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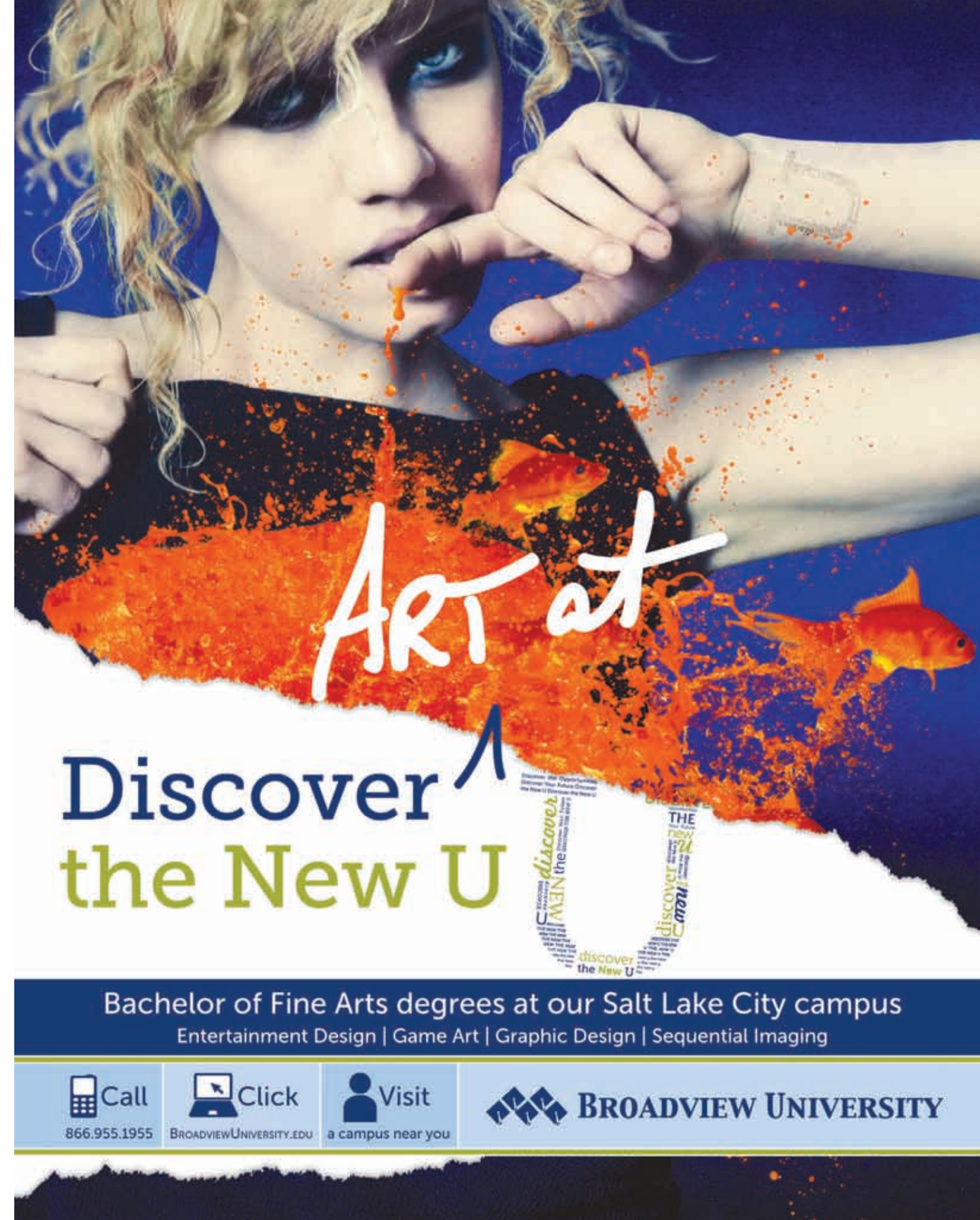
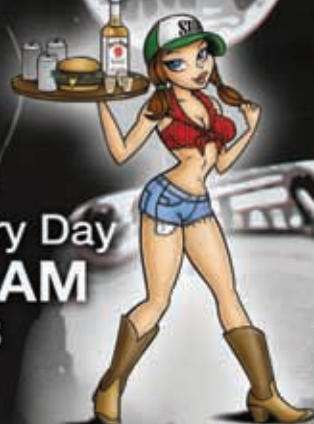


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Contributor Limelight

Eric Sapp



Design Intern

Over the last six months, Eric Sapp has been dazzling our review sections with his delightful designs. Sapp graduated last May and is already making moves in the design world. In addition to his SLUG work, he is a graphic designer at Ogden Blue Art School. When he isn't hard at work, Sapp can be found

slaying noobs in a slew of different online games. His quick-witted comedy, Ogden street smarts and keen design skills will cut your brain in two with a double-edged sword of style and prowess. Expect to see cutting-edge designs from Sapp on the regular. Sapp is available for freelance work, check out eric-sapp.com for more design trickery.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I like how you have people send in their CDs for you to (notoriously badly) review, and then when you do give them that (notoriously bad) review, they freak the fuck out! You have no idea how much it entertains me to see that people cannot grasp the fact that when SLUG is so disconnected with the local music scene, their musical opinions are basically invalid! I'm so glad that people on both ends of SLUG can drop themselves to such stupidly low levels and bicker and argue about who's music is worse. You are poor man's Comedy Central, and I applaud you for it.

—Bobbi Thunders

Dear Bobbi,

I'm glad our antics amuse you. If there is one thing that has remained consistent at the magazine, it's the fact that we don't tell our reviewers what to write. If they think something sucks, we let them say it sucks. If they want to compare a local band to being less entertaining than a bottle of Tampico—we let them make that comparison. SLUG is, and always has been, a community rag. People within the local music community—musicians, scenesters, record store geeks and general audiophiles—write the reviews. You claim our staff members are disconnected from the local music scene. I say fuck that—get some representatives from your local music scene excited to actively participate in the community rag that is Salt Lake Underground. How can we accurately represent your shitty music scene without a staff writer who is interested in said music scene? Sometimes things are just bad. Sorry all of you're friends are busy giving you verbal blow jobs.

xoxo,

SLUG Mag

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Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag

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Across the Wire:

An Interview with Colin Newman and Graham Lewis

By Courtney Blair courtneyb@krcl.org



"I'm not a punk icon. That's an American perspective. No British person would think in those terms."
– Colin Newman, Wire.

Over three decades ago, the legendary art-punk band **Wire** released their debut album *Pink Flag*. Today, it's seen as the first of three essential records from the band—the others being *Chairs Missing* (1978) and *154* (1979). By the mid-90s, the band once consisting of frontman **Colin Newman**, bassist **Graham Lewis**, drummer **Robert Grey** and guitarist **Bruce Gilbert** had broken up, pursued solo projects and reunited, only to break up again. Eventually, they faded into obscurity. Their music, however, left a mark inspiring a whole new generation of bands like **Big Black**, **The Minutemen**, **Minor Threat** and even **R.E.M.** Wire have managed to remain strangely compelling throughout their long and unpredictable career. In 1999 the band reformed for good—and with a vengeance, I might add. They've continued to release critically acclaimed records like 2003's viciously sonic *Send* and the avant-pop *Object 47* in 2008. Three of the original four members (sans Bruce) are about to release their tenth album: *Red Barked Tree*.

SLUG: What would you say was the biggest challenge while recording *Red Barked Tree*?
Colin Newman: I was really thrown into stark contrast by the last Wire album. There's a track called "One of Us," which is a stomping good song. It's got the best drums, a great guitar riff, a thumping bass line and a soaring vocal—none of which were done at the same time. It was put together out of bits, like the idea of hip hop ... Taking bits of music that didn't really fit together and kind of jamming them all into one.
Graham Lewis: For us, it's always a case of coming up with the process that's appropriate for where we are at the time. The process remained fairly close to the original idea. One of the things that we decided to do, which sounds remarkably simple and conventional, was to write a bunch of good songs before we actually went into the studio.

SLUG: My favorite track is "Bad Worn Thing." To me, it has some pop qualities with a catchy hook and sing-along chorus. Can you tell me more about this song?
Lewis: It was something that I formed the arrangement for and brought to the studio. We put down the track and basically removed as much information as possible. It's a piece, in this case, about subtraction, really.

SLUG: Something else I noticed while listening to the new record is that it seems to have a few more delicate, quiet moments than previous albums. In particular the tracks "Adapt," "Down To This," and the title track "Red Barked Tree." Was this your intention from the beginning?
Newman: It comes in all flavors, basically. The band interfaces with material, and it goes in whichever direction it goes in. I thought when I originally wrote "Down To This" it was going to be heavy. It ended up being based around the acoustic guitar. It's inescapable. They are hymns.

SLUG: Considering that the first three Wire albums (*Pink Flag*, *154* and *Chairs Missing*) are seen as masterpieces, do you feel that everything you've released since then has been compared to these three records?
Lewis: I think it's inevitable, really. We made the three records and then there was a large gap before we produced anything else. I think those records are separated in time as much as anything else. It will be interesting to see how *Red Barked Tree* is compared.
Newman: Actually, at the time, the American reviews of *Pink Flag* were mainly awful.
Lewis: The truth is, you can't deny history. *Pink Flag* was a good blueprint and a lot of people found it useful in the '80s. All the hardcore guys really liked it, even if people didn't like it at the time.

SLUG: Colin, this is a question specifically for you. I want to bring up your other project, **Githead**. How does the writing and recording process differ between the two?
Newman: I take both bands very seriously. In terms of working methods, Githead will write as a band. It's not something that Wire has any history of doing. Githead will literally just start playing as soon as instruments are plugged in and have something within ten minutes. It's two very different ways of thinking about music and working with music. I really enjoy that difference. It makes it really interesting for me.

SLUG: When considering your role as a punk icon, does anyone inspire your music these days?
Newman: I'm not a punk icon. That's an American perspective. No British person would think in those terms. Punk just means something very different here. For people of our generation it's not necessarily a positive thing. At the time we didn't look like a punk band even though now it sounds like punk rock. People in general thought we were worse than punk.

SLUG: Worse than punk?
Lewis: Yes, we were actually below punk. They despised us. They spat upon us. My answer to your question, though, would be: **Lee Perry, Igor Stravinsky, King Tubby, Steve Reich, Ornette Coleman** and **T. Rex**, of course.

Red Barked Tree will be released in the U.S. on January 11 by Pink Flag.



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Localized
By Nate Housley
natehousley@yahoo.com

This month's *Localized* features the dub reggae band **Righteous Audio Werks** and the exploratory soundscapes of **Seven Feathers Rainwater**, along with openers **It Foot, It Ears**. Come check it out on Friday, Jan. 14 at *Urban Lounge* for only \$5.

Island Records band **Rival Schools**, which includes the guitarist from **Gorilla Biscuits**. The other band members represent a slew of Salt Lake City bands—**Lion Dub Station, Laserfang, Afro Omega, Slajo, Night Sweats**, and probably a few more in the time since this was written. Their individual talents are worth as much as the sum of their parts, but as band members, they play off of each other instead of fighting to play louder or faster than the rest. Their music is decidedly un-busy, following the ethos, as Lloyd puts it, of "less content with more impact."

Although Righteous Audio Werks has only been playing together for approximately a year, the band's musical chemistry dates back to middle school when Dan Lloyd, Jared Russell, Cache Tolman and Tige Campbell played in **White City**. "We started out playing skate punk, and then it kind of got jazzy, and as we got better, we were able to play music that we liked, so then it got funky," Lloyd says. They played as often as three times a week, speeding their growth as musicians. Eventually, they evolved into playing reggae, which Lloyd describes as "the funkiest music." These days, their music lays its emphasis on groove, anchored by Lloyd and Tolman's rock-solid rhythm section.

Lloyd recalls moving to Seattle and playing with Winston Jarrett for a couple of years there. "Getting barked at by some Jamaicans did a lot of good for me," Lloyd says. The result is a real roots reggae band that draws on its varied influences to add new sounds and flavors—not just a rock band with a veneer of Caribbean rhythms. "We're not crossing over anything. We've got all the respect in the world for roots and what's been done up till now. We want to push that forward now," Lloyd says. "In Jamaica there aren't a whole lot of musicians now. It's a whole different scene. There are lots of MCs and DJs." Righteous Audio Werks might play four minutes of a dub instrumental with traditional guitar skank, syncopated bass lines and horn melodies, but then add a rock build-up, a metallic guitar solo or an analog synth lead.

Their musical tastes vary widely: A couple of the band members discussed a recent **Slayer** show as they walked in for the interview. Collectively, they play in other bands ranging from thrash punk to experimental indie to post-hardcore. Russell runs an online bookstore and record store, redlightslc.com, that specializes in noise metal. The commingling of bands is "incestuous," as Tolman puts it. It is this wealth of influences that allows Righteous Audio Werks to put their distinct stamp on roots reggae.

Thoroughly schooled in dub, Righteous Audio Werks was sought out by Scientist, who is mixing their upcoming record *Cooking with Scientist*, due summer 2011 on Lloyd's own **Issue Records**. "Scientist dug what we were doing. He chased me down, and the result of that is the working relationship we have and are going to have in the future," says Lloyd. Scientist was one of the original engineers of dub in Jamaica in the '70s, known for his work with **King Tubby**. Through Scientist, Lloyd met the vocalists who are singing on the record, including **Israel Joseph I**, who recorded with **Bad Brains** and **Lady Tigra** from '80s hip hop group **L'Trimm**. "Crossing everything with each other and mixing it up as much as possible is in the best interest of everybody, especially us," Lloyd says. He's optimistic about the future of their band and record label. "Now I'm a little more focused, I've got a little more experience with what is going to work. I'm going to stick with a reggae focus, but who knows what is under that."

Because the members of Righteous Audio Werks are all so busy with other bands and their families, rehearsals are something of an event. "That's why I bring coffee and beverages. Scheduling is probably the biggest challenge," says Lloyd. Shows will be rare, so you won't want to miss this month's *Localized*.

Seth Pulver – Guitar, Sampler, Drums, Vocals, Keys, Bass, Mandolin, Lap Harp, Organ
Taylor Christensen – Guitar, Sequencer, Drums, Vocals, Bass, Sampler, Synth, Cello, Organ
Nathan Simonsen – Vocals, Synth, Sampler, Bass, Harmonica, Piano, Organ

Ambient music often evolves out of the realms of electronic music or minimalist classical, but Seven Feathers Rainwater started playing music together as a largely self-taught jazz trio. Instead of taking their improvisations into the ultra-busy world of free jazz, they toned and slowed it down. The result is Seven Feathers Rainwater.

The band's musical chemistry has developed over the better part of a decade. The three hail from the Davis County area and have been playing music since their teens. "Taylor and I have played in bands together since junior high," says Pulver.

About a year and a half ago, while playing together in a jazz trio with Simonsen, Pulver and Christensen began experimenting with samplers and guitar effects pedals. "One day, Taylor and I recorded this hour-and-a-half-long thing, and it was cool, and we wanted to explore that vein of music. It's pop music, but with lots of loops, textures, droney, ethereal sounds," says Pulver. Shortly after, they invited Simonsen to join the new band.

Although each member has had some formal training, according to Pulver, these lessons aren't where the members learned about music. "I learned the most by listening, playing it," Pulver says.

The birth of Seven Feathers Rainwater coincided with the creation of their record label, **Moondial Records**. Moondial puts out limited runs of cassettes and are branching out into vinyl releases. Seven Feathers Rainwater released *15 Apple Magicians* on Dec. 18 on vinyl through Moondial

Records. The album is a collaboration with several local visual artists like **Allison Baar, Andy Cvar** and **Davis Burningham** who created about thirty different album covers. They are offering these covers on a limited release before selling the rest of the run with the regular art done by **Daniel Chamberlin**.

Lately, Seven Feathers Rainwater says they draw influence from the psychedelic pop of the '60s and '70s—especially **The Zombies** and **The Beach Boys**. While the initial recording that spawned the band was solely improvisational, they've moved toward set song structures with "more pop elements" while leaving space to explore—imagine a looser **Animal Collective**. Their music meanders from echo-y drones to dreamy pop at a pace that feels open to new directions without sacrificing cohesion. Christensen says that when it comes to playing live, they try to do things a little differently. "We have improv parts in our sets always. Obviously there are things we can't do live that we do on the record. When we play live, there are just three of us. We have our own little set-ups."

Each member is an able multi-instrumentalist, playing a "smorgasbord" of instruments and spending time in a variety of side projects: **Sparks and Spools, Slit Panels, Natty Bumpo** and **His Apothecary** and **Sound Shop**.


While many may consider music that is so open to exploration to be the product of psychedelic drugs, they "don't rely on drugs to make music," says Seth. "We make music about the consciousness that we inhabit, which could be anything as mundane as having wacky-ass dreams or altering the consciousness with drugs. Otherwise, it all has to do with the same collective thing—we're exploring with music."

Their live show will showcase the way they have evolved and are fulfilling the promise of their auspicious beginnings. They are hoping to tour within the year, and are looking forward to playing *Localized* on Jan. 14.

SEVEN FEATHERS RAINWATER




Photo: Adam Heath



THE WALKING BATTLEGROUND OF RAPE: VOICES OF SURVIVORS

By Esther Meroño esther@slugmag.com



“Not too long ago, the four letter word that described my life was ... rape ... He may have had one night, but I have the rest of my life. There is nothing stronger than the human spirit, yours, mine, we are greater than we realize ... we must realize our own intrinsic worth and rise up to our potential. Which four words describe my life now? Good, Love, Mine, Hope.” – Tiffany

“Will I want to find the meaning to my life again? Will I care?” –Anonymous

“I am but a chameleon that slips in and out of societies, subcultures and intimate moments. I can do this because who I am, how I see myself and where I fit in, has been taken away from me ... This is who I am, who I was. I was sex, I was rape.”

Shocking, emotional, heartbreaking, but most of all, empowering, **Jane** tells her story of being sexually abused from the age of two in the recent community art project, *Voices: Stories From Survivors of Sexual Violence*. This unique audio/visual installation created by sisters **Liz** and **Sarah Coleman** in partnership with *The Rape Recovery Center* features recorded stories of ten survivors of sexual violence compiled in a beautiful work of art that blends collage-style images with text and spoken word. “We wanted to showcase the human side of sexual violence, instead of regarding it as a very sterile, one-time, not long-lasting event,” says Sarah. The audio part of the installation can be heard in two different ways: through headphones in front of a monitor that displays a slideshow of relevant images, or through headphones on a portable device placed in front of a makeshift vanity with a mirror surrounded by a collage of words and images.

Local artist and volunteer with *Centered City Yoga’s Inbody Outreach Program* **Daisy Johnson** is behind the visual concept of the piece. Both parts of the work give distinct, yet equally powerful and emotion-evoking experiences.

“There’s a really great connection that you can make between someone’s voice and who they are as an individual,” says Liz. “I love the mirror piece because it offers a moment of self-reflection. With a piece of text, or even something you’re listening to, there’s that disconnect with you and the piece, but creating the mirror, you automatically become a piece within the piece ... it’s not just happening to the person telling the story, it’s now happening to you, too. I think you get a deeper understanding of it, and it’s beautiful.”

As aesthetically pleasing as it is, the subject matter is difficult, and oftentimes graphic. It’s uncomfortable and jarring, but it is real. These are the experiences of your friends, your sisters, your daughters—the women of OUR community. They hit close to home and the Colemans expect them to—they are survivors themselves. “I’ve had a very long history with sexual violence, being a survivor, working with survivors every day ... I always felt that my voice and my experience wasn’t validated and wasn’t heard. Once I started working with *The Rape Recovery Center* ... owning my own story and owning my experience ... helped me to start the process of recovery and healing,” says Sarah.

The Rape Recovery Center played a large role in the project, donating their professional services to the women and men who came to the writing and recording workshops, providing a safe space for the process and helping to spread the word. The Colemans reached out to as many people in the community as possible, publishing posters in Spanish and even including Spanish and ASL translators during the five weeks of open workshops. About 15 to 20 men and women started the process of writing and recording their stories with the aid of writing assistants and counselors, and 10 were completed. Sarah and Liz noted that the process triggers many memories and feelings and applauded everyone that attempted to tell their story.

One of the most important aspects of this project is taking away the idea of the victim and changing it to that of survivor. “After the process of writing the story, a

lot of [the participants] came up to me and told me how empowering it was that they were able to physically tell their story. I think it creates a connection of healing that doesn’t happen elsewhere. Being able to use your voice and put your voice in your community where other people can hear it is really important,” Liz says.

The community’s reaction is also crucial. They are transcending education and awareness, and deliberately reaching out to their audience in a very unique and visceral way. “It’s a story that often goes untold ... circumstances that are so taboo, but so destructive to our community. Not only is it inspiring for people who have been under those circumstances, but for people who have not. Being able to change the conversation so people can say what they want to about their circumstance was key,” says Liz.

Sarah adds, “It’s really easy to detach yourself from something so horrific ... it’s devalued and de-emphasized of how important it is. It’s a privilege to remove yourself, it’s a privilege not to have to experience this kind of trauma, not only is it isolating and not only does it destroy and reorganize so many different parts of you, but it keeps you in a constant oppressed state—you don’t have a choice to step away from this, this is with you for the rest of your life.”

Voices premiered at the *Sorenson Unity Center* in October, receiving a lot of positive support from the community. The Colemans hope to continue to create projects that address the needs of the community and showcase the power and strength of the human spirit through their new non-profit organization, *Truth Be Told Productions*. Brainstorming for an audio project on domestic violence has already begun.

Voices: Stories From Survivors of Sexual Violence opens at *Nobrow*, 315 E. Broadway, during January’s *Gallery Stroll* on January 21. You can also listen to all ten stories online at vocalo.org/users/truth-be-told-productions.



Photo: Ruby Johnson



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Wendla and Melchior find each other in the hayloft.

Photo: Joan Marcus

PSYCHOPATHIA UNIVERSALIS: SPRING AWAKENING COMES TO UTAH

Brian Kubarycz
knairb@hotmail.com

Bygones are never really bygones. Whether recalling a previous era or an earlier stage in life, we need the past in order to gauge who we are now. Where do we come from, how far have we come and how have we changed? Could our lives have been otherwise? We all ask these questions. Or so claims **Courtney Markowitz**, star of *Spring Awakening*, a rock musical soon to hit Utah. She says the show explores "the results of what happens when such questions are not answered."

Spring Awakening has captured the national imagination and won an impressive array of honors, most notably three Tony Awards for Best Musical, Best Book and Best Score. First staged in its current form in 2005, *Spring Awakening* began as a drama presented in 1891 as *Frühlings Erwachen* by playwright **Frank Wedekind**. Wedekind's play outraged audiences because of its frank presentation of then-unspeakable subjects, including not just hetero-, but also auto-, homo- and other crypto-erotic behaviors of the sort treated in German psychiatrist **Richard Krafft-Ebbings'** comprehensive handbook *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886). Over a century after its debut, writer **Steven Sater** and musician **Duncan Sheik** collaborated to transform Wedekin's scandalous play into a hugely successful rock musical. Markowitz says, "Duncan Sheik allows 19th-century children to become rockstars on stage. In the show, we play the part of repressed German students, but as soon as the music begins we become contemporary actors singing directly to the audience. We literally have members of the crowd on stage with us. We finish a big production number and we can feel them breathing."

I mention to Markowitz that a show set in repressive late-nineteenth-century German

culture, one in which actors sing openly about forbidden desires and actions, can't help but recall the work of another psychologist, **Sigmund Freud**. I ask if the play, or the performing of it, bears any resemblance to self-analysis. "[*Spring Awakening* entails] stripping yourself of experiences you've had as an adult, everything you've learned and remembering what is was like to be naive again. Imagine what it would be like to know nothing and to have no one to talk with. Many teens today do have a parent to talk with, but for those who don't, our show opens a gateway," she says.

To anyone tempted to consider such a play (for historical as well as thematic reasons) deliberately decadent, Markowitz insists the opposite. For her, the play is emotionally charged, but never melodramatic. "Frank Wedekind would see a production of the original play and say, 'That is too heavy. This is not a tragedy.'" Then he'd see a production that was too light and say, 'This is not a comedy.'" Nor is the play mere sensationalism. According to Markowitz, everything in the show can be seen on the evening news or *Glee*. Although the production includes partial nudity, Markowitz says the nudity is done for a reason. It also happens to be choreographed and timed with the music.

Though Markowitz admits *Spring Awakening* can be a challenge to perform in certain cities, she insists that the nudity has never been a great concern, even for small-town audiences. She says, "We are there for only one or two nights, and the people who are there really, really want to be there. We haven't had a show without a standing ovation."

The success of the show in general, and in particular of its use of nudity, must in large measure be attributed to renowned choreographer **Bill T. Jones**, who won a Tony for Best Choreography for *Spring Awakening*. "Interestingly, the show's not very dancey," Markowitz says. There are no pirouettes and high kicks, but [the choreography] works in the same way that the music does, using storytelling elements to advance the plot. Instead of dance steps, we talked in rehearsals about the characters' thoughts and the motivations for their movements." Markowitz says this is a way to dance that is new to American theater. "Our cast is made of singers and actors, not dancers, so it's a perfect way to approach the choreography."

Another innovative aspect of the show is its use of only two actors to play all the adult roles. "Originally it was **Michael Mayer's** idea," Markowitz says. "These actors perform a specific function. The story is told from the perspective of a diverse group of teenagers, but it contains only one generic man and woman, who play multiple parts." I offer that these figures are like embodiments of the horrible parental trombone voice from the *Peanuts* television specials. Markowitz laughs and doesn't disagree, but she says that these adult figures do develop over the course of the drama. "You feel things can get better," she says.

Spring Awakening will be performed on January 14 and 15, at *Kingsbury Hall* on the University of Utah campus.

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Justin Keniston, AKA Gyp, AKA Chip, is one of the new faces I met last season. He would come out to help and shred whenever I was shooting with Laura Hadar. I don't think I heard him say a word until the third or fourth such session, but that was long after I figured out he was much more than a roadie and definitely knew a thing or two about boarding himself. Just the other day, it was mentioned that he was a '90s baby and I'm old enough to be his father, to which my response was, "That would be cool and all, but kinda weird since we have both probably hit on the same girls at some time." Bode Merrill piped in that that scenario reminded him much of his own father. Stalefish gap-out to noseslide in North SLC. —Andy Wright

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Jordan Mendenhall

Words and Photos Bob Plumb bobbyp1umb@yahoo.com

Sometimes you automatically know that a certain thing in life is going to become one of those “instant classics,” whether it is a look, idea, event or person that will stand the test of time. Jordan Mendenhall is definitely an instant classic. He is a multit talented person who makes his way through life doing what he does without looking for recognition or praise. Jordan has been making snowboarding look interesting and cool from an early age. As a kid, he would enter contests thinking it was a fun thing to do with his friends and he ended up becoming the Jr. World Halfpipe Champion, not to mention doing that coming from an area that wasn’t well known for its halfpipes, but rather its powder. Since then, Jordan has put out multiple video parts that blow minds in a very unique way: Not like some crazed stuntman, but more like an artist who adds perspective to a painting. So, if you ever get a chance to meet Jordan, you will see why he has become a classic in an age of repetitive ideas, strip malls and competitive stuntmen. –Tonino

SLUG: Where did you grow up?

Jordan Mendenhall: Highland, Utah. God’s country.

SLUG: God’s country? Where is Highland compared to Salt Lake?

Mendenhall: Highland is about a half hour south of Salt Lake. It’s right past the point of the mountain by Lehi, Alpine and American Fork. You know, God’s country.

SLUG: Ahh yes, God’s country. Does that mean you were raised a child of God? Mormon?

Mendenhall: Yes I was. You kind of have to live that way there or you are labeled an outcast. Shunned. That’s what Jesus would do.

SLUG: Then the apple fell far from the tree, so to speak.

Mendenhall: Not really. I didn’t start drinking until after high school. I did that for a few years then went back to “the church.” I did that for about three years then made my escape around 25 or 26.

SLUG: Your first drink was after high school.

That’s pretty impressive. What made you decide to go to the dark side?

Mendenhall: I’m not sure. Boredom, I guess. I think I just wanted to see what it was like. There was no catastrophic event or anything. Turns out it was really fun.

SLUG: Growing up in Highland, if you weren’t drinking, what were you doing?

Mendenhall: Almost all of my free time was spent skating or snowboarding. Other than that, I went camping, went to lakes and whatnot. I did the normal Utah summertime stuff.

SLUG: Did skating come before snowboarding?

Mendenhall: Yeah. I feel like I have been skateboarding my entire life. My brother skated, so I naturally wanted to be like him and skate too. I think I really got into it when I was about thirteen.

SLUG: So you fell in love with skating and then came snowboarding?

Mendenhall: Yeah. I think it was more like—there is a foot of snow on the ground, sledding sucks, skiing is boring—what in the hell am I supposed to do all winter?

SLUG: Would your brother take you out skating with him?

Mendenhall: Not really. He is about seven years older than me, so I’m sure he didn’t want his 8- or 9-year-old brother around. He had moved out by the time I really got into skating. We did have a mini-ramp for a few years and we would skate that together. There are some amazing home videos.

SLUG: Sick. Not homie-cam but brother-cam footage?

Mendenhall: We would take turns filming each other. Occasionally we would talk my sister into manning the camera, but that never lasted too long. The commentary is incredible. It’s mostly her yelling at us and my brother saying, “Watch this.”

SLUG: That’s amazing. Would you guys film each other then watch it right after?

Mendenhall: It was a VHS recorder so after filming we could go throw that thing in the VCR and watch the hammers.

SLUG: Do you remember the first trick you got on film that you were hyped on?

Mendenhall: Not really. Oh shit, we did have a

launch ramp. I would set that up so I could land in the grass. I would send it off that thing and tuck and roll in the landing. My sister would film it, and I was so excited about it. Huge air.

SLUG: So you were “trained” at a young age to hit jumps?
Mendenhall: Haha, I guess so. I liked that sort of thing when I was a kid. I liked to jump off cliffs into water and be crazy. Now it's totally forced. I'm old.

SLUG: Shit, you're not old. So the summer would end and the snow would fall, and you decided to try snowboarding.
Mendenhall: Yeah. I got a snowboard for Christmas when I was 13, and I guess I've never stopped.

SLUG: Did you know the first time you went snowboarding that you were going to love it like skating?
Mendenhall: Like most people, the first time was miserable. I think I started to love it as soon as I could make it down the hill without falling. Then I wanted to learn everything. I started watching videos and buying magazines. I wanted to learn how to do all of the hot moves the pros were doing.

SLUG: Who in particular influenced you at a young age?
Mendenhall: **Peter Line**, **Daniel Franck** and **Ingemar Backman** were my favorites. That was probably when I was 15 or so. I don't remember who it was before that.

SLUG: What in particular was it about those guys that you thought was sweet?
Mendenhall: I liked their style. I thought they had some totally radical moves bro! Just kidding. But seriously, they had awesome style. I hate the word style as of right now.

SLUG: What does the word style mean? Is it an “industry” word?
Mendenhall: I don't know. I just re-read that answer and I hate that word. It just makes me think of those girls who are so into snowboarding they have transformed into 16 year old boys. I just picture them saying “Sick style, bro!” Gross.

SLUG: Don't you have “skate style”?
Mendenhall: Yes, I skateboard on the snow. Oh wait, it's hooked to my feet. I wakeboard on the snow.

SLUG: When you started snowboarding, did you look at the mountain like it was a huge skate park?
Mendenhall: I definitely looked at it differently than I do now. It was more like a skate park, because there were no good snowboard parks, so you had to be creative and find stuff to jump off and slide and what not.

SLUG: Where were you doing your snowboarding?
Mendenhall: I would go to Brighton as much as I could. I've had a pass there since I was 14. If I couldn't get a ride to the bus stop, I would find a hill to build a jump on. This was before rails were cool.

SLUG: You would take a bus from Highland to Brighton?
Mendenhall: Until I could drive, my parents or my friends' parents would give us a ride to Sandy. Then we would take the bus to Brighton.

SLUG: What was that like being a little kid riding the bus to Brighton?



Frontside 180 redirect.



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Mendenhall: Thinking back, it seems a little crazy. We were only 14 and our parents would drop us off at the McDonalds on 7200 S. and pick us up 10 hours later. We had almost no money, no helmets, no license. It was amazing.

SLUG: Ultimate freedom.
Mendenhall: America.
SLUG: FUCK YEAH.

SLUG: So you weren't hitting rails yet 'cause it wasn't cool. Is this around the time you won a halfpipe contest?
Mendenhall: There were no rails. That was the time before the rebirth of rails via **JP Walker** and **Jeremy Jones**. I was 16 when I won the halfpipe contest. Rails were still out of the picture.

SLUG: When you entered the contest were you thinking you wanted to be a pro snowboarder?
Mendenhall: Not really. I thought it would be cool to get free snowboards, but that's it.

SLUG: Did anything come your way from winning that contest as far as sponsorship?
Mendenhall: Not at all. I kept getting hand-me-down boards for the next year or so.

SLUG: Who was giving you the hand me downs?
Mendenhall: JP gave me a couple boards and I remember Jeremy giving me one. It's pretty funny to think about. I'm sure I was so annoying.

SLUG: Did you look up to those guys at the time? Is that who you were going to Brighton with?

Mendenhall: I definitely looked up to those guys. I think anyone who was into snowboarding in Utah around that time looked up to those guys. I would snowboard with those guys once in a while. I usually went up with **Nate Bozung** and a couple other friends from Highland.

SLUG: Bozung and Jordan, a couple of nice mellow kids. Ha.
Mendenhall: Haha. I don't think Nate was ever mellow. That kid was hyper as shit. It was great.

SLUG: I bet. Was this when you started thinking you wanted to be a pro snowboarder?
Mendenhall: It kind of just happened. I just wanted to learn tricks and get better. I never planned on getting paid. I started getting free boards. Then the next year I went out with some photographers. Then I started filming, and after my first video part, I started getting paid. Then I was like, okay, I guess I'll do this for a while then go to school.

SLUG: Which video was your first part in?
Mendenhall: *Destroyer*. It has been 10 years. Wow. If I get another video part it'll be number 10.

SLUG: First part in your first part?
Mendenhall: Yeah.

SLUG: So sick. Bozung is in there too. Did you guys get to film together?
Mendenhall: A little bit, but not much. As soon as he was on Forum he had to do those movies.
SLUG: Do you remember what it was like filming

that first part?
Mendenhall: I was just snowboarding. I didn't really care if I landed anything. I didn't really know if I was going to have a video part. It just came together. It was one of best years ever. No pressure at all.

SLUG: So it wasn't like your sponsor paid for your video part then?
Mendenhall: I think they must have or I wouldn't have had the first part. I had no idea that someone had to pay for you to be in a video. I thought if you were a friend of a friend and semitalented, you were in.

SLUG: Did you know you had first part or did you find out at the premier?
Mendenhall: I found out at the premier. I didn't know that was a good thing until somebody told me.

SLUG: That's amazing. Who told you that first part was good?
Mendenhall: I don't remember, but I had no idea. I didn't really care though. I was hyped not to have a real job.

SLUG: After *Destroyer*, did life change for you?
Mendenhall: Definitely. I was 20 and making a pretty ridiculous amount of money for someone who only had to pay for a cell phone. It was crazy.

SLUG: So you were making a bunch of money at 20. Were you smart with the money or was it ball till you fall?



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Mendenhall: I saved and saved. I lived off of peanut butter and jelly, cereal and water. I just bought my house with cash. Just kidding. I spent it all. On the dumbest shit.

SLUG: Ha, but I bet you were hyped. What's the most ridiculous thing you bought?
Mendenhall: I bought a new car, which is the worst investment. I have no idea what else I spent it on. I gave some to my friends, which is kind of awesome. By give I mean I would pay for their rent and food and not really expect to get it back. I have no idea what I spent it on.

SLUG: It's always cool to help the homies out. What kind of car was it?
Mendenhall: A Subaru. I don't remember the model, but I thought it was the cat's pajamas.

SLUG: Cat's pajamas or the family sedan?
Mendenhall: Haha. It was the fake WRX before they had the WRX. So cool ...

SLUG: You were the fastest up the canyon fo sho!
Mendenhall: I wish. If I remember correctly, it was surprisingly slow. It's no '98 Dodge.

SLUG: Is that what you're running these days?
Mendenhall: I will drive that thing until it dies. I've had it for five years now, and it has never had a major problem. I'm down for shitty cars. I can run into things and laugh. It's the best.

SLUG: You mentioned earlier you are working on your tenth video part. That's quite an accomplishment.
Mendenhall: I didn't realize it until today. It's crazy, I had no idea I would still be doing it after all these years. It's really great. I want to do it for as long as my body will let me. Which might not be too much longer.

SLUG: I think that's amazing. How has filming your part changed from *Destroyer* to your latest part in *Video Grass' Bon Voyage*?
Mendenhall: Back then it was more about having fun and snowboarding constantly. Now it seems like a job. It snows in November and we hike some rails and learn some tricks. Then as soon as it snows somewhere we'll go there and not stop until May. The downside is there is not much time to actually go snowboarding. You go from riding 20 feet into a rail to riding 100 feet into a jump and then it's over. I think I can calculate the distance I have snowboarded in a year.

SLUG: I think thats something that the general "industry" doesn't understand. The lack of just plain snowboarding during a season to film a part.
Mendenhall: Yeah it really is non-existent. I got hurt the first day filming this year and as soon as I'm better then it's straight to filming. I'm going to try to actually snowboard as much as possible, because I feel like I get worse every year.

SLUG: Worse every year? I think better. Do you set goals each year for your footage. Do you say, "I want to get this trick?"



Mendenhall: Not really. I'll learn something pre-season and try to get those tricks on something, but in the backcountry I just go with the tricks I know because it is always so rushed.

SLUG: That is one thing that has always made you stand out in my mind is your versatility. You're not the "rail" guy or backcountry guy. Your part has it all.
Mendenhall: Thanks man! I wish I could ride more backcountry though. Getting kicked out of spots, dealing with the police, and falling on concrete and metal gets old.

SLUG: Do you prefer the backcountry to the city?
Mendenhall: They are pretty equal. Sometimes one is better than the other. I think I just like the thought of powder, because I picture everything being soft and nothing hurts, but there is so much work involved when you go into the backcountry that it's almost more painful.

SLUG: Plus it's not like the jumps these days are small.
Mendenhall: They are definitely not.

SLUG: On that note, it seems that people that snowboard in the streets vs. the backcountry are looked down upon a little. What's your opinion on this? Is snowboarding snowboarding, regardless of terrain?
Mendenhall: I think that is ridiculous. Snowboarding at the mountain is expensive and not accessible to everyone. I think kids can relate to snowboarding in the street so much more. Also, there are a lot of pro snowboarders who only ride backcountry that don't do anything new or creative, and those people are so much more respected than anyone who rides only in the city. It's all snowboarding. Who cares?

SLUG: Is filming a full part in the city equal to a full part in the backcountry?
Mendenhall: I think so. Let's say that **Laurant, Jed, Jake OE, Jonas** or any of those guys lived in Whistler and only rode backcountry. I think they would be just as good or better than any of the "backcountry guys". All of the "rail kids" are insanely talented, but I think they aren't interested or don't have the means to get into the backcountry.



SLUG: The city is more accessible to the average joe than the Whistler backcountry.
Mendenhall: Exactly.

SLUG: Maybe what the “dream” is now, to a young snowboarder, is a walk to the local park in the city rather than a snowmobile drive to the backcountry.
Mendenhall: Yeah it’s like the mountains in Minnesota, they are more or less downtown.

SLUG: You have a son. What’s his name and how old is he?
Mendenhall: His name is Rohen and he’s four.

SLUG: Has being a dad helped to keep you driven during the season?
Mendenhall: Definitely. It’s motivating when you

have someone depending on you like that.

SLUG: Has he gone up to the mountain or to the skate park with you yet?
Mendenhall: I took him snowboarding this year. He kind of liked it, but he’s too little to get really excited about it. I think I’ll take him more this spring.

SLUG: That’s sweet. Get that kid trained for the Olympics.
Mendenhall: Yeah it is, I’m going to force him to live my dream so I can make money off him. Awesome.

SLUG: Haha, OK, almost done. Random question: What do you look to for inspiration for your riding—skating or snowboarding?

Mendenhall: A little of both. Sometimes I’ll like a trick someone does on a snowboard and want to learn it. Most the time I’ll only do rail tricks that can be done on a skateboard. No combos and flips onto rails and shit like that.

SLUG: You got snow shuvs on lock?
Mendenhall: Yeah, front and back foot!

SLUG: Shout-outs or last words?
Mendenhall: Thank you family and friends. Thank you Bobby and SLUG.

SLUG: Sponsors?
Mendenhall: Sure. K2, L1, Ashbury, Coal, Krew, Mica, Milo.

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(we haven't forgot about Liberty Park)

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1/21/11 @ FICE

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SK801 started about six years ago on a trip to Denver. There was a video contest going on called *Way of the Warriors* that filmer **Kyle Wilcox** and all the kids on the trip wanted to be a part of, but they needed a crew name to enter. Nobody can really say who came up with it, but SK801 was the one that stuck. They didn't end up entering the contest, but they kept the crew name alive and, by the next summer, had dropped the first SK801 video. Most of the original crew consisted of **Colin Brophy, Sam Hubble, Alex Whipp, Moses Sanchez, Kyle Wilcox, Jason Gianchetta** and **Holland Redd**.

For the first few years, it was just a skate crew that was always out skating and filming. Sanchez was running *Technique Skate Shop* at the time, which gave the crew a good outlet to spread the name through video and board collaborations. As Sanchez became more involved with the shop, his presence in SK801 started to slide, along with some of the crew's exposure. However, it never died. It kept evolving and, most importantly, everyone kept skating.

Then about seven months ago, a group in Provo started poaching the name, designing graphics and printing SK801 shirts. Wilcox said, "We didn't want to see it go down that path ... It wasn't what we were doing." Gianchetta, being the only one with a job at the time, took the initiative to save the name from the poachers by forming an LLC for SK801, legitimizing the name as an official company that they could claim as their own. About

the same time, Sanchez had stopped working for *Technique* and had started to refocus his energy back into SK801. Sanchez and Wilcox teamed up to brainstorm what they wanted to do with SK801. Once the concept of having a free park for the

community that was supported by a shop was instilled in their minds, they started hunting for a space.

They spent three weeks driving up and down 300 W. between 5400 S. (the furthest north they would go) and 9000 S. (the furthest south they wanted to be) looking for spaces to lease. They looked at nearly 15 spaces before settling in at 7016 S. and 400 W. The odd thing about it was that **Jake Smith**, Volcom team manager, was

the person to find it. Smith told Sanchez, "This is the building. I've got a good feeling, just go with it." So Sanchez jumped on it and, on Sep. 11, signed the lease and started building the SK801 Warehouse. Opening day was Nov. 6 and things have been progressively growing with Sanchez at the front desk, running the shop and keeping the park in good form, while Wilcox manages most of the website and films in the park. I pulled both of them aside to get the lowdown on SK801 and the transformation that is taking place.

SLUG: What made you want to start the SK801 Warehouse?

Sanchez: From the beginning when we sat down and did this. It was us, but it was everybody. We wanted to get back to the roots of skateboarding. It seems like a lot of people in Salt Lake had lost those roots because every shop in town makes a transition from skate to snow. When **Hondo** started *Brick and Mortar*, which is all skate, it was like, 'Damn! That is so sick, let's do it together, lets get back to the roots.' Skateboarders skate all winter no matter what. It sucks skating around

in the cold, and that's where the Warehouse came about, we need to skate all winter, but have nowhere to skate.

SLUG: Has there been any animosity amongst the people

involved with SK801 about who's in the crew and what you are trying to do with it? Essentially, tell me what is the essence of SK801 to you?

Sanchez: It's 801. It started as a crew, but now



Store front and SK801 product at the warehouse

“It sucks skating around in the cold, and that’s where the Warehouse came about.”



Levi Faust blasts to where no man has gone before ... In the warehouse. Axle stall pull-in off the wall!

it's evolving into something else. We want everyone in the 801 to represent SK801. It doesn't matter if you are downtown, West Jordan or Sandy—everybody is SK801. We're not taking anything away from the originals. Everything evolves and that's why we created the Warehouse, so that all the good homies can be a part of it—from BC to *Brick and Mortar*, *Blindside*,

Technique, *Milo* and *Salty Peaks*. We want everybody to come here and enjoy it because it's for everybody in the 801 and everybody out there. That's the whole look on it. **Wilcox:** There will always be the originals. They should definitely feel proud for helping build what's happening.

SLUG: What are your future goals with SK801?
Sanchez: Make more videos and help more kids come up out of Salt Lake. That's what the web site is for.
Wilcox: Eventually get to where we have a budget so we can make shit really happen, get tapes for filmers the best we can and a gas card for people to go on trips.

SLUG: What are you going to do to make this happen?
Sanchez: It's going to be SK801 product. Fourty to 60 percent is going back to the skaters for the web site, camera equipment, road trips, etc. We're planning a big road trip this spring that we're hoping to have a few thousand dollars saved for. It's going to be a wild ride. We're not going to be staying in hotels, we're going to be camping and hitting all the parks in the Northwest along the coast. We are budgeting all the money for that trip.

SLUG: Why did you decide to have the Warehouse in the midland on 7200 S. instead of closer to downtown?
Wilcox: Our main thing was that we didn't want to step on Hondo's shoes because we love *Brick and Mortar*. We didn't want to feel close to him at all. It's hard to open a shop anywhere in the valley without being close to someone.
Sanchez: We wanted to be centrally located,



Face melting skate guitar duo bgps, pole jam back lip shredding, Dirk Hogan, just another day in the park.



This is for the Gs and this is for the hustlers, feet off hand on now back to the feet again. Only Dirty could put this one down. Welcome to the terror dome.

“We wanted to get back to the roots of skateboarding.”

definitely more south than north and close to the freeway. People that do live downtown can take the Trax and only have a short skate to the warehouse.

SLUG: Who designed the park?
Sanchez: Wilcox and myself, **Todd Ingersoll** and **Tanner Montoya** from *Skate 4 Homies*, this new non-profit organization. Those dudes helped us build everything. They were builders before they were home owners. With our minds and their skills, it all came together. We bumped heads a few times about how steep to make the quarter pipe, the hubbas, the pyramid, etc.

SLUG: How do you feel about the outcome of the park as of now? Is there anything you want to change or feel like doesn't work?
Sanchez: Good, we're building these cool obstacles. So when skaters come here, it will be a challenge to skate. Of course, it's a skate park,

but we want it to have a street feel. We're going to constantly move stuff around.
Wilcox: We need to add more quarter pipes, make it a lot more fun to cruise around. More flow. It looks bigger with the fisheye in the montages. Just remember, it's free.

SLUG: Tell me more about what you are doing with the website, *therealsk801.com*.
Wilcox: Promote local skating, music and art. Photos and videos from new filmers and skaters that you probably have never seen. Good coverage for local kids to be seen.

SLUG: How's business thus far?
Sanchez: It's pretty fresh, but business is doing good. People are starting to hear the word around town. There are always kids here. It's definitely become a daycare. There are times when 6 or 7 o'clock comes around and I can't go home until I force kids out. That's what we wanted

though, that's why it's free. So people can be here and support the Warehouse. It seems like we are starting something cool that everyone can be a part of.

SLUG: Any last thoughts?
Sanchez: Hell yeah, come skate and have fun—'cause that's what we are, skateboarders having fun. That's our whole thing, and don't take for granted what we have here, 'cause if you do I'm probably going to punch you in the face. I've stayed up late for months now building what we have. It's not some gnarly thing, but come and enjoy it and have fun. We've worked really hard to get it going. We're going to keep working really hard to make it better. Maybe have a bigger warehouse soon. You never know what we can do.

The Urban Frontiersman's
Key To The City
By: Tully Flynn
paulmillsap@yahoo.com

This rabid dog consumed by an insatiable appetite is fat. This old growling, foaming beast is dying. In painful death throes, he holds with conviction the world he has created. The gurgled mumblings of incoherencies have become utterly cruel. To let such a creature continue to live is sadistic, but is it wrong to enjoy this Black Death? It has been said, 'every dog has his day,' and I can assuredly say on my mother's grave, this old pup has seen its last.

I awoke in the year 2011. Nothing had changed. However, I seemed to remember a trail just outside of the city up a hill in the Avenues. I decided to make the trek to these kilns I had visited before. Apparently the Mormons built these magnificent chimneys 50 feet high on the mountainside. My imagination ran wild while gazing at these relics of early pioneerism—it has been suggested that this is where they burned Indian bodies as sacrifices to their bearded white god. If anything can be said about this place, it's that early Mormons definitely were mystics, using fire and the unpolluted night sky in their rituals. I climbed atop the giant rock fireplace and lay across its rebar grate. Hovering above the abysmal drop, I was quickly overwhelmed by darkness. Like a force pushing down into my very soul, my body became paralyzed with death pangs. Very well. Being familiar with the paranormal, this feeling was an old one. I quickly summoned the energy to cry out the word, which is the "lord," to make it pass.

Soon after I spoke it, I was visited by a spirit. Crazy as it might sound, this derelict from a different dimension looked somewhat like Jesus. It was crystallized and prismatic, like an intricate snowflake, with the vague form of a human face, unmistakably that of the living Christ almighty. As the blackness washed away, I was given peace as it gave me this message: "I am the fire universal radiant energy. I am the water fluid plasticity of the cosmic mind. I am the air vibratory life energy. I am the earth tangible materialization of the stars. Behold the crystalline divinity from which thou came and to which thou returns. The meek shall inherit the earth. Spread my word, and my word is 'vagranteism.'"

The apparition disappeared as quickly as it came in a puff of cloud-like smoke, and she left me to decipher her cryptogram. My mind wandered the mysteries, as did my body down the trail and back into the reborn cityscape. In need of sanctuary from all the hustle and bustle, I made the pilgrimage to the *Cathedral of the Madeleine*, Bible Jesus' home. With peace, quiet and psychedelic motifs engulfing me, I was able to meditate. A feeling stirred me to stand and walk to the altar. I placed my hands on the marble and looked up—the first thing I beheld was the good Saint Job holding a skateboard.

This had to have been the final piece of the puzzle. We are the street urchins set to claim the throne. As misers clasp tighter to their meaningless possessions, giving up personal freedom in the name of capitalism, I can patiently wait for the corpse of a once-mighty empire to crumble so we can lay waste to the remnants of the cement playground currently dubbed 'civilization.' If you've ever walked about *Temple Square*, you've realized that it is a far better skate spot than Love Park itself. Its cold cement sits lonely, longing for the warm stroke of a skater's wax and passionate grind. Yet we wait and learn the necessary traits to survive society's impending demise. And so, as the vision said, the best I can tell is that the greatest skills we can master going into this new decade are those of 'urban frontiersmanship.' Survival of the drunkest! It has something to do with waterproofness. I, like most skaters, have spent some time on the streets and would like to share a survival guide. To those who have ears: let them hear.

It's cold half of the year, and you may wonder why a hobo would stay in such a frigid environment as Salt Lake. I asked a man of the land and he muttered, "I feel more at home in the inversion than I would on a sandy beach in sunny California." Cheers to that. We share a dark vision that is soothing to share with the gloom of the outdoors. I met a man wearing rolled-up thigh highs on a bitter evening. He explained that "life's a trip" and once again, I agreed. It became quite clear that some of my fellow frontiersmen are slightly more evolved than most: relying on a simple philosophy of mind over matter. To the less evolved, I would advise layers of synthetics (polyester, etc.), as moisture-absorbing cotton kills. Also, a total waterproof shell is vital, I shan't need to explain. Next matter of importance I would say is sustenance, which is the least of our worries. Plenty of full dumpsters from the wasters, sack lunches at the Cathedral plus city game can fill our bellies. "Strays and pigeons have meat on 'em don't they?" Advice offered from a true urban frontiersman. He told me of pine nuts, and how the early pioneers under direction from divine revelation planted edibles all over town, everything ranging from apples and pears, to grapes and blackberries—pickable pickin's for a humble belly. Next, there is the necessity of relationships with fellow understanding dwellers of deprivation. We have special places of refuge and sociality. The homeless man's home is set up as such: our living rooms are coffee shops where we divulge theories and play games. Dice, dominos, cards and chess: learn these games well and you'll be king of the street beat. The library is our den. For a little down time next to a warm fire, this spot can't be beat. The bedroom's a trade secret, but with a little luck you'll have a street harlot over at your back ally or bush in no time. And finally, there is the situation of much concern presented by becoming a vagrant, that being dealing with the majority of society. We now see a herd of retarded sheep, clinging to the tradition of keeping a dying dog alive. The illusion is dead and all that is left to soothe is a bottle of gin. After a heavy buzz we are able to deal with the sober monkeys who are busy conforming to superficial social structures, although most likely they will not be able to deal with us. Apparently being loud is a threat to everyone's well-being. That and acting out. So be warned that the bum's rush is alive and well. Being skaters has given us the advantage of being able to play in traffic and other intense environments, making light of any use of force from the authorities. We find entertainment in the most mundane of situations. Leisure is what bums do best, lying about lazily as the rats race to a moldy block of cheese. It's no wonder they hate us as we make living look so simple. Again be warned: living so lackadaisically and drunk, you'll probably find yourself wandering into moving cars without a care. I can personally bear witness to this, seeing as how I was blindsided by a yellow cab. I was as a drunken circus performer, albeit a clown. A clown with a certain knack for acrobatics, rolling completely over the hood and like an alley cat landing safely on my feet. Bruised knee and a limp aside, I was totally unscathed. After this incident, I felt the Lord Jesus had my back, and will, just as long as I spread his word. His word being "peace, love and vagranteism." I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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A PORTRAIT OF A PUNK ROCK POWERHOUSE

By Jeanette D. Moses jeanette@slugmag.com

"I LIKED HER FROM THE VERY START, EVEN BEFORE I KNEW SHE WAS IN A BAND. SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE KIDS THAT WAS REALLY INTENSE. I'LL NEVER FORGET HER EYES."

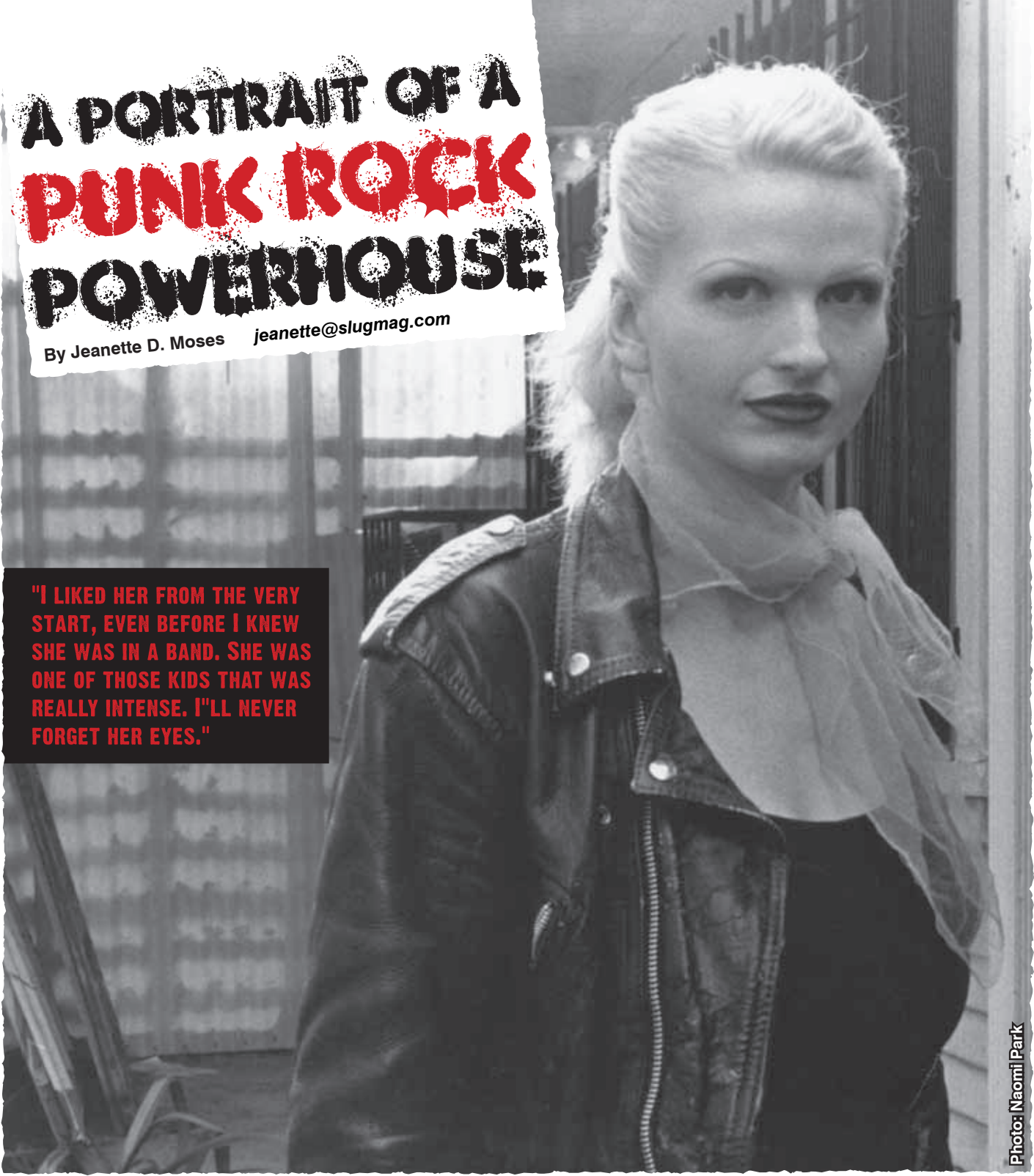


Photo: Naomi Park

Much like the late '70s in New York City, the early '80s LA hardcore scene and the emergence of the Straight Edge movement on the East Coast, the early '90s in Berkeley, California has become a special, and sometimes overly embellished, time in music history. The notorious all ages venue, 924 *Gilman Street*, served as the stomping ground for now-legendary bands like **Rancid**, **Green Day** and **Operation Ivy**. More than a mere venue, the space also served as a community. For **Marian Anderson**, lead singer of **The Insaints**

and the subject of **Lilly Scourtis Ayers'** upcoming documentary, *Last Fast Ride*, the creative community of Gilman offered temporary comfort, support and a place to play. "Marian was the most extreme example of a troubled kid who found a family through music. The band's sound was definitely a product of its place and time," says Ayers.

The Insaints were formed in approximately 1988 in Modesto, California by guitarist **Daniel deLeon** and

lead singer Marian Anderson. In 1990 the two moved to San Francisco, enlisted a few new members and joined the Bay Area music scene. The Insaints had the classic sound of an angry female fronted punk band with lyrics that focused on female empowerment, feminism and overcoming sexual abuse. They called to mind groups like **X** and **Naked Aggression** and performers like **Wendy O. Williams** and **Lydia Lunch**.

The band split in 1994, but not before gaining a reputation as one of the wilder bands in the Berkeley scene. Anderson, who worked as a dominatrix in San Francisco, sometimes performed topless and eventually began incorporating sex acts and other lewd behavior into the band's live shows. In the film **Dexter Holland** of **The Offspring** describes the first time his band ever

played with The Insaints. "She steps to the front of the stage and goes 'I've got something for you' and she pisses on the crowd," Holland describes. "[It was] one of the finest punk rock moments I've ever experienced." Tragically, Anderson died of a heroin overdose on November 4, 2001.

Although Ayers became familiar with The Insaints after high school and knew who Anderson was, she never had a chance to see the band live or become closely associated with Anderson before her death. The idea for *Last Fast Ride* actually came from **Danielle Bernal**, Anderson's girlfriend for the last six years of her life. "[She wanted to have someone make a small documentary



Album Artwork: Johnny Mojo



Photo: Moon Trent

THE INSAINTS IN MODESTO

MARIAN WAS THE MOST EXTREME EXAMPLE OF A TROUBLED KID WHO FOUND A FAMILY THROUGH MUSIC THE INAINTS SOUND WAS DEFINITELY A PRODUCT OF ITS PLACE AND TIME

MARIAN 8TH GRADE



Photo: Lilly Ayer





about Marian. She spoke with Daniel deLeon about it and he recommended me. I had shot his music video for [Rezurex's] 'Devil Woman From Outer Space' and we had been friends since I was about eighteen years old. I was still in film school [at Columbia] in New York when we first spoke about the project," says Ayers.

Ayers admits that she didn't know much about Anderson before beginning the project and was drawn in as she learned more about her life story. The documentary—Ayers's first full-length film—is actually only the first step. Scourtis-Ayers is currently writing a script for a feature screenplay about Anderson's life. "Making the documentary [was] a great way for me to do research," says Ayers.

Working closely with Bernal and deLeon, Ayers gathered old photographs of Anderson, video footage and music. She was also able to obtain interviews with Anderson's friends, including Tim Armstrong of Rancid, who actually created The Insaints logo using White-Out in a Berkeley Kinko's. "Tim usually doesn't do interviews. We were very lucky to speak with him—he only did it because of his great affection for Marian," says Ayers. "I liked her from the very start, even before I knew she was in a band," Armstrong says in the documentary. "She was one of those kids that was really intense. I'll never forget her eyes."

Ayers says that overall, when people learned what they were trying to do, they were happy to send her the material to make it happen. "I took this massive mountain of material and just kept distilling it down further and further into a tight little movie," says Ayers. Five years and 50,000 dollars later—which Ayers notes is super low-budget—brings *Last Fast Ride: The Life, Love and Death of a Punk Goddess*.
34 SaltLakeUnderGround

"Marian was troubled, damaged, amazing and talented. I think that even though she was so extreme, a lot of people can relate to her. Having gone through some incredibly horrible things, she was still an incredibly kind and giving person."

7-inch during their existence, Anderson's vocals were as strong as any of her contemporaries. "It's really sad that Marian's amazing vocal talent is now lost to the world," says Ayers. "She could scream like a banshee or sing like an angel—in the same breath sometimes."

The film focuses not only on Anderson's relatively short time in The Insaints, but also on the alleged sexual abuse she experienced at the hands of her father, her volatile teen years as a street kid, the struggles with mental illness and her life in LA after The Insaints had broken up. The portrait that emerges is one of a complex, yet tragic figure. Anderson was a brilliant and strong woman, who was severely damaged by her early experiences of sexual abuse. "I think the abuse definitely steered her in a certain direction. By taking control of her sexuality, she, in her own way, felt that she was working out her demons—she felt she was overcoming the victimization she had no control of as a child," says Ayers.

Portions of the documentary focus heavily on Anderson's history working in various areas of the sex industry, both formally and informally. Anderson first ran away when she was about 13 years old, splitting time between psych wards, group homes and San Francisco squats. "She had to live by her sexuality. She would tell

The film is narrated by punk rock legend Henry Rollins, who the film's producer Shannon Factor, contacted through a friend of a friend. "We sent him a screener and he said he really liked the film and was happy to do it. He said it really allows someone who didn't know her to get to get a sense of how complex and special she was," says Ayers

Although *Last Fast Ride* demonstrates that The Insaints wild stage antics often overshadowed their music, and even though they only released one official split double

me she would always hook up with the biggest guys in the squats because they would protect her," Danielle Bernal says in the film. Anderson spent time as a prostitute, a dominatrix and a stripper during her life.

"I really agree with what Texas Terri says in the film, that you give away a little bit of your soul when you have sex with someone," Ayers says. "I've done a great deal of research on sexual abuse and rape and I've learned that it is a very typical/normal part of recovering from sexual abuse to go through a period of promiscuous behavior or to put oneself in situations of control, but I don't think it is healthy to remain in this world."

The dots are never explicitly connected, but the overall sentiment seems to be that the early abuse, and later work in the sex industry were partially responsible for Anderson's eventual demise. "This sounds sick, but some of the people that loved her are the kind of people that killed her. I feel like she was exploited by our system and she's dead now because of it," long time friend Selena Norris says in the documentary.

Although the film tackles a number of social issues, Ayers states that it was never her intention to make an issue film. "I wanted to make a film about a person, showing as much of her complexity as possible and by doing that, evoke compassion in the audience," says Ayers. "Marian was troubled, damaged, amazing and talented. I think that even though she was so extreme, a lot of people can relate to her. Having gone through some incredibly horrible things, she was still an incredibly kind and giving person. "

Last Fast Ride premieres at *Slamdance Film Festival* in Park City, UT during January 2011.

Screening Times:
Sat., Jan. 22 — 5:00 PM — *Treasure Mountain Inn*: Main Screening Room
Tues., Jan. 25 — 2:00 PM — *Treasure Mountain Inn*: Gallery Screening Room



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FAKE IT TILL YOU MAKE IT

By Jimmy Martin
jimmy@slugmag.com



Golden Globe winner, Rutger Hauer, stars in upcoming Sundance film, *Hobo with a Shotgun*.

There's a new trend emerging in the world of cinema. This trend provides unknown filmmakers a chance to showcase their work to the world in front of a live audience with little financial pressure, yet allows potential investors a first-hand glimpse into what exactly they are investing in. Instead of seeking funds for films based upon 30-page treatments and vocal pitches, the concept of presenting a trailer for a film that doesn't exist yet has been picking up momentum. Three years ago, directors **Quentin Tarantino** and **Robert Rodriguez** revamped the '70s exploitation genre with their double-feature extravaganza, *Grindhouse*. Separating the two films were four fake trailers developed by **Eli Roth** (*Thanksgiving*), **Edgar Wright** (*Don't*), **Rob Zombie** (*Werewolf Women of the S.S.*) and Rodriguez (*Machete*). Before the release of *Grindhouse*, Rodriguez hosted an international competition at South by Southwest (SXSW) inviting anyone willing to develop their own fake trailers to participate. Over 2,600

miles away from the competition's headquarters, up-and-coming filmmaker, **Jason Eisner**, and his friends had been forming an idea that was perfect for the contest and would soon spark excitement far beyond the city limits of his hometown of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

A year before Rodriguez's call to arms, Eisner and his friends were sitting inside Ronnie's Pizza to come up with fresh movie concepts. "I was there with my best friend, **John Davies**, along with another one of my friends, **Mojo**," Eisner recalls. "At the time Mojo had really long hair and had just bought an Airsoft shotgun. We were coming up with ideas and Mojo said, 'You should just make a movie about me.' John looked at him and replied, 'What? A hobo with a shotgun?' Once we heard those words go together, we instantly started coming up with ideas of a world that would involve a hobo with a shotgun." The concept was simple yet brilliant: An enraged vagrant showers a crime-ridden city with

merciless pump-action justice. "When we heard they wanted people to make exploitation style trailers, which is where we were going with the original idea in the first place, we knew it was a perfect match."

Eisner rounded up his family and friends to complete the assignment, but a new member to the group, producer **Rob Cotterill**, would add another level of professionalism to the mix with his background and previous work experience. "Rob had been an Assistant Director on a show called *The Trailer Park Boys*, and I had the chance to meet him on the set. When I told him about the idea of a *Hobo with a Shotgun* trailer, he was so stoked and said, 'Let's start working on this tonight!'" The next difficult task would be casting the ticked-off transient, but Eisner quickly recalled a unique patron who often visited the store where he was employed who would be ideal for the character. "I was working at a comic book / video game store, and **David Brunt** was one of these guys who would just come to the store to hang out. I always thought he was an interesting character because he would always tell me stories about his life. When David found

out I was interested in making films, he would visit when no one else was around and act out little scenarios with me because he was interested in acting. So, when the idea of the trailer came about, I knew he was perfect for the role even though he had never acted a day of his life."

The combination of creative minds was better than anyone could have imagined and the end product was gratifyingly gory. Eisner and his team won Rodriguez's challenge and the fabricated endeavor became a hit on the internet. As of January 2011, the trailer has garnered over 402,000 views on YouTube. With a win in the bag, Eisner and company pondered their next endeavor. "When we made the trailer, there was definitely interest in making a feature film, but that trailer only showed two minutes of what we could do and I believe people were more skeptical about whether we could handle something that was more narrative."

To prove their artistic antics were more than a one-note charade, production soon began on a blood-spattered horror short film that focused on the brutality Christmas trees face during the holidays and their rise to revenge. *Treevenge* was another success and gained Eisner additional recognition for his original ingenuity. "I never expected *Treevenge* to take off like it did. It started playing at festivals and winning awards and then it got into Sundance, which is such a big festival where everybody in the film industry knows about it, it started opening up people's eyes." Some of the eyes that were opened turned out to be potential investors for a feature-length version of *Hobo with a Shotgun*. It would take Eisner three more years to raise the funds to begin production on the film, but it was the two-minute trailer that kept the spark alive. "The trailer created an internet fan base that really supported us. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't be making the film. They were so interested in the idea of it that it showed we had a product that could sell and that an audience would go to."

With the money in place and a story written, it was time to take the next step in the pre-production phase, but Eisner would soon have to make one of the most difficult decisions in his life regarding the starring role. "Our producers and our distributor asked us who we thought could play the hobo, and, originally, we always thought it'd be Dave [Brunt] for a about a year or two, but Dave's on disability and the frustration you see in the trailer with him screaming is legit. After 20

takes, he would become so furious and irritated, and, eventually, I just knew that when it came time to make the feature, it'd just be too hard on him." To honor his friend for the role he played in their success, Eisner sat down with Brunt and the two began considering other actors who could bring justice to the character with a cult following.

"They told us to write a list of whoever we could think of to play the role of the hobo, and Dave and I put **Rutger Hauer** at the top of the list thinking, 'Alright, this'll get scratched off really fast, because there's no way we're going to get him.'" Hauer had been an inspiration to Eisner for many years and taught the destined director the mechanics of acting before he understood the basic techniques of filmmaking. "It was Rutger Hauer in *The Blood of Heroes* and *The Hitcher* that showed me an actor can do a lot by not saying very much. The hobo is very much that type of character, so Rutger seemed perfect for the role."

It wasn't long before Eisner was shocked to discover Hauer had read the script and was eager to discuss the film in further detail. "I'm going to get on a Skype with one of my favorite actors of all time? I was shitting bricks!" The two video chatted for over an hour, master coaching student, student educating master. It was an instant connection and it wasn't too long before the Golden Globe winner arrived in Halifax to begin production as Eisner's deranged derelict. "I still can't believe we made a Rutger Hauer movie."

The buzz surrounding the feature-length edition of *Hobo with a Shotgun* has been incessant since the discovery of Hauer's involvement, but ever since the announcement that the film will premiere in the Park City at Midnight Series during the 2011 Sundance Film Festival, it is louder than ever. The "real" trailer can be found on YouTube as well, and from the brief glimpse at it, Eisner has reached deep into his bag of inspiration and pulled out a chaotic visual explosion of death and destruction. "The directors that inspired the film were **Walter Hill**, **John Carpenter**, **Sergio Corbucci**, **Lucio Fulci**, **Dario Argento**, **Jack Hill**, **Paul Schrader**, **Brian Trenchard-Smith**, **Stewart Gordo** and **Robert Harmon**." Anyone with a taste for the

nostalgic '70s exploitation films and copious amounts of blood will definitely find solace in Eisner's creation. "There's a crazy amount of blood in the film. I don't know the precise amount, but everyday I'd walk on set and there would be 20 buckets of blood just waiting there. We had a whole truck set aside that we called the 'Blood Truck' that we always had on stand-by." And for those with a queasy stomach when it comes to violence, you may want to bring your monogrammed barf bag, because Eisner, in total Eisner fashion, isn't pulling any punches for his first feature-film. "There was no way we were going to pussy out on this film. We knew where we were going, and, if anything, we were always trying to step it up. We were always trying to take it further. We were never holding back."

It's amazing to witness the progression of a simple idea like an artificial trailer blossom into a potential cult classic for the ages. The practice was utilized before by filmmakers like **The Coen Brothers** for their first feature, *Blood Simple*, and even more recently by **Joseph Kosinski**, the director behind *TRON: Legacy*, with outstanding results. "I think it's a great practice for filmmakers to do, because it gives you a chance to get out there and realize your idea in some way so you can see an audience's reaction," says Eisner. "Plus, it's just fun. When there's not much pressure and you're doing it with your friends, it's a blast!" One way or another, members of the audience are guaranteed to receive an experience they won't soon forget, especially if Eisner's promise holds true. "Watching *Hobo with a Shotgun* feels like one of those nights when you're with your friends getting drunk and watching a bunch of crazy YouTube movies, and you're so overblown with crazy images and ideas by the end of the night that the only thing left to do is go home and watch porn." Here's hoping!

Hobo with a Shotgun – Screening Times

January 21 – 11:30PM – Library Center Theatre (Park City)
January 22 – 11:59PM – Broadway Centre Cinemas VI (SLC)
January 26 – 11:30AM – Egyptian Theatre (Park City)
January 28 – 11:59PM – Egyptian Theatre (Park City)
January 29 – 11:59PM – Tower Theatre (SLC)



Photo: Karim Hussain



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Shortly after I introduce myself to **Tori Baker**, executive director of the *Salt Lake Film Society*, she introduces me to **Paul Liacopoulos** and **Andik Wijaya**, who are members of the staff. Next, she introduces me to the concessions workers. She familiarizes me with the projectionist equipment upstairs in the *Broadway Centre Cinemas*, the *SLFS* offices and the *Broadway's* lobby. She introduces me to a space in which I can converse with others about the medium of film, where I can ostensibly be introduced to even myself through the experience of seeing a movie and identifying the significance of film within our Salt Lake community. "We've become a place where people come in, and then they want to talk with Andik about the film they're *about* to see," Baker says. "And when they leave the film, they want to talk with anybody in the lobby ... about the film they *just* saw. They want to have a conversation and a dialogue and they want to grow as people and they want to have a community experience."

Though film is a relatively new conversation—as opposed to ballet or the symphony—the *SLFS* has fostered its historical development. Paul and his sister, **Kris Liacopoulos**, bought the *Tower Theatre* in 1998, seeking to present film as an art form to the Salt Lake community and surrounding areas for the sake of their love of film. They did not expect to make profits. The siblings thereby converted the *SLFS* into a non-profit organization in 2000 in order to practically provide an outlet for under-the-radar films without breaking the bank by siphoning all their revenues to big-wig distributors. The Liacopouloses then identified the *Broadway*, a multiplex that downtown developers built to replace the former *Broadway Corners* theaters in 1991, as an impeccable space for artistic cinema. They moved their headquarters to the *Broadway* in 2001, which became what Baker calls "the defining moment of the film society, where the *Broadway* began sustaining the viability of the *Tower*." Thus, with its six additional screens, the *Broadway* provided the means by which the society could attain more diverse bookings from film distributors and sustain the historic edifice that is *Tower Theatre*.

Through her seven-year tenure as executive director, Baker has helped the *SLFS* assess its involvement with the community and tinkered with programs in order to strengthen the best methods to permeate Salt Lake with film. The society boasts 12 community programs that allow the *SLFS* to be our "local art house." Baker says, "We are your town hall; essentially, for cinema, about cinema and through cinema, seeing our lives and cultures here in Salt Lake City." With their primary focus being on film education, *SLFS* has focused on lives and cultures that may otherwise not have access to seeing themselves represented on the movie screen. A program that Baker seems most eager to discuss is *Big Pictures*, *Little People*, which brings underprivileged children to the film-watching experience from places such as low-income daycare, foster homes and shelters like the *YWCA* and the *World Home*. Other programs have come to fruition with the aid of the *Film Fostering Initiative: Local Open Screen* allows filmmakers to exhibit their work at an *SLFS* venue in an open-mic-like fashion, and a writer's project and digital director's project allow artists in the community to develop their work. The society nurtures film writers in their organic evolution to become directors and, ultimately, producers.

The *SLFS* pumps every dollar that comes in through ticket sales, concessions, membership revenue, grant funding and public funding back into programs like *Big Pictures*, *Little People* and *The Utah Screenwriters' Project* instead of large-scale movie distributors like Warner Bros., who can take 90 percent of theater revenues. Regarding content, *SLFS* has always offered artistic, American-independent, foreign-language and local films to those in the community whom Baker refers to as, "film fans that were obsessed with cinema in its art form and had had that *Apocalypse Now* experience with movies where they saw a film in a communal environment that ... changed their perception about cinema." Baker cites *Brokeback Mountain* as a textbook case where thousands flocked to the *Broadway* from SLC, surrounding cities and surrounding states: Larry H. Miller cinemas banned *Brokeback Mountain* from its theaters, which barred those who wanted to see a controversial, yet popular, film. Although providing a venue for thousands of disaffected moviegoers is an extreme example, screening this movie demonstrated the need for a space in which a community desired to engage a film with like-minded members of a community. *SLFS* provides cinema access that remains crucial for those without the resources to view films that they feel need their reflection. *SLFS* inquires grass-root sources—friends, radio stations and print publications like *SLUG*—asking, "What are your needs in regards to the art form we love?"

You can answer this question at the end of January by attending *Sundance* films for the 2011 festival, which *SLFS* has screened since they became a non-profit, with three *Sundance* screening areas at *Broadway* and one at the *Tower* (visit sundance.org to purchase tickets). You can also be a part of the society's growing history as they celebrate their tenth anniversary in late 2011: The *Global Film Initiative* will bring ten films from directors from ten different nations for high school and public screenings. Stay hip to saltlakefilmsociety.org for further information in the upcoming months.

Salt Lake Film Society's Executive Director, Tori Baker, sits in the Broadway Theater, a space dedicated to the cultivation of cinema as art.

THE SCREEN AS A CAMPFIRE: Salt Lake Film Society's Conversation Through Film

By Alexander Ortega
alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com



Photo: Barrett Doran



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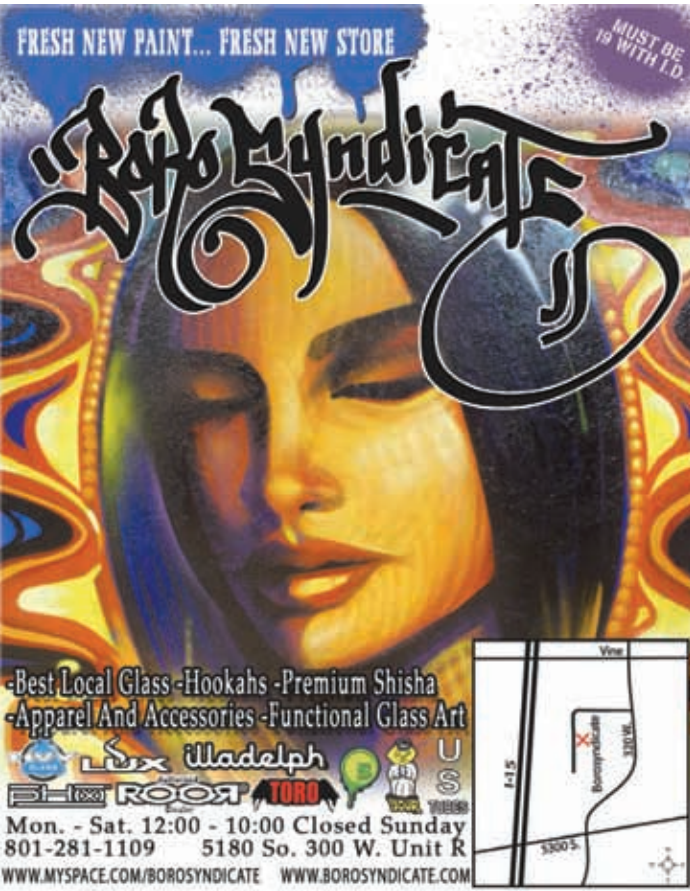


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Cinema Franca:

Salt Lake City Film Center's Quest to Bring Together Diverse Communities Through the Language of Film

By Ryan Hall dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com



"We serve a public that is underserved and give the opportunity for these voices in film to be heard."

—Levi Elder, Communication Manager/Programmer of SLFC



Photo: Sam Milianta

Scene A: Any multi-bajillion-dollar megaplex named after a multi-bajillionaire on any Friday night. Streams of young, reasonably attractive couples promenade out of the movie they just saw about a young, extremely attractive couple who surmount seemingly insurmountable (yet hilarious) personality quirks and foibles to end up with each other while at the same time selling clothes, cars and music through multi-bajillion-dollar corporate product placement.

Scene B: The public library. A stream of young, old and culturally diverse men, women and children walk out of a free documentary about a problem facing their community. Two older men are holding a fierce debate in the corner, hands gesticulating wildly as each make their point. Two women embrace and clasp hands after striking up a conversation after the movie finished. Although strangers before the film are from radically different backgrounds, they realize the film's topic affects them in the same way.

The *Salt Lake City Film Center* gives our city a choice between these two possible scenes. Film can be either a mindlessly entertaining mirror of our culture, or it can be a medium through which differing views and underrepresented voices are heard and our perceptions are challenged.

The *Salt Lake City Film Center* is committed to "building community through the power of film." They do this by exposing Salt Lake City to films that it would rarely get to see any other way. **Levi Elder**, Communication Manager/Programmer, says, "We aim to serve a public that is underserved and give the opportunity for these voices in film to be heard." The *SLFC* accomplishes this by screening films that have little or no theatrical distribution. Most of these screenings are free and are designed to bring Salt Lake City's various populations into conversation with one another by showing films from a variety of voices. "We often bring in filmmakers or have a panel after the film and invite people to come together and talk. The by-product of our initial goal is to create this dialogue to bring people together," Elder says.

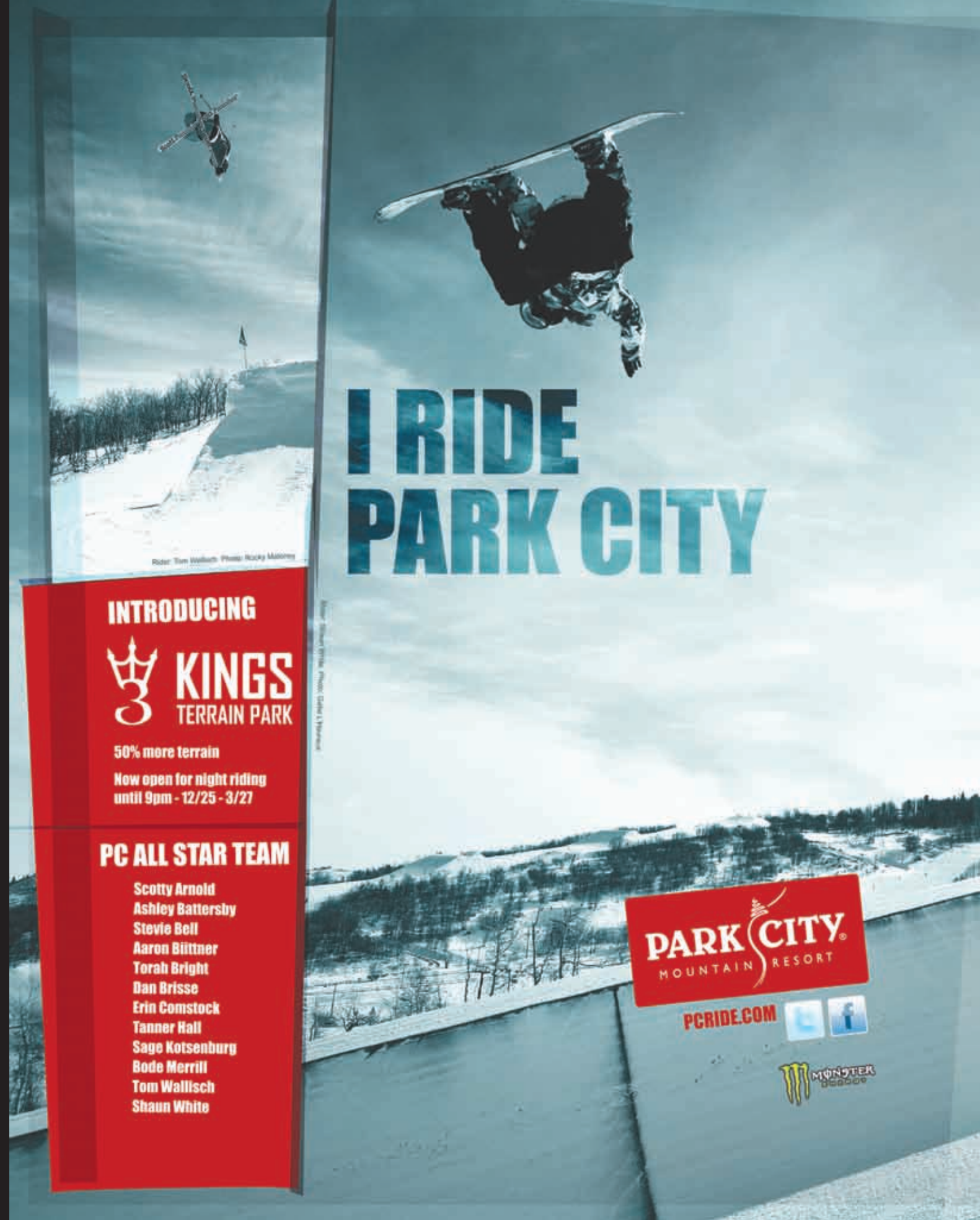
After the hotly contested 8: *The Mormon Proposition* debuted at Sundance in 2010, the *SLFC* partnered with the **Utah Pride Center** to screen the film at the *Tower Theater* to lines that wrapped around the block. 8, which explored the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' involvement in the passing of Proposition 8, elicited strong responses from both LDS members and

members of the LGBT community in Salt Lake City. The sometimes explosive opinions expressed by both groups were given a forum in the Q&A session following the film. "I hope that the people who stayed for that part of the screening were able to take what they heard back to their communities with a better understanding and validation of their feelings, and were able to express them with alacrity. And hopefully changed some minds ... That's how it should work ... And I believe that it does," Elder says.

With technology making media consumption a more insular activity, the *SLFC* works with a variety of organizations to lure people off their cozy couches or away from the glowing screen of their laptops to actually come together. Aside from individual screenings, the *SLFC* hosts a series of festivals and groups of films that explore similar themes. The *SLFC* has hosted an Asian film festival, the annual LGBT film festival *Damn These Heels!*, and has recently shown several Spanish language science fiction films called "Cinema Extrema." In December, they screened a series of documentaries exploring the state of education in America in conjunction with the release of *Waiting for 'Superman.'* The topics featured and films shown strive to reach a broad audience while spotlighting a specific group that is underrepresented in mainstream media outlets and removed from our everyday experience.

While the *Salt Lake Film Center* has been integral to bringing renowned talent to Salt Lake for presentations (**Spike Lee**, **Morgan Freeman** and **Michael Cunningham** to name a few), the *SLFC* is also a major boon for local filmmakers looking to make or finance a film. The *SLFC* created a fiscal sponsorship program in order to connect filmmakers with organizations with the capital to help make their film and to manage their assets. Plus, Founder/Board Chair **Geralyn Dreyfous**, who won an Academy Award for *Born Into Brothels*, is willing to meet with any filmmaker who is looking to get a project off the ground.

With the *Salt Lake Film Center* in our backyard, film is used as a tool to bring people under the same roof, if only for a few hours, and share something that can make us laugh, cry, wring our hands with rage, or most importantly, turn to our neighbor and say, "What did you think about that?" The overall health of Salt Lake City may depend on it.



Salt Lake City Film Festival: No Off Season for the Film Festival

By Ricky Vigil ricky@slugmag.com



The masterminds behind the Salt Lake City Film Festival: (Back Row L-R) Grant Esplin, Miah Mabe, Juan Santos, Josh Rathbun, Laura Chukanov, Trevor Hale. (Front Row L-R) Matt Whittaker, Scott Whittaker. (Not Pictured: Nick Whittaker, Chris Bradshaw, Brady Kimball.)

Photo: Katie Panzer

While most people's attention will be turned towards the stuffy old celebrities, pantless pseudo-celebrities and the handful of serious independent filmmakers inhabiting the streets of Park City this January, the organizers of the *Salt Lake City Film Festival* will be hard at work putting together the third installment of their annual event. Taking place every August, the *SLCFF* has featured a wide variety of independent films, from critical favorites like *Best Worst Movie* to local documentaries like *Cleanflix* and a number of obscure features and shorts that live and die in the film festival circuit. Even though this year's festival doesn't take place until the end of August, the organizers have been busy expanding their brand and planning for the future. On December 16, the *SLCFF* celebrated the launch of their new website and the opening of submissions for the 2011 festival at their monthly *HEFFE'FILM'IN* film screening at *Brewvies*. *SLUG* spoke with the *Salt Lake City Film Festival*'s organizers about what happens behind the scenes during the film festival's off season and how the festival has evolved over the past few years.

The second annual *Salt Lake City Film Festival* concluded on August 15, 2010. However, the event's organizers kept working. "After the first year we ended the festival and we were stoked about it, so we decided to take three months off, and that was a mistake," says **Matt Whittaker**, one of the festival's co-directors. Now that the film festival is entering its third year, the organizers are applying the lessons they've learned from past years to make organizing and running the film festival easier and more efficient. "We try to figure out new ways to organize ourselves every year. The first year we didn't have online ticket sales, which was pretty nuts. Then we got online ticket sales for the second year, and it was even crazier to deal with that monster," Whittaker says. "We're slowly becoming

nerdier and nerdier when it comes to organizing this thing, which is good."

This past September, the *SLCFF* began hosting their monthly film series *HEFFE'FILM'IN* at *Brewvies* on the third Thursday of every month. *HEFFE'FILM'IN* is a platform to showcase both under-appreciated indie films (like November's *Bronson*) as well as beloved classics that many people may not have had the chance to see in theaters (December's *Planes, Trains & Automobiles*). Ultimately, though, *SLCFF* wants *HEFFE'FILM'IN* to be a monthly event that brings people together to have a good time. "We want *HEFFE'FILM'IN* to be the kind of event that people want to go to every month. The film you're going to see that night is the icing on the cake," Whittaker says. "We also want to help people in Salt Lake City recognize what an amazing venue we have with *[Brewvies]*. This is an amazing place with great sound where you can eat nachos, drink beer and yell. This place should be the cultural epicenter for under-60s in Salt Lake City," says **Justin Allred**, director of programming.

This year, filmmakers can submit their films to the *Salt Lake Film Festival* online using *Withoutabox*, an online community utilized by thousands of filmmakers and hundreds of film festivals. Submissions will be accepted until April 15 and filmmakers can submit feature narratives, feature documentaries (60 minutes or longer) and shorts (preferably under 20 minutes) that have been released in the past three years. *SLCFF* has seen submissions from all over the world, but since this is the *Salt Lake City Film Festival*, local submissions are encouraged. "We really want a lot of local submissions. We've had some great local shorts submitted for the past two festivals and we want more," says Whittaker. However, don't expect any special treatment just because you're from Salt

Lake. "We definitely look for local interests, but that doesn't mean we're going to sacrifice quality just to squeeze some local films in there," Allred says.

Now that the people behind the *Salt Lake City Film Festival* have two years of experience, they have a lot of advice to offer filmmakers who hope to get their films accepted by the festival. Common problems include the use of copyrighted music and visible brand logos in films—most prospective filmmakers don't realize that you have to pay to include such things in your movies. Allred says, "Don't bite off more than you can chew. If you're a senior in college with a budget of two grand, you might want to put that script about the post-apocalyptic robot war on the shelf for a while and write a nice character piece." Even though the *SLCFF* accepts rough cuts, Whittaker says, "Submit your film when your film's done. Rough cuts will be overlooked if there are better looking films being considered." If your film is accepted, it's ultimately your responsibility to promote it. If your film has been rejected, don't beg the programmers to reconsider. Most of the advice offered by the *SLCFF* seems like common sense, but common sense and passion projects typically don't go hand in hand.

Though the film festival bylaws have a specific set of criteria that programmers use to ultimately select which films will be included in the festival, Allred has a more succinct approach: "I'll tell you what we look for: We look for a good movie. If everything fits together and makes for a satisfactory viewing experience, that's what we're gonna program." The 2011 *Salt Lake Film Festival* will take place from August 18-21 and will feature panels, workshops and 25-30 films. Visit saltlakecityfilmfestival.com to learn more about the festival, submit your film and find out the details on each month's *HEFFE'FILM'IN* at *Brewvies*.

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WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET AT VERTICAL DINER

by Heck Fork Grief
info@slugmag.com

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Set in the Meat Packing District a mile or so south of downtown, the *Vertical Diner* is a recycled space with a comfortable retro-post-punk vibe and uncompromising vegan diner-style food. A large part of the success of this place, for me, is that it doesn't feel preachy about its do-gooder agenda. Say what you want about vegetarians, but being vegan requires a pretty obsessively strict set of principles. However, *Vertical Diner* doesn't radiate any angry or groovy moral attitude. It feels like an artsy diner from the '80s in a big city like Kansas City or San Francisco. The excellent servers look the part, too. It is punk, clean and cool—I could see hanging out here daily if I were a teen (and had a lot of money). Its version of everyday food makes a good case that one can become a vegan and still be happy about going to the diner.

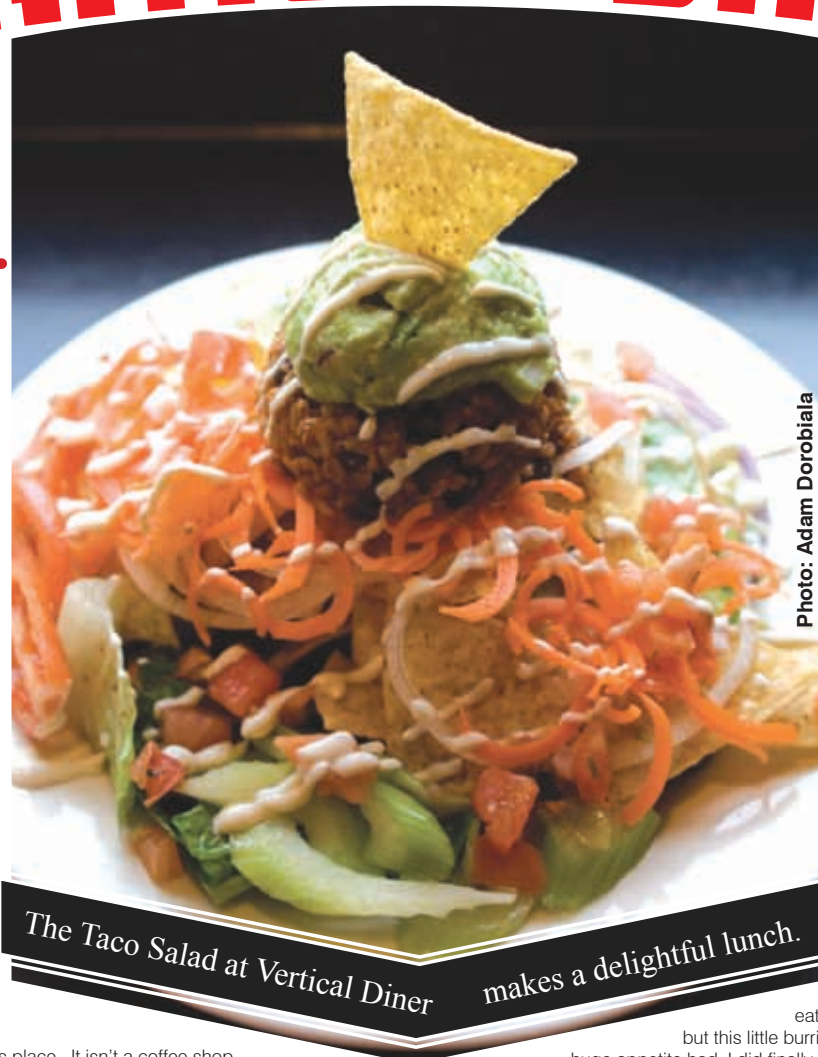


Photo: Adam Dorobiala

The Taco Salad at Vertical Diner makes a delightful lunch.

The Taco Salad (\$9.50), with its delicate tangy cilantro-lime dressing, makes a delightful lunch. The mixed greens give it a more urban feel than ordinary iceberg would, and give the dish a bit of class. Chicken Biscuit Pie (\$8.75), the Vertical version of chicken pot pie, consists of garden vegetables in a delicious sage-finished gravy topped with a biscuit. And the gravy is to die for. Really ... how do they do it? It's a little sweet, like much American food is now, but that makes it taste better—doesn't it?

One afternoon, as I sat at the counter chatting with the new-wavey waiter about the most popular food items (he suggested I try the Portobello Reuben), I noticed how the beer bottles and glasses lined up like the bandoleros of some beery giant. Beer, cider and wine by the glass or bottle are available at really reasonable prices. The selection of beers is impressive, and the display they make of the various bottles is one of the many visually interesting assets of the diner. I ordered the Jerk Chicken Burrito, (\$9.00) which kicked my butt, in a good way. I upped 75 cents for the house green salsa which was itself a revelation, intensely flavored, thick and very hot. I wanted to eat another meal on this occasion, but this little burrito took all the room my normally huge appetite had. I did finally get around to trying the suggested Reuben (\$7.75), and it was fine, but the homemade sauerkraut was less sharp than I like and the Portobello wasn't really up to the job of delivering the mouth-stretching flavors that I expect from a Reuben. And it came on wheat bread. I asked my friend **Katie** what she eats when she goes to Vertical, and her favorite is the chicken fried steak, which is called the American Diner (\$9.25). It consists of three of the chicken portions over potatoes fried or mashed, and the whole pile covered in gravy. The gravy is just great, the mash is a big maternal hug on a spoon and the fries hold their own against any: Together, the sum is greater than the whole. This is one of those dishes that continue to wash over in memory like a good nap. I want some right now.

If you are someone who must have dessert, the vegan brownie (\$2.50) isn't bad for what it is. I think the savory flavors of Vertical's accomplished salsas and gravies are dessert enough, though.

I ate at the diner on several occasions while researching this article and was surprised that, although the portions are not serve-yourself large, I felt happily full and satisfied for a pleasantly long time after each meal. My hunger to return, for the atmosphere and for the food, lasted even longer ... I think it's still lingering.

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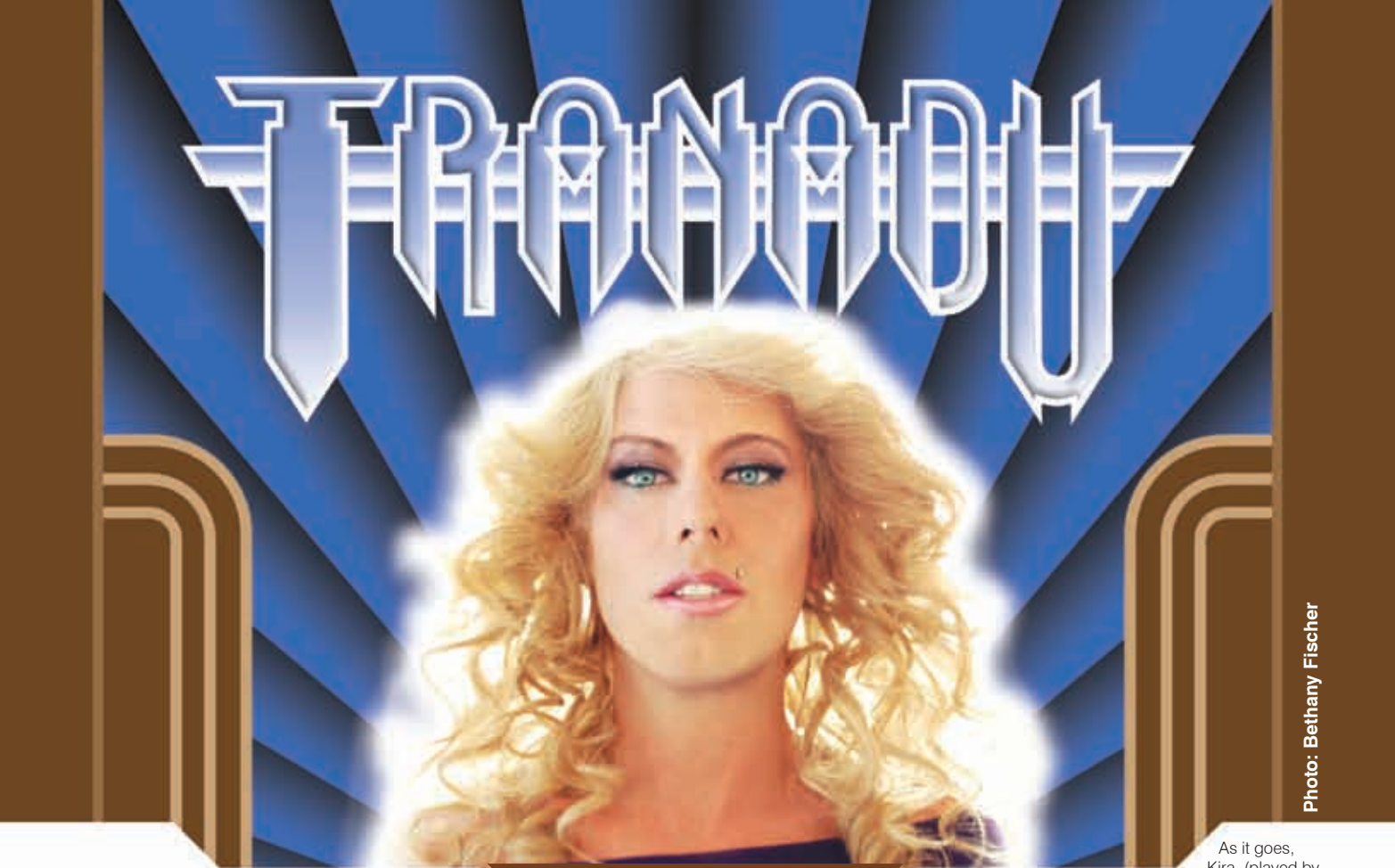


Photo: Bethany Fischer

By Princess Kennedy
facebook.com/princess.kennedy

I have a friend named **Peaches Christ** who has been a heavy hitter among the glitterati of trans-American drag for quite a few years. Peaches has been involved in the film world at some level as long as I've known her, and she's just completed her very first feature-length independent film called *All About Evil*. The show centers around a girl whose stepmom tells her that she is going to shut down the family business after her father has died. This sets the main character off on a murderous rampage in order to save the only connection she has to her true family. The film is full of everything a gory horror movie buff will love, and has a star-filled cast of B-movie actors, including **Mink Stole** of **Jon Waters** fame and the one and only **Elvira**, doing her role out of Elvira drag!

Since Ms. Christ began touring her flick around the country, I have been incessantly calling her, trying to figure how to get it to SLC. I contacted the *Salt Lake Film Center* and asked what they could do to help me get it here. In the midst of our conversation, I told them how Peaches Christ got her start. Christ's day job was running an old-timey movie house, much like the *Tower*. During the summer, she did a Saturday night midnight movie series called *Midnight Mass*. Each week, a different cult classic was shown with a preshow—to put a little Drag Queen stink on it. Before *Showgirls*, there was a re-creation of the Vegas show, *Mommy Dearest*, featuring mommy/daughter mud wrestling, and for *Annie*, there was a pre-show of "Trannie."

Levi Elder and **Mariah Mellus**—my brilliant contacts at the *Film Center*—listened to my pitch and said they could help me get *All About Evil* to SLC if I helped them with a fundraiser for the annual LGBT film festival, *Damn These Heels!*, which happens two weeks after *Gay Pride* in June. Years ago, I asked Peaches if she would want to do a sing-along *Xanadu*, but we never got the chance. I pitched my idea to the *Film Center* and they loved it!

It quickly came to my attention that even though people know of *Xanadu*, many have never actually seen the movie. How does one go about defining the glory that is *Xanadu*? It came out when I was about 10-years-old—a time in history when roller rinks replaced discothèques and leg warmers were the height of fashion. *Xanadu* captured the effects of *Tron*, the moves of *Flash Dance* and completely bastardized the late '70s punk scene of London with a soundtrack of **Olivia Newton-John**, the **Bee Gees** and **ELO**—cutting-edge electronic musicians at the time.

This Feb., in conjunction with the SLFC, Kennedy gives *Xanadu* a tranny makeover.

As it goes, Kira, (played by Newton-John) is one of the Nine Sisters of Olympus who is sent down by Zeus and Hera to inspire the main character, Sonny Malone (**Michael Beck**), to follow his dreams. Malone quits his day job of painting life-size album covers for in-store promotions, and with fellow geriatric dreamer (**Gene Kelly**) opens a wacky state-of-the-art nightclub/roller disco and calls it *Xanadu*.

What Newton-John didn't realize was that she inspired this tiny tranny to modern-dance her way into the hearts of America, and also sparked my lifelong love of lip-syncing in the mirror.

The schizophrenic feature includes massive musical productions of roller skating while flying, Muses dancing their way out of graffiti and an anime short that features Newton-John as an angelish sporting leg warmers on her fins. While watching it the other night, I was captivated with the scene where the two men envision the club's concept: A 1940s big band duels with an '80s rock group until the two mash up with old-meets-new! I suddenly realized my friends, **Fea Waybill** and **Prairie Prince**, whom I back-up sing for in **The Tubes**, were playing in the rock band. This gives me a single degree of separation from the greatest movie of all time! I swear every time I watch, it's like the first.

In true Princess Kennedy fashion, I needed to take my version of *Xanadu* one step further than a simple sing-along. I introduce to you *Tranadu: The Musical on Ice!* I have pulled out all the stops and used every favor in my little black book for this pre-show. I've secured some of the biggest names in SLC, including **Nova Starr** and her girls, **Charles Lynn Frost** and the **Salt City Derby Girls**. We'll be lip-syncing the biggest hits from the movie, and what really excites me is since it's with the *Film Center*, we've even done a music video. Look out for the trailer at the beginning of February.

I know you are wetting your tranna-pants and cannot wait for this show. Clear your calendars for Monday, Feb. 21, 7 p.m. at the *Tower Theater*. Bring the kids, I'll be 86-ing the 69 talk in this off-Broadway hit, making it a family affair.

Come out and support this so we can keep *Damn These Heels!* going. The festival gives us some really great independent films and a place for gay and lesbian film talent like Peaches Christ to show their chops. The *Salt Lake Film Center* does so much to add to our pretty great state and, without them, I would never have the opportunity to take you, my faithful readers, to a place that nobody dares to go—*Tranadu*!

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Hate Mail

by Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com



Hate mail. I don't get nearly enough of it. Unless you define hate mail as mail I hate getting—like parking ticket subpoenas (which mostly come from trying to park in the most frustrating lot downtown, the *SLUG* office lot, thank you very much) or credit card bills. I don't mind junk mail, although I'm not a junkie or coupon user, junk mail makes me feel special. Like I'm somebody. Out of all the people on the planet, this huge corporation took time out of their busy schedule to bombard me with shit I'm just going to throw away.

No, I don't get enough mail, manifested physically by snail mail or digitally by e-mail in regards to what I write in *SLUG*. People tell me that they think it happens all the time, but a written response to something I wrote is a rare treat. Like caramel apples, or ecstasy or any other seasonal delicacy. No one really writes me. Boo hoo, poor me.

I personally think the reason I don't get any hate mail these days is because the current generation of *SLUG* readers are apathetic. Texting's way easier than writing a letter. I'm working on a proposal with the *SLUG* editors where we can start a *Dear Dickheads* text line and you can just mobily express your hatred for *SLUG*.

The reason I like hate mail is it really makes me feel like I'm doing something right with what I write, right? I finally got a duesy last month that ended up in *Dear Dickheads*. Much to my chagrin, the author directed the letter at *SLUG* and not me. So I never got a chance to properly respond.

If you haven't read it yet, I suggest you pick up issue number 264 out of your bathroom garbage can and give it a gander. I get accused of being arrogant, a grimy chauvinist, ridiculous, inappropriate, preadolescent, egotistical and ridiculous. All true, and all compliments if you want to be an effective writer. I can't believe he or she (most likely she if I have to go all **Dr. Phil** on the letter) left out narcissistic and misogynistic in the barrage of beautiful nouns to describe me.

I've been thinking about which ex-girlfriend I have who might have written that letter, seeing how she said that she's met me in person before, or which underage broad it was who I wouldn't let into *Urban Lounge* some night. Or maybe it was actually **Ryan Jensen**. His ego matches mine, but he's got way more charisma than I do. Either way, it means what I'm doing is effective—or at least it affected one person.

I doubt it was sent in on a handwritten letter, though. As you may or may not know, I have quite the fondness for handwritten letters. There's just something these days about someone who took the time to sit down and pull out the nice stationary, and scribble something nice just for me.

I received a handwritten letter in regards to the article I wrote about boobs a few months ago. The handwriting and spelling were worse than mine, and it came from Midvale, so I'm suspecting Juggalos,

but I can't claim that for sure. Translating it has been quite hard, but basically it starts by giving me props for writing about tits.

Then it gets a little creepy and goes on to talk about his mother's boobs, his mother's shaved vagina (called a Wooget on the street, which I heard got its name from the weird *Star Wars* off-shoot movie with all the Ewoks and there was a bald Ewok named Wooget). He also writes about his first blow job.

Now that I think about it, I'm a little concerned touching the paper that the letter is actually written on. There might be jizz on there. Oh well. Creepy or not, at least he took the time to express himself and how much he and I like boobs.

I asked the *SLUG* editors why his letter never made the *Dear Dickheads*, and they just said they couldn't transcribe it. I think it creeped them out too.

The best mail we get in the *SLUG* office isn't directed towards me, really. By far it's the prison letters we

get from the folks "livin' rent free in Bluffdale," as my old man used to say. The prison mail is amazing for a couple reasons. First off, the penmanship is outstanding. I've never been to prison before, nor do I want to, but I'd imagine these guys have a lot of time on their hands. It's like they spend a whole minute on each stroke to compose a three-page letter to tell us how awesome we are at *SLUG*.

I even wanted to start a *Prison Letter of the Month* column, to go hand-in-hand with the *Serial Killer of the Month* article we used to do. It never got off the ground, though.

The other thing I really like about the prison letters is that it's never them bitching about the scene or how lame we are or how the CD reviews sucked this month, blah, blah, blah. I have one simple response to people who complain about *SLUG*'s editorial content: *SLUG* is a community-based free magazine, so if you wish it was better, get off your fucking high horse and write something for us.



Illustration: Jared Smith



1/13 Fauna w/ General Harrison - SLC, Mod-Alt

1/15 Kilt Night w/ Swagger & Heathen Highlanders

1/27 Kort McCumber w/ James Moors - CO, Acoustic Americana

2/3 Holden Young Trio - CO, Funk, Blues, World

2/10 Keyser Soze - Reno, SKA

2/12 Kilt Night w/ Swagger and Heathen Highlanders

2/17 Hellbound glory - Reno, Insurgent/Outlaw Country

2/24 J.P. Harris and The Tough Choices - Vermont, Country

3/4 Wailing O'Sheas - Rogging/Dropkick Tribute

3/10 Putnam Smith - Maine, Americana/Roots

3/12 VooDoo Swing - Phoenix, Rockabilly

3/16 Wailing O'Sheas - Rogging/Dropkick Tribute

4/22 Hillstomp - Portland, Bluegrass/Punk

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— Charles Bukowski

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PRODUCT REVIEWS

Xoopii
Reusable Shopping Bags
Xoopii.com

When I was presented with reusable shopping bags, I was kinda skeptical about them. I never really got into the ‘go green’ stuff. I was pleasantly surprised with these, though. One style is made from recycled plastic bottles and the other from hand-washable durable polyester. The polyester one was yellow and had a cute little character on it. It was foldable down to pocket size and also had a small pocket for my personal items like my cell phone. I was crazy about the other bag, though. It was bigger and super strong for all kinds of purchases and had a rad design on it. The artwork on these bags is fresh. They call the idea Reusable Urban Pop Art. Xoopii picks urban artists and shows their art through their bags. It’s another way for artists to spread the wealth of their ideas. All in all, I think that Xoopii bags are a strong and fresh idea. —*Bethany Fischer*

Skullcandy
Icon2
Skullcandy.com

Sometimes earbuds grow tiresome, and you certainly aren’t going to wear some giant audiophile headphones outside your house. These headphones were a nice middle ground. The sound was pretty clear, and they have an iPhone-compatible mic and play/pause button. The cable is nylon, not plastic or rubber, which tends to be more durable. I have a big head, so they were a bit small and didn’t quite fit right. If you are in a public place, you should probably keep them pretty low: They don’t do a very good job keeping sound in. I also think volume buttons would have been a nice addition, but for the price (\$29.95), they are pretty hard to beat. —*Cody Hudson*

Olens Technology
Micorder
Olenstechnology.com

Are there ever times where you wish you could record a song off of the radio, a tape or vinyl record? If you answered “yes,” then you definitely should look into this little contraption made by Olens Technology. It’s as simple as plugging one thing into the Micorder, and you are able to copy any form of music into an MP3 instantly. I was skeptical of how good the quality would be but am actually surprised at the level of integrity. Not only can you plug it directly into a source, you



can also use the built-in mic for those conversations you may want to have evidence of in a court of law, or anything you may find interesting and may want to sample for your endeavors with Live Scratch. It also comes complete with a hookup for your computer that simultaneously recharges the built-in battery, all while pulling any of those new tracks off at a moment’s notice. This is a music pirate’s dream and it fits in your back pocket. —*Adam Dorobiala*

Neuro
Neuro Beverages
Drinkneuro.com

I don’t think there will ever be an energy drink introduced into the beverage marketplace that is pitched as being bad for you. With that in mind, welcome another nutritional drink that has big promises and a fancy bottle. This beverage is “... formulated by nutritionists to promote health and well-being and packed with essential vitamins, minerals, amino acids and botanicals at dosages backed by scientific research, so the benefit

is real and not just marketing hype.” It should be noted that none of the statements on their website were actually evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. I looked at the label and said, “Oh nice, another version of Vitamin Water.” Seven flavors to choose from, and I drank six of them over the course of a week. Sorry 50, these are better. They have a beverage that does everything: one that promotes sleep, one that fills you up and makes you lose your appetite (which turns big girls into little girls, etc.), of course, one that delivers energy with the finesse of a John Stockton assist and another that is called Neuro-Gasm (I didn’t, if you were wondering). Honestly, they were good. Some are lightly carbonated and others are not. You can buy them on the website for 37 bucks for a dozen 14.5 fl. oz. bottles, which makes one of these puppies about three bucks. Look at it like this: It’s better than getting wings and crashing. —*Healthy Hesssss*

MORE REVIEWS
ONLINE AT SLUGMAG.COM



hating on cops—I often post stories on my facebook news feed that deal with corrupt policemen putting the beat-down on undeserving minorities or videos of cops being assholes to teenage skaters. I realize that these corrupt cops don’t encompass the approach or disposition of all constables on patrol, and so I’ve tried to take the namasté approach and accept their social presence just as I would with regular humans.

It seems as though one of your bacon brethren fucked this up. On my way to Sam Weller’s, I rode down the sidewalk on my bicycle to see two bike cops talking to two separate people on Main St. This seemed natural to me: There are bums, Juggalos and probably disaffected carnies on Main—there was probably a fight or something. I dismounted, went into the store and left a few minutes later. I got on my bike, rode approximately 15 feet and made eye contact with an officer, who then made me stop. Long story short, he gave me a traffic ticket for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk in the downtown area. I asked him what was considered ‘the downtown area,’ which, apparently, is between N. Temple and 600 S. and 400 W. and 200 E. While this was happening, his bike-buddy pulled over another unsuspecting cyclist.

So, I went to the courthouse to talk to a hearing officer. I argued that there aren’t any signs that indicate the unlawfulness of sidewalk-riding, and that the police weren’t proactively preventing these violations. Instead, they were reactively punishing people who were unaware of said law. He told me in response that—A. My riding violated an ordinance, which is a law that doesn’t necessitate signs to inform citizens that it exists—it’s supposed to be common knowledge, and B. The way in which law enforcement works is in the vein of reaction, not proaction. He also told me that since this is a case of an ordinance, any contest on my part probably wouldn’t hold in court.

So, here are my questions: 1. In the relatively small metropolitan area of Salt Lake City, how does the police force expect to viably enforce an ordinance within such a small geographical space, other than by resorting to ‘sting’ operations that ultimately victimize people who are unaware of an ordinance that’s active in just a small area? 2. Seeing as how it has been in effect for 12 years, yet the cyclists on Main seemed unaware of this ordinance, like with other ordinances such as “no parking” signs? 3. Would it

hurt police to act civilly and proactively in the presence of potential law-breakers, letting people know what this little law is before it’s broken—to enforce the law rather than merely punish its infractions? —*Rootbeer Rick*

Dear Rootbeer,
You need to help me here. I found “Namasté” [“salutatory gesture,” 1948, from Hindi, from Skt. Namas “bowing” + te, dat. Of tuam “you” (sing.)], in the dictionary, but what exactly is a “disaffected carnie?” That wasn’t in there. If by “carnie” you mean the folk with small, paw-like hands who perform in freak shows and work at carnivals, then wouldn’t “disaffected carnie” be redundant? I mean, you only really choose to work at carnivals because you are disaffected, right? So, you probably just need to say “carnie,” you know, kind of how you labeled the other disaffected types as just “bums” or “Juggalos.”

You answered your own first question by labeling what they’re doing (“sting”) and correctly indicating that law enforcement is reactionary. Do you really desire for law enforcement to be proactionary? Wow, that’s the Bush doctrine. You know, preemptive? I haven’t heard much support for that plan in a couple years. You don’t strike me as a Bush supporter, but I have been wrong before, once. Seriously, I doubt you got caught up in a “bike sting.” You were probably more a target of opportunity. Reactionary opportunity, that is. But, your dream could be coming true. Most police departments are going to “intelligence” based policing. That’s why you see so many more surveillance cameras around. Your desire for more “proactive” law enforcement is coming true.

Do you honestly think the cops know, care, or have anything to do with the posting of bicycle signs in the downtown area? They don’t. They probably really don’t care about the law that much either. But, in their roll call, the Sergeant probably said they’ve had numerous complaints from the non-disaffected types (you know, regular working citizens) about bike riders being hazardous or whatever. It’s probably the Jimmy John or messenger dudes sidewalk-riding out of control causing all this, and that’s why they’re out there performing “bike stings.”

I’ve never read the Salt Lake City bicycle riding ordinance, but I imagine it indicates how signs are required to be posted, and I imagine Salt Lake City is in compliance with that requirement. That means “reasonable” people (council people you voted for) put down in City law how bike-riding citizens are to be proactively warned. It seems to me that your anger is somewhat reactionary to getting caught and directed at those who have nothing to do with the law, other than enforcement. Next time, just do the Namaste salutatory gesture thing, say you’re sorry and didn’t know, and you’ll probably get out of the ticket. But, the carnies, bums, Juggalos, or whoever else you hate, they’re done.....arrested. Just knowing that, aren’t you proactively happy now?

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DR. EVIL'S

NAUGHTY BITS

The Castle of Kink

©BY Dr. Evil, Ph. D

Everyone wants his or her own castle of fantasy. In 2006, **Peter Acworth** made this dream a reality when he acquired San Francisco's original Moorish-style castle, *The Armory*, for his twisted business. I was able to check one off my "bucket list" when I was invited to tour the building and see what manufacturing porn has to offer these days.

The 200,000 sq. ft. stone structure was built in the Mission District over the still active Mission Creek in 1914. The 10-foot-thick walls of the fortress were created for ammo storage and military exercises, but have also safeguarded police during the 1934 riots, and was a set for the original *Star Wars* movie. In the 1970s, it was boarded up and sat vacant for almost 40 years until Acworth, the owner of *kink.com*, purchased *The Armory* for 14.5 million dollars. Acworth restored all but one acre of the building ("the drill court") to its beauty of original, old growth hardwood floors and high-ceiling rooms. He began working his casts and crews there 24/7. Today, *kink.com* is one of the most successful porn studios in the world—shooting and producing just under 100 web movies and live shorts each month and employing 100 fulltime staff (not including the porn stars themselves).

My tour included a peek into the business of *kink.com* via all five floors' worth of activities. Once registered and past the guard, I was escorted by Acworth's major domo/assistant throughout the building. He's an expatriate Brit and so is she. As I walked down the halls of the first floor of *The Armory*, it looked like any web-based office complex—casually dressed techno geeks gathered around central pods of computers designing graphics, editing and cursing their screens. It wasn't long until the fun started. Fifty gallon drums of lube lining one hall, a laundry facility and sterilization room for toys (the 'dildo washer' had left for the day) and a props room. There must have been 100 yards of obsessively organized whips, chains, leashes and gags in every color, shape and size hanging from the walls.

We peeked into rooms and rooms of permanent sets, some with cameras rolling, and others left dormant for the day. There are seven full-time carpenters working around the building and 5,000 plus suspension rings for bondage scenes alone. There are wrestling arenas for the *Ultimate Surrender* scenes, Victorian and Goth bedroom sets, and a phony meat locker with fake sides of beef hanging from the walls. Acworth's directors are shooting for 17 different On Demand and Pay Per View porn sites, including *thetraininfo.com*, *fuckingmachines.com* and his number one site, *publicdisgrace.com*. All of the sites are geared for fetishists and consensual BDSM kinksters in what is their way of "bringing kink to the urban masses."

As we traveled upward through the building, women clad only in hose, heels and g-strings clicked down the halls alongside gaffers and wardrobe people. The bare boobs of women are just another uniform in the halls of *The Armory*. Workers and porn stars traded verbal niceties on their way to sets like, "How's your new puppy?" and "Did you end up trying that new sushi place last night?"

Sixty percent of the male and female talent featured in the films shot for *kink.com* is hired from talent agencies in Los Angeles. Acworth himself starred in many of his early productions and still dabbles in a few choice roles when he gets the urge.

Many San Franciscans weren't too pleased that the historic *Armory* was purchased by a 40-year-old porn tsar/star and made into his studios for dirty movies. Yet, he's brought business and money with the new "Castle of Kink" to a run-down Mission District, and he plans on further renovation of the fabulous drill area so that it can be used by locals for community events.

Dr. Evil is a Ph.D. and not a medical doctor. If you have medical questions please see your medical professional or make an appointment at Planned Parenthood. If you have legal questions about your sex play, ask an attorney.

LOCAL CD REVIEWS

The American Shakes Begin

Self-Released
Street: 11.07.10
The American Shakes = Norfolk and Western + Howe Gelb + Band of Annuals

Releasing an album in the wake of such a popular local band is going to invite some comparisons to the latter's work. **Brent Dreiling**, former pedal steel/steel guitar slinger for Band of Annuals (R.I.P), expands on the classic Americana of B.O.A by steering his alt-country intona-tions into sugary, '70s AM radio hits instead of the dive bar balladeer-ing of his previous band. Dreiling's execution is classically understated. Relying heavily on strong composi-tion and atmospherics, Dreiling uses these to reach the emotional climax his limited voice cannot. The musical adornments are so well integrated that it takes a couple of listens to realize just how carefully constructed and crafted each song is. Respon-sible for this is a virtual who's-who of SLC folk musicians who lend their hands to the creation of this album. Several B.O.A alumni—**Jesse Ellis**, **David Williams** and **Wren Kennedy** all appear accompanying Dreiling's forlorn steel guitar. —*Ryan Hall*

Bearcats

The Wildfire Magic (EP)
Self-Released
Street: 11.12.10

Bearcats = Seawolf + Weezer + Simon & Garfunkel
Abandoning prior cred and a full-length album of material, the three remaining members of **Atl Atl** re-named themselves and pushed out a quick studio recording. This six-track album would be your average, easily forgotten indie album with snapping drum trickery and simplistic guitars if it wasn't for one big standout: The entire set of vocals are composed in perfect harmony. The trio found themselves a good balance as a mini-choir where some lyrics could be forgotten as background noise. They threw emphasis behind them

and made the entire album a damn-near singalong. *The Wildfire Magic* shows a lot of promise that new fans can dig, while serving as a decent bridge for old fans of the now defunct Atl Atl to cross. It's worth a listen. —*Gavin Sheehan*

The CJB

Positivity
Self-Released
Street: 11.23.10

The CJB = Sublime + The Secret + a piña colada
This is a great easy-listening album. It is exactly what it purports to be: a positive, uplifting, easy-to-listen-to collection of chilled-out songs. Even the saddest lyrical topics on the album are lightened up by the delivery via charming and harmless reggae-inspired riffs. The tone and content are cohesive, and the CD cover art communicates the intended message before you even pop the CD in. All in all, the only thing I could critique is also what I consider one of their biggest successes—a mission to become commercially viable. Predictable and typical for this genre, I will be excited to see how they cut out a more personalized niche as they continue on their musical journey. Kudos to the CJB—I will be looking forward to more music from these talented fellows in the future. —*P. Buchanan*

The Direction

From VII & IV
Spy Hop Records
Street: 07.20.10

The Direction = Bjork + Paramore + Burlesque
Man, I love chicks who rock. And this chick totally rocks—lead singer **Felicia Anderton** ties up this pack-age most delightfully, with a vintage voice that is somehow exactly what this rock n' roll outfit wants. The musicians are totally together, the recording quality is good, and the sound is specific and has direction. Go figure. Influences vary widely, which I love, and from undeniable rock to beautiful ballads, the talent on this album is heartwarming. A

reasonable release for a seasoned band, the fact that it is the product of teenagers working with Spy Hop is astounding on several levels. I look forward to hearing much more from all of these talented musicians, in this band and in their future endeavors. —*P. Buchanan*

Idyll Rigamarole

...All Of Life Is A Foreign Country...

Spyhop Records
Street: 07.20.10
Idyll Rigamarole = Tiny Tim Tiptoeing Through The Nottingham Forest
It is hard to criticize music by a local "teen-run" record label, but I'll do my best. All local artists should take note: Every artist is a local artist where they came from. That doesn't mean they should be making records. With a name that would surely get them kicked out from even busking in Sherwood Forest, Idyll Rigamarole describes their sound as "medieval groove folk" on their Facebook page. Oh dear. Seven "teen" members all contributing their ideas for songs—with asinine names like "Stationary Nomad" and "Flibbertigibbet"—doesn't work very well. I was surprised by the pleasant voice that greeted my ears on the aforementioned "Stationary Nomad," but I can't tell whom it belongs to, as the band is listed alphabeti-cally in their credits and no one is given musicianship credit. Maybe that's on purpose, because by the second track—the especially cloying "Anger"—I wouldn't want to take credit for any of it either. The male attempting to "sing" on this track has a ghostly vocal style that is downright embarrassing. This voice returns on the equally dreadful "Four Words"—but wait, it gets worse—it attempts sensitivity (or is that 'novelty' like Tiny Tim? I'm not really sure) by going up in register, and what was already bad is laughably bad. Things aren't all wretched, as the female singers on this project have pleasant voices—even if the songs they sing on are weak—and the playing is satisfac-tory, but nothing really stands out. Upon rereading the credits, I realize I've boxed myself into the thanked "H8trz" category, but alas, there I shall have to stay, forever banished. —*Dean O Hillys*

Mechanical Skies

With Dreams of Pop
Self-Released
Street: 07.04.10

Mechanical Skies = Rush + Cream + Vintage pop

The music itself has a vintage tone: a throwback to the '60s and '70s, with hints of '50s-era pop thrown in by the female vocalist. A distinct homage to bands like Rush and Cream on the instrumentals, with **Hank Reese** on vox and the addition of **Jaylee Amey**'s vocals certainly individualizes the sound. It seemed like the tim-ing of the vox was off on some spots, however, particularly when they were singing simultaneously, but perhaps that just comes back to production values, which left something to be desired. Unfortunately for musicians who work hard to write songs, prac-tice and invest time and money into their art, recording quality can make or break an album. While the artists on this album are clearly not talent-less, a little more investment in a few areas will assist them in producing an even more palatable package in the future. I certainly would be curious to hear more once the overall direction and production are sewn up a little neater. —*P. Buchanan*

Illegal Beagle

Let Dead Dogs Lie
Self-Released
Street: 08.25.10

Illegal Beagle = The Mighty Mighty Bosstones + the Specials
Illegal Beagle get points for incor-

porating second-wave ska and not exclusively playing third-wave ska, but the songs are grating and the recording is sloppy. Considering third-wave ska still sounds hopelessly dated, only first-wave ska could have compensated. The record isn't completely devoid of its endearing moments; dropping the horn part from the lounge scene in *Star Wars* on "Boba Fett" isn't exactly a stroke of genius, but it's still funny. That song works as a novelty, but it's fol-lowed by the temperance movement cautionary ballad "Best Years of Our Lives," which could only make sense as satire. The record is a flop, but at least it sounds like they had fun mak-ing it. —*Nate Housley*

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SaltLakeUnderGround 55

Philosofist
Obstruction Of Moustache
...und auch, Behinderung der Schnurrbart
Self-Released
Street: 04.20.10
Philosofist = GAZA + Trainwreck + Arsis + Loma Prieta + The Tremula + Darkest Hour + Loom



Holy bajoley, Batman, this really is a knuckle sandwich. As they hint with their very name, Philosofist deftly combines thoughtful musicianship with execution that gets my body swaying and hand-fists punching. Each track in *Obstruction Of Moustache* stands by itself as its own work of art, starkly different from its siblings. Yet, the album careens and trickles into each subsequent song, then culminates in a style that only Philosofist can embody. Choosing a favorite track is like playing Russian roulette. After a zany introductory sample, “Unnecessary Guile Sweep” punches through with a technical metal assault and traverses through straightforward post-hardcore beats and into a soft, turned-down-distortion-guitar solo breakdown. As the release progresses, “Garments (The Things The Lord Commands)” offers a slow, steady beat with chuggy, low-string guitar work and morphs into a dynamic thriller. “Delicatessen” contrasts with the rest of the album as it is primarily sung in a style akin to **Thom Yorke**. Other bangers include the heavy “Ocean Creatures,” which is wrought with consonant musical intervals, and the driving yet wistful, “Abandon Ace.” Go Philosofist yourself ... and a friend. —*Alexander Ortega*

Replica Mine
7 Ends
Self-Released
Street: 10.12.10
Replica Mine = Nine Inch Nails + The Normal x (Front Line Assembly – Bill Leeb)
It's always a pleasant surprise to hear good, interesting dark music made locally. While we have plenty of good bands, industrial is rare at best. Sandy-based **Adam Harmon**, former guitarist and keyboard player for **Carphax Files**, is the force behind this meandering industrial experiment, a follow-up to *\$ra*, their 2008 5-song EP. Tracks here veer from dark dance numbers like “Of Graves” (think mid-’90s **Depeche Mode**) to the noisy, droning “All in Vain” and

“Beneath the Control” (shades of **Skinny Puppy**) then rips it up for the ‘80s-drenched “Plagues and Tangles” and “In Your Eyes” featuring **Jasin Monday** (Carphax Files). It is a strong effort from a band to watch—and listen to—for some time to come. —*Madelyn Boudreaux*

Small Town Sinners
Blood and Dust
Self-Released
Street: 11.30.10
Small Town Sinners = The Avett Brothers + Deer Tick
Small Town Sinners are turning out quality discs like **Notorious B.I.G.** personally came down from the heavens and requested it. *Blood and Dust*, their most recent offering, continues Small Town Sinners’ pursuit of making the most amazing heartfelt alt-country possible would definitely inspire the late, great Biggie Smalls to put on his flannel and grab his acoustic. The band has brought their sound back to a more organic feel from their more polished *Dirty Thirty*, and organic is a vibe that definitely suits them well. Recording at singer **Carson Wolfe**’s cabin, the band was able to capture the natural warm vibe that makes their songs so great. This organic warmth is best shown on the opening track “Drinking to You,” as well as on the album closer, “Drown.” If you are looking for band to satisfy your **Wilco** or **Son Volt** cravings, Small Town Sinners is definitely the band for you. —*Jon Robertson*

Spoken For
A Life in Flames
Self-Released
Street: 08.13.10
Spoken For = Tool + The Police + angst
These boys definitely have some very recognizable influences from Tool to, perhaps unintentionally, The Police (tell me you don’t hear it on the opening riff of “No More Blood on my Guitar”). They are taking their cue from some great musicians. It’s young and it’s pained—they are certainly taking advantage of all the pent-up frustration that comes along with being an adolescent group of boys becoming men. This album is a great starting point for them. The recording quality isn’t bad—the production emphasizes some of the characteristics I would have wanted played down, like scratchy guitar distortion and other yet-to-be-refined techniques. But those are the ingredients for metal, so really, they are on the right track to where they’re trying to go. Overall, I am impressed with what these guys are putting out. As a new band just starting out, they have plenty of time to finish piecing together their own identity. —*P. Buchanan*

Theta Naught
Omnium Gatherum
Differential Records
Street: 11.12.10
Theta Naught = Thee Silver Mt. Zion Orchestra + Rachel’s + Peter Broderick



Omnium Gatherum is Theta Naught’s first full-length album in six years. Given their elastic membership and reliance on improvisation above all else, each release and live show has the capacity to take the prolific post-rock/jazz/classical collective into completely unexpected places. *Omnium Gatherum* succeeds in spades in this regard. Anchored by **Ryan Stanfield** and **Darren Corey** in the rhythm section, newly minted harpist **Briawna Anderson** and guitarist **Josh Ogzewalla** steer Theta Naught’s compositions everywhere from the shimmering pastoral “The Sixth Planet” and “Moon” suites to the dirge-like “Get Closer” and the grizzled, distressed “Frankenstein Blues.” While inherently improvisational, there are moments on *Omnium Gatherum* so precise and timed that they can only be attributed to ESP or a hive-mind formed from eight years of playing as a collective. Although eight years has made for some pretty thrilling moments, *Omnium Gatherum* may just be the best thing they have ever done. —*Ryan Hall*

Tupelo Moan
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 11.12.10
Tupelo Moan = Stevie Ray Vaughan + The White Stripes



The minute this album starts with “Take You Out,” it feels as if it was written in a dive by two guys just jamming out for the hell of it somewhere around the Alabama/Tennessee border. Trying to capture the southern rock feel with a harder edge, **Brad McCarley** and **Jason Roberts** pounded out this eight-track trucker-like album in a matter of weeks at McCarley’s own *Salt Lake Recording Service*. This release finds *Tupelo Moan* stripped to bare bones with little flash and no invisible backup on tape. Songs like “Fishin’

Hole” and “See You Smilin’” reinforce the “southern comfort” vibe, with McCarley’s vocals squawking out like they are being called over an ol’ CB radio. It’s definitely a road trip soundtrack, especially if you’re headed for the Mississip’. —*Gavin Sheehan*

Various Artists
Music at Main: Summer 2010
Salt Lake City Public Library
Street: 11.02.10
Culled from live recordings from the third installment of the summer series of the same name, *Music at Main* showcases the breadth of good music in Salt Lake City. From the funky jazz combo **Josh Payne Orchestra** to the driving electro-rock experimentalism of **Palace of Buddies**, this album shows that great music of all stripes is available in the valley. Unfortunately, the recording captures the worst of live music—the unrefined audio—without quite capturing the excitement. While the album doesn’t serve as a sampler of everything that Salt Lake has to offer, it’s not supposed to. The fact that the album just scratches the surface of local music in SLC gives Salt Lakers something to be proud of, as well as another reason to look forward to next summer. —*Nate Housley*

Yze
Out Of Many
Pural Music
Sreet: 03.21.10
Yze = Slug + Blue Scholars + Arrested Development



I’ll give it up for *Out Of Many*. This is the second local joint handed to me that I can say I will listen to again. Yze knows what he’s doing, and what the hip hop nerds are looking for. I will even go so far to say that he is one of the best producers in the area. Yze is not only a top-shelf producer, but you can tell from the lyrics that he does it with passion. “Soundwaves” is the prefect example of Yze as an artist: A chill beat you can get lost in with lyrics you want to dig into. You get a chance to peek into the grind-to-shine work ethic, along with a lyrical scrapbook of his tour life. It’s a banger. You can’t buy this album in stores, so get to a show and get one. The money goes to charity. Real talk. —*Jemie Sprankle*

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The Creative Community Welcomes You
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

The first month of the year begs the question, “What are the fundamentals and where do we begin?” As your sophisticated (read: kind of old) art mentor, my goal is to give you the lowdown on the whats, whens and whys of Salt Lake’s *Gallery Stroll*.

Community is very important to artists. It feeds their creativity, influences their subject matter and validates their work. The creative process can be daunting and lonely. Combine that with the cost of good ventilated space and you end up with a warehouse full of artists’ studios: separate spaces, but community living.

One such place, known as *Captain Captain*, houses artists **Sri Whipple**, **Trent Call**, **Chase Leslie**, **Trent Alvey**, **Steve Larsen**, **Justin Carruth**, **Carolyn Pryor**, **Carrie Wakefield**, **Tyler James Densley**, **Tessa Lindsey**, **Geoff Shupe**, **Andy Cvar**, **Meg Charlier** and **Trevor J. Dopp**. It’s not the biggest of Salt Lake’s warehouse artist communities—I believe that title still remains with *Bad Slauch’s Poor Yorrick* gang—but the *Captain Captain* group would win the most prolific. After my last meeting with some of the *Captain Captain* gang, I have to say they also have my vote for most charming and down-to-earth artists I’ve ever had the pleasure of meeting.

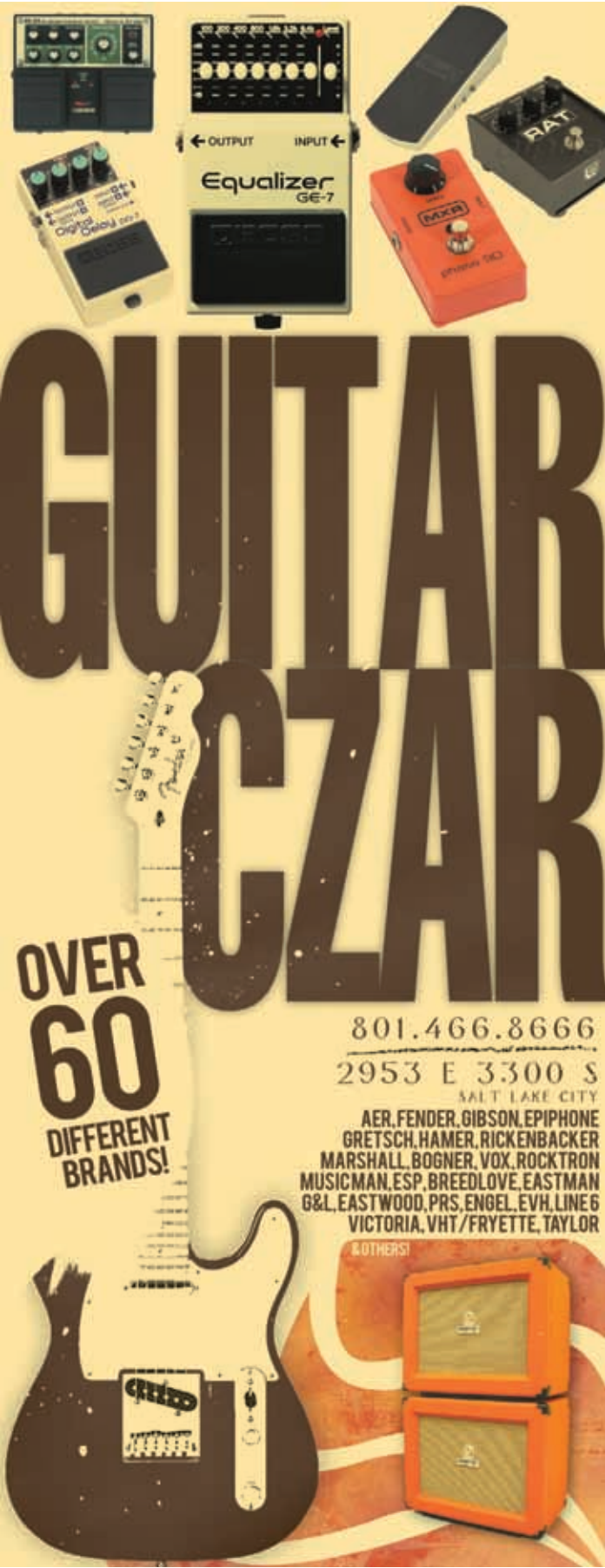
They looked like a few vagabonds sitting on the sidewalk with nothing to do, but Pyor, Whipple and Dropp were taking a creative break to watch life happen outside of the *Captain Captain* studios and they were so sweet as to offer up a piece of the sidewalk to me to talk about life and art. “Nothing ever changes around here. We see the same construction workers, same transients and same restaurant workers commuting

back and forth,” says Whipple referring to the pedestrian traffic on 900 S. “It’s kind of nice, the only thing that changes around here is the weather.” It may seem that way from the outside, but inside this nondescript building is a flurry of creativity at work. The *Captain* crew is a close-knit group. “We’re like a family,” Whipple explains. “We even start thinking alike, people will have completely unrelated projects and you’ll start to see this creative thread pop up in everyone’s work.”

This group doesn’t just dabble in art—they live, breathe and sleep their art. All 14 artists from the *Captain* group work in such vastly different mediums that you’re not likely to see their work hanging side by side in a gallery space, making the opportunity for a group show at *Kayo* pretty sweet. With an imaginative, charismatic group like this, there is no telling what you’re going to see. I think Dopp, one of the newest studio-mates, put it best, “The only constant with the *Captain Captain* group is that we’ll blow your mind!”

The *Captain Captain Showdown* at the *Kayo Gallery* opens January 21 for the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll and remains on display until the second week of Feb. *The Kayo Gallery* is located at 177 E. Broadway (300 S.). For more information on Kayo and its upcoming anniversary show, *Round 7* in Feb, visit *kayogallery.org*.

Now, something for those aspiring artists out there—if you are an emerging artist, designer or doodler, I have a competition for you. **1GR** (One Good Reason) is looking for artists each month to design a new t-shirt. Winners receive fortune and fame—fortune being a brand new iPod and fame being getting your artwork featured on the 1GR site and a chance to have it made into a limited-edition t-shirt. Visit *onegoodreason.net* to find out more.



MOVIE REVIEWS

The Chronicles of Narnia: The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 12.10.10

To be honest, I've never been a fan of the *Narnia* series. They feel like a failed replica of **Peter Jackson's** *Lord of the Rings* without the maturity and sense of peril that works so well with **J. R. R. Tolkien's** adventures. When it was announced Disney was no longer producing the series and 20th Century Fox had picked up the remnants, I hoped a new and enjoyable beginning was in store for the franchise, and it turns out it was. This chapter explores a darker side of the Pevensie family with exciting results. Now that their older siblings are too old to revisit Narnia, the younger members of the Pevensie family return to the mythical land with their snobbish cousin in tow and must solve the mystery of an evil mist that kidnaps the region's inhabitants. It is certainly the most entertaining film in the franchise, with intense action sequences and a story that actually progresses evenly from beginning to end. This installment adds a level of polished professionalism to its characters and the special effects. These two improvements should attract and please weary viewers who have been duped by the previous dull engagements. The downfalls come from an excruciatingly irritating performance provided by **Will Poulter**, a climatic scene stolen directly from the 1984 comedy *Ghostbusters* and a failed attempt at toning down the preachiness of the source material. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Fighter

Paramount

In Theaters: 12.10.10

In a matter of seconds, boxing films can easily transition from an inspirational tale of courage to an unbearable slap-fest with humdrum motivational speeches that wouldn't encourage a gullible child. Thankfully, **David O. Russell's** true story of **Mickey Ward** (**Mark Wahlberg**) bears the resemblance of classics like *Rocky* and *Raging Bull*, and disregards the atrocities found in flops like "The Main Event" and "Play it to the Bone." The spirited story follows Mickey as he balances his unsteady boxing career with life's other responsibilities, including a new girlfriend, played by a confident **Amy Adams**, and his selfish family members, led by his drug-addicted former boxer brother (**Christian Bale**) and his domineering mother (**Melissa Leo**).

58 SaltLakeUnderGround



Wahlberg has always been an actor who requires a skilled director to force him to deliver a first-rate performance, so it's a coin flip every time he appears on camera (i.e. *The Happening* vs. *The Departed*). While Russell does garner a fine act from his lead actor as he also did in "Three Kings", it's the three supporting roles that outshine everyone involved, especially Bale. The gaunt actor, who resembles his feeble physical appearance from *The Machinist*, provides his greatest performance to date that incorporates both heartbreaking drama with pratfall comedy and is sure to receive multiple honors in the coming months. Russell captures the dedication required of the demanding sport with raw cinematography usually seen on live television broadcasts and surrounds the athleticism with moving characters willing to challenge family bonds for personal growth. *—Jimmy Martin*

Little Fockers

Universal

In Theaters: 12.22.10

What happened to **Robert De Niro**? Seriously, the man is one of the greatest actors of all time who starred in some of the greatest movies of all time, and nowadays, all we get from the former legend are pranks involving bodily functions and spoofs on his earlier and superior projects with little to no return on laughs. It appears this latest take on portraying Jack Byrnes in the Focker franchise may be the last nail in the coffin on the infamous artists' career. I suggest we bury it next to the once semi-promising career of **Ben Stiller**. This time around, the themes of faithful marriages, keeping the spark alive and

being in charge of the family legacy are key. Gaylord "Greg" Focker (Stiller) is the father of two five-year-old twins and the responsibility of raising them correctly is so overbearing, it's affecting his sex life and his uptight father-in-law suspects foul play. Enter Andi Garcia (**Jessica Alba**), Greg's newest scantily clad business partner and let the lame misinterpretations and mistaken identity jokes commence. The writers display their greatest moments of creativity with fetching lines of dialogue like "Do girls poop out of their vaginas?" which is uttered by one of the child actors. How that form of stupidity made it to the final script after several rewrites truly exposes the idiocy that was floating around on set. While De Niro may be able to receive leniency by his once adoring public one last time, it's time for Alba to officially bid the world of acting adieu. Her inability to act has grown so powerful, it overshadows any and all actions taking place on screen. We as a global community must recognize her for her beauty, but that is all and nothing more. *—Jimmy Martin*

Gulliver's Travels

20th Century Fox

In Theaters: 12.25.10



Ever since the unexpected success of **Zach Galifianakis** in *The Hangover*, it seems every coveted role requiring a portly funnyman has gone to the newbie rather than to the former go-to actor, **Jack Black**. Is it because Galifianakis is a better improvisational actor, or is it because Black's style of comedy expired about five years ago? It's most likely both. Black stars in the umpteenth adaptation of **Jonathan Swift's** novel as Lemuel Gulliver, a gutless mailroom

employee at a newspaper publication whose daily routine involves Guitar Hero sessions (a reoccurring and obvious product placement) and secretly obsessing over the company's Travel Editor (**Amanda Peet**). While trying to impress his flame with plagiarized articles, Gulliver receives an assignment to explore the Bermuda Triangle, but a nasty storm sends the deceiver into the middle of a massive waterspout and he soon finds himself washed ashore on the island of a land occupied by a race of tiny inhabitants. Utilizing his mysterious past and colossal size to his advantage, Gulliver soon becomes a celebrity amongst the land, but the truth of his origins come into question once a neighboring land becomes infuriated with his rise to power. Black, who certainly comes across as the least interesting actor in the film when paired with **Jason Segel** and **Emily Blunt**, can't help but regurgitate old gags like b-boppin' and scatin' within the first five minutes. His unnecessary performance of **Edwin Starr's** "War" stops the film dead in its tracks and from there it sluggishly crawls to the credits. Granted, there are some hilarious pop culture references including theatrical interpretations of "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Titanic", but the joke is done excessively and ultimately becomes as redundant as films based on Gulliver's Travels. *—Jimmy Martin*

I Love You Phillip Morris

Roadside Attractions

In Theaters: 12.23.10

It has been quite the journey for **Glenn Ficarra** and **John Requa's** (the writing team behind the crassest holiday classic *Bad Santa*) true tale of pure love between two gay males to make its way to theaters across the country. It actually premiered at the *Sundance Film Festival* two years ago and is now just starting to see the light of day. You would think the star power between **Jim Carrey** and **Ewan McGregor** should be enough to have the uproarious film released immediately, but it's a shame we don't live in that world quite yet. Based on the novel by reporter **Steve McVicker**, Carrey stars as Steven Jay Russell, a married family man and an officer of the law who decides to drop everything and be true to himself by living his life as a gay man, but does so by being as dishonest as possible and performing every elaborate scam an immoral con artist has in his deceitful arsenal. After being arrested and sent to prison, Steven meets Phillip



Morris (McGregor), a naïve and dainty inmate, and soon an eternal spark is ignited that'll test both of their devotions and limits. Ficarra and Requa unleash a dark comedy that's as obscene as it is affectionate, but both elements are pleasantly appealing. Carrey takes command of his over-the-top acting style and perfectly pacifies it in all the right moments yet lets loose when the situation calls for it. McGregor is the shining star in this pairing as he lays his heart on the table and allows the audience the opportunity to witness the actor at his most vulnerable of moments. *—Jimmy Martin*

Somewhere

Focus Features

In Theaters: 12.22.10

Seven years ago, **Sofia Coppola** painted a lovely and heartbreaking portrait regarding the life of an actor who had past his prime and sought companionship with a young woman in the middle of bustling Tokyo. It was a spectacular achievement for Coppola as well as **Bill Murray** and **Scarlett Johansson**, but it appears the director is attempting to hit the same note with a new batch of actors and sadly, lightning is not striking twice. *Somewhere* follows the spoiled life of Johnny Marco (**Stephen Dorff**), an actor on the top of the world who spends his time between projects by binge drinking in luxurious hotels. It's not the type of character you feel sorry for when he celebrates his birthday in a hotel room with only two gorgeous twin strippers in attendance. Poor baby. To add a sense of humanity to the character, his 11-year-old daughter, Cleo (**Elle Fanning**), is dropped off at his doorstep and a decision must be made on the correct method of parenting in the chaotic world of Hollywood. The entire film plays out like a lackluster episode of HBO's *Entourage* where nothing happens except for handsome actors playing with expensive toys. Do I care to watch Dorff drive on a racetrack in his Ferrari for five minutes straight as the opening shot? Not particularly. The characters are one-dimensional with no sense of emotion to

drive the story. If Coppola is attempting to simulate reality, then kudos, but what she forgets is that reality is excruciatingly monotonous nine out of 10 times. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Tourist

Columbia Pictures

In Theaters: 12.10.10

This lazy Hollywood notion that all a successful film needs is two superstars and an exotic locale for filming is utter hogwash (I've always wanted to use that word in a review). The rest of the cinematic elements will not just simply fall into place no matter how popular your well-paid actors are. Such is the case with **Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck's** sluggish "wrong man" pseudo-thriller (**Johnny Depp**) traveling through the mesmerizing landscapes of Italy has his identity mixed with that of an international thief who has stolen billions from a ruthless gangster. As he avoids capture and dodges bullets, he discovers this mishap may have been orchestrated by the real thief's lover (**Angelina Jolie**), a mysterious woman who may be playing all sides for her own benefit. This Hitchcock-toned remake fails immediately from the announcement of its casting. Jolie is incapable of portraying anything other than a sexy assassin who looks attractive in a Versace evening gown and the film's ultimate twist is ruined with the arrival of Depp who has never been made a fool of on camera in any project, let alone this one. It's clear as day he'll have the last laugh from the get go. The sluggish action sequences, including a leisurely boat chase through the Venetian canals, may appeal to some audience members, but not those born after 1945. Donnersmarck may have wanted to unveil an adult thriller, but instead released a crime caper surrounded by immaturity, childlike wonder. *—Jimmy Martin*

TRON: Legacy

Disney

In Theaters: 12.17.10

One of the main purposes of the *TRON* series is to showcase the latest and greatest in computer technology. It's an opportunity to shock viewers with what's actually capable of being generated onscreen. Sometimes it works and other times it's distracting and hurtful to the film's foundation. Audiences were dazzled by the images placed before them in 1982 (even if they do look as chintzy as they do nowadays), and they'll be just as astonished with the mind-blowing effects embedded in this revolutionary reboot. Sam Flynn (**Garrett Hedlund**), son of computer-wiz Kevin Flynn (**Jeff Bridges**), lives a rebellious lifestyle with the haunting past of his father's mysterious disappearance during his childhood. After receiving a puzzling message from his father's rundown arcade, the twenty-something soon finds himself laser



blasted into "The Grid," a cyber world created by his father, but ruthlessly taken over by Clu (performed by a younger CG rendition of Bridges). In order to return to his world, Sam must reunite with his estranged father with the assistance of a mystifying program (**Olivia Wilde**) who may hold the key to returning the electronic world to its former glory. The need to retell the story's origins is understandable (it has been 28 years), but constantly bringing the film's flow to a halt with back-story upon back-story isn't beneficial for anyone. When the action is at its peak with light cycles and disc war battles, first-time director **Joseph Kosinski** offers unbelievable imagery that will remain with spectators well beyond the credits. *—Jimmy Martin*

True Grit

Paramount

In Theaters: 12.22.10

The instant a filmmaker announces they're remaking a cinematic classic, an aura of pessimism fills the room with the preconceived notion that nothing is ever as good as the original. Leave it to the **Coen Brothers** to shatter this belief as they implement their own visual brilliance to the 1969 **John Wayne** film by developing a much stronger, commanding and unforgettable experience that stays true to **Charles Portis'** novel. This Old West tale of revenge follows the merciless life of Mattie Ross (**Hailee Steinfeld**), a teenager whose father was brutally murdered by a handyman (**Josh Brolin**) and hires the most ruthless U.S. Marshall, Rooster Cogburn (**Jeff Bridges**), as a bounty hunter to carry out justice one way or another. Joining the hunt across treacherous "Indian Territory" is a Texas Ranger (**Matt Damon**) whose prideful fortitude refuses to sit well with the alcoholic officer of the law. Bridges and Damon are genuinely engaging as they bring a balanced sense of humor and drama to their characters with playful banter, but it's Steinfeld who provides the year's greatest breakout performance that'll keep people chattering all the way to the

Oscars. To make the situation at hand even better, the Coens flawlessly capture the majestic landscapes with **Roger Deakins'** striking cinematography where every shot could be hung respectfully as a portrait in *The Metropolitan Museum of Art* in New York City. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Warrior's Way


Relativity Media

In Theaters: 12.03.10



The task of blending well known genres in films can be a difficult task to achieve. **Jon Favreau** is already in post-production with his science-fiction western, "Cowboys & Aliens" (scheduled to release on July 29), but first-time director, **Sngmoo Lee**, tests the waters with a slightly different arrangement with his directorial debut that combines Americanized westerns with Asian-inspired, sword-wielding martial arts. **Dong-gun Jang** stars as an assassin who becomes public enemy number one of his own clan after he refuses to murder the last remaining member of a rival tribe—who happens to be an infant. Forced to hide amongst an eclectic group of traveling carnies in a nearly deserted ghost town, he befriends a troubled cowgirl (**Kate Bosworth**) who has a dark and twisted past of her own. The swordplay, wirework and martial arts choreography are quite stunning, especially in the grand finale that embodies just about as many ninjas and cowboys than the screen can withstand. On the other hand, there is so much clutter and disappointment beforehand with a tepid screenplay and disinterested actors, it's a burden to reach the finer moments of the film. Bosworth appears to have lost all of her credibility as an actress as she seems to be channeling **Joan Cusack's** Jessie from the *Toy Story* franchise for inspiration, and **Danny Huston** should be expecting a Razzie nomination at any moment for his aggravating performance as a perverted sinister soldier. *—Jimmy Martin*

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Beer Reviews
 By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

Another year down, and the prospect of palate-pleasing beer is already rearing its foamy head. Last year saw the rise of strong beer thanks to loopholes in the shaky Utah legislature regarding the brew, and a surprising increase in the demand for craft beer. With December's issue covering the top-rated brews of the year, this will be a peek of what's to come and who to look out for. There will be an **Epic** alteration of a regular classic, a brew with some funky herb and a beer with enough spice to make **Paul Muad'Dib** bust a chub.

Epic Brainless on Cherries Brewery: Epic Brewing Company
ABV: 10.3%
Serving: 22 oz Bomber
Description: Off the hiss of the bomber, *Cherry Brains* pours ruby in color with a medium white head. The aroma is filled with sweet cherries, some dry yeasty goodness and a subtle backing of white wine. The flavor picked up quite a bit of barrel-aged wine and tons of cherry, and had some light characteristics of the original brew peeking through.

Overview: The original, **Brainless on Peaches**, was such a huge success that I am not surprised to see that they busted out a second variation. This particular batch was created by oak aging their **Brainless Belgian** in French Chardonnay casks with cherry fruit purée. I am stoked that Epic has kept me guessing what will come next.

Captain Cooker Manuka Beer Brewery: Squatters
AVB: 6.25%
Serving: 22 oz Bomber
Description: Off the pour, this brew is copper in color with an auburn twinge and a solid off-white head. The nose



is up front with caramel and a distinct herbal spice characteristic that smells like lemongrass blended with ginger and cooking herbs. The flavor is sweeter, with some of the sweet manuka peeking through by way of spicy ginger and dry herbal bitterness. The beer finishes with some sweet caramel malts—perfect for a winter lager.

Overview: I gotta hand it to Squatters for this one—it came out of left field with no warning at all and uses an herb I had no idea existed. Captain James Cook originally brewed Manuka beer in 1769 for sailors to avoid scurvy. Andrew and Jane Dixon, owners of the Mussle Inn in New Zealand, began re-brewing the beer in 1995. By special license of the Mussel Inn, the beer has made its way to Utah. Thanks Squatters, for breaking in the New Year.

It's Griswald's Big Holiday Brewery: RedRock Brewery
ABV: 8.5%
Serving: 500 ml bottles
Description: Brilliantly clear with a tight head of white foam, this spiced ale pours a very pleasing amber or pale orange. Light sweet malt and pumpkin spice aromas welcome the nose like the smell of department stores at Xmas—you know what I mean. The flavor takes that theme and runs with it, hard. Cookies! Specifically, ginger-snaps and molasses spice cookies are all over the palate, but not so much that it's off-putting. It's on the sweeter end of things, but the finish is pleasantly dry. There's not a ton of hop presence, but that's okay because the bitterness might seem out of place next to the veritable cornucopia in this beer. The cloves, ginger and cinnamon are the most prominent, with coriander and orange peel rounding out the body and providing that little hint of citrus tart. An excellent spiced ale (at least they didn't try to claim it as a pumpkin ale, like some others do).

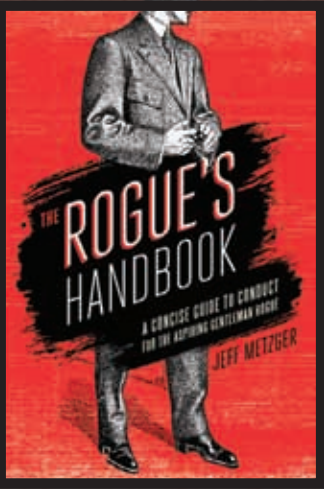
Overview: This ramped-up version of RedRock's seasonal Griswald's Holiday Ale comes in a nifty-looking bottle complete with utterly terrifying art. I'm serious—the snowman on the front looks like he's being burned at the stake, and that he deserves it. A row of razor-sharp teeth with a top hat and scarf will be in my alcohol-induced nightmares for the whole season. After having two of these easy drinkers, I couldn't believe that they were 8.5%! The beer is like a smooth, slightly sweet amber ale that attacks you with spice, but the alcohol is hidden well. This beer is guaranteed to warm you up on a winter's night, and might be just what I start craving after a day spent getting face shots of fluffy pow.
 –Rio Connelly

BOOKS ALOUD

Joy Division
Kevin Cummins
Rizzoli International Publications
Street: 10.26.10

If ever there were a “perfect” coffee table book for a disaffected Joy Division fan, this would be it. Showcasing Kevin Cummins' photography of the band, both well known and not-so-well known, this book is an extremely interesting, and in some cases intimate, photo-history of a band that ended well before its time. Aside from an interview/conversation between the author/photographer and founding Joy Division member **Bernard Sumner**, the entire tome is comprised of photographs, and there are some doozies in there for the die-hard Joy Division fan. Compiling early set lists, equipment, live shows and “throw away” photos, Cummins has assembled as close to a comprehensive photographic history of Joy Division as humanly possible. It's definitely worth checking out, but only the most avid fan of the band or the photographer may be willing to drop the \$45+ cover price to own it. –Gavin Hoffman

The Rogue's Handbook
Jeff Metzger
Sourcebooks
Street: 11.01.10



If you've ever thought to yourself, “I would like to become a mysterious gentleman,” look no further than this book. *The Rogue's Handbook* shows you everything you need to know to change your life for the better with 26 example profiles of the most famous gentleman rogues (i.e. Rhett Butler and James Bond), proper responses to everyday occurrences, and a guide to avoid the ways of the undesirable Joe Six Pack. Though the rogue profiles are a bit drab, the bits of actual 'how to' are quite helpful and in the


end, a little quiz tells whether you are rogue material or in need of a tutor. As for the ladies interested in this lifestyle, there is only a half page dedicated to the names of 'roguettes,' but it's very simple to turn gender-specific tips into 'lady rogue' hints on how to become an exciting new you. –Jessica Davis
 (lady rogue extraordinaire)

Route 19 Revisited: The Clash and London Calling
Marcus Gray
Soft Skull Press
Street: 10.01.10




There's no shortage of books chronicling the early days of punk rock, but most are scattershot attempts that linger too long on uninteresting topics while glossing over others. Even most books about The Clash, one of the most important, interesting and revolutionary bands in the history of modern music, are extremely boring. Marcus Gray's *Route 19 Revisited* is completely different. It's a lengthy affair that focuses not only on the writing, recording and reception of 1979's *London Calling*, but also on the politics, circumstances and personalities that shaped one of the best albums of all time. Gray spends time profiling the band members (particularly **Joe Strummer** and **Mick Jones**) and exploring their fascinations with American culture and Jamaican music, but the most interesting part of the book is the thorough track-by-track descriptions. Gray explains every lyrical allusion, each song's background and even offers up a list of musicians who have recorded cover versions of the album's tracks. This isn't exactly light reading, but for fans of The Clash and those extremely familiar with *London Calling*, this is an excellent companion piece that should be a part of your book collection. –Ricky Vigil

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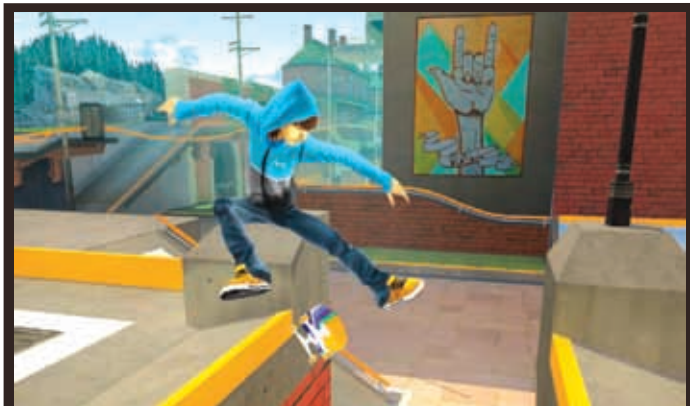


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GAME REVIEWS



Using my child's insides to cushion my fall.



Make a game that doesn't suck, you rotten tomato.

Happy Wheels / Gunblood

Total Jerkface / Wolf Games

Reviewed on: Flash

Not Compatible With: Hipster iPhones

As much fun as it is to kill someone by grenading them in the crotch, I will not be reviewing *Modern Warfare* number whatever today. I will not be showing you an in-depth, *SLUG Magazine* exclusive sneak peak into **Blizzard's** new MMO, code-named *Titan*. I will not be preaching about *Duke Nukem Forever*, because you, sir, deserve better than that, sir. Instead, let us dive into the wonderful world of free online Flash games. So set down your closed-system iPhone and buckle the fuck up, son, because we're going straight to the cubicle.

Happy Wheels (www.totaljerkface.com/happy_wheels.php), while simple and innocent-sounding, is one of the most deliciously gory games I have ever had the pleasure of playing. I started as the "irresponsible dad," a guy on his bike with a small child in a seat behind him. As I rolled around the BMX park, I hit a jump slightly wrong and watched in amazement as my child flew into the air, hit the corner of a ramp and splattered into about 50 pieces. Beautiful I say, just beautiful. My next adventure was a jaunt over some grassy hills as an overweight man on a Rascal. As my fat ass got exploded by a landmine, I squealed with glee as the soda and Skittles that fell out of my Rascal's basket mixed with the entrails of my cellulite. Other characters include a homeless man in a jet-powered wheelchair, an unsuspecting tourist on a Segway and a young couple on a motorcycle. Not only was it great fun to watch all of these characters smooch themselves on various types of pavement or get crushed between comically oversized gears, it was also fun to make my own levels. Not only can you kill these characters in your own twisted maze from hell, you can also try out other sadistic creations from people all over the world.

While crushing Grandpa in between his wheelchair and an elevator is great fun, some of us with more refined palates demand a bit more class from our Flash games. *Gunblood* (www.gunblood.com) fills that role quite nicely. The premise of this game is quite simple: A standoff between you and another bad-ass western motherfucker. You each get six bullets, and whoever is left standing in the end is crowned the

champion. There are also bonus rounds where you get to shoot down bottles, birds, throwing knives and, more often than not, your own assistant.

Whether you're into smashing a dad and his small child into a gory mess or blowing the neck off of some scantily clad gunslinger, you'll certainly get your rocks off with one of these well crafted (and free!) Flash games. —*Ross Solomon*

Shaun White Skateboarding

Ubisoft

Reviewed on: Xbox 360

Also on: Wii, Playstation 3, PC

Street: 10.24.10

This is the type of game that one plays and ends up bummed that he or she actually spent money on it. I, luckily, did not spend a single dollar on the game and so, in my opinion, it's just a bad game and not a waste of money. There are so many skateboarding games out these days, and I was excited to play Shaun White's vision of what a skating game should be. The game starts out by informing you of the objective, which is to convert the dull, everyday less-creative people (the ministry) and obstacles into the loud, vibrant and awesome. You achieve this by skating things and bringing life back to the city. What sucks about this game is that the idea is cool, but the controls are a joke. By simply pressing and releasing the A button you do a variation of flip tricks, which is random as far as I can understand. Yes, with one button, you can do kickflips, heelflips, ollies, varials and pop shuvs. I couldn't even figure out how to nollie, and there is no switch stance. Oh, and apparently Shaun doesn't believe in knowing what tricks are what, because a back lip is called a back board. As a skater, I hate it when the game doesn't label what I'm doing correctly. Overall, this game is horrible unless you're too young to play SK8. Don't waste your time, and don't support a sellout. Come on, Shaun, you're rich! Make a game that doesn't suck, you rotten tomato. —*Hessian!*

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Agalloch
Marrow of the Spirit
Profound Lore
Street: 11.23.10
Aqalloch = Ulver + Alcest +

path as to how to feel or react—it's all left to yourself and how you interpret things, and that's always been the power of Agalloch's music. —Bryer Wharton



and funky bass lines on songs like “Minestrone” are a British gangster film rollup through a blighted Southern London neighborhood in a Cadillac with a glove box full

There is a definite reason why *Marrow of the Spirit* has made many metal critics' year-end "top" lists—believe the hype, this is a grand and beautiful album. I implore you, though, to create your own feelings about the album rather than listen to what critics, myself included, say about the Pacific Northwest Agalloch's latest offering. I've seen quite a few reviews mentioning that this is some sort of culmination or buildup of styles that Agalloch have utilized on prior records. I interviewed Agalloch frontman **John Haughm** around 2002, when the band's landmark album *The Mantle* came out, and there was never any mention of tackling certain styles for certain albums. *Marrow of the Spirit* does involve influences and styles from the band's three previous full-lengths as well as some of their EP releases. Ultimately, the album is just a progression in the constant evolution of one of the more forward-thinking metal bands. The lines of what a song structure is are blurred. The first half of *Marrow of the Spirit* is a bit more concise in its songwriting, taking listeners down a more direct musical path than the latter half of the album, where song structures bleed over one another and atmosphere reigns in at the very start of the lengthy and weighted track, "Black Lake Njöstång." *Marrow of the Spirit* is a challenging listen with open-ended results. Agalloch don't make you take any direct

Charles Bradley
No Time for Dreaming
Dunham/Daptone
Street: 01.25
**Charles Bradley = the Dap-Kings
+ Menahan Street Band + the
Budos Band**
I'd be lying if I said I'd heard of this guy before I listened to this disc. Apparently, I'm not the only one to be completely in the lurch on this one. As it seems, Bradley has been quietly paying his dues for years, honing his craft as a top-shelf, journeyman soul singer. It just so happens that a return to classic-style soul music has started paying the bills again, so many more labels and musicians are able to offer up tracks to the listening public. This is the first vocal release for the fledgling Dunham label (a branch of Daptone Records), and it pairs Bradley's smooth **James Brown**-inspired voice with the well-rehearsed Menahan Street Band. Lots of horns, a solid yet bouncy two-step groove and an underlying feel of sincerity makes this one of the best soul records I've heard in some time. It is a fantastic way to start 2011. Hopefully the year is as good to Bradley as he has been to us on this one. —*James Bennett*

The Concretes
WYWH
Friendly Fire Recordings
Street: 11.09.10
The Concretes = The Cardigans
Doing Their Ace Of Base
Impression
The Swedish pop scene has certainly produced its share of mega bands/artists—**ABBA, Robyn, Ace Of Base**, to name but three of the more popular ones—and The Concretes (returning after a three-year hiatus) appear to want to up their indie-pop ante and join those ranks a bit by making a “disco flavored” album. But *WYWH* (wish you were here, FYI)—being made by the same laidback Swedes who brought the world

Say Something New and You Can't Hurry Love—is about as disco as **Lawrence Welk**. Perhaps it is the extra beats that have caused this description to stick, but this actually suits the proceeding just fine, especially on the catchy "All Day" and the equally hooky "What We've Become." Opener "Good Evening" has an understated beauty and builds from a simple few chords to its subtle chorus slowly. There are a few songs that suffer slightly from being a bit too slow too soon, but they are still pretty. Even with the missing "o's" from its title, "Knck Knck" is very hummable, as is the fantastic title track. So while *WYWH* probably won't give any of the above named artists/supergroups a run for their money, it is a pleasant addition to The Concrete's discography. —Dean O Hillis

Fujiya & Miyagi
Ventriloquizzing
Yep Roc
Street: 01.25
**Fujiya & Miyagi = Clinic +
Matthew Dear + Can**
Brooding, menacing, and ice cold, this Brighton, UK trio's kraut-inspired long-players roll by with hardly a tempo change or break in the dark clouds hanging over the 11 tracks. *Ventriloquizzing* is relentless: Each song is built around the rhythm section's death grip on the laser-focused bass that follows in a syncopated lock step. The topics don't help the overall dreariness of the album, either. Sexual and political paralysis, drug abuse, and first-world consumption match *Ventriloquizzing's* overall pessimistic mood. The schizoid electronics, whispered vocals, percussive piano notes

Graf Orlock
Doombox EP
Vitriol Records
Street: 01.18

Graf Orlock = Ed Gein + Sick of It All

Well, it turns out that Graf Orlock has figured out a fresh, engaging way to approach an EP—get in, get out, and give us plenty of reasons to click repeat after the less-than-12-minute-cinema-grind explosion. Cinema grind? That's Graf Orlock's self-created niche. Each track includes random movie quotes from people like **2 Pac (Juice)**, **Christian Bale (Harsh Times)**, and **Christopher Walken (King of New York)**. But don't jump to the conclusion that this is just a gimmick. All six tracks on *Doombox* are technical, varying, and, most importantly, brutal. This EP actually reminds me a lot of Ed Gein's *It's A Shame that a Family Can be Torn Apart by Something as Simple as a Pack of Wild Dogs*. Tracks like "Job Hunt" and "New Year's Eve 1999" are a great mix of grind, thrash and straightforward hardcore. If **Aron Ralston** was into metal, he'd give *Doombox* one thumb up.

—Andrew Roy

Holy Sons

Survivalist Tales!

Partisan Records
Street: 12.10.10
Holy Sons = Bonnie "Prince" Billy + Grails + Lackthereof

While Holy Sons can be described as **Emil Amos's** side project from prominent Portland psych-folk ensemble Grails and doom-metal duo **Om**, the fact is, Holy Sons predates them all. Amos's ninth release finds the drummer exploring themes of urban decay and self-confrontation beneath atmospheric folk songs and sparse, electronic synthscapes. The open-

ended song structure of Grails is present in the way each song flows into gorgeous instrumental segues that mark much of the album. Amos's gravelly, world-hardened voice is reminiscent of **Will Oldham's** ageless croon. While an insanely prolific drummer, Amos is in full control over a wide array of instruments and 70s AM radio melodies. While overtly somber, Holy Son's multi-layered compositions and Amos's excellent voice soften the blow and give the album a warm, almost glowing quality, like seeing city lights through a blanket of smog. *—Ryan Hall*

Killing the Dream

Lucky Me
Street: 11.23.10
Deathwish Inc.
Killing the Dream = The Carrier + Shai Hulud + Defeater
Development tends to imply a creation of something original, but on *Lucky Me*, it feels like Killing the Dream is plotting in discovered territory. Album opener "Blame the Architects" destroys out of the gate, and decrescendos into a tasteful string arrangement interlude. If the album kept this passion and complementary withholding consistent, it would be a gem. Instead, it's a mixed bag. If you only have an LP of 7 songs, it needs to be all killer and no filler. The vocals at the end of "Testimony" almost completely derail the album. Not because they're clean vocals—that can be a great addition to an emotional hardcore band—it's that they're sung so poorly. Like, karaoke bad. The rest of the album isn't sloppy, so this vocal turn is unfortunate. *Lucky Me* either seems like catharsis or build, but the two miss each other, albeit narrowly, on too many occasions to create much of an impact. Killing the Dream's passion is top notch—the organization could use some help, though. *—Peter Fryer*

New Mexico
have you met my friend yet?

Self-released
Street 11.20.10
New Mexico = The Soft Pack + Kings of Leon
Despite residing in San Diego, this trio presents dusty garage pop rock in a way that would have you believe they just might be kicking dirt off their spurs. Their self-produced seven-song EP *have you met my friend?* delivers heavy drums that escort violent

lyrics down energetic guitar riffs. It formulates a dirty, arid compilation of bursting rock that hits its marks. On "Abused and Amused," lead singer **Robert Kent** serenades listeners with lyrics, "Cut your teeth and slice your bones/That's no way to bring her home," that embed the catchy sound, creating a darker, bare tone and giving the track a punk edge. "Case Closed" bounces and kicks while Kent hugs his vowels, which emulates a strong comparison to **Kings of Leon** ... If Kings of Leon were a better band. Altogether, it's stark and dry, just like their band name suggests, and as far as their friend is concerned, I haven't met him or her yet, but let's make it happen. *—Liz Lucero*

Rasa

We Were the States
Chicken Ranch Records
Street: 11.09.10
Rasa = The Kooks + Razorlight



On their second album, Nashville band Rasa aims for the arena-sized indie of the UK and hits it pretty dead-on. The earnestness of vocalist Justin Webb's winningly nasal croon works well against the muscular rhythm section, but the band overreaches with the same by-the-numbers balladry that bogs down your average British rock band. "Paris Green" wants to be a sing-along in the way that the **Kings of Leon** now write sing-alongs. "Gold" is a highlight, mildly satirizing the ego and decadence of rock and roll ("You're sweeter than cocaine"), even if it lacks the bite of the likes of **Art Brut**. It's a serviceable album, if somewhat unoriginal and uneven. *—Nate Housley*

Sodom

In War and Pieces
Steamhammer/SPV
Street: 01.11
Sodom = Kreator + Destruction + Tankard
Starting your year with German thrash metal legends Sodom adds a nice New Year's resolution—



stop worshipping the so-called retro or neo-thrash bands. Sodom not only knows what they're doing, they know thrash metal—they've been churning out the violent riffs since 1981. This new offering to thrash-hungry metal fans promises and delivers a speed-fuck of tunes. "Through Toxic Veins" sounds like it could have been recorded in 1984. Tracks like "Knarrenheinz" are mixed in with slower, more broadening heavy cuts like "The Art of Killing Poetry," and "Soul Contraband." The album doesn't hold back the massive thrash-styled breakdowns, crushing drums and hell-howling guitar soloing. The album's title track offers the best of all worlds. The production here for thrash metal or any other form of metal is near perfection. If you could let this album loose as a singular entity in your home, it would wind up looking like a pack of dogs just ran through searching for hidden sausages. Is this the best Sodom album ever released? No, but it beats the living snot out of the tight-pants-wearing denim-jacket-wearing idiots populating the scene that think they're claiming the thrash metal throne. *—Bryer Wharton*

Tennis

Cape Dory
Fat Possum
Street: 01.18
Tennis = Beach House + The Beach Boys + sleeping on the beach
Think about what you plan to do for the next year or so, then imagine instead falling in love and getting married, then running away from the mountains to the Atlantic, where you buy a small sailboat and cruise up and down the coast for eight months, after which you start a band with your spouse and record songs about the experience (love, sun, sand, seafaring). I only suggest this because it's exactly what the Denver duo that makes up two-thirds of Tennis did, and the world is better for it. Their sleepy, melanin-infused

pop capsules brim with bliss and charm, making life on land seem comparatively lonely and cold. Tennis is a band that wistful lovers can really believe in. *(Urban: 01.27) —Nathan C. Martin*

Various Artists

Fat Music Vol. 7: Harder, Fatter + Louder
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 11.23.10
Fat Music = Punk-O-Rama + Give 'Em the Boot + Rock Against Bush



After eight years, the Fat Music series has returned to a world where rampant Internet piracy has rendered the punk rock label sampler a relic of the past. If you're a fan of Fat Wreck Chords (and if you're the kind of person who steals punk rock off the Internet, you probably are) most of these 22 songs are likely already on your porn-infested hard drive. The only truly unreleased track is an irritating cover of "Dream Police" by **No Use for a Name**, as the other "unreleased" tracks have already been released on recent 7"s (pretty good tunes from **Swingin' Utters** and **Old Man Markley**), or will be released on forthcoming albums. You get decent new tracks from **Pour Habit** and **Chixdiggit!**, but the main reason I was drawn to this comp were the new songs-from **Cobra Skulls** and **Against Me!** Cobra Skulls' "Hot Sand" is a slithering, skanky tune that sounds like it was recorded in the Reno desert, and Against Me! delivers a slightly altered version of "Holy Shit" from their upcoming demo collection. However, since most of these unreleased tracks will be readily available in a few months, this comp isn't really worth the investment. *—Ricky Vigil*

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Concert Announcements

Sat Jan 1: Rocky Mountain Hardcore's 2ND ANNUAL HANGOVER BALL w. Riksha, A Balance Of Power, Sixteen Penny, Dead Vessel, Ravings Of A Madman

Thu Jan 6: Breath Away From Madness, Muckraker, P.S., Bloom

Fri Jan 7: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Sat Jan 8: DOWNFALL Comeback Show w. The Book, Speitre, Seventking

Thu Jan 13: Cache Valley Cartel, Our Dying Day, Red Dog Revival, Daniel Murtaugh

Fri Jan 14: Bandwagon Live w. Melodramus, North Emisarry

Sat Jan 15: SPLIT LID CD RELEASE SHOW w. Super So Far, Season Of Change, Morrow Hill

Thu Jan 20: Peace & Quiet, The Glorious Bastards, Someone's Mom, Spiral Violet

Fri Jan 21: HEIDI'S HEAVY METAL BASH

Sat Jan 22: TOXIC HOLOCAUST, Killbot, ToxicDose

Wed Jan 26: Voltaire, tba

Thu Jan 27: So Good Sunday, tba

Fri Jan 28: ULTIMATE COMBAT EXPERIENCE

Thu Feb 17: ADEMA

Mon Feb 28: MALEVOLENT CREATION, FULL BLOWN CHAOS, THE ABSENCE, HAVOK, BEYOND TERROR BEYOND GRACE

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

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Friday, January 7

Far East Movement – *Complex*
Blackhounds, Dirty Blonde, Bobo Shand, The Direction – *Kilby*
John-Ross Boyce and His Troubles – *ABG's*
Thinline – *Woodshed*
White Elephant – *Muse*
Isaac Russel, Desert Noises, The Devil Whale – *Velour*
DJ Brisk – *Harry O's*
Cameron Rafati – *Downstairs*
DJ Juggy, DJ Sayo, Justin Godnia – *Elevate*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Never Say Never, Desolate, Hung Ups, Ghetto End Boys, Brutality – *Salt Lake Recording Service*

Saturday, January 8

Cowboy Mouth Dash Rip Rock – *Urban*
Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Spooky Moon, Space Studs, Ramblin Trio, Jennie Gautney– *Kilby*
Book on Taperworm, Taught Me, Northern – *Velour*
And She Whispered – *Deathstar*
Boxzilla II – *The Canyons*
Whitney Blayne, Dane And The Death Machine – *Woodshed*
Until Further Notice – *Muse*
Despite Despair, Maraloka, Billy Kincaide, Record Swap – *Raunch*
Z-Trip – *Downstairs*
DJ MeloD, DJ Juggy, Handsome Hands – *Elevate*
Sarah Slaton, Hello Sky!, Postdated, Say Hi to Skyline, Preston Powis – *Avalon*
Downfall, The Book, Speitre, Seventking – *Vegas*
11th Annual SLUG Games: Night Riders – Park City Mountain Resort

Sunday, January 9

Mike Brown Skate Night, Havok – *Urban*
Happy Birthday Kyle Trammell!

Monday, January 10

Free Film: Bear City – *Tower*
Minute After 8, One Truth, Decoy & Young Mindz – *Urban*

Tuesday, January 11

Retribution Gospel Choir, Peter Wolf Crier – *Urban*
Free Films: Marwencol – *City Libray*
We Came As Romans, For Today, The Word Alive, Woe is Me, Texas in July – *Complex*
Dashboard Confessional, Chris Conley, Lady Danville – *In The Venue*

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Dead Vessel, Mobil Death Camp, Blood of the Prophets – *Bar Deluxe*
It Prevails, Counterparts, Betrayal, Volumes, Bermuda – *Deathstar*

Wednesday, January 12

David Williams, Poor Wills, Nick Neihart, The Awful Truth – *Urban*
Tiffany Erickson – *Kilby*
Welcome to the Woods – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Tony Bassett!

Thursday, January 13

Fauna, General Harrison – *Piper Down*
Oceano, For The Fallen Dreams, Upon A Burning Body, The Great Commision, I The Breather – *Basement*
Anastasia, April Meservy – *Muse*
Daniel Day Trio – *Gracie's*
Cache Valley Cartel, Our Dying Day, Red Dog Revival, Daniel Murtaugh – *Vegas*
Uncle Lucius – *Downstairs*
Eagle Twin, Cornered By Zombies – *Urban*
Education Open House – *Skinworks*
Roseanne Barr signing – *Sam Weller's*

Friday, January 14

Reverend Dead Eye, Stiffy Green – *ABG's*
The Trappers – *Woodshed*
HardDrive To France – *Muse*
Imagine Dragons, Vibrant Sound, The Neighbors – *Velour*
Sea Swallowed Us Whole, Sakai Incident, If We Start This Fire, Feed Me To The Poor, Dismemberment of Me – *Kilby*
Melodramus, North Emissary – *Vegas*
Ian K, ZXX, Mad Hatter – *In The Venue*
Kevin Hart – *Abravanel Hall*
Deny Your Faith – *Burt's*
SLUG Localized: Righteous Audio Werks, Seven Feathers Rainwater, It Foot It Ears – *Urban*

Saturday, January 15

Grizzly Prospector – *Kilby*
Tony Holiday Band, Tanglewood, The Pour – *State Room*
La Farsa, Merit Badge, Cub Country – *Woodshed*
Guster – *In The Venue*
Allred, Tessa Barton, Under The Oak Tree, Nikki Glanville, Michael Harvey, Austin Bereny – *Basement*
Fictionist Sunflow – *Velour*
Split Lid, Super So Far, Season of Change, Morrow Hill – *Vegas*
DJ Politik – *Harry O's*
Max Payne & The Groovies, Scenic Byway, Youth In Eyes – *Urban*

Sunday, January 16

Robert Earl Keen – *State Room*
Mike Brown Skate Night – *Urban*

Monday, January 17

Robert Earl Keen – *State Room*
Preservation Hall Jazz Band – *Salt Lake City Sheraton*
Drunken Masters, Po Peeps, Domex, Decoy, Broken Silence – *Urban*

Tuesday, January 18

Adrian Legg – *State Room*
Free Film: Bag It – *City Library*
Writing Workshop – *Day Riverside Library*
Vonveederveld, Spell Talk, Dirty Blonde – *Urban*
Happy Birthday Barrett Doran!

Wednesday, January 19

Tailgait Alaska, Salem Music – *State Room*
Jeff Dunham – *EnergySolutions*
Dead Winter Carpenters – *Urban*
Northwest Breaklines – *Kilby*
Duluoz, Spazz – *Burt's*

Thursday, January 20

The Civil Wars, Parlor Hawk – *State Room*
Daniel Day Trio – *Gracie's*



Little Dragon Jan. 29
@ The Urban Lounge

Peace & Quiet, The Glorious Bastards, Someone's Mom, Spiral Violet – *Vegas*
Afro Omega, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Accidente, Dangersoos, Red Pete – *Kilby*

Friday, January 21

Toubab Krewe & The Infamous Stringdusters – *State Room*
2280 Pints – *Rose Wagner Black Box*
Wisebird, The Pour, Marinade – *Urban*
Darwin Deez, Fol Chen, Friends – *Kilby*
John Andrews, Electric Space Jihad – *Copper Palate Press*
Fire In The Skies, The Party Foul, Aceldama, My Final Estate, Necromaniac – *Basement*
Allred, Benton Paul – *Velour*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
The Platte – *Beehive Tea Room*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Tribal Seeds, Fortunate Youth – *In The Venue*
Ricky Powell Photo Show – *FICE'*
Screamin' Yeehaws, Thunderfist, Muckracker – *Burt's*

Saturday, January 22

Toubab Krewe, Infamous Stringdusters – *State Room*
2280 Pints – *Rose Wagner Black Box*
Joshua James, Parlor Hawk – *Velour*
Never Ending Summer, Tracing Yesterday, Vestige Vindicated, Larusso, Proclamation to Blue – *Kilby*
People Under the Stairs, Scenic Byway, Sick Sense & Skinwalker – *Urban*
Mindy Glehill – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Toxic Holocaust, Killbot, ToxicDose – *Vegas*

Sunday, January 23

Cancer Benefit Show – *Kilby*
Vertigo Venus, Venus De Mars and the Pretty Horses, Venus Bogardus – *Burt's*
S.L.F.M – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Mike Brown Skate Night – *Urban*

Monday, January 24

Andrew Goldring – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Silver Antlers, The Heavens and the Earth – *Urban*

Tuesday, January 25

Anne-Marie Hildebrandt – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Buckcherry, HeliYeah, All That Remains, The Damned Things – *Saltair*

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Wednesday, January 26

Jonathan Tylers & The Northern Lights – *Velour*
Anthony B, Babylon Down Sound System – *Elevate*
Patick Thomas – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Giant – *Urban*
Voltaire – *Vegas*
Numbered With The Dead, The Dark Past, Amplitude, My Final Estate – *Kilby*

Thursday, January 27

Tennis, Air Waves – *Urban*
Kort McCumber, James Moors – *Piper Down*
Rebelution – *Depot*
Tessa Barton – *Velour*
Daniel Day Trio – *Gracie's*
Mindy Gledhill – *Beehive Tea Room*
Slamdance Film Festival – *Park City*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
So Good Sunday – *Vegas*
Blues 66 – *Burt's*

Friday, January 28

RJD2, Steez Of Tactical Assault – *Urban*
American Mantra, The Recovery – *Kilby*
Slim Chance and His Psychobilly Playboys – *ABG's*
Junior Brown – *State Room*
A Phoenix Forever, Last Call, Relentless, The Never Ending Summer, Stegosaurus – *Basement*
Seve vs. Evan, Eyes Lips Eyes, Toy Bombs – *Velour*
Fayde Into the Moonlight, Neo Breed, Jake Williams, Tink Fu, Juliette – *In The Venue*
Tomorrows Bad Seeds, Ivy League – *Cisero's*
Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm – *Beehive Tea Room*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*

Saturday, January 29

Little Dragon, Crisis Wright, Laserfang – *Urban*
Buddha Pie – *Woodshed*
Slash, Myles Kennedy – *Depot*
Mauler – *Basement*
Night Night, Mudbison, Seafinch, Second Estate – *Velour*
DJ Dean – *Saltair*

Mary Danzig & Otter Creek – *Beehive Tea Room*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Ska Show – *Kilby*

Sunday, January 30

Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Mike Brown Skate Night – *Urban*

Monday, January 31

Free Movie Monday – *Brewvies*
Atomic Tom – *Kilby*

Tuesday, February 1

Plain White T's, MIGGS, Parachute – *In The Venue*
Mac Miller, Dope Thought – *Kilby*
Amos Lee – *Depot*
Haste The Day, My Children My Bride, A Plea For Purging – *In The Venue*

Wednesday, February 2

KRCL's Night Out – *Sandbar*
Moe. – *Depot*

Thursday, February 3

Holden Young Trio – *Piper Down*
Jonathan Tylers & the Northern Lights – *Velour*
Reverend Horton Heat, Luis and the Wildfires – *Depot*
Rufio, Acidic – *Kilby*
Remembering the Poetry of Tennessee Williams – *Main Library*

Friday, February 4

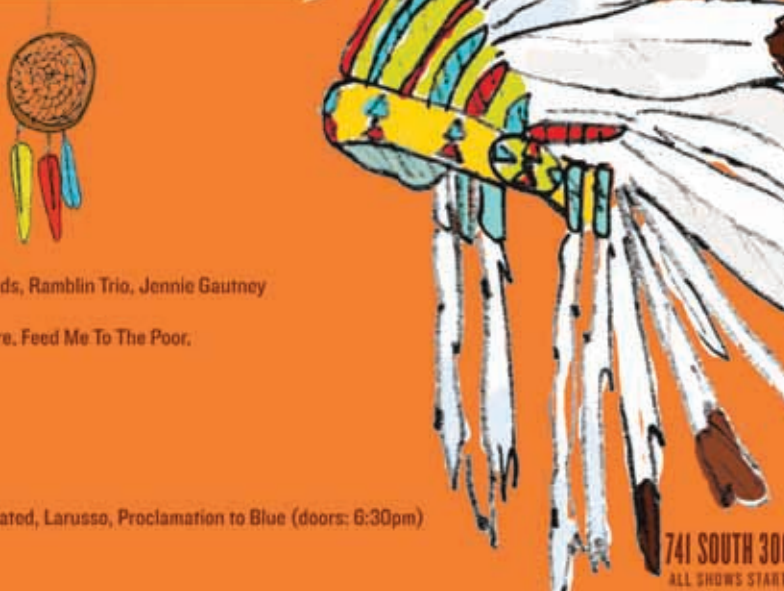
Double or Nothing, HelloSky!, Clay Summers, Cody Rigby – *Kilby*
The Get Up Kids, Steel Train, River City Extension – *In The Venue*
Hollow Miles – *Burt's*
Happy Birthday Todd Powelson!
Pick up the new *SLUG* – *Anyplace Cool*

SEND US YOUR DATES BY THE
25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH:
dailycalendar@slugmag.com



KILBY COURT

JANUARY



1. Flow, The Descriptive, The Spins
 3. Smile For Diamonds, Spell Talk, Holy Water Buffalo
 4. Just Three Words, Chemical Rain, TBA (doors: 6pm)
 5. Something Fierce, TBA
 6. The Sense Divide, Us Thieves, Ben Drinkwater
 7. Blackhounds, Dirty Blonde, Bobo Shand, The Direction
 8. Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Spooky Moon, Space Studs, Ramblin Trio, Jennie Gautney
 12. Tiffany Erickson Books, TBA (doors: 6pm)
 14. Sea Swallow Us Whole, The Sakai Incident, If we start this Fire, Feed Me To The Poor, Dismemberment of me (doors: 6:30pm)
 15. Grizzly Prospector, TBA
 18. Local Show, TBA
 19. Northwest Breaklines, TBA
 20. Red Pete, Dangeroos, Accidents
 21. Darwin Deez, Fol Chan, Friends
 22. The Never Ending Summer, Tracing Yesterday, Vestige Vindicated, Larusso, Proclamation to Blue (doors: 6:30pm)
 23. Cancer Benefit Show
 26. TBA
 28. American Montra, The Recovery, TBA
 29. Ska Show: Bands TBA

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THE URBAN LOUNGE IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE FOLLOWING SHOWS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

DATE	SHOWS
FRI JAN 20TH	OUTDOOR RETAILERS PARTY, AFRO OMEGA, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS
SAT JAN 21ST	PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS, SCENIC BYWAY, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER
SUN JAN 22ND	RJD2, STEEZ OF TACTICAL ASSAULT
MON JAN 23RD	WISEBIRD, THE POUR, MARINADE
TUE JAN 24TH	TENNIS AIRWAVES
WED JAN 25TH	LITTLE DRAGON, CRISIS WRIGHT, LASERFANG
THUR JAN 26TH	I AM THE OCEAN, MUSCLE HAWK, MIKE BROWN SKATE NIGHT WITH 2\$ COVER & 2\$ COCKTAILS
FRI JAN 27TH	MARINADE, DEAD HORSE ANONYMOUS, TIMMY ANDERSON
SAT JAN 28TH	5 DAYS NEW, BLACK HOUNDS, DIRTY BLONDE, BOBO SHAND, ROBIN MARY, DUBWISE
SUN JAN 29TH	COWBOY MOUTH, DASH RIP ROCK, MIKE BROWN SKATE NIGHT WITH HAVOK, MINUTE AFTER 8, ONE TRUTH (PO PEEP & DOMEX), DECOY & YOUNG MINDZ
MON JAN 30TH	RETRIBUTION GOSPEL CHOIR, PETER WOLF CRIER, DAVID WILLIAMS, POOR WILLS, NICK NEIHART, THE AWFUL TRUTH
TUE JAN 31ST	EAGLE TWIN, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, SLUG LOCALIZED: RIGHTEOUS AUDIO WORKS, SEVEN FEATHERS, RAIN WATER, IT FOOT IT EARS
WED FEB 1ST	HOMEGROWN URBAN ARTS SHOW V2.0 PRESENTED BY LPM & DANKSQUAD: MAX PAYNE & THE GROOVIES, SCENIC BYWAY, YOUTH IN EYES
THUR FEB 2ND	MIKE BROWN SKATE NIGHT WITH 2\$ COVER & 2\$ COCKTAILS, DRUNKEN MASTERS, PO PEEPS, DOMEX, DECOY, BROKEN SILENCE
FRI FEB 3RD	VONVEEDERVELD, SPELL TALK, DIRTY BLONDE, DEAD WINTER CARPENTERS
SAT FEB 4TH	OUTDOOR RETAILERS PARTY: AFRO OMEGA (REGGAE), PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS (BLUEGRASS), WISEBIRD, THE POUR, MARINADE
SUN FEB 5TH	PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS, SCENIC BYWAY, SICK SENSE & SKINWALKER
MON FEB 6TH	MIKE BROWN SKATE NIGHT WITH 2\$ COVER & 2\$ COCKTAILS
TUE FEB 7TH	SILVER ANTLERS, THE HEAVANS AND THE EARTH
WED FEB 8TH	GIANT
THUR FEB 9TH	TENNIS, AIR WAVES
FRI FEB 10TH	RJD2, STEEZ OF TACTICAL ASSAULT
SAT FEB 11TH	LITTLE DRAGON, CRISIS WRIGHT, LASERFANG
SUN FEB 12TH	MIKE BROWN SKATE NIGHT WITH 2\$ COVER & 2\$ COCKTAILS

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