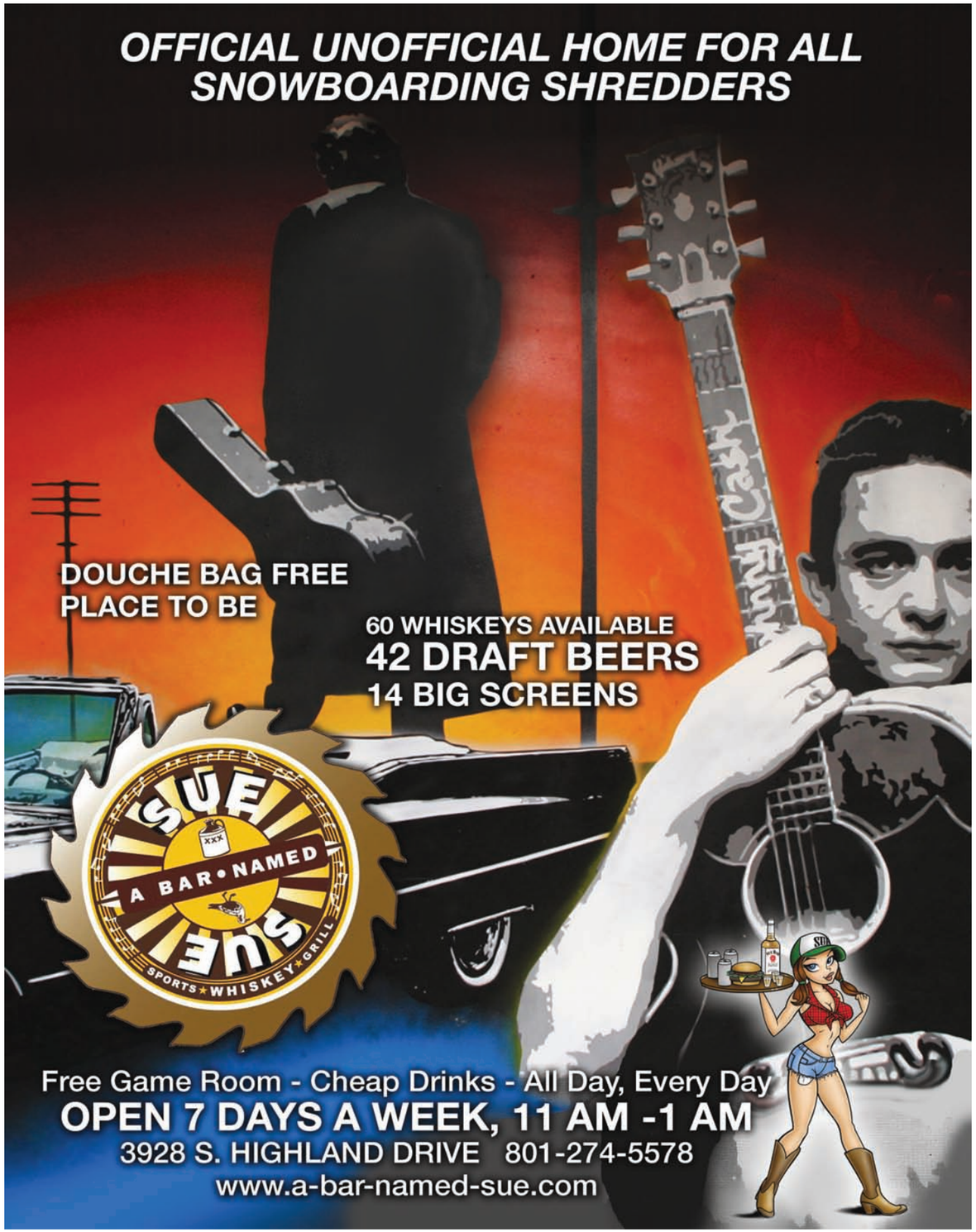
SLUG magazine

VOL 22 • ISSUE #267 • MARCH 2011
ALWAYS FREE • SLUGMAG.COM

SUBROSA RELEASES NEW ALBUM
HEART OF GOLD TATTOO
DEVIL WHALE PLAYS SXSW

BROSHIP



SLUG Magazine's

Craft Lake City

SALT LAKE CITY'S D.I.Y. ARTS & CRAFTS FESTIVAL

FREE ADMISSION | LIVE MUSIC

August 13, 2011

JOIN HUNDREDS OF LOCAL ARTISTS AS THEY VEND THEIR INNOVATIVE WARES TO THE PUBIC. BE PART OF THIS AFFORDABLE, INVITING AND COMMUNITY-BASED EVENT.

ARTISTS/CRAFTERS:
BECOME A VENDOR AT CRAFT LAKE CITY 2011!
APPLICATIONS ACCEPTED MAR. 27—MAY 27, 2011

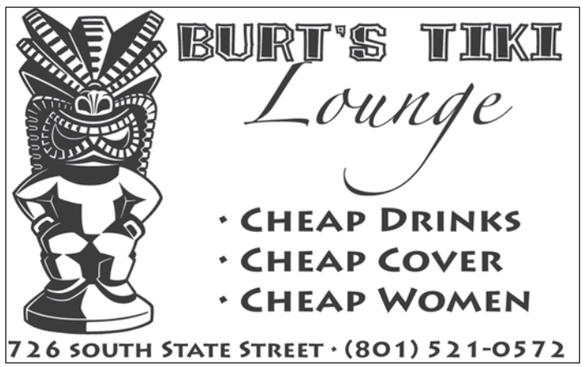
VISIT CRAFTLAKECITY.COM FOR DETAILS

SPONSORSHIP:
SUPPORT THE FUTURE GROWTH OF UTAH'S PROGRESSIVE ART SCENE!

EMAIL: ANGELA@CRAFTLAKECITY.COM
OR CALL: 801.487.9221

GALLIVAN CENTER

CRAFTLAKECITY.COM



SLUG MAG

///.SLUG

SaltLakeUnderGround • Vol. 22• Issue # 267 • March 2011 • slugmag.com

About this cover:
March's cover features Mike Doepner, Adam Virostko, Carl Ball, Dreu Damian Hudson, Cassie Combs, John Finnegan, Jesse Cassar, Bacon, Alex Guy and Alex Giles of Salt Lake City crew The Broship.

Publisher: Eighteen Percent Gray
Editor: Angela H. Brown
Managing Editor: Jeanette D. Moses
Editorial Assistant: Ricky Vigil
Action Sports Editor: Adam Dorobiala
Copy Editing Team: Jeanette D. Moses, Rebecca Vernon, Ricky Vigil, Esther Meroño, Liz Phillips, Katie Panzer, Rio Connelly, Joe Maddock, Alexander Ortega, Mary Enge, NWFP, Cody Kirkland, Hannah Christian, Rachel Fabiano
Cover Design: Joshua Joye
Cover Photos: Patiri Photography
Issue Design: Joshua Joye
Design Interns: Adam Dorobiala, Eric Sapp, Bob Plumb.
Ad Designers: Todd Powelson, Kent Farrington, Sumerset Bivens, Jaleh Afshar, Lionel WIlliams, Christian Broadbent, Kelli Tompkins, Maggie Poulton, Eric Sapp, Brad Barker, KJ, Lindsey Morris, Paden Bischoff, Maggie Zukowski.
Website Design: Kate O'Connor
Illustrators: Jared Smith, Manuel Aguilar, Ryan Perkins, Phil Cannon, Benji Pierson Maggie Zukowski

Photographers: Ruby Johnson, Katie Panzer, Dave Brewer, Sam Milianta, Adam Dorobiala, Weston Colton, David DeAustin, David Newkirk, Barrett Doran, Adam Heath, Bob Plumb, Chris Swainston, Michelle Emerson, Max Lowe, Peter Anderson, Jesse Anderson, Mitch Allen, John Carlisle
Filmers: Andrew Schummer, Brian Baade, Loren Tyrel, Mary Catrow, Slugger

Ad Sales: SLUG HQ 801.487.9221
Angela Brown:
sales@slugmag.com
Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com
Jemie Sprankle
jemie@slugmag.com
Shauna Brennan
shauna@slugmag.com

Marketing Coordinator: Bethany Fischer
Marketing: Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette D. Moses, Jessica Davis, Billy Ditzig, Hailee Jacobson, Stephanie Buschardt, Giselle Vickery, Veg Vollum, Chrissy Hawkins, Emily Burkhart, Rachel Roller, Jeremy Riley

SLUG GAMES Coordinators: Mike Brown, Jeanette D. Moses, Mike Reff, Sean Zimmerman-Wall, Adam Dorobiala, Jeremy Riley, Katie Panzer, Jake Vivori, Chris Proctor, Dave Brewer, Billy Ditzig

Distribution Manager: Eric Granato
Distro: Eric Granato, Tommy Dolph, Tony Bassett, Joe Jewkes, Jesse Hawlish, Nancy Burkhart, Brad Barker, Adam Okeefe, Manuel Aguilar, Ryan Worwood, David Frohlich
Office Interns: Jeremy Riley, Chris Proctor, Kia McGinnis

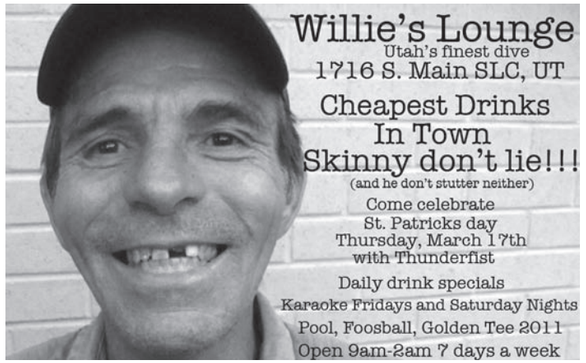
Senior Staff Writers: Mike Brown, Mariah Mann-Mellus, James Orme, Lance Saunders, Jeanette D. Moses, Bryer Wharton, Peter Fryer, James Bennett, Ricky Vigil, Adam Dorobiala, Gavin Hoffman, Jon Robertson, Esther Meroño, Rebecca Vernon, Ross Solomon, Chris Swainston, Sam Milianta, Jimmy Martin, Ben Trentelman, JP, Jesse Hawlish, Tyler Makmell, Princess Kennedy
Monkeys with Computers: Brian Kubarycz, Shawn Mayer, Cody Hudson, Mike Reff, Eric Hess, Sean Zimmerman Wall, Rio Connelly, Courtney Blair, Tully Flynn, Kendall Johnson, Elliot Secrist, Dean O. Hillis, Jemie Sprankle, Jessie Wood, Ryan Hall, Chris Proctor, Bethany Fischer, Dr. Evil, Some Cop Dude, Nate Perkins, Andrew Roy, Alexander Ortega, Kyla Grant, Nate Housley, Madelyn Boudreaux, Ischa Buchanan, Gavin Sheehan, Liz Lucero, Ryan Schoeck, Levi Rounds, Dylan Chadwick, Clayton Godby, Julianna Clay, Megan Kennedy
Derby Correspondents: Paige Snow, Diane Hartford

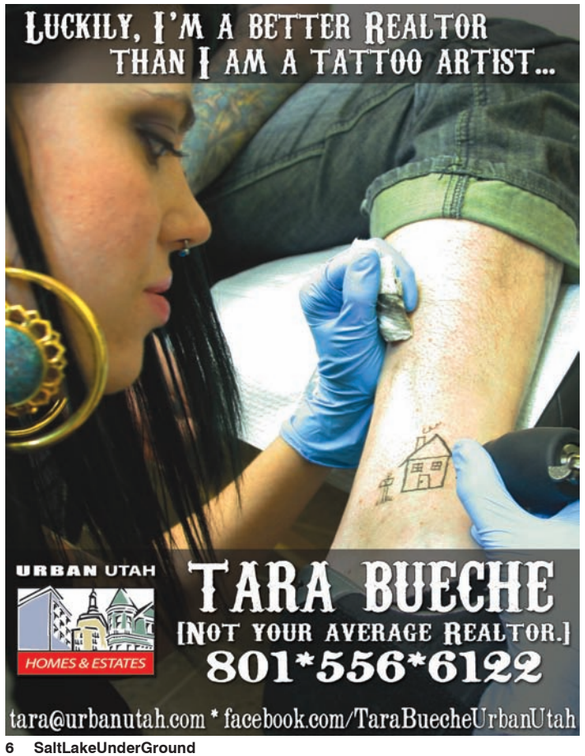
DISCLAIMER: SLUG Magazine does not necessarily maintain the same opinions as those found in our articles, interviews or advertisements. If you are easily offended, please do not blame us. We are a carrier for the voice of the people and it is not our fault if you don't like people. Content is property of *SLUG Magazine*. Please do not use without permission or we will hunt you down and make you pay for your sins. Now, that's a promise.

Contributor Limelight

Alex Ortega Writer/Copy Editor

When it comes to secret weapons, one of the most deadly in *SLUG Magazine*'s arsenal may well be Alex Ortega. He can write, he can copy edit and keep your women close on the dance floor—homeboy can bust a move, too! This month, Ortega took the helm, penning his first cover story for *SLUG,* about Salt Lake City's own Broship. Much like the No. 1 taco-sauce he shares a name with, Ortega's humor and wit is a spicy delight. *SLUG* couldn't be happier to have him on deck.





SLUG MAG ///. DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

This is Erica writing you, handwriting you. I picked up SLUG last night at a club and I just wanna say that I <3 your publication! I'm traveling the U$A right now in a Greyhound taking the couch-surfing way. Had to make a stop to Salt Lake City because of the movie "SLC Punk" being one of my favorite movies. I am glad that I've came here. I got my first (and second, third, fourth and fifth) lay of the year, right here in Salt Lake City! Oh they were awesome! I'm happy. Well SLC, I shall cum again…

-Erica Chang

Hey Erica,

Glad to hear that you got some ass while visiting Salt Lake City. Although, since you were couch surfing, I can't imagine that sex smelled so good. Couch surfing and traveling by Greyhound bus usually results in smells of sweaty ass (swass), stale cigs and day-old McDonald's fries. Regardless of the state of your hygiene when these sexual encounters occurred, we are happy that you found us and even happier that you sent us a letter. Happy travels. Hope you found Salt Lake as exciting as the film that bears our city's name.

xoxo,

SLUG Mag

Dear Dickheads,

I am writing you about your recent article 'fuckin' nuts for doughnuts'. While definitely entertaining I would like to inform you that there was some misleading information in your article regarding Beyond Glazed. They do NOT make anything fresh, that is unless you count defrosting frozen doughnuts as fresh. They get in frozen doughnuts in everyday and recook them; then they decorate them and try to pass them off as fresh but sadly they are not. While their toppings are inventive to say the least the product as a whole is lack luster at best. If you really want some good doughnuts really made from scratch you should check out Sugarbabies Donut Works at 2278 S Redwood, there you will find a good donut really worth writing an article about.

Signed,

-J. Patterson

Dear J. Patterson,

Thank you for the heads up regarding the "freshness" of the doughnuts at Beyond Glaze. If the information you've provided is accurate, we're disappointed by the misleading information we received. Regardless of the "freshness" of their doughnuts, Mr. Woodcock enjoyed his experience there. If your accusations are correct, the doughnuts at Beyond Glaze are really no better than the nasty grocery store doughnuts, they're just dressed up with better toppings—but as our reviewer clearly pointed out, the decadent doughnuts at Beyond Glaze are worth repeat visits. I have a sneaking suspicion that you are either a disgruntled former employee from Beyond Glaze or affiliated with this Sugarbabies Donut Works and a little butt-hurt that your shop wasn't included in the coverage. If that is the case, we apologize. We'll keep you in mind for future reviews.

xoxo,

SLUG Mag

Dear Dickheads,

Mike Brown. You, sir, are an idiot. You obviously have ears full of rodent excrement. Bluegrass is one of the truly original American art forms. It combines, country, jazz, blues, gospel, and even rock and roll to create a completely new and innovative music. With diversity of artists from Bill Monroe and Ralph Stanley traditional to progressives like Nickel Creek and Allison Brown, soaring vocals from Alison Krause and heart felt blues from Del MCoury, how could any one in their right minds or right ears think it sounds the same. Bluegrass has impacted every other American music genre including rock, country and the blues. If you don't believe me just look at the effect that Bill Monroe had on the early pioneers of rock and country. Try and listen to the Robert Plant and Alison Krauss' record and tell me that Bluegrass has no influence on real and fresh music. I go back to my original statement. You're an idiot. In the words of Ricky Skaggs, Country make rock, but Bluegrass Rulesssssssssss!

-Eric Collins

Dear Eric,

Glad to see you are unearthing some archives—Mike Brown wrote about his hatred of bluegrass over two years ago in our Jan. 2009 issue. If you weren't aware, Mike Brown plays in a band called the Fucktards. The Fucktards are a group more well known for the wigs they wear on stage than the sloppy punk rock with lyrics focused on popping mother Mary's cherry that they play. The editors at *SLUG Magazine* do not allow Mike to review CDs. Last time we tried to check something out to him he lost the disc. It's probably still in his apartment somewhere. The point is, *SLUG* does not lend a page a month to Mr. Brown because we think his opinions are right. His opinions are (typically) funny. And if Feb.'s issue is any indication, the public thinks he's funny too.

xoxo,

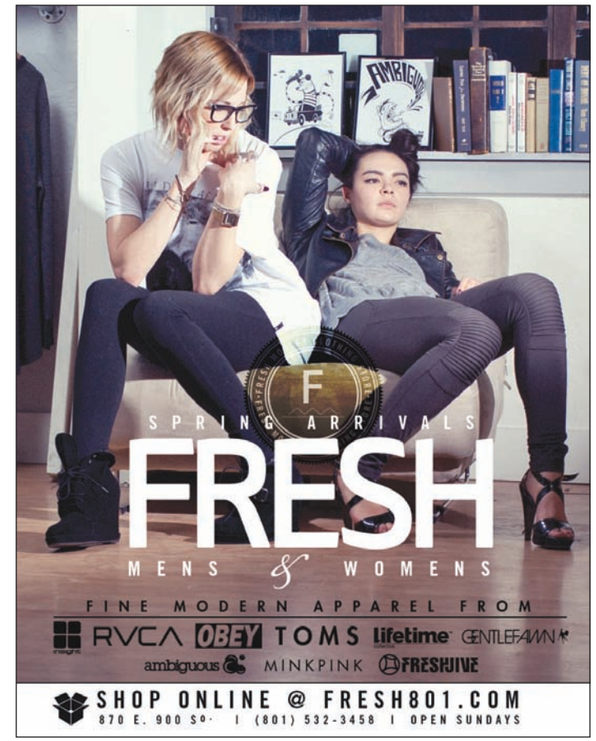
SLUG Mag

Fax, snail mail or email us your letters!

Fax: 801.487.1359

Mailing Address:

Dear Dickheads c/o SLUG Mag
351 Pierpont Ave. Ste. 4B SLC, UT 84101 or dickheads@slugmag.com



Bigger launchpad. Faster launches.

Our repositioned gondola and heated high-speed quad is our way of saying, "Sorry we don't have rocket boots... yet." Race you to the top.

Three Innovative New Lifts • European-Style Ski Beach • More Undiscovered Terrain • New Massive Terrain Park • Six New Restaurants • A Better Way To Mountain℠

THECANYONS.COM

© 2011 The Canyons. All rights reserved.

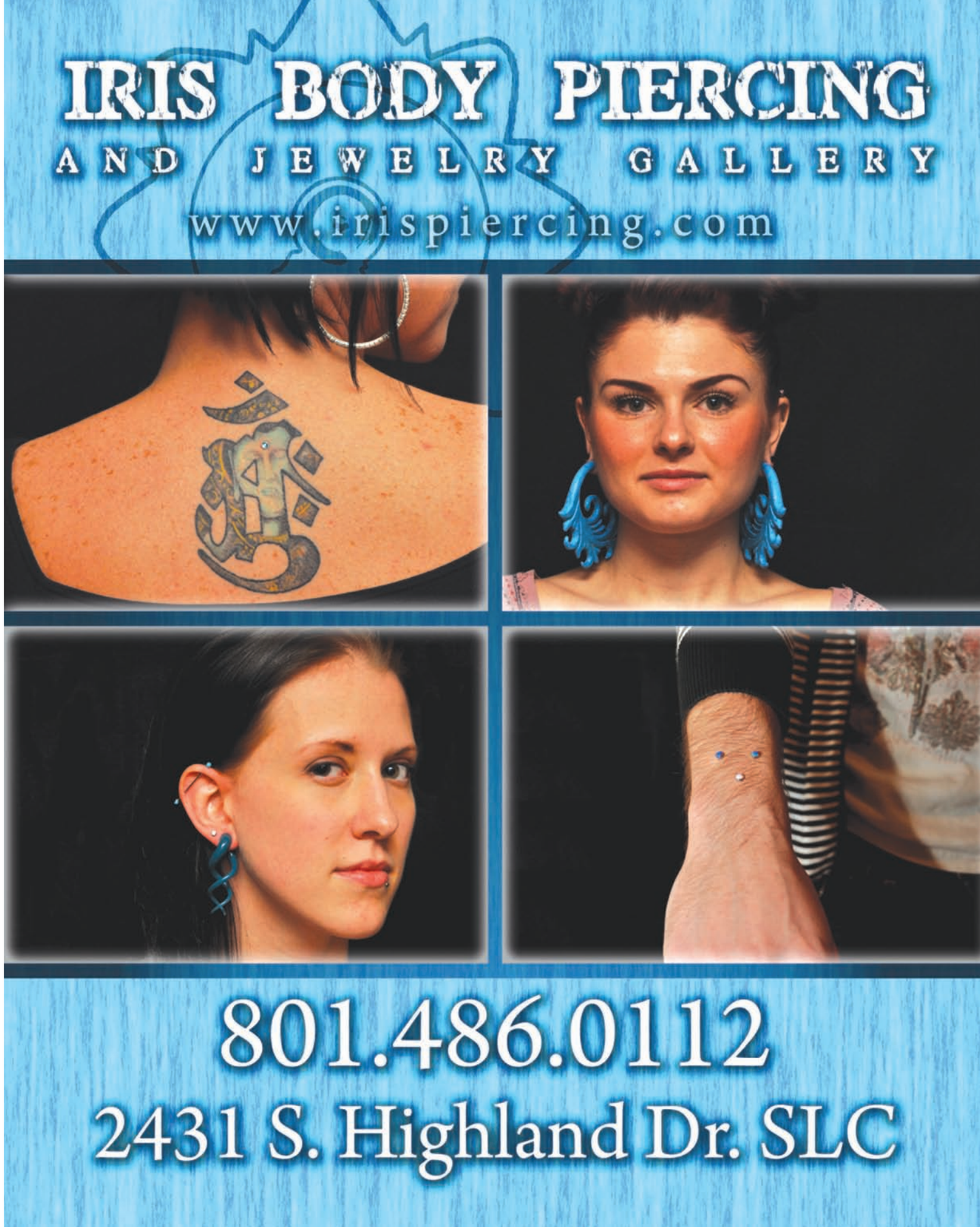


Photo: Peter Anderson

Localized

By Nate Perkins

perkins.nate@gmail.com

The Broship has set sail, and if you don't jump on board now, you're likely to be left behind. On Saturday, March 11, Broship representation will be in full effect at the *Urban Lounge* with SLC heavy hitting rock n' rollers **Loom** and **Jesust**, plus hip hop openers **Green Haus Effect**. $5 gets you in.

MARK WURSTEN- GUITAR, VOCALS • BACON- DRUMS
ANDREW "POOPS" BAEZ - BASS • DONNY MILLER - GUITAR

Before the fateful summer night in 2009 when Mark Wursten and his fellow rock n' roller known only as Bacon, founding members of Jesust, took a bunch of acid and jammed out some "stoner rock and **Black Sabbath** wannabe" riffs, they had spent more than enough time packed into a van together touring with their previous band, Clifton. They weren't exactly fond of each other back then. "Mark was a fucking nerd," says Bacon—but they formed an unlikely and unholy bond as other members of Clifton moved away from the narcotic allures of rock n' roll and toward the saving, uptight grace of the son of God via the Rock Church.

"We were the main people who smoked weed together," says Bacon. "We didn't get along, but we'd say, 'Hey man, want to smoke a bowl?'"

Not to make these stone cold champions of Utah stoner metal sound overly sentimental, but as their old friends and band mates shifted in another, more self-righteous direction and the band abruptly ended, Wursten and Bacon bummed hard. They mourned the death of rock n' roll in their lives which, along with a slew of other unlucky events, left them feeling empty.

"We were kind of just left with this void in our lives," says Wursten. "That was the whole motivation (for starting Jesust). I just needed to do something new. Everything else in my life had gone to shit.

And who was responsible for that void, for the lives turned shitty? Why, organized religion was. The way Wursten tells the story, one of the suddenly religious members of Clifton sat him down and said, "Unless Jesus is your personal savior, we can't be friends anymore."

Their homies had been tainted by and lost to the blood of the lamb, never to be resurrected. They had been "jesused." Tacking the letter T on to the end of the word because, of course, a T can easily be turned into an upside down cross, our heroes had a name for their project. Using a veritable library of previously written but unused riffs and drawing influence from the demise of their last band, they knew exactly what they wanted to share with their fans.

The message is simple, explains Bacon: "Fuck Jesus. Smoke Weed."

"Yeah, just live your fucking life. Don't be such a judgmental fuck," adds Wursten.

But the dudes in Jesust aren't just relying on their bitterness toward the religious establishment (which is evident by the upside down cross on Wursten's guitar) and their fondness for tetrahydrocannabinol to carry their work. Their musicianship and songwriting are mature and tight, influenced heavily by the likes of **Eyehategod**, **Pantera**, **Corrosion of Conformity** and **Danzig**.

Last year, Jesust finished their debut EP, *Smokin' Wisdom*, with the help of heavy hitting Salt Lake metal and hardcore producer **Andy Patterson**. The record is available for free download online (*reverbnation.com/jesust*), and they hope to get into the studio by spring, once they have had time to really perfect their songs.

"I want to be able to take our time a little bit more on the next (album)," says Wursten. "If we called it good right now we'd be selling ourselves short on the songs we've written. I think there are some things that need to be taken apart and rearranged."

Fans of solid stoner metal with southern rock influences can hear both old and new tunes on Friday, March 11 at *SLUG*'s *Localized*. Be careful if you have a job interview or visit with your probation officer coming up. After seeing these dudes play live, you probably won't be able to pass the drug test.

Everything seemed to be running pretty smoothly for Loom last year. They were touring like crazy, their shows in Salt Lake were nearly always packed, and they had recently recruited a new drum prodigy named Goose. Stoked on the ripples they were making in rock n' roll's scum-choked pond, they were even booked to play at the legendary *Fest* in Gainesville, Florida, a source of much excitement for the band seeing as how over 300 punk and metal bands, including the likes of **7 Seconds** and **Snuff**, were going to be drunkenly reclaiming the streets. Things were perfect, but then, In October of 2010, bassist John Finnegan got hit by a car.

He was headed through a green light on his 50 cc Honda scooter when "some bitch turned left and fucked me up," says Finnegan. It wasn't a pretty sight. He suffered a compound femoral fracture. Yeah. Finnegan's femur was sticking out through his thigh. Apparently he had been building up good karma with the mystic, universal forces of rock n' roll—Finnegan sustained no head injuries despite his lack of a helmet.

As the paramedics loaded Finnegan's broken and bleeding body into the back of the ambulance, all he could do was howl, yelling "The Fest! The Fest!" over and over.

Rallying together around their damaged bassist, Loom still somehow managed to play the Fest, but since then has pretty much been in hibernation mode. Not only has Finnegan been healing, but the band has been fine tuning its unique sound, resting and powering up to come back stronger and more brutal than ever.

"We've been taking a new approach to how we write music," says guitarist and primary song writer Mike Cundick.

"Yeah," Finnegan says, nodding his head. "It's like taking an ADD kid and putting him on Ritalin so he can realize shit, you know?"

Singer Josh Devenport clarifies, "We've been gone for a minute, but we're coming back strong as fuck."

Although caused by unfortunate circumstances, it seems that the short sabbatical has been revitalizing for the band. Accustomed to a rigorous touring schedule, Loom has channeled their energy into tightening up their sound and writing songs. Old fans can expect to hear plenty of new material at the show on March 11.

Those who have yet to experience Loom's raw power can expect to hear the group wield their brand of driving hardcore that channels an eclectic array of influences, including **Refused** and **Q and Not U**. Cundick cryptically and half-ironically describes their tunes as being "post-tech."

Other changes for the band include the loss of former violin player, **Kim Pack**, who played with Loom for their first three releases. According to Goose, she quit because "she got sick of hanging out with a bunch of drunk assholes."

All three slabs released so far, *Angler*, *Clutches* and *Selva Molhada*, came out on **Exigent Records** which is also the former home to Salt Lake champions **Reviver** and **God's Revolver**, among others. In between tours, Loom plans to finish recording their upcoming LP by spring of 2012.

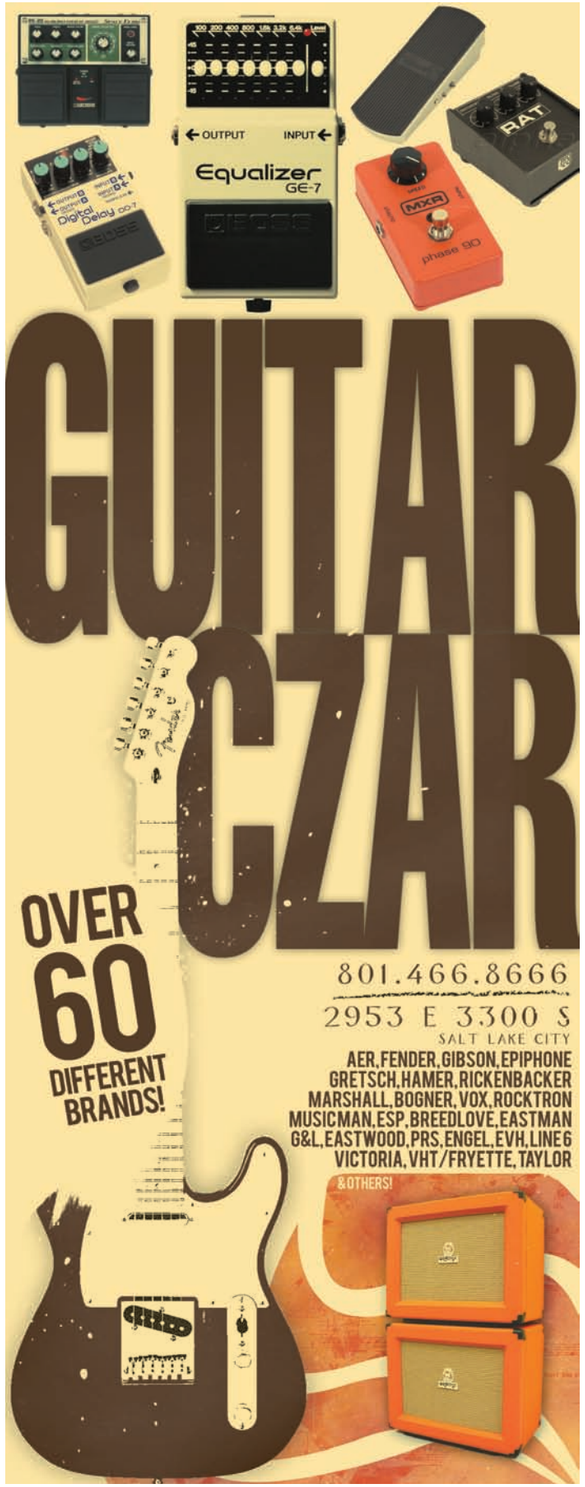
Without a doubt, Loom is one of the hardest working bands around and has been rewarded by getting to share the stage with the likes of **31 Knots**, whom the dudes worship, and **Flipper**, who they think were disappointing.

During a friendly game of HORSE after the show, Finnegan reportedly said to **Krist Novoselic** (of **Nirvana** fame, dudes) about Flipper's music, "You guys like this? 'Cause it sounds like dump."

Although Finnegan was lucky enough not to wind up with his brains spread out all over the ground when he crashed his scooter, anyone who comes to this month's Localized won't be so fortunate. Loom will blast that gray matter right out of your head and onto the beer soaked floor of the *Urban Lounge* because they do not, in fact, sound like dump.

JOSH DEVENPORT - VOCALS • JOHN FINNEGAN - BASS • GOOSE - DRUMS • JESSE CASSAR - MANAGER • MIKE CUNDICK - GUITAR

Photo: Peter Anderson



ASK A COP

Dear Cop,

Just last week, I was reading the news and learned about a slew of prostitution stings happening in Layton. Images of white women wearing pink, fluffy bathrobes and conservative khakis standing on the porches of their pre-fab suburban homes danced through my mind. Where are Layton's seedy motels? Where is the Red Light District? The city of Layton seems a bit too much like a haven of strip malls in cookie-cutter suburbia to host something as scandalous as a prostitution sting. After my initial amusement of suburban hooker housewives subsided and I read on, the story actually made me question the legality of this "sting."

According to the article, cops in Layton will browse online advertisements for escorts to find individuals from across the Wasatch Front to contact. They will then ask the individuals to travel to Layton. If they agree, an arrest takes place. I don't know much about the laws of entrapment, but from my perspective, it almost seems like Layton police are wasting their time browsing the smutty section of Craigslist. Could the actions that Layton police are taking be considered entrapment? Or is what they are doing perfectly legal?

Sincerely,

Confused Citizen

Dear Citizen,

Yes, the Layton cops' actions are perfectly legal. However, entrapment could apply to a specific incident during the arrest of one of these girls or guys.

Let's say the vice cop working this "sting" offers $10,000 for a blowjob to one of the responding dudes. Then, you'd probably see court motions offering that the male "massager" was monetarily entrapped into doing something far past the normal rubbing a cop would have received.

I hate to burst your bubble, but prostitution is everywhere. Find the most religious, Mormon place in Utah, and I guarantee there's prostitution. It's the same in the Baptist Bible Belt or Catholic Massachusetts. Did you know that Utah has one of the highest solicitations of pornography in the whole country? Why? You need to send a question to Ask A Perve.

As to your implication that enforcing prostitution laws is a waste of time, well, that is a moral issue. It's like the drug war. The USA has spent hundreds of billions of dollars fighting it, but is it better? No, it's worse. But, we still fight it. Prostitutes have been here since humans have been here. I think I heard there is Neanderthal prostitution cave art down in Mesa Verde. Although we know we can never stop it, we still try. Why? That's not for me to answer, but I'd imagine a reasonable citizen says it has something to do with morals, not to mention the other issues it attracts: Drugs, rape, misogyny, violence, disturbing the peace, etc.

Did you know that Craigslist recently removed their prostitution advertisement section? Did it go away? Well no, not really. If you can't get anyone to respond to Layton off of Craigslist, I suggest you try backpage.com. That's where the cops are cruising for dates now, and they seem to be pretty successful.

JOHNNY KOLACHE

FRIENDS WANTED HERE

By Heck Fork Grief • *info@slugmag.com*

JOHNNY KOLACHE 900 SOUTH 248 WEST SALT LAKE CITY 801-326-8376 JOHNNYKOLACHE.COM

Johnny Kolache is a little coffee shop-sized pastry joint serving Czechoslovakian pasties in a number of fine and tasty ways. The white walls of the joint are covered with the enthusiastic autographs and mementos of many happy customers, though at first glance, it isn't discernable that these aren't the scrawls of the condemned or mad. If you want to add your own detail, the counter help is glad to offer a Sharpie for your use. *Johnny Kolache* might be the most intentionally unpretentious place in Salt Lake, and yet everything about the eats and the friendly help says that there's a lot of pride behind this family and their homestyle food.

The building itself has the twentieth century-style, hand-painted graphics that give the whole thing a Mayberry feeling. The section of town it serves is simply tough, and one suspects that is part of why it closes around three. It shares a tough street with other strenuously individual restaurants, bars and even a strip club. What could be more Eastern European?

I found myself writing here on a couple of occasions—the place is quiet, sunlit on sunny days, comfortable and the Wi-Fi is fast and free. Of course, I had a couple of meals while I sat. The food is cheap, delicious and positively homey. For me, it's like hanging with some neighbors as a kid and eating someone else's mother's cooking, which, you at first think is weird, but then really good. The food here is the kind of stuff you tell your mother she should try to make, and when you do, she throws up her hands and reaches for the peanut butter instead.

The Belly Buster Breakfast ($5.95) is what their website calls a Kolandwich (TM) or kolache bun filled with three cheeses, eggs, sausage, ham and bacon, with your choice of jalapeno, pickle, catsup or mayo. The sandwich, with its soft, slightly doughy bun, is a white trash hookup complete with **Hank Williams** records, breakfast beer and wet kisses served in a disarmingly neat package. The sandwich itself looks like a little brown UFO, but once it's in your mouth, it's a rowdy damn party. The Breakfast Sliders, ($2.79) are just like the Belly Buster but smaller—a hot taxi ride with a rowdy mo-fo though the streets of Laredo. Oh yeah. Try it on for size.

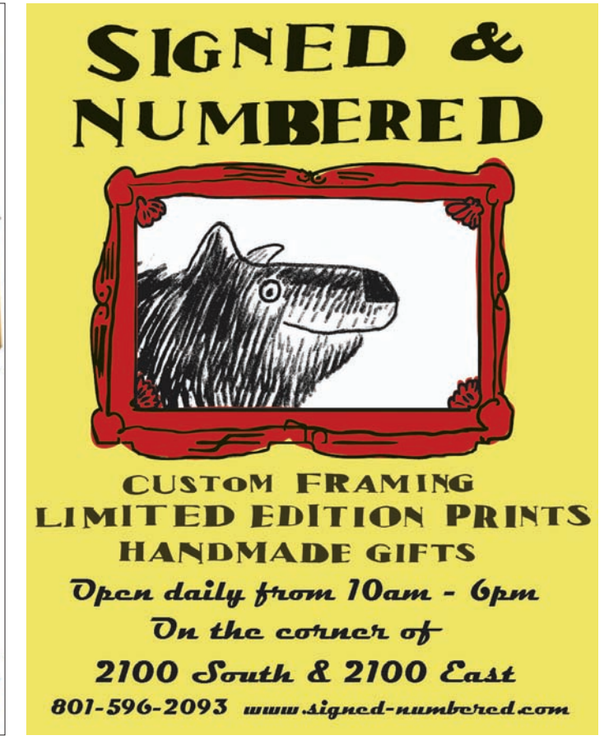
There is a variety of lunch-style Kolandwiches available that come with a side of chips and a drink ($6.95)—a steal by lunch price standards in this city. You can get pastrami, a cheeseburger, chicken salad, pulled pork, ham, roast beef, BLT or, for many *SLUG* readers, veggie style. A sandwich on a fresh-made kolache bun is something you just haven't had before, and when you do, you'll probably be coming back for more. Another amazing white trash food specialty offered on the menu is the Frito Pie ($4.45). A lunch-sized bag of Frito's corn chips is cut open on one side like it is being field dressed, and then filled with delicious chili con carne, cheese, onions and jalapenos. This gesture goes all in: You can't be neutral to a chili-stuffed Frito Bag. You're charmed, permanently harmed or simply disarmed. I sat slack-jawed and wondered why I hadn't ever thought of doing it myself. It's worth the trip just to bring one of these little novelties back to the office to see the reactions of your coworkers.

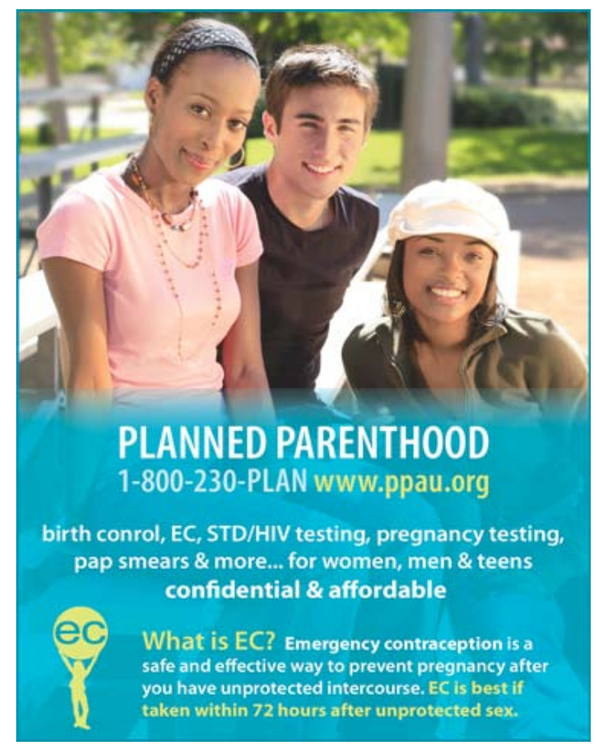
"[JOHNNY KOLACHE] IS LIKE EATING SOMEONE ELSE'S MOTHER'S COOKING, WHICH AT FIRST YOU THINK IS WEIRD, BUT THEN REALLY GOOD."

Photo: Barrett Doran

Their website suggests that a kolache is a Czech pastry made from a yeast-raised dough. Its soft, slightly sweet character is delightfully different from the crisp-crusted and stiff-bodied pastry we often encounter. The dough, traditionally filled with sweet poppyseed filling, found a second life when it came as an heirloom to Texas and Oklahoma. Here, the grandchildren of these old-world treats were packed with meats, cheeses, sweets and fruit. These are the point of pride for *Johnny Kolache*. These kolache are about three inches across and made from soft, buttery dough baked into a dome and filled with fruit compote or jams ($1.89), or with meats and cheese ($2.09). They form a humble two- or three-bite delight. I found myself eating a whole bag of them on a car ride home one afternoon. I don't like sweets, but I liked these. The sweet barbecue-roasted pork kolache was particularly memorable, as was the Czech sausage variety, which I believe uses locally sourced custom sausage for a unique taste experience.

Seriously, *Johnny Kolache* is a special place and very outside the Salt Lake norm, as joints go. I can't place exactly what it feels like. It's from another time and a different place. When I first tried lunch here, I wondered if I hadn't wandered into a hard-boiled television show's coffee shop. It's comfy, atmospheric in a sort of aggressive anti-way and decked out with good cheap food. I thought, "I'll take some to go," but the next time, I stayed and found myself very happy with the place. If you can't make it here, they deliver, as you can find out from their very useful website. Salt Lake has some scary and interesting streets, and this is one of them. So go ahead, live a little on the wild side.





TpAna Matronic

BY PRINCESS KENNEDY

Back in the day, I worked as a go-go dancer at a club in San Francisco called *Litter Box*. The DJ was none other than the amazing **Nature Boy,** and he made sure that his go-go clan was made up of the most beautiful freaks of the underground scene. On my first night, I shared a go-go box with a beautiful redhead wearing a floor-length, sky blue 70s Grecian-style dress whom I later came to know as **Ms. Ana Matronic**. In between her pop and locking, she mimicked slaving over a BBQ with her props of a spatula and BBQ fork (it was the Fourth of July). Ms. Ana Matronic made me realize that real girls could be drag queens, too. She is practically the one who paved the runway for all others.

Ana Lynch lived most of her young life in Vancouver, Wash., and later spent time in Portland before relocating to San Francisco. When I met Ms. Ana, as she likes to be called, she worked for the high-end skin care company **Zia**. Anyone who has a chance to study her porcelain skin will see the job was much more than a job. Ms. Ana spent her days practicing fierce lip syncs for San Francisco's drag institution *Trannyshack*, playing "Witchy Woman" in the *Presidio* with friends and starting her first band, **Tequila Gold**, rapping an explanation for the moniker she chose: "My name is Ana Matronic, I smoke the fuckin' chronic and I worship at the altar of the Woman Bionic." Matronic's heavy involvement in this underground wonderland made a notable difference in the world of drag by blurring the line of gender specifics.

Relocating to New York in the late 90s, Matronic took Manhattan by storm, starting a nightclub called *Knockoff*, meant to take the West Coast formula and make it Left Coast fierce. It was at this club that she crossed paths with the go-go dancer with the golden voice, **Jake Shears** (**Jason Sellards**), and musician **Babydaddy** (**Scott Hoffman**). With Shears' vocal forte, Matronic's comfort and stage wit, and Babydaddy's know-how, they brought forth a light and airy electro-pop band called **Scissor Sisters** in a heavy post-9/11 Manhattan whose nightlife and legendary street realness were being swept off the island by fun-crusher **Giuliani**.

Their story is as old as time: Talent mixed with determination, good looks, fashion sense and "right place," Scissor Sisters jumped on a rollercoaster ride of super-stardom in England, always on the front end of the music scene. Shortly thereafter, we in America were shaking it on the dance floor to the first single, "Comfortably Numb," with "Filthy/Gorgeous" soon to follow. In 2005, I was asked to come to New York to be in the "Filthy/Gorgeous" music video with the crème de la crème of the drag world. I couldn't have been more excited.

The song title comes from back in the 90s and is based on urban lingo specific to the drag and gay community. In a short explanation, we came up with a new meaning for descriptions. In this case, if something was good, it was gorgeous, and if it was amazing, it was filthy. The video was staged to give the vibe of the performance art scene in coastal America, the grit and overtly sexual settings of the clubs we hung in and how things that might otherwise be unappreciated find their fins in this subset. It stars **Karis**, an amazingly tight hoop artist who shows up to the club as a sort of flawed baby tranny but ends up taking the stage by storm as a fierce diva and leaving the masses gagging on her unexpected filthy gorgeousness.

The day of filming, we got to the set early at a small theater in Midtown Manhattan and waited for instruction from director **John Cameron Mitchell** of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* fame. As we waited, we reveled in stories of New York icons. One story that stands out in my mind came from the huge tranny legend **Sofia Lamar**. Lamar told us how she rode a raft to America from Cuba in the 70s before clawing her way to the top in the "land of opportunity." Another highlight of the day was getting to meet the special guest star of the video, **Charlotte Rea**, aka Mrs. Garrett from *Facts of Life*.

My friend Jordan and I were dressed to look like dominatrix milkmaids—black leather corsets and spiked stilettos. If you watch the video (which can be found online), you will see us at the entrance of the club in a cage, trying to attack the baby tranny. This is where we spent the first half of the day. I don't know if any of you have done a film shoot, but it is the most painfully boring process imaginable. The phrase "hurry up and wait" is all too real in this industry. Knowing that we had guaranteed our screen time in the beginning of the video, we snuck out after dinner to go get our N.Y. nightclub on, as we left early the next morning.

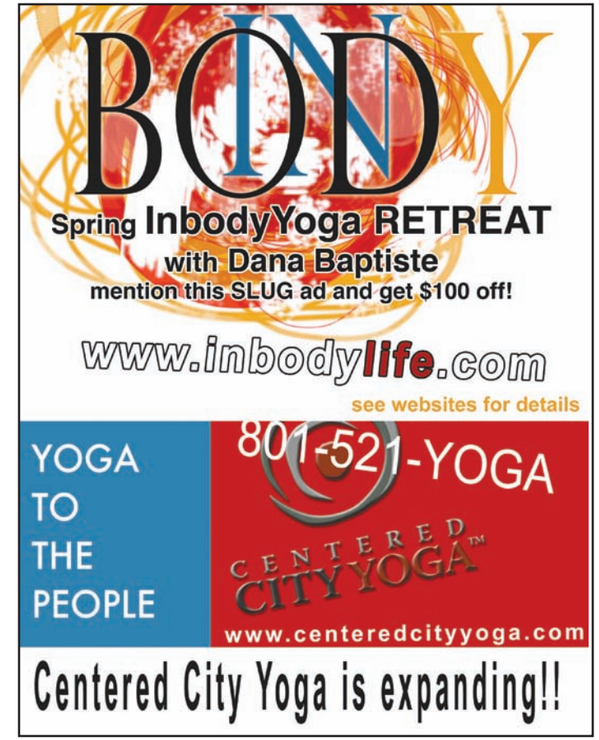
The night was a typical Princess Kennedy fast-and-furious-party-night story for another day, but it ended with Jordan and me fleeing for our lives (literally) from a mafia-owned gambling speak-easy in Chinatown. Luckily, we survived to see the release of the music video.

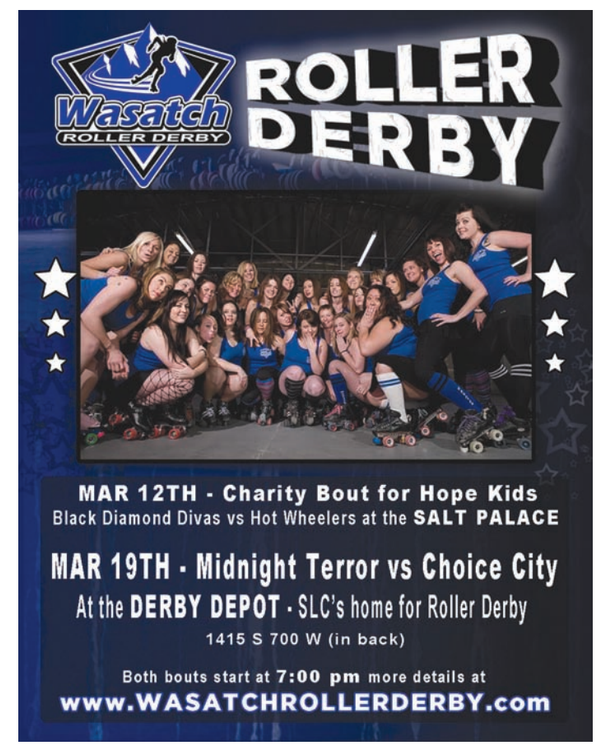
I'm so excited for the success Ms. Ana has achieved, and I cannot wait to see her in a big stadium setting when the Scissor Sisters play Salt Lake City with **Lady Gaga** on March 19. Call me the Anti-Gay, but I'm way more excited for them. Although it probably won't end with threats of being dumped into the East River, I know your night with the Scissor Sisters will leave you just as enamored with Ms. Ana Matronic as I am.

Photo: Katie Panzer

Kennedy and Gorgeous Jared pay homage to Scissor Sisters. Check out Scissor Sisters live when they open for Lady Gaga on March 19.

FACEBOOK.COM/PRINCESS.KENNEDY





SLUG MAGAZINE PHARMACY

02/22/2011

600045

By Mike Brown

CONSUMPION DIRECTONS: TAKE 1 TABLET BEFORE EACH DATE

Adderall

SPEED DATING ON SPEED

NDC 00310-0751-90 Mtg:ASTZE FB:CP -CRC-++

3.0 Refill(s) by 03/17/2011

mikebrown@slugmag.com

twitter: @Fuckmikebrown

The editorial staff at *SLUG* knows how much I like **Coach Sloan**. Because of this, they gave me the option of writing this month's article about the best coach who ever lived. Overwhelmed with feelings of panic, confusion and more panic, all I was able to muster was that **Phil Johnson** and Jerry's resignations seemed like a repeat 9/11. It felt more like I was writing an obituary and I just couldn't bring the funny. I figured the loyal *SLUG* readers would enjoy hearing more about where I was when these terrorist actions against the stable franchise took place. Jerry was Tower One, and Phil was Tower Two. When they crumbled last Wednesday night, where the fuck was I? At the game? No. Watching it in beautiful high def with surround sound at *Dick and Dixie's*? No. I was high on speed, going speed dating at *Green Street*.

Let me tell you, snorting Adderall and the hollow winds of desperation blowing created the perfect flavor of frosting to top the shit cake that the Utah Jazz and my dating life have become as of late. (Let me stay optimistic here, though. Who knows, by the time this article hits the streets, **Ty Corbin** could be doing an awesome job, and all anyone will talk about is how shitty Coach Sloan was. Fucking fair-weather fans. I can't win either way.)

So, here's how it all started. My friend **Grace** (same Grace who pretended to be my wife when we stalked my ex-girlfriend) heard about speed dating and wanted to try it. I told her I would go with her, but I wanted to do some speed beforehand, strictly so I could name the article "Speed Dating on Speed."

After I registered online with *meetup.com,* the local chapter of speed dating in this city, I had to find a way to get some speed. Fortunately, with our state's high tolerance for prescription drug abuse and the fact that I live in close proximity to the University, finding some legal uppers was as easy as drinking a glass of water. I found a college kid who was more than happy to share his prescription with me in the name of journalism.

I convinced my roommate, **Abu**, to snort Adderall and come with Grace and me. We then created our online profiles for the event. The day of the event, I stopped by the *Jackalope* to say hello to one of the regulars, whom we will just call **Choady**. Choady asked me what I was up to for the day, and when I told him I was going speed dating on speed, he instantly wanted to join.

I figured it was a good idea to bring Choady along for a couple reasons. I thought he would make a great wingman because I'm much more attractive and charming than he is. No offense meant, because I love Choady, but I did think it would be a good idea to bring someone along who would make me look better. That sure as fuck wasn't going to be Abu or Grace, two of the most attractive people I know.

Also, since Abu and I never snort anything, we needed someone with, ahem, "experience" to show us how to properly abuse a legal drug. Choady was just the man for the job! He helped us crush up our Adderall and send it up our faces with ease.

We made Grace the DD for the night: our designated driver and our designated dater. We were all excited to try out this speed-dating thing until we got there. Then we were just glad we were in a bar that had booze in it. I looked around and noticed the makings of a sausage fest. When trolling for trim, one of the first rules of thumb is wherever you are—house party, bar or sacrament meeting—a good ratio is important. Fourteen hungry penises to seven desperate vaginas were not good odds by any means.

Here's how it worked. Each girl sat at a table with a number on it. You got a score card and six minutes for each date. After your six minutes of hell, you got to discreetly check a "yes" or "no" box if you wanted to exchange e-mails with your date. If the "yes" boxes matched up? Well then, game on, baby.

For me, this was seven really really bad dates in a row. I've always been terrible at first impressions, which I've grown OK with because I've decided that if you make a bad impression the first time you meet a girl, you can only go up from there. The fact that snorting Adderall makes me grumpy, the Jazz were losing and I ended up kinda drunk weren't helping my cause either.

Two of the girls that worked for the speed-dating company had to fill in as dates, and one was my friend Grace, so really, only four broads showed up. One of my dates with the lady who worked for the company told me that in New York, there's a six-month waiting list for this shit. I didn't call her a liar but I let her know a couple things. One: I was high on speed. Two: She clearly needs help promoting this shit show. Three: Look around. We sure as fuck ain't in New York City.

As the Jerry Sloan dynasty crumbled, Mike Brown was high on Adderall speed dating at Green Street. How sad.

Illustration: Phil Cannon

Este™ PIZZERIA SLC

SLUG MAGAZINE

THE STATE ROOM

Present.....

A night of enjoyable sonic frequencies

Friday, March 11th @ The State Room

Featuring

The Quick & Easy Boys (Portland)
The Weekenders (SLC)
Holy Water Buffalo (SLC)
Lifeboy. Live Art by Vorcan.

Tix available at The State Room and Slowtrain Records.

PIPER DOWN
an olde world pub

3/3 Potcheen Celtic/pub Rock, Denver
3/4 Wailing O'Sheas - Flogging/Dropkick Tribute
3/5 Fierce Bad Rabbit w/ general Harrison
3/10 Putnam Smith - Maine, Americana/Roots
3/12 VooDoo Swing - Phoenix, Rockabilly

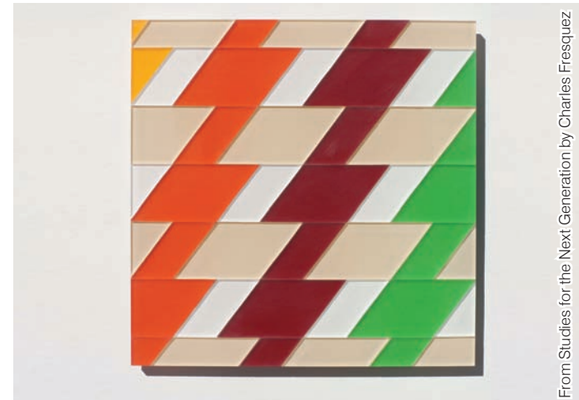
ST. PATRICK'S DAY
BIG IRISH BREAKFAST
'TIL NOON.

DOORS OPEN AT 10A.M

3/16 St. Paddy's Eve Party -
Wailing O'Sheas, Whiskey Toast
at Midnight
3/17 St. Patrick's Day - Doors @ 10AM
Big Irish Breakfast 'til Noon.
All Irish Fare all Day.
Live Music ALL DAY.
Acoustic Lunch. $0 Cover for Lunch.
Only $5 Cover Before 4PM. Come Early.
3/26 Casey Neill & the Norway Rats

an olde world pub

1492 SOUTH STATE STREET, SLC UT
WWW.PIPERDOWNPUB.COM | 801-468-1492



From Studies for the Next Generation by Charles Fresquez

The Lionesses of Gallery Stroll
By Mariah Mann Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

Looking for something to do on a Friday night? You could sift through the hundreds of mass-event invites on Facebook or look to your trusted Gallery Stroll guide.

It's said that March enters with the roar of a lion and exits with the calm and subtlety of a lamb. No matter its entrance, March marks a change in the season. This month's Gallery Stroll picks were selected because they have entered the scene with subtlety, but they are boldly making roaring additions to the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll scene.

The Hive Gallery, located on the second floor of *Trolley Square*, hosts a myriad of events from fashion shows to tea parties and artist workshops to venue rentals. While juggling this extensive schedule, the gallery continues to delight audiences with clever shows featuring a breadth of artists rivaling any senior gallery in the city. This month, the gallery welcomes artists **Eric Himle**, **Heather Romney**, **Dillon Thompson**, **Desarae Lee**, **Michelle Christensen**, **Rob James** and **Mr. Toast, Tyler Davis** and in-house artist, **Jonathon Baker** as they present *Cuts, Bruises and Broken Bones.* The opening reception is March 4 from 7 to 9 p.m. Partnering two- and three-dimensional art with special events and audience interaction is the Hive's specialty. Plan to join them again on their *Art In Action* night when featured artists from the *Cuts, Bruises and Broken Bones* show will be creating art live! If the spirit prompts you, a large canvas will be available for patrons to create their own homage to the show. All are welcome March 18 from 7 to 11 p.m. with refreshments and live music after 9 p.m.

The House Gallery, located at 29 E. 400 S., feels like a little piece of the New York art scene transplanted to Salt Lake. Curator **Julie Dunker** knows that the art speaks for the gallery, and she seeks out the best cutting-edge, contemporary exhibits in the nation and brings them to our own back yard. In March, *The House Gallery* plays host to New Mexico-based artist **Charles Fresquez**'s *Studies for the Next Generation*. Fresquez marries simple designs that result in elegant, low-key, clear-headed abstractions that have both an earthiness and a calculated luminosity. *Studies for the Next Generation* opens March 1 and continues through March 26. The artist's reception will coincide with Salt Lake City's Gallery Stroll from 6 to 9 p.m. on March 18.

Stolen and Escaped, located at 177 E. Broadway, is Gallery Stroll's newest little treasure. Owners **Matt Black** and **Amanda Hurtado** wanted a gallery space where they could show niche mediums like experimental art and natural science-themed work. Their new home in the basement of *Frosty Darling* is a perfect fit and makes the 177 East trinity a mecca in the Gallery Stroll world. March's featured artist is **Myranda Bair**,and her latest work utilizes papier-mâché and glass jars to capture the look of insects being held captive. The opening reception is March 18 from 6 to 9 p.m.

Didn't get enough art during the Gallery Stroll? Boss wouldn't give you the third Friday off? Fear not, it's that time of year again when *Poor Yorick Studio* artists clean up their workspace and throw on a pair of pants without paint stains! Marvel, mingle, amalgamate—everyone is welcome. Friday, March 25 from 6 to 10 p.m. and Saturday March 26, from 1 to 5 p.m. 126 W. Crystal Avenue (2590 S.). For more information, visit *pooryorickstudios.com.*

A CRAFTSMAN AT HEART

By James Orme james.orme@slugmag.com

Photo: Michelle Emerson

Driving around Salt Lake, it's easy to see that we have a healthy tattoo community. A copious number of shops have infested the landscape, and it can be difficult to sort out quality from the tremendous quantity. *Heart of Gold Tattoo* has that quality in spades. Owner **Jon McAffee**, a 10-year veteran of the Salt Lake tattoo terrain, has worked in shops like *Apparition Ink* and *Oni*, and recently entered a new stage of his career last September when he opened *Heart of Gold Tattoo.*

McAffee initially planned to simply manage a second Salt Lake location for a San Francisco tattoo company, *Cicatrix*, but when the out-of-state proprietors found the distance between sites too taxing, McAffee felt it was time he take on the mantle of owner. McAffee's confidence in his associates made the transition from artist to owner a seamless one. The lineup at *Heart of Gold* includes McAffee's fellow bearded tattooer **Andrew King**, (often mistaken as his brother) whom he has known since his days at *Apparition*; **Ryan Campbell**, a very talented artist who has recently returned from Phoenix and **Austin Huffman**, who's relatively new in his career, but is turning out awesome work. "I've surrounded myself with professionals, so I don't have to worry about them," says McAffee. "They make it easy for me to trust that the tattoos going out the door are up to my standard."

McAffee intends to build a shop on a reputation of good tattoos and an un-

intimidating atmosphere—where the only heated words you'll ever hear would be a dispute about a horror movie or comic book. "I want people to be relaxed and have a good time here because what we do hurts," says McAffee. "I want clients to walk away with a good experience, and if it's someone's first time, you have to ease them into it. People shouldn't be intimidated or be afraid to walk into a tattoo shop. I want to do away with that by being friendly with everyone."

As a kid, McAffee envisioned a career in movie special effects, working for **George Lucas** at *ILM.* It was McAffee's passion for art coupled with a love for science fiction that drew him to fantasy artists like **Roger Dean**, **Michael Whelan**, **Drew Struzan** and **Keith Parkinson.** He eventually discovered the darker, gorier works of **H.R Giger**, who is most famous for the concept art on the movie *Alien.* McAffee's initial goal was to simply be as good as the artists that had inspired him. "When I first started buying tattoo magazines in the early '90s, there were so many artists out there that were mimicking Giger's style on skin," says McAffee.

McAffee is now an immensely versatile tattoo artist and has mastered everything from realism to traditional tattoos. It was his passion for sci-fi and fantasy art that pushed him to develop the necessary skills to be successful. "I was really into **Aaron Cain** and **Guy Aitchison**, says McAffee. "When I first started, I was all about the realism these guys had achieved, even though I was very new and had no hope of achieving that at the time, I fell in love with it."

McAffee started hanging around shops in 1998. His good friend **Greg Christensen** got a job at *Quicksand Tattoo* and McAffee eventually found himself working the counter, which led to his apprenticeship with **Bonnie Seeley**. Ten years in, McAffee's still pushing the boundaries of his skills and motivating himself to put the best possible work out there every time.

"Not only do I want to do good work for myself, so I can show it off to my peers, but I want more clients, so you have to improve and get better or you won't make it," says McAffee. McAffee feels that every tattoo is the calling card he leaves to let everyone know the caliber of work that comes out of his shop. "Ten years from now, when I've been tattooing 20 years, I'll still be learning stuff and improving," says McAffee. "That's how I push myself. I want to put the best tattoos on people as I possibly can because that's how I survive."

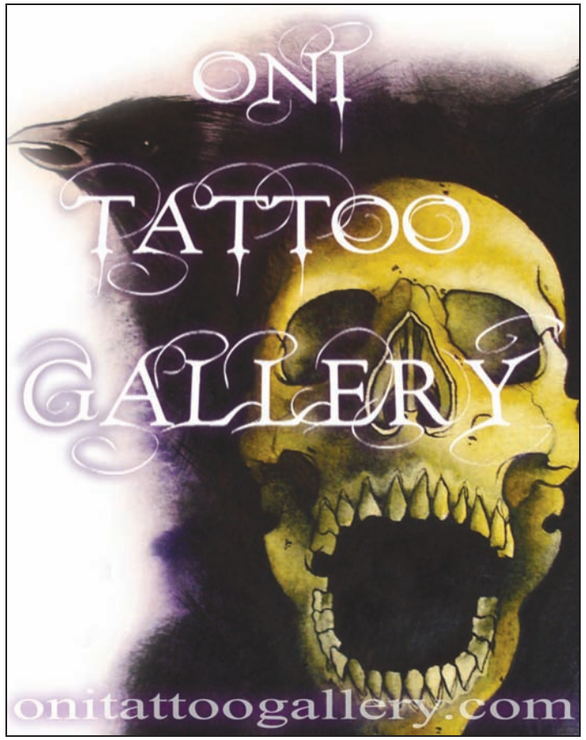
McAffee's straightforward approach to his craft leaves no room for ego. Circumventing the label of "artist," his approach is being a skilled professional first, making clean lines and solid colors. Though it would be easy for him to tout his accomplishments, he takes a step back and calls it for what it really is. "Say someone wants a Raiders logo, you can put that on skin and be technically proficient, but you may not be able to draw something from scratch out of your head," says McAffee. "I think that there are a lot of tattooers that may just be good craftsmen. I have absolutely no deep spiritual drive in my soul to be artistic. I don't consider myself an 'art-eest.' I'm not **Jackson Pollock** or **Van Gogh.** I consider myself closer to an illustrator. I can draw and create things and I can generate a technically proficient tattoo, but I'm not a tortured soul who needs to create to live, that's all bullshit."

McAffee has enjoyed a thriving, successful career, but if you ask him for the highlights, it's how he met his wife, **Molly**, that comes to mind first. "She wanted to get tattooed by me and I would never have her drawing ready," says McAffee. "So to make up for it, I'd take her out to lunch or dinner. I can't remember how many times I did that. I've been able to meet so many awesome people and learn from them, make friends with a lot of great tattooers. I'm lucky to be able to do what I do."

McAffee has no misconception about what he does. He doesn't want to be a rock star tattoo artist. He's a husband and a dad who is happy to be making a living doing something he loves.

> **"I've surrounded myself with professionals ... They make it easy for me to trust that the tattoos going out the door are up to my standard."**
>
> **— Jon McAffee**

Head up to his shop, *Heart of Gold,* at 853 E. 400 S. in Salt Lake, or check 'em out at *heartofgoldtattoo.com*, and realize that the light saber replicas on the wall and the words "Jedi" and "Sith" tattooed across the owner's knuckles are an invite to talk *Star Wars* and have a good time while you're in the chair.



ELEPHANT 6

Holiday Reunion Tour: A Little Bit of Magic

By Cody Hudson
codyhhh@gmail.com

Founded by a group of old high school friends in 1991 (**Bill Doss, Will Cullen Hart, Jeff Mangum**) the Athens-based Elephant 6 Collective had actually become commercially viable by the mid '90s. Featuring bands such as **Of Montreal**, **Neutral Milk Hotel**, **The Apples In Stereo**, **The Gerbils**, **The Music Tapes** and **Elf Power**, *Elephant 6* has had a pretty sizeable impact on indie music. You'd be pretty hard pressed to find someone who didn't have a deep love for Neutral Milk Hotel's *In the Aeroplane Over The Sea*, and Of Montreal's outlandish live shows have become infamous as they continue play sizeable shows and festivals.

As most of the Elephant 6 bands were signed to major labels, the collective slowly grew apart and disintegrated around 2002. In 2008, looking to regroup and reminisce, **Julian Koster** (of The Music Tapes and formerly Neutral Milk Hotel) put together a reunion tour for all of his little Elephant buddies. This tour evoked the same childish excitement and feelings of wonder that had previously only been supplied through their unique brand of folk-pop. Unlike most tours, the *Holiday Surprise Tour* featured no line-up, just a mix of influential indie rockers playing each other's songs. Punctuating the eclectic setlist, were audience participation games (think "Heads Up 7Up" with 100 people). Now it is 2011, and we get to enjoy another such tour. This time it will feature a larger group of musicians, with around 15 Elephant 6 musicians joining in. Among the featured musicians are **Bryan Poole**, Will Cullen Hart, Julian Koster, and **Laura Carter**.

Laura Carter (of Elf Power, **Nana Grizol** and **The Olivia Tremor Control**) took some time to talk to *SLUG* about the upcoming tour and the latest Elf Power album.

***SLUG*:** This isn't the first Holiday Tour Elephant 6 has done. What was it like in the past (for the audience)? How does this one compare?
Laura Carter: It was definitely more of an unknown. We had no idea if anyone was going to come out for the first one, or if it would be successful. It was a smaller group. The people who were not sure of how the first one would come across are jumping in because they saw that everyone had a good time. Last time it was a total surprise to me how well the shows went. Every night got better and better. I was in a state of awe and shock that we could all come together again and make a little magic. We're going to try to do it again.

***SLUG*:** The number of artists participating is pretty immense. What should be expected from the show musically?
Carter: We play each other's songs and form a big backing band. We'll play some of everybody's songs with every songwriter represented there. We will pick a few each night so the set will never be the same. We've been working on some covers, and there will be some new stuff as well.

***SLUG*:** Is everyone sharing a tour bus? Like a big Elephant 6 party?
Carter: Well, we don't have a tour bus. We have two vans. Hopefully we all fit in that. Of course, we are bringing a tuba and some other really big stuff. We are kind of at the stage where we try to encourage each other to not go crazy. We all grew up in an environment where we didn't have such luxuries around. So when we are in a party environment, we want to indulge way too much. So I feel like we try to help each other not go overboard, but we do like to party.

***SLUG*:** Is something with a more fluid line-up like the Holiday Surprise Tour commonplace for Elephant 6 shows?
Carter: This is pretty special. I feel like it's a little like a family reunion. Having some years without these guys in my life everyday, I kind of forgot how much fun we have together, and how we are all drawn to each other because we share the same insane, sick sense of humor. As soon as we all got back together, it all got really fun and funny. I have had a great time in practice. It kind of makes me wonder why we all get so into our work that we drift apart. It takes something like this, us doing a project together, to really get back into each other's daily lives. Life just goes by so fast.

***SLUG*:** One of the coolest things I have read about the tour is that there will be audience participation games. Can you tell me a bit about how these worked on the previous tour?
Carter: Well, I don't want to give away any surprises for this tour, but I will tell you about some we have done in the past. We have passed out kazoos: Part of our rider was 500 kazoos for the audience, so we taught the whole audience their little part of the song on kazoos. We led the audience down the street, and played a game in which half the people have to put on bells and the other half are blindfolded. The blindfolded people have to chase the people with bells blindly around the pasture. When a blindfolded person caught a person with a bell, they would have to put on a blindfold until there was only one bell left with the entire audience blindfolded chasing them. We try to expand the show beyond the traditional rock show. Julian really brings the magic in that way.

***SLUG*:** What are the chances of Jeff Mangum making an appearance at any of the smaller shows?
Carter: Jeff does have some big shows coming up and he is going to focus a lot on those. In the past, he has kind of floated in and out of our shows. He is trying to make sure that his fans that are traveling to see him aren't coming to *Holiday Surprise Tour* expecting to see Neutral Milk Hotel songs performed. We are all super excited that he wants to play again. He is

going to focus a lot on those. In the past, he has kind of floated in and out of our shows. He is trying to make sure that his fans that are traveling to see him aren't coming to *Holiday Surprise Tour* expecting to see Neutral Milk Hotel songs performed. We are all super excited that he wants to play again. He is mainly trying to protect people from showing up to see him and being let down. So in that sense we should tell everybody, "You will not see him." Of course, I keep trying to convince him to come. He flows with the wind. I am hoping he will jump in there for some.

***SLUG*:** A reunion tour is certainly a good time to reminisce. How do you feel about the overall impact of the Elephant 6 Collective (yourself included) on indie music as a whole?
Carter: Oh wow, I feel like we've packed a punch over the years. I feel like it's very diverse. The interest and the love of the music of all of the different people involved brought in world music, to punk, to folk and all the little bits in between. I am pretty stoked about what everyone has accomplished.

***SLUG*:** Do you find that there are a lot of younger people at your shows, or mainly older die hard fans?
Carter: The boys get younger every year. It always shocks me how young they seem.

***SLUG*:** Elf Power just released a new self-titled album in September, and Julian Koster is in the studio right now. Has everyoneπ on the tour stayed busy musically?
Carter: Yeah, it is a pretty active group. I'd say maybe The Gerbils (members of Neutral Milk Hotel) are less active, but we have kind of picked up for it. I also play in **Nana Grizol**, and Nana Grizol tours a lot, and whenever we play in Athens, we try to get **Scott Spilane** (Neutral Milk Hotel, The Gerbils) to play with us. So even though certain bands aren't active, the people in the bands are being utilized in other projects.

***SLUG*:** It is always interesting when a band like Elf Power, with such a long discography (14 albums since 1994), decides to make their newest album self-titled. How did Elf Power come to the decision to do this?
Carter: I liked the return to a more simple and cartoonish artwork style, which is very similar to our first record. Our first record featured artwork that was done by people in prison as art therapy for prisoners. I think it was a serial killer who had done the particular picture that we picked. We were kind of fascinated by that combination of dark, sinister action with a cartoonish style. The new artwork that I had found was reminiscent of that—real simplistic. It was not done by a serial killer, it was done by a good friend of ours. I think the title was a reflection of that return to simple roots.

***SLUG*:** This eponymous album seems solemn in comparison to earlier albums. Was this a conscious effort?
Carter: A lot of people have mentioned that we were in a dark phase after **Vic Chessnut**'s death, and I can kind of see a little of that. I don't think we intentionally did that, and I don't actually think the album is that dark. I think that when people know something tragic has happened, they tend to project the darkness on to you.

Come check out the Elephant 6 Holiday Surprise tour at *Kilby Court* on March 11

Elephant 6 Holiday Surprise Tour appears at Kilby Court on March 11

PIN PRICKED
PIN PRICKED
PIN PRICKED

ONE INCH PINS/BADGES/BUTTONS

Custom Pins With Your Artwork!!!

100 Pins Only $25.

(If you live outside of the Salt Lake area add $5.00 postage)

GREAT FOR BANDS, GROUPS, CLUBS, EVENTS, BUSINESSES, CHURCH, FUND-RAISERS, ETC.

To place orders or get info
Call: 801-679-0212 or Cell: 801-232-7475
or E-mail: woundupdesign@gmail.com

BLONDE GRIZZLY

NO RULES GROUP SHOW

15 E. 400 S. SLC | 801.355.9075
WWW.BLONDEGRIZZLY.COM

LEIA BELL CINDY FERGUSON RYAN HERRINGTON
ANDY CHASE THE MANDATE PRESS VIC BACK
TRENT CALL SRI WHIPPLE ANTHONY GRANATO
ALEX HINTON TROY HENDERSON AMBER DUNFORD
DAVID HABBEN VALRIE JAR DANNY MADSEN
KAT MARTIN JJ SHELTON TERESA FLOWERS
CHRISTIAN MICHAEL LEE GUILE CASEY KAWAGUCHI
NICA ROCKWOOD NICK BAYLESS SHIRLEY REPTAR
CHRISTIAN MICHAEL AND MORE.

featuring artist's showing
off their individual style

MON-FRI
11A - 6P
SATURDAY
12P - 5P

MARCH 18th . STARTS AT 6PM

ON DISPLAY UNTIL APRIL 8TH

the depot

400 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE
AT THE GATEWAY
801-355-5522
WWW.DEPOTSLC.COM

YOUNG DUBLINERS
MAR 12

GALACTIC
MAR 20

JEFF BECK
APR 13

PINBACK
APR 21

TR3
FEATURING
TIM REYNOLDS
MAY 2

ADELE
MAY 29

THE ENGLISH BEAT
MAR 19

beats antique
BLEND THRESHOLD TOUR
&
MOUNT KIMBIE
WITH SPEC AL GUEST
THE TAILOR
APR 5
www.beatsantique.com

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL
Smith's tix

801-467-TIXX
1-800-888-TIXX
WWW.SMITHSTIX.COM

THE DEPOT BOX OFFICE
OPEN EVERY FRIDAY
2:00-6:00 P.M.
(NO SERVICE FEE)
OPEN CONCERT DAYS
AT 5:00 P.M.
(EXCLUDING CLUB NIGHTS AND PRIVATE EVENTS)

LIMITED SEATING AVAILABLE
VIP SEATING —801-355-5522
21+
ALL EVENTS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Coca-Cola
Budweiser
The Great American Lager

MODERN MAN'S HUSTLE: THE DEVIL WHALE REDEFINE SUCCESS

By Ryan Hall dontsignanythingyet@gmail.com
Photo: Peter Anderson

It would seem that The Devil Whale are a successful band. Their popular debut full-length was recently followed up with an even more popular EP. They are embarking on a nationwide tour before their second full-length, *Teeth,* comes out in May. They have been chosen as a showcase artist at the nation's largest live music festival, **South By Southwest**. However, in today's world of instant exposure via social networking and careerist music bloggers, does exposure necessarily mean the same thing as success? If so, how does this new definition of success translate into dollars and cents?

According to **Brinton Jones**, lead singer and guitarist for The Devil Whale, success would mean having their music support itself financially. "In a lot of ways, I already feel like we've been successful, in that we've been able to make records we feel good about, tour, and see the country from a cool perspective and do so independently. I really don't think we spend a ton of time worrying about 'getting signed,' 'getting noticed,' etc.," Jones says.

With the proliferation of the Internet, a new model has replaced the angst of getting a record deal, being played on the radio and selling millions of records to remain viable. The ability to record, distribute and promote yourself via social networks and YouTube has wrenched the power out of the hands of the ruling elite and into the hands of the dreamers, the shameless self-promoters and the hard workers.

In many ways, The Devil Whale embodies all three.

After helming an earlier project called **Palomino** with bassist **Jake Fish**, going on hiatus after throat surgery and reforming as The Devil Whale, the newly minted group took to the road in the old D.I.Y. baptism by fire of the cross-country tour. After several cross-country jaunts, The Devil Whale remain firm believers in the rite of passage and the necessity of touring, but skeptical of it as an end unto itself. "I feel like as many shows as we play, I don't know how much traction that actually gives us. It shows that we are willing to do the hard work … But building from the ground up is virtually impossible unless something bumps you up to where you are touring and playing in front of people," Jones says.

In preparation for their second full-length due in May and another nationwide tour this spring, The Devil Whale has turned to social networking to find that "something" to boost their exposure. "It is so easy to research music online. If you see a video posted of a band that you have never heard of you can instantly know so much about that band. You know what gear they play, what they look like … To be honest, I think most of it is done through social networks. I think that is where everything is done in terms of the transference of information," Jones says.

The Devil Whale have utilized a number of different tools to capitalize on social media. During this tour, The Devil Whale will be updating their Facebook page with video blog entries. They recently signed up with the "crowdfunding" platform **Kickstarter** to fund the release of their record and tour. At the time of writing, the band had exceeded their $3,000 goal by $652. They have also scheduled a stop to record a live performance with the tastemaking blog *Daytrotter.com* (**Andrew Bird**, **Death Cab for Cutie**, **Dirty Projectors**).

These efforts, along with a spotless body of work and energetic live show, have led to a few nearly sold-out shows across the U.S. (one in Fairbanks, Alaska of all places!) and a stop at SXSW as a featured artist. "I would say we are pretty realistic in that we are probably not going to play for a panel of Sub Pop people, but if we can play for people we have already talked to, a lot of them are good contacts already," Jones says.

All of this promotion and hard work would mean nothing if The Devil Whale didn't have the body of work to back it up. Their EP, *Young Wives*, represented an about-face in terms of lyrical content and a startling level of sophistication and expansion of their previous lovelorn work.

Teeth fulfills every promise that *Young Wives* made. With most of the songs cut (nearly) live, there is a sense of urgency and rawness to it. It is both reckless and tightly orchestrated. Guitar lines are banged out a little faster than they should be, Jones' voice whoops and calls with reckless abandon on hook after hook. At the same time, *Teeth* is the most expansive and nuanced album they have ever made. Each song is filled to the brim with auxiliary instrumentation from seventies synthesizers, vocal choirs and a woodwind ensemble on "Television Zoo." "One thing that I have noticed from listening to it is that songs are very easy to digest and very catchy, and it kind of takes listening to multiple times to actually realize what is going on. It is actually stranger than you take it, but it is easily digestible," guitarist **Jamie Timm** says.

A year after several prominent SLC bands have broken up, The Devil Whale finally seem poised to become a successful band on the national scene. Even if that lottery ticket "lucky break" never happens, The Devil Whale are still an incredibly successful band by producing an impressive body of music and traversing this country more than a few times. "Success is how you define it," Jones is quick to point out. In today's upside-down music industry, that statement might actually be true for the first time in history.

ARTISTS WANTED!
Your cup of cool better be half full and then some if you think you have what it takes to be a 1GR Artist. That's right, friendo, this ain't your mother's Artist of the Month Contest. We want only the sharpest, freshest, batspit-crazy design your brilliant brains can cook up. And only the best of the batch will win a feature on onegoodreason.net and have their design put on an official 1GR limited-edition t-shirt. Will it be you? Well will it?
ONEGOODREASON
One Good Reason is a youth group that promotes great design, music, and a tobacco-free lifestyle.

I AM KRCL
For us, one local music show each week just doesn't cut it. That's why KRCL features the best music from the community throughout our programming. We even open our studio to live performances from your favorite local bands.
Are you KRCL? Find out at 90.9FM or www.krcl.org
KRCL 90.9 FM
WWW.KRCL.ORG

(GASP) WHAT THE F@C#?!? SO MANY GOOD BEERS!!
"the beer connoisseur's Paradise"
GQ Magazine Sept. 2009
A winner of Esquire.com's 2009 "Best Bars in America" Rating
one of the 100 best places to drink beer in America – Imbibe Magazine
The BaYOU
www.utahbayou.com
645 S. State State., SLC
Welcome to Beervana!

ANCHOR INK TATTOO
Friendly, Clean, and Professional
NOW OPEN SUNDAY*
1103
OPEN
TATTOO
1103 So.State Street
Salt Lake City Utah
801-349-2819
WWW.ANCHORINK.COM

GRAYWHALE ENTERTAINMENT
Presenting:
The Trashcan Sinatras
March 29th at the State Room
638 South State Street, Salt Lake City
tickets available at all Graywhale locations
For Trashcan Sinatras, or any artist's CDs
See the new improved www.fatfin.com
now with mp3 downloads!
U of U Graywhale 208 S 1300 E 801-583-3333
Taylorsville Graywhale 1775 W 4700 S 801-964-5700
Bountiful Graywhale 390 N 500 W 801-677-0333
Ogden Graywhale 4066 Riverdale Rd 801-399-0609
W. Jordan Graywhale 90th & Redwood 801-676-6010
Draper Graywhale 256 E 12300 S 801-576-0999
Orem Graywhale 575 E University Pkwy 801-221-2505

SUBROSA

WELCOME TO THE DARK COUNTRY

by Bryer Wharton
bryer@slugmag.com

On March 1, Salt Lake City's Subrosa unleashed their second full-length album *No Help for the Mighty Ones* on the nationally and internationally known Profound Lore Records. The band, together for roughly six years, has had plenty of time to grow and progress, moving forward in leaps since their first album *Strega*. Subrosa has taken standard doom metal and morphed into a monster with bass-fuzzed, downtuned guitar rage, dizzying violins and hallowed, haunting vocals. I caught up with Subrosa vocalist and guitarist **Rebecca Vernon** to talk about the new album, national/international recognition, the growth of the band and musical and conceptual influences. Subrosa offers any listener a challenge in music and mental cognizance—read on and decide if you're ready for that challenge.

SLUG: With *No Help for the Mighty Ones* just released, you must be excited and maybe a little bit nervous for the local and national music community to hear it. What do you think is the album's biggest strength? Likewise, what do you think is the album's biggest weakness?
Vernon: I think the album has a lot of strengths. For one, [the songwriting of] **Sarah Pendleton** and myself (the two original members of Subrosa) has really evolved since *Strega*. Also, we've had the best lineup we've ever had making this album, and I think everyone's strength of playing and songwriting on their instruments really shines through. I think the production is amazing, thanks to **Magnus "Devo" Andersson** of **Endarker Studios** in Sweden. We are a hard band to mix, and he did a great job with both this album and *Strega*. The biggest weakness could also be seen as a strength, but I think will be a weakness in the context of the reception from the national music community. Subrosa is pretty different than standard stoner/doom fare. The reviewers who like strange approaches to a genre will like it, and the ones who don't will crucify it, like they did *Strega*.

SLUG: I know you personally have a passion for metal music—especially doom—and the new album definitely sees Subrosa going into more metallic territory with heavier guitar riffing and screamed/growled vocals. What inspired the new material?
Vernon: My first love is stoner rock, but I've definitely been exposed to more doom metal over the last three years, especially since being on [Swedish metal label] **I Hate Records** and just rubbing shoulders with people in that scene. Our friends, melodic doom band **Beneath the Frozen Soil** from Sweden, have been an influence on us. Sarah's always been a massive metal head, and she's the one doing the death growls in the middle of "Beneath the Crown" and in the choruses of "Attack on Golden Mountain." (**Phil White** of **INVDRS** did the death growls at the end of "Stonecarver" and on "Spare me from your kingdom" on "Beneath the Crown.") **Zach** [**Hatsis**] is very influenced by metal, doom and stoner sludge—the heaviest of the heavy—and that's reflected in his drumming. **Dave** [**Jones**] is a huge stoner rock fan like I am, and so that influence is always going to come through in the guitar and bass work. [Violinist] **Kim** [**Pack**] has also been exposed to tons of creepy, dark doom and stoner rock since joining Subrosa two years ago.

SLUG: The pen-and-ink, black-and-tan cover art is intriguing—it has the doom and stoner musical vibe as well as a mystical and spiritutal appearance. Who designed it, and is there any particular meaning behind it?
Vernon: Yeah, it has a lot of deliberate meaning behind it. **Glyn Smyth** of Scrawled Design from the UK did the illustrations and layout. He has done stuff for **The Melvins**, **Thou**, **Wolves in the Throne Room**, **Eyehategod** and other bands that I love. I approached him for his style. I researched, trying to find the visual style I wanted the most—a stark, pen-and-ink style, very detailed. The artwork is based on the true story of **Tere Jo Dupperault**. She was 11 in 1961 when she was on a sailboat vacationing in the Caribbean with her family. One night, the captain of the ship went on a murder rampage and killed his own wife and Tere Jo's parents and younger sister and brother. He tried to kill her too, pulling the plugs to sink the boat, but Tere

Jo had the presence of mind to untie a small life raft on the roof of the cabin while the boat was sinking. She drifted on the ocean for four days and was near death when a passing freight ship happened to sight her and rescued her. The captain of the sailboat had already gotten to shore and was spreading a lie about how the ship sank and would have totally gotten away with the murders. When he found out that Tere Jo had survived the tragedy, he was in the middle of a court hearing, and he feigned joy that she was alive, then promptly went back to his hotel room and committed suicide. It fit in perfectly with the title of the album because I believe there's no way to shield yourself from your conscience when the chips are down. The title mostly makes reference to people in positions of power, who are arrogant enough to think they can get away with oppression and exploitation of the downtrodden of this world without karma coming around, without retribution, without paying a price.

SLUG: Subrosa went from a very atmospheric, folksy-type album on *Strega* to something more subversive and much darker on *No Help for the Mighty Ones*. Do you think this will tap the band into a new audience? Why the unleashing of more darkness?
Vernon: I feel like *No Help for the Mighty Ones* may ingratiate us more with the metal crowd, but I definitely didn't do that deliberately. It just happened. As far as the unleashing of more darkness, maybe I'm finally tapping into a darker side of myself or maybe I am better at letting the darkness out emotionally more now through the music. I definitely felt like on *Strega* I was holding back somehow, and I think it showed in the final result of the album. With *No Help,* I didn't hold back—I gave it everything I had, and I know everyone in the band did as well, and so I think the album is stronger, darker and more emotional as a result.

Photo: Peter Anderson

SLUG: The voice of Subrosa is distinctly your voice, which shows a lot of vocal strength and the fact that you have a lot of personal emotions invested in the music. How did you initially find your singing voice, and what things have developed it throughout the years?
Vernon: It's funny how I found my singing voice. When I first started Subrosa, I had never sung in front of other people, besides at church and once at the annual gothic *Dark Arts Festival* in 2005, singing "Bella Lugosi's Dead" in **Jared Gold**'s Misfit Toys band. I was very scared to sing in front of people, and I would even turn away from other band members during practice and halfway face the wall so I couldn't see them. It was strange how vulnerable it made me feel and how weird. I was used to being behind a drum set in the back of the stage, not singing at the front of the stage. Our first show was at the **Violet Run** house in Sugarhouse. I was so scared I could barely play or look at anyone. Little by little, doing more shows and everything, I eventually found the confidence I needed to sing freely and fiercely. Eye contact helps and also singing *at* (not *to*) the audience like they are my worst enemy.

SLUG: The track "The Inheritance" is one of the standout tracks. What's the song mean to you?
Vernon: "The Inheritance" is basically about the way we're completely trashing our planet. We're putting Earth through some massive changes that I believe are irreversible, or at least, would take Earth about a million years or more to heal from. If you haven't read it yet, you should read *The World Without Us*. It talks about some of those irreversible things. In this song, though, I focus on the animal genocide that's taking place … the wiping out of whole species in the name of development, lazy non-sustainable practices and greed. I believe we are facing the end of the world as we know it if we can't stop this trajectory. The title "The Inheritance," of course, refers to the inheritance we are leaving future generations of humans and animals … basically, not much of an inheritance.

SLUG: How would you describe what Subrosa offers to people who have never heard the band?
Vernon: I tell people that ask me what kind of music I play two things, depending on how much they know about music. If they listen to the radio, I tell them I play "heavy rock with electric violins." And I caution them that it's really heavy. And they say they want to come to a show sometime. And I tell them again that it's heavy, and I'm pretty sure they won't like it. And they insist. And then I just shrug and wait for them to show up to their perfunctory one-time attendance and then never come back. If the person asking has a rudimentary understanding of stoner and doom, I tell them Subrosa sounds like experimental, melodic stoner sludge/doom with electronic violins. It is the electric violins thing that usually makes people excited, even those people that listen to David Archuleta. People like the idea of violins. And there's a reason for that: violins are AWESOME.

Catch Subrosa and all their beautiful darkness on March 12 at the *Urban Lounge* celebrating their new CD joined by INVDRS and **Blackhole**. It's free to attend and you can snag the album for $5, as well as some limited edition posters screen-printed by **Dave Bogart** and **Clyde** of Blackhole and the *Copper Palate Press*.

REGISTRATION IS NOW OPEN AND SPACE IS LIMITED!
THE 6TH ANNUAL
QUEEN'S CUP OPEN
2011
HOSTED BY
PARK CITY MOUNTAIN RESORT
PRESENTED BY
PARK CITY FREESTYLE
WOMEN'S SLOPESTYLE AND HALFPIPE EVENT
MARCH 25TH-27TH
FEATURING
THE PRO THROW DOWN RAIL JAM
AT THE BASE OF PARK CITY MOUNTAIN RESORT FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH
high fives
THE HIGH FIVES FOUNDATION IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION TO HELP RAISE AWARENESS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED A LIFE ALTERING INJURY
TO REGISTER OR FOR MORE INFO GO TO- WWW.THEQUEENSCUPOPEN.COM
PAUL MITCHELL DAKINE BENDIS SKULL CANDY MOMENT evolve chile VALLE NEVADO Discrete bern

PHOTO FEATURE

25th Street in Ogden might be one of the few places I've ever shot photos where the cops seriously couldn't care less about what you're doing. It's probably due to the number of crackheads running around on this block. One of the few cops who even bothered to stop to talk to us at this spot did so out of concern for our safety, and not from snowboarding but from the crackheads! I probably spent way too much time in this abandoned parking lot last winter, but with so many options beyond this fence-to-bank transfer, it was hard to stay away. Thank God Ogden has been light on the snowfall this season—if I spent any more time there, I think some of those zombies would know me by name. **Justin Bennee** is halfway through a frontside board transfer here—one of four or so shots from his *Bon Voyage* part in the cesspool that is 25th Street in Ogden. *–Andy Wright*

FRESH AND SOLID:

The Broship's National Homie Collective

By Alexander Ortega *alexanderlightfingers@hotmail.com* *Photos: Patiri Photography*

"It's comedy, music and art … And good, ol' fashioned, hard partying. We're the partiest partiers in Partyland," says **Dreu Damian Hudson**, vocalist for **Her Candane** and **I Am The Ocean**. He illuminates one of the core axioms of his party gang, the Broship. If you've never seen a Broship T-shirt, tattoo or any other form of their logo, or you have never seen a Broship band play a show, then you're probably not from the Salt Lake Valley—this group of men and women has been chugging beers, snapping necks and cashing checks since the early part of the millennium. Think Project Mayhem meets *The Warriors* meets **Andrew W.K.** With a love for aggressive music, their gang boasts 20 plus bands throughout Salt Lake and across the nation; they've got indie-venue-proprietor bros, small-business-owner bros and bros in the food industry. Of course, they won't do gross things to your soup or threaten to cut your balls off, but they'll sure as hell give you a brew to slam. **LOOM** bassist **John Finnegan** says, "It's like a community-esque type of thing, is what it's turned into. A collective of homies all across the country that are willing to help anybody out with shows [and] places to stay." 'Cause at the end of the day, after the show and after meeting a shit ton of new buddies, this crew is ready to do one thing: "Bro down with our bros," says Hudson.

The ship set sail one day as Hudson, Finnegan and the Broship's other founders, **Carl Ball**, **Brad "Bacon" Wood**, **Mike Doepner** and Broship matriarch, **Cassie Combs**, sat around on a porch, bro-ing down just like any other day. They wanted to upgrade from their original junior high crew name, the **West Valley Beer Crew**, to something more prolific and on par with the thug and Straight Edge crew names they had seen. Around that time, Hudson had worked for Jiffy Lube, where his middle-aged, working class coworkers would chummily address one another as "brother" (imagine it as if **Hulk Hogan** were saying it). Hudson's subsequent, ironic use of the term "bro" emerged as a comedic term of endearment that would transform a group of adolescent kids into a transnational network of rock n' roll partiers. "Definitely not, like, bro-brah," Hudson clarifies. "Not frat bro—just homie, like, 'brother.' Everybody says 'bro.'" Amid the haze of the day, the word "Broship" arrived at the port of their brains, turning on not six different light bulbs, but one giant conceptual lighthouse. Finnegan reminisces, "We sat on our porch for like, three hours. It all just snowballed." What really tied it all together, though, was Broship veteran **Alex Guy**'s penning of the official Broship logo whilst on tour with **Clifton**. "We needed something that we could see from a mile away and recognize a family member [and] stake our neck out for each other," says Guy. Hudson is quick to comment on Guy's ingenuity in creating such an iconic yet simple stamp of brohood—it is easily tattooed and conducive to quick and easy guerilla marketing: "I can't draw a house. I'm fucking 28 years old, and I can't draw a cat, but you can stencil that on there and I'll put that in ya."

With a name and a face, the bromance commenced and five founders got organized. "Five of us self-appointed ourselves as the council," says Hudson. "And since no one told us we couldn't be, we were: It was me, and John, Mike Doepner, Carl and Bacon. We made it five so that if we ever had to vote on anything, there would be a tie-breaker, always." Initially, the council kept the Broship fairly exclusive because they wanted to be associated with good music. The crew started out with Clifton, Her Candane and I Am The Ocean in Salt Lake and **36 Crazyfists** and **Lorene Drive** from Anchorage, Alaska and Victorville, Calif., respectively. They held ceremonial initiations where new members were inducted by the shirtless council with wicked bro-eola, and one by one, each band got the logo inked upon their bodies, each with their own band's color scheme. Once each band started to do extensive touring, though, calamitous situations brought others in to solidify the network. On tour in the East, LOOM had three shows in a row cancel on them in Charleston, S.C. Broship members in the area aided LOOM by giving them food, shelter, party and fun. Finnegan holds onto the gratitude he feels from the experience: "These Broship kids from South Carolina fucking *hooked us up*." Hudson can relate—during one tour back East, Her Candane's van broke down in Delaware. Hudson contacted **AJ Hanson**, a member of New Jersey's **Trophy Scars**, and kicked Hanson some dough to drive Her Candane through the rest of their tour. They finished up, then went down to rage with their bros in Charleston, where a game of Edward 40-hands united the **Charleston International Mafia** and Trophy Scars with the Broship. Chapters have since risen in Los Angeles, Denver, Fargo, Spokane and Portland, all of whom recognize the Broship's roots right here in Salt Lake City.

"Before you know it, you have a home away from home in six, seven cities," Hudson says. As the Broship sails across the U.S. brocean, members push to incorporate partying and good times into every show they play with as many bands as possible. Hudson continues, "[When] we all started touring, we wanted to make an impression. We didn't want to be the band that got there, played our show, then split town. We wanted to get there early, meet the kids that were at the show, play our set, leave it all on the stage and then party hard with them. We probably got hotels, like, 1 percent of the time, ever. We probably slept in the van maybe 10 percent of the time. The rest of the time, we were partying people's asses off." Whether Hudson is giving somebody a Broship tattoo at the *Blue Lagoon* venue in Santa Cruz during a show, or LOOM manager **Jesse Cassar** is hosting shows for out-of-town bands at the *Shred Shed* (their official headquarters), the Broship is always looking for new people with whom to party. Hudson says, "We just wanna party with everybody. We want everybody to know they're welcome. There's no dress code." Cassar chips in, "Everyone has a passion for life and a passion for music. That's what it is." The Broship emphasizes that you don't even have to drink to be in the Broship—the crew is home to Straight Edgers and boozehounds alike. "You don't [even] *have* to get a tattoo, but if you keep showing up, being awesome, we're probably going to ask you to get a tattoo," Hudson says. The crew functions on ground-level equality: Everyone in the Broship retains their beliefs and what they hold dear, but this does not override anything that other members value. "Nothing's sacred," as they like to say.

The Broship thrives on universal truths—the first being to party hard. Hudson lays down another prominent Broship aphorism, "Fresh and Solid": "Anything Broship should either be fresh or solid. If it's not new and fresh and enticing, then it should at least stand on its own. If it's not fresh, it better be solid, and if it ain't solid, it better at least be fresh." This ideology extends to and permeates the music and art Broship bands create. Finnegan says, "We all like to keep it loud, keep it rockin' and keep it interesting." Upon listening to Broship bands, don't expect to hear generic verse-chorus-bridge tunes. Although these bands create heavy, hardcore-influenced slammer-jammers, they strive to blaze new paths within heavy music with fresh takes on song structure and chords that transcend basic power-chord progressions and dynamics. "Almost nothing is super structured," Hudson says. "None of us really follow the formula, all the songs move in a way that make sense to us." Not to say that they disregard simple songs altogether—as long as music has what they call "puss." Where the heart is just an internal organ, your puss—which everyone has—is your "internal emotional reception piece." "It's where you get slammed," says Hudson. Thus, all it takes in the Broship is to put your passion into your music and your art. Hudson delves deeper, "Just mean what you say, say what you mean and don't be a dishonest artist." Even in the face of adversity as LOOM, I Am The Ocean and Her Candane have dealt with record labels that have screwed them over, Broship bands continue to pump out their music because of their drive and love for what they do, no matter what it takes. "It's D.I.Y. till you D.I.E.," says Hudson.

With a steadfast ideology, the Broship aims to provide a community for bands and partiers wherever they go. After going through the Bay Area a couple times, LOOM acquired Cassar, who housed them. Cassar says, "They asked me to go on tour with them, and I went on tour with them as their roadie, and we just built this relationship. They said, 'We've got this family, it's called Broship. We want you to be a part of it.'" Carrying LOOM's torch of hospitality, Cassar has put up new Broship members **Artifex Pereo** whose shows were canceled when they hit Salt Lake. He showed his love by letting them stay at his house/Broship clubhouse the *Shred Shed* for three days, giving them a practice space and a home away from home. He and Hudson have sent them along to speak of the haven that is the *Shred Shed* in Salt Lake City. As various bands such as Artifex and **Matterhorn** return to our city and bring the rest of the nation's music to us, the Broship keeps the cycle of SLC-awareness and respect alive by repping Salt Lake and Utah everywhere their bands play. Hudson brofesses, "We're super proud of our roots. We don't appreciate any stigmas about Utah, and if you don't think that people from Utah can drink, we'll show you the door." They're down, 110-percent, with anyone going out, pushing hard for Utah. "We support all things of Zion. We support the Utes—we support *the fuck* out of the Jazz. We're down with BYU, even," he says. The Ship rock their Broseph Smith jerseys anytime they organize a tour—cities on tour fliers are marked with asterisks that indicate a 'crucial Broship bro-down' where the hookup in that city takes the bands and people at the show out to mark the broccasion and demonstrate the immense drinking and party capacity that Utah has to offer. From Dec. 15 to 19 of 2010, the Broship took it to the next level: Hudson, Finnegan, and members **Alex Giles** and **Adam Virostko** competed in Budweiser's *Band of Buds* partying challenge in Las Vegas. The Broship stormed past Utah competition and totally forwent the Utah semifinals. Their feats included a red carpet walk that required them to ham it up in front of a camera and take pictures with babes and then conduct an interview, gamble with a $1000 chip in the way they saw fit and, lastly, bro down in a plethora of drinking games. Unfortunately, Phoenix's rocker crew was one of the four finalists, which shafted the Broship, but due to support from 50 other members who went down to party, the Broship made its presence felt. "You're not gonna be able to get through 30 seconds of video without seeing somebody walking by in a Broship shirt," says Hudson regarding Budweiser's Internet broadcast of the competition. The judges recognized this, too, as they deemed the 'Ship "the crew that you most likely wanted to drink and travel the country with."

With such a *bro*ad network, it's difficult to encapsulate all the goings-on of the Broship. There is, however, pressing news. The Broship has begun to push a series of download cards that will function as their sort of "preliminary label," which you can find at any Broship band's show or the *Shred Shed*. **Jesust** and Artifex Pereo have recently joined the crew. LOOM is doing a short tour with **Orbs** and **Wild Orchid Children,** playing *Kilby Court* on March 31. There is also talk of a tentative I Am The Ocean/LOOM tour starting in May. I Am The Ocean will be going into the studio soon, and the *Shred Shed* will be posting their shows in yours truly, *SLUG Magazine*. Watch out for the release of **Letlive**'s record *Fake History* on **Epitaph Records** on April 12. It is supposed to hit the indie record scene with a bang. Oh, and it's probably time you start practicing your bro-down skills: **Exigent Records** and the Broship will present what they call Salt Lake's first independent music festival, *Crucial Fest*, at *Liberty Park* in June. The festival will be free, include three stages and approximately 30 bands set to bro your mind.

From left to right: Mike Doepner, Adam Virostko, Carl Ball, Dreu Damian Hudson, Cassie Combs, John Finnegan, Jesse Cassar, Bacon, Alex Guy

Carston Oliver, AKA "The Flying Fin," is a 23-year-old native of Salt Lake City. He grew up skiing from the ripe young age of five and never looked back. He attended East High School, graduating in 2006, and then moved on to the University of Utah with a full scholarship. After two grueling years in the engineering program, spending his days skiing and biking, going to class in the evening and then studying all night, only to repeat the process again and again, he decided to take a break from the social institution of college for a while. He told me that it got to the point where he was becoming so exhausted day by day that he came home from skiing after a particularly long stint of sleep deprivation and passed out cold in the doorway of his house for several hours. Oliver intends to return to school in the future, but for now, the mountains hold his gaze.

SLUG: Where did skiing start for you?
Oliver: I really started skiing with my after-grade-school group at Snowbird. They would not let us off of Chickadee (the beginner run), and I remember going straight down without turning and thinking that I was not going fast enough. I told my dad that I wanted to ride the big lift, so he took me up the tram and down the cirque. It was trial by fire, but if you learn on something difficult, that becomes your norm to go off of.
SLUG: Who was your biggest influence growing up skiing?
Oliver: I really like **Eric Pollard**'s smooth style of skiing, making it look easy, and I also looked up to **Seth Morrison**, but the stuff he was doing was crazy back then to me. Really, my biggest influences growing up on the hill were my friends. Riding with my buddies **Eliel Hindert** and **Paul Kimbrough** really pushed me to new levels because we were all thinking up reckless ideas for things to do and then going out and making it happen.

SLUG: How did you attain the nickname "Flying Fin?"
Oliver: Well, pretty obvious, I think, haha. I like to jump off of things, and I just happen to be of Finnish heritage on my mother's side. I have creative friends.

SLUG: Could you define the "Flying Fin" style?
Oliver: Well, my skiing style is pretty much picking stuff that looks just scary enough to be fun and then trying to do some flippy stuff in the interim. I guess my general lifestyle would be always moving. I can't really sit around for very long, so I am always out engaging in activities that challenge my body and my mind. I have been known to just go run up Mt. Olympus if I am feeling bored or go bike up into the hills behind the capital building in the middle of the night because I can't sleep.

SLUG: What is your favorite mountain?
Oliver: I can't say that I have a favorite mountain, but the place I find myself continually going back to is Mt. Baker. When it's good, it is so good, and I have been known to pick up and disappear into the Pacific Northwest for months at a time without warning. The Wasatch will always be home, though—there is no place like home.

SLUG: What competitions have you competed in or are you planning to compete in?
Oliver: Well, generally, I am not too competitive by nature. I really only do competitions when I have the spare time or money. Personally, I would rather be out pushing lines that progress me in the way I choose. It is more fun just seeing all your friends and seeing everyone going big and stretching the limits of their ability.

Dirt jumpin' in the summer.

Cork 360 in the winter.

In the past, I have competed in the Canadian Freeskiing Open at *Red Mountain*, where I ended up ninth one year. I have done the Free Skiing World Tour several times here at *Snowbird* and usually end up in the top five for the first two runs and then explode trying something crazy. My biggest achievement in any competition was probably at the U.S. Extremes at *Crested Butte*, where I got front page of the local newspaper for the best wipeout of the event. Ha. Competitions push you hard to impress, and that leads to being reckless. My main priority at the end of the day is to avoid injury and be able to ski again tomorrow.

SLUG: Top runs of all time?
Oliver: Again a hard question, I guess there is this one run in Wolverine cirque where there is no visibility of the run out from the top. You have to hop a rock patch, carve around another rock patch on top of a cliff and then cut through into a super-steep choke out. When you come out of it, you end up going like 50 or 60 miles per hour. It's awesome. Another one might be this one big line I went to hike solo in the Andes around Las Leñas, Argentina. I was shooting with *Sweet Grass Productions*, and everyone else went off to different peaks, and the camera guys went to the valley to set up. I was just walking up by headlamp light in completely socked-in -30-degree-weather plus windchill, couldn't feel my hands or feet and was generally skeptical on whether or not I was going to even be able to ski my line. When I got to the top, the sun came over the most beautiful alpine cirque I have ever seen in my life, and I made my first turns down this chute skirted with golden rocks lit up like fire: It was a speechless moment of awe.

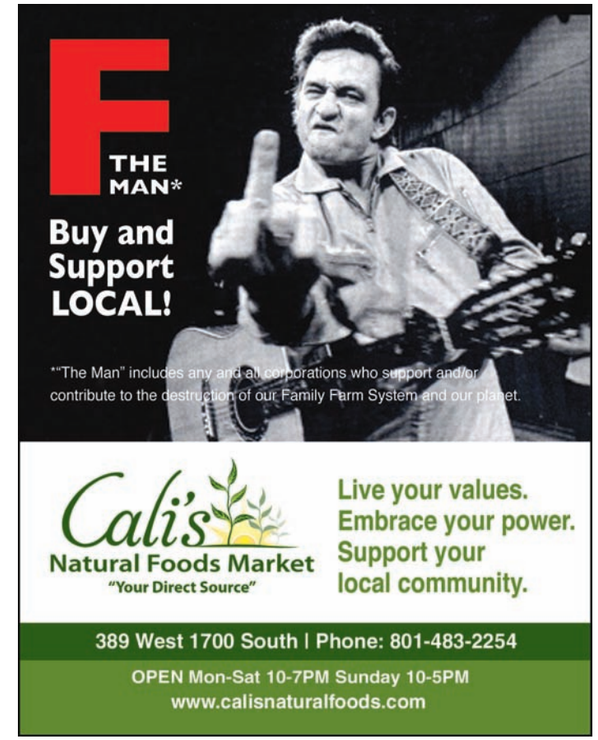
SLUG: As of late, have you been doing any filming or had any big photo publications?
Oliver: Well, I have been filming with *Sweet Grass Productions* both here in the U.S. and then also in South America this last summer and hopefully again this summer. They are doing a multi-season film, which is set to come out this fall, titled "Los Andes." In 2010, I had a spread in *Powder Magazine* and also a shot in *Skiing Magazine*'s Photo Annual, which actually won second best shot, as chosen by the readers.

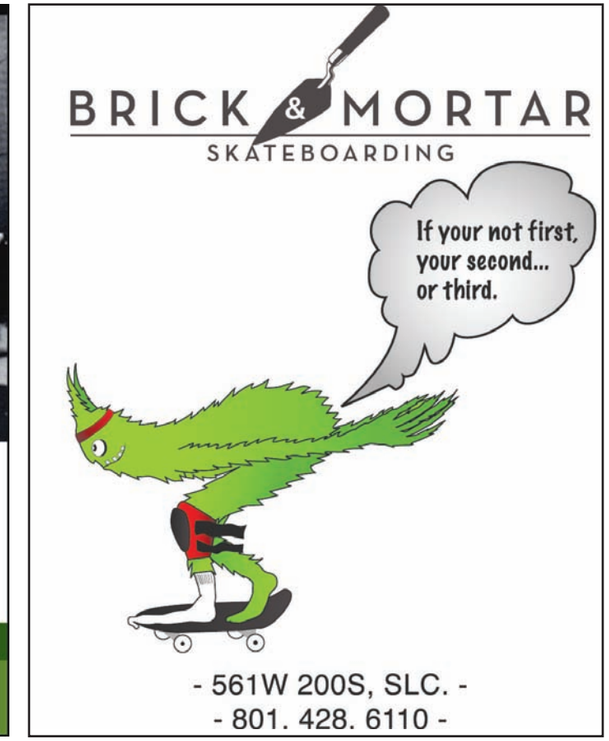
SLUG: If you had to go biking or skiing, which would it be?
Oliver: Well, when it's mid-spring and my brain is in ski mode, skiing. If it is the middle of the summer and my brain is in biking mode, biking. I would say skiing holds the crown in my mind, though, by an inch.

SLUG: If you could be sponsored by anyone, who would it be?
Oliver: Huy Fong foods, that makes Sriracha Hot sauce, and Sambal Oelek chili paste. Also, possibly a personal habañero pepper farmer. Peppers keep you warmer than any outerwear.

SLUG: Who has helped you get to where you are now in life and as a skier?
Oliver: Pretty much everyone I have ever met. My friends especially, but haters have helped me hone myself along the way also. I would also like to thank my family who has supported me wholeheartedly through my seemingly selfish, constant forays into the mountains. Also all of my sponsors: Smith Optics, Moment Skis and Core Concepts. Without them hooking it up with the gear I use every day, my habit would not be a possibility.

Oliver is an unbound spirit for certain. His constant exuberance both for the sports he is passionate about and life in general is contagious. He embodies energy that you would not see when you first meet him, as he is humble about his achievements. He is truly a leading example in the ski and outdoor communities.





It's All Mathematics: Learning "Trickonometry" with Cody Weber

By Shawn Mayer
shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

Photos: Sam Millanta

There was a time when skate shop videos were as abundant as porn stars at **Charlie Sheen**'s house. Now it seems that due to the recession, many shops are struggling to pay their utility bills, let alone give some young buck any sort of budget for a film. Luckily for us in the Great Salt Lake Valley, we have a few shops that are going strong and are fortunate enough to be able to bring us such a visual delight. With a fresh start and a new team, *Technique* will be dropping "Trickonometry" on Utah like a baby grand piano. I had the chance to speak with **Cody Weber**, the man behind the film (and camera) to get an insider's look into the film and the process it entails.

SLUG: What can you tell me about yourself?
Weber: Well, My name is Cody (aka OG Coda). I like to skate, film, shoot photos and work on cars, I guess. I grew up back and forth in really small towns in Utah and Colorado. I love kicking it with all my homies from the team and other local dudes like everyone at *Brick and Mortar*, **SK801** homies, **.egduF** kids, *Milo* homies, and all the skate park rats, and working at the shop with **Shake** and **Kenny**. I just like doing something all the time.

SLUG: How did you get involved with filming and photography? I assume you skate, so why the change of perspective, so to speak?
Weber: I have always been attracted to the media side of the skate industry ever since I started skating back in 1998. I was always down to film my brother and friends with my big-ass VHS and Hi8 cameras. Then in about 2005, I really started getting into shooting photos and videos while living in a super small town with only a few hundred people and only my brother and a few other kids to film. After working at a Subway in a truck stop for about two years, I saved enough to get my first real video setup. After that I pretty much sold and traded all my stuff off to upgrade my setup.

SLUG: How did you hook up with the *Technique* crew and when?
Weber: After turning 18, I started coming to Salt Lake a lot to film for a homie video (*YEAH! Skateboards*) and ended up blowing out my knee. After getting hurt, I really had to take a hard look at how things were going and decided to make filming my main priority. I packed up all my things and quit my job in the oil field and moved to Salt Lake with nothing but a few boxes of clothes and my gear. I started talking to **Kyle Wilcox** and a few other SK801 homies and started filming with them until **Kenny Payne** hooked it up with a job in the shop.

SLUG: Whose idea was it to do a team video?
Weber: After working in the shop for a while and seeing that the old *Technique* team had pretty much gone off to do their own thing with SK801, I saw my chance to film a whole new video with *Technique*'s name backing it. I sat down with Kenny and **Moses Sanchez** and we decided that it was the best thing to do. With all the rad new local skaters popping up all over the valley, this was a perfect opportunity for everyone. So I started building the team from the ground up.

SLUG: The last *Technique* shop video received some accolades throughout the skate community. Were you a part of it?
Weber: I really had nothing to do with the last video, aside from filming a few friends' section tricks, but I really have to give it up to Kyle Wilcox for the *Four Down* video. He really inspired me and a lot of other dudes in the valley, with a good video and cool dudes.

SLUG: Who is out and who's in for this year's video?
Weber: Well the video won't have anyone from the other *Technique* videos in the past, due to the new SK801 video dropping soon, but that's the cool thing: This video has a lot of new kids that a lot of people probably haven't heard of yet. The new team consists of: **Christian Ridgway**, **Sergio Rivera**, **Zack Hipolito**, **Spencer Weber**, **Brodie Penrod**, **Kwami Adzitso**, **Jerry Alvarado**, **Jacob Manzanerez**, **Nathen Martinez**, **Colton Brown**, **Patrick Evje** and **Chandler Seipert**. Some of the guys are sharing parts so it will fit together nicely.

SLUG: Do you feel any pressure to step up the next video?
Weber: I don't want to doubt myself, but trying to top Kyle's videos is something I don't see myself doing anytime soon. I just want to make a good skate video that gets kids hyped. I'm pretty hard on myself, so that's about the only pressure I'm feeling.

SLUG: Where did the name "Trickonometry" stem from?
Weber: We had a team meeting one night and came down to like five names. We voted on the last five and came up with the name 'Trickonometry.' There is a theme—you will get it when the video comes out.

SLUG: How long have you been filming/editing this flick?
Weber: Well, there wasn't really a set date to start, but I would have to say a little under a year.

SLUG: What are the major stresses of filming and editing? Can you take us through the monotony of filming and editing?
Weber: Having a full-time job, filming a full-length skate video, making time for family, my girlfriend and just daily life can get a bit stressful. I would have to say the most stressful thing about filming this video is having around 10 dudes to film a part and trying to coordinate a time and place to get it done. Also, there is the stress of getting hassled by all the power-hungry security guards and having a few computers crash. All and all, it has been really fun making this video.

SLUG: What's the daily routine of filming with the team?
Weber: The daily routine usually goes something like this: I wake up, start calling some dudes if Colton or Brodie haven't already called me 100 times, bribe Spencer with a dirty halfy and a 40 oz. to get out of bed. Meet up at *Technique* at about 12:00 p.m. and kill way too much time waiting around for Hippo or something. Jump in the car, hit at least three or four spots, watch Christian get buck and smash his head a few times before he and Brodie get bangers, skate and have tons of fun until the sun goes down, then come home to capture everything.

SLUG: The best part of filming? The worst part of filming?
Weber: Best part for sure is being with all the good homies and just having a good time skating. I get to travel to some amazing places with all these dudes, film some rad things and just live life, y'know? There are not many things that bring people together like filming a video. I would say the worst part is watching people get broken off. I hate seeing someone going so hard for something and just get worked over and over again. Cops suck, too.

SLUG: Do you try to capture skaters' personalities when filming and editing? What's the trick to making a section not feel like skate porn or a melodrama?
Weber: I really like to film some kind of lifestyle stuff for everyone's parts that shows you something about the person. Like if they're just straight up gnar and just get down to it, or if they are funny and like to party or something. Stuff like that makes you understand the person is not just a skater in the video. Music is a big part, too: If the song doesn't go with the skater, it makes it hard to watch.

SLUG: Can we expect anything groundbreaking or different from this video, or are we in for just banger trick after banger?
Weber: I don't want to speak for anyone on the team, but from how I'm seeing things, this video is going to kill it! All the kids on the team and even the B-team have really given this video nothing but their best. I don't want to give away too much, so I'll leave it at that.

SLUG: Who inspires you on the team? Who has the best part in your mind?
Weber: I would have to say everyone. Just watching dudes like Spencer, Christian and all the other guys give it their all and progress so much in such a short time really inspires me. I can't really say who will have the best part, so I'll just leave it up to the viewers.

SLUG: Filming is a full-time gig in itself, how do you find time to shoot photos too? Any behind the scenes assistants/friends we should know about?
Weber: Dude, there are some pretty crazy days where I need to shoot a photo and film a trick, but I usually have a homie with me, like **Brandon Tucker**. My roommate **Jerry Ruiz**, **Mitchell Shultz**, **Nick Pompa** and some other homies have helped me a ton, but all and all I pretty much have things covered.

SLUG: When will we be able to see the finished product? Any premieres or parties set up?
Weber: We are going to have a really laid-back premiere for the video. We aren't trying to make it a super huge deal to the point where it gets way more hyped up than it was intended to be and bum people out when it's not all it was talked up to be. It's a video from skaters, for skaters. It's most likely going to be dropping in late spring, just in time to hype kids up for the good weather. The after-party is going to be BUCK, son! I'll keep everyone updated on details.

Check out *slugmag.com* or *techniqueskate.com* for the latest on this upcoming release.

Blue Boutique
Since 1987
www.blueboutique.com
Body Piercing
Body Jewelry
Lingerie
Adult Toys
Sugarhouse
1383 E. 2100 S.
801-485-2072
North Temple
780 W. North Temple
801-596-2160
West Valley
2778 W. 3500 S.
801-982-1100
Ogden City
3365 S. Washington BLVD.
801-334-4228

WHO DAT?

By Jeremy Riley
jeremy@slugmag.com
Photo: Trevor Woods

Name: Ryan West
Age: 24
Home mountain: the Wasatch
Years riding: Been a good 10 years now.
Stance: 15 in front, 12 in back.
Gear this year: DC board, boots, and outerwear, Siege headphones, Neff Headwear and Dragon goggles.

I first met **Ryan West** when we both worked at *Salty Peaks*. I just thought he was another kid who had moved to Salt Lake City to snowboard or just say he worked at a snowboard shop, like most of the people that worked there. After we made a company trip to the *DC Mountain Lab*, it became clear that he knew what he wanted. As most of us sat in the hot tub and drank, he was out on the hill trying to get shots of this coveted area that few have had the privilege to shred. Less than a year after that, he was sponsored by DC, and was getting after more. After shredding with West a couple times, you can tell that he has a passion for getting down on the shred. His creativity and ability to view things in ways others can't make him an extremely talented rider. Look for West blowing up in the near future.

SLUG: Who are your sponsors?
Ryan West: DC has been my main supporter for the past few years, helping me with boards, boots and outerwear. I'm also riding for Neff Headwear, Dragon Optics, Siege Audio, and Blindside Board Shop.

SLUG: How did you get into snowboarding?
West: Woke up one Christmas and there was a Morrow Rail 139 with my name on it. We drove half an hour outside of town, where I made my first turns at the South Hills.

SLUG: Where's your favorite place to ride?
West: The *DC Mountain Lab* would have to be the top of the list for sure. That place had everything you needed for a perfect day of snowboarding. I didn't have a pass the 2009/2010 season and was able to spend most of my days helping out up there, and getting to ride with the guys I grew up watching. The place was the sickest, and I'm sad to see her go.

SLUG: What is some other stuff you're into besides shredding?
West: If I'm not chillin' at the house, playing foosball or backgammon, or listening to my vinyl collection, you might find me playing a round of disk [golf] with my homies or hangin' with my girl.

SLUG: If it dumped snow in the valley and in the mountains and it would only be there for one day, would you shred pow or urban?
West: Easy ... I live 30 minutes from some of the best terrain in the world. I would get the early morning freshies and have plenty of time to get back, recharge the body, and set up a feature in the city.

SLUG: Taylor Swift or Miley Cyrus?
West: Are there Biggie Smalls and Taylor Swift remixes as well?

SLUG: Anyone you want to thank or make feel important 'cause you said their names?
West: Big thanks to all my sponsors: Their support means everything to me. Thank you to my family and friends for all the love and encouragement over the years. Let the good times roll ...

Hand plant transfer.

THE ART OF BEING SHOT FROM A CANNON

BY TULLY FLYNN
PAULMILSAP@YAHOO.COM

STARRING LT. DAN FEATURING DIRK HOGAN AS WILD MAN.

"IM NOT IN MAX PAIN AND THE GROOVIES, SO I GOTTA DO SOMETHING FOR PUSSY."

Photo: Chris Swainston

Vultures circle from above as a hush sweeps over the crowd. A countdown begins. Tension among the onlookers builds to a climax: with an explosion of the human will and complete idiocy (genius?!), the body of the human cannonball is literally ejaculated from the monstrous potato gun … I mean carcass cannon.

My friend **Andy Forgash** attended the premier of *Jackass 3D* on opening night. I saw him later that evening and asked him out of curiosity if anyone was shot out of a cannon. He quipped with a wide-eyed look of pre-guffaw. I quickly began a stuttering back-step as I realized the stupidity of my question. In my embarrassment, I began explaining how I am this and that, but most of all a sucker for the classics. I guess the gaudy act of being catapulted in a crap shack is the new awe-inspiring show of bravery, and a soon-to-be Barnum and Bailey's go-to. There was a time when class played a part in showmanship.

There also was a time when *Jackass* front-man **Bam Margera** was a burgeoning young skateboarder and his go-to was the 'all will, no skill' demonstration of ball size stunt known in the skate world as, the "drop in." He soon launched onto the scene with the opener in **Toy Machine**'s aptly titled *Jump Off A Building*. I don't know if it was his stunting, friend-punching, father-harassing or **Jethro Tull** flute solo song selection, but I was in love. He was the personified manifestation of the philosophical idiom "Do or die." I was the 16-year-old, enthralled and inspired. I carved the word BAM into my grip-tape and never looked back. That fucker made a quick living off his antics alone and rocketed into the mainstream a few years subsequently. The stardom came following the success of the *CKY* videos that morphed into the MTV hit TV show *Jackass*. Now he has a reality show: what the fuck? All this is the result of the skateboard equivalent of being shot out of a cannon, the "drop in."

Photo: Tully Flynn

Goddamn it, I'm a sucker for the classics. The only reason I'm doing this article is so I can go along on the photo missions to watch my friends do psychopathic stunting in the name of glory, pride, pain and everything else that goes along with it. Let's not belie the human cannonball to a vain masochist, and let us definitely not belittle me to a simple sadist. That said, I think the great "Cannonaut" **Vladmir Ranolf** summed it up beautifully in his 1957 auto-biography *The Cannonautist*. "I give my people hope. When I defy death, I am god; I strengthen my comrades through my courage. I show them that they too can be gods of men! In that, Mother Russia is proud. When we are gods we will crush America, and everyone will see that the art of the cosmonaut is our victory, and ultimate secret weapon against all who stand in our way." Goddamn that's cryptic and deep. Considering he said this a decade before the space race proves his divination, regardless of the outcome of the Cold War. I look at his life and words, and I don't limit my opinion to that of him being a crazy commie. Rather, I see a man who lived purely by the idea of do-or-die and let it inspire the world. For good or bad, the philosophy is sound and apparently universal. Ranolf was a playboy, and lived like a god until his untimely death in 1978 due to a freak accident involving rope, lubricant and a Chinese hooker.

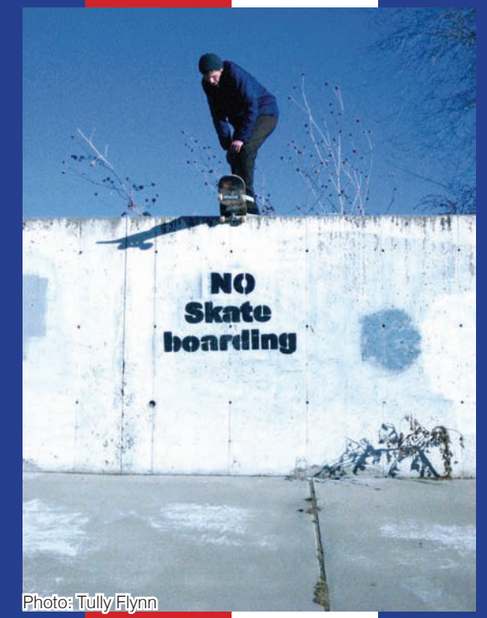


Photo: Tully Flynn

I scoured the Salt Lake valley in search of a man ready for fame, a man ready to risk it all for the taste of glory: A man who was ready for godhood, and what I found was such a man—a man who responds to the moniker **Lieutenant Dan**. This brass of lieutenant caliber tells me over a beer one frosty evening that he had spied his white whale. In this case, it just so happened to be a white rail, a twenty-three stair kink rail found outside the legendary *Delta Center* (*Energy Solutions Arena* today). I met up with Dan on a remarkably sunny January morning to question him prior to his fame-hood. We sipped delicious black coffee outside of *Nobrow* and this is what Dan had to say:

SLUG: Do you think that people with more machismo, people who live with more passion and daring live a more fulfilling life?
Dan: I agree. I like listening to punk rock, getting with chicks, skatin' pools and smoking bowls.

SLUG: A wise old man once said, "I would rather live one day as a lion than a lifetime like a lamb." Do you live by a similar philosophy?
Dan: "If I'm gonna kill myself, I'm gonna kill myself on stage." **GG Allin** said that. Woo Woo.

SLUG: Have you been training for this stunt?
Dan: I started grinding some flat bars.

SLUG: What has your mental preparation been for this insanity?
Dan: Listening to **Slayer**. I'm being completely honest.

SLUG: How much handrail experience do you have?
Dan: On a skateboard, few and far between, but I have miles of ramp coping and I figure it's just like that.

SLUG: Describe your skate style?
Dan: Fast as I can go, catch air and most of all, have a good time. Just say hi, let's party.

SLUG: What is the motivation for today's drop in?
Dan: Element of surprise.

SLUG: Why's that?
Dan: I figure if I do this, no one will expect it. I'm known as a transition skater in the area. The most street I get is a jersey barrier.

Photo: Chris Swainston

WILD MAN PUTS 4 DOWN ON 7' UP.

SLUG: What people or skateboarders are inspiring you for greatness?
Dan: **John Cardiel**. He beat paralysis. I was always a big fan of him. **Mark "Redd" Scott**. He went out and built his own skate parks. He's the gnarliest dude ever. **Spicoli** has a big influence on my lifestyle, and **Brian Pennington** is rad too.

SLUG: What do you want people to know about you?
Dan: I'm a really nice guy. I'm single and ready to mingle. So ladies, ladies, if you see me on the street, come up and say hi.

SLUG: Do you think getting a big picture of yourself in print will get you laid?
Dan: I'm hoping it will. That's one of the big reasons I'm doing it. It's been a minute (since any intercourse) so I gotta make power moves. I'm not in **Max Pain and the Groovies**, so I gotta do something for pussy.

SLUG: Are you lucky?
Dan: I'm hoping today. I wore my lucky shirt, Coors Lite "it's on."

SLUG: There is a slight risk of death in what you will be trying today. Do you have any last words?
Dan: I have no fear. I am benevolent. I am the king of beer …

Our beach is closer to the sun.

It's never too early to start working on your base tan. So kick back, relax, and take in the sunny side of the new European ski beach at Canyons.

European-Style Ski Beach • More Undiscovered Terrain • Three Innovative New Lifts • New Massive Terrain Park • Six New Restaurants • A Better Way To Mountain℠

THECANYONS.COM

© 2011 The Canyons. All rights reserved.

If The Boot Fits, It Must Be DaleBoot

By: Sean Zimmerman-Wall
seanzdub@gmail.com

Since 500 B.C., people have been strapping wooden sticks to their feet and sliding around on snow. The ancient Chinese did it, the Scandinavians did it, the Utah miners did it and now there is a multi-billion dollar industry that bases its livelihood on it. However, while the sticks have changed dramatically, the footwear that secures the rider to the ski has undergone little innovation. Although the materials have progressed from leather to magnesium to plastic, most skiers dread the idea of placing their feet into these quasi-medieval torture devices. Fortunately, the pioneers at DaleBoot (pronounced De-lah-Boot) have charged themselves with the task of making comfortable ski boots that revolutionize the way people think about their feet.

Founded in 1969 by Mel Dalebout, the company began its run as a small-time manufacturer looking to find a better way to build boots. Mel was simply a skier, and after a few years at the University of Utah, he tossed the bookwork aside and headed to the slopes of Alta. Realizing that boot technology was relatively stagnant, Mel decided to start making his own brand of ski footwear. Thus, DaleBoot came to be. Long before plastic shells were the norm, magnesium was the material of choice and Mel designed one of the first three-buckle models on the market. He also patented the first foam-injection liner, which became the industry standard for the next several decades. In 1972, the company started producing its first plastic shell, which was custom fit to the individual, and its performance was guaranteed for life.

By the end of the 1970s, DaleBoot had garnered international attention, and many pro skiers sought Mel's fitting expertise before they ever went to a competition. The company enjoyed its success for a few more years, and it averaged 20,000 units sold per year. However, the growth soon diminished and the sales dropped to just 500 pairs per year. The larger manufacturers in Europe were able to gain a stronger market share, and eventually, DaleBoot became less and less popular. Holding tight to its foam-injection patents, the company was able to keep making liners, mostly for Burton snowboard boots. Determining that he had done his part for the ski world, Mel sold the company to **Rob Gramham**. Under Gramham's direction, DaleBoot has regained a foothold in the industry and fostered the innovation that made the company unique in the first place. Adhering to Mel's theory that ski boots should be comfortable and still perform, DaleBoot has expanded its line to encompass newer models that enable the skier to progress at the same pace as the sport.

Nowadays, DaleBoot is still based in Salt Lake City, and people from around the Mountain West come to have their boots designed to fit their specifications. **Mike Sheets**, DaleBoot's sales manager, has been with the company for more than ten seasons and loves the culture that makes the company great. "We want to bring joy to more skiers. Our staff is laid back, and we are committed to proper fit," says Sheets. Upon touring the facility, there is strong evidence of the hard work that goes into creating each boot. "We know everything that goes into our product. From the virgin plastics to the regimented heating and cooling processes, we can tell you where every piece came from," says Sheets. Showing me around the shop, Sheets took the time to explain every station and how their assembly process is unique in the industry. Most manufacturers have molds that pump out cookie-cutter shells combined with a simple liner and leave the fitting process up to the individual. This is a great way for them to cut costs, but as anyone who has ever bought a pair of new boots knows, they rarely fit right out of the box. Often,

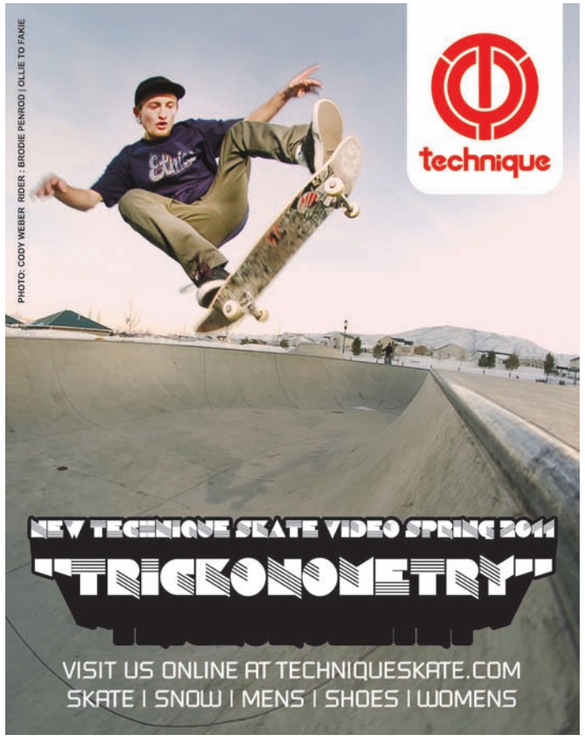
Photo: Peter Anderson

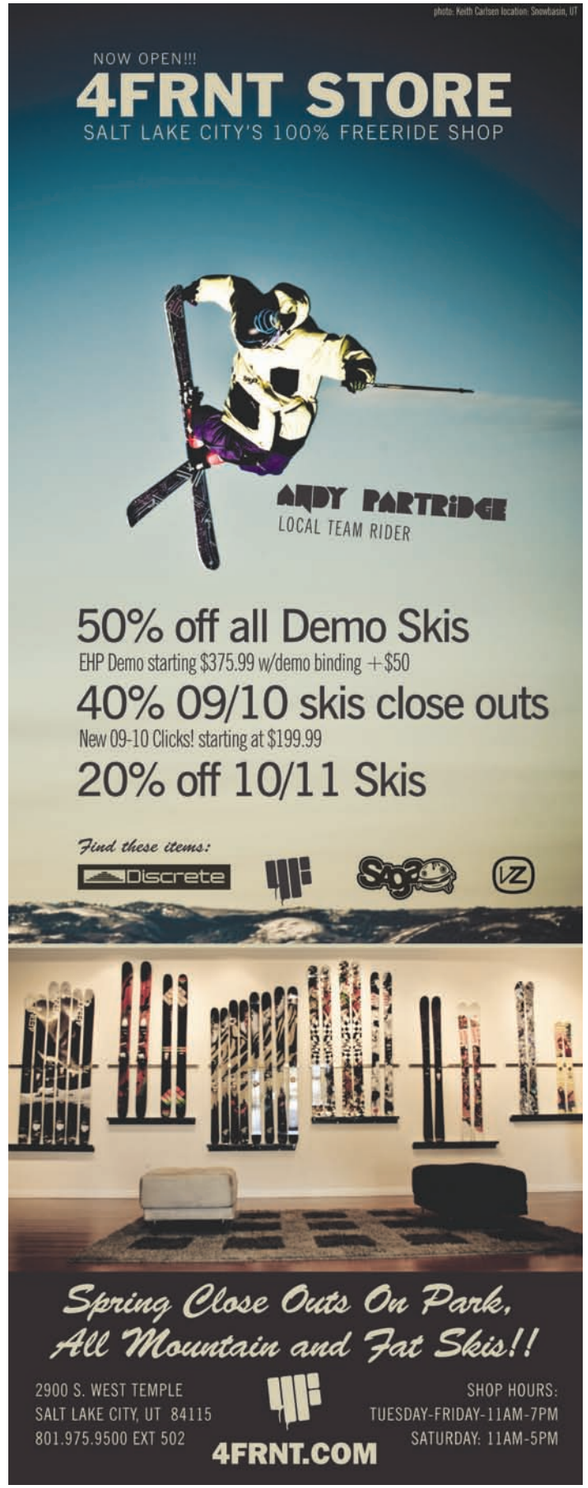
the customization process involves the buyer finding a boot fitter who actually knows what he is doing and understands the materials the shell is made from. Then, assuming he is legit, it means trusting him to make the right modifications to your $700 investment. The process often takes multiple visits and can sometimes run the consumer an additional $500.

As the tour continued, Sheets explained how his products are customized with special attention to detail in order to make sure the consistency and integrity of the shells are maintained. "Heating and stretching a boot can affect the longevity of the shell, and we make sure that certain tolerances are adhered to," says Sheets. Moving on, Sheets described the plastic injection machine that creates each mold. Looking at the formidable piece of equipment, I began to appreciate the time and effort that goes into producing just one shell. Millions of tiny plastic beads are super-heated to nearly 500 degrees and then forced into the molds. Sheets informed me that every mold is machined right here in Salt Lake and that a majority of their capital investment comes from creating solid molds. Once the molding process is complete, the individual components are left to cool and sent to the assembly station. "We are on our third production run of 2011, and at 1,000-1,500 boots per run, this machine has been working virtually non-stop," says Sheets.

The real genius of the DaleBoot system comes from the in-depth process of taking customer specifications and translating them into a boot that fits. An overall analysis of the skier is coupled with a biomechanic assessment, length and width measurements, foot and leg volume measurements, and an individualized consultation of what the customer wants. The fit technician then computes the data, and initial customization occurs. Try getting that from any boot fitter in the world, and they will likely laugh you out of the store or ask for your first born. After the preliminary fit process is complete, the skier undergoes further evaluation and a custom fit *Intuition* liner is added to the package. "By offering three different volume levels of liners, it is possible to achieve a perfect and lasting fit for the customer," says Sheets. Finally, a few more modifications are made to the shell to ensure there are no hot spots or pinch points. Then, the customer can take them for a test run on the slopes. At this point, each customer can determine any additional adjustments that need to be made and bring the boot back for modifications. For the rest of your life, DaleBoots are guaranteed to fit perfectly and perform better. With their lifetime guarantee, DaleBoots are the only boots you will ever need. For something this great, most customers would expect to pay more than $1,000, but a custom-fit DaleBoot starts at just about $750, which includes an unconditional satisfaction guarantee.

It is no wonder that DaleBoot is again gaining steam in the industry, and its dedicated staff is confident that once you try their product, you'll never go back to a traditional boot. To see the magic for yourself, visit the DaleBoot shop at 2660 S. 300 W.





SLUG MAG

///. PRODUCT REVIEWS

Kronik Energy Drink
Entourage/ Dragon Berry
Kronikenergy.com

"Pomegranate, Smarties and Rockstar" was the best description someone gave me of the taste of Kronik's Dragon Berry flavor when I brought a few over to my friend's house one night. Despite its description on the can, which appeals to Juggalos and aggro lifted-truck-driving douchebags, the stuff tasted nothing like what they had said. Since I'll drink anything to get my caffeine fix, I wanted to share the Kronik with others to get further descriptions, but the test results didn't go so well—lots of unpleasant faces and full cans in the garbage. However, there is one place where energy drinks are always welcome, so I brought them to a party and poured Kronik into people's wine, which turned out to be shockingly good. The Kronik Entourage flavor was the favorite for caffeinated wine, and before you knew it, the case was gone and the coffee table was smashed to bits. Now, besides a wine mixer, I will probably never purchase this drink, since it didn't provide me with the caffeine fix I needed and I was slightly embarrassed to drink it in public. End result: Just another energy drink that tastes the same as all the rest. *–Jeremy Riley*

Metromint
Goodberrymint Water and Chocolatemint Water
Metromint.com

Both these waters sound like delightful thirst quenchers, though you may be wondering WTF a "goodberry" is ("natural flavors" of "berry essence" and "real" mint). Metromint, best known for their skinny plastic packaging and dotted labels, is also known for making sugar-free water that actually tastes good. Though I could write 600 words on how truly evil plastic bottles are and how I don't like companies that use artificial "natural" flavors in their products, I won't—only because I don't have that much room. These products being what they are (delicious), the fact that I was very thirsty when I tried them and my ultimate recycling of the bottles will save you from my eco-purist diatribe this time. Truth is, this shit's real tasty, will fill your H_2O need and is fuck-tons better for you than Mountain Dew or Starbucks swill. *–JP*

RAW
Logo Deck
Rawnewengland.com

It is refreshing to see a skateboarding company that prides itself in the product they produce, rather than the image they uphold. RAW is a skateboard brand out of Boston, Massachusetts. This is not your Deathwish or Baker skateboard deck. There's nothing zany or crazy at all about RAW. The whole premise behind RAW is that they make quality skateboards. No bullshit, no gimmick, just good skateboards. The 8-inch skateboard deck that I skated was one of the best skateboards that I have ever used in my life. With a nice mellow concave and a good steepness in the nose and tail, I really can see nothing wrong with these decks. RAW is unique because every single one of their skateboards is made in the United States, right in upstate New York. RAW lets their products speak for themselves, opting out of using a skateboard team to promote the brand. You will see pros supporting the brand sporadically (**PJ Ladd, Joey Pepper**), but that is because the pros who support RAW know quality skateboards, not just a paycheck. *–Jason Newman*

Bear Naked
Granola, Trail Mix, and Granola Cookies
Bearnaked.com

I will set aside the bias (most of it) I usually bring to pre-packaged "health-food" and judge what "normal" people give a shit about: taste, flavor and basic nutrition. The truth: This granola brand is much better than almost all the corporate non-foods that pass for human feed in cereal/snack food aisles. Most companies don't care about keeping high fructose syrup or artificial preservatives and flavors out of their products, but Bear Naked cares (they told me several times on the packages). This comes in handy/tasty in their new cookies. I almost ate a whole box of their Double Chocolate delicacies in one session—shit was goood. Their granolas/trail mixes beat the fuck out of your Lucky Charms/Snickers for breakfast/snacks on a first tracks day. Ingest something with whole oats as the first ingredient and you'll thank these people for it. *–JP*

SLUG MAG ///. BEER REVIEWS

Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

The month of March is here, and we have already seen too many new labels from our local brewers to keep track of. With all the expansion I see going on here, I really worry most about the brewers. Goddamn, I hope they are finding some time to drink. Raise your glass and enjoy the lineup. We have an Epic Barley Wine, a Golden Ale from RedRock and an oaked brew from the boys of Bohemian.

Epic Barley Wine

Brewery: Epic Brewing Co.
ABV: 10.1%
Serving Size: 22 oz Bottle
Description: This bomber pours a clear ruby/brown color with a small off-white head. The aroma features flavors of American hops, little bits of wood and a light fruit character. The flavor is hop forward, with notes of barreled whiskey coming through, meshed all together with a malty sweetness.

Overview: I figured it was only a matter of time before the "strong" ale folks over at *Epic* were going to put out a barley wine. With this one, they decided to do some oak aging to a portion of the batch to give it a subtle whiskey character and a deeper flavor complexity. The aggressive hop character seems perfect for an American barley wine style, so I have had no problem digging in early. However, I would not mind seeing this in cellar for a year to see what it does.

Golden Halo

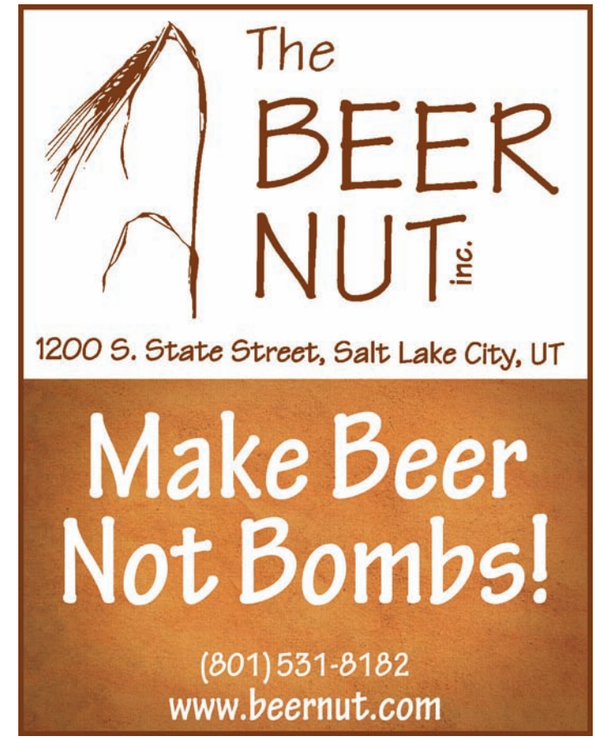
Brewery: Red Rock Brewing Company
ABV: 8.0%
Serving Size: 500 ml Bottle
Description: This strong "blonde" ale pours a brilliant dark gold color with almost perfect clarity and a tight head of white foam from the relatively high carbonation. Light, bready aromas greet the nose and are followed up in the flavor, which adds some nearly toasty, cereal malt character. A sharp mouth feel and some alcohol warmth round out the body, while hops make themselves known more in the bitterness than aroma or flavor, but the spicy notes from the Czech varieties used are slightly detectable. The yeast's role here is soft, providing small amounts of sweet, fruity ester quality, but mostly keeping it pretty clean. A dry astringency in the finish leaves the mouth refreshed, but thirsty for the next sip.

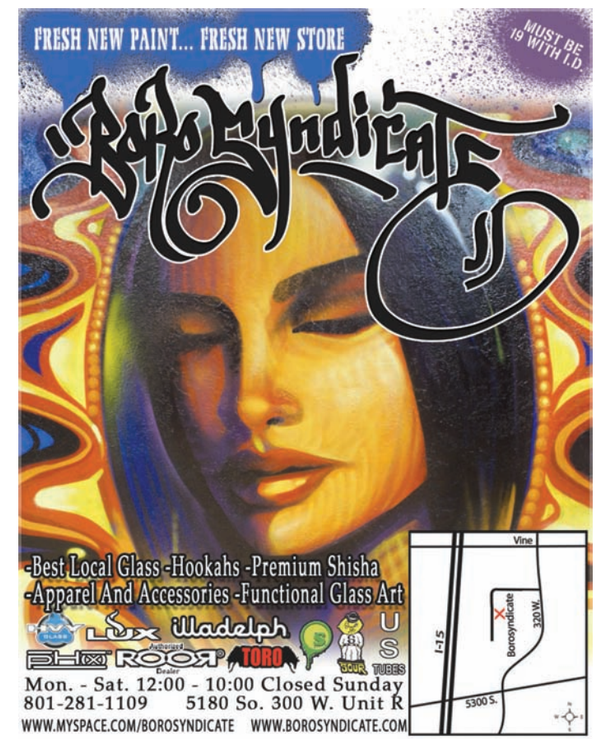
Overview: Despite featuring a priest on the bottle artwork and being an 8% blonde ale, this beer owes more to American-style brewing than the traditional Belgian ales whose stats might be similar. You can tell this is an all-malt beer from its rich, wonderful tawny color and the thick lacing left behind on your glass from its head. The quality of the craftsmanship and ingredients is evident. I like to let my bottle sit out for a bit before opening and pouring as this beer seems to open up a lot after it warms up some—a hallmark of a good ale. Remarkably drinkable for its strength, this is one you could drink now *or* cellar away for the future and be happy with both results. *–Rio Connelly*

Oaky and the Bandit

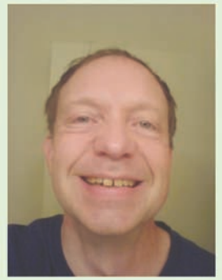
Brewery: Bohemian Brewery
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Size: 22 oz Bottle
Description: This small-batch release from the *Bohemian* pours a dark brown/black with slight garnet hints on the edge of the glass where light can penetrate its deep color and excellent clarity. The tight, small bubbles of the tan foam on the head really make this a perfect looking beer in a pint glass. An oak-aged version of their popular Cherny Bock, Oaky is like an evil clone: basically similar but with a few key differences. The aroma has a lot more rich milk chocolate with hints of wood and dry soot. The flavor is less dry and sooty on the palate than our recently canned friend, and far more soft and subtle. The excellence of the malt really shines through. The wood aging lends mild hints of vanilla and oak richness and at 4.0%, this beer's smoothness makes it even more drinkable than Cherny!

Overview: This is the first (and hopefully not the last) bottled release from the boys down in Midvale, as well as their first wood-aged beer—another in the increasingly popular local trend of aging pretty much anything on oak. The bottle sports a sexy, **Burt-Reynolds**-flick-inspired label and is numbered in a batch of only 400! Having aged for over a year on medium-toasted oak, the oak flavors are subtle due to the low gravity of the beer, but present nonetheless. The wood gives my favorite local dark lager a level of refinement and sophistication that's contrasted by how much of it I want to drink. Seriously, I could pound about six of these bombers and be all blissed out on dark malts and lager yeast. My advice is to pick up some of this extremely limited release as fast as possible, and in so doing, encourage **Bobby Jackson** and his team to brew more. *–Rio Connelly*





Have you heard?
Now there are two ways to be Awkward!!!
with ***THE AWKWARD HOUR!!!***
AH Radio utahfm.org Fri 1030pm-mid!
AH 'classic' Mondays 9-11pm!
Both: http://ustream.tv/channel/the-awkward-hour



THE AWKWARD HOUR RADIO SHOW hits the air
With special guests & Awkward musical favorites!!!
Friday nights 1030-midnite, on **UtahFM.org!!**
Internet Community Radio! With cohost Melissa Merlot!
Watch for news re: **Awkie Awards later in 2011!!!**
FB fan club, mailing list: Getstakerized @ hotmail.com !!
Video on **Youtube.com/getstakerized** for extra fun clips!!!
AUDIO & VIDEO! COLLECT 'EM ALL!!!
Donations to above email or PO Box 521952, SLC UT 84152

DR. EVIL'S NAUGHTY BITS

You Wanna Break Into Porn?
©By Dr. Evil, Ph.D.

So, you've got a Flip camera and have been shooting videos of yourself and your friends and posting them on Facebook. Your partner thinks you're hot, and wants you to start posting raunchier flicks of your naked naughty bits on porn sites. Maybe you can be an instant porn star and make money at it. Could it be that easy? Unfortunately, it's not. The porn industry has two common ways to achieve stardom: 1. Upload your talents to an accessible straight, gay, bi, kinky (or all of the above) adult website if you are 18+ and hope you get discovered. 2. Find yourself a good talent agent to sell you around the industry and hope a producer will sign you up.

If you have a gorgeous dick with the face and body to go with it, or a drop-dead pussy and a perfect rack, you may have an easier shot at getting into cheap porn. There are thousands of websites in the United States alone where you can upload your amateur porn flicks and there are thousands more in other countries. If your video is hot, you could make $500+ a month on *Xtube.com*.

To be a serious porn star, you are going to have to find yourself an agency to represent you, or hope that your application to a porno-specific talent agency gets noticed. In the U.S., the majority of "talent" for porn films comes from model/actor agencies in Los Angeles.

L.A. Direct and *World Talent*, based out of California, are two of the largest and oldest talent companies in the world that supply males and females for the adult film industry. According to *L.A. Direct*, at any given time there are only 1,200-1,500 porn stars being represented by talent agents in the U.S. Every major porn star working in the industry has at least one (if not two) agents to negotiate their contracts in films, do legal work (which includes specific compensation packages), gain access to doctors, financial planners, health insurance and even tattoo removal services. Producers are looking for HIV and drug-free actors who not only have the looks, but can work long hours. Some directors want talent to use condoms, others do not. My friends in the industry tell me that legitimate agents generally don't seek out new talent—the talent comes to them. If a stranger comes up to you in a bar and says they can get you into porn films, shove his card up his ass, give the slimeball a few anal paper cuts and walk the other way.

You can go directly to the websites of most legitimate talent companies and simply put in an application online. You will need fully naked, professional photos of your entire body. Keep in mind that talent agencies receive thousands of applications each year. A quality portfolio featuring still shots of your face, body and naughty bits will help you stand out from the crowd.

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.

esthetics: the art of enhancing the face and body both physically and psychologically

visit our student spa
801.530.0001
skinworks.edu

student spa
sample menu

facial treatments	
european facial	$30.00
specialty facial	$35.00
microdermabrasion	$40.00
chemical peel	$40.00
spa treatments	
spa manicure	$12.00
spa pedicure	$20.00
stone pedicure	$25.00
body treatments	
sugar/salt body scrub	$25.00
herbal body wrap	$30.00
mlis body contour wrap	$35.00
back facial	$35.00
eye enhancing	
lash tint, brow tint & shape	$25.00
eyelash extension	$55.00
waxing	
french bikini	$15.00
brazilian	$25.00
full back/chest	$30.00
half arm	$10.00
half back/chest	$18.00
half legs	$20.00
lip, chin, or navel	$7.00
under arm wax	$12.00
nose, ears, or brows	$10.00

Friday March 25, 2011

WE ♥ DAVEY'S HEART!

A BENEFIT FOR DAVEY PARISH

Street Creatures with Sir Poo Pee "D"

Plastic Furs

Blackhole

Rifamos

Burt's Tiki Lounge • 726 South State • 21+

SLUG MAG ///. MOVIE REVIEWS

The Adjustment Bureau

Universal

In Theaters: 03.04

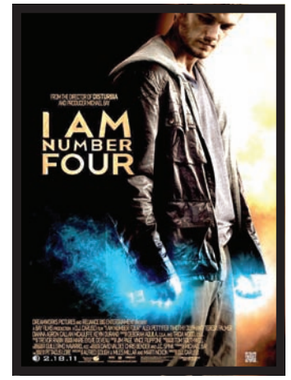
Director **George Nolfi** has achieved the impossible by releasing the perfect date movie—which develops into a touching love story surrounded by a thrilling science-fiction voyage reminiscent of vintage "Twilight Zone" episodes. Everybody walks away happy! **Matt Damon** stars as David Norris, a young politician who meets the girl of his dreams, Elise (**Emily Blunt**), on the same night he loses the election for a seat in the U.S. Senate. After delivering his concession speech to millions, however, he doesn't see the young woman again. Three years later, we're introduced to a group of well-dressed men who appear to control the fate of the human race by stepping in and forcing decisions to be made without anyone ever knowing of their existence. When a mishap allows David to catch a bus he was destined to miss, he bumps into Elise and their spark is rekindled. Since their reunion was never supposed to be, David must challenge humanity's puppeteers by risking everything for love, but must endure the wrath of the constant unknown. Damon and Blunt form a dazzling chemistry that keeps viewers demanding their union all the way to the intensified finale no matter the threatening obstacles they endure. The visual component is absolutely breathtaking, as it keeps you scratching your head while beaming with delight. Nolfi builds a timeless tale of affection and adventure that never takes itself too seriously and has the capability to entertain 50 years in the past or future. *–Jimmy Martin*

I Am Number 4

Touchstone Pictures

In Theaters: 02.18

It's clear **D.J. Caruso** is hoping to set up the next teenage film franchise phenomenon with his superpowered alien renegade tale (especially now that everyone's favorite wizard is on his way out), but the director should have focused on character development and finding a lead actor capable of driving the project before getting ahead of himself. John (**Alex Pettyfer**) is an extraterrestrial whose planet was destroyed by an enemy race. He, along with eight other children, escaped the destruction by finding refuge on Earth, but the fight for survival lingers once the relentless savages who destroyed their home resurface. As they butcher the first three escapees in sequential order, John soon realizes he is the next target on their list. With the help of his mentor/protector (**Timothy Olyphant**) and a classmate/crush (**Dianna Agron**), John must learn to control his newly acquired



legacies (aka superpowers) in order to enact his retaliation. Pettyfer is incapable of portraying genuine emotions for the audience to grasp a hold of, and this unsettling fact does not mix well with the utter tediousness of the first half of the film. Sadly, Caruso refuses to use the idling talents of Agron by typecasting her as the damsel in distress who's only good for a smile when she's capable of so much more. The stronger facets come from Olyphant, who commands the screen whenever present with sharp dialogue and the adrenaline-fueled action sequences, but both components are few and far between and restricted from ever having a strong presence. *–Jimmy Martin*

The Eagle

Focus Features

In Theaters: 02.11

If we're going by record, **Channing Tatum** hasn't had the greatest offerings as far as films go. He tap danced on our patience in the *Step Up* series, demolished our childhood memories in *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra* and made us want to gag rather than cry in *Dear John*. However, a shimmer of hope came from his comical performance in **Ron Howard**'s *The Dilemma*, so maybe it's time to give the lad another shot, especially with the gifted **Kevin Macdonald** running the show. Following the disappearance of his commanding father's army, a dedicated Roman soldier (Tatum) seeking to salvage his family's name is honorably discharged from the legion after being injured while rescuing his fellow soldiers. Unhappy with the turn of events, the crippled soldier plans to uncover the mystery behind his father's vanishing and retrieve a golden statute lost in an unchartered and treacherous territory with the help of his native slave (**Jamie Bell**). Macdonald effectively conveys the true brutality behind war and the unknown with barbaric fight sequences where no one is protected against death, especially children. Surprisingly, Tatum's career appears to be maturing like a fine wine, as it seems he's only getting better with time. Gone are the days (hopefully) of flubbed dialogue and blank stares with no emotional reaction. Too much time is spent on traveling montages and redundant conversations regarding family history, but all is forgiven with an exhilarating culmination that'll get your heart racing for the thrilling conclusion. *–Jimmy Martin*

Just Go with It

Columbia Pictures

In Theaters: 02.11

As soon as the logo for Happy Madison Productions (**Adam Sandler**'s production company) appears on the screen, it's usually a coin flip on whether or not the pending film will be a reputable comedy classic or an excruciating disaster. *The Wedding Singer*? Hilarious! *Little Nicky*? Atrocious. *50 First Dates*? Charming! *Mr. Deeds*? Mind-numbingly terrible. A quick assumption could be that the films' success depends on the involvement of **Drew Barrymore**. Following that belief, you can see where the direction of the company's latest release is headed, since Ms. Barrymore is nowhere to be found. A plastic surgeon (Sandler) who attracts females' affection with a fake wedding ring forms an agreement with his long-time assistant (**Jennifer Aniston**) to pretend she's his ex-wife in order to seal the deal with the girl of his dreams (**Brooklyn Decker**). As the excessive number of lies pile up, the platonic friends begin to question their own fondness toward each other. Sandler and Aniston never connect on a level that's convincing and appear to be just two celebrities attempting improvisational comedy with minimal results. The majority of the laughs come from side characters performed by **Nick Swardson** and the surprising duo of **Nicole Kidman** and **Dave Matthews** (from the band), but these encouraging factors are entirely overshadowed by obnoxious child actors and multiple situations that call for Sandler's groin to be pulverized. *–Jimmy Martin*

Sanctum

Universal

In Theaters: 02.03

My old man once told me, "You can't polish a turd." It's simple and crass, but absolutely true. No matter how much technology or visual gimmickry (I'm looking at you, 3D) you pump into a production, if the storyline and acting are dreadful, the end product is going to suffer. **James Cameron** fueled **Alister Grierson**'s project with every bit of state-of-the-art equipment imaginable, but it was all in vain. Inspired by true events, a group of underwater cave divers on an expedition into the largest cave system on Earth find themselves trapped and in a race against time when a tropical storm floods their site and the only chance for survival is to travel deeper into the uncharted structure. After having already had the pleasure of watching **Danny Boyle**'s superb *127 Hours*, it was easy to pinpoint whether or not Grierson's claustrophobia-inducing cave adventure would hit similar marks and achieve a similar success. Sadly, the screenplay that leads Grierson and his cast of half-talented whiners features some of the most hackneyed dialogue conceivable. To make a bad situation worse, the catastrophe that is **Ioan Gruffudd** ruins every single moment he arrives on screen to a point that makes the film nothing but laughable. Seriously, in a world where thousands upon thousands of potentially talented actors and actresses are waiting tables in Los Angeles, how does this man still acquire roles? Talk about a real life tragedy. *–Jimmy Martin*

SLUG MAG ///. BOOKS ALOUD

The Beatles
Hunter Davies
W.W. Norton & Company
Street: 09.13.10

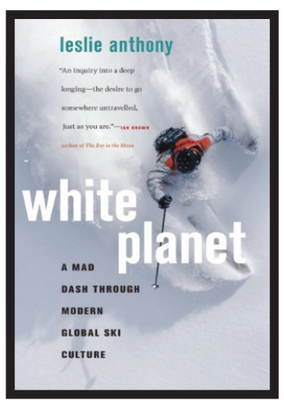
When I was in college, I took "History of Rock and Roll," and as a Beatles fan, I was eager to learn everything I could about the Fab Four. I wasn't disappointed as I loaded up on more trivia than I could possibly retain. After reading Davies' updated version of the 1968 biography of the Beatles, it became clear where my professor got his source material on the band. Through his relationships and candid conversations with the band members, their friends and family, Davies delivers a revealing look at the lives of one of the biggest bands ever. I was most surprised at how much I really didn't know about the band as I read up on the personalities of **John**, **Paul**, **George** and **Ringo**. Some of the greatest moments of the book come from conversations with each member individually, in which they talk about each other. The personality conflicts that arose and the disagreements that perplexed the band seem to have been well hidden—at least to myself, born a decade or two after the original publishing. This should be on the reading list of any aspiring Beatlemaniac. *–Ben Trentelman*

Meat Is For Pussies
John Joseph
Crush Books
Street: 04.15.10

Front man of the legendary hardcore punk band **Cro-Mags**, **John Joseph** wants you to stop being such a pussy. This read is loud and raucous, not unlike Joseph himself, and clearly geared towards a target audience of dudes with the same characteristics. I'm a chick who, he suggests, might instead enjoy *The Skinny Bitch*, a book in the same vein geared towards—you guessed it—chicks. In any case, I'm sure many a dude could get some very significant health benefits from following some of the advice Joseph doles out in his aggressive manifesto. Some of the advice is fucked, like eating Boca Burgers as a part of a healthy, minimally processed diet—Boca Burgers and the rest of the texturized vegetable protein family are nothing if not highly processed non-food shit. And you boys should all stay away from estrogen mimicking soy—especially the highly processed version you'll find in most vegetarian meat substitutes. Those little issues aside, I don't doubt for a minute that Joseph feels way better now than he did back when he ate all the other processed shit too, including the majority of cancer-causing, nitrate and hormone filled processed meat products typically consumed by 'meat-eaters.' Joseph now advocates the power of including more REAL food, such as whole fruits, veggies and other single-ingredient natural foods. So, considering that as a main aspect of the diet plan, I suppose the *Meat is for Pussies* diet should work for you as long as you don't get caught in the same old trap of consuming all the over-processed vegetarian non-foods that are the staples of so many vegetarians. *–P. Buchanan*

White Planet: A Mad Dash Through Modern Global Ski Culture
Leslie Anthony
GreyStone Publishing
Street: 03.01

When skiers write about their past, their books typically tend to be filled with arrogant and self-centered stories that focus on their coolness factor, near-death experiences on the slopes or nostalgia about how much better things were "back in the day." Leslie Anthony's *White Planet: A Mad Dash Through Modern Global Ski Culture* fits the stereotypes to a tee. Although I enjoyed the numerous stories of Anthony being on the verge of losing his life just for a few turns, and hearing about the places that he has been because of skiing, the read was difficult. Leslie Anthony jumps from place to place, which made the book feel like I was reading a blog. If you're a skier, it is a decent read, perfect for waiting for the road to open or just killing time. However, if you don't have a passion for traveling or skiing, I would recommend passing on this for something a little meatier. *–Dex Mills*



SLUG MAG ///. GAME REVIEWS

This is my plasma cutter. There are many like it, but this one is mine.

Dead Space 2
EA/Visceral Games
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PC, PS3
Street: 01.25

The problem with killing necromorphs is two-fold. First of all, they're fucking scary—that's the heart of the issue. Secondly, and equally important: Shooting them in the head or body usually just makes them run at you a bit faster. So when the lights flicker off in the cramped service tunnels of The Sprawl, and you hear a clang and a growl come from behind, then a screech from ahead, it may feel like the perfect time to panic. But you must stay calm to adequately aim your plasma cutter at the squishy, sliceable limbs of the red-eyed abomination that is now screaming and flailing in a dead run straight at you. It's what makes *Dead Space 2* so effective: The trick to not getting killed is maintaining your faculties at the exact moment when the game is at its scariest. If you do it right, our hero Isaac is a harbinger of necromorph re-death. If you do it wrong (and you'll do plenty of both), the different ways Isaac can die must number in the hundreds. There are few games scarier than the two-disc experience that is Dead Space 2. Every aspect is improved over the original, with controls, graphics and environments receiving the most attention. Controlling Isaac, in my opinion, is nearly perfect—the tight, responsive feel of it plays a big part in making the game so enjoyable. The story is more present this time around, but *DS2* is still about the necromorph-slaughtering gameplay above anything else. If you've ever enjoyed a survival horror title, I can't see any reason why you wouldn't love *Dead Space 2*. It's been a long time since I've had this much fun being scared. *–Jesse Hawlish*

Splatterhouse
Namco Bandai Games
Reviewed on: Xbox 360
Also on: PS3
Street: 11.23.10

For a fairly simple hack-and-slash button-mashing game, *Splatterhouse* is actually a great deal of bloody fun. The introduction of the classic *Splatterhouse* series of side-scrolling gameplay that warranted the success of a trilogy on platforms such as Nintendo, NES, Genesis and others, could have been better. The storyline is enough to keep you going, but nothing to blow your socks off: You're looking for your kidnapped girlfriend in a mad/occult scientist's lair, with a hell of a lot of other story-related content that really doesn't get explained all that well. *Splatterhouse* isn't about story lines—it's about full on gore, a pretty rocking metal soundtrack and female nudity. With decapitations and dismemberment in all shapes and sizes, there is nary a moment while battling it out with the plethora of monsters where your screen won't be covered in a bloody mess. While there are quite a few combo moves to practice up on, as well as the option of upgrading to new moves, I found myself finding only a handful of extremely useful ones, which generally got the job done. *Splatterhouse* is a mess of fun, especially for retro gamers. There are instances in game mode where you go into a side-scroller type mode. Additionally, a full playthrough unlocks the ability to play all three original *Splatterhouse* games. Plus, there are boss fights aplenty. It kind of reminded me of a really simple version of *Devil May Cry*. *–Bryer Wharton*

SLUG MAG ///. LOCAL CD REVIEWS

Burning Olympus
Going Nowhere
Self-Released
Street: 05.01.2010
Burning Olympus= Bowerbirds + Dead Meadow

With hazy guitar sounds and strong percussion, Burning Olympus encompasses the energy of **White Rabbits** and the low grit of **The Black Keys** in their first full-length album, *Going Nowhere*. They have a distinct taste for real, dirty rock n' roll, which is magnified in songs like "Red Faced" and "Skipped That Part." "Something That She Wants" features a songstress who sounds like the kid sister of **Nona Marie Invie**, of the East Coast's **Dark Dark Dark**. All of the tracks on *Going Nowhere* are solid and all slightly different, keeping the listener interested and ready for the next song. The title track slows things down, sounding almost like **Trophy Scars**, if they had taken a different direction after their 2009 album, *Bad Luck*. Burning Olympus sounds like old souls who've found each other and decided to make something out of their likeness to one another. Despite their downer album title, *Going Nowhere* is certain to go somewhere. –*Kyla G.*

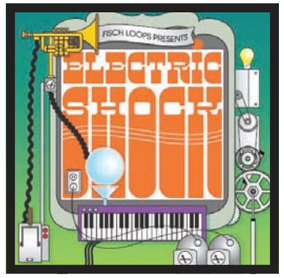
Discourse
Sparks With Our Hands
Sound Vs Silence
Street: 12.14.10
Discourse= Coldplay + John Mayer + a mug of cocoa
Rich and elegant, this album really does go down just like a mug of delicious hot chocolate. The music is beautiful, the instrumentals are neat and specific and the production is excellent. Joining

the likes of John Mayer with seductive vocalizations, the whole album was a straight through easy-listen. If I had one desire left unattended, it was the want for more intricate and interesting lyrical work, but frankly, I might just be projecting my own loquacious leanings onto this undeniably sufficient piece of work. You keep doing what you're doing, friends– it is just delightful. –*P. Buchanan*

Dusk One
The Brady Effect
Self-Released
Street: 11.30.10
Dusk One = Jedi Mind Tricks – Ugly Vinnie + DJ Jazzy Jeff

Produced by **Fisch Loops**, this half pack is a testament to the creativity and reach of Dusk One. Made from sounds of the Brady Bunch, these often mellow, feel good beats are teamed up nicely with the lyrical lambasting from Dusk One. "At Your Service" is a two-second free fall into the Bradys' backyard before Dusk One steps to the scene and sets things off. The contrast in sounds from the vibe of the Bradys to the forceful flow from Dusk is what makes this project top notch. "No Haircut" is the jam, the harmonious brickwork is a perfect place stroll with Dusk. "Along For The Ride" is a closer: From the vocals to the jam, it's on. It's a damn shame it's such a short ride. – *Jemie Sprankle*

Fisch Loops
Electric Shock
Self-Released
Street: 07.13.10
***Electric Shock* = Lifesavas + Deaf in the Family + The Dust Brothers**



This funky little EP was pieced together entirely out of samples taken from that educational show from the '70s, "The Electric Company." The unlikely source material yields some downright classic-sounding grooves, bringing to mind Lifesavas' *Gutterfly* or some **Curtis Mayfield** in its homage to the decade of funk with a capital "F." Fisch Loops clearly have the matter well in hand. The resulting beats provide the backdrop for some of Utah's most proficient lyricists, including **Mark Dago**, **Dusk One** and **The Smash Brothers**. Clocking in at just under 10 minutes, this is only a taste of honey, but the promise of more to come is there. "Electric Breeze Bed" is made for summer days and "Aftershock" is a sultry chiller, while "Jet Airplane" is a wah-infused strut of a song. Don't wait—check out the free download at *fischloops.bandcamp.com*. Let's hope we see more of this kind of hip hop in SLC. –*Rio Connelly*

The Heavens And The Earth
Kosmichete
Self-Released
Street: 09.21.10
TH&TE = Daft Punk + Flock of Seagulls + Infected Mushroom

Put together with more Moog technology than some may have thought existed, this short five-track electronica EP doesn't encompass the average "techno club" vibe. *Kosmichete* was created entirely by **Matt McMurray** with a touch of mastering from **Andrew Glassett** (**Nolens Volens**). I got the impression that McMurray wanted to step away from the dance floor circuit and create something a little grander. *Kosmichete* finds a sweet spot between trippy, outer-space keystrokes and speaker-buster thumping. It's almost a complete '80s throwback, but still holds on to that "after hours soundtrack" feeling you've had playing in your car every night you've gone clubbin' since 1997. Tracks like "Silver Space" and "Galaxy Be Gone" should be mixed into local DJ playlists, but they won't be, and that's a shame for an album that feels quite unique to the genre. –*Gavin Sheehan*

Holy Water Buffalo
Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 12.01.10
Holy Water Buffalo = The Strokes + Screaming Trees + The Doors
Although this is the debut album from local foursome Holy Water Buffalo, one would be hard-pressed knowing it after a close listen. These Heber boys have done their share of listening to rock records of yesteryear, spinning a polished twist on the prescribed notion of "garage

rock." Every track delivers a tight, pulled-together sound in which each instrument can distinctly be heard. From the soft, country-tinged track "What Is and What's To Come" to heavier songs such as "Buffalo Hunter," Holy Water Buffalo brings an impressive display of rock diversity and is quickly gaining momentum. – *Ryan Schoeck*

Jon Bentley
Coyote
Self-Released
Street: 01.17
Jon Bentley = Pete Yorn + Emme Packer + The Carpenters
On the surface, *Coyote* seems to have been thrown together in a home studio with little thought or organization behind it, but in reality that impression serves as perfect camouflage for a very eclectic album. Bentley's light voice and equally lighthearted stage presence have made this singer/songwriter a secret favorite around Ogden. It's only fitting that he'd put that same kind of treasure into a formal release. With his guitar and single-track vocals holding centerpiece, the impression of the band performing around him as opposed to being a formal unit is slightly discouraging. Luckily, Bentley makes up for it with his nimble plucking and strumming, at times almost showing off his skills while remaining humble at the mic. This combination makes his solo pieces—and the few singing duets with his wife Katy—stand out as the best that *Coyote* has to offer. –*Gavin Sheehan*

Mary Tebbs
Fuzzy Halo
Self-Released
Street: 12.01.10
Mary Tebbs = Melissa Etheridge + Carole King + Lucinda Williams
At first glance, *Fuzzy Halo* appears to be the standard singer/songwriter album you'd find at the merch booth for *Lilith Fair*, but Tebbs did her best to stray away from the singalong sympathy of

"every woman." Rather than taking the story-telling route, Tebbs hits the lyrical mark using her own personal perspective. Tracks like "Then Let Go" and "Find My Way" show personal exploration and defiance, and never try to encompass the listener in the experience as if it were their own. Tebbs keeps it unique from the others who try too hard to hook the audience's emotion into theirs. What makes the album most interesting is that it doesn't really have a defined genre. Songs sway between country, folk, jazz and near-disco signatures, sometimes making it hard to tell if Tebbs was showing off her skills at composition, or if she's still trying to find her sound. For what it's worth, she was willing to experiment for the audience, and for that alone, it's worth a listen. –*Gavin Sheehan*

Pop Gun War
Somehow Drowned
Self-Released
Street:12.06.10
Pop Gun War = Themselves + Beastie Boys
Love obscure abstract hip hop? Pop Gun War does the experimental wave of futuristic sounding tracks extremely well. These are the type of beats machines would make if they had minds and wanted to create songs that machines would listen to. Unfortunately, it's a little bit more obscure than it is listenable. I wasn't turned off by the vocal tones of the actual rappers, though. They sound like mellow versions of the Beastie Boys, but with that as a high point, the lyrical content itself seems to consistently waver off into ramblings rather than achieve any depth. Tracks four and five of this project both have decent, solid beats but as a whole, the album gets repetitive and tends to run together. As an experimental concept album, I would say it's a good try. And who doesn't appreciate a good try these days? –*Bethany Fischer*

Seven Feathers Rainwater
15 Apple Magicians
Moondial Tapes Records
Street: 01.13
Seven Feathers Rainwater = Pre-MPP Animal Collective + Stag Hare + Tangerine Dream

15 Apple Magicians is the album I always knew Salt Lake City was capable of producing. Aside from being the zeitgeist-capturing masterpiece of all things happening within the burgeoning "New Weird Utah" collective in the past few years, *15 Apple Magicians* delivers on every promise hinted at by the insane talent of the **Moondial Tape** family. Seven Feathers Rainwater delve deep into the crystalline drones, nouveau-age shamanism and Kraut-sonic explorations that have marked the releases of Stag Hare, **Silver Antlers** and **Wyld Wyzrdz** and emerge with a righteously over-zealous exuberance that bursts every seam and fills up every available aural space with pitch-shifted vocals, chaotic percussion and reverbed-out everything. I know it is a little early to call, but *15 Apple Magicians* is easily in the running for best album of the year. –*Ryan Hall*

The Wayne Hoskins Band
Breaking Here EP
Rockfish Record Company
Street: 11.13.10
The Wayne Hoskins Band = Fuel + Jars Of Clay + Shawn Mullins

The Wayne Hoskins Band have earned the reputation of being one of those groups you've heard of frequently, but have yet to see, partially because they spend most of their time on the festival circuit as a daylight band. Unfortunately, trying to take that big-stage feeling to pressing falls short. *Breaking Here* isn't so much a studio recording, but more an effort to shrink wrap a concert performance into a personal experience. Song structure, composition, vocals and overall vibe of the album work splendidly and show refined talent from all five members, but these tracks have been stripped and compacted. It's as if they simply removed the live audience element but kept the overblown stage presence, personified on songs like "Never What It Seems" and "I'll Be Right Here." Overall, *Breaking Here* shows great promise from a well-versed ensemble, but there's still much work to be done on their end. –*Gavin Sheehan*

ZODIAC
A Dangerous Alien Among Us
Self-Released
Street: 05.03.10
ZODIAC = (HOTH(e) + nonnon) + Little Sap Dungeon
Crash-landing in your backyard with proof that Salt Lake is actually in outer space, ZODIAC is here to take revenge for what you did to him in Roswell. That revenge is taking place in your eardrums. Repetitive beats and a galaxy of sci-fi samples are welded into a rabid frenzy. Billed as "cosmic dance metal," the songs are danceable, but not varied enough to be any fun. The main weakness here (besides sounding like it was mixed on a Dell using the internal speakers) is that there's little to distinguish the tracks except for which sample is being used, ad nauseum. Perhaps all that time staring at the homogenized moon rock landscape has left our local alien with monochromatic vision? Great for that 3 - 4 a.m. "the drugs might be wearing off so dance alone real violent-like" stretch of your annual rave, but not ready for more discerning audiences. I'm ready for my termination now, Mr. ZODIAC. –*Madelyn Boudreaux*

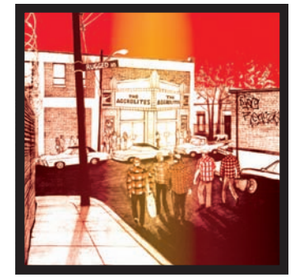
Check Out More Reviews At:
SLUGMAG.com

SLUG MAG ///. CD REVIEWS

Adventure
Lesser Known
Carpark
Street: 03.22
Adventure = CFCF + Propaganda + M83

Let's just get a few things straight. Adventure's sophomore album, *Lesser Known,* is equal parts **F-Zero** (SNES version) soundtrack, early '90s Estonian action/thriller score and steamy network cable lovemaking scene accompaniment. Full of soft filters and squiggly synth lines, Adventure's main man **Benny Boeldt** mines afternoons of eight-bit synth wizardry and **Giorgio Moroder**'s entire back catalogue to create something vaguely nostalgic but wholly retro-futurist forward-thinking. Boeldt has worked with **Dan Deacon** and has been associated with Baltimore's **Wham City Collective** (**Future Islands**, **Videohippos**) before jumping to the super-credible **Carpark Records** (**Beach House**, **Belong**, **Toro y Moi**) for this 2011 release. The album is destined to elicit either fist-pumping or eye-rolling on the first listen. *(Urban: 3.30) –Ryan Hall*

The Aggrolites
Rugged Road
Young Cub Records
Street: 02.22
The Aggrolites = The Upsetters + The Slackers + The Maytals
The world's foremost practitioners of dirty reggae have returned with another solid batch of Jamaican-flavored tunes on their fifth album. The vinyl/digital version of *Rugged Road* is easily The Aggrolites' briefest effort, at 10 tracks and just over 30 minutes (a CD version with bonus tracks will be released later this month), but there's still a lot to like. The album starts in a mellow mood with "Trial & Error," featuring vocalist **Jesse Wagner** sub-



stituting his usual booming voice for a smooth falsetto. The Aggrolites then jump around the musical landscape of reggae with "Enemy Dub," the rocksteady style of "Dreaming of Erie" and the organ-driven skinhead stompers "Eye of Obarbas," "The Heat" and "In the Cut." Even though the band's instrumentals are always top notch, it would have been nice to hear Wagner's excellent vocals on more than four songs. The Aggrolites may not be breaking any new ground with *Rugged Road*, but when a band is this good, it's hard to complain about more of the same. *–Ricky Vigil*

Agnostic Front
My Life My Way
Nuclear Blast
Street: 03.22
Agnostic Front = Negative Approach + Cro-Mags + Blitz

Agnostic Front has been kind of a line in the sand for me. If you were able to hang out during *Cause for Alarm* or *Riot Riot Upstart,* you were cool in my book. Playing *CBGB* more than any other band, their legend has been solidified a thousand times over. I've always been fascinated by the way Agnostic Front would wander back and forth from a more street punk hardcore sound to a more thrash or metal-sounding hardcore. It never came across to me as any kind of gimmick, but more like them just playing the way they felt. Also, with Roger's other band, the **Disasters**, his punk side was more exercised outside of Agnostic Front. On *My Life My Way,* they've found the perfect balance of punk and heavy hardcore. They've somehow fit metal's hefty guitar with street punk's urgency and energy on "More Than a Memory," placing double-kick drum ferocity in the midst of the '80s-sounding hardcore anthem "That's Life." This record, perhaps more than any other, exemplifies what Agnostic Front is about. With an unrelenting hardcore ethos, Agnostic Front puts it plain: You're either with 'em or not, and fuck off if you're not. *–James Orme*

All Tiny Creatures
Harbors
Hometapes
Street: 03.29
All Tiny Creatures = Broken Social Scene + Pinback + Here We Go Magic
There are moments in your life where everything seems to align perfectly—the air, the person, the smell and the colors. All Tiny Creatures' new release, *Harbors,* has managed to create a sound that could magically score those moments. Whether it's a wave of circular massaging notes or a fixation of groovy repetition, this dynamic sound is queued up and ready to go. Each track serves up a stimulating visual rhythm: humming watery percussion of "Triangle Frog," "An Iris," which agitates against a catchy bounce of drum and the spiral drone of "Glass Bubbles," which inspires an emotional transcript that could encompass a fun, spontaneous adventure. Though the lyrics are whispering and sparse, the overlapping echo ensures the masterful production of *Harbors* has the perfect piece to complete the perfect moment. *–Liz Lucero*

Ava Inferi
Onyx
Season of Mist
Street: 03.28
Ava Inferi = Madder Mortem + My Dying Bride + Moonspell
Stalking empty to crowded corridors, shadows long and lingering or full-on disturbed entities, there are ghosts among us, ghosts of past lives,

imprinted memories or just ghosts of the tormented, living. You pass by them and, chances are, only give them a glance. We often walk through our days focused on our inward world, less aware of the greater physical and spiritual surroundings. *Onyx* is an album that will resonate through your soul long after its audio passages have passed through your ears—it will whisper itself to you either in its darkened beauty and somber melodies or in its hefty, weighted feel. Ava Inferi's songwriting is adept, natural and brilliantly resonating. With each listen, the strength of the album is just as strong as each individual song, with female vocal ranges going from operatic to calm, serenading like dark lullabies. The music is purely dark metal with whispers of epic doom. The guitar work has the unique ability to draw you in with its pure melodies, heavy and damned riffing or highly ethereal effects—all from **Rune Eriksen** (**Aura Noir**) with roots in black metal and notably, a stint in **Mayhem.** Take the journey of *Onyx,* and open your mind outward—you might just notice something you never did before. *–Bryer Wharton*

Cobra Skulls
Bringing the War Home
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 01.18
Cobra Skulls = One Man Army + Swingin' Utters + La Plebe
In addition to having the best name and the best logo in all of punk rock, Cobra Skulls are also one of the great under-appreciated bands in punk today. Every single Cobra Skulls song seems to be a mini-manifesto, focusing on subjects both obscure and well-known, political and personal, and *Bringing the War Home* continues that tradition. Opener "Doomsday Parade" is about the end of the world or global warming or both,

or something. All I know is that it's awesome and ends with La Plebe's horn section. "ICE in the Night" is the bouncyest song about illegal deportation I've ever heard, and "Hot Sand" sounds like **Fugazi** and **The Slackers** coming together to make an anti-war song. The EP ends with an excellent cover of **Bad Religion**'s "Give You Nothing" and the '50s pop stylings of "Life In Vain," which is more awesome than I have room to describe here. Seriously, go pick this one up—I promise you won't regret it. *–Ricky Vigil*

Danielson
Best of Gloucester County
Sounds Familyre Records
Street: 02.22
Danielson = The Pixies + Arcade Fire's *Funeral* + The Polyphonic Spree

I don't think I'm the only person relieved to see **Daniel Smith**, frontman and creative force behind iconic indie rock band Danielson, back at work. It's been five years since the band, mostly made up of of Smith's family members and longtime friends, has released an album. *Best of Gloucester County*, however, shimmers with evidence that the time was spent developing these songs. The disc starts off with the strong, exuberant rock track "Complimentary Dismemberment Insurance," which features some of Smith's typical biblically-inspired lyricism. "This Day is a Loaf" is a combination of **Queen**-style choir rock and **Neil Young** folk, while "People's Partay" is a silly, offbeat tribute to block parties. The banjo licks of long time band member **Sufjan Stevens** come to the forefront on the soft-spoken folk tune "You Sleep Good Now." Even with a rich history behind them, Danielson have produced a collection of songs worthy of its title. *–CG*

Delicate Steve
Wondervisions
Luaka Bop
Street Date: 01.25
Delicate Steve = Menomena + Rafter + The Dodos + Black Moth Super Rainbow

Apparently, these songs all used to have lyrics, but this New Jersey five-piece decided they weren't needed. I'm not sure what they would've sounded like, but I agree. This is rich, playfully complex music driven by free-form distorted guitar lines that live in the squealing upper range and provide seemingly endless dreamy melodies for a backdrop of thumping, lo-fi percussion and funky bass plucks. Half riffs on the folk or post-rock genres are evident, but all with kind of a lackadaisical ease—almost unconcerned for the tension inherent

in many genres. The songs range from layered guitar-picking interludes to rollicking, expressively psychedelic jams. The title track "Wondervisions" uses a fuzzed-out organ to max effect, while "Sugar Splash" is almost Latin. "Butterfly" contains one of the most addictive little tunes ever, which might get stuck in your head for weeks. This is just plain joyful, fun music—some of the most unique I've ever heard. I would especially recommend this for audiophiles, as the production is excellent and these guys know exactly how they wanted it to sound. This is a perfect headphone soundtrack for a really good day. *(Urban: 3.28) –Rio Connelly*

Guitaro
JJ's Crystal Palace
Helpcomputer Records
Street: 03.01
Guitaro = Radiohead + Crystal Castles + new MGMT

It's been about six years in the making, but the Canadian trio Guitaro's second release was definitely worth the wait. *JJ's Crystal Palace* further cements them into the genre of dream rock, and is like a kaleidoscope of sounds. "Come at the Sums" blends all of the best '80s sounds: lower-register vocals, synth and a contagious beat. "Chateau 100" contrasts heavy guitar with smooth piano and higher notes. *JJ's Crystal Palace* flawlessly blends guitar, male and female harmonies, piano and synth to deliver something that's truly worthy of the cliché "easy on the ears." The album floats and flows effortlessly from song to song to the extent that it almost feels like an out-of-body experience. It's perfect for a mellow evening of star gazing or a trip of any kind. *–Julianna Clay*

Dave Hause
Resolutions
Paper + Plastick
Street: 02.22
Dave Hause = The Loved Ones + Jesse Malin + Frank Turner

Between spending time in speedy hardcore outfits **The Curse** and **Paint It Black**, serving as a roadie for **The Bouncing Souls** and founding pop-punk-turned-roots-punk heroes The Loved Ones, Dave Hause's musical career has had an interesting trajectory. Hause's first full-length is highly reminiscent of The Loved One's 2008 album *Build & Burn*, which is a very good thing. While Hause definitely takes some cues from **Bruce Springsteen**, he infuses his own energy and outlook rather than simply aping The Boss and other classic rockers. Also working in this album's favor is the full band that backs Hause on every track—these songs would be much less interesting with just Hause's voice and an acoustic guitar. Highlights include "Melanin," the creepy folkiness of "Prague" and the hard-rocking "Rankers and Rotters." Even though you can't throw a rock at a **Fat Wreck Chords** Christmas party without hitting a punk-gone-folk frontman, *Resolutions* has proven that Hause is one of the best. *–Ricky Vigil*

Jag Panzer
The Scourge of the Light
SPV
Street: 03.08
Jag Panzer = Iced Earth + Judas Priest + Iron Fire + Primal Fear

U.S. heavy metal heroes Jag Panzer have made a triumphant return after seven years of no material released. The band that started humbly in Colorado Springs in 1981 still have brilliant metal tunes to offer. Usually, Europe gets to lay claim to heavy metal and power metal-type thrones, but generally, the U.S.-based heavy metal bands that do strive for that extra perfection achieve glory and Jag Panzer have deserved every word of praise they've received. *The Scourge of the Light* rivals the latest from Iced Earth, even more metal appetite-appeasing than Iron Maiden's latest. The album is large in scope and songwriting. Guitar prowess is at the band's height. From shredding in tracks like "Condemned to Fight," "Bringing on the End," "Cycles" and "Burn," there is riffing and intricate guitar-playing flying in maddening guitar solos and leads that will melt every piece of plastic in your home. Harry "The Tyrant" Conklin's vocals offer up the primordial ooze of what heavy metal vocals should be, from screaming falsetto to melodic crooning and everything in between. The vocals help solidify *The Scourge of the Light* as a flat-out masterpiece. "Call to Arms" is a ballad-type track that can be a turn-off in traditional metal, but this one just keeps me raging. Fans of straight-up heavy metal, if you haven't heard the name Jag Panzer, there's always a time to start—there're literally legions of fans that have been waiting for this record. It was worth it—seriously, find out for yourself. *–Bryer Wharton*

La Sera
Self-Titled
Hardly Art
Street: 02.15
La Sera = She & Him + Maria Taylor

La Sera is a very different sound to hear from **"Kickball Katy" Goodman**, bassist of the noisy, Brooklyn-based garage punk band **Vivian Girls**. For her solo material, Goodman has crafted a collection of songs whose dreamlike '50s pop sound would've fit in on *The Lawrence Welk Show*. Still, it isn't jarring to hear her signature light, airy voice put to less frantic music. If anything, it's more fitting and comfortable. Concise, melodic songs like the first single "Never Come Around" and "Hold" quickly become addicting with their ethereal harmonies. On "Dove Into Love," Goodman lazily croons a prom night ballad that sounds like it was recorded live in a high-school gymnasium, but it's not all corsages and two-steps with La Sera. Most of the lyrics on the album are dark, sad or creepy. Don't let that scare you off, though; there's gold hiding in the darkness. *–CG*

Mogwai
Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will
Sub Pop
Street: 02.15
Mogwai = This Will Destroy You + Broadcast + And So I Watch You From Afar

Hardcore will Never Die is the Scottish post-rock band's seventh album and second with producer **Paul Savage**. Savage was responsible for Mogwai's gate-crashing debut *Mogwai Young Team*. The same quiet-to-deafeningly-loud dynamic that defined one of the most influential albums of the 90s and set the blueprint for post-rock appears in spades on *Hardcore*. At this point, it would be easy for Mogwai to settle back into what they do best with awe-inspiring, tremolo-picked guitars, hummable bass lines and airy keyboard lines. Yes, *Hardcore* is the best of Mogwai playing Mogwai—however, the kraut-influenced "Mexican Grand Pris" is a delightful curveball. The track could easily be mistaken for a Broadcast (R.I.P. **Trish Keenan**) mid-tempo burner with its click-track and lockstep bass line. For most of the album, however, Mogwai sticks with what they do best, and in the process, create one of their strongest (and heaviest) albums to date. *–Ryan Hall*

Of Legends
Stranded
Season of Mist
Street: 03.29
Of Legends = Hatebreed + pre-calculus Meshuggah+ Winter Solstice

I can't blame metal bands for wanting to emulate **Meshuggah**'s chug rhythms of doom, though it would be nice if one of them could try and make it interesting. Such is the case with this metal debut of **Luis Duboc** of **The Secret Handshake** fame. He brings us *Stranded*, a metalcore album that he has written and performed himself, aside from the beneficial addition of **Travis Orbin**'s impressive drumming. While Duboc is clearly a master of his instruments and offers us a sharp and technically solid production, his crossover into metal leaves me without the emotional thrashing required to make an impact. Aside from a few painfully short **Dillinger Escape Plan**-esque creative outbursts, the two-minute songs bleed together in an almost fundamental expression of what I imagine metal sounds like to an outsider. He has a solid scream, but his choice to go monotone only flattens his voice against the sound of the drop-tuned guitars like a corpse catapulted at a fortress wall, and his lyrical outrages against assimilation and worship of a false god feel … Well, *false*. By the album's end, I'd forgotten most of what I'd heard, and my only desire was to check out Orbin's other projects. *–Megan Kennedy*

Old Man Markley
Guts N' Teeth
Fat Wreck
Street: 01.18
Old Man Markley = Old Crow Medicine Show + Mumford & Sons + Flatt & Scruggs

It occurred to me a long time ago that it would be great idea to approach American folk and bluegrass the same way that **Flogging Molly** and others had approached Celtic folk music. Years later, I'm listening to a band with unmatched instrumental dexterity that brings my musings to life. Old Man Markley are going to do to American roots music what the **Pogues** did to Irish folk. These songs have so much going on in them that there are subtle nuances popping out with each listen. With a nine-member lineup, it's astonishing that each pluck of the banjo and every drag of the fiddle bow can be heard. Fairly easygoing in tone, the record keeps a jaunty pace, slowing for the occasional haunting ballad, but then picking up the tempo to span the spectrum and show this band can do it all. A bit different from regular Fat Wreck releases, but good is good and I hope to hear a lot more from these guys and gals. *(Burt's: 03.16) –James Orme*

Parts & Labor
Constant Future
Jagjaguwar
Street: 03.08
Parts & Labor = Husker Du + Dan Deacon

When I first heard Parts & Labor several years ago, I was really excited about the then-rare combination of punk energy, electronic squeals and unabashed melodicism. After a few listens, their heart-on-sleeve sincerity started to feel a trifle awkward. Now that indie music has been simultaneously dabbling in both radio pop and experimental noise for the last few years, Parts & Labor's sound seems prescient. This record, their fifth LP, offers more complex song-craft while keeping the propulsive tempos and soaring choruses, with an extra sonic boost from co-producer **Dave Fridmann**. The pitfall is that the near-constant high wears one out too early for the terrific climax of closer "Never Changer." Having an album worth digesting in two sittings isn't such a bad thing, though. *–Nate Housley*

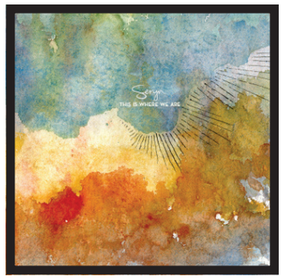
Jessica Pavone
Army of Strangers
Porter Records
Street: 02.15
Jessica Pavone = Theta Naught + Aidan Baker + Russian Circles

In a similar fashion to Aidan Baker's 2010 masterpiece *Liminoids/Lifeforms*, Jessica Pavone and her small ensemble weave open-ended post-rock arrangements around written and improvised classical compositions. While a completely instrumental and aggressively "rock driven" piece, Pavone uses cellos and violins to reach emotional heights that a standard three-piece rock ensemble can't. These classical components, which vacillate from tight, in-the-pocket accompaniment to total free-form improvisation, shade *Army of Strangers* with moments of broken-free revelry to dirge-like funeral marches. If there is a fault to *Army of Strangers*, it is that there is little middle ground between the two emotional poles. The album is a constant act in tension and release, overwrought and contemplative, without much room for anything in the middle. This weakness, however, in the world of watered-down "post-classical," may be the album's greatest strength. *–Ryan Hall*

Secret Cities
Strange Hearts
Western Vinyl
Street: 03.29
Secret Cities = New MGMT + Vintage Pop + The Mamas and the Papas + Beach House

The world doesn't like change, and the world doesn't like strange. MGMT experienced this first hand when their latest record, *Congratulations,* came out last year. Secret Cities takes that same leap into something radically deviant in their new album, *Strange Hearts*, but with a more successful result. They retain their retro-indie sound but add entirely different elements. "Brief Encounter" features a trumpet and delightful harmonies. However, the gem of this album is its namesake, "Strange Heart." It combines the best of everything in the album, including an excellent drum beat, playful keyboard and catchy lyrics. The whole album is a tribute to old-fashioned romanticism. The cover art for Secret Cities' *Strange Hearts* looks like a scene right out of Alice in Wonderland where she's lost in Tulgey Wood and surrounded by all sorts of bizarre and interesting creatures. Listening to the album was a very similar experience. *Strange Hearts* was like taking a trip to Wonderland. It was very peculiar, but pleasantly so. *–Julianna Clay*

Seryn
This Is Where We are
Velvet Blue Music/Spune
Street: 01.25
Seryn = Sufjan Stevens + Rogue Wave - Fleet Foxes



This is Where We Are stands out as a record devoted primarily to beautiful vocal arrangements. While other notable attributes are present, they are pushed aside in light of the courageous harmonies that seem to embody this release. Elements of folk-pop and bluegrass are laced throughout the album, providing an airy, lightweight feeling to the songs. Standout tracks "Beach Song" and "Of Ded Moroz" build off subdued ukulele introductions and launch into walls of beautifully textured harmonies. The first full-length release from this little Texas band won't keep them flying under the radar for too much longer. *–Ryan Schoeck*

Eddie Spaghetti
Sundowner
Bloodshot
Street: 02.15
Eddie Spaghetti = Reckless Kelly + Dale Watson + Tom Petty

I've always said country brings out the best in people and this record is the proof. Now I like the **Supersuckers**' brand of no-holds-barred rock n' roll, and at the heart of all that rockin' is Eddie Spaghetti, but when he went to release and record his third solo country album, Eddie took that

same no-holds-barred attitude and combined it with more of an eclectic approach. When an artist can take covers like **Willie Nelson**'s soulful "You Were Always on My Mind" and place it on the same record as the snotty punk of the **Dwarves**' "Everybody's Girl" and somehow twist and turn them until they make perfect sense together—that's something special. Because on his status as ringleader of the Supersuckers, Eddie's solo work naturally reflects his years in that band, but he makes it work for him. Supersuckers fans will love this, country fans should love it and I will be spinning this one for a while. *(Burt's: 04.20) –James Orme*

Shugo Tokumaru
Port Entropy
Polyvinyl
Street: 02.15
Shugo Tokumaru = Sufjan Stevens + Andrew Bird + The Beatles

On his fourth studio album, *Port Entropy*, Tokyo-born singer and multi-instrumentalist Shugo Tokumaru continuously constructs sunny potpourri opuses that deserve your attention. Yes, every lyric is recited in his native language, but I promise you won't even notice the language barrier once you hear the top-notch pop perfection of "Rum Hee" or the whimsical whistle of "Lahaha." The slight psychedelic ukulele on "Malerina" should not be overlooked, nor the confident toy piano plunking on "Laminate." It's time to put on your best-dressed smile—*Port Entropy* is the perfect way to introduce spring. *–Courtney Blair*

Wake Up Lucid
Sugar
Self-Released
Street: 02.15
Wake Up Lucid = Black Rebel Motorcycle Club + The Stooges
Had **Hanson** had a big, dirty, city upbringing, this is the kind of music I'd imagine they'd be making today. But while they are still (somehow) catering to small-town, squeaky clean teeny-boppers of today, L.A.-based Wake Up Lucid has channeled the dirty, raw energy of the early **Stones**, and made something more modern with it, but still waaay raunch-and-roll. There is a gritty type of magic in their sound that is hard to find these days and carries through the first track, blues-y "Broke Down House" all the way through, to their last, sex-driven "Red Lights." Although it took me a few rotations to remember that this kind of music actually kicks a bunch of ass, I've been jamming it day and night. My dad would love this band, and my little sister might be into it, if anything I have taught her about music has gotten through. They're a little bit **Them Crooked Vultures** and a lot Black Rebel Motorcycle Club in all the best ways. It's a shame the album is only five songs, as the ending is a little disappointing, if only for the abruptness of it. *–Kyla G.*

Warm Ghost
Uncut Diamonds vinyl EP
Partisan Records
Street: 02.15
Warm Ghost= Little Dragon + Ready, Fire, Aim

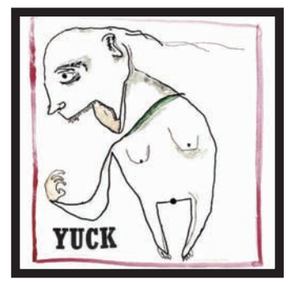
Only a few select times a year does an album come across with both aplomb and understated simplicity. This is that kind of album from newcomers Warm Ghost. It has an almost perfect blend of '80s styling and 21st-century synths. The vocals are lush, when they occur, and nicely parsed/spaced when they mostly don't. The first track from the vinyl release (side A) is "Open The Wormhole In Your Heart," and it really does that, penetrating four chambers into an extra dimension of electricity and sinoatrial bump bumps/thump thumps. *–JP*

Mike Watt & the Missingmen
Hyphenated-Man
Clenchedwrench
Street: 03.01
Watt = the Minutemen + fIREHOSE + the spirit of San Pedro, CA
At this point, Mike Watt can really do no wrong. The man is completely unfuckwithable. Not only was he a driving force in bands that defined and redefined punk music in the 1980s, but he has also continued to make new music, to keep older music in print and to include friends and musicians that may have otherwise been lost to time. As charitable as he can be musically (reigniting **the Stooges**, working with old collaborators **Kira Roessler**, **George Hurley** and **Joe Baiza**), he sometimes releases music that is really only for him. Thankfully, he lets us join in on the party. On *Hyphenated-Man*, Watt reteams with Missingmen **Tom Watson** and **Raul Morales**. The album documents Watt's experience of having to revisit Minutemen songs in preparation for the *We Jam Econo* film. It's clear that the quick, stripped-down style of his early days reinspired him in a big way. Of the 30 (!) songs on this record, the longest clocks in at about two minutes. Some of the same riffs and themes are recycled throughout the disc, which really helps the overall composition to congeal together. It's like you're listening to 30 parts of a single tune, and I think that was what Watt was going for. It really is songwriting at its best—no filler, right to the point and stripped down to the bare nada. *(Complex: 04.23) –James Bennett*

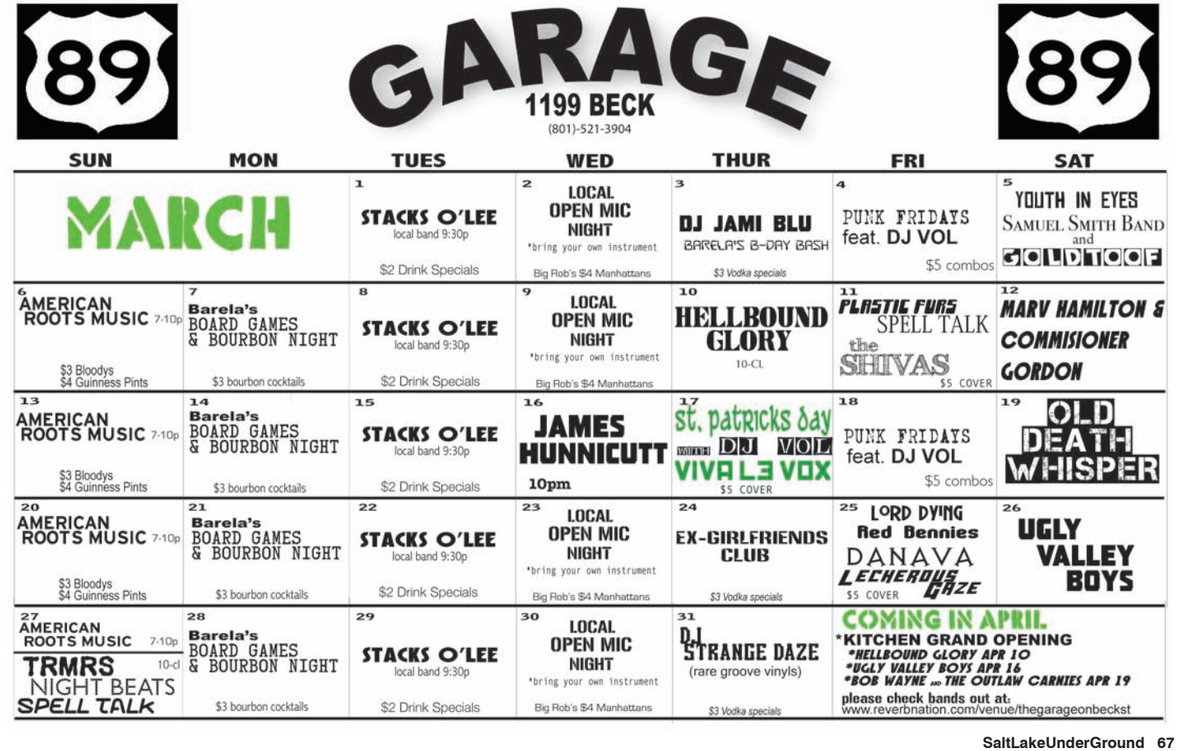
Weedeater
Jason ... The Dragon
Southern Lord
Street: 03.15
Weedeater = Buzzov*en + Sourvein + Sleep
Better run over to your local sporting goods store—you're going to need some big old fancy boots to get out of the sludge Weedeater's *Jason … The Dragon* expunges from its every sonic nuance. **Dave "Dixie" Collins**, creator of Weedeater after the mighty Buzzoven split, had this album in the works to come out last year, but Dixie shot off his big toe while cleaning his favorite shotgun. The new record doesn't wander out of the territories explored by Weedeater, though *Jason…* does go into slower and more sludged-out realms and offers a hell of a lot more bass, highly comparable to the band's 2002 album, *Sixteen Tons*. Dixie's bass muddies up the guitar playing in an oh-so-blasting fashion—it's as if the sound the album emits from your audio-playing device is something fully tangible. You can inhale it or just outright grasp it from the air. *Jason …* offers much to any sludge or doom fanatic, with plenty of monster grooves that insist you to hit "repeat." The crazy, psychedelic, jamming bog-water-foggy, weird anthem, "Psalms of Opium," is also great fun in a break from the full-on weight of this record. *(Burt's: 03.05) –Bryer Wharton*

Alex Winston
Sister Wife
Heavy Roc
Street: 03.08
Alex Winston = Florence & The Machine + Kate Bush
When you think of Detroit, also known as the Motor City and the birthplace of Motown, usually, polygamy doesn't generally cross one's mind. However, that all may change thanks to Alex Winston, the classically trained opera singer gone indie. Her six-song mini-LP, *Sister Wife*, was produced by the New York duo **The Knocks,** providing danceable melodies that work synergistically with her sassy high soprano voice. On the title track, she sings, "Hey there sister wife/Get the hell out, it's my night." It's a shame *Big Love* is in its final season—this song would be a perfect intro. Anyone know if TLC's show was signed on for a new season? On "Sweet James," Alex brings out her best Kate Bush stylings and steers her way into your heart with "Choice Notes." *Sister Wife* proves this songstress will continue to give Detroit's musical history a good name. *–Courtney Blair*

YUCK
Self-Titled
Fat Possum
Street: 02.15
YUCK = Smith Westerns + Dinosaur Jr. + Silversun Pickups



Despite the suggestive description of their name, YUCK delivers a sound that is less yucky and more heartbroken, with a give-and-take of clear harmonic contrast running into each other effortlessly. Just three of the album's 12 tracks—"Get Away," "Holding Out" and "The Wall"—shove dirty guitars and spastic, whiny arrangements around, creating a sound seemingly worthy of a such a name. The rest of the album unfolds into a somber and lyrically damaged letter to "the one who got away" and at first seems misleading. However, the delicate ballads like "Suck" and "Suicide Policemen," sung with the tag-team effort of **Daniel Blumberg** and his sister **Llana**, swing gently over the straightforward drum and guitar riffs, suggesting a recognizable wail of pain that identifies the routine "yuck" factor of life and makes the album, along with the band name, fittingly perfect. *–Liz Lucero*



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

THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, March 4
John Ross Boyce and His Troubles – *ABG*
The Direction, Tessa Barton – *Avalon*
Sky Sight – *Basement*
Music Is The Enemy, Sputniq, Ties To The Flesh – *Burt's*
Buzz Nightlife – *Complex*
Daniel Murtaugh, Happy Hates Hippies – *Dawg Pound*
Los Hellcaminos, Ray Rosales – *Hog Wallow*
Portugal. The Man – *In The Venue*
SKA SHOW! – *Kilby*
White Elephant – *Muse Music*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*
Jackie Greene – *State Room*
"Submerged In Art" Charity Art Exhibit – *Tap Room*
Dubwise – *Urban*
Sober Down, The Vibrant Sound, Cameron Rafati – *Velour*
American Attic, Beta Chicks, Chucks – *Why Sound*

Saturday, March 5
Austin Berenyi Release Party – *Basement*
The Breaktone, Red Stone Hall, Jenny Invert – *Burt's*
Art Benefit & Auction for Davey Parish – *Copper Palate Press*
SubSonic Tour: Excision, Downlink, Antiserum, LOOM – *Complex*
Mardi Gras Masquerade w/Miss Lisa – *Depot*
Taarka – *Hog Wallow*
Utah's 10th Annual Belly Dance Spring Fest – *Fairgrounds*
Mad Indoor Record & Vintage Clothing Sale – *345 Pierpont Ave.*
If We Start This Fire, Proclamation To Blue, The Lineup, Prince Polo – *Kilby*
Canis Lupus – *The Canyons*
The Second Round, Goodnight Annabelle – *Muse Music*
Fierce Bad Rabbit – *Piper Down*
SLUG Games: Construction to Destruction – *Brighton*
Jackie Green – *State Room*
Hectic Hobo – *Uncommon Grounds*
Scott H. Biram, Ralph White, The Trappers – *Urban*
Parlor Hawk, Seafinch – *Velour*
Building Homes Not Borders Benefit Concert – *Why Sound*

Sunday, March 6
GNU Guts & Glory – *The Canyons*
Mad Indoor Record & Vintage Clothing Sale – *345 Pierpont Ave.*
Stacey Clark, Jake Newton, Jesse Thomas – *Kilby*

Monday, March 7
John Popper & Duskray Troubadours – *State Room*
Jonathan Morrison – *Kilby*
The Pour Horse – *Urban*

Tuesday, March 8
Lords of Acid – *In The Venue*
The Black, Danger Button, Greybear – *Kilby*
The Last Man on the Mountain Clips & Conversation w/ Jennifer Jordan – *Library*
Portland Cello Project, Laura Gibson – *State Room*
A Hawk and a Hacksaw, Lake Mary – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Bryer Wharton!

Wednesday, March 9
Vinyl and Verses – *Burt's*
Barrington Levy – *Complex*
Danny Schafer – *Hog Wallow*
Meg & Dia, Kinch, James Belliston – *Kilby*
Yo Mama's Big Fat Booty Band, Diego's Umbrella – *State Room*
Grand Hallway, The Lighthouse & the Whaler, Jay William Henderson, David Williams – *Urban*

Thursday, March 10
The Universal – *Burt's*
Saving Abel – *Complex*
Brian Thurber – *Hog Wallow*
Atticus Metal Tour III – *In The Venue*
Mayson Lee and the Rock & Roll Space Studs, Spooky Moon, Meth House Party Band – *Kilby*
Diego's Umbrella – *Mountain Town Music*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's BBQ*
Putnam Smith, Maine, Americana/Roots – *Piper Down*
Grand Hallway VIP Party (must be a VIP member to attend) – *Slowtrain*
The New Mastersounds – *State Room*
Underground Cabaret with Juana Ghani & Filthy McWhiskey – *Urban*
Rishloo, Demolition Bio, Without Faces – *Why Sound*

Friday, March 11
Decker, Smokestack and the Foothill Fury – *ABG*
Rishloo – *Bar Deluxe*
Kalima! – *Basement*
Crimea Crimea – *Burt's*
The Legendary Porch Pounders – *Hog Wallow*
The Dirty Heads – *In The Venue*
Elephant 6 Holiday Surprise Tour – *Kilby*
The Nightgowns, Adding Machines – *Muse Music*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
The Quick & Easy Boys, The Weekenders, Holy Water Buffalo – *State Room*
Film: All My Friends Are Funeral Singers – *SLC Film Center*
The Quick & Easy Boys, The Weekenders, Lifeboy – *State Room*
SLUG Localized: Loom, Jesust, Green Haus Effect – *Urban*
Utah Arts Alliance Presents CONNECT – *Utah Arts Alliance*
Ravenna Woods with Hectic Hobo, Tanner Lex Jones, Troma Health Club – *Why Sound*
Funk n Gonzo, DubSymptom – *Woodshed*

Saturday, March 12
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
Ya Ya Boom, Red Lights – *Burt's*
Young Dubliners – *Depot*
Oakley Zone Madness/ Progression Sessions – *The Canyons*
Honest Soul – *Hog Wallow*
State Radio – *In The Venue*
St. Smedy's Day – *Kamikazes*
Charity Bout for Hope Kids/ Black Diamond Divas vs. Hot Wheelers – *Salt Palace*
Morning Teleportation, The Spins, Holy Water Buffalo – *Kilby*
VooDoo Swing– *Piper Down*
Joshua James – *State Room*
The Missionary Position – *Shred Shed*
Subrosa CD Release, INVDRS, Blackhole – *Urban*
Book On Tapeworm, Mason Porter – *Velour*
The Kris Special, Rumble Rumble, Welcome to the Woods, Katie Jo – *Why Sound*

Sunday, March 13
Marnie Stern & Tera Melos, Birthquake – *Kilby*
Progression Sessions – *The Canyons*
Rainbow Arabia, Spoek Mathambo, Flash & Flare – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Rio Connelly!

Monday, March 14
Time & Distance – *Avalon*
Jimmys Jupiter, The Spitchcock – *Burt's*
Film: Stuck! – *SLC Film Center*
Civil Twilight – *State Room*
The Jon Cohen Experimental, One Strike One Rise, The Rugs – *Urban*

Tuesday, March 15
The Melismatics – *Burt's*
The War on Drugs, Red Dog Revival – *Kilby*
Zach Deputy – *Sidecar*
Charlie Parr, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*

Wednesday, March 16
Old Man Markley – *Burt's*
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind – *Hog Wallow*
The Playground Bandits, White Elephant, Chance Lewis – *Kilby*
Rome SDS presents Stoken – *The Canyons*
Wailing O'Sheas – *Piper Down*
Greensky Bluegrass – *State Room*

Thursday, March 17
The Nate Robinson Trio – *ABG*
The Universal – *Burt's*
Mike Reff's Going Away Party with Nickle and Dime – *Star Bar*
Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Hog Wallow*
Argyle, Samuel Duke, Jared Pierce, Somber Sky, Emily Maher – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's BBQ*
St. Paddy's Day Celebration doors @ 10 a.m. – *Piper Down*
Film: An Evening With Robert F. Kennedy, Jr – *SLC Film Center*
Cory Mon & the Starlight Gospel, Mark Abernathy – *Velour*
The Jerry Garcia Band and Melvin Seals, Stonefed, David Ganz – *Urban*

Friday, March 18
Hillfolk Noir w/ John Ross Boyce and His Troubles – *ABG*
New City Skyline – *Avalon*
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
No Rules: Group Show – *Blonde Grizzly*
The Secret Band, The Spitchcock Conspiracy, Ya Ya Boom – *Burt's*
The Codi Jordan Band, King Niko – *Complex*
Peace & Quiet! – *Dawg Pound*
Melvin Seals and JGB – *Harry O's*
Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
Larusso, PostDated, The Direction – *Kilby*
St. Michael the Archangel & His Possum Pals – *Muse Music*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
Get Lucky 2011 – *SaltAir*
Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons – *State Room*
Night of the Casbah: Souzana of Alaska – *Sugar Space*
2.5 White Guys, Lo – Fi Riot, Storming Stages and Stereos – *Velour*
Made in Spain with Skyler Smith Summers, Paul Christiansen – *Why Sound*
The Green Man 7 with General Harrison and Gil – *Woodshed*
Ted Dancin – *Urban*
Gallery Stroll – *Downtown SLC*
Utah Arts Alliance Green Fine Art Project – *Main Street SLC*

Saturday, March 19
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
Lousy Robot, Fierce Bad Rabbit, Leiahdorus – *Burt's*
Derby: Midnight Terror vs. Choice City – *Derby Depot*
The Delphic Quorum, Plastic Furs, The Gonorrhillos, *City Limits*
Kevin Greenspon, Ok Ikumi, Silver Antlers, Lake Mary – *Copper Palate Press*
Lady Starlight, DJ Steez – *Complex*
The English Beat – *Depot*
Backwash – *Hog Wallow*
Good Charlotte – *In The Venue*
HelloSky!, Marney Proudfoot, Say Hi to Skyline – *Kilby*
Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons – *State Room*
Night of the Casbah: Souzana of Alaska – *Sugar Space*
MEN, Dances With Wolves – *Urban*
Street Def Presents Logan Hip – Hop Series #6 – *Why Sound*

Sunday, March 20
Romero, Poney, Laughter – *Bar Deluxe*
Galactic – *Depot*
Film: No Woman No Cry – *SLC Film Center*
Dean Don 7 – 10 p.m.; Acoustic Night 10 p.m. – 1 a.m. – *Urban*

Monday, March 21
Benefit Show (TBA) – *Kilby*
Christian McBride – *Salt Lake Sheraton*
Sic Alps – *Slowtrain Subterranean*
Lost Coves, Spirit Master – *Urban*
Trevor Hall – *Velour*

Tuesday, March 22
She Wants Revenge – *Bar Deluxe*
Saving Abel, The Saw Doctors, Red Line Chemistry, Desperate Union – *Complex*
Hosannas, Boots to the Moon, Body Glow – *Kilby*
The Infamous Stardusters – *State Room*
The Parlotones, Imagine Dragons – *Urban*

Wednesday, March 23
The Mighty Regis – *Burt's*
O.M.D. – *Depot*
Poeina Suddarth – *Hog Wallow*
Aaron Gillespie, The Almost, David Elijah, Allred – *In The Venue*
Telekinesis, The Globes, The Awful Truth – *Kilby*
Uh Huh Her, Diamonds Under Fire – *Urban*

Thursday, March 24
The Universal – *Burt's*
Local Band Recognition Night – *Club Vegas*
Sofa Sly – *Hog Wallow*
Castanets, Holy Sons, Dolorean – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's BBQ*
Janis Ian – *State Room*
The Mumlers, Coyote Hoods, Jared Mees & the Grown Children – *Urban*
Cody Taylor, The Second Estate – *Velour*
Fictionist – *Why Sound*
Happy Birthday, Joe Jewkes!

Friday, March 25
EMMA, Numbs – *ABG*
Goodnight Caulfield – *Avalon*
Davey Parish Benefit – *Burt's*
The Countdown Silly String World Record & Dance Party ft. DJ Marcus Wing – *Complex*
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
Vader First Family Band, The Squash Blossom Boys, Russel James – *Burt's*
Marinade – *Hog Wallow*
Red Bennies, Danava – *The Garage*
Something Fierce, Chaz Prymek, Thetaville, Damir Hara, A Scenic City – *Kilby*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
Eyes Lips Eyes, Holy Water Buffalo, Chasing Kings, Future of the Ghost – *Velour*
Bronco, The Rubes, Fauna, Callow – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Sam Milianta!

Saturday, March 26
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
Shoulder Voices – *Burt's*
Wicked This Way Comes – *Club Vegas*
Pond Skimming Contest – *The Canyons*
A Balance of Power – *Dawg Pound*
Nate Robinson Trio – *Hog Wallow*
Future of the Ghost, The Spins, SLFM – *Kilby*
The Future of the Ghost, Birthquake, Palace of Buddies – *Urban*
The Archers Apple, Ferocious Oaks, Timber!, Mighty Sequoyah – *Velour*
Iji – *Why Sound*

Sunday, March 27
Fight The Quiet, TBA – *Kilby*
Film: The English Patient – *SLC Film Center*
Marchfourth Marching Band – *State Room*
Peelander – Z, Anamanaguchi – *Urban*

Monday, March 28
Hurts To Laugh, St. Petersburg – *Burt's*
Akron/Family, Delicate Steve – *Urban*
Appleseed Cast, Muscle Worship, The Lionelle – *Kilby*

Tuesday, March 29
Foster the People, Grouplove, LeSands – *Kilby*
A Day to Remember, Bring Me The Horizon, We Came As Romans, Pierce the Veil – *Saltair*
Trashcan Sinatras – *State Room*
Electric Six, The Constellations – *Urban*
Rocky Votolato – *Velour*
Happy Birthday, Ischa Buchanan!

Wednesday, March 30
Volbeat – *Complex*
Ferry Corsten – *Depot*
Secret Abilities, Mayson Lee and the Rock and Roll Space Studs, Burt Reynolds and his Hot Bones, Private Parts – *Kilby*
Film: An Evening With Michael Ondaatje – *SLC Film Center*
Wanda Jackson – *State Room*
Toro Y Moi, Adventure – *Urban*

Thursday, March 31
The Glamour Kills Tour ft. The Ready Set and Allstar Weekend – *Complex*
Reverse Halo Effect – *Dawg Pound*
LOOM, Orbs, Wild Orchid Children, Judgement Day, Jesus or Genome – *Kilby*
Scotty Haze – *Pat's BBQ*
Weiland with Desert Noises – *Slowtrain's Subterranean*
Lukas Nelson & Promise of the Real – *State Room*
Smoking Popes, The Hung Ups – *Urban*
7 Jane, The Sweater Friends, Kristen Nelson – *Velour*
The Last Look with The Runaway Sons – *Why Sound*

Friday, April 1
Tournament of Champions, Round 1 – *Basement*
Max Pain and the Groovies – *Complex*
Wye Oak, Callers – *Kilby*
All on Seven, Burning Olympus – *Muse Music*
Roby Kap – *Pat's BBQ*
Michelle Shocked – *State Room*
Film: SLFC Tumbleweeds Film Festival – *SLC Film Center*
Combined Minds, Without Faces – *Why Sound*
Ha Ha Tonka, Hoots and Hellmouth – *Woodshed*
Pick up the new issue of SLUG – Anyplace Cool

KILBY COURT

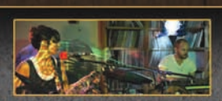
MARCH 2011

1 - Country Club Communists, Fair Enough, Nasta G
2 -Mountain Hymns, Sam Burton, TBA
4 - SKIA SHOW!
Donner Dance Party, The Mooks, Dangeroos, Arches, Storming Stages and Stereos
5 - If We Start This Fire, Proclomation To Blue, The Lineup, Prince Polo
6 - Stacey Clark, Jake Newton, Jesse Thomas
7 - Jonathan Morrison, TBA
8 - THE BLACK (Featuring past & present members of Voxtrot & Trail of Dead), Danger Button, Greybear
9 - MEG & DIA, KINCH, James Belliston
10 - Mayson Lee and the Rock and Roll Space Studs, Spooky Moon, Meth House Party Band
11 - ELEPHANT 6 Holiday Surprise Tour
12 - Morning Teleportation, The Spins (pictured), Holy Water Buffalo
13 - Marnie Stern & Tera Melos, Birthquake
15 - War On Drugs, Red Dog Revival, TBA
16 - The Playground Bandits, White Elephant, Chance Lewis
17 - Argyle, Sam Duke, Somber Sky, Jared Pierce, Emily Maher (doors: 6pm)
18 - Larusso, PostDated, The Direction
19 - HelloSky!, Marney Proudfoot, Say Hi to Skyline (doors: 6:30pm)
21 - Benefit Show (TBA)
22 - Hosannas,Boots to the Moon, Bright Whistles
23 - Telekenesis, The Globes, The Awful Truth
24 - Castanets, Holy Sons, Dolorean
25 - Something Fierce (CD RELEASE), Chaz Prymek, Thetaville, Damir Hara, A Scenic City (doors: 6pm)
26 - Future of the Ghost (CD RELEASE on Kilby RecordS), The Spins, SLFM
27 - Fight The Quiet, TBA
28 - Appleseed Cast, Muscle Worship, The Lionelle
29 - Foster The People, Grouplove, LeSands
30 - Secret Abilities, Mayson Lee and the Rock and Roll Space StudS, Burt Reynolds and his Hot Bones, Private Parts
31 - LOOM, Orbs, Wild Orchid Children, Judgement Day, Jesus or Genome

741 SOUTH 300 WEST
all shows start at 7pm
unless otherwise noted
kilbycourt.com

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

SAT MAR 26TH SUN MAR 13TH



RAINBOW ARABIA
SPOEK MATHAMBO
FLASH & FLARE

WED MAR 23RD

UH HUH HER
DIAMONDS UNDER FIRE

FUTURE OF THE GHOST
CD RELEASE
PALACE OF BUDDIES / BIRTHQUAKE

MON MAR 28TH

AKRON/FAMILY
DELICATE STEVE

COMING SOON: APR 2: ACID MOTHER'S TEMPLE APR 3: THE STRANGE BOYS APR 4: FOREIGN LEGION
APR 5: FRANZ NICOLAY & DAVID DONDERO APR 6: KLAXONS APR 7: BLACK JOE LEWIS
APR 9: KOOL KEITH APR 11: YOUNG PRISMS APR 12: CAMERON MCGILL APR 13: COLD CAVE
APR 14: PHOSPHORESCENT APR 15: THE SUBMARINES APR 16: SPELL TALK APR 17: DARYL HANCE
APR 18: SCARUB APR 19: STARFUCKER APR 21: MASERATI APR 23: LOOM
APR 24: THE BUILDERS & THE BUTCHERS APR 25: TOBACCO APR 26: SODACON CD RELEASE
APR 27: DEAD PREZ APR 29: NIGHT FREQ 1 YEAR ANNIVERSARY APR 30: EARTH JAM AFTER PARTY
MAY 2: THE FELICE BROTHERS MAY 3: TUNEYARDS MAY 5: TED DANCIN' CINCO DE MAYO
MAY 6: THE BLACK ANGELS MAY 10: YACHT MAY 11: YELLE MAY 17: CAPTURED BY ROBOTS
MAY 18: WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS MAY 20: THE GREENHORNES
JUNE 16: OKKERVIL RIVER & TITUS ANDRONICUS JUNE 22: SONDRE LERCHE

MAR 1: KRCL PRESENTS UGLY DUCKLING, PAT MAINE, MC PIG PEN, DJ STREET JESUS, CAVELIGHT CAPTAINS
MAR 2: RED BENNIES, BEARD OF SOLITUDE, COLORS
MAR 3: SLAJO CD RELEASE, JOSHUA PAYNE ORCHESTRA
MAR 4: DUBWISE
MAR 5: SCOTT H BIRAM, RALPH WHITE, THE TRAPPERS
MAR 7: THE POUR HORSE
MAR 8: A HAWK & A HACKSAW, LAKE MARY
MAR 9: GRAND HALLWAY, THE LIGHTHOUSE & THE WHALER, JAY WILLIAM HENDERSON, DAVID WILLIAMS
MAR 10: UNDERGROUND CABARET WITH JUANA GHANI & FILTHY MCWHISKEY
MAR 11: SLUG LOCALIZED WITH LOOM, JESUST, GREEN HAUS EFFECT
MAR 12: SUBROSA CD RELEASE, INVDRS, BLACKHOLE
MAR 13: RAINBOW ARABIA, SPOEK MATHAMBO, FLASH & FLARE
MAR 14: THE JON COHEN EXPERIMENTAL, ONE STRIKE ONE RISE, THE RUGS
MAR 15: CHARLIE PARR, PUDDLE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS
MAR 17: DESERT ROCKS PRESENTS JGB & MELVIN SEALS W/STONEFED & DAVID GANS
MAR 18: TED DANCIN' ST. PATRICKS DAY PARTY
MAR 19: MEN & DANCES WITH WOLVES
MAR 20: DEAN DON 7-10 PM, ACOUSTIC NIGHT 10-1
MAR 21: LOST COVES, SPIRIT MASTER
MAR 22: THE PARLOTONES, IMAGINE DRAGONS
MAR 23: UH HUH HER, DIAMONDS UNDER FIRE
MAR 24: THE MUMLERS, COYOTE HOODS, JARED MEES & THE GROWN CHILDREN
MAR 25: BRONCO CD RELEASE, THE RUBES, FAUNA, CALLOW
MAR 26: KRCL PRESENTS THE FUTURE OF THE GHOST CD RELEASE, PALACE OF BUDDIES, BIRTHQUAKE
MAR 27: PEELANDER-Z, ANAMANAGUCHI
MAR 28: KRCL PRESENTS AKRON / FAMILY, DELICATE STEVE
MAR 29: ELECTRIC SIX, THE CONSTELLATIONS
MAR 30: KRCL PRESENTS TORO Y MOI, ADVENTURE
MAR 31: SMOKING POPES, THE HUNG UPS

TO PURCHASE TICKETS, PRICING AND OTHER GREAT SHOWS AND EVENTS, PLEASE CHECK OUT
WWW.THEURBANLOUNGESLC.COM
241 SOUTH 500 EAST
DOORS OPEN @ 9PM 21+

koi
PIERCING STUDIO
(801) 463 7070
1301 SOUTH 900 EAST

This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beechwood Aging produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

AUSTRALIA EUROPE AFRICA ASIA AMERICA

AB

BUDWEISER LAGER BEER

Budweiser

KING OF BEERS®

Brewed by our original process from the Choicest Hopes Rice and Best Barley Malt

Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

Genuine.