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Vol. 23 • Issue 278 • Feb. 2012
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Contributor Limelight

Chad Kirkland— Photographer



As one of our newest photographers, the talented Chad Kirkland appeared right under SLUG's nose when he moved his studio next door in July 2011. We gave him a friendly SLUG neighborhood welcome by soliciting his services right away, and his first official assignment was done on our shared patio, awwww. Since then, Chad has photographed everything from

quirky *Localized* bands to glamorous fashion shows and risqué **Princess Kennedy** profiles, his photo credit gracing the pages of SLUG nearly every issue. In fact, you can take a peek at his work by turning back the page, as he's our cover photographer this month, a photoshoot he claims to be his favorite SLUG assignment so far. When he's not hanging out in our SLUG 'hood, Chad works hard as a professional photographer, involved in commercial projects for the classy Italian-tie company Sette Neckwear, and working as the Art Director and Chief Photographer for Axl's Closet, a hip children's clothing company. Of course, Chad wouldn't be SLUG's Mister Rogers if he wasn't generous. He's been a part of *Help-Portrait* the past three years, an event he looks forward to because he doesn't "save lives on the daily with photography" too often. We disagree.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

On August 26, RadioActive aired a show asking the question “why are there not more female-fronted rock bands in Utah?” I called in and stuck my foot in my mouth, in a sense. I said that I feel it may have something to do with folks looking up to their favorite bands as idols rather than people just like themselves expressing their ideas through music, which I agree with. Where I fucked up is calling out bands. I said something like “bands people idolize, like Pink Floyd, The Doors and a lot of metal bands.”

First of all, I'm a huge Floyd fan. I feel they are a band that I have idolized in my life, which is why I said it. Same with The Doors. And generalizing a whole genre like Metal? I was out of line. So to Pink Floyd, Doors, and Metal fans, I apologize.

However, I'd still love to see more ladies fronting rock bands in this state. There are plenty of affordable guitars, basses and drumkits out there, so if you're a woman who's thought about doing it, do it! We're lucky to have KRCL with programs like RadioActive in Utah. Next time I decide to call in, I will be choosing my words more carefully. Maybe. Sometimes I can be a compulsive, neurotic fuck. How interesting are careful folks anyway?

Damn the man,
Benjamin H.

Dear Benjamin,

I'm not sure I entirely understand your point—are you saying that

people don't include women in their bands because the bands they grew up idolizing didn't have female members? Because that's both fucked up and fucking stupid. Since you said you have stuck your foot in your mouth before, I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that you meant something entirely different, even though I already have a pretty strong dislike for you because of your fondness for Pink Floyd (if you can buy a band's shirt at JC Penney, that band sucks). Women have always been underrepresented in art and music, but there are a lot of women in Salt Lake making great local music. We love the hell out of Subrosa, whose most recent lineup featured three women. Spell Talk has recently added a great female guitarist. Pretty Worms released three awesome 7"s last year, all with a female vocalist. Daisy & the Moonshines, Uncle Scam, ESX, Bellrave, Chainwhip, IX Zealot, INVDRS, Dani Lion, Moon of Delirium, Dick Janitor, The Suicycles, Dances With Wolves, Erin Barra, The 321s, Handicapitalist, The Folka Dots, ABK Band, and probably a shitload of bands from Provo all feature at least one female member, and they're all pretty great. It's definitely true that there are way more dudes making local music than ladies, but there are more local female musicians than most people think. And even though I hate The Doors, Benjamin, you do raise a good point: We could always use some more awesome women making music in Salt Lake.

FAX, SNAIL MAIL OR EMAIL US YOUR LETTERS!

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PechaKucha night Salt Lake City

David Henry Amador

1975-2012



Photo: AHB

A LOT OF GOOD ENERGY A LOT OF FOCUS ... SHIT WAS FUN AS FUCK!!!!
LOVE, **LIZARD**

Amadorable.. Mi Amadore..

I am so crushed for everyone who is feeling this loss. This is one of the biggest hearts I've ever met! He cared so deeply for his friends and family and was so fun and funny ... always made me laugh. Such a crazy little dude ... taught

my son how to jump in front of moving trains! Not a good idea—but that was Dave. I'm going to miss our nice dinner and movie nights and long talks. I know he wouldn't want anyone to be this bummed, but this is a really hard loss ... — **Roxan Morin**

Amadorabe (I have to give **Sam Hubble** credit for this name) was my best buddy ever. When **Angela** gave me the opportunity to write about him I thought of the last conversation I had with Dave. He told me how he wrote a letter to *Dear Dickheads* and how Angela had busted him because he sent it from his email. Then he told me of how he had wanted to write movie reviews for *SLUG* and I thought how appropriate. Dave was an amazing writer and watched every movie that came out, I accompanied him many times with a bag full of snacks that would take up an entire the seat in between us. And when telling Angela that this is what he wanted to do she responded with, "Dave, we have deadlines!" And now this is my dilemma, damn deadlines! My friend was the most passionate person that I knew and was not afraid to call anyone out or jump up to slap anyone in the face. To tell one adventure spent with Dave would be unfair to so many equally amazing good times. He taught me how to

LOVE skateboarding and to express your individuality at whatever cost. I thought I was the best at partying, but I was just keeping up. He believed in all of his friend's talents and pushed them to reach their full potential. He was their biggest cheerleader when he saw them succeed.

I am so grateful for the memories that we all have with him. His friendship has made me a better person and left a huge impression on my heart. I thought we would be together for many more years of shenanigans and good times and I can't believe our collection of memories has come to an abrupt end. I feel like Tinkerbell with her Lost Boys missing our Peter Pan. His spirit and passion is going to fuel the talent of Salt Lake City so ya'll best watch out! Forever in my heart rest in peace my brother from another mother, Dave Amador, I'm going to miss the hell out of you!

With so much love,

Your A-Team Members,
Heidi & Kathy



Stencil: Jared "Snuggles" Smith



Everyone always had their own nickname for Dave Amador. At *SLUG*, Amador made up his own when he chose to write under the pseudonym of Peter Panhandler back in 2005. He'd handwrite a rough draft on yellow lined paper, bring it in and read it to me aloud. I always loved these readings—he'd stop and laugh at his own jokes or ask "Is it okay if I write that?" Amador was always straight up in his writing—telling-off respected skateboarders in the community, talking shit on *Thrasher* and *Transworld* and bitching about the skate park scene ... or about anyone else he felt needed a taste of humble pie. But Amador didn't just gripe, he wrote encouraging words about up-and-coming skate rats, hiding inside jokes and wit in every sentence. He loved and hated the SLC skate scene (but mostly loved it) and soon he was unafraid of what any parent or shop owner thought of his truth. One day he walked into the *SLUG HQ* and proclaimed, "I'm not Peter Panhandler anymore, I'm Dave Amador." His byline may have changed but his writing style never did, no matter how many *Dear Dickhead* letters we received.

Amador was a courageous writer, an encouraging voice—cheering-on skaters from contest sidelines ... and an advocate for all of his friends. Our community has lost a truly beautiful soul.

Thank you, Amador, for the jokes, shenanigans and love you shared with us here at *SLUG*. We fucking miss you.

—Angela H. Brown

Originally Appeared in Vol. 18 Issue 221 May 2007

"This is the Place" AMERICAN FORK SKATEPARK

By **PETER PANHANDLER**

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com



Wow, for once the above phrase "This is the Place" has relevance in Utah other than the pristine nature our state holds within its borders. American Fork Skate Park is now Utah's best-poured concrete marvel. I'm not sure who designed the park or who built it. I do know that they did one hell of a good job though. This is by far the best park in Utah. Of course, it's not in the valley where the majority of skaters live, so it may be hard for the young ones to get there. Maybe your parents can drop you off on the way to a BYU game. Hopefully, they will forget to pick you up on the way back home.

The park is located between the 500 east and

Pleasant Grove exits on the I-15, either one will get you there. It's on the east side of the freeway and can be seen from the car. When you arrive at the park you should be amazed by the size and perfect layout. There really is not much there for the beginner tikes, so parents please leave the helmeted razor freak children at home. Don't be so cheap and pay for daycare.

The street course is the only one in the state with decent hips and banks. There is a bank to wall, small and big quarter pipes, manual pads and ledges. The coping is great as well as the metal ledges on the boxes. For all you rail kids, realistic ones with stairs on one side and banks on the other are there for your pleasure. On to the three-leaf clover bowl monstrosity (on a serious note, the bowl is not for the light-hearted or no-balls-carrying type). I've heard **Levi Faust** is holding down with kickflip pivots though. That is pretty amazing considering the shallow end is nine feet. The other two leafs are between eleven and thirteen feet with plenty of vert and maybe a little oververt. Rumors abound of Utah's first professional contest going down in this bowl, as well as **Agent Orange** playing along side of it. That will be the day. Hope it happens, I would love to see **Rune, Omar, Mountain** and **Burnquist** destroy this place.

While you're at the park watch your behavior because the police live right behind it. Be sure to check out the local park razor champion **Jake Dirt**. This kid is a mix between that little rat boy on the *Road Warrior* and *Joe Dirt*. When you see him you will know exactly what I am saying; he could win a mullet contest in Alabama. I've seen him foaming at the mouth. He may have rabies.

Originally Appeared in Vol. 20 Issue #246 June 2009

SKATEBOARDING

By: **Dave Amador**

peterpanhandler@slugmag.com

Artist: **Jared "Snuggles" Smith**



Drinking beer at the skate park is probably one of the worst ideas on the planet. It is also a total necessity, because beer and skating go together like milk and cookies. One thing I want say right off the bat is I don't condone anyone under the age of 21 to be drinking anywhere. If that's what you want to do though, so be it. Just remember beer is the gateway drug—the gateway to relief and good times, I might add. Here are a few tips for drinking brew at the parks around the state.

1. Ninth and Ninth park is the best park to drink at because it's in a neighborhood where people don't give a fuck and they know how to mind their own business.

2. Park City is great to drink at as well, because it's legal as long as you're of age and outside of the gates of the designated skate area. Who wants spilt beer in the deep end anyways?

3. If you're going to crack a brew at either Heber or Oakley parks, please protect your neck. Those redneck Mormon motherfuckers will throw you in the clink and toss the keys. Inbred Mormons are the worst Mormons, period.

4. Drinking at Fairmont is a toss up on the safety side. Be on the look out for pigs on bikes. Best bet is to put your beverage in a plastic cup or one of those cool

Anti-Hero fake stick-on labels.

5. Drinking at Guthrie or Sandy parks is pointless because they both suck for skating anyway.

6. St. George park is great for getting your buzz and skate on. People down south are just plain dumb and will never catch on to your gig. If you get too wasted however, you'll probably fall victim to the slippery-ass surface of the park.

7. Never drink hard liquor while you're shredding. You don't sweat it out as fast as beer and you might poop your pants when you fall down like my friend **Sean Hadley**. Nobody will give you a ride home if you shit your drawers.

8. South Jordan is great to drink at if there is a contest or some shit going on. Otherwise, forget about it.

9. Beer koozies are mandatory for the summer months. They keep your brews cold and hidden.

10. Never bring beer in bottles to the park. They make a mess and can't be recycled.

11. Remember you must skate for 15 minutes for every beer you consume. This is the way to a long life and a good session.

12. If you're going to wear a helmet at the park, make sure it's a beer helmet son!



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Directed by Peter Sillen

This portrait of Steven J. Bernstein (aka Jesse Bernstein) illuminates the life and work of one of Seattle's most celebrated voices.

Known for his angry and surprisingly fresh lyrical writings about people alienated by society, his rhythms—filled with humor and pain—were especially exciting when read in his gravelly voice. Unfortunately much of Jesse's work has not yet found the audience it deserves outside the Pacific Northwest.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9 - 7PM



ARC OF LIGHT: A Portrait of Anna Campbell Bliss

Directed by Cid Collins Walker/ Anna Campbell Bliss will be in attendance for a post screening Q+A.

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LOCALIZED
By Henry Glasheen
henryglasheen@msn.com

On February 10, heavy metal gods Visigoth and the mighty post-metal Huldra play *SLUG Magazine's Localized* at the *Urban Lounge*. Nevertanezra's death doom majesty opens the show. *Localized* starts at 10 p.m. and, as always, only costs five bucks.

Longtime friends Jake Rogers and Lee Campana started Visigoth in a two-week dorm room recording session on the University of Utah campus. Driven by a mutual desire to be in a "serious band," the two started writing traditional heavy metal riffs. "Jake's voice works really well in B-tuning. So, we tuned way down, and started playing this really heavy stuff," says Campana. Despite its humble beginnings, Visigoth's *Vengeance* demo is a solid prototype for the band that would soon begin raiding venues across the Salt Lake valley.

However, they're careful to note that this was not a two-man project, even at the start. According to Rogers, guitarist Jamison Palmer was involved from the beginning, whether he realizes it or not. "We knew we were going to force him to play guitar for us," says Rogers. Later, Matt Brotherton found himself "absorbed" into the band, joining after playing as the band's temporary bassist. However, the band struggled to find a consistent drummer.

When Mikey T.'s previous band, **Killbot**, split up, they had to cancel an opening gig for **Holy Grail**. He decided to attend the show anyway, where Visigoth was called in to fill Killbot's set. After seeing them play, he approached them and offered to play drums as a consistent member. "At that point, every show for the past three shows had been with a different drummer," says Campana. Palmer recalls his empathetic response to T.'s proposal: "Very yes."

Each member of the band has roots in Salt Lake City's metal scene. Campana and Palmer collaborated on the high-speed power metal of **Destructinator**, later joining on with Rogers to play doom metal with **Savage Sword**. While both of these bands are no longer active, Brotherton's post-metal band, Huldra, will also be performing at February's *Localized* show. "It's probably going to be the peak of my popularity as a musician," he says. "I've really gotta cherish this moment."

The band focuses on keeping their live performances fun and charismatic, and their spirited stage presence is an aspect they share with much of their traditional

metal influences. "Iron Brotherhood," one of Visigoth's better known songs, is intentionally written as something easy for the crowd to sing along to. "Heavy metal is unpretentious. The song is about going to a show with your friends, and it rules because you're all enjoying it together," Rogers says. "That's what metal should be about." Campana agrees that the song was written simply to be "fun to listen to," and that his focus is on writing songs that have "something to offer that feels good."

In many cases, this involves dipping into the band's large list of non-musical influences. "The Brothers' War" is a newer song, written as a reference to the storyline of *Magic: The Gathering*, a popular trading card game. They have recently begun incorporating an intro that covers the theme of *The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim*, which features Rogers on the flute, one of the first instruments he learned to play. Rogers says fantasy books and video games influence his lyrics—"the stuff we grew up with that was cool to us."

But growing up isn't easy for metalheads in the Beehive State. "There's nowhere for kids to play," Rogers says, referring to the pitiful state of Salt Lake City's all-ages venues. "So they start a band, play in their parents' living room for a couple of weeks, and then just fizzle out because they can't get any kind of recognition." Even newer venues like *The Complex* are "so big, they're beyond local," according to Palmer. Though *Kilby Court* recently lifted its ban on metal shows, it hasn't stopped underage kids from turning to unofficial shows. "Those have always been the best," Rogers says. "Kids [can] actually come."

Along with recording their next release, Visigoth is considering a series of short weekend tours this spring. Campana says they are keeping the tours short to "cut our teeth on going somewhere, driving there, getting back and not losing anything." Considering the stress that touring can put on even experienced bands, such a move might be wise before making a longer commitment.

Though critical of the venue situation, Visigoth's members are adamant in their belief that Salt Lake City's metal scene is very much alive. According to Rogers, Salt Lake City has, "Everything from death to black metal, all the way to power metal with keyboards. We do have a decent scene. It is very small, but it's here." Palmer agreed, adding that, "The only people who say that [metal is dead] are the ones who are not paying attention at all." Especially when one looks outside the borders of Utah, the tide of traditional heavy metal is an undeniable phenomenon, from **Sinister Realm** and **Argus** to **Spellcaster** and, of course, the mighty Visigoth, the star of true heavy metal is on the rise.

Taking themselves only as seriously as they have to, the members of Huldra are fond of beer, tacos and joking incessantly. Though it poses an odd contrast to the somber cadence of post-metal, an attitude of positivity certainly comes through the complex turns in their music. Guitarists Eric Smith and Levi Hanna began working on Huldra almost three years ago. Through a complicated interaction between various members' Craigslist ads, Matt Brotherton of Visigoth joined them on bass, followed by **Monarch**'s Chris Garrido. Scott Wasilewski later joined the band, allegedly seeking simple companionship. Promoting the recent release of their *Signals From The Void* EP, Huldra has stepped up their efforts to build up a local scene with fan participation. They've discussed collaboration with bands both in and outside of Utah, including an upcoming split with Ogden's **Dustbloom**, and tentative plans to release a full-length album within a year.

Though their early influences are disparate, Smith contends that Huldra's origins lie in listening to **Cult of Luna**. "[Huldra started] when Levi came along. That was when I could have somebody to side with me on stuff." Hanna, however, claims the band's current incarnation didn't solidify until the recording of *Signals From The Void*. "It was nice to finally get something [that was] professionally recorded out there. It felt like we became a legitimate band at that point," he says.

The EP was recorded, mixed and mastered by local audio wizard **Andy Patterson**. Patterson's work on the *Signals From The Void* EP gave it a professional and considerate sound. He made each instrument distinct in the mix. The high production values serve as a complement for the quartet's strong, unique songwriting. The band's heavy groove is always evident, regardless of its intensity, which makes them much more listenable than many of their more repetitive contemporaries.

One of the unique features of Huldra's EP is Wasilewski's distinctive clean piano sound. He describes his live sound as a blend between processed synthesizers and a more traditional keyboard. "I've always played the two at the same time for live shows," he says, but the decision to tone down his live sound was his. "If I had gone wild [on the EP], it would have detracted from other things." Hanna

Eric Smith – Guitar
Chris Garrido – Drums
Levi Hanna – Guitar, Vocals
Matt Brotherton – Bass, Vocals
Scott Wasilewski – Synthesizers

remembers their first jam session, saying that hardware limitations originally introduced the clean piano sound to Huldra's music. "[Wasilewski] didn't have a synthesizer, he only had his ghetto keyboard and he only played piano through everything we played." Hanna describes the turn towards the instrument as, "a natural thing, where some parts just felt better with the piano. So they stayed."

In addition to playing bass, Brotherton also writes the lyrics that are used for Huldra's songs. "I don't really have much of a process," he says. "I'll get fixed on one idea or one phrase and then just kind of build off that." The urge to write might hit him at work or on a run, but his lyrics show an undeniable amount of thought and care, covering abstract topics such as media and religion as well as more concrete topics like owls and kings. Yet, when he's playing live, he says he's mainly concentrating on kittens. "Matt thinks a lot about kittens and we have to hear about it. And it's not just the day of, it's like three days before," Wasilewski says.

More immediate concerns involve how to build up the local metal scene and get fans to attend their shows. Unfortunately, the band perceives obstacles in their path. While Hanna is inclined to view lack of fan participation as a problem of having, "so many places to play," and not enough dedicated metal venues, Brotherton sees things differently. "There's so many people who are willing to dish out a hundred bucks to see **Lady Gaga** at the *E Center* or something like that, but won't spend five bucks to go see a local band."


"If Lady Gaga is playing, let's not double-book the same night," says Wasilewski. "Because I'll probably be busy."

Speaking about future goals for Huldra, Hanna says, "We're starting to write material, we're trying to possibly get a split with some other, more national or even international bands." Their next major goal is to write and record either a split or a full-length, a goal they are close to realizing as Huldra is working on a split EP with Ogden's **Dustbloom**, currently scheduled for an April release. In the meantime, check them out at *Localized* this February 10 along with Visigoth and openers Nevertanezra.



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THE SLUG GAMES

DAWN OF THE SHRED

Presented by Budweiser

By Chris Proctor • chrisproctor@slugmag.com

On January 14, the 12th Annual *SLUG Games* went undead with *Dawn of the Shred*, presented by Budweiser, at Brighton Resort. No skier, snowboarder or snowblader was safe from the fury as hoards of local talent ran rampant through the course built by Brighton's superior Zombie Response and Terrain Park crew. On deck with the wheels of steel was none other than **DJ Matty Mo**, keeping our brains full of music from dawn 'till dusk. Once warm-ups finished, a huge crowd gathered at the tent village to watch the carnage. The suave and sexy MCs **Garrett Bright** and **Trevor Hennings** took up the mic and thus began the *Dawn of the Shred*.

This year's course, located at the top of the Majestic terrain park, was a one-hit mini park consisting of a double rail, double drop flat rail, wall ride and a tombstone bonk built by the *SLUG* team and painted by **Mike Murdock**. With a jam session format, skiers and snowboarders rode in the same heat, but were judged separately by skier and snowboarder judges. The contest started off with the 17 and Under Ski and Snow division.

As per usual, the competitors in the 17 and Under division put on a show that rivaled the Open division. At the beginning of the heat, the double rail set saw the most action. As riders became more familiar with the course, they started taking more chances with the tombstone, which came with some bad consequences for those not carrying enough speed. Snowboarder **Austin Roderick** pulled off a 50-50 front flip out on the double rail set, and skier **Jeremy Tidwall** went to the skies for a 720 over the tombstone.

In the finals, skier **Jake Kimball** stomped a Lincoln loop over the tombstone and a 270 pretzel out on the double drop rail, earning him third place for the skiers. **Crosby Lloyd** landed a 360 flat spin over the tombstone and a blind 270 switch up onto the double drop rail from the hip, earning second. **Hunter Bernstein**

Alex Buller, third place men's ski open.



Photo: Katie Panzer



SLUG Games 2012.

davebrewerphoto.com

DJ Matty Mo.



Photo: Jesse Anderson

One Footed Indie Grab.



Photo: Gage Thompson

landed a nose grab 540 over the tombstone and a couple technical switch ups on the double drop rail, which earned him a brand new pair of skis from RAMP and first place for the 17 and Under skiers.

In the 17 and Under snowboard finals, **Skye Salisbury** took third after an impressive and consistent performance. **Austin Roderick** took second place after stomping a 50-50 front flip out on the double rail set, which impressed all of the judges. Finally, **Jayden Naylor** sent his tricks above and beyond the rest to land him in first place.

For the girls, snowboarding is all about sisterhood, and there are two sets of sisters who have been



Spectators on mountain.

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Photo: Gage Thompson

Hailee Mattingley.



Double Front Board.

Photo: Gage Thompson



Jeff McGrath, third open snowboarding.

Photo: Katie Panzer

The winners of SLUG Games (L-R): Skier 17 and Under, Snowboard 17 and Under, Skier Open, Women's Snowboard Open and Men's Snowboard Open.



Snowboard judges.

Photo: Katie Panzer

dominating the *SLUG Games* for a while: the three Mayernik sisters and the three Mattingley sisters. Saturday's contest saw all six girls competing and dominating. In the women's open snowboarding, **Grace Mayernik** landed herself in third place. In second place was **Hailee Mattingley** after some daring spins over the tombstone, but it was her sister, **Taelor Mattingley**, who came away with first place honors and a board from RAMP at the end of the day.

The Open Ski and Snowboard divisions ran together, and with the jam session format, things were popping off like Orville Redenbacher. One of my favorite tricks of the day was snowboarder **Justin Aday's** Superman-style, laid out front flip over the tombstone. Not long after, skier **Cj Bode** landed a Cork 720 over the tombstone that made the crowd go nuts. Snowboarder **Tucker Brown** landed a 270 to frontside boardslide on the double rails, landing variations of the trick throughout the first heat.

For the Open Ski division, skier **Alex Buller** landed a switch 270 to pretzel 450 out on the double drop flat rail, plus a couple switch ups after hitting the rail from the hip, landing himself in third place. **Walter Shearon** proved himself to be master of the 450, landing multiple in and out of slides on the double drop rail, putting him in second. **Trevor Akimoto**, defending *SLUG Games* champion for the 17 and Under division, proved himself this year as the Open division champion. He earned first place and a pair of RAMP skis after a 900 and a rodeo 540 over the tombstone, multiple 270s and a 450 pretzel out on the double drop rail.

In the Open Snowboard division, **Jeff McGrath** kept things nice and technical on the double drop rail and ended up in third place overall. **Dillon Guenther** landed a few frontside lipslides on the double drop flat rail from the hip takeoff and earned

second place for the day. **Brady Larson** dominated the day and won first place and a snowboard from RAMP with a frontside boardslide on the double drop flat rail on his first try during finals, 50-50 to 360 on the double rail set and multiple tweaked grabs and taps over the tombstone.

After a while, some of the snowboarders started breaking out their slew of one-footed tricks, which are always fun to watch. A few tried foot plants on the tombstone and spins into the wall ride feature, but it was snowboarder **Andrew Aldridge** who came away with the best trick of the day with a one-footed boardslide on the double rail set with his back foot hovering in the air. He walked away with a new board from RAMP for the trick.

After the contest was called, we warmed up our spectators for the awards ceremony with the product toss. There's just something about free t-shirts flying through the air that makes people go crazy. After our arms were sore from throwing things at people, the MCs got back on the mic and announced the podium winners for the day.

Big shout outs to all of our sponsors, volunteers and the Brighton Terrain Park crew—this contest wouldn't have been as great as it was without them. *The SLUG Games: Dawn of the Shred* was presented by Budweiser. The contest was sponsored by *City Weekly*, *Discrete*, *RAMP*, *War Regime*, *Salty Peaks*, *Saga*, *DaleBoot*, *Milo*, *Jackalope Lounge*, *Whiskey Militia*, *The Garage*, *Stoneground* and *Blindside*.

Haven't had enough *SLUG Games*? Prepare yourself for our second installment of the *SLUG Games: Night Riders* contest, happening at *Park City Mountain Resort* in their revamped Three Kings Park on March 10.

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Got Any Sexy Pics?

By Princess Kennedy
facebook.com/princess.kennedy



The lovely Princess Kennedy recently slipped into a bout of insanity after hooking up with a 19-year-old fan.

Love month, oh God, how I hate you! Making me face my biological clock counting down further and further, every year. I swear, I can't take another Valentine's Day watching these codependent, lovesick fools gazing at each other like head-injury victims.

Last year, I wrote about relationships and how, against my better judgment, I had somehow fallen into the web of lady love and found myself actually caring for someone. Unfortunately, I fucked it up with my big mouth and lost "Dude" because I accidentally showed a naked photo of him to a friend's sister, who turned out to be in his inner circle of high school friends that he still hangs out with—loser! After labeling me as filth, he never talked to me again. Whatever, don't be a closet case, you fucking faggot, and you won't have to worry about my big pie-hole spilling the secret that you're a big bandit to anyone. The thing is, I kind of like this aspect of my dating life. The "down low" tend to make my life a little easier with low expectations and none of the annoying puppy-dog-trailing-behind-me antics that make me crazy. However, I still have to deal with some of the issues of coupling that make my stomach turn.

For example, I got a message from a really hot guy asking me out. Turns out he's 19, follows my writing and mustered up the courage to ask me out. "Holy shit," I thought to myself, "Can I do that?" Why the fuck not, I decided. He's only a couple of years younger

than me and I look great for a 33-year-old (fuck you), and who doesn't jump at a chance to get it on with a horny 19-year-old? So I did.

This was such a big mistake! We met for a movie, hung out all night and had amazing 19-year-old sex. It was all good until a couple of days later when I started to slowly go insane. Suddenly, I started reverting back into a 19-year-old girl. I couldn't stop thinking about him. I was waiting by the phone, all consumed by the fact that he wasn't calling me. I made up all sorts of scenarios in my head that he thought I was ugly or dumb. He was aloof when we talked, the tone of our texting changed after we slept together ... OH GOD, what did I do wrong?!

I'll tell you what: I went too far out of my age range and lost my ever lovin' mind, that's what. He is just a typical 19-year-old and I am a big old plate of crazy with a generous side of neurosis sauce. I needed to run away as fast as I could and not look back. I would never date someone my own age—thank God I'm hot enough that I don't have to—but I don't ever need to get wrapped up in such an age gap again.

Dating rules are so different with age distance, and I

don't think I am stable enough, obviously, to deal. What would a break-up be like? I shudder to think. These days, with how far technology has come, the secrets you share with your partner are just a click away.

What happened to the days of breaking into your ex's house and boiling their kid's bunny? Gossip websites and social networking are all there at anyone's disposal to spill your deepest and darkest, especially with sites like *isanyoneup.com*. Have you seen this? It's this horrible/fantastic site where you can post your ex's

Facebook page and every naked pic they ever sent you, along with all the personal info they shared that they never wanted anyone to know. It's becoming huge across the country, and what is worse is that they have regional pages—yes, there is one for SLC. For example: Professional skier and local **Tanner Hall** is featured on our fair city's page (nice cock for a little ginger). This is my worst nightmare, which is why I have a rule: I never send sexy pics, ever! I'm not


above flashing yours around, though, so word to the wise: Just show your junk in person, because the best break-up revenge story I've heard was when a guy sent his ex chick's nude finger-bang pics to her dad.

Happy Valentine's, and keep it in your pants.

.....
"He is just a typical 19-year-old and I am a big old plate of crazy with a generous side of neurosis sauce."
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By Mike Brown
mikebrown@slugmag.com

I believe that humans have physically evolved to be mostly incapable of sucking our own dicks and eating ourselves out, for that would be humanity's most notorious vice and would bring the progression of modern civilization as we know it to a full-blown halt. Haha, full-blown! I came upon this revelation after seeing a walrus suck himself off on YouTube. He seemed to be the happiest animal on the planet for those few precious minutes.

Point being, I believe that every single person on the planet has a vice. A weakness. An addiction. A crutch. Something that, once it finds them, won't let go. That something could consume their life, dominate their will and control their decisions. That something could be alcohol, it could be religion, it could be a skateboard or it could be chocolate. Addiction is a very deceptive and subtle beast, indeed.

I also believe you could be addicted to something and go your whole life without ever knowing your main vice, because you never partook. This is why I make a conscious effort to not involve myself in certain activities. I have a short list of things I'm afraid to do because I'm afraid that if I started, I would never stop. I have enough bad habits, and quite frankly, I don't need another activity in my life right now to cut into my quality drinking time.

I refuse to try things such as joining a fantasy basketball league, playing poker, snorting cocaine, illegal street drag racing, underground group orgies or paleontology. I'm just too afraid that I would like these things more than I like myself or my current vices.

The chance of me liking some of the aforementioned vices is somewhat questionable, but I am a man who likes to err on the side of caution. But the one activity that is a surefire vice that I left off of the short list is playing *World of Warcraft*. I can pretty much guarantee my life, as we know it, would

be consumed and shortly ended if I ever download that game onto my Mac.

But in November, I made a very, very bad life decision. A lot of it had to do with the NBA lockout that was going on at the time, which I also single-handedly ended (read my January article to get that reference, stupid). You see, I dedicate a lot of my time to basketball during the NBA season, and I truly believed this season was gone like the Lindbergh Baby. To fill that time, I casually bought a video game.

I don't fuck with my Xbox very often. Our relationship is like a Mormon married couple—we go months and months without touching each other. And I'm very particular about what games I want to play. To most people's

surprise, I don't play *NBA 2K12*. No, I play those shitty RPG games that nerds who never get laid made famous.

The game that currently has me by the balls? *Skyrim*, AKA *The Elder Scrolls V*. The game purchase came upon recommendation from my buddy, **Dave Combs**. Dave plays more video games than anyone I know. I'm actually surprised he doesn't have some form of carpal tunnel—that or he's really good at hiding it.

If *Skyrim* were a drug, Dave would be my drug dealer. He turned me on to *Oblivion* AKA *The Elder Scrolls IV*, which promptly sucked up three months of my life that I can never get back. I know I spent three months playing this game because these RPGs keep track for you. They literally tell you how many hours of your life you could have been drinking, fucking, skateboarding, making zines, etc. ... all the activities I sacrificed so I could level up.

Skyrim is more intense than *Oblivion*. If you didn't see me at your shitty Christmas party that you invited me to, it wasn't because I was at my family Christmas party. No, I was home playing *Skyrim* and taking masturbation breaks every time I finally got to enchant a new set of Elven weaponry with a soul trap spell, or fortify my new glass armor to resist shocks up to level 17.

I can't really blame my video game dealer Dave—I knew what I was getting into. I know that if *WOW* was crack, *Skyrim* was just a bump of coke. And I can handle one little bump, right? No, no I can't. If you don't see me until my real birthday in May (not my Facebook birthday), don't worry, I'm not dead—I'm stuck in *Skyrim*.

"If Skyrim were a drug, Dave Combs would be my drug dealer." – Mike Brown





Photo: Jen Starr

By Courtney Blair
courtneyb@krcl.org

The year was 1997. My friend **Stefan** asked if I wanted to check out a Portland-based group, **The Dandy Warhols**, at *Liquid Joe's*. Their song "Not If You Were the Last Junkie On Earth" was a hit, but that wasn't the reason I ended up going. You see, I was finally 21, and any opportunity to catch a band in a bar was part of my new lifestyle. That night, I became a Warhols fan and developed a slight crush on front man Courtney Taylor-Taylor. Courtney and Courtney sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. Since then, the band has released four more albums and was a focus of the 2004 hit documentary, *Dig!*

The last three years have kept the members of the Warhols busy on various projects. By far, the most interesting project has been Taylor's graphic novel, *One Model Nation* (OMN). OMN was written by Taylor with the help of actor **Donovan Leitch** and illustrated by **Jim Rugg** (*The Guild*, *Street Angel*). The book was originally released in 2009 and is now being reissued as a special

hardcover edition. A companion album, *One Model Nation TotalWerks Vol. 1 (1969-1977)*, is also being released.

The book is a story of a fictional electronic art-noise band named One Model Nation. The fictional band members become figureheads of the youth in post-war Germany in the '70s: They play illegal concerts that lead to violent conflict with the authorities. Amidst the chaos, they are accused of being involved with the Baader-Meinhof Gang. The Baader-Meinhof Gang (also known as the Red Army Faction or RAF) was an actual left-wing terror group that existed in Germany from 1970 to 1998. Taylor and Leitch liked the idea of pairing dark, violent historical events with the art music scene. "The Baader-Meinhof Gang dominated our research of the period. Ten years of interviewing people who were there and some who were actual players developed the background until it became a twisted and scrunched version of actual history," Taylor says via email.

It's obvious the fictional band Taylor created is modeled after the influential and experimental German group, **Kraftwerk**. In the '70s, Kraftwerk became music pioneers by popularizing electronic music, and they continue, today, to revolutionize the genre—Do yourself a favor and pick up *Trans-Europe Express*. Both bands incorporate the use of robots onstage and draw inspiration from bicycles. OMN record at Klang Klang Studios, just as Kraftwerk records at **Kling Klang Studios**. They even share a few names: Ralf, Wolfgang and Karl. "The differences between Kraftwerk and OMN are very slight because I like it that way," Taylor says. "It amuses me." When it came to bringing OMN's music to life, Taylor and Leitch enlisted the help of **John Fell**, co-owner of **Main Drag Music**. They recorded over a three-day period and believe that the end result turned out exactly as they wanted, a real showcase of the fictional OMN material in a "hits" collection. The music is the polar opposite from what one would expect to hear from Taylor: It's minimalist and industrial. "It was pure experimental, and thus purely a pleasure. In this band, I'm more of just a tinkerer and clangor-banger," says Taylor.

At one point in the graphic novel, the band travels to England to perform on

the show *Top Of The Pops*. Afterward, at a party, the members meet one of their biggest fans, **David Bowie**. Taylor himself is a friend of Bowie. "[Our friendship] is enlightening and frustrating. I couldn't help but pry some bits of wisdom out of him. He's smart enough to know that influencing others is dangerous, and should be avoided in life if one doesn't want to deal with 'unforeseen consequences' that invariably come with other people and their expectations. Unforeseen consequences, that's a huge theme in OMN. Problems arise from reactions of other people," says Taylor.

With social upheaval themes and the youth striving to fight back throughout the book, one can relate it to the current Occupy Movement. "The [Occupy] Movement has proved, in my mind, that the Internet is doing a great job of connecting people who want to be informed," Taylor continues, "People are pissed off. What hasn't happened is any reformation of the dirtbag top One Percent. Where are the people who can bridge the gap and use this power only for good? This is just the first in what will be a series of large-scale political movements in the right direction. It's just waiting for a charismatic [person] or someone to do something really good and fix a lot of this fucked up shit."

The graphic novel, *One Model Nation* (**Titan Books**), and the album, *One Model Nation TotalWerks Vol. 1 (1969-1977)* (**The End Records**), were released January 31.

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The Slackers aren't a ska band. They aren't a reggae band, or a punk band, or a garage rock band. According to vocalist/organist **Vic Ruggiero**, they're a "Jamaican rock n' roll" band. In listening to the band's vast discography, you'll find bits of **The Velvet Underground** crossing over with **The Upsetters** grooves, psychedelia mixing with dub, and **Motown** taking some heavy hints from **Studio One**. The band's fusion of Jamaican, American and British styles is true rebel music, and it has always lent itself well to cover songs. Prior albums have featured songs originally performed by **Johnny Cash**, **The Yardbirds** and even **Bon Jovi**, delivered in the signature style of The Slackers. Their latest release, *The Radio*, is a collection of 11 cover songs and was funded entirely by the band's fans via Kickstarter. This time, the band delivers solid covers of **The Misfits**, **T. Rex**, **The Rolling Stones**, **The Sonics**, and more. I spoke with the sharply-dressed and finely-mustachioed bassist of The Slackers, **Marcus Geard**, about *The Radio* and the band's amazing live show, which will be hitting Salt Lake this month.

SLUG: The Slackers have always done a really good job of making cover songs sound like Slackers songs. How did the band decide which covers to include on *The Radio*?

Geard: For most of the songs we cover, we just start playing with each other and recognize these familiar chord structures and someone

will start singing the lyrics to one of these famous songs over one of these reggae jams that we're doing. For this particular release, the guy who runs **Whatevski Records** [**Tom Gibbons**] actually had the idea of putting together this project that sounds like you're listening to the radio. He came to us with a big list of songs, some songs that we were already doing live and some new songs, and we just recorded a bunch of them and: Kazaboom, we have a new record called *The Radio*!

SLUG: My favorite track on the album is "Ganbare," and I had never heard that one before at all. Why did you guys decide to cover it?

Geard: That one's by a Japanese band called **The Blue Hearts**, and in Japan, The Blue Hearts are kind of like **The Ramones**: everybody in Japan knows who they are and thinks they're super cool. When we went over to Japan, we started covering a couple of their songs, "Ganbare" and "Linda Linda" and the fans would just go completely bananas. ["Ganbare"] is a really fun song to play, so we decided to give that one a chance and recorded it.

SLUG: When I saw The Slackers play in Southern Utah in 2007, you guys played something like 25 songs in about two-and-a-half hours, and I know that you switch up the set list every night on tour. How do you decide which songs to play every night?

Geard: Well, we have a master set list that

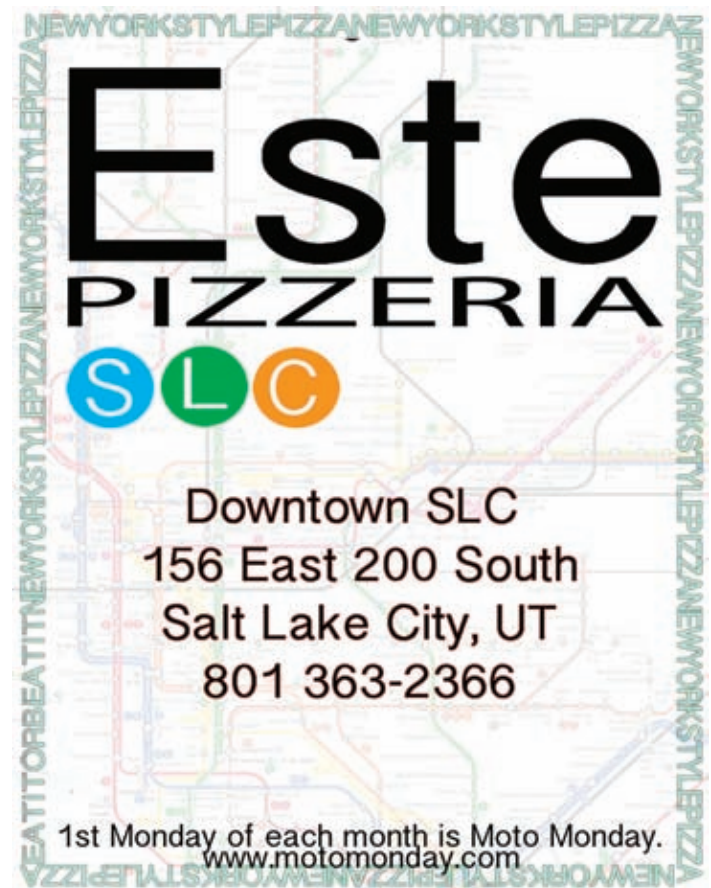
has [about] 217 songs on it. From that, I write up the set every night—we do the same three songs to start the show and the same three songs to end the show, but everything in the middle we try to mix up.

SLUG: That's really cool. When I saw you, people were screaming out requests that I was sure you guys would've forgotten how to play or wouldn't be able to play live, but you seriously played almost everything they were requesting. **Geard:** Yeah, it's fun for us, too. We don't necessarily know all of these songs as well as we might think we do, so it's fun to try that stuff out sometimes.

SLUG: The Slackers tour a lot—I noticed that you guys already have dates booked up until the middle of this year. Having seen The Slackers live and based on all of the live recordings of the band, you always seem to put on a good live show. How do you stay motivated and how do you keep up the energy and enthusiasm night after night?

Geard: We just love what we do. I wish I had a more entertaining answer than that. We love the music we play, and I love playing the music I play with the guys I'm playing it with. Sometimes we play for a real long time and we get tired, but when you're onstage doing it, you don't even feel it.

The Slackers will perform in Salt Lake on February 16 at *In the Venue* with **Folk Hogan**.



SALTY LYRICS AND LOVE SONGS

BY JEANNETTE D. MOSES • JEANNETTE@SLUGMAG.COM



The Growlers play Salt Lake City on March 8 at Urban Lounge.

The Growlers, based out of Costa Mesa, play spooky, slowed-down surf pop. It's an unexpectedly morose sound, considering their proximity to the beach, great surfing and ample sunshine. On their last two albums, *Hot Tropics* and *Are You In or Out?*, salty lyrics about death often complement the eerie music. They are simultaneously light-hearted and sinister—imagine the **Beach Boys** on a combination of morphine and mescaline. Live, the group becomes more of a mind fuck. Lead singer **Brooks Nielsen** croons to the crowd like a lounge singer who might be stuck in the Black Lodge of **David Lynch's** *Twin Peaks*. The Growlers are dark, moody and sexy. This spring sees the band touring through Salt Lake City on March 8, playing Austin's SXSW, the sold out, two-weekend-long *Coachella*, and releasing their third album, *Hung at Heart*.

Although themes of death crept through their first two albums, the same won't be the case for *Hung at Heart*, according to Nielsen. "[For] this one, we went away from that death. There is a lot of everything, but definitely more happy songs and love songs." The change of mood isn't the only thing different about their upcoming third album. While The Growlers have traditionally self-recorded in a studio in Costa Mesa, for this album they relocated to record in **Dan Auerbach's** (of **The Black Keys**) Nashville studio. "We played a show with him and he hit us up and told us to check out his studio when we were in Nashville," says Nielsen. "As soon as my guys saw it, and started playing with all his toys, it was like 'we gotta record here.'" Although Nielsen admits he isn't much of a gear-head, he acknowledges Auerbach has some great vintage equipment, but more importantly, his equipment is quality, and because of this, the recording process was quicker and smoother than it has been in the past.

"When we [record], it's low budget machines that are always breaking because our stuff is so ghetto. [Then it's] us having to fix it, sell it and then buy new [equipment]. It takes a long while just waiting for everything to work," says Nielsen. The Growlers recorded 19 songs in 10 days and Nielsen says they plan to cut the final number down to 13 and hope to release the album in April.

Nielsen says it's undeniable that their new recording location had some effect on the album's sound. Although The Growlers have always had a twangy, country influence, being in Nashville allowed those sounds to bleed into the music more often. "Every single bit of Nashville is soaked in country music history. From the gas station bathroom to any street, anywhere you go you see

it," he says. "[There are] definitely more songs about lovers, and [some of] the same old salty lyrics, [but over] nice country songs."

In addition to an increase in country-influenced songs, Nielsen notes that they tried a lot of things in-studio that they'd never attempted before. "There are some songs on there that are kind of '70s funky hip hop sounding," he says. The variety has made it somewhat difficult for Nielsen to tell what will make the final cut—he says his favorite tracks change every time he listens to the recordings, but the "slower, pretty country songs" do stand out. Although the album won't be ready until April or May, Nielsen says they still plan to play some of the new tracks when they come through Salt Lake on March 8. "I don't see any point in stashing them. We are just going to be continually writing songs and making records," he says.

In addition to new songs, the band will be performing with a slightly different line up on this tour. They've moved their former bass player, **Scott Montoya**, to the drums and recruited **Patrick Palomo** to play bass. "Any little change you make, it's pretty difficult, a lot of emotions going on," says Nielsen. "Especially changing a drummer. [It's] a big surgery—a heart transplant—but we've adapted, and it just brings new life."

While music fans across the country are waiting with bated breath for the sold-out *Coachella* shows, Nielsen's excitement level about the festival is subdued. "I've been there before. It's really hot," he says. "We are definitely excited, because everyone around us seems to be really pumped. There is a lot of good energy coming from it." Nielsen admitted that at the time of our interview he wasn't really sure who else was playing, aside from the headliners. "I've heard about **Snoop Dogg** and **Dr. Dre**, but I couldn't give a shit about that. I heard Black Keys are playing, that'd be cool to maybe see Dan."

Being booked for *Coachella* isn't the only thing Nielsen is modest about—while recording with Auerbach and playing the massive Indio music fest may serve as belt notches of success for others, Nielsen doesn't see it that way. "If I quit right now I wouldn't feel like I accomplished very much. Those things are more on other people's lists of what is considered success," he says. "I'm just recording, I'm just a nice guy playing in a festival that is selling things."

Check out The Growlers on March 8 at *Urban Lounge* with the **ALLAH-LAS** and **Spell Talk**.

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BLUE DRESS 23 B-DAY BAND

GODINA

By JP
jp@slugmag.com

If it's nighttime in Salt Lake City, **Justin Godina** is working hard on some Technics—either DJing as he does at residencies, six nights out of the week, or in his basement fixing the broken mechanisms that make the workhorse tables of the industry tick. His instrument is the 1200s, and he's known as the "Mad Scientist of the 1200s," after the infamous Technics SL-1200 turntables that he both plays on as a DJ and repairs as a hobby. A scientist and a rarity in the local scene, Godina is like a modern guitarist/luthier—except he spins funk and soul, not flamenco, and his wood instrument is made of solid metal and direct-drives.

That kind of precise dedication is key in bringing the party to the people as Godina will for *SLUG's Blue Dress Birthday Bash* at *The Woodshed* on February 17 (9 p.m. \$5). If you can't catch Godina at our birthday party, find him at *Bourbon Street* on Sundays, *Bar X* on Mondays, *The Garage* on Wednesdays and the rest of the week at *Maxwell's* (Thursday, Friday and Saturday). This local precision master and fav DJ went to West High School and did regular kid-type shit, skateboarding and basketball, and didn't get into too much trouble with turntables until later in life. But he had his first brush with needles and wheels early on. "When I was four, five or six, I would play disco records before my aunts and uncles went out dancing," Godina says. "I got familiar with the hit songs and how to play records." This was a recurring theme, it seems. "I've always been the guy at the party

screwing with the CD player or trying to be in charge of the music," Godina says. Thankfully for the world, Godina chose another '70s music genre to focus on besides disco—soul and funk—and has been professionally DJing for over 12 years. He recalls the moment he knew he wanted to be a DJ when he heard the scratch on **Herbie Hancock's** "Rockit," a familiar story in the annals of DJ lore. It inspired plenty of kids to ruin their families' sound systems, as Godina did on about 15 to 20 of his relative's needles, attempting a "scratch" when they weren't around.

Godina's kids are about the same age as he was when he started fiddling with turntables. And unlike younger, greener DJs, Godina isn't getting blotto every night. His six-year-old, three-year-old and his wife "keep him in line," he says with gratitude. He used to be a "professional drinker," Godina recalls, but he's had a slight reformation. Once the kids go to sleep, however, Godina goes into beast mode—at the clubs, or in his basement, tinkering with his machines—he's on another trip, entirely fueled by passion for the game. "I've done 50 tables in the last three months—whether it be switching RCAs or internally grounding them," he says about his 1200s repair/mod work. Fortunately, he still has plenty of time to play out when he isn't raising his kids (doing "daddy day care" as he calls it) or fixing 1200s. Part of that time is spent spinning 45s (or 7"s) —Godina has been obsessed with mixing them lately. He had just 20 a year and a half ago, and now he holds over 1,000. Godina spends his time digging in the crates at *Randy's Records* and at *ReSpin Records* in Taylorsville, trying to find that perfect funk line. In case you thought record stores were a

thing of the past, Godina and a local cadre of cats keep it old school. "There's a collection of DJs playing vinyl records. When we play *The Garage* [Soul and Funk night] there will be eight guys that come out and play records. There's myself, **Chase [One2]**, **Finale**, **Sneaky Long**, other **Chase [Street Jesus]**—we're out there," Godina says. Though soul and funk is a particular genre, Godina says, "It's not for everybody, but there's definitely a love for it. I think a lot of people recognize a sample they'll say, 'Oh, there's that **A Tribe Called Quest** sample.' ... Since the invention of Serrato [the do-it-yourself, cookie-cutter DJ computer program] everybody's a DJ, but everyone plays the same stuff: the new top 40 recyclable song of the week. There's something to be said for playing records—I personally enjoy it a lot more. When you're playing on Serrato, you're looking at a waveform you don't even need headphones, you just connect the dots. It's something being lost in a lot of the younger generation of DJs. Give them two records and see if they can put them together without looking at a screen."

Fortunately, Godina will bring his old-school record spinning skills and his extensive music library for *SLUG's* birthday bash. This guy works sans setlist and moves with the crowd, and while he plays songs by artists like **Michael Jackson** and **Run-D.M.C.**, he'll still play more modern fare. Occasionally Godina will throw on some deep-cut favorites from **The Gap Band** and **Bobby Bland**. You'll just have to show up to find out what he's got in mind for us on February 17.

View the outtakes from Chad Kirkland's blue dress photoshoot with Godina, on slugmag.com.

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BLUE DRESS 23 B-DAY BAND

Photo: Chad Kirkland

GOD'S REVOLVER

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

By Alexander Ortega

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The weather has been bleak this winter, without much snowfall—just lonely little tumbleweeds bouncing and rolling through the bars and venues that God's Revolver used to play so frequently. Luckily, God's Revolver will brandish their six-shooters again, as they will play *SLUG's Blue Dress Birthday Bash* on Feb. 17 in full force, with only one little qualm: Singer Reid Rouse says, "I don't know how this one's going to go. I hear we're going to be in dresses."

Though it's true that they will be playing in blue dresses, God's Revolver is sure to impress, because their relationship with whisky is going "fucking great, as always," says drummer Adam Loucks. "The whisky's getting more expensive. We're growing together." The band certainly continues to evince their hellfire disposition in their Facebook profile picture as they burn a crucifix as a reminder of the rock n' roll wrath that they can deliver. Not to paint themselves as hate criminals, though—they did it in the desert, so it's not racist, it's sacrilegious. "There [were] no homes around," says Loucks. Rouse adds, "And we hate Jesus."

God's Revolver plays what they have previously referred to as "whisky-drenched southern rock with a slight hardcore influence." The rock n' roll aspect retains said southern rock vibe, but the band also includes a sense of what they now call "western rock" in their music; western rock being music that finds its roots in the work of

Ennio Morricone, Americana and blues music, which lends their songs a wild-west element. Think *Spindrift* meets *Acid Tiger* meets *Burning Love*. Nowadays, as they have grown as musicians, they have honed their sensitivity to dynamics in their music employing more Americana and including softer parts among the hardcore segments, which slightly redefines their sound as being "not so straight-rip-your-balls off. We're gonna stroke the nuts a few times," Rouse says.

In October of 2009, God's Revolver preliminarily signed on to **Translation Loss Records**. Bassist Elliot Secrist had previously exchanged some jocular shit-talking with **Cable**, a band he likes, wagering that God's Revolver could out-drink Cable. Secrist says, "The drummer called me one day and asked for a CD. I sent it, and we were signed within a day." God's Revolver remains on the label's Internet roster—They just haven't submitted their new release yet, which has precluded them from becoming an "official" fixture on Translation Loss. God's Revolver assures that the record is in the works and that they are just taking their time. The band jokes among themselves that the label ultimately won't like the album, but are more confident than apprehensive. Guitarist Jon Larsen says, "They might just tell us to fuck right off—who knows? But I think they'll still enjoy it. I mean, they signed us because they loved our previous work." They plan to complete the record as soon as possible, aiming for this summer.

We haven't seen God's Revolver on too many marquees lately because each member has

simply been busy: Guitarist Trey Gardner recently bought a house; Rouse works as a machinist; Secrist has been focusing on school and getting into Berkley; Larsen has been into high-fashion modeling; Loucks has been doing drugs. Although this has prevented them from playing as much as they once did, they have embraced their current state of affairs. "I think when you play every week, no one gives a shit," says Rouse. God's Revolver have thereby been "picking and choosing" which shows to play rather than letting people assume they will be performing every week and ultimately choose not to come. Loucks says, "Usually people just come to us and ask. We haven't really gone out of our way and tried to book shows." Secrist adds, "It seems like it's been to our benefit in the fact that we're not playing a lot, 'cause the shows that do come to us end up being really big." The band chooses which shows to play based on the potential success of the event: "We put it on a badass scale, and whatever one's assrest, [we play it]," continues Secrist.

The Woodshed ought to be a rompin' rendezvous on Feb. 17, on account of God's Revolver's rowdy stage antics. In terms of how they approach their live show, Loucks says that they aim to "Utilize all the bar tab given, and probably drink out in the car." The band never rehearses any of their stage performance and prefer to let it come about spontaneously. Secrist says, "Our show's largely the same. We're just older, more badass." Rouse adds that they will probably do a few folk numbers as well. Come out for *SLUG's* and Jon Larsen's birthday bash, and buy him a shot of Canadian Host ... or, like, five.

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Photo: Chad Kirkland

BLUE DRESS

23

B-DAY BAND

PALACE OF BUDDIES

Nick Foster – Drums, Keyboard, Vocals • Tim Myers – Guitar, Keyboard, Vocals

By Cody Kirkland
kirkland.cody@gmail.com

Nick Foster and Tim Myers have made music in Salt Lake in many incarnations over the last 12 years. The two started jamming together in junior high and went on to play in a myriad of other bands of various genres. Myers did time in **Tempered**, whom I watched play a ceiling-tile-destroying hardcore show in my late father's warehouse office when I was a youth. As a counselor at a kids' summer camp, I witnessed Foster's pop-rock band, **My Density**, play a weird gig for a crowd of asthmatic children. Then Foster and Myers were bandmates in metal act **Pushing Up Daisies**, and continued on in more projects than I can name. Palace of Buddies, the current musical incarnation of Foster and Myers, plays an infectious assembly of electro-pop and dance-rock.

I sat down with the Buddies to pick their brains about their evolving sound, their new record and their plans for 2012.

SLUG: As Palace of Buddies, the two of you create music that seems like it should take three or four musicians to make, especially while playing live. How do you manage that?

Myers: In the beginning, we'd have an idea and then we would buy a piece of equipment to try to produce an idea that we had. It got to the point where we had a lot of stuff. It takes a long time to set up ...

Foster: I did drums and keyboards at the same

time in Pushing Up Daisies, so that fueled that idea ... We both sing, I can do keyboards and drums, and Tim can play the keyboard with his feet with a little MIDI controller organ-pedal thing.

SLUG: In last year's *SLUG* interview with **it foot, it ears, Jason Rabb** told us that Foster imposed a rule for Rabb as the guitarist: no strumming. Does Palace of Buddies have any musical rules?

Foster: I used to have a hard time incorporating the MIDI playback thing. I wanted it to be all live ... I used to be like, "Fuck, man, not the computer. I don't want to be one of those bands." ... I want to sound like a two-piece more often. Tim wants to have a big sound and I want to have sparseness sometimes. That's always something in the back of my head, a rule I want to enforce that doesn't come naturally to us.

SLUG: You released your new album, *Summertimes*, in September. How do you feel about *Summertimes* compared to your first record?

Myers: The first record was written when we didn't have a lot of the equipment that we have now. It's definitely progressed. The first album, Nick recorded. ... I think we went back and forth a little more on this album.

Foster: I felt like I put more of a concept into the first one than this one. I don't like one more than the other. I think this one maybe sounds a little better because we had more gear and we had more know-how ... I think it just sounds more poppy. It's less harsh than the first one.

SLUG: Why do you choose to self-record?

Foster: Because it's cheaper and we can take as much time as we want. If we had a good engineer—if we were going to **Andy [Patterson]** or *Counterpoint* or something—we could probably get something that sounds more "studio pop" legit, but that's not what we want.

SLUG: Are there any musicians, local or otherwise, that you would like to make music with?

Foster: There are some classical instrumentalists that I'd like to write for or conduct or have the opportunity to have them realize some scores that are chamber music. **Jason Hardink**, the principal pianist for the **Utah Symphony**, I'd like to work with that guy.

Myers: There are musicians in Salt Lake City that I definitely admire. **David Williams** is a pretty amazing guitar player. I like watching him. **Mike Torretta [Laserfang]** is a pretty cool drummer ... Salt Lake has plenty of really talented musicians.

The Buddies have plenty more planned for this year. They have already begun work on a third Palace of Buddies album and plan to go on a couple week-long tours. Foster is expecting to release some solo material and possibly go on the road and overseas with **Ether**. Myers plans to release a motion-picture soundtrack album from his film scoring work on *Ryan Baxter Reenactor*. Make sure to put on your blue dress and join Palace of Buddies as they get the party poppin' at *SLUG's Blue Dress Birthday Bash* on Feb. 17 at *The Woodshed*.



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MANY MANY MASKS

An Interview with Julian Carr

Photo & Words By Katie Panzer
panzerphotography@gmail.com

Discrete owner Julian Carr currently holds two world records for cliff jumps done in 2006.

Julian Carr is a man of many masks—pro skier, entrepreneur, college graduate, published writer and world record holder. He is also a man of dedication and commitment, traits that helped him achieve his success both as a professional skier and as owner of Discrete Headwear. Through all this, he's still humble and unassuming, grounded in his love and passion for skiing.

Growing up in Salt Lake City allowed Carr to nurture his love of skiing. Although most local pros start skiing before kindergarten, Carr was a die-hard skateboarder until his tween years. "I didn't start skiing until eighth grade. I grew up skateboarding and playing team sports. I just felt so at home on skis, just like a skateboard," he says. He credits growing up near the Cottonwood Canyons for his passion, "Being in Utah, the snow that we get enabled me to find cliffs and jumps right away. That's why I fell in love with it ... If I [had learned] somewhere where there was only racing or moguls, I never would have been into it," he says. After high school, Carr attended the University

of Utah so he could keep his health insurance and continue skiing. Balancing school and a passion like skiing can be challenging—powder days frequently win out over going to class. Even though skiing was his main concern in life, school never took a backseat. "I graduated with 160 hours, so I have an unofficial master's degree. During winter semester, I would just take online and night classes so I could ski every day," he says. Instead of the traditional four-year college experience, Carr spent six years in school, which kept him insured and allowed him to earn enough credits for his honorary master's. In 2004, he graduated with a B.S. in economics and his skiing career was able to take center stage. Carr started Discrete before he had gone pro or even graduated college. "At the time, I was waiting tables and in school, and the only thing I could afford was a couple grand worth of beanies to stick my label on," he says. After that, he began making beanies to give out to all of his friends in the industry. By 2008, there was enough of a demand for the beanies for Carr to launch his company.

Discrete is a unique company in that it is universally attractive to both skiers and snowboarders. In an industry where there is so much rivalry between the two groups, a company that caters to both is hard to come by. But including both skiers and snowboarders was a no-brainer for Carr. "My philosophy is, if you're in the mountains having fun, then I'm okay with you. I don't care what's on your feet, that's who I want to support," he says. Discrete boasts both a ski team and a snow team, each full of world-class athletes. "When you're at that level of athleticism and danger, you're just a fan of anybody out there that's doing something athletically really well. It doesn't matter whether you're a skier or a snowboarder," he says. This respect for everyone out on the snow is what Discrete is not only built on, but thrives on. Besides having sick designs, Discrete's fluidity between the different snow sports is really what has made it so successful.

Carr's skiing career and his company came about around the same time, just before he graduated college. "My last semester in college was when I came up with the name Discrete in a computer science class called

Discrete Structures," he says. Discrete developed alongside his skiing career, but it could have gone completely differently. "I was really into skiing, but I wasn't pro yet and I was fascinated with creating a brand name. If a brand had taken off for me right then, before my skiing, it could have been a different story," he says.

With college out of the way, Carr was free to travel and focus on creating a career out of his passion. "Just really understanding the business sense of it enabled me to make a career out of something I loved," he says. Carr's degree in economics helped him realize his potential value to ski companies and, at age 22, he finally went pro. Passion and business sense can only get you so far—talent and skill are what really pushed Carr into the pro spotlight.

In his early days, Carr competed in slopestyle competitions: "When I very first started getting into skiing, I tried a few of them. I had my big mountain skis and I'd be trying fakie tricks. That's when ... just doing a fakie 180 was unheard of," he says. "I found I didn't love [slopestyle] nearly as much as I loved powder and cliffs," he says. Since finding his passion in big mountain skiing, Carr has set two world records for cliff drops.

Carr says cliffs were a natural progression of his skiing for him. "It wasn't all of a sudden one day I was like, 'I'm going to go out and jump a gigantic cliff and it's going to be a world record,'" he says. Starting small, five or ten feet, Carr worked his way up to cliffs that tower hundreds of feet in the air. He currently holds two world records. One for the highest cliff with an invert: He threw a front flip off of a 210-foot cliff in Switzerland in 2006. The other, he did right here at home—dropping a 140-foot cliff at *Snowbird* during the 2006 *U.S. Freeskiing Nationals*, earning him the record for highest cliff in a competition. Between traveling, shooting photos and blowing up the *Guinness Book of World Records*, Carr still finds time to maintain his business, Discrete Headwear.

While Carr loves skiing, he realizes that a career as a professional skier is fleeting. "I knew that my shelf life was ultimately limited as an athlete, and I loved skiing enough that I wanted to create something so I could still exist in it," he says. His company gives him a tie to the ski industry that isn't reliant on the continued existence of the cartilage in his knees. Besides that, Carr also sees it as a creative outlet. "Having something like Discrete ... still utilizes all of the aspects of my brain that [are] non-skiing and [gives me] the ability to be an entrepreneur," he says.

Even though they matured together, he says his skiing career has definitely helped him build his company. "I think that being a pro skier really helped me get platforms of exposure for my company. All the relationships I had with other athletes that were top level—they were friends with me so they were happy to support the brand," he says. Getting pros to rock your gear is the best recipe for success in this business, and that's exactly how Carr went about it. In addition to being homies with all the best athletes, Carr's relationships with the media also helped him achieve success.

Balancing a life with multiple careers is no easy task, but Carr seems to manage it without completely losing his shit—and that takes talent. "From May until January, I'm pretty much business man in Utah. So December and January I can still be here shooting photos and skiing everyday. Then, after the trade shows are done in January, I can travel and do my whole skiing-career side of things," he says. Most of us would be content to hone a single talent, but Carr isn't the type to settle for just one. He is a gifted skier and businessman, and it doesn't look like he plans on dropping either of those anytime soon.

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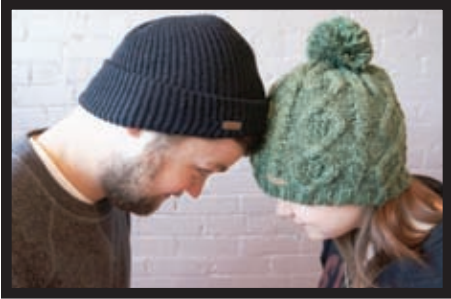
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Rentals available in the Grizzly Center. Please arrive one hour prior to beginning of class.



PRODUCT REVIEWS

Discrete

Skew and Splay Beanies
Discreteheadwear.com



There are probably more outerwear companies based in Utah than there are LDS church buildings, so finding a company that makes decent gear can sometimes be overwhelming. If you need help wading through the crap, just look to Discrete. Their men’s Skew beanie is a bank-robber-style fold-up. It’s 100% acrylic and is the only beanie I own that doesn’t make my head itch all day. It’s plain black and has a small, metal tag of their pyramid logo on the fold. The Splay is a women’s beanie, which is also 100% acrylic, but has an interesting cabled pattern and a ball on the top. I would highly suggest either of these beanies for both style and warmth.
–Chris Proctor

DPS

Wailer 112RP Hybrid Skis
Dpsskis.com
Stemming from a background in creating unique ski designs, DPS has delivered what they are calling “the game changer.” The Wailer 112RP is a freeride powder ski that chews up the mountain and puts a smile on your face. A rockered tip and tail coupled with an aggressive side cut makes this ski a delight to ride in a variety of conditions. DPS is also playing it smart and developing a Hybrid model that is composed of fiberglass, carbon and bamboo. This trifecta of materials allows the Wailer to be super light-weight, yet beautifully responsive and stiff. It excels in soft snow, but can be railed on hard pack like the finest GS ski. If you were to couple this with a Dynafit A/T binding, you would have one of the smoothest touring set-ups on the block. DPS has found its diamond in the rough with the Wailer, and it is sure to turn some heads with its flashy, yellow top sheet. DPS has recently moved to SLC and you can fondle their works of art at their ski salon on 1549 S. 1100 E.
–Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Glitch Wear

Coffee Messenger Bag
Glitchwear.com



The Glitch Wear Coffee Bag brings two of my favorite things together into one: coffee and bags. Each bag is made of a coffee burlap sack, and then lined with a fabric that adds its own bit of character to make it pop. This particular 15-inch messenger bag is made of a Sumatra Rare coffee burlap sack (now I am craving a cup...). Both the strap and pockets are lined with royal blue fabric that tie in with the hot pink print of an elephant on the outside flap. However, each bag is one of a kind. The lining is different and some of the graphics are extremely rare, so you don’t ever have to worry about running into someone with the same bag as you. Even though these bags are handmade, they are durable, which is a plus for every bag owner. This messenger bag is built for the mover, the maker, the street walker and the traveler. Overall, this bag is great: handmade, one-of-a-kind and built to last. Glitch Wear is a local company, so you can pick up their bags at *Sugarhouse Coffee* in SLC, at *Atticus* in Park City or online at *glitchwear.com*. Read the extended review on *slugmag.com*. –Karamea Puriri

Kush

Eau de Parfum
Kushperfume.com
This unisex fragrance isn’t something you’re likely to smell me sporting every day, but it’s a solid addition to my scent arsenal—which is usually just Dr. Bronner’s Tea Tree soap. I forego all other fragrance because, frankly, they smell like artificial bullshit. At least this is something I can wear and people won’t think I’d just walked out of Abercrombie & Fitch. Some of the *SLUG* staff didn’t like it as much as I initially did. In fact, *SLUG* sales rep **Jemie Sprankle** compared it to an “eighth grade dance.” Regardless, I dig it. It kinda reminds me of bud, which is what it’s supposed to do. Kush comes in 1 ounce bottles



and is made locally, which is a plus. Be grateful when you smell me wearing this because it means I haven’t taken a shower recently and would smell even worse without the musky overtones that Kush carries. –JP

Logitech

Ultimate Ears Custom In-Ear Monitors
Logitech.com/ue



If you’re as obsessed with getting the best audio from your MP3 player as I am, then you’re probably just as pissed off at companies like Sony and Apple with their “one size fits all” earbuds that do nothing for quality control—if they even fit and stay in your ear to begin with. The best way to go is with a custom-fit bud like you see musicians and singers wearing on stage. Logitech has developed their own brand of custom-cast designs called Ultimate Ears. Getting fitted isn’t the greatest feeling, as you’ll have to get a mold of your ear canal for a proper fit, but you can’t really argue with the results once you try them on for the first time. These buds block out most sound from the outside

world and directly feed whatever you’re listening to right to the eardrum. The upside: it’s the clearest audio you’ll ever get on any device. The downside: it’s a snug and sometimes aching fit with no volume control on the wiring. Despite the price (which will set you back between \$449 and \$1,350 for the custom-cast) they’re well worth it. Logitech also offers quality everyday earphones starting at \$19.99. —Gavin Sheehan

Planet Bike
Borealis Winter Full-Finger Cycling Gloves
Planetbike.com
Having recently moved from the dry, snowy winters of Salt Lake City to the moldy bike mecca that is Portland, Ore., I quickly discovered that the winter-riding gloves that I was utilizing in Salt Lake were not going to cut it here. I began what became somewhat of a daunting task to find a pair of gloves that could be windproof (a vital need as an all-weather cyclist) and keep my hands DRY in Portland’s rainy climate. Padding and warmth were also important factors, as well as a good fit (i.e. not bulky/puffy). The Borealis truly fits the bill, as there are a myriad of possibilities with these gloves. They come with fleece liners, keeping my hands snug and toasty on the inside, protected with the outer shell layer, which is a synthetic windproof and water-resistant material, with long neoprene cuffs that you can arrange with your jacket to keep water out and heat in. Depending on the range of temperatures, I can ride with liners-sans-shell, or vice-versa. All are easy to dry, and to take on and off, and best of all, THEY AREN’T PUFFY. The two-finger lobster design is nice for keeping those little digits warm, but the first two fingers are still independent, and give you the range of motion and dexterity to brake quickly or flip the bird to that dude who cut you off. I do wish there was a little more padding on the palms of the shells, but as everything else exceeded my expectations at a price that’s pretty much unbeatable, I am not going to complain about it. Because of these gloves, I am actually looking forward to bombing the hills in the freezing-cold downpours with total confidence. —Mary Houdini

POWER A
Batarang Controller for Xbox 360
Powera.com
I am of the opinion that Microsoft’s Xbox 360 controller is one of the best video game controllers ever—the buttons are laid out logically and the controller’s size accommodates both those with freakishly small hands and monstrously large hands. The one problem I’ve always had, though, is that the standard Xbox 360 controller is not shaped like a Batarang. Finally, Power A has heard my prayers and answered them with the release of their Batarang controller to coincide with the excellent *Batman: Arkham City* video game. The controller looks pretty goddamn slick, and there’s even a button that lights up several LEDs within the body, illuminating the controller in a variety of colors. Also, if you throw the Batarang controller at your dastardly roommate’s face, it will fucking hurt—I know from experience. The only drawback of the Xbox 360 version is that it is not wireless (though

the Playstation 3 Batarang controller is). There is a silver lining, however, as you can plug this bad boy into a USB port and use it on your PC (or your Mac, if you are a hipster/supervillain). Plus, I look pretty awesome playing with the Batarang controller while wearing nothing but my Batman underwear. —Ricky Vigil

RAMP Sports
Peacepipe Skis
Rampsports.com



Riders, Artists, Musicians Project (RAMP) is a new company based in Park City that is making some exciting products for snow sliders. Driven by a mission to deliver skis and boards to the masses at factory-direct pricing, RAMP is the everyman’s ski company. The Peacepipe is a big mountain ski that is capable of slaying any slope and fits the bill for powder lovers across the globe. Its rockered tip and flat tail make it extremely versatile and predictable at high speed. I enjoyed taking these sticks out to the Peruvian Cirque at Snowbird for some figure 11s. It is nice to feel so solid while pointing ‘em straight, and the burly construction keeps the vibrations out. As the season moves on and we start to get more snow, be on the lookout for these rad machines to be blazing up the powder and leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. For more info, check out *rampsports.com*. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Spy Optic
Trevor Goggles
Spyoptic.com
The first thing I noticed about the Trevor goggles, aside from their awesome blue-purple color, was how comfortable they are. I don’t like stuff on my face or head—that’s why I wear contacts instead of glasses, would rather listen to music on speakers than headphones and wear only as much makeup as will hide my acne—but I didn’t mind wearing these goggles for a day



on the slopes. They’re super light and flexible, and on top of that, never fogged up, due to the “polycarbonate cylindrical lens,” which sounds super technical, but I think it refers to the vents on the top of the lens covered in a soft mesh material. The foam that lines the goggles and rests on your face has moisture repelling “Dri-Force” fleece, which kept the sweat on my face to a minimum, unlike the last pair of goggles I had that left me with super unattractive sweat rings around my face. If you’re looking for a solid pair of goggles that look good and do the job for a reasonable price (\$79.95), look no further than Spy’s Trevor goggles. —Esther Meroño

Sugoi Apparel
Versa Wind Mitt
Sugoi.com
Let me be perfectly frank with you: I am not a regular runner, but I am actively outdoors throughout much of the fall and winter seasons, and I am a huge supporter of warm hands, so I jumped on the opportunity to review some good gloves. These sleek gloves are lightweight, comfortable and breathe easily. Much like my trusted long-johns, the gloves also effectively manage any moisture my hands might produce. These are convertible mitts, so they function normally as fingered gloves, but they have a wind shell that you can pull out of the top of the glove to cover your fingers and provide a little bonus protection against the elements by providing additional insulation and reducing wind chill. The wind shell is fluorescent to give you a little peace of mind while running, biking or walking your pooch in the dark. I am a big fan of the rubber grips on the fingers, which are helpful for driving or picking up change in the street. These gloves are surprisingly warm for how thin they are—I was pretty comfortable down to about 25 degrees for a prolonged period of time (2-3 hours) without using the wind shell. The fact that they fit easily in my back pocket or the pocket of a jacket has made them my go-to gloves. —Ben Trentelman

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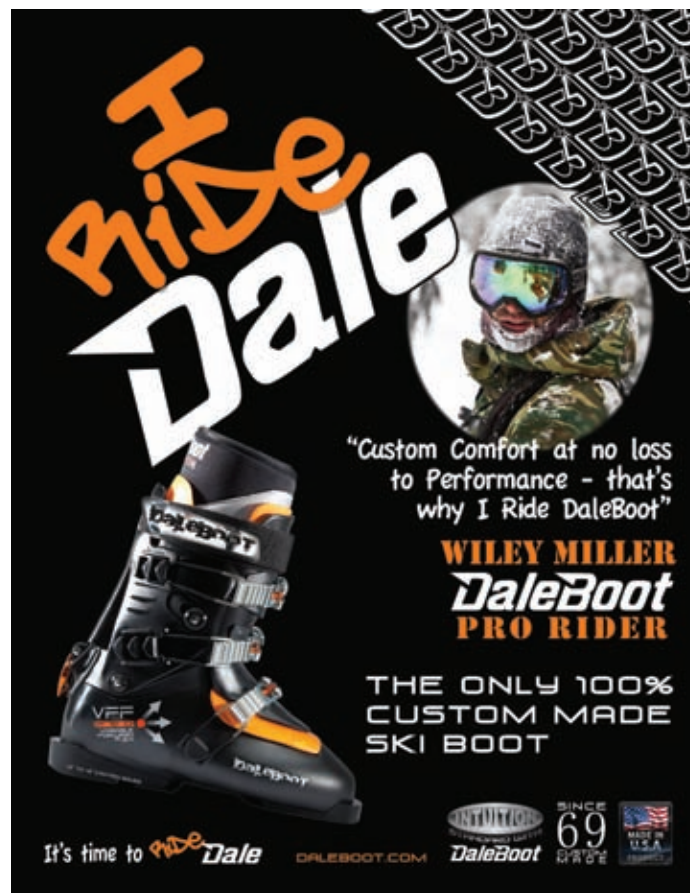
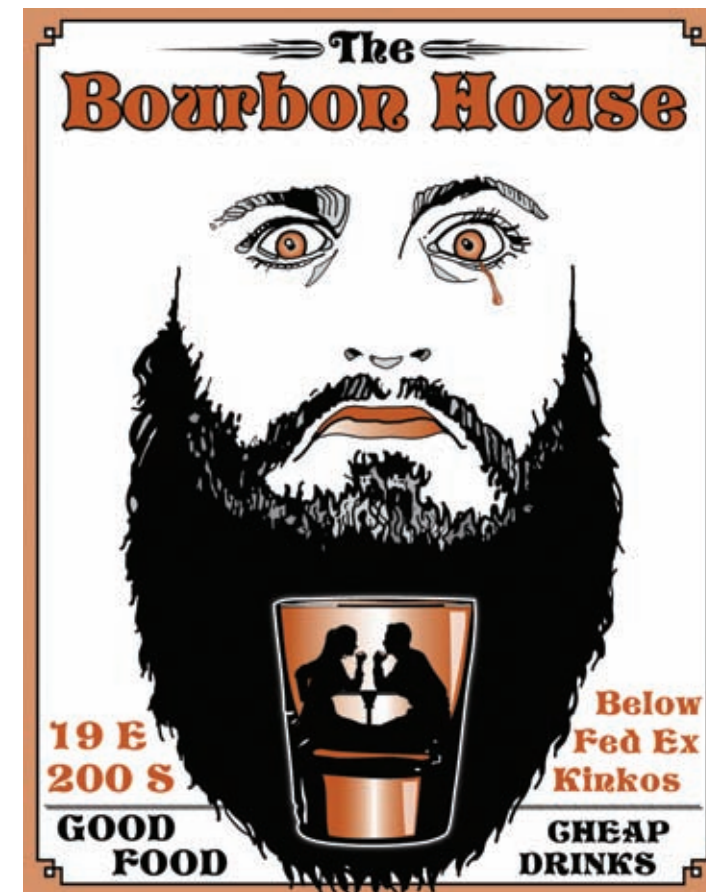
slugmag.com 43



PHOTO FEATURE

Words and Photos:
Andy Wright
andy@andywrightphoto.com

Bode Merrill recently told me about his affection for clubstep and raves. That is the moment I knew he was into drugs. Perhaps I'm jumping to conclusions here and underestimating the amount of head trauma he's sustained from snowboarding. I decided to do some research into this second theory and found that Bode actually has his very own blog dedicated to one of the nastiest of all snowboarding wrecks—the scorpion (landing on your face so hard your lower body bends backwards to the point of looking like a scorpion's tail). This site isn't just about any old scorpion—it's the kind induced from sliding rails in a non-ninety degree fashion, or as it's commonly known—the zeach. The former isn't always the result of the latter here, but there are plenty of examples of cause and effect. *Hanszeachscorpion.blogspot.com* is much more than cheap laughs at other people's painful expense. The majority of the content is just the humiliation of being caught in the act of one of snowboarding's biggest faux pas—the zeach—regardless of the outcome. Some of the snow world's biggest hotshots, both past and present, are featured being caught red-handed in the despicable act of "zeaching." As you might expect, this has certainly ruffled some feathers among the elite boarders. Perhaps they missed the part where Bode makes fun of himself and his friends on a regular basis for committing this atrocious act. It's all done in the name of fun and don't be surprised if you see some outtakes from this shoot on the blog someday. Mad zeaches before hitting the 90-degree mark on this frontside board transfer. As Bode always says, "Keep it 90, bro," or my personal favorite, "Life's a zeach, then you scorp."





Paxon Alexander disaster lip in one of *Snowbasin's* many terrain parks.

Photo: Jesse Anderson

LIVE DEW-DS

EXPOSING SNOWBASIN

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

Tim Eastley came to *Snowbasin* about four years ago. He got his start as a park manager by chance. While working at *Seven Springs* in Pennsylvania, Eastley was approached to help build some features because of his competitive boarder cross experience. "If you hit them, then you should be able to build them," explained his manager. Turns out he was right in this case, and Eastley slowly began to assemble a park. As his skills improved, so did the resort's reputation. Word spread quickly, and soon he was offered an opportunity to help rebuild *Breckenridge's* terrain parks. It was here that he was able to hone his skills and meet some of the industry's major players, including *Snow Park Technologies*, the same guys that design and build each year's *Dew Tour* course. When he was offered the job at *Snowbasin*, Eastley jumped on the opportunity to, once again, turn a resort's image around. Since his hiring, Eastley has increased the number of terrain parks and their features exponentially. This year, *Basin* will have five parks open, ranging in size and difficulty, including a 22-foot half pipe and jib garden. With a few of his team riders, we were off to explore the terrain. Despite a lack of natural snow, conditions here proved to be a little better than the Cottonwood Canyons that I had been riding for the past few days. After we cruised high speed rollers to the site of the future half pipe, I learned why. *Snowbasin* has the second largest snow-making system in America (with its sister mountain, *Sun Valley*, holding number one). Eastley explained to me that, with or without the weather's cooperation, they would still be able to build all the features designed for the *Dew Tour*, even if they had to start blowing snow two months prior. Setting up such a course is no walk in the park. In order to get the features up to specific sizes, over 600 million gallons of frozen water must be farmed and moved and then shaped. "They'll bring out four groomers and the 22-foot pipe dragon is brought in from California," Eastley says. The build process takes a total of two-to-three weeks around the clock and will continue up until the first day of the contest. After the tour,



Blowing snow for the pipe.

Photo: Jesse Anderson



Photo: Jesse Anderson

Park manager Tim Eastley has helped turn multiple resort's images around with his work on their terrain parks.

From February 9-12, some of the world's biggest names in skiing and snowboarding will be returning to Utah. For the third consecutive year, *Alli Sports Winter Dew Tour* will be holding its competition at *Snowbasin*. This year, like last, Ogden's resort will serve as the final venue for the three-part series. With an estimated influx of up to 45,000-plus spectators expected over four days, a ton of coordinating and planning has to take place to ensure that the event exceeds expectations. Over the past years, this particular stop has proven successful—breaking attendance records daily and providing *Snowbasin* with a ton of exposure. In order to learn how this competition found its way to Utah, I met with the guys behind the scenes and spent a day on the hill. I had been to *Snowbasin* before, both on assignment and through on-snow demos, and while I did get to explore a little of the mountain, I had no idea what this place really has to offer. I remembered, however, that they had the greatest porcelain thrones in one of the classiest lodges I had ever seen.

As myself and photographer **Jesse Anderson** arrived, we were greeted by **Jason Dyer**, public relations and marketing manager. A one-time aspiring professional and now a veteran in the industry, Dyer was hired on last year. After getting bored of his sales career, Dyer was eager to get back into the marketing side of the industry. After a few phone calls and numerous interviews, he was hired with the intent of expanding *Basin's* image as a "family-friendly, youth-oriented resort." Using his contacts from the past year, Dyer was able to put *Basin* back on the map in terms of media exposure. By getting photos in major publications and setting up future shoots, Dyer's goal is to let the people know that this resort is not just for your mom and dad. "We want to be an all-encompassing family resort," he says. While the parents are out enjoying wide groomers or open powder bowls, the little tykes can spend the day lapping the parks. The *Dew Tour* especially plays a large role in helping establish the resort as a legitimate, park-friendly mountain. And with that being said, we were given a couple of day passes and sent out to meet up with the terrain park manager.



Photo: Jesse Anderson

Marketing Manager Jason Dyer was hired last season to expand *Snowbasin's* image as a youth-oriented resort.

the half pipe and actual slope-style course will be open to the public for the rest of the season. In the meantime, we were left to play in the small and medium sized parks and jib garden, whose setup, Eastley tells me, has changed over six times so far. This allows them to make weekly park edits for the team (also a first this year) without the features getting stale. This seems hard to do when you have over 55 features at your disposal.

As we passed the high-powered snow blowers, we saw, to the skier's left, the awaiting slope-style course. Directly below the pipe is an unloading chairlift and parking lot. Due to the setup, the *Dew Tour* is a natural fit. The lift provides access from the base lodge and the lot allows for ease of "load in and load out" of equipment for the contest itself. When *Alli* expressed interest in having *Snowbasin* host the tour, it was a no-brainer. "I had good working history with the SPT guys and, logistically, it made sense," says Eastley. Not many resorts would be able to house an additional mass amount of people, but *Basin's* setup allows the event to be "self-contained" as Dyer put it. This allows people easy access to the events without taking away from

the mountain's regular visitors. "I actually urge customers to come up and ski during the tour," Dyer says. The venue also provides the best "TV look." Sunny skies, condensed fans and great snow conditions allow for max exposure, as the events are broadcasted live. "We have the greatest mountain operations staff I've ever worked with, from the lifties to the managers," Eastley says. This allows the event to run smooth, constantly. All these factors combine, and this is why *Basin* is the championship stop on the tour.

After a full-day tour of riding with some ripping kids and chatting with Dyer and Eastley, I realized that *Snowbasin* isn't just a skier's resort. These guys are working extremely hard on turning the resort into a player. "The South has *Snowbird* and *Brighton*, the east *Park City*, we want to be that for the north," Dyer says. With an expansion of freestyle parks in addition to any natural terrain imaginable, they should have no problem fulfilling this dream in the next few years. So, before the *Dew Tour* comes to town from Feb. 9-12 and exposes our dirty little secret to the world, I suggest you take the hour or less drive north and experience *Snowbasin* for yourself.

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01.13.12	SNOWBASIN	ON COURSE RIDERS MEETING	5:15 PM
01.20.12	BRIGHTON	AMS	5:30 PM
02.03.12	PARK CITY	OPEN	6:00 PM
02.10.12	BRIGHTON	AMS FINAL	6:30 PM
03.02.12	PARK CITY	OPEN FINAL	7:00 PM
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Illustration by Ryan Perkins

Beautiful Godzilla: Bike Love
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful powder blue converted fixie with a patent faux-leather saddle and shiny, lacquered cork handlebar tape. Its sturdy road wheels had rich, brown deep-Vs, the front clasped on with a convenient quick release to fix flats in a jiffy when on the go. The bicycle's owner had purchased a mini Kryptonite lock, just wide enough to fit around the bicycle's sturdy chromoly frame and the bike racks it was frequently locked to around town.

One day, the bicycle's owner got super wasted at a local bar and, too drunk to bike home, decided to hail a cab instead. Left alone, its frame hugging the cold black curve of the bike rack, the bicycle cowered under the shadow of the night sky. As her owner drooled into a pillow under the soft light of stick-on glow-in-the-dark stars, the beautiful bicycle was quickly spotted and ravaged by the greedy hands of the night. The sun dawned upon the tragic scene: Hastily stripped of its wheels, saddle and handlebars, a bare blue frame leaned against the bike rack, hanging by its top tube from the thick lock that still clung to the cold steel, the oiled chain pulled off its teeth and coiled on the sidewalk.

The owner returned for the bicycle two days later, a testament of how little the bicycle was loved and appreciated. Angry at the inconvenient mess the slaughter had caused, the owner kicked at the frame, said, "Fuck it, I wanted a Pista anyway," and left the bike to the elements. Abandoned, the bicycle laid alone for nearly a

month, its beautiful blue paint job chipped and marred with dirt, the chain rusted and dry. The scene was so dismal that documentary photographer **Mark Vuorinen** did not have the heart to pick up his camera and add it to his collection of dying bicycles on skeletonsnyc.com.

Fortunately, there are people in this world who can look past the sad wreckage left behind by others and see beauty and potential. Acknowledged by a local pedalophile, the bicycle was cut from its Kryptonite noose, and after 90 days inside the evidence room at the *SLPD*, set free to start a new life at the *Bicycle Collective*. You see, thanks to the efforts of the **Mayor's Bicycle Advisory Committee**, a resolution was passed in 2009 giving all unclaimed bicycles to the non-profit organization. At the *Collective*, the bicycle was put in the loving hands of volunteers, who gently uncovered its powder blue paint and found the perfect saddle and handlebars to complement it.

Walking into the shop, a bright-eyed young woman explained to the gentleman who welcomed her that she didn't have much money, but she desperately needed a bicycle so she could start racing in alleycats and going to *Critical Mass* and *Sundae Shuffle*. The powder blue frame immediately caught her eye. After getting just the right fit and signing up for some volunteer hours to learn more on how to maintain her new friend, the woman rode down West Temple with a grin on her face, a beautiful new relationship blooming as she pedaled.

Forget the chocolates and the flowers and your relationship status this Valentine's. True love is a bicycle.

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SKATEBOARDS

A MAGNET FOR CRAZY

By Giuseppe Ventrella
info@slugmag.com

If there is a crazy bum in my general area, they'll usually head straight for me and spark up a conversation. It doesn't matter if I have a skateboard or not—bums love to talk to me—but the attraction is especially strong with a skateboard. As a photographer, this could turn out great, as I have had many bums ask me to take a photo of them.

At first, I thought it was something about my personality. I just naturally emitted some scent or aura that drew crazy people to me. It offered me the advantage, photo-wise. The ultimate photography cliché—portraits of the homeless—falls into my lap quite often and I don't have to ask permission or try to be sneaky. However, I usually refuse unless they insist (as seen on this page) because that shit is boring and we all know it. Eventually, though, I realized it's something to do with being a skateboarder. I've noticed that some of my friends have a stronger crazy magnet than I do.

I like skating with my friend, **Jovi Bathemess**, not only because he's genuinely awesome, but he gives me a break from all the time I spend talking to random strangers (usually bums). On a recent weekend at *Liberty Park*, an obviously drunk man was sitting in his wheelchair while we skated. A lot of people walked by this guy without paying any attention to him whatsoever. But when Jovi skated past, it was like he was suddenly awakened by the magnetic draw of a skateboarder in his immediate bubble. He asked Jovi if he could push him over to 7-11 so he could go to church. When Jovi asked him if he was really going to church, he replied "Nah man, I just want a beer."

Just to clarify, not all homeless people are drawn to skateboarders. There are plenty of individuals and families who happen to be down on their luck and without a home, and these people have nothing to do with your average skateboarder. But if they're bat-shit crazy and lacking in proper shelter, you can bet that they will be drawn to talk to any skateboarder.

Some of it makes sense, as skateboarders generally tend to spend a lot of time downtown in major metropolitan areas, just like bums. It's possible bums feel a kinship because skateboarders might be the only normal adults they see who aren't business types. Maybe it's the idea of having some genuine human interaction without having to hit someone up for change or beer money.

Another commonality skateboarders share with bums is that no one wants us around. On my first trip to New York City, I noticed how insane the skate stoppers were on the benches in Midtown Manhattan. The skate stoppers had these crazy spikes on them. It was only after closer inspection that I realized they weren't skate stoppers, they were "bum stoppers." The spikes were put in place to keep bums from sleeping on the benches. They served a dual purpose, unintentionally, of keeping bums and skateboarders from using prime architecture and so-called public space.

Bums are also willing to explore parts of the city where your average suit won't go. The alleys that smell like piss and are full of waste from nice restaurants are popular bum haunts. Oddly enough, skateboarders tend to explore these same areas. The constant search for new spots often leads a skateboarder to the home of a bum. This is one of the exceptions where bums tend to get unfriendly with skateboarders. I have seen many sessions ruin a bum's day by making too much noise during the

mandatory daytime drunk-napping. I have also seen it go the other direction, even to the point of having that bum defecate at the bottom of a bank because he was so angry at the noise.

I am also consistently amazed at how many bums used to skate and how many insist they were once pro. Cops often insist the same thing, but skateboarders' relationship with cops is a little more complex and jilted, and is a whole other story. No demographic seems to have more former skateboarders than bums.

Moments before the run-in with Jovi and the guy needing a beer, I went to get a drink from the fountain, and another bum I see quite often asked to try a shove-it on my skateboard while telling me over and over again "I used to skate." Two run-ins don't usually happen back to back, but the stars must have been aligned that day to make the magnet especially strong.

The epiphany I came to from analyzing this whole situation with my "intense sociological training" is that skateboarders and bums both lack the capacity to be average people. Individualism and expression run rampant among skateboarders and bums. To a responsible adult with a lot of material possessions to lose, this comes across as a sign of mental illness. Maybe it's anger due to the subconscious desire to live life with the kind of unbridled freedom that comes from not giving a fuck, whether it's pushing a skateboard down the street at 3 a.m. or pushing a shopping cart in the same fashion.

Charles Bukowski may have said it best: "Some people never go crazy, what truly horrible lives they must lead." I'll take my bum friends over your upper-class friends any day. See you downtown.



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GALLERY STROLL

Art Has a New Home
 By Mariah Mann Mellus
 mariah@slugmag.com

Salt Lake City has a new *Arts Hub*. Normally, an "Arts Hub" earns its name over months or years, but if you're **Derek Dyer**, Executive Director of the **Utah Arts Alliance** (UAA), and your programs serve over 50,000 people throughout the year, and you just acquired a 30,000 square foot building, I think you have the right to call it an "Arts Hub."

Dyer has a knack for finding unused space and filling it with art. Under his direction, the Utah Arts Alliance has revitalized several buildings in their eight-year existence. When Dyer mentioned to the **Redevelopment Agency** (RDA) that he needed more space and would like to have more UAA programs under one roof, they gladly directed him to the vacant construction company offices at 663 West 100 South. Along with the support of Salt Lake City, Dyer was able to secure a five-year lease with an additional five-year option, which should allow plenty of time for him to prove the lofty namesake.

Dyer isn't completely new to this neighborhood, or to utilizing large vacant spaces. Prior to the Gateway's opening, only artists and club-goers braved the wild-west side of 300 West. Derek leased a large warehouse space at 100 South 500 West known as *The Warehouse*. *The Warehouse* housed avant-garde performance art like **The Bindlestiff Family Cirkus**, large group shows, installations and artist receptions. Like this new space, it had plenty of room for opportunity, creativity and community to come together to make something magnificent. Now back on the same street almost a decade later, Dyer and the Utah Arts Alliance can continue their mission: "To foster the arts in all forms."

The arts community has been very welcoming and, understandably, has high hopes for this new center of activity. Neighbors have already shown up to welcome UAA to the neighborhood, and many of the 35 available studio spaces have



Derek Dyer, Executive Director of the Utah Arts Alliance, recently secured a five-year lease for the Arts Hub, which will house 35 studio spaces, a performance space, meeting rooms and office space for non-profits.

been spoken for. The *Arts Hub* has a spacious performance space, private studios, community meeting rooms, office space for non-profits, a copy and printing center, gallery space and hourly studio or photo session space. Current residence and programs include; **Salt Lake Capoeira**, **Samba Fogo**, **B-Boy Federation**, **the Incendiary Circus**, **Cat** and **Blake Palmer**, **Keith Eccles** and the **Gray Wall Gallery**. The *Arts Hub* will house the *Urban Arts Festival*, the UAA permanent collection and the *Connect* events. Eventually, it will house a sculpture garden, events center, ceramics classroom and Mr. Dyer's own, Guinness Book of World Records-certified "World's Largest Disco Ball."

Because revitalizing and keeping the arts accessible are a priority to the Utah Arts Alliance, they plan to keep their *Main Street Gallery* at 127 South Main St., which houses the UAA recording studio and label, **Midnight Records**, and hosts shows and artist receptions on the first Friday of the month.

For more information on the *Arts Hub*, Utah Arts Alliance and its many programs, visit utaharts.org.

BEER REVIEWS

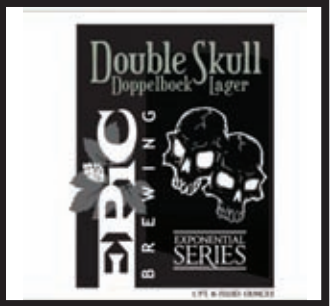
By Tyler Makmell
 tyler@slugmag.com

This month always seems to lead people into the dark side of things. Maybe it's the shit-filled love fest, maybe it's the winter gloom, maybe even the financial repercussions of spending all your hard-earned Christmas dough on a couple of assholes in your life that didn't bother to bring beer back home from out of state. All are possible answers, but I hope this set of reviews will help you embrace the darker side of things, especially when they hit your palate. At least the booze will soothe the pain until it passes. While you reflect on that, here are the reviews:

Epic Double Skull Doppelbock
 Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Co.

ABV: 7.7%

Serving: 22 oz Bottle



Description: This bomber pours a deep amber color with a thin white head. After a couple huffs, this doppel opens up into some sweet toasted malts, yeasty dark fruit and some nutty malt. On the palate, you taste sweet toffee, more caramel from the aroma and a drying fruit/malt finish.

Overview: Another style checked off the Epic list, and another well put-together lager by these folks. The sweet malt character and soft fruity linger, backed up by the booziness, makes this well suited for this time of the year. Definitely a must try from their lineup. To add some icing on that cake, Epic is now open Sundays thanks to a glorious food-serving loophole. So fret not, you can now pick this guy up at Epic and drown those sorrows in the comfort of your own home.

Barrel of Russians
 Brewery/Brand: Squatters Pub

ABV: 10.5%

Serving: 750 ml Bottle

Description: This long awaited brew pours a viscous black/brown color and gives a small brown head. The nose is a complex load of whiskey heat, chocolate, vanilla and roasted coffee. The taste starts off with a richly balanced amount of chocolate, roast and robust fruits. After all that sets in, it finishes with a well dried lingering of rye whiskey and roast on your palate.

Overview: This is one of my new favorites from Squatters Pub. Its original birth came from Outer Darkness, but this modified version was aged in High West Whiskey barrels since last summer. What sticks out most for me is that this brew has that heavily viscous body that comes with an imperial stout, but the whiskey barrel and good age on it gives you that heavy body and a very dry, flavorful finish.

4-Play Porter

Brewery/Brand: Shades of Pale Brewing Company

ABV: 4.0%

Serving: 22 oz Bottle




Description: Off the pour, this beer is a deep opaque brown with a small beige head. The aroma is sweet, with notes of caramel, chocolate and nutty roast. The taste is soft, with characteristics of baker's chocolate, toffee and some grainy toast coming through on the end.

Overview: This traditional English-style porter was brewed as a tribute to aviators and a good friend of the brewery, who happens to be an acrobatic pilot who flies a plane rightly named "4-Play." This homage brew is my new favorite to come from SOP—it has a well balanced malt character and enough girth at 4% that made me guzzle a couple down. Frankly, it left me wanting to see more SOP on taps around town!

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Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Querido Puerco,

I recently moved to the west side of town 'cause I got a nice two bedroom casa for the same price as a mierda apartment on ninth east. Before I was broke, though, I'd never really ventured west of the Gateway because everyone told me it was a place of mala muerte y malandros. Honestly, there seemed to be more cabrones and indigentes in my eastside neighborhood than my new barrio. I've heard there's a lot of gang activity in this area, though, and wondered if there are any señales of gang territory or drug activity that I can look for. For example, there's a power line next to my house that has dos garbage bags tied next to each other, does that mean anything? What about when people hang zapatos on power lines? I heard that means there's somewhere to get drogas nearby. Or maybe it's just a bunch of pendejos having fun. At any rate, I'd like to avoid walking into un putazo for wearing the wrong colors, so if you could help out a sexy mamacita, I can direct you to where you can get una top-notch mamada on the corner of North Temple and Ninth West.

Besos, Mamá

Mala muerte? Wow! I thought that went out in the middle ages. And to think, right here, just west of the Gateway mall.

Honestly chica, I don't care where you go in the valle de Salt Lake, you're going to find signs of gang activity. From the East Side, south to Draper, even South Jordan, you'll find gang-

sters in all these places. Many of the worst gang crimes you hear about now occur in small-town USA. From my experiencia, the ratas del ghetto move to these areas due to heavy police aplicación and presence in the ciudades principales. It's much easier for them to get away with their chanchullos in small towns.

However, cops can adapt, too. The FBI Safe Streets gang team can go anywhere, anytime, and promote a huge police anti-gang presence. So, it doesn't really matter where the vatos go.

I've been asked numerous times about the shoes hanging from the wire thingy. I think it was in a movie once. I've never known it to be any kind of señal, symbol, marker, or indicator of gang presence. I know many gangsters and wannabes, and they don't claim it or know what it means either. An alley-boy cholo in Glendale once told me that he beat up a kid, tied his shoes together and threw them over a telephone wire, but it wasn't a gangster thing, it was a pendejo pick-on-a-little-kid-thing.

The garbage bag thing is just like the stand at the dog park with plastic bags. Except, by the Gateway, it's for humans to use. It's not the gang presencia by the Gateway that should concern you. It's some bum and his meados and mierda. And, he doesn't care if he goes on your shoes, car or house. I think the SLCPD and Gateway Mall have all but given up enforcing any kind of civility down there. I've seen gangsters eating at the Gateway throw away their trash, but watched bums piss on the side of someone's mall shop.

Understand, I'm not talking about the homeless using the shelters. I'm talking about the street trash begging for money and using the Gateway as their bathroom. I wish the FBI would start Clean Streets bum enforcement.

And, I appreciate your offer, but anyone hangin' on 900 West and North Temple will not be among my choices to dar una soplada on my verga.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

Contraband
Universal
 In Theaters: 01.13



Stop me if you've heard this one: An ex-criminal who was the god of his illegal profession leaves the dirty underworld to pursue a legitimate family life, but when a reckless family member neglects to follow his righteous footsteps, said ex-criminal must perform one last job to ensure the safety of his family. It's a storyline that's been beaten to death, yet never seems to get old. This time around, it's **Mark Wahlberg** who portrays an ex-smuggler attempting to rescue his brother-in-law from drug lord **Giovanni Ribisi** with the help of his partner-in-crime, **Ben Foster**, and a cargo ship secretly holding millions in counterfeit cash. Director **Baltasar Kormákur** (who played the lead character in the 2010 Icelandic original) takes his sweet time getting this choppy sea crime caper underway, but once the action starts, it doesn't quit. However, with the film's early delay, Kormákur neglects to leave sufficient screen time to allow his heist to flow naturally, creating rushed action sequences that would have been much more intense with a shorter first act. The biggest dilemma comes from the cast. While all of them deliver their roles appropriately, each one has performed these types of characters one time too many, so every twist and turn can be predicted by staring at the film's poster. While January is usually the month where theatrical films go to die and be forgotten quickly, Kormákur barely slips by with this unsurprising, yet fairly entertaining smuggler's run on the high seas. *—Jimmy Martin*

Joyful Noise
Warner Bros.
 In Theaters: 01.13

The Mayans must be right about the end of times happening in twelve months, because the first sign of the apocalypse has surfaced in the form of a feature-length episode of "Glee" censored and liquefied for geriatrics and helmed by **Dolly Parton** and **Queen Latifah**. (Does anybody remember when she was in the super group *Native Tongues*? Man, those were the

days.) When G.G. Sparrow's (Parton) husband/choir director (**Kris Kristofferson**) dies of a heart attack, a rivalry is formed between the widow and his second-in-command, Vi Rose Hill (Latifah), after the latter takes control of the singing group. To make matters more awkward, G.G.'s grandson (**Jeremy Jordan**) and Vi's daughter (**Keke Palmer**) spark a budding romance that they can only share on the stage as their guardians attempt to block all contact behind the scenes. Director **Todd Graff**'s attempt to cash in on the popularity of the musical genre lacks sincerity and feels so forced that not even the religious undertones feel authentic. It's like watching a televangelist performing **Michael Jackson**'s greatest hits while dollar bills fall out of his pocket. The worst of the disaster arrives with a duet performed by Parton and Kristofferson (both of whom appear to have spent more money on cosmetic surgeries than the entire budget of the film) and it resembles two burned Muppets trying to serenade one another. It's disturbing. From the off-putting lip syncing to the multiple contradictory messages crammed down audiences' throats, 2012 has welcomed the first potential Razzie nomination without wasting any time. Hopefully, this year gets better quick, or I'll be smiling brightly when the planet explodes in December. *—Jimmy Martin*

Man on a Ledge
Summit Entertainment
 In Theaters: 01.27

If the unoriginal title alone didn't implant the sense of an overwhelming disinterest deep within your soul, the slapdash screenplay and half-hearted performances in **Asger Leth**'s dopey "whodunit" certainly will. Former police officer turned convict Nick Cassidy (**Sam Worthington**) has been convicted of a crime he didn't commit. Rather than wasting his life away behind bars, damning billionaire David Englander (**Ed Harris**) for his predicament, he escapes and quickly finds himself leaning over the ledge of the Roosevelt Hotel in downtown New York City. However, not everything is what it seems. As Cassidy proclaims his innocence to chief negotiator Lydia Mercer (**Elizabeth Banks**), his brother (**Jamie Bell**) works feverishly across the street in an elaborate diamond heist to reveal his sibling's innocence. With the abundance of crime caper flicks hitting theaters, films must set themselves apart from the masses in order to solidify importance. Sadly, Leth fails in this mission as he implants thievery tactics used in films released many, many years ago. For a state-of-the-art robbery, it's fairly outdated. Essentially, it's the poor man's *Mission Impossible*. While many scenes do provoke a heightened heart rate, the intensity is swiftly suffocated with worn-out dialogue and plot holes so large that a suicide jumper could do a reverse 3 ½ somersault through them on his way to the pavement. *—Jimmy Martin*

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BOOK REVIEWS

Aerosmith: The Ultimate Illustrated History of The Boston Bad Boys

Richard Bienstock

Voyageur Press

Street: 09.16.11

The history of Aerosmith is one ongoing, glorious mess, and Richard Bienstock's *Aerosmith: The Ultimate Illustrated History of The Boston Bad Boys* grasps and exploits it with expertise. The book is not a continuous chronicle so much as a collage of memorabilia continuously interlarded with a loose and baggy narrative recounting a juggernaut rampage through corporate rock. Bienstock functions less as an author than an editor, enlisting smart and cranky writers to contribute separate reviews of each album. Opinions about the band's greatest moments differ markedly, allowing for the praises of hit songs or overlooked gems, but never without opposition elsewhere. These contradictions allow the book to emerge full of surprises and food for thought. Bienstock candidly reveals how much of the best of Aerosmith was manufactured by production crews. He discusses the role of engineers and producers in shaping the Aerosmith sound, even outing the use of **Lou Reed**'s studio guitarists to play the "signature" solos. The book loses appeal as its account of the reckless classic years turns to the post-MTV, soap-operatic Aerosmith. While hardly an example of literary journalism, it still instructs and delights.

—Brian Kubarycz

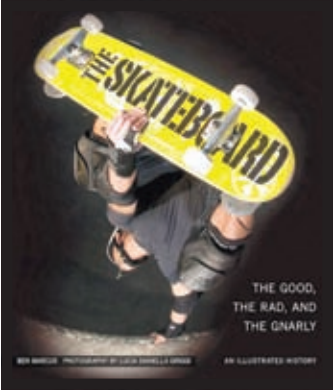
The Skateboard: The Good, the Rad, and the Gnarly: An Illustrated History

Ben Marcus

MVP Books

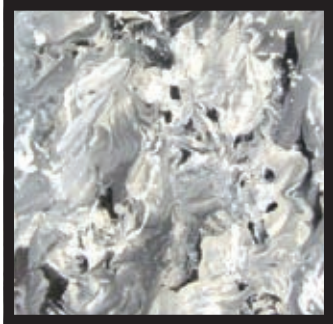
Street: 06.06.11

Contributing to the wealth of great skate books that have come forth in the past few years (I mean, have you read those **Sean Cliver** books?), Ben Marcus throws his hat into the figurative ring with an excellent and comprehensive tome of skate history, art and design. From the wobbly days of pilfered lumber and terra-cotta wheels, clear to **Rodney Mullen**'s double kick, it's all covered with an obsessive attention to detail and a stunning assortment of photos from all eras. Marcus's impeccable research and superb writing are only matched by the engaging stories and interviews collected throughout (peep



that **Jim Fitzpatrick** one)— and the layout's great, showcasing all eras of great skate art. Hell, the thing even comes with a handy index for quick referencing, perfect for skate nerds or a school project. An excellent compilation of raw skateboarding info, well worth the attention of enthusiasts and casuals past and present.

—Dylan Chadwick



The Hollow Walls

Gary Bateman

Self Published

Street: 08.30.11

Gary Bateman's *The Hollow Walls* is a collection of short stories meant to inspire, chill and addle your senses. The closest thing my limited experience could equate to reading these stories is digging through young adult horror novels as a middle school kid. These stories, which are definitely not intended for middle school children, do a great job of putting the reader into the psychological mindset of every character. Whether you're following along as a demon coaxes an abused-child-turned-serial-killer into raping a woman, or imagining a fairy turning a meth-infested neighborhood into a joyful wonderland, you'll be enthralled in the rich worlds created by Mr. Bateman. The opportunity to read "Pappy" and "Faery" alone are reason enough to spend the scant \$.99 on this nugget. Pick up the e-copy at the Nook book store on barnesandnoble.com. —Thomas Winkley

GAME REVIEWS



Dude. Fuck you, bear.

The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim

Bethesda Softworks

Reviewed on: PS3

Also on: PC, Xbox 360

Street: 11.11.11

Introducing the capabilities of the Creation engine, Bethesda has drastically altered the scope of first-person action RPGs with their *Elder Scrolls* franchise. The fifth game in this series, *Skyrim*, represents the most comprehensive and complete *Elder Scrolls* experience, a fully realized and open world, populated with endless sidequests and distractions. Each time you sit down with the game, you'll find numerous opportunities to explore the land of Skyrim and its vast territory. Weather and environments within the region change often, and its tall mountains and snowy forests hide numerous dungeons, enemies and treasures. Every hidden corner of the world is part of the story, with a deep and comprehensive system of stories to lead you through a world that constantly changes around you. The team at Bethesda takes great pains to justify each diversion, and as you complete quests, they lead seamlessly into a network of further adventures and assignments from the various factions in the game. As you travel from place to place, you can chart your character's progress in the form of constellations, based on the skills you use throughout the game. Whether you follow a strict course along a string of quests, or simply choose a direction and start walking, *Skyrim*'s extensive network of dungeons and landmarks demands to be explored. You may find yourself spending countless hours convincing yourself that the next dungeon you explore is going to be your last, but as you inevitably ignore this impulse and leap headlong into your next adventure, you'll find that each twist in the tale you spin along the way feels natural and real. Every detour works its way into the game's broad, nebulous narrative, leaving you in charge of how best to live the legend of the Dragonborn. —Henry Glasheen

Rage

id Software

Reviewed on: PC

Also on: Xbox 360, PS3

Street: 10.04.11

I'm sure I don't only speak for myself when I say that *Wolfenstein 3D* was the first glorified killing simulator that really made my eyes twinkle. Cruising through 60 levels of Castle Wolfenstein, mowing down Nazi after disgusting Nazi with my chain-gun never once got old. Nearly 20 years later, *Rage* is released to millions of drooling, bloodthirsty shooter fans worldwide. As expected, *Rage* is fucking gorgeous. With sweeping desert canyons, impeccable facial detail and some damn sexy weaponry, the graphics are pushing even more boundaries than you'd expect for a release such as this. Every time you pick up a new gun, your character looks it over and seems to be in almost as much wonder as you are as he flips it over and brushes over its curves, pawing at its sight and magazine. Speaking of guns, the firefights in *Rage* are an absolute blast. The weapons all have an absolutely perfect feel to them, all with the right amount of flash, bang, kickback and recoil. It's a good thing *Rage* perfects the simple firefight so well, because all other aspects of the game just aren't up to snuff with modern day shooters. The storyline is thinner than an anorexic hooker and the characters lack any development or emotional depth. Racing and vehicular combat are minor parts of *Rage*, but they both lack polish and get tedious after a few rounds. Despite all of its flaws, when judged through the lens of a modern day video game, *Rage* still leaves me with a shit-eating grin every single time I play it. I might not get a life-changing storyline out of it, but its gun-slinging couldn't possibly get any better, and that alone is worth the \$30 or \$40 pricetag (if bought online). —Ross Solomon

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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Albino Father

Age
Self-Released
Street: 09.20.11
Albino Father = Black Lips + Jeff The Brotherhood



Earlier this year, Albino Father released *Blanket*, and they returned six months later with a far more mature album. The opening track's intro sounds like it was stolen from a **White Stripes** album, but the vocal melodies are more reminiscent of the British Invasion. The album does fall into a far bluesier mood shortly after the title track with "Dirty Mirror" (a track laden with psych-rock guitar solos). "Deth Jam" is probably the highlight of the album, with less self-indulgent guitar solos, and a drum beat reminiscent of "Barnacle Beat" by **The Growlers**. Overall, this was a very solid release and fits well into the current psychedelic rock scene in Salt Lake. —Cody Hudson

The Beginning At Last

No Music No Life
Andrew Boss
11.22.11
The Beginning At Last = Limp Bizkit / Nickleback + Vanilla Ice

The Beginning At Last are a quartet who combine the basic musical styles of metal and hip hop. The resulting sound on *No Music No Life* is pretty much what one would expect: scratching vinyl over trilling distortion and synth lead over bel- lowing shouts. It's the musical equivalent of an ice cream sundae covered in Tabasco sauce. The two are good sepa- rately, but put them together and you get Limp Bizkit. The guitar work is the album's best quality, though it's nothing to rave about. "Faithful" is a mellow song that leads in with a tremolo organ and has a fairly catchy melody in the chorus. "I M Pop A Ler" is the album's best at- tempt at hip hop. The track has a decent groove, but the chorus doesn't work well

60 SaltLakeUnderGround



and the rapping is sub-par throughout the entire album. *No Music No Life* is recorded well and The Beginning At Last seem to know the basics of metal and rap, but fail to deliver a good product when mashing the two together. —Chris Proctor

Cannons/Maraloka

Self-Titled Split
Self-Released
Street: 12.01.11
Maraloka = Mastodon + Coalesce
Cannons = Robot Whales +



Black Cross

With members having done some time in **Parallax**, **God's Revolver** and a host of others, local boys Maraloka play down-tuned, sludgy heavy metal that's as kaleidoscopic as it is leaden (which dorky bloggers will probably call "ma- thy"). Think '90s 'core after straight edge and the vegan apocalypse, or maybe Coalesce and early **Converge**, heavy on groove and light on shrieking. Monster riffs and an acerbic sense of tight and relentless rhythm keeps this side sound- ing fresh, potent and just a little bit side- ways. I even hear a little **Jawbox** in the haunted riffing of "Thechne." Great stuff here, goobers. Denver's Cannons draw from the same sonic well, with a sinewy **Fugazi**-esque take on post-core with

just a lil' **Damnation A.D.** nihilism for good (bad) measure. Jazzbo employs time changes galore, springy fretwork and some **Rob Patterson**-style vocals. **Cave In** and Black Cross playing late **Dischord** covers? Sounds tight, don't it? —Dylan Chadwick

Dark Seas

Woaah Maaan, I'm BURNT...
Self-Released
Street: 11.18.11
Dark Seas = Best Coast + Gardens + The Heads

Dark Seas are great live performers, with their genuine charisma and drunken stage antics. The music itself is noth- ing extraordinary, consisting mainly of minimal, easygoing guitar strumming through a haze of feedback and reverb, with **Rhett Hansen** pounding out ener- getic mid-tempo drum beats. This demo hearkens to that live experience, and **Kyle Wilcox** almost overpowers the mel- low surf-psych playing of his bandmates with his brash, booming vocal style. The beat picks up noticeably on "Searching For Nothin,'" but the majority of the demo plods steadily along at a lazy, smiling pace. This demo might not be complex or particularly challenging, but its honest simplicity is a rare find for any genre. —Henry Glasheen

Handicapitalist

Our Only Debts are Warrants
Self-Released
Street: 07.17.11
Handicapitalist = Rudimentary Peni + Witch Hunt + The Partisans

Handicapitalist thwacks out an irreverent, blatant style of old-school crust. "Smart Girls" epitomizes the band's straight- forward temperament as vocalist **Jake Gatenby** scratchily wails, "I only fuck smart girls!" Handicapitalist forgoes any attempt to be poetic, but, in return, they send an unfriendly reminder of the first-world enslavement that we face and awaken our subliminal angst toward our imprisoned consciousness—at the beginning of "Bossman," drummer **Box Sullivan** shrieks "I'm not a slave for minimum wage!" which evinces the band's awareness of the starkness of the Western socio-political status quo. "No Harmony" is punchy from the beginning with mid-tempo D-beats that revert to blaring rolls on the snare and bouncy rhythms on the toms, which build back into the driving intensity of the song. Handicapitalist does slow it down, such as in "Rope," where Sullivan comple-

ments Gatenby's drawn-out screaming with high-pitched screeches of her own. All shrill, no frills. —Alexander Ortega

Jimmy Hack Up

100% Illegal
Self-Released
Street: 10.31.11
Jimmy Hack Up = My Life With The Thrill Kill Cult + Cabaret Voltaire

100% Illegal is the new sound collage project by local art-faux leader, **Xkot Toxsix**, AKA Jimmy Hack Up. The most recognizable selections sampled: **The Cure**'s "10:15 Saturday Night," **Depeche Mode**'s "Dreaming Of Me," **Angry Samoans**' "Lights Out" and **Nitzer Ebb**'s "Murderous." The skill of layering these samples, and mixing and mashing them together is spot-on. He has created perfect, twisted scenes of deathly screams, corpses, slaugh- ter houses and horrifying laughter for any nightmare seeker suffering from insomnia. The repetitive, fluttery sound at the beginning of "Antichrist Superstars" is terrifying and instantly reminds me of *American Horror Story*. The highlight is the marijuana-drenched dub of "Puff Puff Spooner" and "The Age Of Drugs" with its crunchy, speed-injected industrial trail. —Miss Modular

Lake Mary

Sheep Dog EP
Self-Released
Street: 11.28.11



Lake Mary = Iron & Wine – vocals + high school band concerts
I picture this band being a group of gangly, quiet 17-year-olds. Their five song acoustic EP evokes youthful and tender feelings, while at the same time feels a bit underdeveloped. My least favorite part was the use of saxophone, which reminded me of **Jay Leno**'s theme song. My favorite part was the

brief use of vocals in the track "Sheep Dog," as it tied together the subdued guitar and made the sound complete. Lake Mary seems as though they haven't quite figured out their niche—their songs are nice but not necessarily memorable. It's clear that the members of this band are talented at their respective classical instruments. What is lacking is a mature, strong sound. Keep at it, kids. —Kia McGinnis

Levi James Lebo

Autography
Self-Released
Street: 11.18.11

LJL = Cicadas + Lindsay Heath Orchestra + Tori Amos – singing
It's always a pleasant surprise to see a musician step out of their comfort zone and take a risk with something new, even if it's just for themselves. That very scenario made *Autography* a heartwarm- ing listen, as the usually heavy and screeching guitarist Levi James Lebo (of **White Hot Ferrari** fame) took to the keys and recorded this full-length album of ambient piano and chamber music. This collection of songs, conceived over a seven-year period while Lebo was im- mersed in hard rock projects, is a beauti- ful and touching example that even the loudest of the loud can take a moment to put together melodic compositions. With the help of local musicians like **Dan Whitesides** and **Andy Patterson** as backing players, Lebo has crafted an album that hits a warm, yet dark spot in the soul, staying with you long after the track has ended. —Spencer Ingham

Nevertanezra

NTNR
Self-Released
Street: 04.06.11
Nevertanezra = My Dying Bride + Paradise Lost + October Tide

Local doom metal band Nevertanezra is proof that the scene is far from dead. They've dropped their new album, *NTNR*, on the valley, and like a delicious bag of Satan-flavored potato chips, you can't stop at just one spin of this record. The atmosphere is slow, dark and brooding with a command of song structure that is both hypnotic and unique—every instru- ment contributes to building a picture bigger than itself, not through crazy solos and blast beats, but cohesive musical weaving. The lack of usual doom metal gimmicks is refreshing, and the re- sult is a fearless trek through familiar yet strange territory, like seeing your memo- ries in a dreamscape. Vocalist **Rick Mc-Coy** has a thick death growl that, while unchanging, doesn't get tired as the nar- rator of this black story. In particular, the bass work of **Kyle Smith** is impressive. The excellent production value on the album is also worth mentioning—every song feels full and realized. Fans of the less thrashy metal genres should check this shit out. —Megan Kennedy

Nick Neihart

Songs Made of Salt
Self-Released
Street: 06.18.11

Nick Neihart = José González + Andrew Bird
Local folkie Nick Neihart hits a range of acoustic touchstones, employing his falsetto artfully on "Free as a Chain," but also sounding just at home in the rougher, rootsy "Somewhat of a Loser." Neihart has a mature aesthetic and capable songwriting, but for an album with few trappings other than his guitar and voice, there are few moments, either melodically or lyrically, that show the kind of compelling originality that would break him onto the national stage. —Nate Housley

Nonnon

El Socialismo
Automation Records
Street: 11.29.11
Nonnon = Dr. Dre + The Glitch Mob + GLK

Salt Lake-based producer Nonnon's new album, *El Socialismo*, is a hidden gem that needs to be heard by the world of glitch. With its complicated drum pat- terns and intricate use of samples, the whole album is glitch holiness! Within seconds of the first track, "K9D," I was completely at the attention of *El Social- ismo*. "K9D" is full of intense synths, eclectic drum loops and imaginative sampling. It made me feel as if there was a robot war within my ears—it was pretty fucking crazy. My favorite track off of *El Socialismo* is "Untitled." The track's hard snare, delicate cymbals and eerie samples make it my new gangsta glitch anthem. If you're into electronic music, I would definitely advise taking a listen to *El Socialismo* and keeping a eye on Nonnon. —Mama Beatz

OK Ikumi

IV/XI
Self-Released
Street: 06.26.11
OK Ikumi = Tycho + The Postal Service

Local musician OK Ikumi's new album made me escape into a world of melan- choly colors and whimsical melodies. Simple but hypnotizing drum patterns, teasing synths and eerie but friendly samples gave the album a strong, re- posed vibe. There was a silent film play- ing in my head throughout its entirety. With chill remixes of "Scrambled" by **For- est World** and "Home from Space" by **Downstate**, *IV/XI* is an impressive piece of production. My favorite track on the album and my new yoga buddy, "2019 Ill," made me feel like I was watching a wedding ceremony set in the world of *Tron*, and I caught the bouquet—it's that good. —Mama Beatz

Pretty Worms

Acid/Untitled 7"
8ctopus Records
Street: 10.18.11
Pretty Worms = Black Dice + No Age

Side "Acid" takes punk beats and dron- ing bass grooves and combines them with electronic noise and glitched-out mechanical melodies. Pretty Worms play a style of noise rock that is pretty unusual

at first listen, but if you give it some time, the incoherent vocal loops and seem- ingly random atonal synthesizers might begin to make sense. The untitled side of the LP is a more ambient track, with less noise terror coming through the speak- ers to make room for a gently humming bass refrain and tremolo guitars. These gradually give way to some of the most intense moments on *Acid/Untitled*, end- ing with the needle in a locked groove that simply plays a low bass frequency over and over. Five more of these locked grooves can be found just prior to the central starting point of side Acid, each playing loops of unusual, cacophonous sounds. —Henry Glasheen

Pretty Worms/ Blackhole

Split 7"
8ctopus Records
Street: 10.18.11
Split LP = Feersum Enjinn + Pink Reason + Thee Oh Sees



"Killers Galore" is a ride through noise punk hell on a groovy bass and a light, punchy drum rhythm. Punctuated with sound clips of sirens and yelling, part of the song's appeal is the sublime strangeness with which they approach a very basic song. Blackhole's "Seattle" goes for a more straightforward ap- proach, with a droning bass and heavy drums. The vocals were successfully abrasive, though I wouldn't go as far as to say they were pleasant to listen to. I felt like the song started picking up and going a really interesting direction, but just after the first key change, the song ends in a locked three beat groove. Approach this LP with an open mind, but you may find it Pretty Worms side up more often than not. —Henry Glasheen

Pretty Worms/ Plastic Furs

Split 7"
8ctopus Records
Street: 10.18.11
Split LP = The Kills + Pissed Jeans + The Black Angels
With "Comet Tail," you can hear **Trisha McBride**'s vocals a little more clearly in the mix of bright bass and thick sonic distortion, and her ranting drone is an excellent fit for Pretty Worms. It's a little slower and much less noisy than their other material, but as a stand-alone track, it rocks with the best of them. While the familiar, yet still unsettling

vocal loops play on, the drums keep a snappy, danceable beat. On the other side, Plastic Furs breaks out fast from the very beginning, their acrobatic psy- chedelic rock dripping with enthusiasm and energy. Reverberating guitars snarl and scream against a thick layer of unshakeable bass that will get your body moving. This is a great track, and though it differs pretty substantially from Pretty Worms, these two songs complement each other with their disparate tempos and melodies. —Henry Glasheen

Scenic Byway

Kinda Sorta Pretty Really
Self-Released
Street: 05.20.11
Scenic Byway = Common + Carlos Santana

Local rap band Scenic Byway have been taking Salt Lake by storm with their cool raps, sweet sounds and appealing messages. The track "Surprise Surprise" is the perfect song for anyone who has ever found themselves stressing out more than necessary. It is a perfect stress reliever! My favorite track would have to be "Monsters," which talks about not allowing your personal demons or negativity get in your way. It's a motiva- tor for sure! From the beautiful mix of jazz and hip hop to the catchy, smooth vocals, *Kinda Sorta Pretty Really* is a true representation of what the boys of Scenic Byway stand for: forward think- ing, independence, peaceful coexistence and the goodness that is Mary Jane. It is a must-buy. —Mama Beatz

Vena Cava

Demo
Self-Released
Street: 01.13
Vena Cava = Angry Samoans + Rites of Spring + later Black Flag + Tolchock Trio + Bela Bartók

Easily my favorite new local band, Vena Cava have given us a recorded taste of their jarring, experimental punk. The band has captured the ethos of their live performance—a rickety and stagger- ing simulation of monsters that snarl against the straight-laced disposition of normal society. The demo opens up with "Vena Cava," an instrumental song that alternates between lush guitar chords and melodies that play with dark, moody bass lines. "The Antagonist" presents misanthropic yowls that interrupt the track's trajectory with disconcerting bends on the strings. Vena Cava exhibit their niche for moving their songs from straightforward punk rhythms to a light, 6/8 time signature in "Brains (or Lack of)," which slides back to the punching beat—it's incredible that drummer **Milo Hobbs** has been hitting the skins for only a little over a year. Demo closer "My Word is My Bond" caps off the release, as it flows from each of its three "move- ments" with a symphonic quality in 3:39. —Rootbeer Rick

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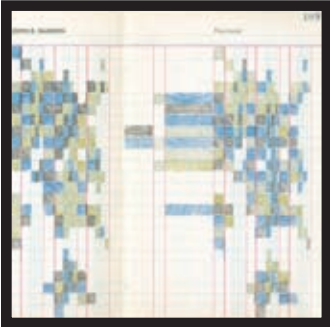
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+ **The Mountain Goats** + **John Mellencamp**



Serving as bassist for Canada’s indomitable and socially aware punk trio **Propagandhi**, John K. Samson helped inspire many to harness the political resolve of old-style punk rock. And just as the band got a little too preachy, he jumped ship and started The Weak-erthans. Now, Samson has recruited others to help him flesh out his most recent words in the form of this solo record. The album pairs songs from two recent 7” singles with a slew of new material—each song exploring the stories hidden alongside Manitoba’s isolated country roads. The result is a mix of almost hymn-like mellow numbers with several cuts that aim to recreate the rock edge of Samson’s previous projects. The songs vary in subject from forgotten hockey players and the former glories of small towns to failed workplace romances and the hope that things will improve once the song’s protagonist finishes grad school. The quieter songs seem to resonate a little more forcefully than the rockier ones. As Samson leads us poetically through a landscape of bruised dreams, broken glass and frozen sidewalks, he manages to hold out hope for a tomorrow filled with dignity, value and merit—so much emotion in so few words. —James Bennett

Napalm Death
Utilitarian
Century Media
Street: 02.28
Napalm Death = Terrorizer
+ **Extreme Nose Terror** + **Repulsion**
While Repulsion generally gets the credit for creating grindcore—which is a debatable subject of its own—it’s Napalm Death that made it beyond huge, resulting in instant respect when the name Napalm Death is muttered. *Utilitarian* feels like an amalgamation of their last two full-lengths, *Smear Campaign* and *Time Waits for No Slave*. Among the hyper-blasting of longtime skinsman **Danny Herrera**, we have the trademark razor-sharp, eardrum-bursting buzzsaw guitar riffing, all backed by **Barney Greenway**’s ever-present, machine-like screams. *Utilitarian* is Napalm Death at its most mechanized, but retains the grindcore ferocity everyone loves: Listen to “Collision Course,” “Opposites Repellent” and “Blank Look About Face.” Above everything, the album is

cohesively fluid, but is built upon cynic-suppressing strength. After a few spins, you’ll remember every brutal piece of this grind buffet. There is, after all, only one Napalm Death. —Bryer Wharton

Nikki Lane
Walk of Shame
Iamsound
Street: 01.01
Nikki Lane = Lydia Loveless + **Nick 13** + **Miss Derringer** + **Tin Star**
Understatement is a hard attribute to make work in music, a world full of over-the-top bombast, but Nikki Lane glides through each alt-country tune on this album with ease, delivering elegant lyrics along with talented vocals with just enough rasp to tickle the eardrum. Evenly paced tempos give each song the time to accomplish everything they can, without the feeling of being rushed. You won’t find a hootenanny here; you’ll find atmospheric country tales of broken hearts and lonely days. It’s interesting that so many tropes of country music are hear on *Walk of Shame*, but very little is suggestive of pop or even traditional country. “Hard Livin’” has an almost honky-tonk feel, but it still comes across as very original, with intertwining organ and steel guitar. The first rule of great country music is that the song is king—any superfluous elements need to be reduced, if not eliminated—and that’s what *Walk of Shame* is all about. —James Orme

Sharon Van Etten
Tramp
Jagujaguwar
Street: 02.07
Sharon Van Etten = First Aid Kit + **Bon Iver**



It’s a gamble for a folk artist to base their compositional canon solely on ballads of gloom and forlornness, but the way Sharon Van Etten belts her sorrow continues to give us a run for our money. On *Tramp*, Van Etten regales us with more anecdotes of loneliness and woe amidst modest guitar underlays, saddled with minimalistic rhythms (provided by **Walkmen** drummer **Matt Barrick**). This results in a sparse instrumental presence, but not to the point of sounding like a bundle of basement demos. The few, polyphonically thicker tracks, such as “We Are Fine” (featuring backup vocals by **Zach Condon** of **Bei-**

rut) make the whole album worthwhile, single-handedly. Just imagine drunkenly listening to a girl with the warm, swaying vocals of Neko Case and the downtrodden disposition of Nick Drake. Count the thousand-yard stare you have right now as the album already paying for itself. (*The State Room*: 03.27) —Gregory Gerulat

Skrillex
Bangarang
Atlantic Records
Street: 01.24
Skrillex = Tchaikovsky + **12th Planet** + **Uncle Luke**



The Grammy-nominated *Skrillex* has a new EP called *Bangarang*, and it’s an electronic masterpiece! It felt like a performance beginning to end, from epic tracks like the beautifully dramatic “Summit” featuring the talented **Ellie Goulding** to the intense, Rasta-fied head-banging track “Kyoto,” featuring savvy **Sirah**. If I was more sensitive, I’m sure I would have wept at some point. *Bangarang* is already my first favorite album of the year. The last track, “Skrillex Orchestral Suite,” by **Varien**, made me feel as if my ears were attending a dubstep ballet when I closed my eyes. To me, it’s his bow at the end of this amazing compilation of music. My favorite track would have to be “Right on Time,” which was produced by Skrillex, 12th Planet and **Kill the Noise**, which after listening, made me realize these three need to collaborate more fucking often. “Right on Time” made my body hurt in the best way: its hard snare and hypnotizing vocals kept me moving my ass every which way. It’s the best kind of banger! *Bangarang* is the release I will look for on a friend’s iPod and judge them when it’s not there. It’s a fucking *must-buy*! —Mama Beatz

Sonic Avenues
Television Youth
Dirtnap Records
Street: 01.31
Sonic Avenues = Ty Segall + **Wavves** + **The Briefs**
Montreal’s Sonic Avenues coat their pop punk in just the right amount of dirt and fuzz on their sophomore release, *Television Youth*. The songs on this guitar-driven, 11-track release are super short and the melodies infectious, but it’s still grimy enough to appeal to fans of garage rock. Admittedly, many of

the tracks on *Television Youth* blend together, as the same basic structures are used throughout the album, but I get the feeling that Sonic Avenues are a band that shine brighter in a rowdy, live setting rather than blasting through your speakers. No tour dates announced for the band yet, but *Television Youth* left a good enough impression that I hope to see Sonic Avenues before the end of 2012. —Jeanette D. Moses

Starlight Girls
Starlight Girls EP
Self-Released
Street: 01.01
Starlight Girls = Peggy Lee + **The Ventures** + **Bratmobile**
Some music just sounds like it is meant to be listened to after dark, and this aptly named group makes that kind of music. From the back alleys of Brooklyn, the Starlight Girls play a blend of lounge, pop rock and jazz with a splash of surf rock. With spacious arrangements highlighting electric organ riffs and simple vocals, most of these songs have an eerie vibe and would make a fitting soundtrack for a sexy costume party. The opening track, “Gossip,” would surely get a crowd dancing ‘60s style, and the jazz number, “Flutterby,” would give the party a more intimate mood. “Wasteland” is the strongest song of the bunch, with a cool piano groove and vocals reminiscent of **Karen O**. The recording is clean and has a wash of reverb—it sounds like the Starlight Girls recorded this in a warehouse or nightclub, which works, because that’s where I imagine them playing this variety of pop. The *Starlight Girls EP* fills a musical niche—not for everyday listening, but a good record to put on after hours. —Cody Kirkland

Yuksek
Living on the Edge of Time
Ultra Records
Street: 01.24
Yuksek = Duck Sauce + **Robyn**
If you think Yuksek is just another DJ-turned-pop-artist, then you’d be right, but he’s also a classically trained pianist. He’s also French, so he probably doesn’t give a fuck what you think anyway. *Living on the Edge of Time* is Yuksek’s second album, but his first to be released in America. The music is mostly the electric/dance type of pop that you’d expect from a former DJ, but with interesting piano aspects added in here and there that keep most of it fresh. Tracks “White Keys” and “On a Train” are easily the album’s strong points, though the music video for “On A Train” is total shit. There are rumors that Yuksek will be scheduling a US tour, so if you happen to be interested in seeing him live, keep an eye on his Tumblr (yuksekmusic.tumblr.com). —Johnny Logan

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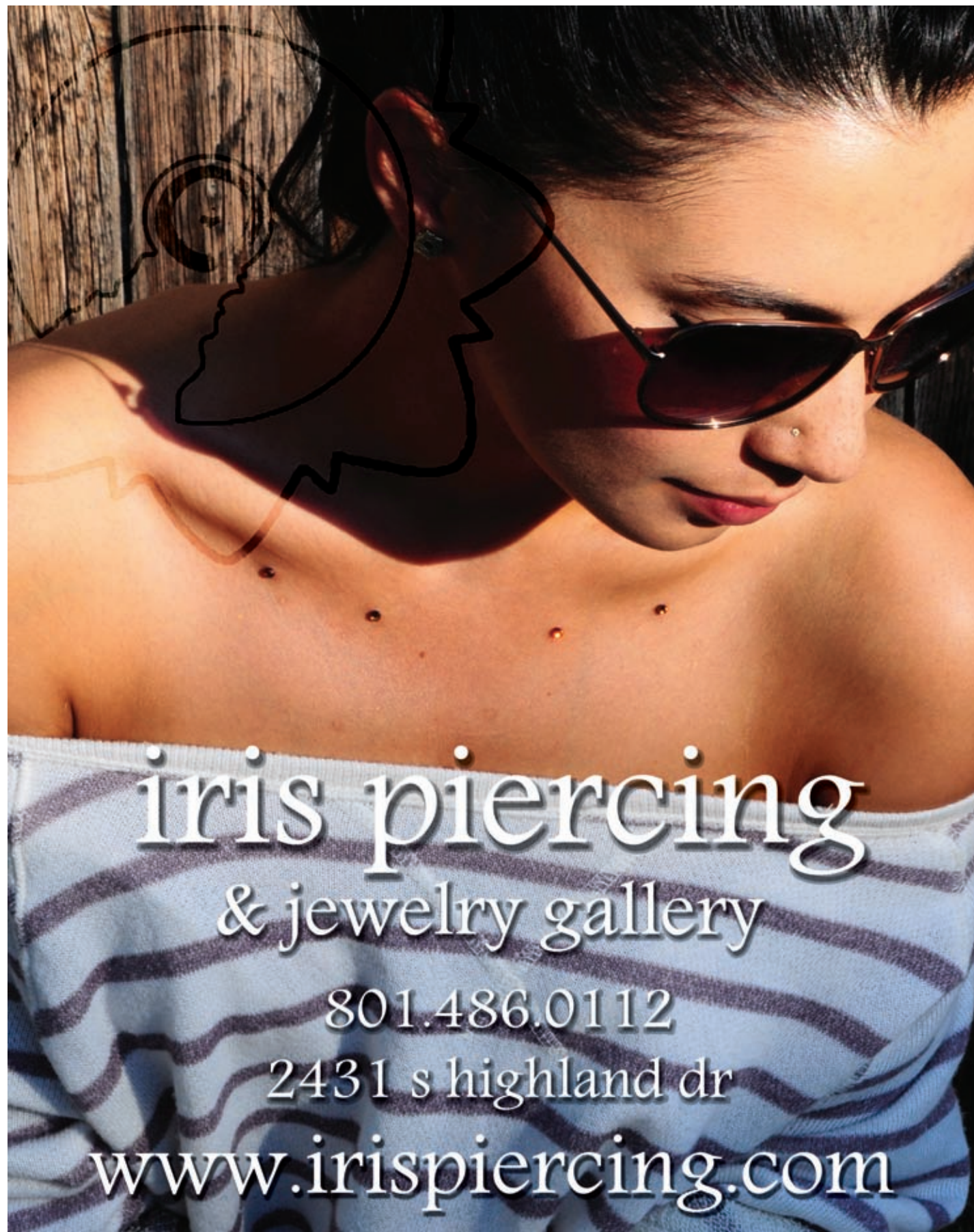




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THE DAILY CALENDAR

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

Friday, February 3
CWMA: David Williams, The Trappers, Bronco – *Burt's*
The Ghost Inside, Sleeping With Sirens, Chunk! No Captain Chunk!, Dream On Dreamer – *In The Venue*
Say Hi To Skyline, Malik, Sights & Sounds, Tribes, Huntington Post – *Kilby*
Stephen Valdean – *Tin Angel*
David Grisman Bluegrass Experience – *State Room*
Film: American Pastime – *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art*
Dubwise – *Urban*
CWMA: Dusk, The Numbs, Burnell Washburn – *Wasted Space*
Daisy and the Moonshines – *Woodshed*

Saturday, February 4
Beethoven's 5th Symphony – Abravanel Hall
Beethoven's 5th Symphony After Party – J. Wong's Asian Bistro
Folk Hogan, Monkey Knife Fight – *Burt's*
Funk & Gonzo, Samuel Smith Band – *Woodshed*
Christian Coleman, The Blue Zen Band, Clouds and Mountains – *Garage*
DJ Enuff, NYC, Hot 97, Heavy Hitters – *The Hotel/Elevate*
Baby Bash – *In The Venue*
Cass McCombs, Frank Fairfield – *Kilby Apt – Muse*
Red Desert Ramblers – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Reading of Plan B Theatre Company's BLOCK 8 – *Salt Lake Buddhist Temple*
Film: What's On Your Plate – SLCPL
CWMA: Ryan Tanner, Holy Water Buffalo, Fictionist – *State Room*
David Williams – *Tin Angel*
Dr. Dog, Purling Hiss – *Urban*
CWMA: Folka Dots, The Moth & The Flame – *Velour*

Sunday, February 5
Swildown – *Burt's*
Scale The Summit, Elitist – *Kilby*
Stephen Jerzak – *Mojo's*
Tulsi, The Gnu Deal, Dusk & Black Socraties – *Urban*

Monday, February 6
Film Buff Night: Groundhog Day – *Brewviews*
The Toasters, Stark Raving Mad – *Burt's*
Parachute – *In The Venue*
Lost Lander, Lake Island – *Kilby*
Gideon, As Hell Retreats, King Conquer – *Mojo's*
Listen to the new episode of Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
Community & Family Night – *Springville Museum of Arts*
68 SaltLakeUnderGround

Craft Lake Artist Workshop Series: Chandeliers With Holly Jones – Utah Museum of Contemporary Art

Tuesday, February 7
Boondox, Mars, Cousin Cleetus, The Drp – *Complex*
Falling In Reverse, Oh, Sleeper, Skip the Foreplay – *Complex*
Moe – *Depot*
Dr. Acula, The Devastated, Design The Skyline – *Kilby*
Love Letters Workshop – *SLCC Writing Center*
Film: Louder Than Bombs – SLCPL
Daisy & The Moonshines, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Dylan Roe – *Urban*

Wednesday, February 8
Workshop: Simple Book Repairs for At-Home Curators – *Book Arts Studio, J. Willard Marriott Library*
Pat Neville's Birthday Show: Patrick Briggs and The T-Birds, Figmaster – *Burt's*
August Burns Red, Silverstein, Texas In July, The Breather – *Complex*
Gabrielle Gioffre, Black Cum, Head In The Oven – *Kilby*
Step Twins – *Tin Angel*

Thursday, February 9
La Noche, Nathan Spencer & The Low Keys, The Burglary – *Burt's*
CWMA: DJ Bentley, DJ Goobers, DJ Handsome Hands, Stesus Nice, DJ Supa Mario – *The Hotel/Elevate*
Soft Spoken Secrets, Giving Up Your Ghost, Mess of Me, Secret Abilities – *Kilby*
Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster, Lionize – *Mojo's*
Songwriter's Showdown – *Muse*
Crafternoon – *Springville Museum of Arts*
Patrick & Tommy – *Tin Angel*
UVC, Humble Everest, Slow Motion Characters – *Velour*

Friday, February 10
CWMA: YYBS, The Suicycles, Max Pain & the Groovies – *Bar Deluxe*
The Utah County Swillers, Triggers and Slips – *Burt's*
Ozomatli – *Canyons Resort*
Children of Bodom, Eluveitie, Revocation, Threat Signal – *Complex*
Whiskey Fish – *Garage*
The MENding Monologues – *Gore Auditorium at Westminster College*
Songwriter's Showdown – *Muse*
The Glass House, Sea Sick Remourse, The Art of Transcendence, Call It Cliche – *Kilby*

Rylee McDonald – *Tin Angel*
SLUG Localized: Visigoth, Huldra, Nevertanezra – Urban
Film: I Am Secretly An Important Man – Utah Museum of Contemporary Art
CWMA: Pablo Blaqk, The Poorwills, Grey Fiction – *Woodshed*

Saturday, February 11
Workshop: Valenteenies: Love Notes and Calling Cards – *Book Arts Studio, J. Willard Marriott Library*
Vektor, Dethblo, CastleAxe, Gravetown – *Burt's*
CWMA: The 321s, Palace of Buddies, Night Sweats – *Complex*
Sam Smith Band – *Garage*
The MENding Monologues – *Gore Auditorium at Westminster College*
Twin Sister, Ava Luna – *Kilby*
Divine Love Fundraiser for Utah Pride Center – *Lumenas Studio*
Songwriter's Showdown – *Muse*
The Delphic Quorum, The Silver Slippers, Prysmas – *Other End*
Yuval Ron Ensemble – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
A Valentine Journey – *Saltair*
Abigail Williams, Dead Vessel, Arsenic Addiction, Visions of Decay, Hypernova



Form of Rocket 02.17 @ Kilby Court and Urban Lounge

Holocaust – *South Shore*
Galen Young – *Tin Angel*
Grand Opening Complimentary Community Yoga Class – *Trolley Square*
CWMA: No Nation Orchestra, The Chickens, Laser Fang – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Diane Hartford!

Wednesday, February 15
New Origins, After The Falling, Exit of the Envious – *Burt's*
TestAmenT, Truce – *Depot*
Hot Chelle Rae – *In The Venue*
Fred Rongo – *Kilby*
David Williams – *Tin Angel*
SLFM Tour Send Off: The Awful Truth, Man Crate – *Urban*

Sunday, February 12
4onthefloor – *Kilby*
Music of Bach, Stravinsky and Mozart – *Libby Gardner Concert Hall*

Monday, February 13
Film Buff Night: Harold & Maude – *Brewvies*
The Shell Corporation, Simian Greed – *Burt's*
Mat Kearney – *In The Venue*
Emmitt-Nershi Band – *State Room*
Stephen Malkmus, The Jicks – *Urban*
Listen to the new episode of Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com

Tuesday, February 14
Lady Antebellum – *Energy Solutions*
Mutemath – *In The Venue*
Heartbreakers Ball: Jaclyn Daly, Anida Phoumsayasy, DJ Juggy, DJ Jlz – *The Hotel/Elevate*
Don Juan, Eidola, Swindlers – *Muse*
Valentine's Dinner & Movie: Casablanca – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Film: Another Man – SLCPL
Stephen Valdean – *Tin Angel*
Cursive, Ume, Mount Moriah – *Urban*



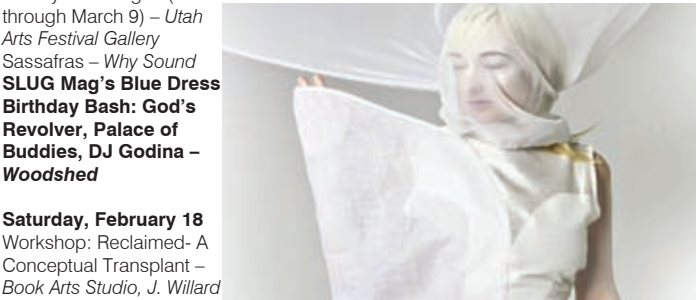
Junius 02.29 @ Kilby Court

Happy Birthday, David Newkirk!

Thursday, February 16
DJ Roborob, Suprtek, Syndakit, Mista Bonehead – *Burt's*
Wale – *Depot*
The Slackers, Folk Hogan, Tainted Halos – *In The Venue*
The Dangerous Summer, Weatherbox, Ten Second Epic, Larusso – *Kilby*
Film: Re-Generation Music Project – *Megaplex 12 at The Gateway*
Jenny Owen Youngs – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Esther Merono!

Friday, February 17
"24 x 24" Photography Exhibition – *Alpine Art*
Eric McFadden, Tony Holiday & The Living Proof – *Burt's*
Anthony Green, The Dear Hunter – *Complex*
Izzy Cox – *Garage*
Form of Rocket, Gaza – *Kilby*
Delphic Quorum, Prysmas – *Other End*
Chuck Prophet, The Mission Express – *State Room*
Grey Matters – *Tin Angel*
Bonobo, Crisis Wright – *Urban*
Gallery: Travelogue (runs through March 9) – *Utah Arts Festival Gallery*
Sassafras – *Why Sound*
SLUG Mag's Blue Dress Birthday Bash: God's Revolver, Palace of Buddies, DJ Godina – Woodshed

Monday, February 20
Film Buff Night: When Harry Met Sally – *Brewvies*
Jane Monheit – *Capitol Theatre*



Zola Jesus 02.27 @ Urban Lounge

Saturday, February 18
Workshop: Reclaimed- A Conceptual Transplant – *Book Arts Studio, J. Willard Marriott Library*
Cornered by Zombies, Oldtimer, Huldra, Jesus – *Burt's*
Excision, Liquid Stranger, Lucky Date – *Complex*
Roller Derby: Black Diamond Divas vs. Hot Wheelers – *Derby Depot*
Zach Hillyard Band, Turbo Phonic – *Garage*

L'Anarchiste – *Kilby*
Talkdemonic – *Urban*
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Happy Birthday, Johnny Logan!

Tomorrow's Bad Seeds, Pacific Dub – *In The Venue*
Laura Gibson, Breathe Owl Breathe, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm – *Kilby*
Banff Film Festival – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Night at the Casbah Curated by Yasamina – *Sugar Space*
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel*
Form of Rocket – *Urban*
Pawz One, Kapital J, Ortega The Omega, Boomboxx Music, Hi Def, Gods Gift No Offense, DJ Seanny Boy – *Woodshed*

Sunday, February 19
Banff Film Festival – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
The Benges Family Singers – *Springville Museum of Arts*
Lance Saunders Poetry Reading – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Lance Saunders!

Monday, February 20
Film Buff Night: When Harry Met Sally – *Brewvies*
Jane Monheit – *Capitol Theatre*

Tuesday, February 21
Whorescorpse, Chainwhip, Oldtimer – *Burt's*
Cherry Strip, Mister Richter, Take Your Last Embrace, Just Three Words – *Kilby*
Film: Granito: How To Mail A Dictator – SLCPL
Leslie & The Ly's, Pennyhawk, Ramona & The Swimsuits – *Urban*

Wednesday, February 22
Downtown Struts, The Watts, The Hypoxics, Broken Spells – *Burt's*
The Jealous Sound, Spooky Mission, Frame & Canvas – *Kilby*
Step Twins – *Tin Angel*
Dead Winter Carpenters, Puddle Mountain Ramblers – *Urban*

Sunday, February 26
Paul Boruff – *Tin Angel*

Monday, February 27
Film Buff Night: True Romance – *Brewvies*
Hate Eternal, Goatwhore, Fullajah – *In The Venue*
Zola Jesus, Talk Normal, Night Sweats – *Urban*
Listen to the new episode of Soundwaves From The Underground – Slugmag.com
Derek Wright – *Tin Angel*
Documentary Screening: Miss Representation – *Velour*
Happy Birthday, Liz Lopez!

Tuesday, February 28
Soja, The Movement & Anuheas – *Depot*
I Set My Friends On Fire, Greeley Estates, A Bullet For Pretty Boy, A Lot Like Birds – *In The Venue*
Weber Storytelling Festival – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*
Film: If A Tree Falls – SLCPL
Gene Pool – *Tin Angel*

Wednesday, February 29
Electric Space Jihad, The Wild Ones – *Burt's*
O'Brother, Junius, Traveler's Cold, LOOM – *Kilby*
Weber Storytelling Festival – *Peery's Egyptian Theater*

Thursday, March 1
Foxy Horehound – *Burt's*
Women Defining Space – *Sugar Space*

Friday, March 2
Radiation City, Don Juan – *Muse*
Women Defining Space – *Sugar Space*
First Friday: Fax – *Utah Musuem of Contemporary Art*
Happy Birthday, Grason Roylance! Pick up the new SLUG – Anyplace Cool!

UPCOMING FEB. SHOWS:

- 1- FLOW, Rhubarb Jam
- 2- Hip Hop Roots SLC Feat: Dumb Luck, YZE, Pat Maine, Learical Mindset
- 3- Say Hi To Skyline, Malik, Sights and Sounds, Huntington Post (doors: 6:30)
- 4- Cass McCombs, Frank Fairfield
- 5- Scale the summit, Elitist, Dethrone The Sovereign, The Stranger Beside Me, Machines Of Man
- 6- Lost Lander, Illuminaire, Golden Sun, Lake Island
- 7- Dr. Acula, Design The Skyline, Devastated
- 8- Gabrielle Gioffre, Black Cum, Head in the Oven
- 9- Soft Spoken Secrets, Giving Up Your Ghost, Mess of Me, Secret Abilities (doors: 6:30)
- 10- The Glass House, TBA (doors: 6:30)
- 11- Twin Sister, Ava Luna, Bus People
- 12- 4onthefloor, TBA
- 13- TBA
- 15- Fred Rongo, Shane Johnson/Zion Scion, Northwest Breaklines
- 16- The Dangerous Summer, Weatherbox, Ten Second Epic, Larusso
- 17- Form of Rocket, Gaza
- 18- Laura Gibson, Breathe Owl Breathe, Paul Jacobsen & The Madison Arm
- 21- Cherry Strip, Mister Ritcher, Take Your Last Embrace, Just Three Words (doors: 6pm)
- 22- The Jealous Sound, Spooky Moon, Frame & Canvas
- 23- Rufio, Mess of Me, Rejoin the Team, Hearsay
- 24- Just 3 Words, Bobby and the Tiger, The Fission Breakers
- 25- Luminaire, Bad Weather California, L'Anarchiste
- 26- Yours Truly CD Release Party! w/ TBA
- 29- O'Brother/Junius, Traveler's Cold, LOOM

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February

- Feb 1: Tim Boulanger, Sam Burton, Us Thieves, The Awful Truth
Feb 2: The Suicycles, Starmy, The Jingoos
Feb 3: DUBWISE
Feb 4: KRCL PRESENTS Dr. Dog, Purling Hiss
Feb 5: Tulsì, The Gnu Deal, Dusk, & Black Socraties
Feb 7: Daisy & The Moonshines, Mason Jones & The Get Togethers, Dylan Roe, NONOYESYES
Feb 9: The Watches, Red Bennies, Coyote Hoods
Feb 10: SLUG Localized: Visigoth, Huldra, Nevertanezra
Feb 11: CWMA with Laserfang, No Nation Orchestra, The Chickens
Feb 13: KRCL Presents: Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks
Feb 14: Cursive, Ume, Mount Moriah
Feb 15: SLFM Tour Send Off, The Awful Truth, Man Crate
Feb 16: Jenny Owen Youngs, NEW EMPIRE
Feb 17: KRCL & AUDIOFLO PRESENT BONOBO, Steezo-Tactical Assault, Crisis
Feb 18: KRCL Presents Form of Rocket, Døne
Feb 19: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LANCE SAUNDERS!
Feb 20: Talkdemonic, YYBS, Seven Feathers Rainwater
Feb 21: Leslie & The Ly's, Pennyhawk, Ramona & the Swimsuits
Feb 22: Dead Winter Carpenters, Puddle Mountain Ramblers
Feb 23: Giant, Dark Seas, Giraffula
Feb 24: KRCL Presents The Devil Whale, The Trappers, Spell Talk, Folka Dots
Feb 25: Beach Party
Feb 27: KRCL Presents: Zola Jesus, Talk Normal, Night Sweats
Feb 29: Broken Silence

- Coming Soon:
Mar 02: DUBWISE
Mar 03: Crocodiles
Mar 06: YACHT
Mar 07: Memoryhouse
Mar 08: KRCL PRESENTS The Growlers
Mar 10: Youth Lagoon
Mar 12: Howlin' Rain
Mar 15: The Aggrolites
Mar 16: Saul Williams
Mar 20: White Rabbits
Mar 21: William Fitzsimmons
Mar 22: The Soft White Sixties
Mar 23: Sleepy Sun
Mar 26: Rehab
Mar 27: KRCL PRESENTS Nada Surf
Mar 28: Lucero
Mar 29: Charlie Parr
Mar 30: Electric Six
.....
Apr 03: KRCL PRESENTS Mr. Gnome
Apr 04: Chairlift
Apr 05: KRCL PRESENTS Fanfarlo
Apr 06: DUBWISE
Apr 07: Burnell Washburn CD Release
Apr 09: Acid Mothers Temple
Apr 10: KRCL PRESENTS Neon Indian
Apr 11: KRCL PRESENTS Cults
Apr 13: Hanni El Khatib
Apr 17: School of Seven Bells
Apr 21: Tea Leaf Green
Apr 28: Trash Bash
Apr 30: KRCL PRESENTS Delta Spirit
May 05: KRCL PRESENTS Laserfang
May 09: Brian Jonestown Massacre

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WEDNESDAY FEB 8TH



CHILDREN OF BODOM
FRIDAY FEB 10TH



SYMPHONY X & ICED
FRIDAY FEB 24TH



KORN
TUESDAY FEB 28TH



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WEDNESDAY FEB 29TH



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