separation Of Self, Reaction Effect, Blood Of Saints

Sat Apr 17: ROYAL BLISS, SHAMANS HARVEST, American Hitmen

Thu Apr 22: Vaudeville Avante Garde

Fri Apr 23: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Sun Apr 25: KOFFIN KATS, The Ugly Valley Boys, Hog Luvdog and the Sleetzone

Wed Apr 28: RADIO MOSCOW, Plastic Furs, Naked Eye

Thu Apr 29: Apology Rejected, tba

Fri Apr 30: Bandwagon Live w. tba

Sat May 1: Raunch Records Presents

Fri May 7: FLAW

Wed May 8: NASHVILLE PUSSY, GREEN JELLY, PSYCHOSTICK

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Continued from A4—And so history will be written. Rotten Richard the notorious villain with a long list of felonies, starting with mischief and ending with murder was nabbed red handed by Benny the beagle. Yet to receive sentence, Rotten Richard awaits conviction at point of the mountain Draper, Utah.



Benny

13 Cholos

The Devils Dozen Does Zion

Text and illustrations by **Tully Flynn**
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 Photography by **Chris Swainston**
chris@slugmag.com

St George, UT—The undoubtedly unlucky number 13 and its 2000-year legacy lives on. Stemming from the original posse of Jesus and his 12 disciples makes 13, and a crew of 13 witches makes a coven. We rolled 13 deep to a land the locals call Zion. A mini Mormon Vegas, the righteous flock to this Desert oasis. Heaven on earth it is. The land and the atmosphere brought us near tears. Hello *In and Out*, *Five Guys* weird folded-pizza sandwiches and Utah's first *Cafe Rio*. GOODBYE titties, hobos handing out porn and gambling. Sin doesn't exist in St. George—well maybe gluttony. On a stony stroll to a burger joint, I couldn't help but feel like a swine at his trough with all the piggy families fattening up right before my dilated shark eyes. I love sin, so I was happy to indulge with the locals in the one sin they find acceptable. Unlike Jesus's posse, we traveled without a messiah—although **Adam Dorobiala** is the most Christ-like, and **James Atkins** the most like Judas. I don't know where the **Riddler** fits in. Maybe Bartholomew. Maybe in these mini profiles you can put the players in their proper Jesus posse positions, or maybe we can exploit a witch or two. I will ask each constituent to pick a number between one and twenty. Their number



Truck stop slash. Nephi UT, Shark Eye

determines how many questions I ask them and the questions will be decided by a roll of the dice.



Mark Judd 11

13. Would you accept a foot massage from Mary Magdalene?
 Fuck yeah.
 15. Which do you find more palatable:
 Christ blood or goat blood?
 Christ blood.
 10. Anything

funny happen on the trip?
 Not off the top of my head.
 12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?
 No. That's crossing the line of homosexuality.
 11. Favorite truck stop treat?
 Coffee, beer and cigars.
 9. Memorable fast food experience?
 Yeah, dude. I met my brother and his wife at Five Guys.
 16. Did you learn anything about anyone?
 James is the tightest skater ever. Murdock has a motorcycle he fixed up.
 14. Define Lent and Samhain.
 Lent: Fasting.
 Samhain: I don't know.
 3. Name the 12 apostles.
 Yes...no...fuck.
 19. Do you worship Jesus? If no:
 How do you feel about witchcraft?
 No. I question the reality of

witchcraft.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

Yes.

Bonus round: pick one of two

13 or **12**

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or black cat

Toadstool or **Bread**

Lamb or goat

Crusade or Jihad

Josh Martinez 13

3. Name the 12 apostles.

Dave Chappelle,

Rick James and

Chris Rock.

4. Name infamous witches,

sorcerers, druids,

Satanists, etc.

Blair Witch,

Harry Potter and

Lemmy.

8. Favorite truck stop?

Sam's mom's house.

11. Favorite truck stop treat?

Tall can of Pabst.

10. Anything funny happen on the trip?

I don't know.

6. Did you notice any signs of the second coming in Zion?

No.

2. What were some tricks that went down on this trip?
 Secrets.

1. Favorite Zion skate spot?
 Bloomington school.

9. Memorable fast food experience?
 Five Guys. Chris eating three things of fries and two burgers,

nothing crazy.

17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?

I've eaten a handful of crickets.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

If he finished me off.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

An illegal immigrant.

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

No.

Bonus round: pick one of two.

13 or **12**

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or black cat **black girls**

Toadstool or bread

Goat or lamb

Crusade or **Jihad**

Mike Murdock 7

8. Favorite truck stop?
 The one where we were doing wallrides on the jersey barrier.
 6. Did you notice any signs of the second



coming in Zion?

No.

11. Favorite truck stop treat?
 When Shark Eye bought a candy bar on a nacho plate.

14. Define Lent and Samhain.
 Lent: Hash Wednesday.

Samhain: Who's Samhain?

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

I saw God for a minute there when I almost smashed the Navigator into that deer.

1. Favorite Zion skate spot? The ditch was hecca sweet. Sam got stuck shimmying under the fence.

9. Memorable fast food experience? Jalapeño loaf from Maverick. I thought I was getting a sandwich at this one place and instead I get a pizza folded in half with weird shit on it.

Bonus round: pick one of two.

13 or 12

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or black cat

Toadstool or bread

Lamb or **goat**

Crusade or Jihad **Cruhad**



James Atkin 13

3. Name the 12 apostles.

I don't know.

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

I don't know.

4. Name infamous

witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.

Witches of Salem.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

Yes.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

Yes.

13. Would you accept a foot massage from Mary Magdalene?

Yes.

10. Anything funny happen on the trip?

Yeah, lots of things.

8. Favorite truck stop?

Flying J.

9. Memorable fast food experience. We threw food in this 50-year-old couple's sunroof.

15. Which do you find more palatable: Christ blood or goat blood? Goat.

16. Did you learn anything about anyone?

Josh is gonna be a millionaire.

17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?

No. Maybe if it was marinated in goat blood.

18. Are you a zealot?

Yes.

Bonus round: pick one of two.

13 or 12

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or black cat

Toadstool or bread

Lamb or **goat**

Crusade or Jihad

Adam Dorobiala 2

1. Favorite Zion skate spot?

The ditch.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

I guess I would

accept a foot massage from anyone.

Bonus round: pick one of two.

13 or 12

Yahweh or **pan**



Polejam rock St. George UT, Mike Murdock

Fish or black cat

Toadstool or **bread**

Lamb or goat

Crusade or **Jihad**



Ashley Bloxham 18

11. Favorite truck stop treat?

Beef jerky.

8. Favorite truck stop?

The one in....shit.

The one in St.

George with the

giant night gowns.

9. Memorable fast food experience.

Five Guys made me fat.

16. Did you learn anything about anyone?

Shark eye and Mike Murdock fall asleep early.

13. Would you accept a foot massage from Mary Magdalene?

I would.

14. Define Lent and Samhain.

Lent: Has to do with a religious holiday of sorts. You can't indulge

19. Do you worship Jesus? If no: How do you feel about witchcraft? Yes.

10. Anything funny happen on the trip?

Dorobiala trying to play poker with a paper coupon, Murdock's drawings and James rubbing Shark Eye's head for good luck.

1. Favorite Zion skate spot?

Ditch.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

Of course.

18. Are you a Zealot?

Sure.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

Yes I think it does.

6. Did you notice any signs of the second coming in Zion?

It sure was warm for being January.

3. Name the 12 apostles.

No.

4. Name infamous witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.

Gargamel, Gandolf and **Shaq** in that movie.

Bonus round: Pick one of two

13 or 12

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or black cat

Toadstool or bread

Lamb or goat

Crusade or Jihad



Sam Millianta 17

11. Favorite truck stop treat?

Chicken fries from BK.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an

interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

It depends on how he fills out his immigration papers.

3. Name the 12 apostles.

Peter, John, Judas, Isaiah, Dopey, Sneezy.

13. Would you accept a foot massage from Mary Magdalene?

Yeah I think so, once I get my skin condition under control.

9. Memorable fast food experience.

The sandwich that was a pizza folded in half. Swainston eating at Five Guys. He ate two burgers and two bags of fries. He may have had the munchies.

8. Favorite truck stop?

Bloomington truck stop had nightgowns with kittens on them.

I had to be talked out of buying one.

2. What were some tricks that went down on this trip?

Murdock's blunt big flip in the ditch, Shark Eye's blunt in the ditch, sans ollie. Murdock was MVP.

15. Which do you find more palatable, Christ blood or goat blood. Christ blood.

16. Did you learn anything about anyone?

Yes, Riddler's car is nicer than my house and Mark Judd is psyched on life.

14. Define Lent and Samhain.

Lent: When someone borrows you a DVD.

Samhain: Another term for Satan. My least favorite of the Danzig bands.

10. Anything funny happen on the trip?

I don't know.

18. Are you a zealot?

No.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

Only if he used holy water.

17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?

No.

19. Do you worship Jesus? If no: how do you feel about witchcraft? Yes.

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

Raymond's house was haunted.

4. Name infamous witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.

Crowley, Anton Levey, Tully Flynn, Mike Plumb, Colt Bowden.

Bonus round: pick one of two

13 or 12

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or **black cat**

Toadstool or **bread**

Lamb or **goat cheese**

Crusade or **Jihad**



Chris Swainston 19

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

No.

2. What were some tricks that went down on this trip?

James switch frontside flip the double on a broken board, my virgin ledge line.

11. Favorite truck stop treat?

Backside 5-0 slash.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

Yes.

13. Would you accept a foot massage from Mary Magdalene?

Yes.

8. Favorite truck stop?

Ghetto bank to jersey barrier.

19. Do you worship Jesus? If no:

how do you feel about witchcraft? No. It's real.

1. Favorite Zion skate spot?

Ditch.

3. Name the 12 apostles.

Jesus.

4. Name infamous witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.

Nothing's coming to mind.

6. Did you notice any signs of the second coming in Zion?

No.

7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?

Yes.

14. Define Lent and Samhain.

Lent: Starvation.

Samhain: No idea.

15. Which do you find more palatable: Christ blood or goat blood?

Goat.

16. Did you learn anything about anyone?

How good Mike Murdock is at skateboarding.

17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?

No.

18. Are you a zealot?

Sounds debatable.

Bonus round: pick one of two
13 or 12

Yahweh or **Pan**

Fish or **black cat**

Toadstool or **bread**

Lamb or **goat**

Crusade or **Jihad**



Randy Riddle 17

11. Favorite truck stop treat.

Frappuccino.

9. Memorable fast food experience.

Getting stuffed on Mexi-burritos.

10. Anything funny happen on the trip?

Drawing a blank.

17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?

No.

6. Did you notice any signs of the second coming in Zion?

No.

15. Which do you find more palatable: Christ blood or goat blood? I don't know.

12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?

Yes.

18. Are you a zealot?

On occasion.

19. Do you worship Jesus? If no: how do you feel about witchcraft?

The sun is my god.

3. Name the 12 apostles.

The 12 zodiacs and gods only sun travels around with them, which is the sky.

5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?

I need to go on road trips more often with awesome friends.

1. Favorite Zion skate spot?

Ditch.

2. What were some tricks that went down on this trip?

James' switch tre the Bloomington six in a line. Murdock's 5-0 kickflip in the ditch.

14. Define Lent and Samhain.

Lent: Not familiar, but religious.



Backside 180. Bloomington UT, Mark Judd

Samhain: I don't know.
 7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him an alien?
 Jesus returns every year on Dec. 24.
 4. Name infamous witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.
 No.
 19. Do you worship Jesus? If no: how do you feel about witchcraft? Jesus is a personified reference to the sun.
 Bonus round: pick one of two
 13 or 12
 Yahweh or Pan
 Fish or black cat
 Toadstool or bread
 Lamb or goat
 Crusade or Jihad



Tyson Cantrell 11
 7. Some people believe Jesus will return in an interstellar spacecraft. Does that make him

an alien?
 Technically it does.
 12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?
 Sure.
 9. Memorable fast food experience.
 Not for me.
 1. Favorite Zion skate spot?
 Ditch and Bloomington elementary.
 3. Name the 12 apostles.
 John, Mathew, Luke, James.
 4. Name infamous witches, sorcerers, druids, Satanists, etc.
 Merlin, Dumbledore.
 8. Favorite truck stop?
 Speedway in Vegas.
 15. Which do you find more palatable: Christ blood or goat blood?
 Goat.
 16. Did you learn anything about anyone?
 I learned who everyone was, and some of the Dirty Hessian crew.
 2. What were some tricks that went down on this trip?
 Murdock's blunt bigspin flip in the ditch, Shark Eye's blunt. Judd's back 180 the double, Jimmy's switch frontside flip the double, Murdock's pole jam fakie. Swainston's kickflip 50 at the park, he battled it.
 17. Have you ever eaten a grasshopper?
 I don't think so. I bit one in half.
 Bonus round: pick one of two
 13 or 12
 Yahweh or Pan
 Fish or black cat
 Toadstool or bread
 Lamb or goat



Switch frontside flip. Bloomington UT, James Atkin



Crusade or Jihad



Shark Eye 5
 11. Favorite truck stop treat?
 Coffee, black.
 12. Would you accept a foot massage from Jesus?
 Fuck no.
 6. Did you

notice any signs of the second coming in Zion?
 I was watching a glowing light descending from the heavens. Turned out to be a helicopter.
 5. Did you have any personal spiritual revelations?
 Skateboarding is just body movement. Get some.
 18. Are you a zealot?
 Yes.
 Bonus round: pick one of two
 13 or 12
 Yahweh or Pan
 Fish or black cat
 Toadstool or bread
 Lamb or goat
 Crusade or Jihad Killing for an abstraction is retarded

MISSING

Chris Raymond

LAST SEEN JANUARY 2010



Frontside pivot-kickflip. Bloomington UT, Mike Murdock

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See you at the Crossroads

Words by Eric Hess

erichess58@gmail.com

Photos by Chris Swainston

chris@slugmag.com

Winter sucks for the majority of people except snowboarders and people that are affiliated in the snowboard or winter industry. So what is a guy to do if he doesn't have a mini ramp in his garage or a key to the local snowboard company's warehouse (the majority of which have minis ramps)? Well, before Crossroads Skatepark in Ogden, we as wood pushers didn't really have anything since *Union* in Sandy closed, but now we are saved. With a 30 minute drive from downtown, you can get your push on Monday thru Thursday 11-8, Friday 11-9 and Saturday 10-9.

A giant group of peers and I recently went to the park for an after-hours session so we could get rid of the itch to ride our toys. They have a wide array of obstacles in the park including a four-to-five-foot mini ramp, a mini-mini ramp which is two feet of steep tranny delight, a great hip, a downrail and lots of other features that you can go and get creative on. Unfortunately, SLUG photographer Chris Swainston's flash was broken by store manager **Josh Mosley** so he had to stop shooting photos for the night. Josh apologized for this mishap about a thousand times.

Besides being a positive outlet for the youth and being a safe place to chase your dreams, Crossroads does a bunch of things outside the shop that are beneficial to their community. For instance, on April 2 they are hosting the second annual "Trifecta of Shred," which is a competition put on by Crossroads, Flowrider, and Powder Mountain to find the "Chairman of the Board." Clever. It is a three-day competition that starts out with a session at the skate park the first day, a session on the Flowrider (which is an indoor wave for aspiring surfers in the area) on the second day and ends with a comp in the park at Powder Mountain. The Chairman of the Board will be the best of all three competitions. Pretty sick and original ideas straight out of O-town, Utah.

Crossroads isn't just a skate shop either—they carry a wide variety of snowboard and wakeboard goods also. They dabble in these board sports because they actually have a passion for these sports. They are not just in the biz to make revenue. This place actually wants to make an impact on the community and in the brief time that the location has been open I feel like they have done so. We'll see what else comes from the shop in the future, but they are certainly off to a good start. They are an inspiration to up-and-coming shops and a great example of what a local shop should do for the community. Believe it or not, there are a lot of skate shops that are just looking for their next dollar. Yeah, sponsoring contests is nice and all but putting forth that extra effort goes a long way in the community's eyes. Keep it up guys, put Ogden on the map like it's never been put before.



Fakie frontside heel flip tornado, Nate Miller.



Nosegrind fakie Tsunami style, Eric Eugene Philip Hess



Earth shaking fastplant double grab, Omar Budge... Where you at with the footy Ham?



Murda blows through a hurricane



APRIL 2010

rick shoes
PROMOTING & BOOKING AGENTS

- 4/1 Consumed By Silence Tour Kiskcoff
- 4/2 Sovereign Strength, The Waiting Ends, the Crosswalk
- 4/3 A Textbook Tragedy, Continuance
- 4/7 Silence Forever, Phone Calls From Home,
Secret Secret Dino Club, Young & Divine
- 4/8 Grave Maker, Donnybrook, Nothing To Nothing,
Fallen Figure, Fallujah
- 4/10 The Subtle Way, Alive By Design, The Champion Theory
- 4/12 Destruction Of A Rose
- 4/13 Sunday Night Scene, Cities Never Sleep, South Shores
- 4/14 Sleep For Sleepers, A Current Affair, Josiah James
- 4/17 Lower Definition, Jamie's Elsewhere, No Bragging Rights,
Burning Twilight
- 4/19 A Night In Hollywood
- 4/21 We Own The Sky
- 4/23 Legions
- 4/27 Archeology
- 4/28 Me And The Captain, A Step Ahead
- 4/29 Speakeasy Tiger
- 5/4 Five Years And Counting, Cities Underground, Settle,
Victory In Numbers, Floral Terrace
- 5/7 Her Demise My Rise, Eyes Like Diamonds, A Hero A Fake,
Harp And Lyre

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THE PLATTE

Local Music's Little Brother Pays Homage to SLC on Record Store Day

By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

"Independent record stores are important because they care about the music, and they care about little music. I feel like little music's where it's at," says **Andrew Shaw**, the musician behind local music project The Platte. His newest creative endeavor, *Bantam Brother*, is set to release on April 17, the third annual Record Store Day. Founded in 2007, RSD is a nationwide celebration of independent record stores and the local music scenes that encircle them. Many bands take advantage of this music-lover's holiday to release new albums, limited prints and special vinyl.

Shaw was directly inspired by the community behind Salt Lake's RSD when he came up with the concept for *Bantam Brother*: a cover album of local artists. The bands covered on this seven-track EP include

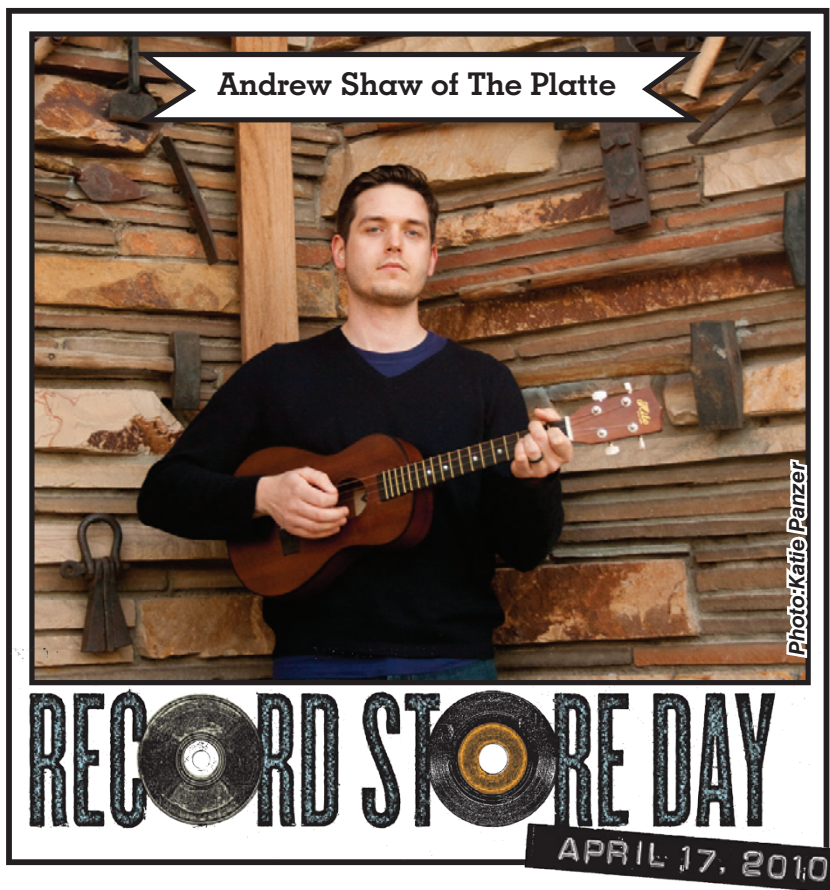
Band of Annuals, Future of the Ghost, Tolchock Trio, The Devil Whale, Glade, Bluebird Radio and David Williams.

"The idea was to record something that didn't just belong to me, but that belonged to these other bands and that belonged to Salt Lake City. So the idea is that hopefully, if someone happens to encounter *Bantam Brother* before they encounter these other bands, they might latch on to one of my songs and say 'I have to get that Future of the Ghost album,' or 'I really want to check out Band of Annuals' [and] be able to showcase not only what I do, but the songwriting talent in Salt Lake. I want the people who I covered to take it as me kind of honoring them, like a tribute," says Shaw.

Shaw moved here from Nebraska a little over six years ago, partly because he was enticed by the local music scene. "I thought that the culture here was really interesting 'cause the underground culture wasn't underground, it was in your face. I got to go to a couple of local shows and it was just fun to see the diversity of the scene here. People are open to experiment and try new things and they know that they'll still get shows and they'll still play with other cool bands, and on any given bill you can have pretty much anybody on it. I'm always surprised by how many local bands there are," he says.

Though some may be skeptical of the integrity behind a cover album, Shaw's arrangement is a unique interpretation that gives fans a fresh perspective on local favorites. All of the artists are friends and collaborators of Shaw. They make up an eclectic group

whom he deeply respects, chosen simply because he loves their music. After the laborious songwriting project that was *Grus*, The Platte's 2009 album, Shaw wanted to try a minimalist experiment with textures and percussion. He says, "I thought a covers project was perfect because these songs were already written and I could see what I could bring to them." **Mary Toscano**, local visual artist and Shaw's spouse, says, "Watching Andrew go through all these things ... was kind of fun for me because not only do I like Andrew's music and like hearing what he's doing, but it makes me like other music more. Hearing the way someone else interprets something sometimes makes me feel like I appreciate the original thing, not more, but again." Toscano and Shaw make up **Hankie Frankie**, a music and art collaboration, and Toscano is responsible for much of the The Platte's hand-printed album-cover art.



In fact, Record Store Day is even more significant to Shaw because local record store *Slowtrain* is ultimately responsible for bringing him and his wife together. They were introduced at a backyard party where Shaw performed at *Slowtrain*'s suggestion. *Slowtrain* is also part of the inspiration behind *Bantam Brother*'s release, because they have partnered with **Advanced Media Solutions** to provide discounted pricing on pressing CDs for local artists releasing on RSD. This sort of community support that local record stores provide is exactly what RSD celebrates and what draws Shaw to the local scene. "**Chris and Anna [Brozek] and Vanessa [Wardy of Slowtrain],** they live and breathe [local music], and they research it, and they know everything about it. They become friends with the musicians. It creates this community you don't get from *Tower Records* ... It's a personalized experience," he says. "Also, they let their customers know them and know their tastes. So when you go in there and ask about music and you already know what they listen to, then you can get an answer that actually means something to you so you can trust what you're listening to," says Toscano.

Pick up The Platte's *Bantam Brother* on April 17 at *Slowtrain*

and check out all the Record Store Day events and special releases going on at your favorite indie record store that same day. The Platte live, which includes **Tyler Ford**-drums, **Glade Sowards**-keys/harmony, **Wren Kennedy**-guitar/harmony and **Jesse Ellis**-trumpet, will be playing at *Kilby Court* at 7 pm on April 16 with **Retribution Gospel Choir**. Preview The Platte at hankiefrankie.com, facebook.com/theplatte and myspace.com/theplatte.

photo feature



Chris Grenier
Holladay, Utah

Every year, I think I've taken my last photo at the rail garden but somehow this place just keeps producing shots. I had just gotten home the day before from a long, somewhat disappointing trip to the midwest in search of this very kind of snowboarding. I was up at Brighton taking some soul runs to get the stoke back and got a call from Grenier to come shoot something at the rail garden. I didn't have super high expectations and was tempted to just keep riding powder but curiosity had the best of me and I knew he must have something up his sleeve to call me to come shoot there of all places. Well, needless to say, it was well worth cutting the day of freeriding short and more importantly, I got the stoke back.

— Andy Wright

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21
AND UP

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MONDAY: KARAOKE WITH ENTOURAGE ENT.
WEDNESDAY: LIVE LOCAL BANDS
THURSDAY: DANCE EVOLUTION WITH DJ/DC
(ALL REQUEST DANCE PARTY)
FRIDAY: TECH-NOIR (GOTH/80'S/INDUSTRIAL)
SATURDAY: FUSION (GRAND OPENING APRIL 10TH)

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THURSDAY DANCE EVOLUTION WITH DJ/DC
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+ SNOWBIRD'S END OF SEASON WRAP PARTY.
4/8: GRAND UNVEILING OF THE NEW CLUB EDGE.
JAY'S BDAY + SPECIAL GUEST DJ JUGGY
4/15: BRITNEY VS GAGA PARTY
4/22: CD RELEASE PARTY FOR VOL. 23 W/ FREE GIVEAWAYS
EVOLUTION EXPOSED CASH PRIZES FOR EPICNESS UNDER THE NOSE.
4/29: MUSTACHE PARTY
FRIDAY TECH-NOIR (GOTH/80'S/INDUSTRIAL)
4/2: CUSTOMER APPRECIATION NIGHT/ZOMBIE EASTER
+ SHINTO RECORDS CD RELEASE PARTY
4/9: COMBICHRIST VS VNV NATION TRIBUTE NIGHT
4/16: LIVE PERFORMANCE FROM REACTION GUERRILLA AND MORDAIOUS
4/23: SPECIAL PERFORMANCE FROM LAS VEGAS' OWN
MASTER HYPTNOTIST JEROME FINLEY
4/30: REV23'S BDAY EXTRAVAGANZA!
LIVE PERFORMANCE FROM SLEEP SLID IN
SATURDAY FUSION GRAND OPENING APRIL 8TH
4/10: GRAND OPENING OF "FUSION"
4/17: "CANDYLAND" SPONSORED BY UTAH UNCENSORED
4/24: SPECIAL GUEST HOSTS THE SALT CITY DERBY GIRLS
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DATA / BOOTY

PACKIN' NOBROW FULL OF ASS

By Jeanette D. Moses
jeanette@slugmag.com

Type the phrase "booty shaking" into Youtube and within seconds, you'll have approximately 14,100 results. There are black girls shaking some booty, white girls, big booty girls, Italian booty shaking, booty in tight jeans, booty in thongs and booty wrapped in gold lamé hot shorts. This homemade webcam footage starts to resemble music videos that might have been made by female ass-worshipping artists like **2 Live Crew** and **Sir Mix-a-lot**.

Data/Booty, a new visual arts and audio project masterminded by Salt Lake City producers **Andrew Glassett (Nolens Volens)** and **Jonathan Higley (J)** of *MSSV Music*, was inspired by Youtube videos like these. "I noticed a number of women who were digitally recording themselves bouncing their asses to hip hop music," Glassett says. "It brought a lot of questions to my mind about why they would record themselves in this way." Was this exploitation? Was it a form of female empowerment? Or as Glassett so aptly put, "Are they simply waving their ass in the air to attract a potential mate?"

Data/Booty is partially the result of trying to answer these questions. It's also spawned from questions related to sexual identity, power, control and the objectification of women. It's one part visual art show and one part music project. "It started out as a fun and irreverent project and has become an experiment with how far irreverence and vulgarity can be pushed, while still keeping it in the context of art," say Glassett and Higley in an e-mail interview.

Data/Booty started nearly a year ago with Glassett's discovery of a regional musical phenomenon known as booty house, which sprouted from the slums of Chicago in the early 90s. "Booty house has a very clear thesis: Shake your ass and have a good time," Glassett and Higley say.

The craft of booty house matched the means of the producers. Minimal access to equipment led to minimal music. The tracks were short, fast and simple. Booty house was driven by 808 and 909 drum machines—the same machines used to build techno beats today. Producers like **DJ Funk** layered the thumping beats with profane lyrics such as "Shake that Ass," "Don't You Want a Pussy Ride" and "Hit It From the Back," which were repeated throughout the entire song. Many songs utilized call-and-response methods as well. In DJ Funk's "Have'n Sex??? Hell Yea!!!" a male voice repeats the question "Do you Believe in Have'n Sex?" which is followed by crowd vocals that scream, "Hell Yea!!!" Although booty house started as club music, it wasn't long until it found a home for itself in Chicago strip clubs. Higley describes many of the early booty house tracks as sounding like direct orders telling strippers what to do. Eventually the genre spread from the Midwest to the East Coast, spiraling down-

ward into Miami. In the past few years, booty house producers have been "rediscovered" and sampled by DJs like **Girl Talk** and **Steve Aoki**. In 2006, DJ Funk even toured with electronic juggernauts **Justice**. As far as Higley and Glassett are aware, they are the first producers to experiment with the genre in Salt Lake City.

Higley and Glassett describe their project as being a throwback to booty house with a twist. They see the project serving homage to their roots on a variety of levels. For Higley, who grew up in Chicago and Miami, the connection is more regional. As electronic musicians, they see booty house as a way to experiment with the archetypes of musical production that they've created for themselves. "Modern electronic music becomes increasingly complex because of technological advances. Booty house sidesteps these advances and it holds to a very basic formula," Glassett and Higley say. Essentially, they take the tools that they already have and apply them in a totally different way. "We're so involved with the elements that make a song flowery or intricate. [Booty house] is just bare bones groove," Glassett says, regarding the appeal of booty house's simplicity.

As much as the project pays homage, it's also about venturing outside of comfort zones and into foreign territory. Glassett, who grew up in Jerome, Idaho, a small town with a population under 8,000 people, realizes the obvious disconnect between his upbringing and the culture of booty house music. "I grew up picking potatoes out of fields; I literally did that," Glassett says. "There still isn't anything urban about Idaho. I respect urban culture and obviously love booty house and for me, this is a way to



explore this side." To ease the exploration process, Glassett and Higley have adopted personas that they literally dress up as when they prepare to produce. Their personas also help them break away from the indie culture that they come from. For a time, they ditch their slightly wrinkled, muted button-up shirts and well-fitted pants for bright white hoodies, dark baggy denim, clever printed tees with phrases like 'Drop Beats Not Bombs' and flat-brim hats. "It's about getting yourself into the mode," Higley says.

Data/Booty is also an exploration of the type of culture created by genres like booty house. "Booty house [became a genre] with a clearly defined objective: to make strippers move on their poles, and to get men to give them money. It is a very supportive and collaborative culture," Higley and Glassett say. "This is a modern interpretation of that situation." The modern "situation" that they speak of is less related to strippers in clubs and more closely related to the plethora of women who have plastered their ass-shaking abilities across the Internet using sites like Youtube. Behavior that was once classified as something strippers did in clubs has crossed into the mainstream, becoming more accessible and free. This phenomenon is something that Glassett found as confusing as he found interesting. Thus, the Data/Booty project began.

Glassett and Higley, who are also roommates, both agree that this is a project that would have never gained momentum if they hadn't moved in together last June. Their studios sit approximately 30 feet from one another and the two were able to create a shared library pushing 1000 samples. Their proximity to one another allowed them to bounce ideas off each other. It also led to an element of competition. "Imagine how inspiring it is for a producer, listening to another producer in the adjacent room, getting their drink on, getting rowdy on some vocals and dropping a crazy bouncing bass in the studio," they both say. "You're going to get your ass back behind the console and start cranking out your own."

Although the ideas started with Glassett and Higley, other local producers **Dave Madden (nonnon)** and **Nick Foster (NJ Foster)** have also been involved with production. The call for emcees to contribute was left incredibly open-ended. Emcees were encouraged to visit the Data/Booty website, download the tracks and upload acapella versions of their vocals. At the time of publication, over 20 emcees from places like Las Vegas, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, Salt Lake and even places as far away as Japan and Spain had submitted contributions. Submissions for the project will be accepted until April 15. "I believe that this is the future of music composition. After years of producing music in my home studio, I found myself becoming more and more isolated from the music community. The Internet is advanced enough to integrate a full-scale music project in full resolution," Glassett says of the innovative way that vocal tracks were collected for Data/Booty.

Although the medium is very simplistic, and at times formulaic, all of the producers have found a way to work within its boundaries. "The hardest part about creating this music is to continually strip things back to reveal a very basic groove set behind a series of infectious vocal hooks," Glassett says. Despite the minimalistic skeleton of booty house, the four producers working on the project haven't felt like it has stifled their creativity. "Whenever you're working within a formula, and you still want to call yourself an artist, you have to work your ass off to make it your own. Great artists redefine the formulas dependent on their personal experiences," Higley and Glassett say.

The Data/Booty album will be released as a cassette tape on May 1 at the **Urban Lounge**. According to Higley, the decision to release Data/Booty as a cassette relates to the heritage of the genre. Data/Booty will also be released as a digital download on mssvmusic.com. Sept. 8 marks Data/Booty's release in Japan and Europe, which coincide with the start of a European tour.

Data/Booty also features a visual art component, which according to Glassett and Higley, was a natural extension of the project. "When I'm doing music of any kind, I always think of the visuals first; for me, it transports me to that place," Glassett says. The Data/Booty art show will be held in **Nobrow Coffee and Tea's** back art studio on Friday, April 16. "The basis of this project is about 'data' and how personal information is promulgated across the Internet. We chose 'booty' because it is a perfect example of how people (mainly women) have used the Internet to display intimate information on a large scale," Glassett and Higley say.

Higley and Glassett see technology as being the keystone of their project for a number of reasons. They say it's responsible for our culture's changing sexual attitudes, the source of entitlement and what is breeding a culture of immediate gratification. Ultimately, they believe that technology is responsible for "losing the thrill of the hunt" in relationships.

The Data/Booty art exhibit will literally be "packed full of ass," Higley says. The show will include a Myspace-style self-portrait Polaroid wall, compiled video projections featuring ass-shaking from Youtube clips, geometric interpretations of a booty, sculpture and a series of "high art" photographs featuring shots of women framed from the waist down in the stereotypical settings where society claims females belong. Thumping booty house music will serve as the soundtrack to the show. "It's definitely not one of those dainty, minimal art shows. It's going to be jam-packed," Glassett says.

"We're really trying to set the stage for this weird environment, and hopefully by putting as much stuff as possible into a room, and making it compressed, we're going to invoke a really disgusting sense," Higley says.

Even the presentation of the show relates back to technology and data. "Packing that room full will be symbolic of the glut of information on the web," Glassett says.

Although Data/Booty features no nudity, they do realize that their work could be seen as something that is reinforcing existing stereotypes about women. The project deals with sexual issues, but it isn't sexual. Ultimately, Glassett and Higley are far more concerned that someone would get off on Data/Booty than they are about offending someone. "We are using attention-grabbing techniques in the hope that it dips below the tip of the iceberg," they say.

This is an exploration into the ideas that lurk in our subconscious, but about which many of us are too ashamed to openly speak. "It is obvious by the glut of pornography that men are obsessed with the female form and women are obsessed with attention from men or from the power that they gain from baring it all," Higley and Glassett say. Ultimately, Data/Booty begs the question—is this female exploitation or female empowerment?



ONE MORE YEAR OF MAKING THINGS AWKWARD

By Jemie Sprankle
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On paper, **Brian Staker** isn't exactly who you'd expect to host the usually multi-hour, sometimes drunken podcast that is *The Awkward Hour*. Staker holds a BA in English and an MFA in Creative Writing, from the University of Utah. He has also served time as a SLUG Associate Editor, is a current writer for *City Weekly* and hosts a weekly music feature on *KRCL* called *Music: Forecast*. He is also a local musician, although he claims he is the worst performer in town. "Every once in a while someone would let me play in their bar or club and it would always end disastrously," says Staker. It seems like he has spent his entire life preparing for *The Awkward Hour*.

This month Staker celebrates two years of bringing awkwardness to the world with his *Awkward Hour* podcast. Staker's creative background, especially the time he spent making zines, has eased the transition from written word to podcasting and has definitely given *The Awkward Hour* a homegrown feeling. "My writing has influenced [*The Awkward Hour*] but with writing you can rewrite," Staker says. "[Podcasting is] like [being] on a tight rope." Last year's *Awkward Hour* anniversary party was held, awkwardly enough, at *Diamond Li's*, and Staker is already planning an over-the-top party to celebrate this year.

When he started producing *The Awkward Hour*, Staker was working a nine-to-five job doing data entry for the US Postal Service. "I wasted away for a long time at this office job. You're kind of brain dead and just try and do what you love," he says. The boredom that Staker experienced at work was a key factor that led to the creation of *The Awkward Hour*, which usually extends over multiple hours despite the name. Over the past two years, Staker has hosted a handful of notable guests on his show: local artist **John Bell**, SLC rapper **Poo Pee D**, sound engineer **Andy Patterson** and local musicians **Dave Syer** and **Rebecca Vernon**, to name a few. "They are all like snowflakes, or little retarded children. They are all different and I love them in different ways," Staker says of the many Salt Lake City scene makers that have spent time as guests on his show.

Apart from the awkwardness, one of the aspects of *The Awkward Hour* that sets it apart is the video

stream, which Staker broadcasts live every week on *ustream.tv*. "It's fun to do it live, and that's great cause I haven't needed beer for a while cause it's awkward and scary being live, so beer is liquid courage: beer and energy drinks." The podcast is also available on iTunes and *mevo.com* in audio form, but the video element of the podcast adds a whole new awkward angle to everything. Rapid camera movements, equipment malfunctions and shots of Staker eating, drinking beer and usually just looking at his computer somehow make the show even more entertaining. Staker also interacts with listeners/viewers during his show, talking and chatting with them, even if the rest of his audience is only getting one side of the conversation.

Although Staker's guests are an important part of *The Awkward Hour* experience, the show doesn't revolve around them by any means. There are plenty of episodes in the show's catalogue that feature Staker rolling solo. "I have done [episodes], like four hours, with no guest, just me and a bottle of whiskey rambling," Staker says. "By the third hour, with that laptop monitor, I would watch the first part of the show and commentate on it." Regardless of the amount of social liquid libation, there are current subjects that even Staker doesn't dare to touch—serial killers and child abusers sit at the top of his list. "It's not awkward. It is this whole other fucked up realm," Staker says. "Awkwardness tends to be benign, like **Mr. Rogers**."

Even though it seems like creating a podcast like *The Awkward Hour* would be all fun and games, like any project it also has its frustrations. "It's definitely a thrill and a headache," Says Staker. "It's fun doing it live. The only real headache comes from the technical stuff." Even though Staker doesn't have any concrete goals for the next year of *The Awkward Hour*, newcomers and current fans should expect big, awkward things including *Awkward Hour*-sponsored events and more great local guests. You can download *The Awkward Hour* via iTunes, stream the audio at *theawkwardhour.mevo.com*, watch bonus clips at *youtube.com/getstakerized* and stream new episodes every week at *ustream.tv/user/stakercast*.

Photo: Ansel Hasselblad



Staker celebrates awkwardness.

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ANGER IS AN ENERGY

An Interview with John Lydon

By Nate Perkins
perkins.nate@gmail.com

Photo: Duncan Bryceland



John Lydon performing with Public Image Ltd (PiL) on the third night of their seven date reunion tour at the O2 Academy, Glasgow, Scotland, UK 18th December 2009.

After sixteen years off from the music world in order to write an autobiography, chase through the jungle after silverback gorillas and scuba dive with great white sharks off the coast of South Africa, **John Lydon** (AKA **Johnny Rotten**) is back. Late last year the lead singer and front man of **The Sex Pistols** and **Public Image Ltd.** managed to get his mitts on enough musicians to reform PiL and play a handful of gigs in Great Britain. He didn't just get *any* knuckle-dragging clowns, either. His bandmates have played with the likes of **The Damned**, **The Mekons**, **The Pop Group**, **The Slits**, **Bjork**, **Elvis Costello** and **The Spice Girls**.

Mercifully responding to the crying and tooth-gnashing of their American fan base, PiL has decided to grace America with a month-long tour. They visit Salt Lake at *The Depot* on Friday, April 23. The Holy Gods of Rock and Roll smiled on me, and I had the dream-come-true opportunity of talking to Mr. Lydon for what turned out to be some of the most nervously thrilling minutes of my existence.

SLUG: Public Image Ltd. has been back together since last year. How and when did you decide to reform the band?

Lydon: When the money was available. I mean, we get no record company support. I'm on a serious hunt now for a record deal with someone that understands what I do and will properly finance us.

SLUG: So are you planning on going back into the studio soon?

Lydon: Yeah, yeah. Again when the money's available, which is why we desperately need to be touring. I've always made records to get back out on tour anyway. I prefer the live gigs to sitting home and listening to plastic or vinyl reproductions, even though that's enjoyable in itself. The spontaneity of the moment can really change a song. And that's all to do with the crowd's reaction.

SLUG: Do you think the crowd will mostly be original fans, or will it be a younger, second generation audience?

Lydon: I have no idea. Why should I

be the one to predict that? Am I an astrologer? No. I'm pleased that people want to listen, and it does seem to be, as it always has been, an incred-

ibly varied crowd. At the gigs we did in England, there were diehard PiL fanatics out there. They're still there, but there's this new lot as well. The gigs we did in Britain were, to my mind, beyond my expectations. It's almost like we're perfectly attuned to each other. We know where to take a theme, and we're constantly improvising inside the theme, which is what PiL has always been about. It's not static. We've limited our format. There's only four of us on stage, but we sound like a full orchestra. There's an awful lot of instrumentation going on between just four people.

SLUG: I was going to ask about the lineup. How did you end up with these musicians? What's the story there?

Lydon: Well these are people I've known a long time—all except **Scott [Firth]**, the bass player. What tipped it for me was when I heard he went on tour with the Spice Girls. I thought that was hilarious and said, "why not?" because, let's face it, they need someone to play some music for them, and I would imagine that to be one of the more difficult things. Pop music is not easy. People underestimate and devalue it all the time. It's easy to claim yourself as a jazz musician and make it up as you go along, but if you've got any sort of respect for the song, there are certain structures that you have to pay attention to. I mean, I haven't put a duff band together yet, and I don't intend to.

SLUG: Fans can, of course, expect to hear all the classic PiL songs. Do you have any surprises? Are you going to be introducing any new material?

Lydon: We're constantly flirting with the possibility of new things, but I don't want any young whippersnapper sod out there to come out to gig and go, "Oh, I'll rip that new bit off." I have to be very careful what I do, but yeah, we'll be changing the songs from night to night according to the mood and the push of the crowd, and that leads us into other areas. It's quite great. We're doing some festivals, so obviously they insist that we do a shorter set, but generally speaking we can play anywhere up to two hours into three hours.

SLUG: Now, you're starting the tour at *Coachella* ...

Lydon: And I think they've listed us as a punk band. Really dopey, considering Public Image has always been a bigger band than the Pistols to our audiences here.

SLUG: Did being invited to play *Coachella* spark the idea of a US tour?

Lydon: Of course. You need something to start you off. So now we're trying to fill in dates, but, as you well know, in a recession it's kind of a stupid thing to do. It's always been a struggle and it always will be. But so what? It's worth it in the end. It really is. Being on stage with Public Image is the best experience.

SLUG: What's it like to be back on stage after such a long hiatus?

Lydon: After taking such a long time off and then going on and doing nearly three hours a night seven nights a week, that's quite a struggle.

I'm up to it. I can do it. I'm physically much more astute than I used to be. Onstage is a place where I really enjoy myself. Yet it's a nightmare before I go on because of nerves. I really, really want to be the best I can be.

SLUG: You still get nervous before you go on stage?

Lydon: Totally. Stage fright something wicked. Every time. The once or twice in my life when I didn't have it is where I've been a complete letdown and I cannot bear the thought of letting people down. It really upsets me. It's actually a good thing. It's what the brain does to get you into the right focal point once you get on that stage. Without that nervous stress and energy beforehand, you'll never have the mental capacity to cope with what's to come. So something that appears to be awful is actually something really good. The challenge of it is astounding. If it was all dead easy, I would lose interest very, very quickly.

SLUG: Do you follow anyone who's playing *Coachella*?

Lydon: I think **Jay-Z**'s on the same day. He was on the same bill when I did the Pistols on tour back in Poland. I just thought it was show business. It's all just tapes and loops and people dancing and flashing lights. I think it's rather idiotic, but many people seem to like it. Well good for them. There's room for all of us.

I was there in the very early days of rap in New York, and to see what it's digressed into is rather upsetting. It was a very multicultural thing when it first started, very open-minded. It's now become just nonsense with a gangster lean. When I see these people shooting and killing and fighting with each other about who's the best, I think they're absolutely in the wrong industry. For me, music was a way out of the ghettos, and I'm certainly not going to drag my music and the people who listen to me back into it and keep reintroducing troublesome attitudes. I don't know what it is. What makes them think it's cool to be stupid? It's not. It makes you a slave to the system. The system is the very thing that kills creativity.

SLUG: What do you listen to?

Lydon: Everything and anything. I'm a constant music purchaser. My attitude towards the music industry is that I'm not one for the freebies. That doesn't interest me. I like to go out and purchase because I believe that I am sustaining someone's career by doing that—and that's everything from Tibetan folk music to just any form of music, except New Orleans trad Jazz which I've never been able to come to terms with. There's just something about it that sounds like clutter to me.

SLUG: You've been to Salt Lake a few times before, haven't you?

Lydon: Beautiful to go skiing up there.

SLUG: You've skied here? Where'd you go?

Lydon: Uh, up in them there hills. I don't remember.

Check out John Lydon and Public Image Ltd. at *The Depot* on April 23.



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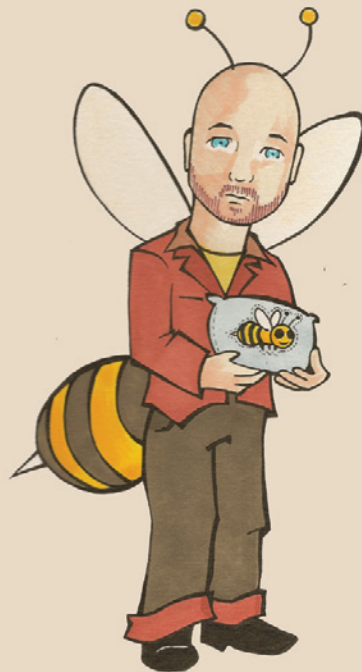
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Beehive Bazaar

By Jessica Davis
misslovelyg@gmail.com



NOELLE OLPIN



DUANE CALL



MOLLY CALL

Illustration: Manuel Aguilar

Crafting. If you haven't heard of the new generation of crafters, the word itself can conjure up images of a granny with knitting needles making pastel fuzzy sweaters. The Beehive Bazaar, produced and founded by **Noelle Olpin** and the husband-wife team **Molly** and **Duane Call**, is a craft fair for those trendy crafters cleverly disguised as mothers, girllies and possibly the cute boy in the freshly screen-printed tee.

The current incarnation of the Beehive Bazaar was started back in 2004. Molly Call, Noelle Oplin and **Stephanie Higginbotham**, three crafty moms living in Utah County, decided to come together and share their talents. Instead of trying to set aside 'craft time' they decided to be productive by calling it the Beehive Bazaar, in hopes a name would make it happen. Starting as a quiet event in a small rented house, it eventually grew and moved to the *Women's Council Cultural Center* in Provo, turning into a bi-annual event, taking place over multiple days, that features 75 of the best new artists/crafters from around Utah. As the once-small gathering of friends casually sharing their love to craft began attracting hundreds of applicants and many more hungry buyers, a change in organization became apparent. Ultimately, it was inevitable that the Bazaar would outgrow its home in the *Women's Council Cultural Center*.

At the last Beehive Bazaar, Duane Call recalls nine-and-a-half month pregnant woman standing as the last in line at 1 a.m., with two full bags of handmade goods, on the phone with her husband, "[She was] saying, no her water hadn't broke, and yes she was checking out. We had to run each little item and it takes like 15 minutes to type in each item. At the end, we hit the wrong button

and erased the whole thing." He says, "With a check-out line wait at around two hours, it became a test of weeding out the weak." To avoid the long-lines and stress encountered at the last Bazaar, Olpin and the Calls have decided to relocate to *Thanksgiving Point* for this year's Spring Bazaar.

Although the last Beehive Bazaar was held in December, the planning to make the Spring Bazaar bigger and better keeps the organizers busy. "It's a never ending process of preparing for the next show. It's gone from something we had to stop to think about, to an almost full time thing," says Oplin. With event coordinating, set-up, maintenance and check-out becoming overwhelming, *Thanksgiving Point* was decided as the best move, with the perks of a convention center able to handle set-up, tear-down and all customer check-out arrangements—aspects of the event that previously left Olpin and the Call's without a lunch break.

Although there's more space, the number of artists will stay the same, but the Beehive Bazaar will be able to provide more entertainment. Before, you mingled and ate free cupcakes while waiting in line. This year, there will be door prizes, live bands and a 'meet and greet' the artists—which at previous events wasn't practical. "There's **Gentry of Frosty Darling**. She plays the part so well, and now you can see the artist and get excited to know that's what they do," says Duane. "Making you want their creations even more," says Oplin.

With *Thanksgiving Point* as a midway point, hopefully it will intrigue more people from both the Salt Lake and Provo areas to come out. Entrance to the event will stay free as before, except for opening night, which will

be a VIP night. "Everyone wants to come the first night because you have first dibs," says Molly. Most of the items being one-of-a-kind makes it understandable that patrons filled the building within the first hour last time, followed by the fire department. "So a small price will be worth not having to crawl over everyone else," says Oplin.

From 2004 to 2010, Molly says it started out as a way to contribute to Provo. "Now we just want to make it special, to be like Christmas," says Duane, "with the consumer ideas today of want, buy and simply going out and getting it nothing is special anymore because there's not a wait. We want people to celebrate their brains out. When we don't feel that anymore, we might as well find a spot at the mall." "Though we will have a shop online for certain hand-picked items this summer," says Molly.

From hand-sewn to recycled-vintage, grandma has been revamped. Whether you're in need of hand-sewn dolls, Utah themed soap, or simply something new and eyebrow-raising, the Spring 2010 Beehive Bazaar is your best stop to find it.

For more information on the artists participating in the Spring 2010 Beehive Bazaar visit thebeehivebazaar.com.

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By Scott Farley

stthomasfarley@gmail.com

Reviewing a restaurant as famous (and deservedly so) as the Red Iguana involves a lot of backward glances and gestures towards my own sense of nostalgia. During this review, the Iguana was so busy that of eight meals, I had only one in the original North Temple location that has been open since the 80s, and the rest, at a second, brand-new location just a few blocks away.

When locals want to take their out-of-town guests to a great Salt Lake Restaurant, the place where they very often end up is the Red Iguana. One of the most famous and best-loved restaurants in town, the Iguana has, over the years, developed a local cult following and a national reputation. When the *City Weekly* and *Salt Lake Tribune* recently did their yearly list of the best restaurants and both omitted the Red Iguana, the outpouring of protest mail was immense and heartfelt. Obviously, this legendary place has personality. Actually, a personality. The Red Iguana's famous chef and son, **Ramon Cardenas Jr.**, was a big, well-loved and well-feared super-man (he was like six foot three and really big, really!). He had close friendships with many Los Angeles rock stars (**Oingo Boingo**, **the Paladins**, **Los Lobos**, **Fishbone**) who often visited the restaurant, and whose autographed photos graced the walls over the years. His larger-than-life persona and self created vibrant Tex-Mex style of dress alone would have been enough to make him stand out at any of the local events at which he was invariably spotted, but add to that the rumors that followed him and he emerges as one of Salt Lake City's cool icons of the 1980s and 90s. Although he is now deceased, his family's mole is still perfection, and like the man himself, a force of nature.

The Red Iguana's story is a western. Arriving here in 1965, **Ramon Cardenas Sr.** and **Maria Cardenas** opened the traditional American/Mexican *Casa Grande* restaurant, **34 SaltLakeUnderGround**



Fiery mole amarillo, served at two of their three locations.

and then, in 1985, The Red Iguana. Immediately it started shaking up what people expected from Mexican food. Introducing really great Oaxaca and Puebla styled moles, they kicked in the doors that fast food Mexican had crouched behind. It was as if a stranger had come to town and set everybody free. What had been a caricature of an idea of a meal became a culture and a way of eating. A South-Western renaissance of the mouth had arrived in Salt Lake City. I have always believed that there is no better Mexican food in this town than Red Iguana, and even when I nearly died, (my heart literally stopped), while eating a Chile Verde Burrito in 1998—my fault, not the burrito's—I was soon back in the saddle and in my seat at this colorful home of comfort and conversation. I love love love the mole that Red Iguana serves. Mole is the Mexican national dish—a sauce made with chocolate and chilies among many other changing ingredients. As anyone who has ever tried it knows, it is devilishly hard to make well, and takes a very long time to make properly. It is also among the supreme foods on earth (or so say I). I've tried to make mole from scratch on an occasion or two that ended up being pretty wide of the mark, and I've had mole from the bottle many times, and pre-made in plastic portions and from powder. None of them are ever as simply powerful, dynamic and wholly formed as the Red Iguana's. The whole event of eating at the Iguana conspires towards pleasure—the pleasure of drinking a cold beer or cold margarita or even a brisk cup of coffee while waiting to get an order in. Don't forget the customary and always delicious chips and salsa. Really folks, its not hyperbole to say that in the first five minutes of drinks and chips, I often have as good of a time as I have in the space of an entire meal elsewhere.

All of Red Iguana's moles are served on a small platter with rich, warm gravy smothering a piece of poultry or pork, a side of Spanish rice, refried beans and a tortilla. The Mole Negro (\$14.95) is a dark, thick sauce possessed of a savory sweetness that acts as the perfect foil to the flavors of chocolate and chilies. Like wind slowly considering a bed of coals on a dark night, flavors appear and disappear, never leaving, never changing altogether, but never

a side of Spanish rice, refried beans and a tortilla. The Mole Negro (\$14.95) is a dark, thick sauce possessed of a savory sweetness that acts as the perfect foil to the flavors of chocolate and chilies. Like wind slowly considering a bed of coals on a dark night, flavors appear and disappear, never leaving, never changing altogether, but never

the same. As with a good scotch, it stands contemplation well, as do all the moles here. The Mole Poblano (\$14.95), the most famous of Mexico's moles gets served here over turkey. Its brown warmth is dry at first, like dark chocolate, but the exuberance of the middle flavors of the chili oils and the seeds and nuts offer a set of flavors that, while unexpected, are also just plain right and rich. The Mole Amarillo (\$14.95) is very spicy, flavored with habanero peppers, but without being sadistic or presumptuous like a five pepper Thai dish can be. But it is pretty gringo hot. I like to get the Negro and Amarillo on the same plate, a request for which I have never received a second look. I know that there are many vegetarians and vegans who are good *SLUG* readers, and these moles sound, and are, so good. But, they simply are not vegetarian, a lot of the menu is not—sorry, folks. However, along with a few basic choices for the vegetarian, there are also a few outstanding ones. Not much for the vegan, though, where there is no meat there is usually cheese and cream. One of the biggest sellers here, the Chicken Chimichanga (\$8.25), didn't really hit my radar, though one of my fine servers said it was one of the biggest sellers and excellent. The Vegetarian Chimichanga (\$8.05), however, got ordered twice by my main squeeze who is veg, and it was quite delicious with a bright red sauce, chunks of tasty potato and stewed vegetables in a fried burrito dolloped with sour cream. I would have been happy with it. She was. Also fair game for the vegetarian are the very tasty and rich Enchiladas Poblanas (\$8.35), cream cheese enchiladas topped with traditional enchilada sauce, cheese, and sour cream which in my notes I called "a pushover, but makes you want a second bite." Of course the Bean Burrito is vegetarian, but to be perfectly honest, the one we ordered was not so great—not as great as I wanted it to be, at least. This came as a bit of a surprise, but the

24-hour Mexi-drive-thru has really got these *down* and our teen-aged vegetarian diner was unimpressed. When these failed to please, the waitress pointed us to the Enchiladas Potosinas (\$8.70), a set of four empanada shaped masa shells filled with cheese, onions and chilies. These were pretty daring in their desert solitude of flavors. They ate fine and were enjoyed, but they ask of the mouth some patience and imagination. I was surprised with how totally enjoyable and sensually satisfying I found the Pollo A La Moreliana (\$13.40) which is one half of a good sized chicken marinated in white wine and spices, browned, then simmered with tomatos, onions, chilies, potatoes, carrots and zucchini. Damn. Tender and really delicious, it eats in morsels with a vegetable-flecked broken rice and vegetables on a warm tortilla. Its one of the favorites of local tattoo celebrity **C.J. Starkey**, and I wouldn't have thought to try it without his mention. Thanks. Among the things that are just as good as everyone says are the Tacos Don Ramon (\$24.95), served as a small plate of three tacos filled with shredded, fragrantly spiced beef. They are mild and slightly cinnamon flavored and make the hot and greasy carne asada one finds in the ubiquitous street tacos, which at first seemed so great, feel pretty coarse in comparison to these little darlings.

The combination plates that are served here are probably the best fallback position for the undecided. I can't say that any of them is better than the next, but the Red Iguana Platter (\$13.50) is awfully good with its mixture of a chile relleno, a cheese enchilada, a shredded beef taquito, a beef flauta covered with guacamole and sour cream, and a beef tostada. Woof. I distrust the diners who get combination plates at Asian restaurants—none of the good things ever end up there, just the homogenized, de-dangerized bleached boredom of an

idea of a cuisine. But with the Red Iguana platters you get a who's who of the menu, and with few exceptions, it's a pretty great tour. The Mexican Plate (\$12.65) is my favorite of these combos, which includes, among it's various other offerings of subtle pleasure and taste, the deadly good Chili Verde burrito. I usually don't end most meals with sweets, but the desserts at Red Iguana are actually quite good, and while some are dainty, some are surprisingly large. An order of the Sopapillas (\$4.95) will feed lots, maybe even ten with little servings of sweet, crisp fun. These little flowers of fried dough sweetened with syrup and sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar are much more subtle and adult than the variety I grew up with at the mexi-fast-food corner store. The excellent Flan (\$5.25), which is a traditional custard pie, served with two great dollops of whipped cream and two cherries, is buttery sweet goodness. The Fried Ice Cream (\$5.25) includes shredded coconut, cinnamon, and sugar, all wedged into a tortilla, artfully folded into a claw and deep fried, and is also piled high with whipped cream. Sweet.

Like siblings, the two locations share a family identity, but the new restaurant is still finding its collection of history for the walls, and its tables are still shiny. The new location has the same menu and officially the same food, but I wonder how it will evolve to become it's own chapter in the legend. And, with a third Red Iguana now open in the downtown *City Creek* food court, one fears the mainstreaming of this rich and rowdy local treasure. How this new century will treat Salt Lake might be written small in the story of the Red Iguana. If that is the case, will we grow up, change, and with the inevitable losses that accompany it, will our little piece of the West become more civilized?

Red Iguana 2



Photo: Adam Heath

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Princess Kennedy and her fabulous family: her niece Anna Kennedy, her great nephew Malachi and her nephew Wren Kennedy.

By Princess Kennedy

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I spend so much time hogging the spotlight that I feel it's necessary to share a little secret: I'm not the only Kennedy in town. I inhabit this geographical stage with two other bright and shining stars. If you're out enough you probably know my niece and nephew **Anna** and **Wren Kennedy**. After I moved away when they were pre-teens to pursue my dreams of singing, I came back to adults rocking the Salt Lake scene as only a Kennedy can. These two are as important to me as my skinny jeans and stiletto collection combined! Once we're together, it's easy to see Lady Nature at work. We're all extremely tall, very loud and bestowed with beautiful bedroom eyes. Our clansmen being musically gifted, Wren and Anna are working it out to take my torch and make us the **Osmonds** of punk.

Anna, the bassist, has a voice close in connotation to her Auntie Uncle's (sounds better coming out of a real girl, I'm not gonna lie) and can sing the hell out of a tune. The bands she's membered include **Other Pocket**, **Racket**, **Deathless Pros** and my personal favorite, **Trash Models**. "I LOVE music!" she proclaims, "It seems to be the one constant in my life." Moving past the glitz and life of the stage, her focus is earning a degree studying the history, theory and reading of music, that and being an amazing mom to **Malachi**, an adorable energetic toddler with oodles of charm and music in his veins from both his mother and father. "I go

in my room, turn the music up and sing really loud, he sits and screams at me to shut up," she laughs. "I catch him when he thinks he's alone making up songs about Thomas the Train and racecars—it's pretty much the coolest thing I've heard!" For now, she dabbles in small engineering projects from a set up at her house.

Wren is currently known as the handsome, guitar strumming tall drink of water in local favorite **Blue Bird Radio**. He's shared the stage with other SLC music greats such as **Brian Oakley**, **Brinton Jones**, **Trevor Hadley** and **Kathy Foy**, and is excited for an upcoming project with **Glade Sowards**. Wren's aptitude for music far surpasses that of strings to the piano and a voice like melting butter. In between working his butt off with BBR and slinging coffee to the perpetually cool at **No-brow**, he's figuring how to get his talented (skinny) ass to **USU**, where he's been accepted into the their highly prestigious guitar studies program, a place where, as he puts it, "would be cool to immerse myself in something I've always loved." Like a true Kennedy he's a shameless ladies man, but my hopes are to hear future wedding bells with long time love, sass-pot beauty **Fran**. Franny Kenns, hmm? I don't hate the sound of it.

It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy, like a baby-seal-fur coat when I think about how lucky I am to have actual family around with common interests and support, yet, how often in this world and specific community we "black sheep" can feel genetically rejected and make family amongst friends. Forced together, Salt Lake's

underground is one tightly knit, colorful brood. Long ago, lack of flexibility to my lifestyle left me to search familial solace elsewhere and I found it easy to bond emotionally holding my relationships as such. Flexibility aside, mine was quick to take in an underdog and make them feel like top pooch, which is a trait I hope I carry. I must also add that time is an amazing healer.

Today I found out a kindred spirit of mine, one I just saw Saturday night, didn't wake up on Monday morning. He always greeted me, actually everyone, with a huge smile and a hug. We had an almost instant connection that made him feel comfortable confiding in me on his fondness of extra curricular indulgences and perpetual discontentment, heavily veiled by a childlike carefree disposition. This open and honest continuity felt very endearing and I was quick to watch out for, scold and want to love him. I hope he felt that.

I can't even fucking think about the pain I'd feel at losing Wren or Anna, but I hurt nonetheless and I want nothing more than to keep you, my **SLUG** clan, safe in my words, feeling loved and appreciated. For a big tranny freak I'm one of the easiest people to approach and will let you in on another little secret Anna and Wren have known forever. Auntie Princess *always* has room at her family table for one more and I'm serving up reinforcements by the big Jell-O Biafra bowl full because I want my Kennedy's, whoever you are, to be alive and well.

JEAN CLAUDE ... BANDVANS?

By Elliot Secrist elliottsecrist@yahoo.com



Dear bands: Have you ever booked a tour and missed more shows than you made it to? Have you broken down daily on a tour and had to live in Wal-Mart parking lots? Have you put more than you initially paid into your band's vehicle? If you answered yes to any of those questions, or if you're just looking for a band vehicle to help you join the ranks of smelly, starving fuckers trekking back and forth over this great continent, look no further. In late 2008, **Jared Rodabaugh** and **Micah Merz** started a company just for you, **Jean Claude BANDVans (JCBV)**. JCBV is a company that wants to help bands get into a trustworthy vehicle to start touring in.

SLUG: Before we talk about Jean Claude BANDVans, let's get to the heart of the matter. Have you seen the **Jean-Claude Van Damme** movie and what is your favorite super action movie?

JCBV: From my understanding, *JCVD* is about Jean-Claude Van Damme's relationship (or lack thereof) with his estranged son who is emo now because Jean-Claude was too busy entering underground fighting competitions and fucking shit up. So his kid is a pretentious 'wrist cutter' and that in turn made Jean-Claude emo. I can't see him like that. If that kid doesn't get why his dad is cool then he's a bitch. *Point Break*, hands down. You cover all the essential bases—you have your surfers, sex, bank robberies, car chases, foot pursuits, sky diving, shoot-outs, murder, beach fights, **Anthony Kiedis** getting shot in the foot, Johnny Utah (801 represent), great one-liners, etc. Right when you think you can't handle all of the awesomeness, they throw in **Gary Bussey** just to mind fuck your senses into oblivion.

SLUG: Now with the important stuff out of the way, tell us about BANDVans, and where you got the idea to start this business?

JCBV: Both of our first band-van-buying experiences involved us getting raped by some suit wanting to take advantage of us due to our lack of van knowledge. He didn't care if we were musicians, a family of 10, or terrorists, he just wanted our money. The end result was us getting a shit van for a shit price and being upside down in something worthless, making reselling it near impossible. If some badass like JCBV was around to protect band's asses and assets, bands could spend their time doing something better than

getting screwed by some suit. So we started Jean Claude BANDVans to help bands, because we are also band dudes.

SLUG: You have set up a program that bases financing on touring? Do bands that tour a lot get better deals?

JCBV: There are four different programs that bands have available to them through us, which one just depends on where your band is at in the music world and your experience level. Everything needs to make sense for both parties. We aren't going to try to finance a brand new band that has been on one two-week tour a \$13,000 van and trailer combo because we want your money (besides, when the time comes you can always

upgrade). Things go into the equation: are you signed, are you DIY, do you get tour support, where have you toured, for how long, with whom, etc. Once we've figured out what's best for you, we at Jean Claude BANDVans actually put our nuts on the chopping block and basically co-sign for your band.

SLUG: Are all the vans new? Where do you get the vans and how much do they typically go for?

JCBV: Our vans can come new or used. Manufacturers recommend to not pull anything before your van has hit 5k miles because the transmission needs to break in. Since most bands pull a trailer, it seems to be a smart idea to avoid brand new vans with under 5k miles.

Most of our vans come from auctions all over the nation. As far as price, we will go as high as you are prepared to go, but we won't typically sell something under \$2,500. We like to be thorough when inspecting our vans and like to make the necessary alterations it takes in order to make sure they are "tour ready."

SLUG: It is a well-known fact that band folk are some the most ungodly, self-serving, horrible people alive. What made you want to deal with them any more than you may have already?

JCBV: Well it takes one to know one. We can smell our own I guess. It seems like if you are in a band, people come crawling out of the woodwork to exploit you, so we band folk can come off as abrasive. But when JCBV helps your band out, it comes from a good place and we really do end up saving bands lots of money. I guess we hit that band's hard to find soft spot instead of hitting them in the sack.

SLUG: What bands are JCBV employees in?

JCBV: Jared Rodabaugh is currently in the Dallas, TX band **Bring Forth The Fallen**. Micah Merz plays in Orem, Utah post-hardcore band **Seize the Day**.

To get in contact e-mail jeanclaudbandvans@gmail.com or visit jeanclaudbandvans.com, coming later this month. Their shop is located in Orem at 1135 North State St. Anyone who sends a band their direction and they end up buying, gets \$200 courtesy of JCBV.



Photo by Dave DeAustin

Micah Merz (L) and Jared Rodabaugh (R) of Jean-Claude Band Vans

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AMUSED TO DEATH

By **Conor Dow**
conordow@slugmag.com



Photo: Francine Daveta

If you spend any time watching news channels today, chances are high that you might feel bombarded with an overload of information that causes feelings of unease and distress. We all need catharsis. Stand-up comedy is a form of escapism that has enjoyed a level of popularity throughout the United States for decades. From vaudeville to **Saturday Night Live**, comedians have packed night clubs, rock clubs and auditoriums full of people looking for laughter. In the past 60 years, comedians have gradually become a great source of social commentary, effectively pointing out all of the hypocritical absurdities and inconsistencies in our safe culture and helping us laugh at them and ourselves.

Todd Barry has been on stage for just over 20 years, mocking life's ridiculousness with his recognizable cadence of mellow, tranquil delivery. His comedy, which he describes as "super flashy with many 'bells and whistles' to keep you focused" is not for everyone. He doesn't yell his punch lines at the top of his lungs, or work up a sweat stomping around on stage waving his arms. Instead, he takes on a role similar to the guy you may have heard sitting in the back of class making sarcastic comments about everything he sees and hears. On stage, he is armed with a verbalized internal dialogue and a feigned sense of importance as a result of his celebrity status. Todd occasionally pays special attention towards some of his more enthusiastic listeners by reading and scoffing at his own show reviews in front of the audience who clearly disagree.

Like most comedians, Todd started from the ground up. "People would say, 'you're funny, you should be a comedian,' but I would always resist." By taking a chance and facing one of our culture's biggest fears—public speaking—Todd took the stage. "After watching the open mics, I just got this urge to try it, so I did," Barry explains simply. "It went well when I started. They used to have open mics during the regular show at the headliner, who was touring in town, and on a Sunday, Monday or Tuesday, they would throw out five or ten open mic-ers, and the regular audience would watch these people go on stage for the first time. This was during the boom so you could play to an actual real, captive audience that was pretty sizeable." There's no telling where Todd's life would have gone had he not taken the stage one night, "I think I could be all nine Supreme Court justices," he says.

After moving from Florida, Todd is now among a close-knit comedy scene in New York City where many fellow comedians, such as **David Cross**, **Eugene Mirman** and **Sarah Silverman**, reside. "Most of my peers who are successful, I've known since before they were successful. I've known Sarah Silverman since she was 19, we used to live in the same building." Just outside of New York, Todd is also close friends with **Louis CK**, another comedian who recently spent some time on a USO tour. "I've known Louis CK forever," Todd says, but rumors on the Internet have circulated about a rivalry between the two. "It's too ugly to talk about, but it's *real*," he explains. Todd's comedy also reaches into the music scene. When he's not poking fun at bands such as **Third Eye Blind** and **Sugar Ray**, he's expressing his love for **Wilco** and opening up for bands such as **Yo La Tengo**. By the time you read this he will also have performed his comedy routine at SXSW, which is among the largest music festivals in the United States. All of this work has resulted in a great deal of success for Todd but he still keeps things humble. "I live in New York, so I don't even own a car, but when I'm in LA, I'll just call up **Leno** and borrow one of his Studebakers."

With a new movie, *Pete Smalls is Dead*, in the works, and already having been in the cast of HBO's *Flight of the Conchords* and **Darren Aronofsky**'s film *The Wrestler*, Todd has been trying his hand at acting occasionally. "I know Darren a little from New York and I ran into him at a restaurant. He said, 'I have something for you,' but was cryptic about it. At first it was an offer of 'do you want to do it?' but then I had to do an audition to appease the people paying for the film, but he gave me the part anyway." By doing a quick internet search, you can also see Todd play as Lucky Number 7 on *Sesame Street*. Unfortunately, he didn't keep the costume. "That cape would be perfect in this extra cold winter we're having."

See Todd's stand-up comedy act April 12 at *Jeanne Wagner Theatre*.

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by Kathleen Cahill

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The advertisement for BLITZ! Salon Boutique features a woman's face in the bottom right corner, looking towards the camera. The background is a collage of various flowers, including tulips and daisies, in shades of pink, red, and yellow. The text is overlaid on this background, with the salon's name at the top, the special offer in the center, and the address and phone number at the bottom.

CJ MILES INTERVIEW

By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I know what you are thinking: Mike Brown somehow tricked a Jazz player by the name of CJ Miles to buy him dinner at the Cheesecake Factory just so he could meet **Deron Williams** and sit in CJ's Escalade. So not true! First off, I did not sit in the Escalade. I did lean against it though. And this story is not about D-Will, he just happened to be eating cheesecake at the same spot as us. But D-Will did come up to our table during the interview and I said something stupid in front of him.

Don't quit reading yet—this article isn't about sports or triple doubles or trade rumors or even that love poem I wrote for **Kyle Korver** a few years back. *SLUG* is mostly a music magazine dipshit, so I thought it would be cool to find out from a direct source some of the correlations between NBA ballers and the men who rap about being ballers, and the few and far between who can do both.

There's nothing too new about pro athletes cutting albums in the off-season. Have you ever seen the Chicago Bears from '85 do "The Super bowl Shuffle"? I was six years old when the shuffle hit the streets and I loved it. My own private collection of vintage Jazz memorabilia also includes three amazing cassette tapes. *You Gotta Love It Baby!* dropped in 1990 and featured an amazingly terrible beat with samples of **Hot Rod Hundley's** voice. That same year, an equally bad cassette tape was made called *Karl Malone is ...The Mailman*.

My favorite Utah Jazz cassette tape in my collection has to be two singles put out by **The Jazz Brothers**. It's called *Keep Fightin'*, but also features the 1987 hit no one ever heard called "Keep it Sexy." The Jazz Brothers are primarily **"Big T" Thurl Bailey** on lead vocals with backup vocals from **Dell Curry**, **Rickey Green**, **Darrell Griffith**, **Carey Scurry** (whoever the fuck that is) and **Karl Malone**! If technical fouls had soundtracks, they would be these songs. But the point I'm trying to make is that ballers have been hitting the studio for a while now.

As far as current NBA players who are putting out tracks, I knew about **Ron Artest** and **Shaquille O'Neal**, but I found out some other interesting names from CJ—**JR Smith**, **Rashad McCants** and **Carmelo Anthony** to name a few, and **Allen Iverson** made a CD that got him in trouble with the league a few years back.

I'm willing to bet that Ron Artest's album could get him in some trouble too,

but it's so bad that no one, including the NBA commissioner, has really listened to it. The same week the Ron Artest dropped his album, **Britney Spears'** ex **Kevin Federline**, or K-Fed, as I like to call him, outsold Ron's album by 6,435 copies. That's saying a lot, given that Ron sold 343 copies that week.

On the other side of that though, Shaq's album *Shaq Diesel* went platinum. I've never heard the record but numbers don't lie. Some still might feel that NBA players have no business rapping. That's fine and you and your opinion will always coexist. I am of the opinion that **Ice Cube**, or anyone else that

was in **NWA** for that matter, shouldn't be in any more Disney movies. But fuck, I'm sure the Cube made a shit ton off of *Are We There Yet?* so what do I know?

CJ's been making music for about three years now. He's been somewhat low key about it, but that isn't to say he isn't proud of what he's put out or worked on musically so far. He sees making music as something he does for himself first and foremost because he likes writing and rapping. He's good at it, (which honestly surprised me) but he doesn't take it too seriously. CJ also told me that he will never rap about anything he hasn't seen or done, which got my respect—especially after I found a video on YouTube of **Chris Webber** rapping about being a gangsta. When the mainstream media first found out that CJ was making music, a story

dropped about how he was doing it to try to get out of Utah. He said it was completely untrue but the story somewhat

forced him to be less open with what he wanted to do. CJ told me that he would and

could rap wherever he was at so that wasn't an excuse to leave.

CJ has also established some local connections through his music as well. **DJ Brisk**, a long time respected staple of the local hip-hop community, has been working with him on most of his tracks. He's also collaborated with **DJ Juggy** as well. CJ played me some of the stuff he's been working on with Brisk and the beats are solid. It's mastered well too, blending CJ's style and flow to create a vibe that's more backpack rap than gangster. I'm not just kissing ass for lower bowl tickets when I say I liked it.

As far as getting a hold of any of his music, hunt CJ Miles down on Twitter (twitter.com/CJmiles34). I don't tweet so I can't help you there.

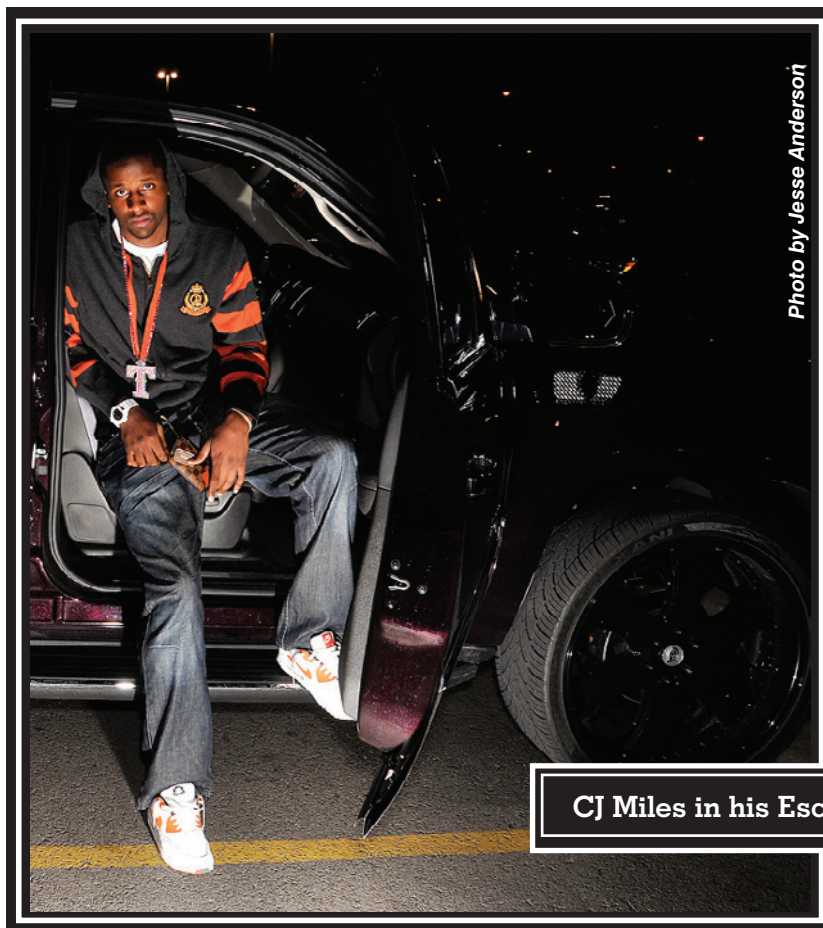


Photo by Jesse Anderson

CJ Miles in his Escalade

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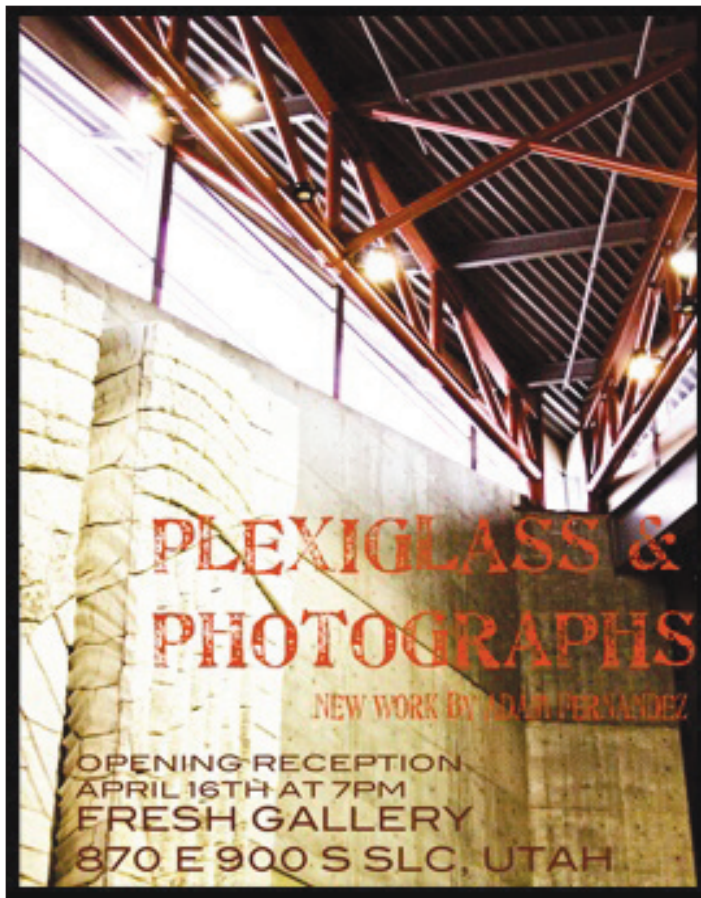


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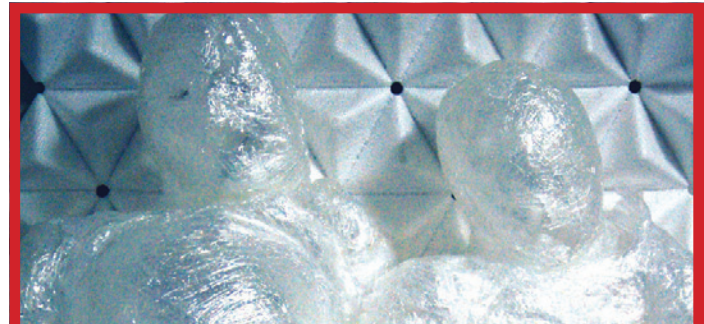
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GALLERY STROLL

4



Plastic People from Derek Dyer's Plastic World

Do you live in a Plastic World?

by Mariah Mann Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

I've always said art is where you look for it. In the case of the *Utah Arts Alliance's* April show that means finding art in your pre-packaged dinners, plastic grocery bags and the plastic wrap usually reserved for leftovers. *Plastic World* is an innovative art installation featuring 100% plastic art by artist **Derek Dyer**. The show opens April 9 and runs through April 30 at the *Utah Arts Alliance Gallery* located at 127 South Main Street. The opening reception with the artists takes place April 9 from 6-9 p.m.

Derek Dyer is a well-known artist based in Salt Lake City. Common themes of his work include pieces that play with light and color, integrate technology and are representative of nature. Much of his work is about creating social dialogue and commentary on the world. His *Earth People* show is currently on display at the *Sorenson Unity Center* (1383 South 900 West) until April 16.

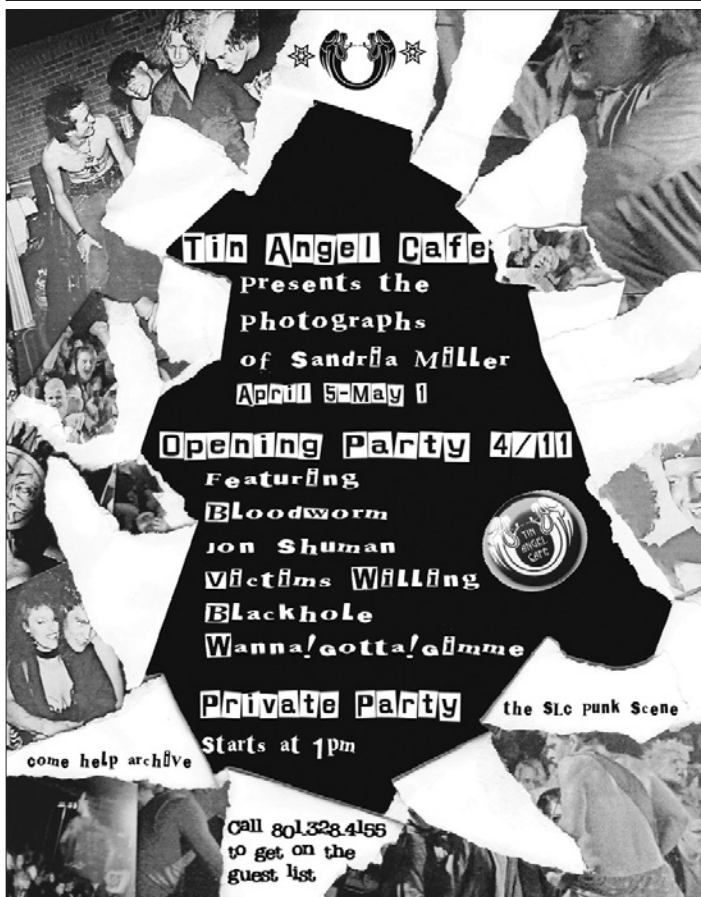
I went to my interview with Derek Dyer with some preconceived notions. Since it's April, or "Earth Month," could *Plastic World* be a statement on how much plastic wastes away in landfills or the use of plastic currency in our cashless society, or possibly a reference to body images and perceptions of perfection? Dyer, who runs a plastic recycling plant called *Marko Foam*,¹ obtained much of the plastic used for this show from the plant. Dyer maintains a playful approach to this commentary on American life. "Take what you want from it, but it's not an anti-plastic theme just an experiential installation. The inspiration was not one thing but a lot of small things that add up. Everything I bought recently was wrapped in plastic and usually in several layers."

According to the *The History of Plastics* by **Mary Bellis**, plastic was first unveiled by **Alexander Parkes** at the 1862 Great International Exhibition in London. As an organic material that could be molded after heating but retained its shape when it cooled, plastic revolutionized the industrial world and hasn't lost its position yet. According to *Waste Watch*, a leading environmental charity dedicated to the reduction, reuse and recycling of household waste, we produce and use 20 times more plastic today than we did 50 years ago.

Plastic World features an installation where the walls, furniture, artwork and even people are made of plastic. The residents of *Plastic World* aren't so different from you or me: they include plastic families, plastic lovers, plastic enemies, plastic business people, a plastic dog, they eat plastic food and appreciate plastic art. Few landfills or natural resources were hurt in the creation of this show, 95% of the plastic was recycled.

Gallery Stroll is held the third Friday of every month when galleries stay open late to accommodate us working folk. I encourage you to attend this critical mass, but art is not something you can pen in, take it in whenever you can.

Support local art—it's what makes living a little less plastic.



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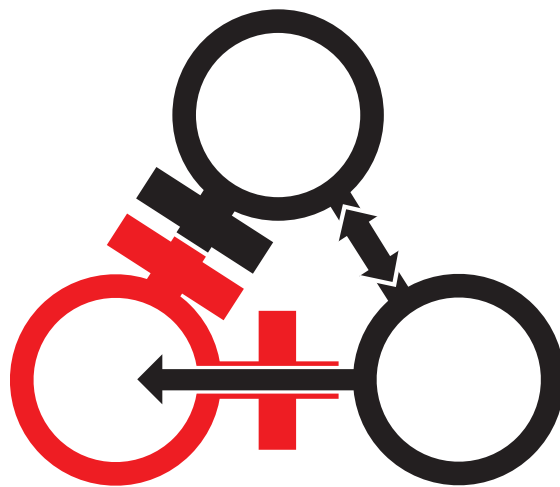
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DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS



The Internet is For Porn
 By Dr. Evil, Ph.D.
DrEvil@slugmag.com

*"The internet is for ... porn. I masturbate!
 All these guys unzip their flies for porn,
 porn, porn!"*

*—"The Internet is for Porn" from the Broad-
 way play Avenue Q.*

It's true, and we're all busted: We love
 our porn—even in Utah.

In 2007, *Good Magazine* reported that
 89% of porn is created in the U.S.,
 over \$2.84 billion in revenue was gener-
 ated from U.S. porn sites in 2006, \$89
 per second is spent on porn, 72% of
 porn viewers are men and 260 new porn
 sites go online daily.

If your boss or your girlfriend checked
 the history of your internet browser, they
 would probably find that you've been
 lookin' at porn and that you might even
 be an addict. The American Psychiatric
 Association announced this year that it
 may add sex and pornography addiction
 to the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*
of Mental Disorders (DSM) used by
 psychiatrists to recognize disease and
 treat patients.

This is going to be bad news for Utah's
 own Marriott Corporation. Our own local
 hotel chain appears to be enabling sex
 addicts. According to *thecatholicthing*.
org, "The largest purveyor of hard-core
 porn in America is a smarmy company
 called Vivid Entertainment. One of Vivid
 Entertainment's closest collaborators is
 Marriott Hotels. Millions of porn viewings
 occur in the hotel rooms of the good
 Mormon Bill Marriott, or through pay-per-
 view channels offered by Time-Warner,
 Comcast, and Verizon, or through
 Internet service provided by these same
 companies. These so-called mainstream

businesses are the hard-core porn mer-
 chants of today and they make hundreds
 of millions of dollars at it."

Only morons believe visual porn is hard
 to find in the land of Zion. There haven't
 been x-rated movie theaters in Utah
 since the 1980s, but more than half the
 teens in the state have cell phones that
 connect to the web. Apple has banned
 all applications for the iPhone that are
 pornographic but anyone of any age can
 get around that by using their phone to
 connect to the internet. Even if you're
 too poor to own a phone, a guy was just
 busted at the Salt Lake Main Library for
 watching kiddie porn on the free comput-
 ers there. Another guy was arrested in
 the Pacific Northwest for breaking into
 churches to look at porn on their com-
 puters after hours.

You know a ton of free websites where
 you can get your porn dose for the day,
 right? And you can name the sites where
 you can upload photos and videos of
 your own dick or your girlfriend's tits for
 the world to see. Sex is a natural part of
 life. I think if you don't get enough of it
 you turn to porn. Guys are more often
 stimulated visually than emotionally, and
 statistically masturbate more than wom-
 en. Porn can be arousing, demeaning,
 hilarious, freakish and educational. The
 point is, porn is easy to find and is mak-
 ing a buttload of money (pun intended)
 every second of every day. Everyone's
 watchin' it, just admit it. And they are
 watching it in Mr. Marriott's hotels.

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

Dear Cop,

Can I get DUI while riding a bicycle? Also, can I legally ride my bike on the sidewalk in downtown Salt Lake City? How about the rest of the city, can I ride on the sidewalk there, too? And does that vary from city to city in Utah? Isn't it bullshit that I'm being safe and not driving a car while drunk and still "The Man" finds a way to fuck with me?

Thanks Pig,
Whiskey Wheels

Dear Whiskey:

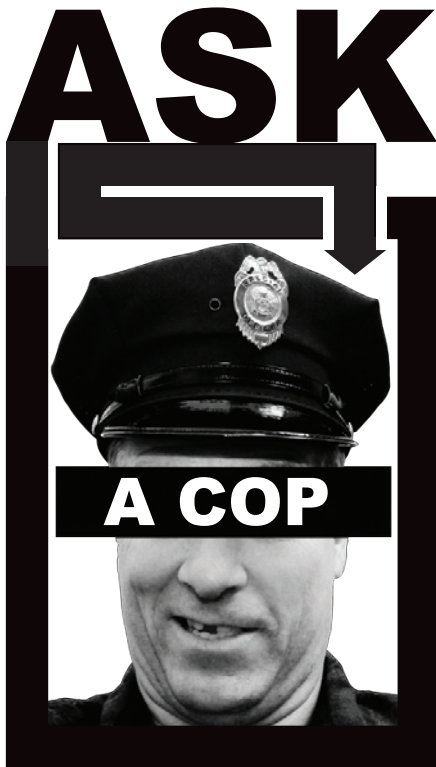
Yes, a bicycle is a vehicle as defined in Utah Criminal Code, "... device in, on, or by which a person or property is or may be transported or drawn on a highway..." To break that down for you, the man's bullshit code says that Whiskey's bike is a motor vehicle, and Whiskey is the motor.

And, don't let the word "highway" affect your nefarious desires. Utah has a whole separate code, 41-22-2, which deals with those who desire to imbibe and convey themselves while not on a normally recognized highway. It has been proven that during the deer hunt or legislative session, the beer consumption in Utah increases by over 400%. Look it up, it's on the Internet. Lately this increase has been primarily due to heathens forgetting the requisite invite of two or more Mormon friends or two or more Mormon legislator friends. [For those of you who don't know it, the joke goes: why do you invite two Mormons deer hunting? 'Cause one by himself will drink all the beer.] Legislators sometimes forget to invite another Mormon to say, something like a hot tub party. Now you know why heathens got no beer.

Consequently, the man created a statute to deal with any legislator, I mean Mormon, I mean person (slip of my tongue) who attempts conveyance in public or private while impaired by "... any substance that, when knowingly, intentionally, or recklessly taken into the human body, can impair the ability of a person to safely operate a motor vehicle."

You can't ride on a sidewalk in Salt Lake City, and it's safest if you use that mentality anywhere in Utah. Except Faust. In Faust, Utah you can ride on the sidewalk. Go check it out.

Yep, it's bullshit. The man will fuck with you any way he can. You know what, he fucks with me too. Just a few weeks ago "the man" tried to pretty much do away with my retirement. But, he decided to fuck new coppers mostly, and double dipping old cops a little too. Just think, I'm the one who does what the man says, and I salute while doing it. You on the other hand, do what he says NOT to do, and you do so while saluting with the middle finger. Ultimately, we both get fucked, except you still get your retirement.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

Alice in Wonderland
Disney
 In Theaters: 03.05



When **Tim Burton** announced his intentions to direct **Lewis Carroll**'s beloved classics, it seemed like the perfect choice ... and it was. No other modern-day director could conceive and achieve the stunning visuals necessary to convey Carroll's wondrous creations. In this visualization of the memorable tale, a teenage Alice (**Mia Wasikowska**) flees from an unwanted marriage proposal and, in her hastiness, falls into the all-too-familiar rabbit hole. Upon her arrival, the confused guest, unaware of her previous childhood visit, discovers she's Wonderland's prophesized hope for prosperity against the evil Queen of Hearts (**Helena Bonham Carter**) and must reunite with an array of peculiar characters to do so including the Mad Hatter (**Johnny Depp**), the White Queen (**Anne Hathaway**), the White Rabbit (voiced by **Michael Sheen**), the Blue Caterpillar (voiced by **Alan Rickman**) and the odd coupling Tweedledee & Tweedledum (**Matt Lucas** in a dual role). Burton gathers the usual suspects and strategically utilizes their unusual talents to convey his own quirks and quips. Depp delivers a wildly entertaining schizophrenic Hatter with accents galore, while Carter certainly amuses as the merciless Red Queen. While the epic final confrontation feels shortchanged and ends with a pointless Napoleon Dynamite celebratory dance routine (the only pointless ingredient in the entire film), the costumes are strikingly chic and the special effects are visually gratifying, especially in the case of the charming Cheshire Cat. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Bounty Hunter
Columbia Pictures
 In Theaters: 03.19



Nothing from this dim-witted, stereotypical comedy will be remembered 30 seconds after walking out of the theatre, except for maybe the rancid aftertaste of regret for having endured its multiple failed stabs at humor. **Gerald Butler** plays Milo, an ex-cop turned bounty hunter who leaps at the opportunity to incarcerate his investigative journalist ex-wife, Nicole, played by the once funny, now tragically dismal **Jennifer Aniston**, who jumped bail in order to follow a lead involving a suspicious suicide. After a fairly easy capture in Atlantic City, which can only bring wacky trouble to Milo's gambling addiction, the bickering duo not only encounter the pursuits of a crooked cop, but the idiotic ramblings of Milo's gangster bookies. For a transport that should only take a little over two hours (Yes, I mapquested it), it's absurd that the story deemed itself necessary to take over three days. As one predictable scenario is concocted after another, the chemistry between Butler and Aniston remains entirely stagnant until the wonderful sight of credits roll. It's no surprise the same director of other comedic flops like *Hitch* and *Fool's Gold* would turn in yet another waste of time, but it's saddening to see these two capable stars subject themselves to this type of romantic debauchery. *—Jimmy Martin*

Brooklyn's Finest
Overture Films
 In Theaters: 03.05

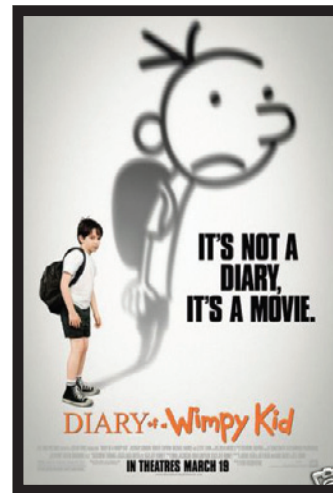
As much as **Martin Scorsese** loves mafia films and **Michael Bay** adores senseless explosions, director **Antoine Fuqua** seems to be the go-to guy for gritty cop



dramas. In his latest film, three NYPD police officers' lives sporadically intertwine as they walk the fine line between justice and transgression. Eddie (**Richard Gere**) is a suicidal alcoholic who's been assigned to train one week before his retirement. Sal (**Ethan Hawke**) is a married father testing his morals in dire need of financial assistance in order to move his growing family out of a mold-infested home. Tango (**Don Cheadle**) is an undercover cop hoping to make detective, but begins to lose his grip on reality when asked to arrest a well-known drug dealer who also happens to be a long-time friend (**Wesley Snipes**). Even though the film incorporates several clichéd cop drama characteristics, the actors discern and utilize the greatest essentials accessible in the script. Hawke successfully transitions from an honorable cop in Fuqua's 2001 *Training Day* to a corrupted family man attempting to justify his unlawful actions for the greater good of his loved ones. The running time is entirely too long and the ultimate payoff isn't the grandiose finale one would hope for, but Fuqua does sustain captivation with an increasing sense of tension and an intriguing foundation of characters. *—Jimmy Martin*

Diary of a Wimpy Kid
20th Century Fox
 In Theaters: 03.19

It's interesting to see the number of films depicting the horrors of high school when the true origins of these ungodly rituals begin in the forgotten halls of junior high. For three years, these concrete nests are overflowing with hormone-enraged prepubescents eager to take the next step toward adulthood. Greg Heffley (**Zachary Gordon**) is an overconfident yet scrawny kid who starts his first day of school with a scheme to become the most popular kid by having his name



forever etched in the sacred yearbook. In order to do so, he, along with his immature/ambiguously gay friend Rowley (**Robert Capron**), partakes in a slew of extracurricular activities to only have each play backfire, sending him spiraling down the chain of popularity. Coming directly from the horrid *Hotel for Dogs*, director **Thor Freudenthal** improves his own reputation with this amusing glimpse at childish capers that captures relatable memories including laughable educational videos, bathroom stalls lacking doors and the banishment of the juvenile phrase "Wanna come over and play?" in reference to hanging out. Coming across as a miniature version of Ferris Bueller or Parker Lewis minus the Ferrari and neon shirts, Gordon does well at playing the self-righteous protagonist, but is surrounded by several more appealing side characters that essentially diminish his screen presence. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Ghost Writer
Summit Entertainment
 In Theaters: 03.05

Say what you will about **Roman Polanski**'s personal life and 1970s escapades, but no one can deny his talents as a gifted filmmaker. His ability to create suspense with isolation and unnerving deceit is a thing of beauty. Based on **Robert Harris**' 2007 novel, *The Ghost*, the story follows an unnamed ghostwriter (**Ewan McGregor**) who's been hired to write the memoirs of a former prime minister (**Pierce Brosnan**) after the former author is inexplicably found dead on the beach. As the newcomer conducts his research on the dishonored ex-politician and a scandal involving his crimes against humanity erupts, mysterious clues surface, placing the scribe's life in danger. Polanski has skillfully adapted a gripping mystery that



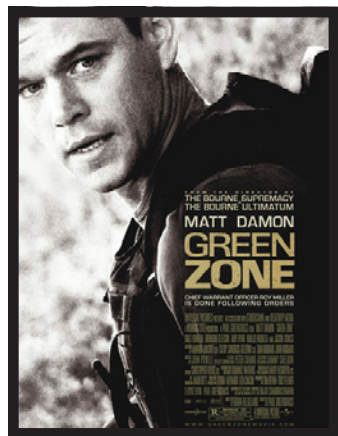
embodies an uncanny portrayal of the suspected undertakings between former Prime Minister **Tony Blair** and the United States government, which only heightens the sensation of discomfort. As the leading man, McGregor is terrific as he leads the audience on an enthralling journey into the frightening world of political conspiracy theories where no one can be trusted and escape is all but impossible. Even with the men dominating the majority of screen time, a powerful performance comes unexpectedly from **Olivia Williams**, as she portrays Brosnan's stringent and deceptive wife. —*Jimmy Martin*

Green Zone

Universal

In Theaters: 03.12

I can appreciate the reason why directors and actors collaborate on multiple projects when their relationship is mutually beneficial. Why risk bringing on a shoddy newcomer, when an accredited



actor is waiting in the wings? On the other hand, I am not a fan of the same duo executing the same trick over and over, or attempting to disguise their latest endeavor as familiar territory. That said, **Paul Greengrass**, director of the past two *Bourne* films, and **Matt Damon** team up yet again to deliver a critical look at the logic behind the 2003 invasion of Iraq, but deceive the audience by marketing it as another high-octane action adventure flick. Weeks after the "shock and awe" campaign, U.S. Army

officer Roy Miller (Damon) becomes increasingly frustrated after multiple failed attempts to locate WMDs at supposedly confirmed sites. Enraged and confused, Miller takes his suspicions to an unethical Pentagon spokesperson (**Greg Kinnear**) and an agitated CIA agent (**Brendan Gleeson**). Ultimately, the apprehensive soldier decides to go rogue and investigate the alleged government's source material himself. While the producers are pushing it as the fourth *Bourne* film, it isn't—but that's not necessarily a terrible thing. The film plays out like a **Tom Clancy** adaptation with conspiracy theories galore. Action is present somewhat, but the continued use of the shaky cam to induce tension comes across irritating and eventually confusing. —*Jimmy Martin*

Remember Me

Summit Entertainment

In Theaters: 03.12

Every so often, a film comes along that's so terrible, anyone responsible for its creation should not only consider an alternative career but an intervention as well. The atrocities that spew off the celluloid of newcomer **Will Fetters'** hollow romantic drama are so insulting, future filmmakers should meticulously study his craft to educate themselves on precisely what not to do when directing. This pretentious disaster follows Tyler (**Robert Pattinson**), a chain smoking rebel with daddy issues who's wrongfully assaulted by an NYPD officer, and Ally (**Emilie de Ravin**) a carefree twit with an overprotective father who just so happens to be an aggressive NYPD officer. See the connection? A devious plot of revenge is enacted to date the officer's daughter, but when it's discovered they both suffer from personal tragedies, apparently misery loves company. As their relationship blooms, Ally predictably discovers Tyler's initial motivation behind their first encounter, which inevitably forces the cards to come tumbling down. Not only is the acting set to autopilot for everyone on board, but the by-the-numbers romance supposedly established between Pattinson and Ravin is as artificial as they come. What could have been considered a typically awful romantic venture ends up nose-diving into the category of a cinematic disaster when the filmmakers shamelessly exploit a national tragedy to provoke drama for their meaningless production. —*Jimmy Martin*

Repo Men

Universal

In Theaters: 03.19

Before buying a \$12 ticket, it should be made clear that this film is in no way connected to *Repo! The Genetic Opera*, even though there are multiple similarities, or the 1984 **Emilio Estevez** comedy, *Repo Man*. This sci-fi romp, set in the distant future, follows a biotech company that has perfected the science of artificial organ transplants, but with a hefty price tag attached. The majority of the desperate customers are persuaded into outlandish loans, but those who sign up yet refuse to pay after 90 days are assigned a repossession agent to come



reclaim their property, no matter the consequences. That's where Remy (**Jude Law**) comes into play. He's a husband, a father, and the best repo man in the city. However, his wife wants him leave the hazardous yet profitable collections department and transfer into the more stable sales division. Remy reluctantly agrees, but, on his final assignment, an equipment malfunction forces Remy into receiving a heart transplant he can't afford, especially since the accident opened his eyes to the mayhem the job truly entails. In an effort to retaliate, the outcast partners with a fellow recipient and attempts to bring down the corporation by attacking the headquarters' mainframe. What starts off as a silly satire soon takes itself too seriously in the second act, but ends on a delightfully bizarre note of gore galore. Law provides an acceptable performance, but it's **Liev Schrieber** as the smarmy ruthless businessman who steals the scene whenever present. While not everything works as the filmmakers had hoped, their homages to other classics such as *Brazil*, *Blade Runner* and *Oldboy* do transition into enjoyable visuals on the screen. —*Jimmy Martin*

Scream of the Bikini

Golightly Productions

Street: 02.19.09

Cleverly marketed as a mid 60's campy spy thriller that was found and "poorly translated and dubbed by Germans," *Scream of the Bikini* is, rather, a modern parody of the above genre. Unfortunately, the cleverest aspect of this film is the conceit set up by the marketing department and the witty paragraph on the back cover that thoroughly fools you into thinking you're in for an unintentionally funny bit of 60's era camp. Had the film itself kept up the ruse, I feel the intended parody would've been all the more successful. However, it's painfully clear from the opening scene that everyone involved in production is in the business of poking fun at the given schema. The film is enjoyable for a good number of "facepalm" style laughs, and overall it's certainly fun and entertaining, which is one good way to measure a parody's success. I only wish the performers had been told to take their roles a bit more seriously, so that I could laugh at the film, rather than attempt to laugh with

the overly self-aware scenarios. —*Jesse Hawlish*

She's Out of My League

Paramount

In Theaters: 03.12



If you've ever seen the website *HotorNot.com*, you're well aware of the process of ranking complete strangers on a scale of 1 to 10. Everyone has their own system. Blonde hair? Add a point. Gangly teeth? Minus two. Appeared on *To Catch a Predator*? You get the gist. First-time director **Jim Field Smith** attempts to emulate the successes of **Judd Apatow** by showcasing a romance infused comedy with a splash of vulgarity that appeals to both sexes. Scrawny TSA employee, Kirk Kettner (**Jay Baruchel**), catches the biggest break of his love life when blonde bombshell Molly (**Alice Eve**) leaves her cell phone at security and asks him to return it personally. As the polar opposites have both recently escaped hurtful relationships, they discover solace in the other's unfamiliar presence, but not without a barrage of negative observations from envious friends and family members who relentlessly remind the fortunate dweeb of his "6" ranking compared to her "hard 10" (and the impossibility of jumping more than two spots). While the simple storyline is nothing new, Smith leads the actors, especially the supporting cast, in forming an undeniable comedic chemistry that increases the believability of such a preposterous premise. As much as you want the little guy to win, you'll also stand loyally by the hilariously enraged outsiders screaming, "How has God let his happen!?" and "Why not me?" —*Jimmy Martin*

PRODUCT REVIEWS

3

Rough Neck Hardware

RNCK Skate Key
Rncksf.com



Blazin' in hot, straight out of sunny San Fran is Rough Neck's design on a classic skate key that will fit in your pocket. It has all the socket sizes you need—kingpin, wheels, hardware and most importantly, the hardware socket has a hinge on it. This hinge is what really seals the deal for this being the best tool I've ever had. It allows the tool to bend around that awkward spot on the front bolts of your trucks, giving you a solid grip on your nuts and eliminating stripped hardware. The only thing that could make this tool any better would be changing the place of the allen and the phillips screwdriver head so that you can get more leverage on the bolt head. Rough Neck's shit don't stink, so go get some. —Swainston

AIAIAI

Swirl Headphones
Aiaiai.dk

Headphones are a dime a dozen, but good ones are few and far between. AIAIAI is a German company breaking on SLC's streets. These earbuds are simply designed with little unnecessary flare, besides the curly cord at the end of the left earpiece. As far as I can tell, that's just for style points. The key feature of these buds is that the end piece of the cord is shaped to wrap around your ear to help hold those buds in securely. Pretty smart if you ask me—I've ruined more than one pair of headphones crushing them with my skateboard or tangling them up in the spokes of my bike. Cruise over to *Fresh* and swoop up a pair. They also offer a couple different sets with a phone mic for all of you that can't disconnect for even a phone call. —Swainston

52 SaltLakeUnderGround

SML Wheels

52 mm Austyn Gillette signature wheel
Smlwheels.com

This wheel company came into the scene like a first round NBA draft pick: great product, awesome team and a clever name. Founded by **James Craig** and other 100% skaters, don't you think they'd know what they're looking for? They also come with a "loose guarantee," which means that if you don't like 'em, then tell 'em and they will make them not suck. So with that in mind, I have tried to make them suck, but have come to the conclusion that these wheels can't suck. They are the perfect hardness for the park rat or the street shralper. I don't know if a shop in Salt Lake carries them quite yet, but they certainly should. All you wood pushers out there need to hop off those STFs and check out what other companies have to offer—you might be surprised. Fuck a big wheel, ride SML. —Hehshun

Sno Dice

Jump And Rail Dice
Snodice.com

One day when I came to *SLUG*, Adam gave me these things called SnoDice. After looking them over, I noticed there was a set for jumps and a set for rails. Each die had a trick and a few snowflakes on them instead of your typical numbers one through six. With the rail set, for example, when you roll the four dice one may say 270 on, another one would say whether to do it switch or regular and the last two say what trick to do and whether or not to spin out. If you get a snowflake, that's a wild and you can do whatever buttery trick you want! The dice sat in my car for about three or four weeks until I finally was able to use these black squares of boardslides and tail slappys at the *Brighton* park preview day. I let my friend **Josh** roll the dice cause I thought they were lame, but after a few rolls things started to get fun. We started betting on the tricks and a few other kids joined in on our game of snowboarding craps. By the end of the day I came to enjoy these SnoDice. So if you're going to some urban hand rail, hitting up a backcountry booter or just getting your shred on in the park and don't know what to do, go pick up a set of SnoDice! To step up the excitement factor bet cash, **Molca Salsa** or cigs and you're sure to have a great time with these dice. —Jeremy Riley

Macbeth

Zu Boutique by Davey Havok
Macbeth.com

I had some reservations about donning these bedazzled bad boys in public (not so much because of the rhinestones, but because they didn't mesh well with my all black wardrobe... and the rhinestones), but decided to man up and embrace my sparkly nature, both inside and out. Designed by the increasingly effeminate and decreasingly relevant Davey Havok of **AFI**, these

shoes are comfortable if you lead a primarily sedentary lifestyle like myself. If you need shoes that aid in any sort of specialized task (Zu's website recommends avoiding biking, skating and all other forms of rigorous activity) or shoes that keep rain, snow and dirt out, look elsewhere. Even though they're a bit garish and not exactly practical, I fully recommend these shoes as someone who spends the vast majority of my day sitting at a computer and avoiding strenuous tasks like walking—they're functional and distracting! —Ricky Vigil

Shogo

Neck Gaiter
Shogoclothing.com



In today's fashion-centric snow world, companies often get too carried away with the steeze factor and end up neglecting the true functionality of the product they are promoting. This is not the case with Shogo. A Japanese-based designer, Shogo offers clothing that can be worn on the slopes and the streets. Testing the Shogo neck gaiter was reminiscent of my days balling it up on the playground in a loose-fitting pair of mesh shorts. Made from virtually the same fabric, this article proved itself in a variety of conditions and proved more versatile than anticipated. From those blisteringly cold mornings ski patrolling at the *Bird* to more mellow breezy days, the Shogo gaiter was up to the task. Its breathable fabric allows it to keep from freezing up when you're mobbin' down the piste and prevents the dreaded foggy goggle effect. Perhaps the best part of the Shogo neck gaiter is its simple yet effective design and easy on the eyes style. Plus, you can wear it as a head wrap or under-helmet piece. Works well as a goggle wipe too. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

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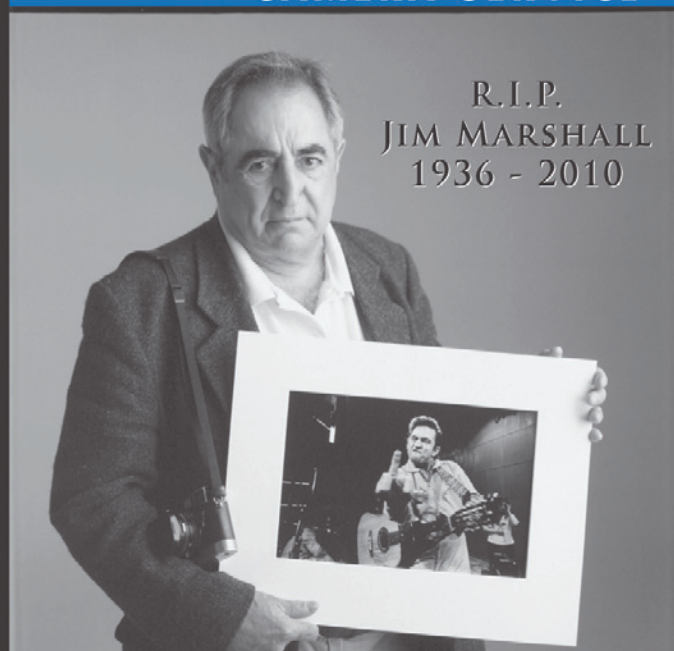
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GAME REVIEWS

5



Call me Mr. Bubbles again bitch, I swear to god ...

Bioshock 2

2K Marin

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Playstation 3, PC

Street: 02.09.10

First, two caveats: I have no room to discuss the multiplayer (it's good), and this review will sound a mite egotistical (I have enough friends, bite me). *Bioshock 2* gets better the higher the skill of the gamer who plays it. Vita-Chambers and lower difficulties exist because we can't all play on hard, keeping a close eye on saves – fair enough. But, if you can keep track of the upwards of thirty attacks available to you at any given time and learn to combine them based on innumerable variables on the fly, this videogame will reward you with some of the most intelligent, challenging and deeply satisfying FPS gameplay you're liable to find anywhere. *Bioshock* begs you to play creatively, but only *requires* you to do so when playing without vita-chambers and on hard. It's a fun, colorful shooter no matter what, but it's a masterpiece of gaming, provided the player can rise to the challenge. The game's story—while at times a bit difficult to follow (as was its predecessor)—is again full of intriguing philosophical aphorisms. Sofia Lamb et al. will dispute and impugn your presumptions about the failed experiment that is Andrew Ryan's city under the sea. There's no lack of chin-scratchers and no lack of well-acted, outlandish characters: more than enough to make this nerd happy. The graphical environment initially feels not as crisp as some of the other triple-A titles of this season, but it is lovingly created and detailed to an astonishing degree. Rapture lives and breathes as a character all its own. You will be pleased. *Bioshock 2* is a very complete, very polished piece of entertainment that I've had an absolute blast playing. It's this caliber of title that reminds us what we can and ought to expect from our videogames. —Jesse Hawlish

Mass Effect 2

EA

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: PC

Street: 01.26.10

Despite selling a metric buttload of copies and garnering near-universal critical acclaim, 2007's action-RPG sci-fi epic *Mass Effect* is primarily known for a brief scene where the main character can take part in some hot, steamy alien/lesbian lovin'. The game had plenty more to offer—namely a vast universe populated by a number of interesting characters (alien and human), an enjoyable plot and a fun, if flawed, combat system—but most remember nothing but inter-species intercourse. While I could tell you about all of the ways *Mass Effect 2* improves on its predecessor, I won't bury the lead: the alien sex isn't as hot—and that is honestly my only complaint about this game. *ME2* picks up right where the first game left off as the highly customizable Commander Shepherd (aka You) and his/her (you choose the gender!) crew are attacked by those pesky, sapient robot overlords The Reapers. Long story short—you die, but a seedy human-supremacist group (seriously, fuck aliens) called Cerberus rebuilds you and tasks you with finding a bunch of abducted humans. The overall story isn't as engaging this time around, but the episodic mission style and the interesting characters make *ME2* seem like a non-shitty *Star Trek*. The combat system is a bit more visceral in *ME2*, and the game feels like a bonafide shooter at its best moments, but the sub-par cover system and the simplified but boring character class system will remind you that this is an imperfect hybrid. Still, there's a shit-ton of replay value (depending on your choices, people live or die and crucial plot points may or may not happen) and this is a truly amazing game, hot alien sex or not. —Ricky Vigil



Smoking these roaches gets your zealots super baked.

Starcraft II Beta

Blizzard Entertainment

Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)

Street: "When it's done"

11 years, 11 months and 9 days. That is precisely how much time has passed since nerds all over the world found out how truly hot and sweaty they could get over a video game. Korean super-leagues have been formed solely for the sake of competing for this game. "Athletes" practice up to 16 hours per day, throwing health and hygiene to the wind for the sake of perfecting their annoying SCV rushes. In other words, the original *Starcraft* has single-handedly decreased the rate of virginity loss worldwide. Incredible. Well, fellow geeks, our time has finally come. The months and years of waiting have finally paid off, and *Blizzard* has given us what we wanted: more exploding Zerglings, bigger Protoss lasers and bloodier human deaths. It's a glorious day of witness, my friends. The three familiar races are back, each with a bunch of new units alongside polished versions of familiar faces. Arguably the most notable feature is the new *Battle.Net 2.0*. It's certainly not finished as of the writing of this article, but some of the important features are already working nicely. There is now a much more elaborate ladder system in place, dividing players into five divisions: copper, bronze, silver, gold and platinum. This allows the matchmaking system to pit professional players against other pros, and dog-slow mouth-breathers against other like-minded Apple fans. Achievements are reportedly on their way, as well. No official date has been set for release, but a good assumption would be sometime this Summer. This means that much can and probably will change before the game is spread to the masses. Check us out at slugmag.com for continuing updates on the swarm! —Ross Solomon



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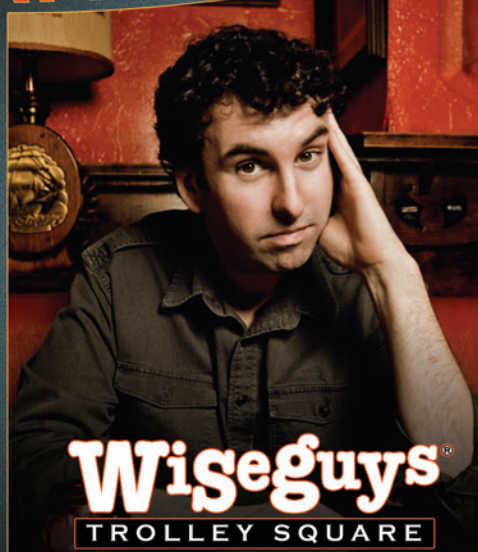
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LOCAL

REVIEWS

Arienette

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 12.25.09

Arienette = Kate Walsh

This is Arienette's first full-length album release. The album hits the clichéd acoustic routine found at any open-mic night to the exact point of "I'm glad I didn't pay for this." Generic guitar strumming, sample electric keyboard and lyrics of the most obvious "you've left me, I miss you, and can't live without you" variation can be expected. On a slightly more positive note, the monotonous usage of whiny female vocals becomes overpowering as whoever recorded the album did a mighty fine job. —Jessica Davis

Babble Rabbit

Self-Titled

Self-Released

Street: 04.20

Babble Rabbit = Deuce + early Incubus + Primus + 311

Boy howdy!! The fuzzed-out funk/punk on this EP is so overwhelming that when you listen to it, you kind of feel like you might be sitting in a pile of your own timber. But rest assured, it's not you that's causing this feeling—it's the astounding sounds of Babble Rabbit. I can't begin to describe how breathtaking this album is. I think if you really want to get the full experience of this awesomeness, you should listen to it at least five times in a row at a very high volume. Good times. Keep up the strong work, boys. —Jon Robertson

Drew Danburry

Geraniums

Another Record

Street: 12.14.09

Drew Danburry = Jason Anderson + Kevin Devine + David Dondoro

The first time I saw Drew Danburry play live was beside a fire at Kilby Court. I walked into the courtyard mid-song, half the audience turned and shot me dirty looks like I was interrupting something. And in a way I was: the amicable Danburry held court like it was his living room and we were friends who stopped by. This intimate setting is the preferred venue in which to catch Danburry's charming lo-fi songs. *Geraniums* vacillates between somber acoustic numbers, a bluesy mocktail-barroom piano on "American Thug," a raucous call and response piece, and a cutesy indie-pop love song. Danburry's songs are simple and honest, he possesses none of the vocal posturing of the asymmetrical haircut-

ted emo-kid, the douchebaggery of the guy-who-plays-guitar-at-parties Jack Johnson triteness, nor the obnoxious twang of faux-folk. These songs are sad and speak to Danburry's greatest strength, playing directly to you. —Ryan Hall

Game On

Playing in the Background

Self-Released

Street: 02.10

Game On = Bouncing Souls + Josie & the Pussycats + Rise Against

Listening to Game On takes me back to the days before teenage girls stole the words 'punk rock' to describe Yellowcard and the All-American Rejects. *Playing in the Background* is full of songs that, with a bit of work, could sound just like any track on a *Fat Music* compilation 10 years ago—specifically "Untitled 7" and "Skank If You Got 'em." The album is about hanging out, getting into trouble, relationships, and it offers a surprising lack of emo clichés and generic honesty. Todd Fivas has a knack for a catchy melody and chant-able phrases, especially on "Horcruxes and Hollows" (which, to my dismay, was stuck in my head for a day), but his efforts to sound like Greg Attonito and Tim McIlrath are distracting. Fivas should search for his own voice, since there might be something there. Game On is sort of an unintentional cover band—they offer nothing new. —Andrew Roy

Ryan Schoeck

Indian Headset

Self-Released

Street: 02.18.09

Ryan Schoeck = (Nick Drake + Matt Costa) / Fleet Foxes

Production on this album ends in a place where I wish more music would. Time went into making and producing this record, yes, but it hasn't been polished to the point that it's a work of aesthetics. The acoustic guitar has that beautiful shine that occasionally accompanies lo-fi folk like Devendra Banhart and The Ashwreth. Old Of Montreal kept coming into my mind as I listened, but this is more earthy and relaxed. I smiled every time Schoeck's voice dipped to curl into a comfortable note. *Indian Headset* is definitely worth listening to, and Schoeck will gain popularity with exposure. —Bradley Ferreira

Patter Stats

What is this Beast?

Self-Released

Street: 04.02

Patterstats = Pavement + Bloc Party

Listen to this album with headphones. Listen to every album with headphones, for that matter. The two guitars harmonize through stereo and you probably won't notice unless you are plugged in. *What is this Beast?* Well, this beast balances energy and harmony in a way that not many albums do. At the end of each track my ears begged for another, and the variety of the album is impressive. Fans of local Will Sartain may be particularly keen to hear this. The lyrics occasionally felt awkward, but overall this is a local production worthy of recognition. Listen to it. —Bradley Ferreira

Shark Speed

Education EP

Self-released

Street: 04.06

Shark Speed = Sharks Keep Moving + Franz Ferdinand + The Script

While the pace of most the songs on Shark Speed's second release, *Education EP*, have a pace and tonal energy similar to that of the majority of the songs on VH1's top 20 countdown there is a style about them that gives them an organic genuine vibe. The instrumentation is creative and captivating and the vocals are big and inspirational but somehow avoid giving you that middle-age, alterna-rock inspiration that gets your mom hyped up on the way to the grocery store. Overall Shark Speed does well at balancing their power pop songs with a sincerity and authenticity that make them legit. —Jon Robertson

Small Town Sinners

Dirty Thirty

Self-released

Street: 04.06

Small Town Sinners = Deer Tick + The Avett Brothers + Wilco

Small Town Sinners aren't what you would expect from a local alt country band. Each one of their songs seems to slightly pull at your heart strings and randomly sneak back into your brain when you least expect it. The bands second release and follow up to the *Cutthroat E.P.* shows their progression at including catchy elements and each song has vocal melodies and lyrics with a theme of hard living maturity that goes well beyond vocalists Patrick Monson and Carson Wolfe's years. The album is solid as a whole but the two standout tracks, "Just Keep On" and "This All Will Change," just might bring a tear to your eye. I promised myself I wouldn't cry. Check them out at the *The Collective Loft* April 2. —Jon Robertson

Terry Lynn Tschaekofske

Illusions

Self-Released

Street: 06.09

Terry Lynn Tschaekofske = Michael

Hedges + guitar lessons *Illusions* makes me tense. Rather than relaxing to the sounds of a simple guitar, I find myself on edge, waiting for a theme to develop into something compelling. Each song inflicts dutiful repetition, at around 80 beats per minute, with some verber. His precision and unorthodox chord choices are proof that Tschaekofske is a great guitarist, but the first 22 seconds of "Game Face (Now is the Time)," where he finally removes his metronomic shackles and freestyles a bit, should serve as the inspiration for his future recordings. The remaining 59 minutes are just too homogeneous. However, I like Tschaekofske's new-age guitar teacher vibe, so I've decided to suggest some possibly lucrative options: Investigate those panels at Walmart where a person can press a button with a picture of a waterfall or a secluded cottage to hear music inspired by such inspiring imagery. Or, *Illusions* could be the background music for Bejeweled. —Andrew Roy

Uni.Verse.All. & Roe

Eat & Run

Spyhop Records

Street: 08.11.09

Uni.Verse.All. & Roe = The Cool Kids + Lil Wayne + Kris Kross

As much as I dislike the whole overspace trend going on in hip hop, *Eat & Run* is not half bad. Made up of U.n.i.verse.all and Roe, two local SLC cats, my only real issue with the album is how it doesn't sound the least bit like two 15-year-old white kids. From the sound of the voice to the rhymes, the only thing sounding age appropriate is the space-man beats they rhyme over. Starting off strong with an extraterrestrial lunar landing theme on the rightly titled "Visitors," the beat contains all the synthesized love and affection you could ask for. The part that really gets you is the age of these kids and the fact they are quite on point calling out the dumb in hip hop these days. On the second track off the album one of these little bastards does a fine job of Kanye bashing, "Wanna stay underground/Never lose my sound like Kanye West/Got addicted to the fame like sex." Its right around track three that it really starts to not sound like two teen boys and more like Xzibit. Getting deep on "Dies Out," the story telling aspect comes out and the potential is seen. For a 14 and 15-year-old, these two are seriously not bad, just a little time on the court and it's on. —Jemie Sprankle

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BOOKS ALOUD

4

Drug Dogs #2

Dylan Chadwick

Self-Published

Drug Dogs #2 is a zine for folks who already know absolutely everything about hardcore, and it's printed by the biggest nerd of them all. Like the writing of anyone else who considers themselves to be an underappreciated scholar, Chadwick's words are thick with frustration and entertaining disdain for anyone who he thinks has bad taste, which, as it turns out, is just about everybody. He's fiercely opinionated for sure, but he lays out his vicious arguments and loads of information with such clarity and obvious research that there's no disagreeing with him. This issue has hilarious interviews with **Knife Fight**, **Lion of Judah** and **Spoiler** (who played in **Justice** and has done album art for **Cro-Mags**, **Iron Boots** and **Slumlords**). Chadwick is an artist himself, and this x-acto designed, xeroxed rag is full of brutal original drawings. In case you care even half as much about hardcore as Chadwick does, there are pages and pages full of zine, record and demo reviews. His story about playing air guitar on stage during a **Suicide File** set is vivid and brilliant. DD#2 even makes a few nods to Utah hardcore without being overly regional and finds a refreshing balance in its occasional mention of non-hardcore music. If you want a copy hit him up at drugdogszine@gmail.com or pick one up at any **Tijuana Bible** show. —Nate Perkins

I Am Martin Eisenstadt: One Man's Wildly Inap- propriate Adventures With the Last Republicans **Martin Eisenstadt** **Faber and Faber, Inc.**

Who the hell is Martin Eisenstadt? Does he exist? Could he be the driving force behind so much political drama and controversy? This book claims to answer all of these questions. Martin Eisenstadt has been rumored to be a fictional character that has served as an advisor to **McCain** and **Giuliani**, a political pundit who has managed to be in the room or have his hands in every political scandal that has unfolded in the last 30 or so years. Eisenstadt's very being was called into question after having leaked a rumor that **Sarah Palin** thought Africa was one large country. In his book, Eisenstadt defends his identity by giving a very detailed description of his life, political ties and influence on the very rotation of the earth (practically). By dropping casual references to everything from **Obama's** nasty coke habit to **Joe the Plumber's** tryst with an **SNL** cast member. The writing is so matter of fact

that it is easy to question or consider that there may be some small seed of truth in Eisenstadt's scandalous and satirical stories. His writing is very funny, and if not convincing, he at least puts a fun spin reality. I'm pretty sure that despite how far fetched some of his claims seem, they probably aren't that far off from the truth. It wouldn't be the first time fiction has gotten mixed up with actual history. —Ben Trentelman

One Million **Hendrik Hertzberg** **Abrams Image** [Street: 11.01.09]



If you, like me, love random and generally useless factoids, then you, like me, will also love this book. **Hendrik Hertzberg's** introduction alone left me wide-eyed and mind-boggled. The premise of the book? To demonstrate one million in a way that our puny little brains might just comprehend. A million dots, five thousand to a page, two hundred pages. And to keep it interesting, it's littered with delicious and random facts corresponding with the number of dots on that particular page. Starting with, for example, 483 Americans killed in the Revolutionary war, 1796 homosexuals discharged from the U.S. military in 1983, moving onto the 426,525 kittens it would take to weigh as much as one blue whale, to 598,000 U.S. job cuts in January 2009, to the 835,138 people named Eric in the U.S., and finally to the 972,000 Armenians who disappeared from official population records between 1915 and 1916 (not a genocide, my ass). Ranging from entirely useless to technically quite educational, the facts in this book kept me reading through 200 pages of ... dots. I highly recommend it. —Ischa Buchanan

BEER REVIEWS

9

Black Easter

by Tyler Makmell

tyler@slugmag.com

In honor of the original brother of the brew, and the holiday he has so pleasantly bestowed upon us, *SLUG* will be highlighting some black beers this month. If that was too "race"y please feel free to write me—I will put that into the "respond to immediately" folder along with the fan letter I received in '08.

Double Black Lager

Brewer/Brand: Hoppers

Abv: 6.4%

Serving: 12 oz Bottle



Description: This guy pours a deep black color, deep brown at best, when held up to the light. The head is off brown and recedes quickly, allowing drinkers to catch aromas of dark roast, chocolate, a pinch of fruit and some earthy notes. The flavor is very smooth, rich in chocolate and roast, a bit nutty and finishes with a full mouth feeling and a sinful yearning for another sip.

Overview: Something has gotten into the brew boots of Mr. **Donovan Steele** (Head Brewer of Hoppers). This man is pitching out magic lately. If you are still too afraid to make your way down to "that side of valley," suck it up—you can only find this at the Hoppers location in Midvale.

Outer Darkness

Brewer/Brand: Squatters

Abv: 10.5%



Serving: 22 oz Bottle

Description: This beast of a brew pours a heavy black with an opaque ruby color and a nice tan head. The nose is devilishly complex, with a straight up pungency of alcohol laced with chocolate, licorice, coffee, caramel and a pinch of vanilla. The taste kicks off with chocolate, roasted malt, some dark fruit then leads into sweet molasses and coffee and finishes with a rounded vanilla oak backing.

Overview: Big props go out to brewer **Jason Stock** for this brainchild brew. I have drunk my fair share of these, and every time I pull out different flavors. If you were lucky enough to get your hands on this, lay it down for a couple years to allow its rich flavors to settle or use it as a bribery tool to land yourself a quality beer wench. This is one of the best beers to come from Utah in 2009.

Count Schwenkelweiss Chocolate Wheat

Brewer/Brand: Bohemian

Brewery

Abv: 4.0%

Serving: On-Tap

Description: Off the nitro tap this seasonal pours a fully black color with a thick tan head that leaves behind tons of lacing. The aroma is light in roasted malt, chocolate and coffee. The flavor is simple and smooth, with hints of chocolate, roast, a light earthy note and a silky smooth finish.

Overview: If you haven't had this yet, be sure to put this on your list of beers to Czech off your drinking line-up (I am so sorry for that one, but I had to). This brew, named after assistant-brewer **Kylie Schwenk**, is one of the more-well-kept-secret seasonals to be coming from Bohemian. Be sure to keep your ears open for updates from them.

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At the Soundawn

Shifting

Lifeforce

Street: 04.27

At the Soundawn = Isis + Cave In + Cult of Luna + Envy

If you enjoyed Italy's At the Soundawn's first full-length album, *Red Square*, you're in for a real treat with the growth of songwriting and musicianship that the band's sophomore album, *Shifting*, offers. The melodic rockers paint an enormous atmospheric picture of restrained angst coupled with bleak, melancholy yet calming melodies that will captivate listeners with their wealth of diversity of tones and instrumentations with saxophone and keys making an appearance on the album. *Shifting* is rhythmically tantalizing, with mesmerizing type drumming encompassing the downward-swirling guitar melodies. It feels as if the album could explode at any moment; it bubbles up like it's going to, but never fully does. *Shifting* will easily appease fans of post-metal and hardcore because it displays a songwriting prowess that enraptures and fills auditory senses with morsels of melody with a hefty center of ethereal, bluesy and down-tempo rock. —Bryer Wharton

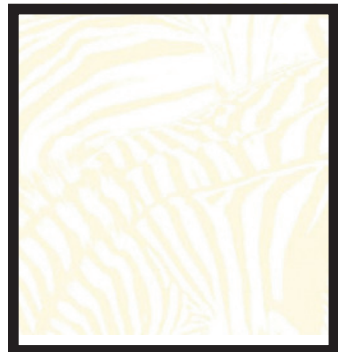
Beach House

Teen Dream

Sub Pop

Street: 01.26

Beach House = The Raveonettes + School of Seven Bells



Baltimore? Maryland? Yes, Baltimore-based Beach House has been producing steady albums for the last few years and their third release does not cast aspersions on the mid-Coast meandering. I first

heard their single, "Norway," and fell in love with it last year, wearing a steady hole in my iMP3 player. Fortunately, these guys landed on Sub Pop and have gotten the distribution to those eager for something other than super-earnest indie/alt-country bullshit that's currently flooding the Kingdom of Popular Hipsterdom [population: too many]. Though sometimes described as dream pop, I'd say this guy n' gal are really just mellow lounge-fuck sort of music, not really angry, stud fucking—more like "I've already come and am not really interested in doing it again, but I'll go along for the ride" sort of music. That may sound bad, but dip into track three like I originally did, relax back and get laid again. —JP

Ben Sollee and Daniel

Martin Moore

Dear Companion

Sub Pop

Street: 02.16

Ben Sollee and Daniel Martin Moore = M. Ward + The Avett Brothers

If this is what Kentucky sounds like, I imagine people take a lot of naps. With **Jim James** from **My Morning Jacket** producing, it sounds really good, it just isn't very interesting. One of the things that makes M. Ward interesting is the texture of his sound; everything sounds like it was recorded with an old ribbon mic. These guys have a similar songwriting style, but production values on *Dear Companion* might take some of the soul out of their folk-blues songs. Other than that, though, it is great. The harmonies are great, the songs are well-written, and other than the title track (which is a far bluesier banjo ballad) it feels and progresses like a lazy summer day. —Cody Hudson

The Dillinger Escape Plan

Option Paralysis

Party Smasher Inc.

Street: 03.23

The Dillinger Escape Plan = Converge + Faith No More

A lot of people don't like the direction that the Dillinger Escape Plan have taken since vocalist **Greg Puciato** joined. To the credit of their critics, most brutal bands that add melodic choruses and experimentation to their sound fail miserably. But Dillinger can rub *Option Paralysis* in their attackers' smug faces as a great example of tactfully

merging mathcore with engaging songwriting. Even though Puciato seems to have gone out of his way to propagate the **Mike Patton** comparisons, especially on "Parasitic Twins," where he channels Patton's trademark falsetto, and with his piercing squeals at the end of "Farewell, Mona Lisa," it's great to hear him harnessing the full range of his voice. For the purists, there is some classic Dillinger havoc in "Good Neighbor" and "Crystal Morning." For the most part, the chaos is mixed within the composition on this, their best album since their Patton-fronted EP, *Irony is a Dead Scene*. —Andrew Roy

Felix Cartal

Popular Music

Street: 02.23

Dim Mak Records

Felix Cartal = Boys Noize + The Faint + MSTRKRFT



Prediction: Felix Cartal's *Popular Music* is the electro album of the year. The genre of electro, which sprung out of electro-house, is almost exclusively defined by its unique synths, and truth be told, it's a fairly limited form. Great electro albums are rare, but Cartal proves to be the exception, with 12 songs as diverse as they are captivating, although this isn't surprising from a techno DJ who loves **Spoon**. This album has everything. There's two-step club bangers "Love" and "Dutch George (Horn Version)," mind-bending progressive synths in "Berlin" and "Drone," and low-tempo, more alternative songs "Why Wait (feat. **Todd Fink** of The Faint)" and "I Believe In (feat. **Beta Bow**)." Amazingly, every song is good. I don't need to tell you how rare that is. This isn't just an electro album. Cartal pulls from every corner of the massive electronica genre to create

something that will be listened to for years to come. —Jessie Wood

Freeway & Jake One

The Stimulus Package

Street: 02.16

Rhymesayers

Freeway & Jake One = Ghostface Killa + Ninth Wonder

When I was first handed this album, I was hesitant because Freeway's growling vocals could be pretty tedious to listen to through 15 songs. I was pleasantly surprised to find that Jake One's production evens out that nasty raw lyrical content with soulful and accessible beats. The pair provide a pretty large array of styles, from laid-back, playful, gritty songs for the ladies, like "She Makes Me Feel Alright" to a more intense, powerful feel on "One Thing," which also features **Raekwon**. The album also boasts guest visits from **Young Chris**, **Beanie Sigel**, **Bun B** and **Birdman**. Freeway definitely gets some saving grace and balance from Jake One's brilliant production on this album. The balance created between the beats and the raps is a good mixture, sure to come out of the oven hot and fresh. —Bethany Fischer

G.B.H.

Perfume and Piss

Hellcat

Street: 04.06

G.B.H. = Anti-Nowhere League + Discharge + U.K. Subs

Let me start by saying that **Colin** is one of the greatest, and probably the most underrated, front man in all of rock n' roll. If you put Colin in a room with **Johnny Rotten**, **Billy Idol** and **Axl Rose**, and were to leave them alone for 15 minutes, you'd come back to find those others cringing and crying in the corner while Colin laughs and snarls at them before kicking in their teeth. G.B.H. represents real punk rock. They started in '79 and have never stopped, they've never thought twice about what they were doing, and have spent the past 30 years being the most punk-as-fuck band on the planet, and now they top all that off with their latest, maybe the best, record of their career. Each track is pure G.B.H.—songs like "Unique" are the perfect anthems for those pissed-off drives home. Throbbing guitar and bass team with rapid sledgehammer drum

beats on the contemptuous track, "Power Corrupts." The fact is that many had written this band off for the punk rock has-been circuit, but that's just it: you can't keep a good band down, and just when you count G.B.H. out, they come back with a smack in the face. This record reminds me just how good punk rock can be. Now, I'm off to spike my hair, dig out my leather jacket and start some shit! —James Orme

Lair of the Minotaur *Evil Power*

The Grindhouse Records

Street: 04.13

Lair of the Minotaur = High on Fire + Mastodon + Bison B.C.



It's been a couple of years, but Lair of the Minotaur are back with some rather drastic but not unexpected style changes to their core sound with *Evil Power*, the band's fourth full-length. The album kind of reminds me of a thrashier, groove-laden version of early Mastodon before they got all proggy. The doom and angrier, almost death-metal, elements that were more prevalent on past albums are less prevalent here. *Evil Power* is sheer blood-thickened groove churning along like a rough river with a hefty drum and low bottom-end bass sound that just compels listeners to get their head a-bobbin' and their toes a-tappin', all in an evil, rocking, sinister sort of way. While the tracks tend to bleed together, the overall sound invites you to latch onto those ultra thick grooves and leaves a resonant feeling of getting epically pummeled. Most importantly, fans of the band shouldn't be disappointed and neither should any newcomer. —Bryer Wharton

Les Discrets *Septembre Et Ses Dernières Pensées*

Prophecy Productions

Street: 03.29

Les Discrets = My Bloody Valentine + Alcest + Sunlight Ascending
France is on a short list of countries that always seem to have something interesting for music fans to

be excited about. **Les Discrets** are a band put together by mastermind **Fursy Teyssier**, known for his contributions to the now-defunct **Amesoeurs**, which is a single piece of a total artistic vision that ambitiously combines music, film and painting. While Amesoeurs was able to achieve a great sense of unease toward modern society, Les Discrets disappears from a careless world entirely, creating a somber, ethereal album full of moments that demand repeated listens. Most of the tracks bury acoustic guitar melodies underneath foundations of hazy, distorted tremolo, which utilizes plenty of delay and creates a strong, dreamlike atmosphere for its duration. This thematic album isn't something to be tossed into the pile with the majority of them; it's one that will be in my rotation for quite some time. —Conor Dow

Ludicra *The Tenant* Profound Lore

Street: 03.16

Ludicra = The Gault + Weakling + Agalloch

I can't remember the last time I've had an album hyped to me as much as **Ludicra's** *The Tenant*. Props to the band for naming their fourth release after one of **Roman Polanski's** best films (whether intentionally or unintentionally), and more props for releasing an album of such fine mettle (metal?) Granted, this sucker's gonna take a while to grow on me—it doesn't grab my balls right out of the gate—but I'm not complaining. The super-dry recording is absolutely stellar, making it easy to imagine what Ludicra sounds like live. No over-produced guitars or drum triggers will be found here, and that speaks volumes about the musicianship and songwriting abilities of the band. Once I have more time to give *The Tenant* the attention it deserves, I'm sure it will end up as one of my favorite releases of the year, but, as previously stated, it's not an album that will punch you in the face right off the bat. Maybe that's a good thing. (*Burt's*: 04.05) —Gavin Hoffman

Murder By Death *Good Morning, Maggie*

Vagrant

Street: 04.06

Murder By Death = Tom Waits + Spindrift + The Good Life

The unholy love children of **Ennio Morricone**, **Nick Cave** and **Edgar Allan Poe**, Murder By Death has never been a band that could be described as "restrained." MBD has become renowned for their Western-tinged concept albums about zombies, demons and the nature of

good and evil, but *Good Morning, Maggie* is a more controlled affair. **Adam Turla's** semi-authentic baritone is a bit less boisterous and cellist **Sarah Balliet** is resigned to a supporting role on most songs, but this is still undeniably Murder By Death. The band's strength still lies in their ability to create tiny universes and tell compelling stories within each song, evident on the **Pogues-y** "As Long as There is Whiskey in the World," and the **Cursive**-esque "On the Dark Streets Below." Even though *Good Morning, Maggie*, isn't as strong as previous MBD albums, it's an interesting and enjoyable change. (*Bar Deluxe*: 04.03) —Ricky Vigil

OOMPH! *Truth or Dare* The End Records

Street: 03.27

OOMPH! = (NIN + Opeth) / Rammstein

Although I liked their electronic industrial work, as Germany's wildly popular Neue Deutsche Harte band has grown harder over the years, I like them less. *Truth or Dare* is a greatest hits album with a twist: 20 years of European hits re-recorded in English. "God is a Popstar" is infectious and almost fun and the metallic edge of "Sandman" gets the blood going. However, "True Beauty is So Painful" is painful indeed, with its Vampire-Riding-Hood story and overwrought gaaaawwwwwthic pretension. Everything sounds better when you can't understand the words, unless the writing is on par with **Leonard Cohen**, and OOMPH!'s lyrics aren't. Nothing is gained from recording the songs in English, and something—the ability to stomp around shouting words you don't even know—is definitely lost. Good for OOMPH! fans and 16-year-olds who draw skulls on their notebooks, but nothing the rest of us can't live without. —Madelyn Boudreaux

Red Sparowes *The Fear is Excruciating, But Therein Lies the Answer*

Sargent House

Street: 04.06

Red Sparowes = Mogwai + Pelican + Dredg

Red Sparowes is composed of a bunch of musicians that have been a part of a lot of awesome bands, most notably **Bryant Clifford Myer**, the sound effects/guitar player for **Isis**. If both of Myer's bands were brothers, Red Sparowes would be the gloomy, post-apocalyptic, cowboy little brother. The band's third full-length is an improvement from their last album, and still contains all the elements



that make bands stand out against the piles and piles of post-rock music out there—song titles that form together to make up a phrase and concept for the album, a heavy and powerful sound that doesn't fall into the predictable big distortion wash, intelligent bass-playing and, last but not least, sweet slide guitar action. Red Sparowes is definitely one of the best instrumental bands out right now. (*Urban*: 04.27) —Jon Robertson

Retribution Gospel Choir 2

Sub Pop

Street: 01.26

Retribution Gospel Choir = Torche + Weld-era Neil Young & Crazy Horse + **Besnard Lakes**

Pulverizing, devastating ... loud. Three adjectives I never thought I would write in a review of any project by everyone's favorite cantankerous Mormon, **Alan Sparhawk**. Following on the heels of their self-titled debut, 2 expands on the massive power chords and catchy choruses of their debut and steers the trio into sludgy, stoner-rock territory with heavily distorted guitars married with rambling classic-rock sensibilities. Sparhawk's guitar theatrics are in full swing here, layering thick layers of reverb over swirling, druggy guitar drones and an absolutely face-melting guitar solo on "Poor Man's Daughter." Making up for some of the lost immediacy and succinctness of their first album, producer **Matt Beckley** (**Avril Lavigne**) pushes everything to the absolute front of the mix, giving the lucid pop moments the sheen of a big-budget radio band. (*Kilby*: 04.16) —Ryan Hall

Ruby Suns *Fight Softly*

Sub Pop

Street: 03.02

Ruby Suns = Yeasayer + Brian Wilson + **Memory Tapes**

Hear that? That's the sound of sunshine, and what perfect timing. It's been three years since New Zealand's **Ryan McPhun**, a.k.a. Ruby Suns, released the tropical psychedelic pop album *Sea Lion*. The third release, *Fight Softly*, finds

the one-man multi-instrumentalist stepping into a blippy-synth dance club located on the sun. "Sun Lake Rinsed" opens the album slow with Ryan's harmonic falsetto voice over heavily programmed drums. If you can wait four minutes, you'll be rewarded with the shuffling beat of "Mingus and Pike" and the **Washed Out**, chillwavy-ness of "Cinco." The transition from "Cranberry," about a day trip to the lake, into the soothing drums on "Closet Astrologer," will make you feel like you're drifting into a dream. Highlight is the luscious, multi-layered tropical rhythms of "Dusty Fruit." *Fight Softly* isn't as brilliant as its predecessor, but you could easily embrace this dance-a-thon. (Kilby: 04.06) —Courtney Blair

The Slackers
The Great Rocksteady Swindle
 Hellcat
 Street: 02.40
The Slackers = The Pietasters + Westbound Train + Deal's Gone Bad

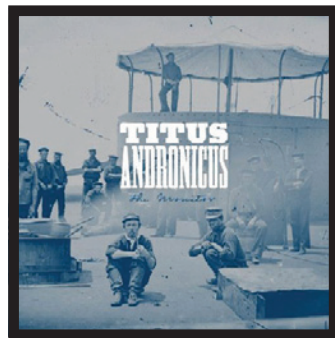


It seems unfair to describe a band as great as The Slackers by comparing them to other bands, but if you imagine **Lou Reed**, **Bob Dylan** and **Otis Redding** fronting every incarnation of **The Waiters** simultaneously, you're almost there. The Slackers' mix of ska, reggae, rocksteady and dub is still intact on *The Great Rocksteady Swindle*, but on much of the album, the band sounds like a bunch of New York garage rockers covering old Motown tunes. As always, **Vic Ruggiero**'s tales of heartbreak and loneliness delivered through his thick Brooklyn accent are a highlight, particularly on "How it Feels" and "Because." The instrumental psych-reggae cover of **Bill Withers**' "Ain't No Sunshine" is amazing, but there are a few duds, mostly when **Glen Pine** takes the mic. *Swindle* isn't as good as the Slackers' earlier albums, but it's still miles ahead of any other ska band on the planet. —Ricky Vigil

Ted Leo and the Pharmacists
The Brutalist Bricks

Matador
Street 03.09
TL/RX = Chisel + the Make-Up + Springsteen
 I was turned on to Ted Leo through his '90s band Chisel, and ever since then I've been a fan—though I didn't become a rabid fan until 2004's *Shake the Sheets*. I wasn't sure that Leo and the boys would ever again be able to hit the mark they made with that one. My fears were confirmed with 2007's *Living with the Living*, with its too-wide-a-range approach to song choice and the fact that the three really good tunes from the session were only available on a limited bonus disc (and poorly mastered at that). A new bassist, the return of early guitarist **James Canty**, and another label switch have done wonders in helping the Pharmacists focus. *The Brutalist Bricks* is more akin to a Chisel record than to the most recent Pharmacists sound, and that's a good thing. The pop edge is still there, but in a much more muted form. The punk feel of the album flows well from the opening song, "The Mighty Sparrow," all the way to 13th and final track, "Last Days." There are a few speed bumps along the way, but nothing that's not forgivable. The falsetto/reggae Ted Leo has been shelved for now, and the classic punk, New Jersey Ted Leo has once again strapped on the sunburst Gibson guitar. Welcome back, guys, it's been a while. —James Bennett

Titus Andronicus
The Monitor
 XL Records
 Street: 03.09
Titus Andronicus = The Hold Steady + Hüsker Dü + Desaparecidos



The Monitor vs. *CSS Virginia* marked the first naval battle between two ironclad battleships. The battle was unprecedented, not because it was the first of its time, but because it pitched the Civil War to heights of unbelievable spectacle. 148 years later, New Jersey shoegaze-punks Titus Andronicus treat this event with the dignity it deserves, by creating a blistering, pissed-off, and

ultimately triumphant, sprawling masterpiece of a record. Eschewing the typical pop-song dynamic, Andronicus craft long-playing songs that dive from bombastic to mournful and then back again. By couching their songs in the language, imagery, and even prose of the Civil War, they remind us 148 years isn't that long ago and if we draw our boundaries along political and ideological fault-lines, we are doomed to repeat history, but this time our ships are much bigger: "It's still us against them ... and they're winning." —Ryan Hall

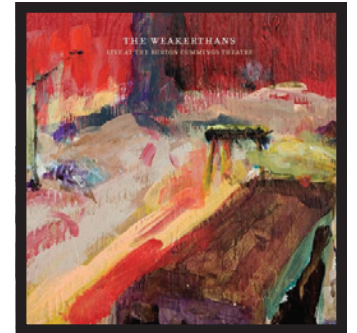
The Watson Twins
Talking to You, Talking to Me
 Vanguard Records
 Street: 02.10
The Watson Twins = Carole King Lite + Emmylou Harris Extra Lite



It's sad when you anticipate that you'll enjoy or even love an album, and then after several listens (in this case, seven, to be exact), remain unimpressed with it. L.A. music-scene regulars and identical twin sisters **Chandra** and **Leigh Watson** undeniably make pretty enough music together, especially when they sing back-up for each other or, even better, when they harmonize. Born and bred in Kentucky, their songs tend to lean toward alt-country, but with a definite undercurrent of soul infused into them. The duo has an interesting history, working through the L.A. indie scene with their unique vocal harmonies as back-up singers, then branching out as **Black Swan**, before adopting their current moniker while collaborating with **Rilo Kiley** singer **Jenny Lewis** on *Rabbit Fur Coat*. The production of their new album is sleek, courtesy of **Russell Pollard** and **J. Soda of Everest** and the music itself is certainly pleasant, but there's something that I just can't put my finger on that doesn't quite work for my ears. "Devil In You" and "Midnight" are quite listenable, and "Snow Canyons" is gorgeous, but mostly these 12 tracks blend indistinguishably from one another. Therein seems to lie the biggest problem: the sis-

ter's greatest strength (their pretty voices) sound nearly the same on every track. While this may work for the nondescript listener, it makes for an unmemorable, if not downright boring, album. And that's a shame about the whole thing, because The Watson Twins are clearly talented. —Dean O Hillis

The Weakerthans
Live At The Burton Cummings Theatre
 Anti-/Epitaph
 Street 03.23
The Weakerthans = the Constantines + Neil Young + a literate version of Vampire Weekend



You have Canadians and then you have CANADIANS. The Weakerthans fall clearly on the all-caps side of the scale. This live CD/DVD showcases a healthy cross-section of their sound with songs from all four studio albums making the cut. The band is fantastic live and several of the 18 tracks are played faster than they were originally recorded—a move that adds both freshness and energy to the more than hour-long set. The crowd is unremarkable, with the exception of **Ernesto** from Mexico, a fan brought on stage to play the guitar solo on 1999's "Wellington's Wednesdays." In addition to ripping through the solo, Ernesto proves that Canada has some non-Inuit minorities—and even some with skinny jeans. Serving as a bit of a greatest hits collection, I can safely say that this is the most Canadian record that I've ever heard. There are at least two references to the metric system, a shout-out to Canadian dollar coins, a song about curling, another about Sasquatch AND some poorly spoken French thrown into the mix. And when you think that **John Samson** has the courage to sing "I hate Winnipeg" to a crowd of Winnipegians and to mention just how much the **Guess Who** sucked (in a theater named after their singer), it becomes clear that these guys can do no wrong. They are hometown heroes playing to an auditorium of their friends—all live albums should be this good. —James Bennett



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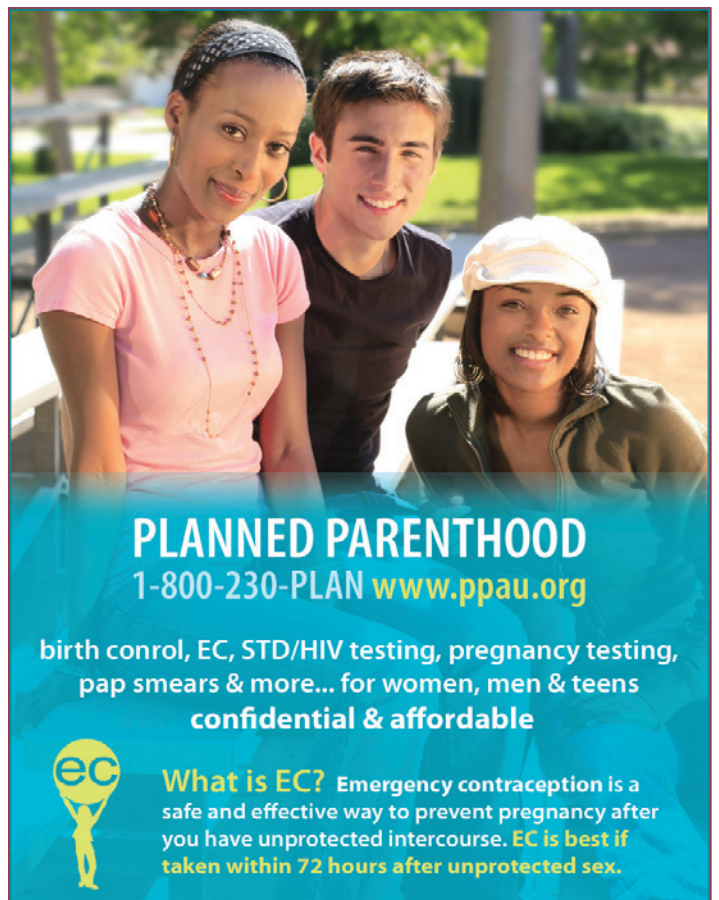
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3

DAILY CALENDAR

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



Billy Was A Deaf Kid Film Premiere April 7 – Tower Theater

Friday, April 2

The Cave Singers, The Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, David Williams – *Kilby*
Allred – *Velour*
The Neighbors – *Muse*
Irony Man, Die Monster Die – *Burt's*
Same As It Never Was, Hot Reagan – *Woodshed*



Dead Meadow April 5 – Urban Lounge

The Low Anthem, Nathaniel Ratcliff – *State Room*
Sovereign Strength, Continuance, The Waiting Ends, A Textbook Tragedy, The Crosswalk – *Outer Rim*
Bang Tango, Aerial, Heartbreak Hangover, Werewolf Afro, Corvid – *Vegas*
Lardboy, Like A Monster, The Blu Storks – *The Basement*
Ulysses – *Brewski's*
Dubwise, Emu, Smog – *Urban*
Dan Weldon – *A Bar Named Sue*
Steady Machete, Guides and Braves – *Bar Deluxe*
Why Sound Singer Songwriter Competition – *Why Sound*
James Shook and the Resolutions – *Piper Down*

Saturday, April 3

We Shot The Moon, Goodnight Sunrise, The Foreground, Larusso (5pm) The Paper Chase, Kiss Kiss (8:30) – *Kilby*
Afro Omega, Erin Barra & The One Hiters – *Urban*
Seve vs. Evan, We Won the Science Fair – *Velour*
Fall Of Troy, Envy on the Coast, Twin Atlantic – *Murray Theater*
Greg Ginn and the Taylor Texas Corrugators, Nurse Sherri, Bloodworm – *Burt's*
Tragic Black – *Woodshed*
Bomber, Means Nothing, Enemy Octopus, Uncle Scam – *Vegas*
The Utah County Swillers – *Brewski's*
Travis Chambers, Adam Gerth, Colleen Darley – *Why Sound*
Curtis Jensen, Scott Carrier, Eagle Twin – *Ken Sanders*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Murder By Death, Ha Ha Tonka – *Bar Deluxe*
A Textbook Tragedy, Continuance – *Outer Rim*
Shameless Bastards – *Johnny's On Second*

Sunday, April 4

Doodle Jam – *Urban*

Monday, April 5

Gavin Castleton, Mimicking Birds, Night-Night, Birthquake – *Kilby*
Dead Meadow, Imaad Wasif, The Naked Eyes – *Urban*
Morning Benders, Miniature Tigers, Desert Noises – *Velour*
Film: New York Doll – *Muse*
Never Shout Never, Hey Monday, The Cab, Every Avenue – *In The Venue*
Subrosa, Ludicra, Ninth Zealot – *Burt's*
Dianne Reeves – *SLC Sheraton*
Free Film: Triage- Dr. James Orbinski's Humanitarian Dilemma – *City Library*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*

Tuesday, April 6

The Ruby Suns, Toro Y Moi, Seven Feathers Rainwater – *Kilby*
Little Dragon, VV Brown, Mr. Wright + Mr. Wrong – *Urban*
Hugh Cornwell – *State Room*
Tegan and Sara, Steel Train, Holly Miranda – *In The Venue*
Paleo, You & Yourn, Something Simple, Logan's Newsboys – *Why Sound*
Broken Water, JT Spangler, Aaron Beaumont, Nathan Spencer – *Bar Deluxe*
The Mooks, Sleepover, Much More Than Neurotic, Sourpatch – *1963 e 3400 s*
Happy Birthday Chris Swainston!

Wednesday, April 7

Hockey, The Constellations, Terror Pigeon Dance Revolt – *Kilby*
Killah Priest, Blueprint, William Cooper, Knoitalls, Mr. Beny Records – *Urban*
Spoon, Deerhunter, Micachu & The Shapes – *In The Venue*
Off With Their Heads, The Willkils – *Burt's*
Willowz, Lionize, Dwellers, Los Rojas – *Vegas*
Film Premiere: Billy Was A Deaf Kid – *Tower*
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar Named Sue*
Silence Forever, Phone Calls From Home, Secret Dino Club, Young & Divine – *Outer Rim*
Heather's Headache – *Bar Deluxe*
Kris Special, Water and Walls, Katie Jo – *Why Sound*

Thursday, April 8

The Vibe Tribe – *Kilby*
Never Eat Neon, Mister Shredder, Type-funk – *Urban*
Book on Tapeworm, Drew Danburry, Paleo – *Muse*
Occidus, Changed Existence, The Blare, Five Finger Mojo – *Vegas*
Allison DuBois – *Grand America*
Caguama, The Young Republic, The Futurists, Rainy Lane – *Burt's*
Long Distance Operator, The Pack A.D. – *Woodshed*
Plan-B Theatre: Amerigo – *Plan-B Theatre*
Ernesto Pujol: Awaiting – *U of U*
Passion Pit, Mayer Hawthorne & The Country, Bear Hands – *In The Venue*
Grave Maker, DonnyBrook, Nothing to Nothing, Fallen Figure, Fallujah – *Outer Rim*
Heather's Headache – *State Room*
Emily McVarish Lecture – *Marriot Library*
Monkey Shine – *Bar Deluxe*
Pagan Love Gods – *Piper Down*
Happy Birthday Eric Hess!

Friday, April 9

Prize Country, I am the Ocean, Loom, Never Forget – *Kilby*
King Khan & The Shrines, The Fresh & Onlys, The Rubes – *Urban*
The Lovecapades – *Muse*
The Utah County Swillers – *Burt's*
Oh! Wild Birds, The Past 10's, Hunter

Harrison – Woodshed

Still-Born, Reveeler, Fireborne – *Abyss*
Imagine Dragons, Hello Amsterdam, Links – *Velour*
The Huckleberries – *Brewski's*
Julia Mecham, Steven Halliday, Paul Christiansen, Katie Jo – *Why Sound*
Free Film: Matthew Barney: No Restraint – *Salt Lake Center*
RX Bandits, The Builders and The Butchers, Zechs Marquise – *In The Venue*
Cunning Stunt, A Different Element, Orbis Intus, Matt Ben Jackson – *Vegas*
Letterpress Production Workshop – *Marriott Library*
Mat Johnson – *Ken Sanders*
Waltzing for Debbie – *A Bar Named Sue*
Scenic Byway, Codi Jordan Band – *Bar Deluxe*

Saturday, April 10

The Spins, The Direction, The Descriptive, Marmy Proudfit – *Kilby*
Miike Snow, Delorean, Mr. Wright + Mr. Wrong – *Urban*
Parlor Hawk, Book on Taperworm – *Velour*
INVDRS, Prize Country, Estrago – *Burt's*
The Subtle Way, Alive By Design, The Champion Theory – *Outer Rim*
Towline – *Brewski's*
Matt Ben Jackson, Four In The Morning, The Shuttles – *Why Sound*
Letterpress Production Workshop – *Marriott Library*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Brute Force, Killbot – *Bar Deluxe*
Urban Blue – *Johnny's On Second*
Imagine Dragons – *Noah's*
Such Vengeance, The Veer Union, The Sammus Theory, Dark Blood – *Vegas*
SLUG Sponsored: Queer Prom 2010 – City Library

Sunday, April 11

Hatchet, Witchhaven, Killbot, Toxic Dose – *Kilby*
Bear Talk – *Urban*
Ski and riding season end – *The Canyons*
Andy Frasco – *Bar Deluxe*

Monday, April 12

A Weather, Arborea, Landon Faulkner – *Kilby*
The Big Pink, A Place To Bury Strangers, IO Echo – *Urban*
Film: The Carter – *Muse*
Captured By Robots – *Burt's*
John Brown's Body, Toubab Krewe – *Depot*
Tim Reynolds, TR3 – *State Room*
Owl City, Lights, Paper Route – *SaltAir*
Destruction of a Rose, Let's Burn it Down – *Outer Rim*
Todd Barry – *Jeanne Wagner Theatre*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar Deluxe*

Tuesday, April 13

Megafaun, Breathe Owl Breathe, Paul Jacobsen & the Madison Arm – *Kilby*
Bitch, Debi Graham Band – *Urban*
Killola, Sick of Sarah – *Burt's*

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Faith and the Muse, DJ Scary Lady
Sarah – *Vegas*
Ok Go – *State Room*
Sunday Night Scene, Cities Never Sleep,
South Shores – *Outer Rim*

Hawk – *State Room*
Arsenic Addiction, eparation of Self,
Reaction Effect, Blood of Saints – *Vegas*
Ghost Town – *A Bar Named Sue*
I Am The Ocean – *Bar Deluxe*

**SLUG Local-
ized: The
Tiny Lights,
Lindsay
Heath, My
Dead Ego
– *Urban***

**Saturday,
April 17
Record
Store Day!
The Devil
Whale, Des-
ert Noises,
The Con-
tinental
– *Slowtrain*
The Con-
tinental,
Black-
hounds,**

Vinyl Williams, The Lionelle – *Kilby*
The Bronx, Japanther, Mariachi El Bronx,
Sean Wheeler & Zander Schloss – *Urban*
This Dying Need – *Muse*
James Hunnicutt, Adam Lee Cogswell,
Hog Luvdog and the Sleazetonz – *Burt's*
The Good Bites – *Woodshed*
Lower Definition, Jamies's Elsewhere,
No Bragging Rights, Burning Twilight –
Outer Rim
Slim Chance & his Psychobilly Playboys
– *Brewski's*
1Lump Sum, The Sidekick, Feverstone
– *Why Sound*
Royal Bliss, Shamans Harvest, American
Hitmen – *Vegas*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
Kettlefish – *Bar Deluxe*
Marinade – *Johnny's On Second*
Happy Birthday Katie Rubio!

Sunday, April 18
Naked Eyes, Rebecca Macintosh
– *Urban*
Crosby Tyler – *Bar Deluxe*

Monday, April 19
Scenic Byway, Trouble Shoo7er, The
Descriptive – *Kilby*
Film: Kurt Cobain: About A Son – *Muse*
The Creepin Cadavers, The Atom Age
Vampyres – *Burt's*
A Night In Hollywood – *Outer Rim*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar
Deluxe*

Tuesday, April 20
Tatsuya Nakatani, It Foot It Ears – *Kilby*
White Rabbits, Here We Go Magic
– *Urban*
Shenandoah Davis, Kaylee Cole, Chris
Cullen, Kat Day – *Why Sound*
Free Film: Timecrimes – *City Library*
Nick Jaina, David Williams – *State Room*
The Weekenders – *Bar Deluxe*

Wednesday, April 21
Set Your Goals – *Kilby*
Cornered By Zombies, Red Bennies,
Plastic Furs – *Urban*
Nick Jaina – *Velour*
Embryonic Devourment, Sepsism,
Adipocere, Through the Eyes of Carrion
– *Burt's*
We Own the Sky – *Outer Rim*

Treasure Fingers – *W Lounge*
Rage Against The Supremes – *A Bar
Named Sue*
KiloWatt – *Bar Deluxe*

Thursday, April 22
Dusty Rhodes & River Band, Psyche-
delic Horse Shit, Green River – *Kilby*
Independent Progress, Ghostwriter,
American Hitmen – *Burt's*
HeadEase, Roots Rawka – *Woodshed*
Dusty Rhodes & The River Band, God's
Revolver, Broke City – *Urban*
Leon Redbone – *State Room*
Taylor Brown, Head Space – *Bar Deluxe*
Vaudeville Avante Garde – *Vegas*
Dampools and Ugly Valley Boys – *Piper
Down*

Friday, April 23
Brains – *Urban*
The Beginning at Last, S.E.M, Funk Fu,
Virtue, 801 Intetionz – *Murray Theater*
Cavedoll, Mute Station – *Burt's*
Broken Pony, Tara Shupe – *Woodshed*
Larusso, Between The Avenue, Mess Of
Me, Discourse, Mason Jones & The Get
Togethers – *Kilby*
Yeasayer, Sleigh Bells – *In The Venue*
Uncle Uncanny All Stars – *Brewski's*
Ultimate Cmbat Experience – *Vegas*
Hectic Hobo, Glade Sowards, Henry
Worley and the Glass Button Factory
– *Why Sound*
Dan Weldon and Jeremiah Maxey – *A
Bar Named Sue*
DJ Selleck – *Bar Deluxe*
**SLUG Presents: Public Image Limited
– *Depot***

Saturday, April 24
Jonah Matranga, Glade Sowards, Emme
Packer, Swans of Never – *Kilby*
Rumble Junkie – *Urban*
The Spill Canvas, Tyler Hilton, AM Taxi,
New Politics, Oh, Be Clever – *Murray
Theater*
As Tall As Lions, Bear Hands – *In The
Venue*
Nine Worlds, Oldtimer, Subrosa, Grave-
code Nebula – *Burt's*
Junction City Roller Dolls – *Layton Davis
Conference Center*
Mean Molly's Trio – *Woodshed*
Worlds Collide, GFC, Still-Born, Stalker
D, Riksha – *South Shore*
The Trademark – *Velour*



Mariachi El Bronx April 17 – *Urban Lounge*

The Naked Eyes – *Brewski's*
Dr. Boog, Layz, Static, Vintage – *Why
Sound*
Solid Gold – *A Bar Named Sue*
The Green Leafs, Afro Omega – *Bar
Deluxe*
Peace and Quiet Rock Band – *Johnny's*

On Second

Sunday, April 25
Free Film: Diary of Anne Frank – *City
Library*
On the Rhodes: Tribute – *Urban*
Koffin Kats, The Ugly Valley Boys, Hog
Luvdog and the Sleezetone – *Vegas*

Monday, April 26
Film: Spinal Tap – *Muse*
The Naked and Shameless, Monkey
Knife Fight – *Burt's*
Coco and Camaro – *Woodshed*
Free Film: Pulling John – *City Library*
Babylon Down Sound System – *Bar
Deluxe*

Tuesday, April 27
Red Sparowes, Caspian, Fang Island
– *Urban*
Green River Ordinance, Matt Hires,
Angela Taylor – *Kilby*
Dovekins, Laura Goldhammer & the
Silvernail, Pretty As A Trainwreck, The
Gypsies – *Why Sound*
Archeology – *Outer Rim*
Happy Birthday Katie Panzer!

Wednesday, April 28
Bicycle Voice, Mermaid Baby, Dook
Kelsall – *Kilby*
American Hollow, Exploding Hybrid,
Green Man 7, Yogoman Burning Band
– *Burt's*
This Providence in Concert, The Audi-
tion, The Bigger Lights – *Murray Theater*
Me & The Captain, A Step Ahead – *Outer
Rim*
Radio Moscow, Plastic Furs, The Naked
Eyes – *Vegas*
Eastwood, Skee Deche, Chino 4 Real,
Princere, The Ziplock Boyz – *Urban*
Free Film: Four Seasons Lodge – *City
Library*
The Huckleberries – *A Bar Named Sue*

Thursday, April 29
Ugly Duckling, Shawn Chrystopher, Sick
Sense & Skin Walker, Feel Good Patrol
– *Urban*
Shat, Tough Tittie, Tranny High – *Burt's*
Jay Nash, Garrison Starr, Ryan Tanner,
Emme Packer – *Kilby*
Wasnatch, DJ DSharp – *Woodshed*
Apology Rejected – *Vegas*
Speakeasy Tiger – *Outer Rim*
Marinade – *Bar Deluxe*
**Happy Birthday Brian Kubarycz!
Happy Birthday Chris Proctor!**

Friday, April 30
Lip Lash, Designer Drugs, JSJ, DJ Band-
wagon – *Urban*
The Spittin' Corbras, Thunderfist, Muck-
raker – *Burt's*
Cameron McGill, Brian Bingham, Sam
Burton – *Kilby*
The Flow, Taylor Brown, Hectic Hobo,
Henry Worley and the Glass Button Fac-
tory – *Woodshed*
Sober Down, The Vibrant Sound –
Velour
Bandwagon Live – *Vegas*
Spork – *Brewski's*
Them Changes – *A Bar Named Sue*
R.A.W, Dublife & The Dirty Dub Band,
Blended Roots, DJ Sharp – *Bar Deluxe*
Speakeasy Tiger – *Why Sound*
Pick up the new SLUG – Anyplace cool!



The Ettes – *Murray Theater*
Wednesday, April 14
Mr. Gnome, Free Press, Big Blue Ox,
Fox Van Cleef – *Burt's*
Citizen Cope – *Depot*
A Current Affair, Sleep for Sleepers,
Josiah James – *Outer Rim*
Lucero, Blackhounds, The High Beams
– *Urban*
Dandy Lies & Daffy Dealings – *Why
Sound*
Shooter Jennings – *State Room*
Woe of Tyrants – *Vegas*
The Numerators, Sleepover, The Trium-
phant, Red Pete? – *Kilby*
Happy Birthday Kelli Tompkins!

Thursday, April 15
Vermillion, Sean Bessey, The Last Look,
The Hotness – *Kilby*
The Growlers, The Devil Whale, Plastic
Furs, The Good Bites – *Urban*
The Hollowpoints, Nobody's Heroes,
Negative Charge – *Burt's*
Slow Ride, Dubwise Selecta – *Woodshed*
Jameson, Jataka, Still-Born, Life has a
Way – *Vegas*
Water and Walls, Futsetta, Poor Ophelia,
Sheii Preece – *Why Sound*
Jacob Paul – *Ken Sanders*
The Velvetones, JJ's Soul Funkshun,
Dionyx – *Bar Deluxe*

Friday, April 16
Spring Dine O' Round Begins – *Down-
town SLC*
Retribution Gospel Choir, The Platte,
Elemental – *Kilby*
The Devil Whale, Archers Apple – *Velour*
Hillstomp Dayton Dean and the River
Kings – *Burt's*
Riverhead, Menlo, Dulce Sky – *Wood-
shed*
Nevermind – *Teazers*
After Dark – *Sugar Space*
Robbie Rivera, Donald Glaude, Uber-
zone vs. Bassbin Twins, Paul Anthony
– *SaltAir*
2 1/2 White Guys, Skank Race, Storming
Stages and Stereos, The Blackbiters
– *The Basement*
The Palominos – *Brewski's*
Swamp Donkey, Autostigmatic, Gawdz-
eye – *Why Sound*
The B Foundation, Pigeon John, Muscle

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ALL ages



- 1-Swimming With Dolphins, We are the in crowd, Places and Numbers (6pm doors)
 - 2-The Cave Singers, The Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths, David Williams
 - 3-Early Show: We Shot the Moon, Larusso, Good Night Sunrise, The Foreground (4:30 pm doors)
 - 3-Late Show: The Paper Chase, Kiss Kiss, TBA (8:30 doors)
 - 5-Gavin Castleton, Mimicking Birds, NightNight, Birthquake
 - 6-The Ruby Suns, Toro Y Moi, Seven Feathers Rainwater
 - 7-Hockey, The Constellations, Terror Pigeon Dance Revolt (6:30 doors)
 - 8- The Vibe Tribe, TBA
 - 9-Prize Country, I Am The Ocean, Loom, Never Forget
 - 10-The Spins, The Direction, The Descriptive, Marny Proudfit
 - 11-Hatchet Witchaven, Killbot and Toxic Dose
 - 12- A Weather, Arborea, andon Faulkner (6:30 doors)
 - 13-Megafaun, Breathe Owl Breathe, Paul Jacobson and The Madison Arm
 - 14-The Numerators, Sleepover, The Triumphant, Red Pete?
 - 15-Vermillion, Sean Bessey, The Last Look, The Hotness
 - 16-Retribution Gospel Choir, The Platte, Elemental
 - 17-The Continentals, Blackhounds, Vinyl Williams, The Lionelle
 - 19-Senic Byway, 7rouble Shoo7er, The Descriptive
 - 20-Tatsuya Nakatani, It Foot It Ears, TBA
 - 21-Set Your Goals (6pm doors)
 - 22-Dusty Rhodes & River Band, PSYCHEDELIC HORSESHIT, Green River
 - 23-Larusso, Between The Avenue, Mess Of Me, Discourse, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers (6pm doors)
 - 24-Jonah Matranga (of Far, One Line Drawing) Glade, Emme Packer, Swans of Never
 - 27-Green River Ordinance, Matt Hires, Angel Taylor
 - 28-Early Show: OK Ikumi, Forest World, Uniflux (6pm Doors)
 - 28-Late Show: Bicycle Voice EP Release Tour Send Off, Mermaid Baby Tour Send Off, Dook Kelsall (8:30 pm doors)
 - 29-Jay Nash Garrison Starr, Ryan Tanner, Emme Packer
 - 30-Cameron McGill, Brian Bingham, Sam Burton
- Other Shows:**
 April 5- KRCL 90.9 FM Presents: The Morning Benders & Miniature Tigers - Velour (provo) \$8 - doors 8 pm
 April 8- Passion Pit, Mayer Hawthorne & The Country, Bear Hands - In The Venue \$18/\$20 - doors 6 pm
 April 23- Yeasayer, Sleigh Bells - In The Venue \$13/\$15 day of - Doors 7pm Music ends at 10pm
- MAY 2nd WATCH OUT FOR SATLY STREETS FLEE MARKET AT KILBY COURT!!!**

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Fri Apr 2
THE LOW ANTHEM



fans of: A.A. Bondy, Felice Brothers

Tue Apr 6
**HUGH CORNWELL of the
 Legendary Strangers**



with art from: Barker | Werner | Greaves

Sat Apr 10
'KRCL PRESENTS'



Tue Apr 12
TIM REYNOLDS & TR3



fans of: CA Guitar Trio, Leo Kottke

Wed Apr 13
OK GO



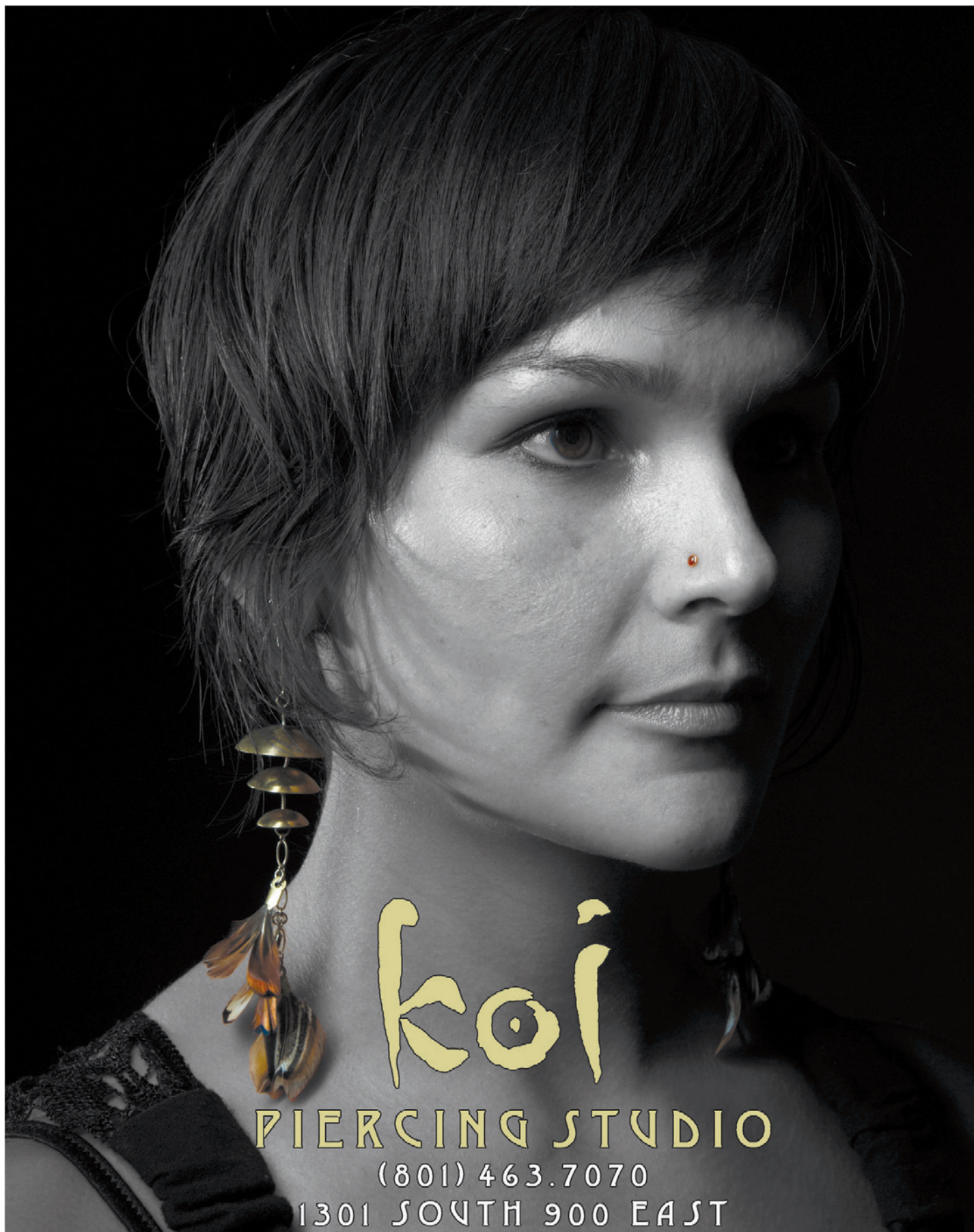
with: Earl greyhound | The Booze

Thu Apr 14
SHOOTER JENNINGS



fans of: David Allan Coe, Hank Jr.

**PLUS: 4/16 PIGEON JOHN & B FOUNDATION | 4/17 CIVIL TWILIGHT
 4/20 NICK JAINA BAND & DAVID WILLIAMS | 4/22 LEON REDBONE**



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& SLUG MAGAZINE'S MIKE BROWN**



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