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**About the Cover:** Filmmaker and world-renowned journalist Shaul Schwarz shot this image of the narco band BuKnas de Culiccan overlooking LA. Tubas and bazookas may seem like a silly combination, but the bloody ballads the band sings about the drug cartels are very real, and very serious. Read more about them and Schwarz's Sundance film, *Narco Cultura*, on pages 36-37.

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## Contributor Limelight: Mike Riedel – Beer Columnist



decade ago found a home within the Zion Curtain. Many local beer blogs have come and gone, but like a finely crafted brew, only Riedel's has stood the test of time. During the week, Riedel gets paid to be a photojournalist for KSTU - Fox 13, getting interviews and footage from around the state for your viewing pleasure, whether it be politicians fighting on the hill or stranded hikers in the snow. In his spare time, Riedel enjoys bicycling, skiing, cars, drawing and of course, photography. Next time you see Riedel out at one of your favorite pubs or breweries trying the latest frosty concoction, buy him a glass and toast our latest great addition to the SLUG team.

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# DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear SLUG;

You seem to be in the know (or at least pretend to), so what the fuck is up with Geeks Who Drink and Trivia Factory invading our bars? Don't get me wrong, I enjoy the occasional quiz night with friends from one of the locally-created games, but these bullshit monstrosity quiz nights have invaded our valley and turned every night of the week into a super-strict by-the-book yelling match between nerds. Yeah, I know, fucking shock that a bar is a place for people to complain at full volume about trivial things, but these national quiz shows have taken up a night at almost every bar and made it difficult to just go somewhere for a drink without having every single table taken up by a team of people who don't know shit. Do we need so many quizzes that are all the same? Can't they just shrink it down to one night instead of running the same questions seven nights a week at 20 different bars? Or are these things such a great money making scam that I need to look into taking over Poplar Street or Squatters every night as a "regional quizmaster whore" too?

Love;  
Jentzen

Dear Jentzy,

I bet you bitch about being dragged to The Spazmatics at Liquid Joe's. Every. Saturday. Night. I bet you're the fucker

*dressed in twenty-year-old bondage pants and a black mesh shirt at Area 51's Fetish Ball, complaining about the loud music and nurse outfits. Jentzen, get off your "locally made, locally played" high-horse and embrace reality: Yes, it is the same game over and over again, and yes, it is all about the money. The bar owners don't care, the patrons don't care, the quiz game producers don't care and you shouldn't either. Fuck, Jent, the sheer fact you wrote this letter shows how much you belong in that crowd. You are complaining about widespread trivia. You want to start your own bar quiz? Great! I'm pretty sure the Bongo, Mixed Emotions or Bout Time would welcome your sorry ass with open arms, along with your "local quiz." Do you have time to produce 20 questions a week about music, TV, current events and themes like "Indirect References to Genitals in Literature"? Unless you're still riding the mom-and-dad gravy train, which wouldn't surprise me, I doubt you do. Until then, sit your ass on the bar stool, turn off your phone's network and tell me: Which '70s pop duo covered a song about heralding nearby aliens?*

xoxo, SLUG

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## DAVID ROSS FETZER

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The first time I met David Fetzer, we bumped heads. Literally. I rounded a corner in the *Tower Theatre* too quickly and ran into David head first. After two minutes of apologies, he introduced me to the event's co-creator for an interview, we exchanged numbers, and then he took off to go act in a play. Since that time, I've had the honorary pleasure of being able to call David a good friend ... and a great co-conspirator for creativity.

With all of his talents—writing, acting and musicianship (**Mushman**)—David had a gift for influence and encouragement. Any time I saw him on the street or at a function, he would always be engaging, warm and kind with his soft-toned voice to ask how I was doing and what I was working on. And if I had nothing, he'd modestly tell me about his stuff and inspire me to do something. One of my favorite memories was riding in the back seat of his car to watch a rehearsal at the U for *New Works Theatre Machine*. Somehow, we got onto the topic of *The Simpsons* and argued over which season was the best, which eventually led to us talking about writing a one-act play based on that friendly argument. Through his own passion for creativity, he would encourage others to put forth their own creations and inspire people to put more art and culture into this city. He had an infectious attitude and a bright sensibility that I wish we all had more of.

Back in March, I saw David in the halls of the *Rose Wagner* where he was acting in not one, but two productions at the same time: playing the iconic Arthur Dimmesdale in **Plan-B's** *Scarlet*, while simultaneously playing multiple characters in *The Third Crossing*. He would get down on himself about blowing lines during rehearsals, but then would immediately perk up and point out how fun it was with the knowledge that even though it was a job, it was a fun job, and he wouldn't trade it for anything. The last time I saw him was at the *Salt Lake City Film Festival* premiere of *Must Come Down*, where he happily let **Kenny Riches** do most of the talking during the film's Q&A. We hugged, asked about each other's projects, promised to do lunch soon and then laughed because we both knew "soon" meant February. I congratulated him on the film and he thanked me for the support before being led to the foyer to sign DVDs. The last thing he said to me was, "Thank you for coming—it means a lot."

That was David to me: always kind, always creative, always encouraging and thankful for everything. He was a testament to the idea that if you work hard and are kind to everyone, great things can happen.

—Gavin Sheehan

Photo: TJ Nelson



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# JANUARY

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Friday January 11 **Randy Rogers Band** with Wade Bowen





(L-R) Greg Hillis, Tige Campbell, Sam Compton and John Paterson produce eardrum-hammering rock without pretention in Screaming Condors.

## Localized

By Steve Richardson  
steveandtheohs@gmail.com

Embarrassment might hold you back from admitting you were scared to make plans beyond Dec. 21, but if you're reading this, the new year came and you survived the world's end. Come celebrate your survival with the thrash-punk-metal noise of **Screaming Condors** and **Simian Greed** at **Urban Lounge** on Jan. 12. **Cancer Culture** open at 10 p.m.—your 21-plus ID and \$5 get you in.

The Screaming Condors' origin can be traced back roughly to 2004 and a group called **Hot Buttered Fart Pumper** (HBFP). **John Paterson** and **Greg Hillis** got their start playing guitars together in HBFP, which would later become Screaming Condors. After about a year, enough time for Screaming Condors to get serious, the original bass player and drummer left. **Sam Compton**, a local drummer who was friends with Hillis and Paterson and had jammed with them in Hillis' basement, saw their potential and was interested in joining. Compton says, "I kind of came in and was like, 'Yeah, I've got a bass player buddy, too.' So, I brought **Tige [Campbell]** over, and it just happened instantly," which locked in the rhythm section to solidify the band. Campbell and Compton had played in a lot of other bands together, and so had Paterson and Hillis. "We just kind of united," says Campbell. Screaming Condors have been playing with their lineup dynamic for five years now.

The group's name has nothing to do with the Taiwanese roller coaster that sits atop the list of "Screaming Condors" Google search results, even though the band does have a song titled, "Colossus," after the ride at Lagoon. The name was conjured on a drunken trip to Echo Lake. Hillis says, "I was all pissed because there were all these bands with intellectual names and all this shit, and I was like, 'Dude we need something like a badass football team coming to town to kick some ass!' and it stuck." Plus, you have to admit: They have countless potential album covers

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with the image of a condor shredding its vocal cords in an all-out scream.

Screaming Condors didn't plan their sound—it was just what came out. Paterson says, "I always knew I wanted to play metal, but we've all got different backgrounds, so it sounds different. We don't try to sound like something ... Everyone plays their own thing, whatever feels good." Compton cites their preliminary sound as being more metal, then growing from there. He says, "When I'm on drums, it has to have a punk rock feel, 'cause that's where my roots are." They all agree their sound resembles **Metallica**, specifically *Kill 'Em All*, but, like most groups, they're reluctant to commit themselves to a single genre. They all classify their music a little differently—Compton calls it "skate-thrash-metal," and Hillis laughs when he says, "I call it aggressive rock."

Songs mostly sprout from collaborated writing sessions within the Condors' lair. A song could grow from one of Compton's drumbeats or from an improvised jam that goes well. Campbell says, "A guy brings a song to the table and then we play it, for the most part ... We all put our two cents in." Not every song is a complete collaboration, though. Compton says, "Sometimes Tige will put together a song completely, like totally do his homework and bring it ... He'll have a completed song with parts and everything." Screaming Condors' lyrical writing is less collaborative, and they write lyrics when they're

forced to. They all laugh about fine-tuning lyrics while laying down a track in the studio. Screaming Condors don't have a lead singer—Campbell, Paterson and Hillis share that duty, so the writing of lyrics gets split between all three. Each vocalist will sing the song they pen while the other two provide backup vocals. Even though they might not collaborate lyrically on a single song, they say they each have a pretty even number of songs to sing. Campbell says, "There was a while there where we were like, 'Should we have just one lead singer like your typical band?' But we were like, 'Fuck it, we're having fun with all of us singing.'" They say they are more worried about having a good time than what others might think.

Screaming Condors haven't released an album since 2010's *Nature's Nightmare*, which you can find on iTunes or at their shows, but they're excited about their recent material and plan to record a new album soon. Hillis says, "All the new stuff is awesome. It just gets better and better." The new album might sound a bit heavier, but they haven't made any major changes—nothing beyond a more refined sound. Hillis says, "We're getting so much better at the vocals that I think we're going to push singing more, at least background singing ... and give the songs more fullness."

When it comes to some of the local venues, there are places they could play every weekend if they wanted, but they plan to hold off on shows in order to get their set polished for the January *Localized* show. Compton says, "We're excited to play at *Urban* coming up because the sound is so juicy over there." Other than *Localized*, Screaming Condors plan to focus on getting some awesome shows lined up and record their new album in the near future.

Like many groups, Simian Greed owe their existence to the evolution of a list of predecessors. For three of the four members (**Dave Sanchez**, **Johnny Lyon** and **Corey Stan**), that list began with a band called **Left For Dead**. About three years ago, they wanted to expand their creativity and do something completely different. That's where **Flipper Kitten**, an intermediate band with the same lineup as Simian Greed (including guitarist **Matt Bennett**), came from. Bennett knew Sanchez (vocalist) and Stan (drummer) from *Bar X* where the two had worked. Bennett and Stan had seen each other's bands play, and when Flipper Kitten needed a guitarist, Stan suggested Bennett. Lyon (bassist) says, "[Bennett]'s a noisy-ass guitar player. That's what we were looking for. We said, 'If we're going to add a guitarist, let's find somebody that's open-minded and isn't going to give us just three chords.'"

Unless you're friends with the guys in Simian Greed, you haven't heard of Flipper Kitten. Their run was short—little more than a starting block for Simian Greed. They only lasted a few weeks, wrote two songs and never played a show. Simian Greed incorporated those two songs into their material. Sanchez says, "[Both Flipper Kitten songs] might actually be in one song—it was the idea of ripping off a chunk of a riff, being like, 'That worked, but add six things to it.'"

Simian Greed deliberately sound nothing like the **Ramones/Misfits**-style horror-punk of their evolutionary ancestor, Left For Dead. During his time

with Left For Dead, Sanchez was also playing in a more experimental punk band called **Shackleton** that had other musical elements such as jazz thrown in the mix. Lyon says, "I took a note from [Shackleton] and wanted to try my hand at composing some stuff in that vein." They wanted to push past the restraints of genre and now have something they can't classify beyond "rock n' roll." Trying to describe their sound, Bennett says, "I hate to use the term hardcore, because that generally means the culture and not necessarily the music ... but maybe medium-well-core." In an attempt to classify their sound through comparison, Lyon recognizes musical influences from three-chord punk to metal to stoner rock, but can't narrow it down. Bennett remembers someone describing Simian Greed as "metal-informed rock n' roll." Although he can see some metal attributes, like being a heavy band, he doesn't agree. Still, Simian Greed are happy to elude classification.

Lyon put the name "Simian Greed" on the table, having heard it at some point in *Planet of the Apes*. Sanchez says, "I think it just sounded fucking cool." The band sees the meaning behind the name as a type of political commentary on greed as the base human emotion and origin to all the ills of the world. Sanchez says, "The first murder, the first monkey-on-monkey killing, was probably perpetrated over greed." Simian Greed may comment on the problems they see within humanity, but they leave it at that, a commentary. Sanchez says, "There are no fucking answers contained in Simian Greed."

Bennett says of their stage presence, "[Sanchez] usually plays guitar in bands, so he has a little more freedom just being on a mic." But, as every parent knows, too much freedom can get you hurt. Sanchez has a long scar running up the inside of his left wrist—what remains after wrist surgery from a break playing at *Bar Deluxe*. He was attempting a stage dive when a monitor rolled as he was jumping from it and he fell from the stage. Stan says, "I could hear his wrist snap when I was behind the [drum] set." Sanchez walked around to the stairs and got back onstage, where he finished the set. Still, he says his focus is on the creation and not a physical performance, and shifts the spotlight from himself. Sanchez says, "I think [Bennett] is pretty raucous." As much of a party as a Simian Greed performance might sound like, they discount their antics. Lyon says, "I don't think that it's any kind of a preconceived notion that we should have this type of a stage presence." Simian Greed are just in it to play shows and have a good time.

Aside from a single track on *Rock Salt #2*, Simian Greed haven't released anything. They see the band as more of a creative outlet than a way to make money or sell merch, and have spent the last few years creating and perfecting a set they can be proud of. Bennett says, "That's why we haven't recorded yet. We wanted to be able to pull everything off perfectly live before we recorded it." That being said, Simian Greed have honed their songs to the point where they aim to have consumable tunes early on this year, which will surely incite a greedy mania.

(L-R) Don't let Simian Greed members Johnny Lyon, Dave Sanchez, Corey Stan and Matt Bennett's smiles fool you, their inner apes thrash out raucous shows.





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BLACKSHEEPCAFE

Up until recently, I never really considered Provo a place that cultivated any authentic type of food culture. It's full of various chain restaurants, fast food joints and a few dives that offer a bit of local charm, but Provo's food scene was almost nonexistent. That was until I attended **Local First's** *Celebrate the Bounty* event, where three Provo sparkplugs brought their A-game: The farm-to-table virtuosos of *Communal Restaurant*, the Southwestern Native American pioneers of *Black Sheep Cafe*, and the regional comfort food experts of *Station 22*. I was fascinated by the diversity and presentation of their food, and, when *Black Sheep* took home the Best Taste award, I knew I had to make a pilgrimage into the heart of Provo.

All three of these restaurants can be found on University Avenue, between Second North and Center Street. Once you park, it's no sweat to visit all three restaurants in one night—which I highly recommend. After sampling their cuisine and chatting with the people who make them tick, it wouldn't be too surprising to see more independent restaurants start popping up in Utah County.

*Black Sheep Cafe* specializes in contemporary Southwestern Native American cuisine, which means fans of traditional Mexican food will be on familiar ground just long enough to get their minds blown by the Native American aspects of the menu. It's owned and operated by **Bleu Adams** and her family: sister **Katt Mason** is co-owner and sous chef, her brother **Mark Daniel Mason** works as executive chef and their mother **Alberta Mason** is

responsible for *Black Sheep's* secret weapon—authentic Navajo fry bread. The venture began with the inspiration that Bleu and Katt gleaned from the traditional food that their mother would make while they were growing up on a Navajo reservation. "My mom is a great cook. When we were teenagers, I remember going around to the tribal administration buildings to sell burritos and desserts. These experiences made me really love and appreciate the effort that she put into making her food," Adams says.

Adams's decision to open *Black Sheep* in Provo was influenced by several different factors. Her parents went to BYU, and as she was already familiar with the culture of returned LDS missionaries living in Provo, Adams thought that Native American cuisine might appeal to the missionaries who have served on reservations. "The food's a lot different than what you'd get on a reservation, but it's familiar enough to draw them in and let us introduce them to more contemporary versions of the food they've already tried," she says.

In addition to dishing up some truly authentic and delicious food, the restaurant itself serves as a living, breathing testament to the relevance of Native American culture in our society. "I wanted to create something that incorporated food, art and my culture, which are three things that I love," says Adams. Just left of the entrance, you'll find *Winston Mason Design*, where Bleu's father meticulously crafts silver jewelry. The back of the restaurant has been converted into gallery space and has been set aside for the display of contemporary Native American art. And let's not overlook the food. *Black Sheep's* menu offers several authentic Southwestern options like posole and enchiladas, all of which are made completely from scratch. What makes this place special, however, is the Navajo tacos.

*Black Sheep* offers three variations of Navajo tacos: one topped with pinto beans that have been slow roasted in pork juices and topped with tangy queso menonita, and two topped with braised pork and either red or green chili sauce. Each of these is available individually, or diners can get the Navajo Taco Trio (\$17.00) with smaller versions of all three—a great idea for date night. I opted for the Trio, and though I could have easily scarfed all



Photos: John Barkiple

(L-R) Station 22's managing operator Jason Talcott and owner Richard Gregory.



Station 22's Memphis Chicken Sandwich is a modern take on the Southern comfort dish.

three of these delectable dishes, I split the entrée with my wife. The anchor of the dish is the homemade fry bread (\$4.00)—it's warm and pillowy, yet more chewy than soft. You can't really lose no matter what topping you get, but my personal favorite was the pork in red chili sauce. It's this magically rustic blend of earthy spices distilled into a sauce that made the slow-roasted pork sing. The sauce is spicy, but not aggressively so—it strikes a comfortable relationship between heat and flavor, which can be difficult to achieve. The green chili sauce is less spicy and more herbaceous—it works with the pork in a completely different and delicious way.

If you're lucky, *Black Sheep* will still be featuring the Hog Jowl Tacos (\$9.00), which earned them the Best Taste award at *Celebrate the Bounty*. They consist of homemade blue corn tortillas stuffed with shredded meat taken from, yes, the jowl of a hog. Hog jowl has the same flavor as pulled pork, but it's much more tender—the stuff melts in your mouth. The tacos are finished with pickled jicama and a sweet maple bay leaf barbecue sauce. A single bite fills the palate with the salty jowl, the acidic jicama and the sweetly smoky barbecue sauce—a combination that offers an ideal bite of food.

Desserts have always been tricky for me. I've been to many restaurants that offer great food, but see their dessert menu as an afterthought. *Black Sheep* offers a dessert that I still think about in the wee hours of the evening. It's known as Pumpkin Chocolate Chip Bread Pudding (\$8.00), and it's fantastic—two triangles of pumpkin bread baked with chocolate chips from Orem's *Amamo Artisan Chocolate*, served warm and soaked with a caramel bourbon sauce. The warm bread soaks up all that gooey chocolate and caramel for a truly decadent taste of autumnal flavors.

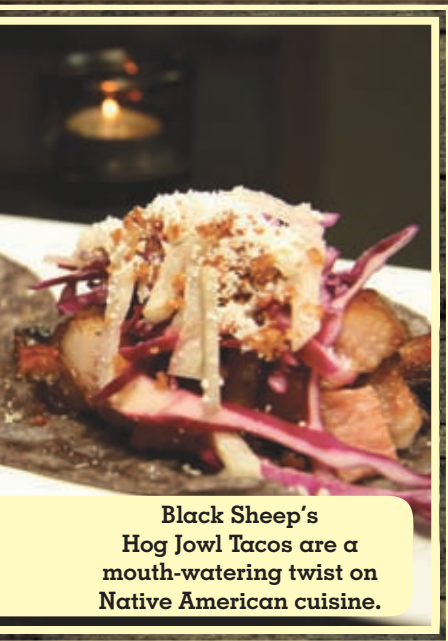
Within the last few months, *Black Sheep* has added several local beer and wine options to their ever-expanding menu. Diners can now find beer from local breweries such as *Epic*, *Squatters* and *Uinta* along with a fully stocked wine list. In addition, Katt Mason has collaborated with Chef Mark Daniel Mason to create some unique cocktails to complement their menu. Diners can look forward to enjoying Cactus Pear Margaritas and Chipotle-Cilantro Bloody Marys along with their Southwestern menu.

During my conversation with Adams, I came to the realization that the reason *Black Sheep's* food tastes so good is because of its rich cultural tradition. The food that you get here has been perfected with years of traditional preparation, and it's made with ingredients that are all found locally. *Black Sheep Cafe* is definitely a restaurant worthy of a trip to P-Town.

From the outside, *Station 22* resembles a genteel Southern country club. While you wait to be seated, you can smell all of their food cooking in this glorious mixture of maple syrup, toasty waffles and fried chicken—I think the clever bastards must pipe it in directly from the kitchen. Both *Station 22* and *Black Sheep* are located within Provo Town Square, which is the property of **Richard Gregory**, who I've come to regard as kind of a Happy Valley godfather—he's known for muscling out national chains that want to infiltrate his property. *Station 22* as we know it today is actually the result of a fairly new direction that Gregory has put into motion. Last June, he hired **Jason Talcott** as a managing operator, and the two have turned the restaurant into the kind of mythical purveyor of good, local food that you secretly hope every city has. "We want it to feel like we were expecting our customers, like they're just coming home for dinner," Gregory says.

Gregory is originally an architect from the food and wine mecca Napa Valley, and that food culture definitely influenced his interest in operating a restaurant. "Growing up in Napa Valley, we have food and wine and that's it. I've always loved food, and I'm able to articulate what I like. As long as I have the right help, it works. That's where Jason comes in," Gregory says. Talcott is a Utah local who was working for the **Heirloom Restaurant Group** when he met Gregory. "I started following *Station 22* on Facebook. I came in, looked around, and saw it as the place I had been dreaming of opening. I was so jealous! As fate would have it, I was running a dining booth at the *Rooftop Concert Series*, and the folks from the *Provo Downtown Alliance* introduced me to Richard. We talked for about an hour about food, music and all things Provo," Talcott says.

Their menu is made up of dishes from all over the place—ratatouille, pot pies and Adventist veggie burgers. I started



Black Sheep's Hog Jowl Tacos are a mouth-watering twist on Native American cuisine.



Photos: John Barkiple

(L-R) Black Sheep owner and sous chef Katt Mason, sous chef and pastry chef Miah Richmond, owner Bleu Adams and executive chef Mark Daniel Mason.

with a few of their signature dishes: The Memphis Chicken Sandwich (\$9.99) and the Sage-Fried Chicken and Waffles (\$10.99). The candied bacon and maple syrup provide the sweet and salty element that I love about this dish. The waffle was thick and crispy, and it worked well with the dish as a whole, but, on its own, it wasn't too memorable. Overall, the Memphis Chicken Sandwich was decent. I really liked the ciabatta roll, and the spicy fried chicken delivered a nice kick to the tastebuds. The slaw provided



some crunch, but I would have liked some sweetness to counter balance the heat of the spicy butter glaze. I was also hoping for a more substantial piece of chicken—the meat of my sandwich may have been fried for a little too long, which sapped the chicken of some necessary juiciness. My wife ordered Belle’s Turkey (\$10.99), which is a traditional hot turkey sandwich with a few twists thrown in. Instead of a dollop of mashed potatoes, the sandwich is paired with a healthy serving of mashed root vegetables and smothered

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in *Station 22*’s famous root beer gravy. I love a good hot turkey sandwich, and the subtle sweetness of the gravy along with the buttermilk fried onions made this one stand out from the rest.

From a service standpoint, my visits to *Station 22* had a few hiccups. On one visit, we had three different waiters checking up on us. Initially, I thought this was nice—our drinks were always kept full and our food arrived promptly. However, it became a problem towards the end of our visit. As they were out of soup and sweet potato wedges, I asked if I could have a side of collard greens instead. When our first waiter brought my check, I noticed that they charged me for the side. After explaining the situation to our second waiter, he informed me that I wouldn’t be charged. When our third waiter brought me the receipt, it turned out that I was charged after all. All the waiter juggling created a bit of a failure to communicate, which ended up costing me a couple of bucks. Despite these few missteps, it’s important to note that *Station 22* has been entertaining the dinner crowd for just under a month, and with that comes a few kinks to work out. I have faith that *Station 22* will fully realize its potential for greatness as their experience grows.

In addition to supplying Utahns with comfort food from all over the nation was the idea of having a place where people from all walks of life could meet and socialize comfortably. *Station 22* offers an eclectic menu of sodas for the non-drinkers in the area. Gregory’s experience with wine tastings in Napa Valley inspired him to create a similar option for folks who don’t drink alcohol. Some of the brands they have available are Brigham’s Brew from *Wasatch Brewers*, Cheerwine, Virgil’s Special Edition Bavarian Nutmeg Rootbeer, Cock n’ Bull Ginger Beer, Reed’s Ginger Beers, Butterscotch Beer and many more. “There are lots of places for LDS folks and non-LDS folks individually. Our craft soda list is a way to bridge that gap,” Gregory says. Soon, *Station 22* will be providing its customers with a selection of beer and wine that will satiate those customers who like something a bit stronger with their comfort food. Overall, *Station 22* has definitely created an atmosphere that is conducive to socializing regardless of one’s background, and I look forward to the day when it hits its stride and everything comes together.

The last stop on this journey was *Communal Restaurant*, which many people consider to be a true pioneer of the Utah County food scene. As the name would suggest, diners join one another at a large wooden table, and the food is prepared in portions that are big enough to share. All of the ingredients are acquired locally, and it communicates a strong sense of what Utah is capable of as a producer of food. *Communal* is part of the Heirloom Restaurant Group, a collection of local restaurants and caterers of which Orem’s *Pizzeria 712* is a member. **Colton Soelberg** is the man behind this local collective, running the show with co-owner and director of catering, **Joseph McRae**, and it’s evident that he’s passionate about treating his diners to an excellent experience. “You have a finite amount of bites in this life, and each bite is one less that you’re going to be able to experience. We’re committed to making those bites the best they can be,” Soelberg says.

Soelberg grew up in Provo, and after working in restaurants all over the country, he decided to bring his culinary expertise back home. “After seeing some of the more unique restaurants in New York and San Francisco, I realized that Utah County didn’t really have anything like that. It was like a blank slate,” says Soelberg.

From a culinary point of view, *Communal* is all about crafting sophisticated yet comforting dishes from the best seasonal ingredients that Utah has to offer. When dining at *Communal*, it’s a good idea to start with some of their menu’s Small Shares. The La Ney Ferme Beets (\$8.00) and the Mixed Radish Salad (\$12.00) are both cool and refreshing. The beets are cooked to an al dente consistency, and each one packs a surprising pop of sweetness. In contrast, the Mixed Radish Salad is pleasantly crunchy and the lemongrass dressing adds an acidic tone that complements the fresh radishes nicely. I also couldn’t pass up their Deviled Farm Eggs (\$2.00 per egg). Their preparation varies from night to night, and I liked the two options that I tried. One of them was prepared with crispy bacon, and the other was adorned with a slice of smoked salmon. They were delicious, but two bucks is a bit steep considering their dainty size. As an entrée, the Koosharem Valley Steelhead Trout (half portion \$13.00; full portion \$24.00) is excellent. It’s cooked in a glorious mixture of brown butter, lemon and capers, which emphasize the trout’s natural flavor. It’s rich, flaky and best of all, it tastes like it came from Utah’s own waters.

Both Soelberg and the staff of *Communal* are dedicated to a professionalism that comes through in their food. I had a few minutes to watch sous chef **Vance Lott** prepare the night’s orders. Despite preparing food for dozens of guests, he remained enthusiastic about the work that he and his colleagues do at *Communal*. Soelberg says, “We’re dedicated to commitment and consistency, no matter what. It’s making that decision to spend two hours cleaning the kitchen after closing, even though you’ve just been slammed by the Friday night dinner crowd.”

In addition to serving great food, these three restaurants have come to represent a movement to bring more local flair to Utah County. Whenever local businesses can cause people to reinvest in their community, that community inevitably becomes stronger. If the occasion to visit downtown Provo ever comes your way, it’s worth it to stop by any of these three fine establishments for a memorable culinary experience.

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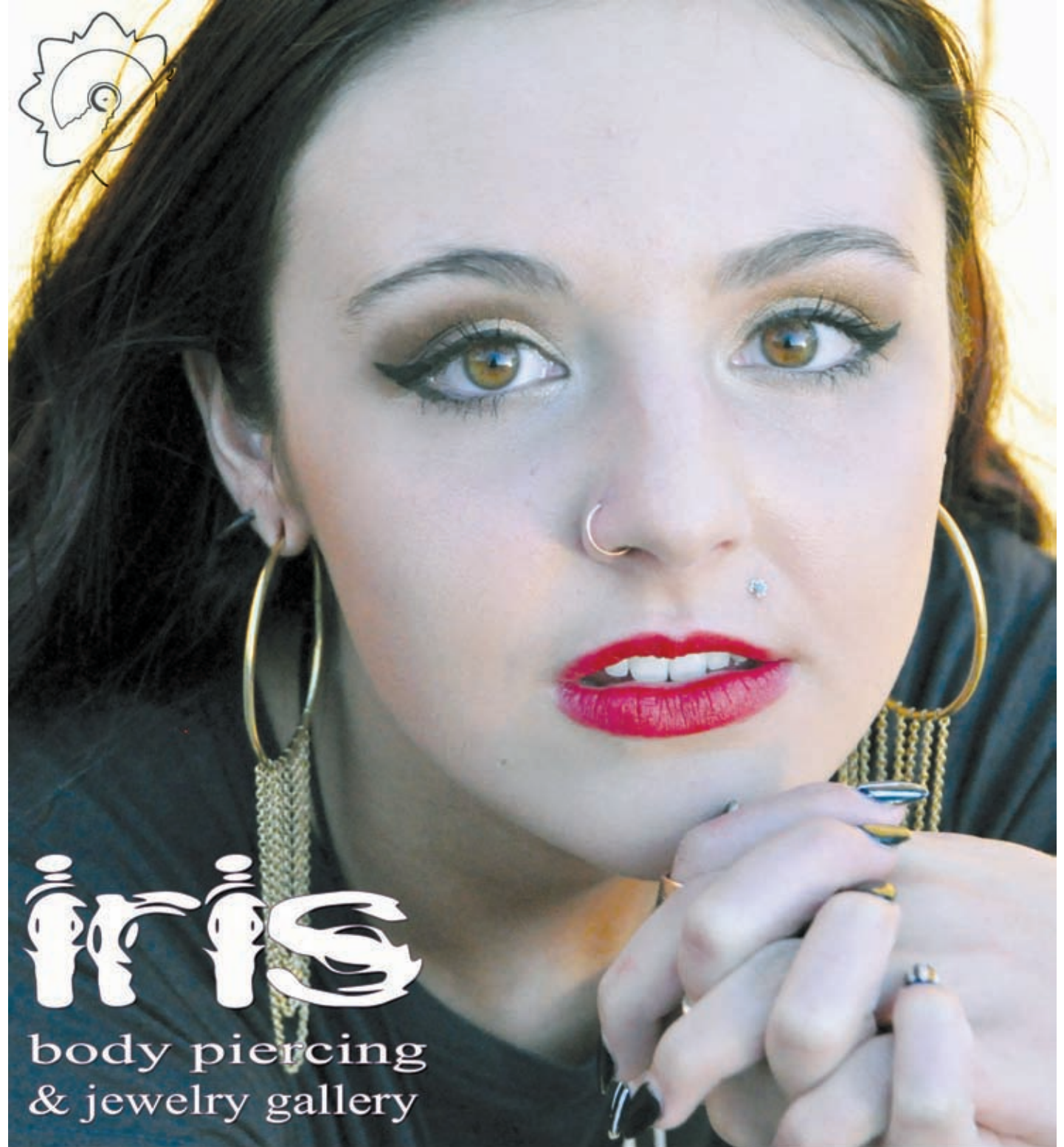


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Photo: Teryn Mendenhall

# Baby Ghosts: POP-PUNK POLTERGEISTS

By Ricky Vigil / [ricky@slugmag.com](mailto:ricky@slugmag.com)

"We like the idea of something that's very cute and childish that can mean something more," says Baby Ghosts' drummer, Bret Meisenbach.

Part Provo and part Salt Lake, the aggro-adorable music of Baby Ghosts exists in a nebulous world where pop-punk, cuddlecore, anime, garage rock and 8-bit video games coalesce into a perfect party soundtrack. The co-ed four piece utilizes three of its members as vocalists—singing, screaming and harmonizing playful yet thoughtful lyrics over bouncy melodies that give way to some certifiably shredding guitar work. The band has a wide appeal, equally embraced by the more indie rock-oriented crowds of *Velour* as well as the blossoming Provo hardcore scene. "I've been in a lot of different bands. I'm either in really mellow bands or intense punk bands, so this is actually kind of in the middle," says drummer **Bret Meisenbach**.

Meisenbach is a veteran of the Provo music scene, serving time in **Big Trub** and **The Mighty Sequoyah** among others, as well as being one half of **Black Pyramid Recording**. He formed Baby Ghosts in late 2010 as a duo with the band's original vocalist, **Laurie**, taking influence from **The Raveonettes**. "We would both sing, and there was a drum machine and a guitar. Then we decided to turn these songs that had really beautiful melodies into punk songs and play them really hard and really fast," he says. "I try to write meaningful chord progressions and pretty melodies, but that can be played really fast. I don't really know if it's working or not, but that's what I want to do." After several lineup changes, the band's current lineup of bassist/vocalist **Katrina Ricks**, guitarist/vocalist **Karly Zobrist** and guitarist **Pat Boyer** (with "understudy" **Mike Dixon** filling in while Boyer is on tour with his other band, **Desert Noises**) solidified in 2011. The band's youngest member, Zobrist, only had limited musical experience before joining Baby Ghosts: "I was in band in middle school and high school. I played the flute," she

says. The band attempted to incorporate Zobrist's woodwind experience into their sound, but as Meisenbach says, "It never sounded good."

A sense of fun radiates from the band's recorded work and is especially prevalent in their live show. Smiles are often plastered across the members' faces as they sweat and scream through their sets, and laughter even seems to find its way into some of the more tense moments onstage. "Me playing guitar is Bret's worst nightmare," Zobrist says. It may look like Zobrist and Meisenbach are constantly at odds, but they are quick to explain that it's just part of the band's dynamic. "We have a weird relationship where I can get really mean when she isn't doing something right, but nothing bothers her, which makes me get even more mean because she's not listening," Meisenbach says. "When I'm yelling at somebody, I'm not actually mad, that's just how I talk. And when Karly's laughing at you, she is actually listening, she's just laughing at you at the same time."

The band has also remained conscious of the way they portray themselves through the artwork featured on their physical releases. Both of the cassettes they released in 2011 (*Baby Tape* and *Spacebook*) as well as last year's full-length album (*Let's Always Hang Out Together, Okay?*) feature cutesy anime artwork contributed by Pittsburgh artist **Naomi Martin**. It's an unusual aesthetic choice, and Baby Ghosts have received criticism for it, but Meisenbach believes that it is representative of the motivation behind the band. "They think it's weird or childish, and one person told us that if we don't change our art, no one would ever sign us or even take us seriously. But that's the whole point: We don't really want to be taken that seriously,"

he says. "We like the idea of something that's very cute and childish that can mean something more."

This January, the band will embark on a tour to support a new 7" being released jointly by **Lost Cat Records** in the U.S. and **Drunken Sailor Records** in the UK. The opportunity to release the 7" arose when the band sent CD-Rs of three new songs out to about 40 DIY labels throughout the country. "Lost Cat Records from [Minnesota] was the only one who responded. Initially, the owner said he didn't have money to put the 7" out, but wanted to distribute the album," says Meisenbach. Two weeks later, however, Lost Cat contacted the band and told them that Drunken Sailor would help foot the bill, giving the band motivation to book a 10-show tour travelling out to Washington D.C., hitting DIY hotbeds such as Columbus, Ohio and Bloomington, Ind. along the way.

Baby Ghosts is a hard band to pin down. There's influence from a wide variety of music, pop culture and various aspects of nerd-dom, but more than anything else, they're unabashedly adorable and enjoyable. "We're not really heavy enough to play with heavy bands, but not quiet enough to play with quiet bands," Meisenbach says. "We play a lot of mixed genre shows where we're the odd man out, but it tends to work out." Visit Baby Ghosts online at [lilbabyghosts.com](http://lilbabyghosts.com) to play the official Baby Ghosts video game and at [lilbabyghosts.tumblr.com](http://lilbabyghosts.tumblr.com) to keep up with the band and find out which Internet memes make them laugh the most.

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Whether she's wiggling out as a rock star, a fun-loving blonde or a sassy redhead, she'll always be the one and only Princess Kennedy.



Photos: Chad Kirkland

# THE GREAT WIG-OUT OF 2013

By Princess Kennedy • [theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com](mailto:theprincesskennedy@yahoo.com)

**C**leopatra had hers dyed with saffron, the ancient Romans made them for their statues, Baroque times dictated men wear them, and women adorned them with the most preposterous scenes. Pastiche, peruke, rug, weave, periwig or toupee: Welcome to the wonderful, wacky world of wigs!

It doesn't take a genius to notice the flange of ingénue songstresses who have embraced the mop top as part of their accessory repertoire. It seems **Katy, Nicki, Gaga** and more have all caught on to what I've known for years. You see, my love affair with the fake hair came from quite an early age—birth, to be exact. My mother comes from the last great era that featured the wig as not only an acceptable form of daily expression, but an accessory owned by anyone who was anybody. Gone are the days when such piled-on style was necessary, but wigs are still undeniably handy, make one helluvan entrance, and, if you host after-parties, they're hours of entertainment.

Some may or may not know that before my years as a highly regarded columnist, I had a life as a wig mistress. Upon graduating in theater arts from the university, I was immediately snatched up by the **San Francisco Opera** to run their wig department for all road shows and out-of-house performances. I loved this job. Because of it, I have seen every state in the union and can tell you where the best thrift stores are in the oddest cities, but I digress. I am mastered in the art of making wigs from scratch—hair by hair and stitch by stitch. All those fancy **SNL** wigs are actually done by one of my good friends and colleagues, **Ashley Hanson**—who also runs the wig shop at **Julliard**. We

are a very small and close-knit group, and I would be a big, giant liar-face if I didn't say that the only reason I got into it was so that I'd have amazingly flawless hair all the time.

Eventually, after a couple years, I developed a depression from living in theater basements, not to mention an allergy to opera divas (too many cooks in the kitchen). I have since limited my signature pieces for private clients and the occasional party wig that may come through my chair at *Ulysses* hair salon, where I spend my 9-to-5.

A wig is the best and easiest way to become someone else. I know you've looked in the mirror, even recently, and said, "God, I just HATE you!" Don't lie! The best cure for that is to throw on somebody else. I'm sad to say that the past couple years, I haven't been practicing what I am preaching. I worked so hard on becoming recognizable to SLC, the mere thought of having to re-introduce myself as a redhead filled me with anxiety. Sure, I dabbled with bobs, but only blonde, and oh, maybe a shade or two lighter/darker blonde. Recently, in honor of my hard-earned roots, I've been switching it up with shades of purple, auburn and blue. I rediscovered throwing on a subtle brunette and getting lost in the back of a (non) smoky bar, becoming the wacky finger-waved good-time-girl on the dance floor or the electric rock star with no inhibition (ha, like I ever had any!).

It is my prediction, nay, my challenge that you will go out and get a wig this 2013. Sick of your blonde friend always getting to be the "blonde friend?" Ever

notice how he looks at redheads? Shake up those office doldrums with a snazzy new 'do. What are you waiting for, an invitation? That only happens to people who aren't you, and a new you is waiting right around the corner. Do it, girlfriend—get a wig.

Now, boys, you're more than encouraged to join in the fun—not with the overdone upper-lip wig, but with a full-on change! Ever feel like you don't look Brooklyn enough to hangout at *Twilite*? Just grab those long, beautiful curls I just told her to buy off her nightstand and presto: new-age hipster. Yes, there is beauty in a man wig, but I fear **Mike Brown** might flip his if I don't stop here and let him indulge you in that brilliance.

I know at least half of you have one in the back of a closet, like an old, discarded animal in a hoarder house, smelling like **Cher** and looking like **Ke\$ha** after a bender. Chances are you just need to give it a little TLC, honey. Try putting a quarter-size dollop of laundry detergent in a gallon bucket of water. Rinse, dunk and swish till clean, rinse and repeat with fabric softener and GENTLY comb out. Bet you'll find it good as new. Any more severe probs, just bring it to me—I can revive the sickest of club wigs.

Go forth and wig thyself, children! I can't seem to stop these days—I'm so enraptured in this hairy ordeal because I realized that under the pink, black or copper tresses, I'm always going to be Princess Kennedy, Salt Lake's dirty blonde.

Have a wiggy New Year.

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# Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

*Puke!*  
By Mike Brown  
Instagram: @Fagatron

To be a decent writer, I feel that it's important to write about stuff you know about. Refer to the saying: "Never trust a skinny chef." I am by no means an expert on writing, but if there's one thing I do know a thing or two about, it's vomit. Having hurled many, many times in my short life, I feel I'm a skinny chef you actually can trust while navigating the seas of puke. So, for this article all about throw-up, please allow me to be your chumpass.

I have no problems writing on this important topic. After years in the bartending industry, I've seen and cleaned enough vomit firsthand to make me immune to other people's puke. Like how a homicide detective doesn't get freaked out by a gruesome crime scene, the smell and audacious aroma of a lunch upheaval is just so natural to me. If I'm at any bar drinking these days, and some dipshit can't hold his own and makes a mess of the bar, I'll enthusiastically volunteer to clean it up. It's one of the best ways to get free drinks ever.

I'm sure I can't remember my very first puke, but I do remember the first time that upchucking had a positive impact on my life. I was 8 years old and in Cub Scouts. We had just wrapped up our meeting and our den mother, **Mrs. Pope**, was loading me and all the rest of us little rugrats in the minivan to take us to get Slurpees. I was feeling queasy from too many Capri Suns that day, so I begged to have the front seat, because when you are a dumb little kid, somehow, riding shotgun creates immunity to puking. I was denied riding in the front seat, so, on the way home, I spewed a massive puke pile all over the interior of the minivan. From that day on, I always got to ride shotgun to any and every Cub Scout event.

I also believe that puke is a universal bond between humans and their pets. Take me and my cat, **Jet Pack**, for example. He's a cat, therefore he throws up. We have a pretty solid routine where he pukes about once every couple weeks from eating his Friskeys too fast, and I hesitate to clean it up right away. Unlike

humans, if you let a cat's puke dry, chances are he will just eat it up later that day. At least that's what Jet Pack does. This is why I don't feed him Science Diet. What's the point of feeding your pet fancy food if they are just going to recycle it anyway?

But there are many more social dynamics to barfing than our relationships with our pets and our relationships with alcohol. Take, for example, one of my ex-girlfriends' awesome diet that she was on for several years. The diet



**You can count on Mike Brown to hold your hair back and clean up what doesn't make it in the toilet.**

is as follows and, in my opinion, is highly effective: She would eat whatever she wanted, then immediately shove a finger down her throat and continue eating whatever she wanted, and get skinny in the process. **Jenny Craig** can eat a bowl of dick flakes, because this diet is cost-effective and somewhat genius. I call the finger-to-throat-to-uke method "pulling the trigger," and I myself have pulled the trigger on occasion. It can be a great way to get yourself out of an awkward situation or a boring

family party.

Puking voluntarily is not just important to girls on special diets. It is also an important skill for any college freshman to hone. Hence, the puke and rally. The puke and rally is an important technique in the realm of house parties and cheap booze. In a day and age where passing out and getting a dick drawn on your face impacts your social credibility and ability to get laid, the puke and rally can upgrade your status as a professional party-goer.

Here's how to pull off a perfect puke and rally: Basically, in the middle of the party, if you feel like you might have to tap out/pass out by 12:30 a.m. and it's only 11:00 p.m., go outside to where most of the party goers are smoking. Shove your favorite finger down your throat and unleash, promptly look the disgusted crowd in the eyes and shotgun a beer. If you can Teen Wolf the beer (don't open it, but bite through the side of it), you will earn extra party points. Some of the babes might be grossed out, but most of those party girls are probably familiar with the diet mentioned above, and you will secretly gain their respect. Either way, emptying your stomach this way will enable you to actually drink more, hence the rally part of the equation.

This amazing house-party move can lead to an even smoother, suave move later in the night: The "hold your hair back" move. This is a tremendous bonding experience between men and women that I think sometimes goes unnoticed in our culture. There is no denying the bonding effect that holding a girl's hair back as she kneels down and caresses your cool toilet has on a couple. Grab that girl a cup of water, and she will most likely remember you forever.

I can honestly say that I remember and appreciate every woman who has ever nursed me through a violent vomit storm. Whether I was peaking on mushrooms or actually had the flu, there is something special about that moment when you are curled up in the fetal position and that cool cup of water is delivered by a benevolent angel. It makes me feel glad to be a human and optimistic about all my future pukes.

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**Best Friends Forever producer/co-writer Vera Miao and director/co-writer Brea Grant on set in the middle of Marfa, Texas.**

# “IT’S ALL HEARTFELT AND SHIT”: BEST FRIENDS FOREVER TAKES SLAMDANCE

BY JOHN FORD • [JOHNFORD@SLUGMAG.COM](mailto:JOHNFORD@SLUGMAG.COM)

**B**ack in the beginning of December, *Slamdance* announced the narrative and documentary feature competition programs for their 19th annual film festival. At the top of the list for the narrative feature competition was *Best Friends Forever*. Now, if you found yourself fully disappointed in the lackluster affair that was last month’s Mayan apocalypse, then *Best Friends Forever* is the movie for you. *BFF* is an indie film that blends together dark comedy, sci-fi and horror into a road trip—in a ‘76 AMC Pacer—which takes place during a nuclear apocalypse. Co-written by **Brea Grant** (*Heroes*, *Dexter*, *Halloween II*) and **Vera Miao** (*NCIS*, *No Ordinary Family*, *Important Things with Demetri Martin*), *BFF* is an examination of what’s truly important in life. In a video from the film’s website, Miao describes *BFF* by saying, “It’s all heartfelt and shit,” and anyone who has had a “BFF” before knows that’s a perfect description of a good friendship.

After meeting in an acting class in Los Angeles, Grant and Miao became fast friends. “[We] quickly realized that we shared a lot of the same likes: movies, comic books, feminism ... It was a quick connection,” says Miao. As the friendship developed, they started doing more and more together, and, being in the film industry, it wasn’t long before they started thinking about screenplays. Grant says, “We were interested in writing a similar kind of [story], so we started writing together. When there are two of you, it’s so much easier. You can just get going and work on it.” They initially started writing a movie that was strictly horror, but scrapped that script

after writing nearly 80 pages of it to switch to a hybrid story that would eventually become *Best Friends Forever*. Getting into *Slamdance* was a huge achievement for the film, but, Grant says, “We’re just excited that people are gonna see it.”

Apocalypse scenarios provide everything needed for a good horror film: loss of societal rules, mass panic, personal suffering and, most importantly, a constant fear of death. The genre of horror comes with plenty of stereotypes, which Grant and Miao readily embrace. “We love movies, but like movies that a 13-year-old boy would love,” Miao says. These types of movies usually contain a plethora of misogynistic material and negative stereotypes around women, which Grant and Miao, as feminists, had to address while writing their own story. “The film was our opportunity to tell a story that reflects the fact that you could have ... a meaningful friendship story evolve while still paying homage to the things that we love in this genre, and you could do something that doesn’t fit so cleanly into all of the boxes ... and on top of it, have a lot of fun,” says Miao.

In addition to co-writing, Grant and Miao also produced and starred in *BFF*. Grant plays Harriet, a young comic-book artist who is leaving Los Angeles to start over in Texas, and Miao plays Reba, Harriet’s “BFF” who joins her on the road trip. Sharing similarities with her character, Grant is a native Texan currently living in LA, she co-wrote a 1920s comic book series about zombies titled “We Will Bury

You,” and is currently working on a second series called “Suicide Girls.” Miao, on the other hand, was born and raised in Guam and has quite a unique background. “[Before getting into acting,] I was the Executive Director of a nonprofit organization,” she says. Though, Miao did live briefly in Texas while growing up, and, according to her website, [veramiao.com](http://veramiao.com), she “is most widely known for her sensitive portrayals of Asian-woman-in-a-blazer.” Also starring in *BFF* is **Sean Maher**, whom some might remember from *Party of Five*, but everyone who worships the name of **Whedon** will recognize from his portrayal of Dr. Simon Tam in *Firefly* and *Serenity*.

Filming almost entirely on location in Marfa, Texas, the film crew ran into plenty of difficulties. Because Marfa is in the middle of nowhere, they would sometimes end up driving for days looking for locations to shoot. *BFF* was also filmed on Super 16mm film, which provides a better quality and resolution in the final product, but is limiting at the same time. “There were days when I could only shoot 1,200 feet of film, and anybody who’s ever worked with film knows that’s really, really limited,” says Grant. After each day of shooting, they would have to send the film off to be processed, and then they would wait at least three days before getting to see whether or not the shot worked the way they wanted it to. Then there was the car. There’s a reason **Shannon Deane**, the movie’s Sound Recordist, is also credited as “BFF ‘76 AMC Pacer Mechanic” at the end of the film. Miao says, “We lost a lot of time [because the car

Photo: Terry Norman



wasn't working], and without [Deane] ... we wouldn't have had our picture car operating."

While Grant and Miao were able to fund the production of the movie itself, they needed some help to make it through post-production—so they turned to the crowd-funding magic of Kickstarter. They set a goal of \$75,000, which Miao referred to as "a larger amount by Kickstarter averages," and it made for a daunting task, considering the majority of their donations would come in \$25 and \$50 chunks. According to Miao, Kickstarter's staff even "gently" encouraged them to lower the goal considerably, but they stuck with it. The campaign quickly turned into a full-time job for the producers of the film. "I tell people that some days, it was harder than working on production, which is crazy if you think about how hard working on production is ... We had three people working on the Kickstarter campaign: Vera, me and our other producer, **Stacey [Storey]**. We would work around the clock ... and we were always [making] videos," says Grant. In fact, in the 36 days of their campaign, they posted 52 videos—including a fabulous tribute to *Wayne's World* that features Grant, Miao, Storey and Grant's dog, **Hattie Jones**, rocking out to **Queen's** "Bohemian Rhapsody." "I feel like this is the way the creation of art in general has been going for a while ... because [Kickstarter is] the only way people can get

things off the ground if they want to have total control over it, or if they don't have the kind of profile or access to resources and money on their own," says Miao. Before and during the campaign, artists **Fábio Moon** and **Ryan Kelly** created some intensely remarkable poster art for the film. In the end, with 939 backers, they raised \$81,797—109 percent of the original goal.

In their first Kickstarter video, Grant and Miao mention several statistics about women in filmmaking from 2011, and convey that increasing those numbers was an important reason why people should support them. The video showcased Grant and Miao's feminist roots. Everything they do seems to empower women in one way or another, and they're constantly striving for equality. In an article posted on *Huffingtonpost.com*, Miao even talks about the Bechdel Test—a set of three rules created by cartoonist **Alison Bechdel** that rate a movie's gender bias based on whether or not the film (1) has at least two women, with names, in it (2) who talk to each other (3) about something besides a man—a test that *BFF* passes with flying colors. "It's incredible that at the *Slamdance Festival*, it's equal between male and female directors, at least for the features, and that's impressive. It's ... about decision makers. This project we made, it's super small, but the route that we took—where Brea stepped in to

direct, I produced, Stacey produced, we funded the post[-production] through Kickstarter—all of it was because it enabled us to make all of the decisions ourselves," says Miao. About role models for young women, Grant says, "Things are changing quite a bit, and hopefully they'll change even more in our lifetimes ... I know for me, personally, ... when I moved out to LA, directing wasn't even on my radar as something that I could do... [but now] there are a lot of amazing role models out there for women, especially young women, because there are young women out there making movies."

In the end, *BFF* appears to be a movie about friendship, which translates to people no matter which genre it's presented from. Miao says, "It's a reflection of the kind of friendship that we have." But is friendship enough to help a person make it through a nuclear apocalypse? You'll have to head up to Park City this month to find out.

Check out *bestfriendsforeverfilm.com* to learn more about the film and find the link to their Kickstarter page—even though the Kickstarter was funded back in April of 2012, the page still has all their awesome videos. Then, be sure to hit up this year's *Slamdance Film Festival*, which runs Jan. 18–24, for the World Premiere of *Best Friends Forever* at the *Treasure Mountain Inn* in Park City. Go to *slamdance.com* for all the details.



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# HEAD ROOM

## COMADRE UNLEASHES COMADRE

By Alexander Ortega  
alexander@slugmag.com

“We write until we feel like we don’t have good ideas anymore,”

says **Jack Shirley**, guitarist of the Bay Area punk band, Comadre. For a band that has put out three previous, full-length albums, splits with **Trainwreck** and **Glasses**, five mixtapes, an EP and a self-titled record out Jan. 8 on **Vitriol Records**, it’s clear that they are nowhere near a drought of creativity. What’s more is that Comadre have underpinned their existence with a tenure of DIY ethics, having self-released all of their releases up until this one on bassist—and Jack’s brother—**Steven Shirley**’s label, **Bloodtown Records**. Considering all of vocalist **Juan Gabe**’s passionate screams throughout the years, the aural textures of *Comadre* certainly demonstrate that the album’s namesake is still “interested in a raw kind of emotional approach to making music,” as Jack puts it.

Having released music in some form or another every year since their inception in 2004 up until about this time in 2011, Comadre wrote their upcoming album with a more calculated approach to song dynamics, which has taken nearly two years to accomplish. “There definitely was a conscious effort to change it up a bit in terms of not being so guitar-heavy and start to sub out some guitars,” says Jack. Indeed, one may notice the addition of keys on the track “King Worm” or trumpet on “Drag Blood” in places where guitar lines would have normally been in Comadre’s previous oeuvre. Jack attributes their instrumental decision-making to a desire to change things up “texturally.” Jack says, “I’m a big **Tom Waits** fan, and I listen to so much of that music—I thought it would be cool to make a punk rock record that had a little bit more of that organic, old-school [feel].” The band also afforded themselves these instrumental moves largely in part by not recording **Wes Elsbree**’s drumming with any type of cymbal strike besides that of a hi-hat in the large, open space of Jack’s neighbor’s antique restoration business; Jack, (who has recorded all of Comadre’s albums), added in cymbals to the cuts retroactively, in a purely accentual

way. Thus, Comadre has avoided any “loud wash of cymbals” and superfluous guitar, freeing up sonic volume and space, which has allowed the other instrumental parts to shape the energy of each song on the album. “It’s head room that’s left by not having everything completely full all the time,” says Jack. “If everything’s loud, then nothing’s loud.” The band additionally took the helm of a foreign song-arrangement style wherein their new songs repeat parts—for the first time in their recording history—a more “classic” style of songwriting in “an effort to keep things a lot more straightforward and less spastic and stream-of-consciousness,” says Jack. “Summericide,” for example, exhibits garage-like riffs on the keys. The second time that riff comes around, the accompanying guitar mutates into a bending lead that bolsters the second round of the chorus with Juan screaming lyrics that read, “It was the summer suicide. [T]he sun was sinking into our moonlight.”

Although Comadre are transferring from Bloodtown to Vitriol, their DIY spirit still rings true. “Vitriol is run by a super close friend of ours, **Justin [Smith]**, who we’ve been involved with in some capacity since we’ve been a band,” Jack says. Smith has played alongside Comadre in his bands **Graf Orlock**, **Ghostlimb** and **Dangers**,


which earned Vitriol Comadre’s partnership amid various label offers over the years. Jack affirms that the band would not have signed on had the label not belonged to a close friend. Still, Comadre is handling the bulk of their creative outlet with Jack recording, Steven handling finances, Juan creating artwork, his brother, guitarist **Kenny Gabe**, booking and organizing tours and promoting online, and Elsbree helping out wherever he can. Smith tops it off with a wider PR network, reaching more people than Comadre have previously. Jack says, “The thing that Justin was excited about was that we’re doing it all by ourselves.”

After about 10 months of not playing shows or even their preexisting set, Comadre look to integrate their new songs into their live set, but without the accompanying instrumentation. “The whole idea with this thing was to make a studio album and have it be just that,” says Jack. “It’s not like we’re going to show up with a bunch of keyboards and an accordion and all that stuff.” Unfortunately, not all the songs will work in a live set, but Comadre’s vast catalog and live energy will surely shine through nonetheless to make for killer shows. As a band that has traveled to Malaysia and had monkeys steal food out of their hands while on tour, Comadre’s own hunger for playing abroad has surely grown after nearly a year of starvation. Jack reminisces on the strong community that Salt Lake/Utah County has shown the band, who aim to return sometime around June. Though Juan and Steven’s touring schedules now have to work around their teaching day jobs and Jack’s recording studio is as busy as ever, the dual sets of brothers and longtime friend Elsbree are committed to the band just as much as they are to each other. Jack says, “We all are totally stuck with each other because without one of the five people, the band just doesn’t exist anymore.”



Two sets of brothers and a longtime, close friend spurred the cogent and fluid songwriting on the new *self-titled* album from Comadre.

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# NARCO CULTURA

Bullets, Borders and Ballads

By Esther Meroño  
esther@slugmag.com

Photo: Shaul Schwarz

3

Edgar Quintero, frontman for the BuKnas de Culiacan, sings narcocorridos to a packed house with a bazooka strapped to his back.

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1

"Out of poverty, poetry; out of suffering, song."

This old Mexican saying, pulled from the book *Borderlands/La Frontera* by Gloria Anzaldúa, has proven its merit throughout history—from the soulful hymns sung in tobacco fields by African slaves, to the tortured punk rock anthems belted onstage by contemporary musicians. World-renowned photojournalist and filmmaker **Shaul Schwarz** came across this cultural connection in one of the most controversial yet underground conflicts currently marring our continent: the drug war. Schwarz makes his *Sundance* debut this January with *Narco Cultura*, a unique and engrossing film documenting the plague of cartel-related murders that infect the border city of Juarez, Mexico, and the subculture that has sprouted from the bloodbath, making its way onto U.S. stages and airwaves.

Born in Israel, Schwarz has spent two decades as a photojournalist, covering war and disaster in places like Haiti and Gaza for *Time*, *National Geographic*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times Magazine* and more. In early 2008, Schwarz found himself on a still photography assignment that lasted almost two years, covering the increase in violence and murders across the border due to conflicts between Mexican drug cartels. Schwarz describes Juarez as a haunting city with a different set of rules than war zones like Iraq or Afghanistan. "The bodies would just drop and drop," he says. "You never see where the bad guys are, you just see the pain it leaves and the shock on the society." The never-ending conflict (which has claimed nearly 100,000 lives), has led to the rise of a pustule of pop culture: narcocorridos, or drug ballads. Backed by a band comprised of tubas, trumpets and accordions playing

danceable polka rhythms, the vocalists of these groups sing lyrics glorifying the violent lives and conquests of Mexican drug lords, such as these lines by **BuKnas de Culiacan** in their popular hit, "Los Sanguinarios del M1": "With an AK-47 and a bazooka on my shoulder/ Cross my path and I'll chop your head off/ We're bloodthirsty, crazy and we like to kill/ We are the best at kidnapping/Our gang always travels in a caravan/With bulletproof vests, ready to execute!"

Much like their watered-down cousin, gangsta rap, narcocorridos have infiltrated the club scenes and even the radio waves from coast to coast and border to border. Sometimes commissioned by the cartel members they're about, the corridos idolize the violent and extravagant lifestyles of narcos and cater to a fast-growing fanbase that includes everyone from Mexican-American cowboys in North Carolina to the narcos themselves. Schwarz came across this phenomenon on a photo assignment for *Time Magazine* that focused on the narcocorrido culture specifically, but soon realized that photos wouldn't suffice. "Sometimes photography is the most powerful tool in the world," says Schwarz. "... But when you do this for 20 years as I've been doing, you understand, sometimes, that's not true. Sometimes ... [a] picture isn't really telling the full story." Already an experienced filmmaker, shooting shorts for various publications and a feature-length documentary, *The Block*, back in 2005, Schwarz's transition was seamless as he began to film for *Time* before deciding to make *Narco Cultura* a feature in early 2010. For the next two years, Schwarz retraced his steps with a Canon 5D, Spanish sound man **Juan Bertrán**, and a new focus: characters.

*Narco Cultura* zeroes in on two seemingly divergent perspectives: That of **Edgar Quintero**, the LA-based, Mexican-American narcocorrido singer of BuKnas de Culiacan;

and **Richi Olguin**, a crime scene investigator who has lived his entire life in Juarez. The film swings back and forth between Olguin cleaning up the aftermath of gruesome cartel executions, and Quintero singing praise of the bad guys to sold-out crowds on tour in the U.S. Schwarz initially met both men while on his photo assignment. Olguin was entrusted by his department to guide Schwarz through the crime scenes and in the film, he becomes an unfortunate representation of the failing system. "These guys work so hard, but it's all for show, because everyone in Juarez knows that nothing gets done about this," says Schwarz. At the same time, Olguin's love for Juarez and his dedication to a thankless and dangerous job also make him a small beacon of hope. "He's a believer ... That's what the film wanted to show," says Schwarz. Olguin leads the audience through some of the most graphic portions of the film—bloody scenes of death and violence—with somber and introspective voice-overs that provide a narrative throughout the film, setting it apart from the usual talking-heads documentary. "You always go out with a prayer on your lips, you don't know when things will happen," says Olguin at one point in the film.

Quintero didn't become a character in *Narco Cultura* until almost a year after the project began. Schwarz met the singer when BuKnas played a club in Riverside, Calif., but initially followed **El Komander**, another popular narcocorrido singer, whom Schwarz hoped would open more doors through his fame and connections. "It took me a little bit of time to see that Quintero was my guy, both because he was willing to open up, and I thought that his story of not being the star and being the American-born Mexican was way more interesting to me," says Schwarz. Quintero ended up being an invaluable key to coverage, providing Schwarz with access to phone calls with cartel members who would

commission corridos from Quintero like a royal minstrel. He also allowed Schwarz to accompany him on a trip to Sinaloa, the home base of the world's largest and most powerful drug trafficking organization—the Sinaloa Cartel run by "**El Chapo**" **Guzman**, the most wanted man in Mexico. "Initially, we didn't even think we'd get that deep through the song side," says Schwarz. "We were like, 'All right, we're gonna see some heavy shit in Juarez.' A lot of the actual rubbing with the bad guys came through the access of BuKnas, of Edgar."

Though the lives of Olguin and Quintero are starkly different, they run parallel to each other, and their juxtaposition is a product of Schwarz's vision as a filmmaker. "People tend to simplify and say it's just the criminals killing each other, and it's not. Beyond that, they kill a lot of other people, and beyond that, everybody and everything is kind of dancing around this monster," says Schwarz. "I thought that was something that was a completely different take, to show this bigger picture. It's something that a lot of us are involved in and that creates culture and is all part of that same cycle." The irony prevails from the very opening shot of the giant fence separating Juarez, one of the murder capitals of the world, from El Paso, Texas, ranked one of the safest cities in the United States. A little boy sticks his fingers through the wire and looks across to the other side, saying, "They say that it's safe on the other side. That people don't kill over there. But the narcos are over here." It's in this liminal space that narco culture has rooted and branched out.

"When I saw this culture at first, I was kind of angry. I couldn't understand it, but as I spent time there, although I don't see eye to eye with it, I understood where it was coming from," says Schwarz. "It's a way for people to relate. To them, it's culture. To Quintero

... he doesn't want to sing about **Pancho Villa**. This is how he finds his Mexicanhood." Narcocorridos tell the story of the heroes, the winners, the people with power—and in Mexico, there is no one more successful than the lords of the drug cartels. Though the most shocking footage was shot at the crime scenes in Juarez, the most dangerous moments for Schwarz and Bertrán were in Sinaloa. Schwarz tells me that while filming at a private narco party, they got an unsettling feeling and decided to leave. Speeding away, they were unexpectedly stopped by federal cops. They had no choice but to tell the truth about being at a narco party. The cops let them go, and when Schwarz recounted the story to the narcos, they laughed and told him the cops are there at every party, serving as a checkpoint to protect them. "I was like, OK, I don't even know who I'm afraid of anymore," says Schwarz.

Schwarz often worked with the help of local journalists, through which he came across footage shot by another photographer, who contributes one of the most powerful scenes in the film. After her son is found chopped up in 16 different pieces, a woman is seen banging a newspaper against a table, screaming and crying over and over in Spanish, "Nobody shouts! Why do all the mothers stay silent?!" Schwarz remembers the moment he saw this clip, tearing up as Bertrán fell to his knees, and knowing it needed to be included in the film. "It had such a strong impact on me and I knew why: Nobody talks in Juarez—nobody lets this out. That's what's so frustrating. It's all there, but it's all this thing under the table and nobody would dare speak," he says. "I think this woman, in her crazy grief, she really actually nailed the words. She says all of what you want to scream about that place." The intensity of this moment would go unnoticed without Schwarz's buildup, however, and he says that including the

culture side to the drug war is key. "I knew that in the end, I wanted a story that was driven by characters and a story that feels ... almost fictional. A story that, through people and through feelings, you get the bigger picture," he says.

So what is the solution? Schwarz says there is no simple fix. *Narco Cultura*'s reoccurring question is "Will this change?" but its filmmaker isn't optimistic—his goal is simply to create awareness. "I'm a journalist at heart: The less I say, the less you know," says Schwarz. "It's so big and powerful, this monster. Maybe [the film] will put in the tiniest dent."

For his first time at *Sundance*, Schwarz hopes the film's screenings will gain excitement for the project, providing venues for distribution. "People tend to look at this subject and say, 'I don't want to deal with this,'" he says. "I think that [*Narco Cultura*] is really different, and I hope that's what we can portray, that this film is important and strong and documentary, but it's also entertaining."

Watch the trailer, read Schwarz's coverage and look through a gallery of his provocative images at [narcocultura.com](http://narcocultura.com). Schwarz will be present for a Q&A at four of the film's screenings:

Jan. 21, 8:30 p.m., Library Center Theatre, Park City  
Jan. 23, 11:45 a.m., MARC, Park City  
Jan. 24, 9:15 p.m., Broadway Theatre, SLC  
Jan. 25, 9:00 a.m., Temple Theatre, Park City  
Jan. 26, 3:30 p.m., Redstone Cinema 1, Park City

The *Sundance Film Festival* runs from Jan. 17-27. Go to [sundance.org](http://sundance.org) for details.

2

The narco band BuKnas de Culiacan wear masks and decorated bulletproof vests as costumes for their national tour.



Photo: Shaul Schwarz

4

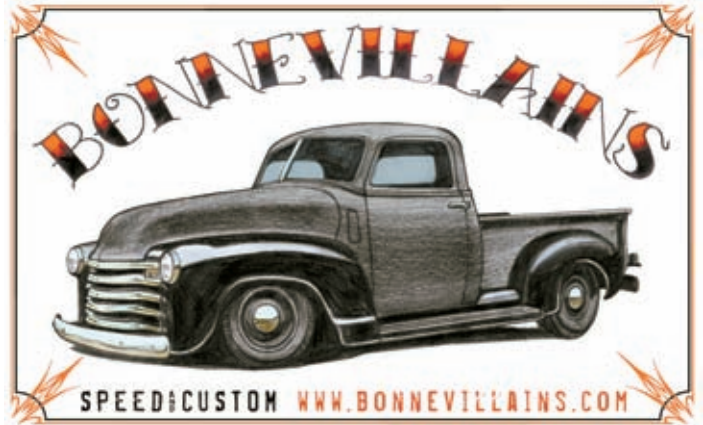




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# PHOTO FEATURE

By Andy Wright  
[andywrightphoto.com](http://andywrightphoto.com)

I can't believe it's 2013 and I'm writing about the fact that Alta still won't allow snowboarders on its slopes. If anyone would have bet me 25 years ago that weed would be completely legal in a few states, gay people could marry and we'd have a two-term black president before Alta would cave in and finally allow snowboarding, I would have most certainly taken that wager. And that's why I'm not a betting man. Have these

people not heard of **Shaun White**? I mean, c'mon you elitist skier fascists, are you really so scared of snowboarders scripping away your precious powder? Or is it your lycra-panted women that you wish to hoard for your greedy little selves? It's just a matter of time before you won't be able to afford to turn away our dollars anymore. We are coming for you, and we are pissed off.

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**DIGGING FOR GOLD**

TEAM PROSPECT GOES KNUCKLE DEEP

By Shawn Mayer  
[shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com](mailto:shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com)

Photo: Erik Hoffman

Recently, I lost a job (or two or three). After a few days of depression (or partying), I decided it was time to pull myself up by the bootstraps and secure employment for myself. I fine-tuned my resume, ironed my slacks and slid my tie up high enough to create a double chin that I was sure would land me that overpaid office job I had been searching for. Turns out I wasn't the only one. Group interviews with bums in cut-off jean shorts, conference calls with a dozen other "qualified" applicants—this was becoming too much. After being offered minimum wage for over 15 years of experience, I was done looking for that managerial ski shop position. Thanks to a nationwide unemployment rate of 7.9 percent, I was competing with every kind of applicant: the up-and-comers, the has-beens and the never-weres. I didn't stand a chance. If only I could have made it as a professional snowboarder, I'd be jet-setting the globe with my long hair, tight leather outfit, and fighting off groupies instead of the repo. If only I'd had somebody to guide me in my ways, instead of making poor decisions, choosing bar tabs over hot laps. If only there was a company or team dedicated to offering hope and optimism. If only I had **Team Prospect**.

Team Prospect is Smith Optics' and Spacecraft Collective's Intermountain, regional grassroots, ski and snowboard team. Being a part of this experience offers local athletes the opportunity to fast-track advancement through their five-tier sponsorship program. What sets Team Prospect apart from other flow sponsorships is the

Ozzy Henning's built-in talent and opportunities through Team Prospect will find him at "pro" status in the near future.

organization from top to bottom. The riders are backed by seasoned leaders and a company dedicated to life-long relationships, offering rider input and a larger-than-most advertising/marketing budget for its riders, regardless of their status. Like the current job market, it's hard to land yourself on the radar without the right amount of exposure and connections. This is the difference with Team Prospect: The goal is to assemble the most talented riders and provide them with the opportunity of exposure and advancement. Though, ultimately, it's up to the athlete to decide his or her own fate. The objective is to "... Make the great shredders better," says Team Prospect Team Manager **Jeremy Tidwell**.

In order to understand how this branding tool was created, we need to take a quick look into the history of the company. Smith Optics was created in 1965 before snowboarding was even a glimmer in **Jake Carpenter's** eye (or whomever is getting credited as the pioneer these days), in nearby Sun Valley, Idaho. When not practicing dentistry (orthodontics in particular), **Bob Smith**, a ski buff and skilled handyman, began to create ski goggles that he would trade in exchange for daily lift tickets. Soon after, Smith struck up a manufacturing deal

right here in Utah and created the first sealed lenses goggles with ventable foam (both features are still used to this day). Long story short, his product gained momentum, and Smith Optics ultimately became one of the world's largest and most recognizable eyewear manufacturers in action sports.

The company created its first Utah grassroots program back in 2001. **Garret Rose**, the Rockies Territory sales manager, began to "flow" **Hayden Price**, a local skier, with product to help him enhance his skills while pursuing a professional career. Over the next few seasons, Smith's grassroots program grew exponentially, and the brand realized that the free goodies were helping expand their exposure. Due to its success, a team manager was brought in to oversee and organize a team of "potential" talent for the pro team manager to farm from. Tidwell, who grew up snowboarding in Utah and has worked in the industry for countless years, was put in charge of the team two years ago.

In 2010, Smith began a marketing initiative called "Prospecting Idaho": a social media web series that showcased the sponsored athletes riding and developing product at the Smith's Headquarters in Ketchum, Idaho. Team Prospect was a direct result of the success of this marketing two years later. "For years, the program was just casually called the Smith Grassroots Team. We wanted to bring a new feel to things, give ourselves a name and at



the same time, tie into the marketing initiatives of Smith Optics [Prospecting Idaho]. So, we came up with Team Prospect as kind of a play on words and our team name," says Tidwell. Spacecraft jumped on board to help increase the team's budget and provide additional support while expanding their own brand image. Now with its own webpage full of videos showcasing the team's talents and endeavors, Team Prospect is bringing about a change in how flow teams are managed.

"Having athletes who realize that being a part of this team is a huge opportunity that can be used to jumpstart a professional career in winter action sports—that's what we are going for. For the right people, at the right time, this program should be nothing but a hit." The way Team Prospect is structured differs immensely from other companies' flow teams. Long gone are the days when flow implies "homie hookup." Due to the increasing numbers in participants every year, the brand decided it was time to shy away from handouts and concentrate on opportunity. Through Tidwell and Snowboard Promotions Manager **Nate Farrell** (who was once a Grassroots member back in Vermont), participants have years of industry insight. Activities are organized before, during and after the season to create familiarity between riders and managers, and hopefully create bonds in order to progress and push each other. The communication between the two managers creates a seamless transition from one tier of sponsorship to the next for the riders. "I couldn't be happier knowing that there is someone spearheading the program with such passion. Jeremy has really put his heart into this team," says Farrell.

In the last few years, the team has produced a ton of talent. After being a part of the team for just one season, two riders quickly advanced from flow to factory status, thanks to Team Prospect. On the women's side, **Stephanie Sue Feld** displayed plenty of freestyle ability to promote herself to the factory team (amateur in layman's terms). "The team was an awesome opportunity to meet some rad riders and expose [myself]. I expected a well put-together program with a supportive crew, and that's what [I] got: life-long friends and a way to advance to the next level," she says.

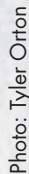
Local rider **Ozzy Henning** also caught Farrell's eye with his rail skills and love of snowboarding. He was quickly brought up and will certainly be on the verge of pro status shortly. This year, with 45 riders on the team, Tidwell can see the future growing before his eyes. "**Maybel Harris** gets me really hyped. She is the youngest athlete on our team. The girl is better and meaner than most boys her age at 11, and rides tram laps at *Snowbird* faster than many full-time shredding adults. I have no doubt that she will be turning heads on her shred stick for many years to come," he says. "**John Rodosky** is a young buck from Jackson Hole who has basically 'willed' his way into the invite-only graces of the *2013 Freeride World Tour*. Also, watch out for **Alex Gavic**, **Alex Lockwood** and **Treyson Allen**. These dudes have proven early to be more motivated to grab this opportunity and run away with it than most."

Coming into this season, Team Prospect plans on enabling local talent to concentrate on getting to that next level. Tidwell shared with me that he plans on not only offering his knowledge, but also organizing more events, like gathering the team for the upcoming *SLUG Games*. Farrell hopes to "... Get a bunch of rippers stoked. Hopefully, once the season is over, a few team members will have risen to the top and can make the jump to factory status." Me, I hope to get some more riders educated on these types of teams and programs so I have fewer "experienced" applicants cutting me in the food stamps line.

For more information on Team Prospect or to be considered for next year's team, visit them on Facebook at [facebook.com/teamprospect](https://facebook.com/teamprospect). You can also find Prospecting Idaho's webisodes on [smithoptics.com/prospectidingaho](https://smithoptics.com/prospectidingaho).



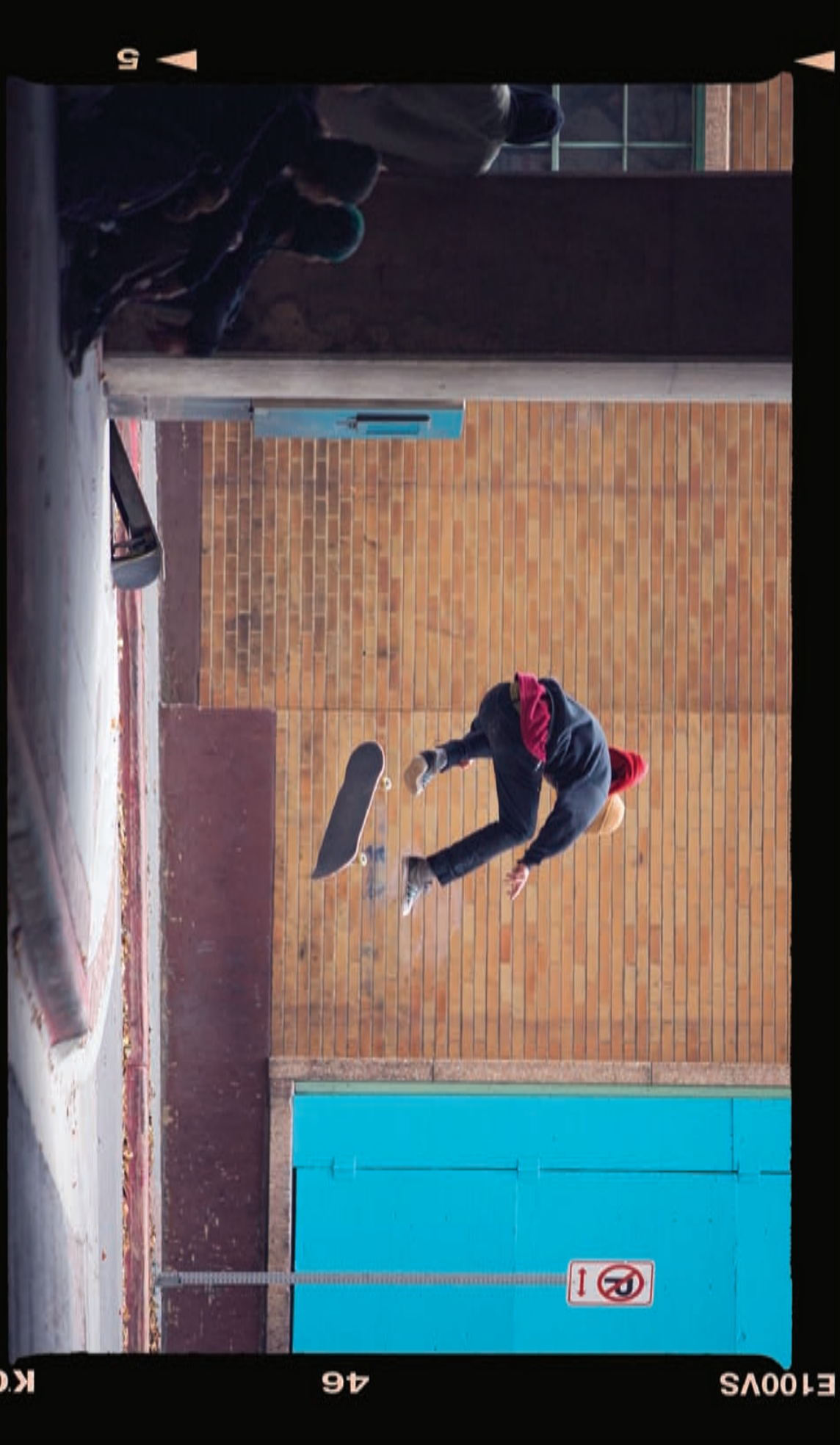
This season's Team Prospect got an early start with some team building and bonding before the snow hit the ground.



John Rodosky is another promising athlete on Team Prospect from Jackson Hole, Wyo.







# PHOTO FEATURE

By Weston Colton  
westoncolton.com

What I said before about going out with a real tight plan to get a photo—that doesn't always work. Sometimes, after an exhausting hour of trying the planned trick, you decide to move on and try something else. Sometimes you strike gold and end up with something better than the plan. **Mike Murdock** struck gold at his barely skateable bump. After landing a huge pop shove-it to the street, he one-upped himself and made this varial flip just before the cops showed up.

Mike Murdock – Varial Flip – Salt Lake City, Utah

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# Building Boards After Dark

By Billy Ditzig [w.ditzig@gmail.com](mailto:w.ditzig@gmail.com)



Photo: Jake Vivori

Mark Judd spends about 30 hours a week, in addition to his full-time job, working on After Dark Skateboards.

After Dark Skateboards is a new, thriving project in the Salt Lake City community. Owner, creator and visionary **Mark Judd** brings his fine-tuned woodworking expertise from the cabinetry industry to his passion for skateboarding, making some of the highest-quality handmade skateboards in America. Between a full-time job and a family, Judd spends around 30 hours every week in his wood shop. On an almost daily basis, you will find him slaving away at his craft, making sure every After Dark skateboard is pressed, shaped, printed and packaged to meet his personal standard. Every step is done by hand to provide the lightest—and possibly the strongest—skateboard I have ever skated. I wanted to find out what made these skateboards so great, so I went down to the A.D. factory to learn, firsthand, what it takes to make AA grade wood.

A.D. spawned from a skate crew of homies when Judd was a kid during the “Dirty Hessian” era. The crew was Judd, **Casey McBride**, **Brody McBride**, **Derek Merkly** and **Caleb Orton**, who actually helps Judd a few times a month. These homies are super important to his direction: Judd says, “Once I started making skateboards, it just seemed like the right logo, and the right name, so I talked to my homies and made sure they were all cool with it, and went with that.” That was in 2010. For the first year, Judd was doing work out of the basement of his grandmother’s house before moving into the current A.D. factory just off of Wright Brothers Drive in Salt Lake City. He was building up a stock of maple scraps that some guys from work were saving for him. “It’s kind of cool the way shit worked out ‘cause when I started using scraps, I started realizing how cool veneer was and how

interested in it I was. I got the opportunity to work in the veneer room at my day job, so I was able to start holding on to the scraps a little better,” says Judd. His employer had a surplus of wood due to some changes in specifications, so Judd was able to buy the rest of what they had. Meanwhile, he was still building his press. The mold of the press was built from slats of 1”x10” wood cut in various shapes and stuck together, then sanded smooth. The press was originally made of wood clamps, but Judd knew that to get the quality he wanted, he would have to contract his brother-in-law to weld him a steel hydraulic press.

Building a skateboard out of scrap wood might sound kind of sketchy, but the veneer scraps from the cabinets are the perfect size for making skateboards. Judd’s employer uses only the highest specification AA grade wood—only one out of 100 trees cut down meet it. These 1 square-foot pieces of wood, either 1/16” or 1/24” in thickness, get staggered and glued together, varying the grain directions to help improve the strength. Judd speculates most board companies may use an AA grade top and bottom sheet, but he is inclined to think that these foreign-made boards have lower grade cores to save a couple dollars. These cores are not visible to the eye, but the lower-grade wood creates weaknesses throughout the board.

After the board has sat in the 2-ton press for an hour, Judd pulls the board out and uses a template to draw the shape of the board. He then uses a combination of saws and routers to shape the board. Once this is done, Judd stains the board to give it a natural look and screen-prints his graphic on.

The quality and locality of the boards sparked interest from local skate crew **Sk801**, who has commissioned Judd to make boards for them. “Doing the Sk801 boards has really helped me to see that there is potential to push it. I’ve always kept it low key, but **Jason [Gianchetta, Sk801 owner]** is definitely not that type of person. He’s been out there pushing it and selling boards, bringing me some cash flow and giving me the ability to spend some cash on the shop—get more tools, and get shit rolling,” says Judd.

For the future, he plans to continue working on the process and the quality of the boards while growing his brand: “I want—hopefully and eventually—to get a team together and start making videos. I’d also like to serve other people [who get] boards made through a custom board market: bars, skate shops, people who just want to get boards made to start up a company. As a manufacturer, there are so many options to pick up different distributors or accounts,” says Judd. Within the next five years, Judd plans to be self-employed with his budding business.

Judd would like to thank a bunch of people for helping him get to where he is today: Jason, Caleb, **Rob**, **Sam**, the whole A.D. crew, his job, his dad for helping him get stuff started, and his wife for giving him the time away from home to get his dreams going. After Dark Skateboards can be purchased from *Hardcore Tattoo and Skate* or any of your local Sk801 retailers like *Annex*, *BC Surf and Sport*, *Blindside*, *Milo*, *Salty Peaks* or *Ravunch*. If you’re interested in custom boards for your business or occasion, hit up Mark Judd on Facebook with any requests or ideas.

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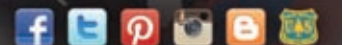
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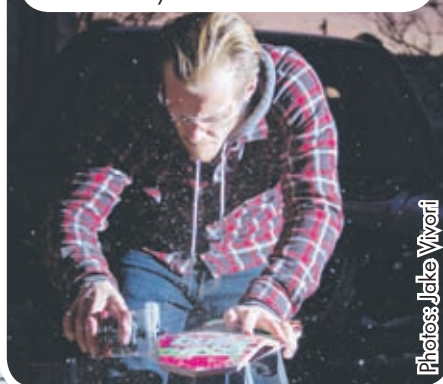


# Millworks Skateboard MFG.

Out of the Trash, Into the Streets

By Billy Ditzig [w.ditzig@gmail.com](mailto:w.ditzig@gmail.com)

Aaron Schwendiman uses a bevel cutter to get a rounded edge around the newly cut cruiser board.



Photos: Jake Vivori

Millworks is stocked with boards ready for new, unique projects.



Since the saw only leaves a square edge, he needs a router to clean it up. A router is like a combination drill and saw—it spins like a drill, but will pull off large amounts of material similar to a saw, leaving a nice, rounded edge. This is the most dangerous step because of how much material gets ripped away. Make sure you put on safety glasses before you play with one of these bad boys—you don't want to shoot your eye out.

After this step, I was starting to get excited. My old board was starting to look like new again, and we weren't even done yet. He pulls out the sander and starts gradually making my trippy Kool-Aid man graphic vanish away. My excitement quickly turns to panic. I was so hyped on this deck, and the memories that live within it. I want to keep the print that blasted Lizard King on the tail. Schwendiman has no problem with my request—I guess he loves this city, too. He sands off half the graphic to create a mellow fade of the natural wood, and keeps the Lizard King blast on the tail. The whole project is finished off with a Millworks "X" logo and a clear coat to stop any moisture from seeping in.

These boards are made from older, banged-up boards, making them very sustainable. From my experience, I haven't seen much increased risk to the integrity of these boards. Schwendiman takes the time to glue and clamp any delaminations he can find, and doesn't use cracked boards, which makes every Millworks board skateable.

Millworks has three different shapes you can choose from when picking out your recycled cruiser, or Schwendiman can hook you up with something custom like the *Summer of Death: Roughside* trophies. They were a huge hit, and one of his biggest successes with Millworks, says Schwendiman, while giving thanks to *SLUG*. "I also want to thank *BC*, *Blindside*, *Milo*, *Caleb Flowers*, *Dickfoot Crew* and my wife, *Jen*, for letting me spend so much time in the garage," he says.

If you would like to help support the project, you can purchase a reclaimed cruiser from Millworks instead of buying a new one. Millworks can be found at [millworks.ws](http://millworks.ws) or followed on Facebook at [facebook.com/millworks.boardmfg](https://facebook.com/millworks.boardmfg) or Instagram [@millworks\\_slc](https://instagram.com/millworks_slc). Remember, once you're finished with your board, don't throw it away—give it to your local shop or homie for recycling.

Aaron Schwendiman's finished work.



Aaron Schwendiman in his Millworks workshop.

There is something magical about taking what some people consider garbage—something used, abused, shredded and thrashed—and recycling it to give it new life. This is especially magical when that garbage needing to be recycled is your old skateboard.

Millworks Skateboard Manufacturing, or in more appropriate terms, re-manufacturing, is a small venture started about a year ago out of the Millcreek garage of **Aaron Schwendiman**. Schwendiman has forever been a skateboarder in the Salt Lake valley, and has always found inspiration from skateboarding. "It started from just a stack of old decks," Schwendiman says. "Every skateboarder has a pile of old decks—I just wanted to make them skate-able again." It isn't just Schwendiman's boards anymore, though. He has teamed up with his friends and local shops like *BC Surf and Sport*, *Blindside* and *Milo* to keep material coming in. "This is something anyone can do in their own garage with just a few tools," Schwendiman says, but I know that's not accurate. I don't think just "anyone" could do what he does. The man has it down to a science, and a meticulous one at that. I bought this *Deathwish Lizard King* pro model just a little while after I moved to Salt Lake in 2007. I met Lizard at *Fairmont* and wanted to support the cause. That was the best summer ever, so I never got rid of the deck, and brought it with me to Millworks for Schwendiman to restore.

Every board takes three to four hours of time from start to finish to recreate. The first and most crucial step of the whole process is getting a straight line all the way down the middle of the deck so the stencil lines up correctly and creates a balanced product. Millworks boards have a simple, streamlined, clean look. This first step helps ensure every board stays that way.

Next, Schwendiman lays out the stencil on my board and outlines it with a Sharpie. It is a sweet shape: The tail has some small notches cut out, but still remains intact so I can pop up a curb if need be, and the nose comes to a sharp point, so I can be more aerodynamic when bombing around campus. Because every board has its own, unique characteristics, depending on its size and condition, Schwendiman has three different shapes to work with in different sizes, always using as much of the board as possible.

After the shape is drawn out on the board, it is time to cut it out. Schwendiman uses a handheld scroll saw and a customized sawhorse for this. The sawhorse is built so that the skateboard will fasten firmly to it, so he doesn't need to hold the board with his hands while he cuts. Using the scroll saw, he slowly cuts along the line that he drew only a couple minutes before, until the new shape is revealed.

"They took our land and all we got was a recipe for frybread."



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Rider: Jeff McGrath  
P: Jesse Anderson

# PRODUCT REVIEWS

**Aurorae**  
“Synergy” Yoga Mat-Towel Combination  
aurorae yoga.com



As a newcomer to yoga over the last few months, there’s one consistent thing that I notice about my own practice more so than anybody else’s: I fucking sweat A LOT. My first mat was of standard, rubbery fare, and when my hands met my perspiration, it was a slippery time. The Aurorae mat, however, consists of a towel-like fabric that prevents slippage—in fact, the instructions for the mat suggest that you wet the areas where your palms and feet will be in your downward-facing dog position. This, in turn, affords friction at those points to ensure zero slip-slopping around, which allows my body and mind to stay present in what I’m doing. The one oversight that their creators seem to have had on this particular front, though,

is the learning-curve factor: Someone new to yoga will likely need a lot of adjustments from their instructor, and the points at which I thought my hands and feet would be for my downward-facing dog and plank are always moving, and so the places where I’ve applied non-sweat moisture were wasted at times. This is just a minor tic that I’m being able to foresee more, now, and for me, it’s helping me hone my positioning nonetheless. Also, the eco-friendly 5mm PER mat is really comfy, so when you’re going through the motions of Shavasana, it’s like you’re wrapped in a warm towel. Lying in fabric that has sucked in your sweat is definitely preferable to lying in puddles of it—trust me. These puppies are on sale on Amazon for just \$59.95, so stop sliding and stay grounded. —Alexander Ortega

**Plantronics**  
BackBeat GO Wireless Earbuds  
plantronics.com

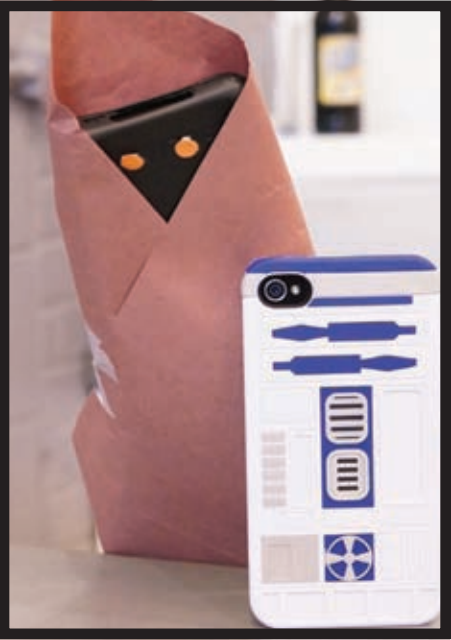
In theory, these “wireless” headphones are cool. Everything else is wireless, so why shouldn’t your headphones be? I had a great time with these the first time I wore them while I was sitting perfectly still at a desk typing away. The second I tried to use them while I was moving, they turned into something beyond annoying. The wire that runs from earbud to earbud rests on your neck. While walking or attempting to look around, the wire moves and about 90% of the time, catches your collar and rips from your ear. It was one thing to deal with while walking, but the second or third time it happened while riding a bike, I wanted to leave them in the road. While sound quality is leagues ahead of any earbud Skullcandy makes, nothing makes up for the annoying self-removal feature. Not everything nowadays has to be plugged in and charged, but I draw the line at headphones. Whatever happened to plug and play? —Jemie Sprinkle

**Point6**  
The Compression Sock  
point6.com

These Point6 socks are the bee’s knees. The compression sock is perfect for everyone. Whether you’re riding six hours a day, six days a week or standing on your feet eight hours a day slaving away for the Man, these socks will rejuvenate those tired old calves. These compression socks are everything that they should be: They fit tight and are comfortable to wear—not often easy when it comes to compression. Compression socks are there to push the tired, oxygen-deprived blood from the calves and circulate new oxygen-rich blood to the area for faster and more effective recovery. At just under 40 bucks a pair, these are undeniable. They won’t make you run or ride faster, but they will help you recover faster from running and riding harder. Remember, kids: Recovery is half the battle. When I looked online to buy a couple pairs for myself, they were all sold out. That, there, speaks for itself. —Jemie Sprinkle

**PowerA**  
Star Wars R2D2 iPhone Collector Case  
powera.com

Much to the chagrin of geeks across the globe, Star Wars is everywhere and on everything to the point of embarrassment, which probably won’t let up with Disney now owning the franchise. But one of the last Lucas-controlled ventures included working with gaming product designer PowerA to create a series of six iPhone hardshell cases for the Apple-savvy fan. Built for the 4/4S series,



the options available include two film-poster designs from Episode IV and VI, and four character creations including C-3PO, Chewbacca, Darth Vader and the bravest little droid in the galaxy, R2D2. While we’d love to tell you it has the high standards of other PowerA creations ... it doesn’t. Product-wise, it’s like any other \$10 hardshell case you can buy at a mall kiosk with the same risks for popping and breaking. But let’s be honest, you’re not purchasing this case for phone protection—you’re buying it because you’re a Star Wars fan and you want R2D2 in your pocket! That’s exactly what this was created for and nothing else. The box it comes in even says “Collector Case,” and in no way tries to say it will protect your iPhone. If you prefer style over substance, this case is for you. If you want your phone to survive beyond a couple months, look for gel or silicone. —Gavin Sheehan

**RAMP**  
Bamboo RAMP Ski Poles  
rampsports.com

Utah’s RAMP Sports teamed up with another locally owned company, Soul Poles, to release the Bamboo RAMP Pole. Like RAMP’s skis, these poles are handmade in Park City and boast a retro style, durable design and both companies’ commitment to provide sustainable consumer products. I was anxious to give these poles a good test on the mountain and took them with me on my first day up to Brighton. I’m 5’7” and was a little nervous about rocking the 48-inch poles, thinking they might be a little tall for me. However, once I planted those pole baskets in the fresh pow, I instantly knew the 48-inchers were the perfect size for my lanky arms. These bamboo poles are a little heavier than the carbon ones I usually use, but adapting was not a problem. The only drawback to these bamboo beauties is that the lacquer does seem to slowly wear off. No worries—I’ll keep sporting these RAMP Bamboo Poles even if they aren’t shiny and polished. —AHB



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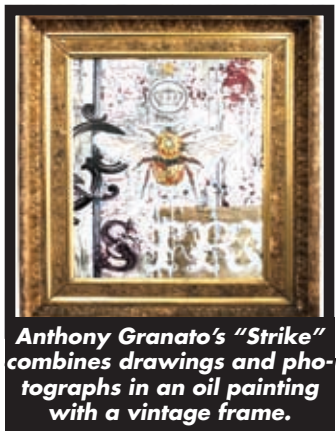
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## GALLERY STROLL

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
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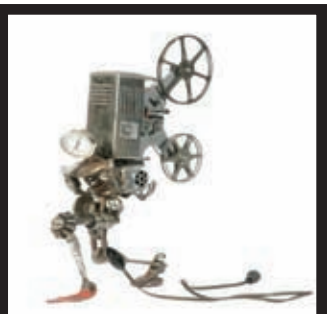
January is like rehab for the holidays. If you're anything like me, you're still reeling from the physical and mental hang-over of the holiday festivity, and this is when I begin to consider a self-imposed social hibernation. Drinking beer in my pajamas while watching Netflix, wrapped in a furry blanket sounds pretty nice! Luckily, the Salt Lake Gallery Stroll meets my very strict, three-point criteria for leaving the house: A. I can wear wool socks to the event, B. Ample parking, and, most importantly, C. I would not be able to forgive myself for missing such an amazing event, especially after I see all the Instagram, Twitter and Facebook posts. The last one gets me every time! Here's a teaser of what you'll miss if you don't snap up your adult onesie and head out for the stroll.



Anthony Granato's "Strike" combines drawings and photographs in an oil painting with a vintage frame.

Highly regarded artists **Scotty Soltronic** and **Anthony Granato** will be warming up our cold, winter night with solo shows at the *Utah Arts Alliance* and the *Gray Wall Gallery*. Brothers from another mother, these artists both realized their affection for creating art at a young age. Influenced by their fathers, Soltronic would rifle through random metal scraps helping his dad with his siding business while Granato credits his dad with his first art lessons in proportion and realism. Growing up in Utah but leaving to make names for themselves in corporate America—Soltronic in Silicon Valley and Granato with **Lucasfilm**—both men found themselves drawn to their true passion: creating art in a place they can always call home.

Since focusing exclusively on his art, Granato has had over 24 art shows in cities across the United States, and has been featured in *New York and BlueCanvas Magazine*. Granato's natural art ability won him the 2012 *Utah RAWwards* Visual Artist of the Year for his mixed-media paintings.



Scotty Soltronic's "Steve Austin" is made from repurposed materials welded together.

Granato's paintings have a poetic feel, so it's no surprise that he likens his process to developing a riddle. "I start with the answer and work backwards. I begin with the final product then figure out how to make it happen," he says. Using his own drawings, photographs and sculpted items, he scans them into the computer. Once happy with the composition, he prints them, paints them with oils and finishes the work off with vintage frames.

Taking the old and forgotten and making it useful again has been a passion for Soltronic for as long as he can remember, but after returning from Silicon Valley, he began looking for ways to marry his interests in recycling and technology. One of Soltronic's many endeavors is *Building Man*, a festival focused on creating green, artistic, functioning tools for a sustainable future. The festival, held at the *Jenk Star Ranch* in Green River, Utah, hosts many workshops and group building projects, but also allows time for relaxation. An example of Soltronic's innovation and creative spirit is his "Solar Saucer." Made from reclaimed materials, this "flying saucer" is mounted on a trailer, runs off 1,000 watts of solar power, and includes a kick-ass sound system. Soltronic and his saucer have made the rounds from *Burning Man* to elementary schools around the state. His latest show, titled *Urban Artifacts*, highlights the whimsical and extraordinary creations of regular old junk.

Not impressed enough to leave the house yet? What about getting to meet these artists in person? Gallery Stroll takes place Jan. 18, from 6 p.m. until 9 p.m. Come by and see Anthony Granato at the *Art Alliance* at Main Street Gallery located at 127 S. Main Street and Scotty Soltronic at the *Gray Wall Gallery* located at 663 W. 100 S. in the *Utah Arts Hub*.

That should do it—now go out and support local art!



Illustration: Ryan Perkins

Down Here, It's Our Time—It's Our Time, Down Here  
By Esther Meroño  
esther@slugmag.com

A cloud of warm air forces its way through the loose loops of yarn on the crocheted scarf covering my mouth as I pull my bike out of the shed. What doesn't make it past my mom's needlework fills in pockets of moist heat around my face, providing a comforting sensation in contrast to the dry freeze that's stinging my uncovered eyes. I'm wearing enough layers to regret the extra hoodie after the first hill, but if I'd tensed from a single shiver walking out the door, I might've changed my mind and stayed in. Besides, the only humans awake at this hour to witness my pit stains and matted hair are busy with someone's hand up their skirt in the back of a cab. As I secure my shoes into my custom Velo City straps, I wiggle my toes for what may very well be the last time: No matter how many pairs of socks I stuff my feet into, I will always end the night wincing in pain as they slowly prick back to life under the covers. It's probably because I only ride in Vans, but that's me: stupid and stubborn.

I huff my way up and over the North Temple bridge heading east, leaving behind the muted lights and mumbling, blanket-wrapped junkies who walk my neighborhood day and night, and I move into the crisp, white glow that emanates from the heart of the city. My riding is slow and tense at first—I haven't been out on the road for a good six hours, and the temperature has dropped enough to solidify the melting snow into sheets of black ice. I've decided to forego the helmet tonight. I don't think the beanie over my ears will keep my skull from cracking against the asphalt if I slide out once I pick up speed—but this night isn't about safety. It's not about rules or reprimands.

The wide, empty streets of downtown Salt Lake seem to curve with the Earth as I wind my way through them. I turn

my music off for a moment to enjoy the apocalyptic silence. This is some people's nightmare—finding themselves completely alone—but it's my solace. I take my hands off the handlebars and let the frame veer into the middle of the road, balancing over the yellow double lines. Closing my eyes for a moment, I let the metronomic pops of a bent spoke card lull me into meditation until the faraway sound of a siren forces my lids apart. I move back into the lane and stuff my earbuds under the beanie—it's time to race.

There's only one band I'll trust to bring with me on these solo winter night rides: **This Will Destroy You**. Their lengthy, instrumental tracks begin almost inaudibly soft and build to a heart-pounding crescendo, leading my thoughts from strangling despair to liberating hope, and coursing notes of energy into my legs. Tonight, I'm working out some anger, so I put on the darkest and latest TWDY album, *Tunnel Blanket*. I smile at the subconscious synchronizing. Perched at the light on 100 South and 200 West, I ride in circles as the guitars get louder and the drums pick up speed until my eardrums are ready to burst. I spring forward, rip off my scarf and let a primal scream tear from my guts as I fly down into the tunnel, bathing in the stagnant, yellow light, pedaling as fast as I can as I go under and up. Reaching the top, I run the light through South Temple, laughing and crying and laughing some more. I turn around, wait for the music, and do it over twice more until my face is numb from the cold air on my wet cheeks and my chest starts to squeeze my lungs into cloudy gasps.

I switch over to TWDY's *Young Mountain* and make my way back to the West Side, letting my breath warm up my face with satisfied pants under the scarf again. In a few hours, these streets will fill up with cars and people and bikes, and I'll have to share the lane and stop at lights and wave hello. But right now, it's my time.

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**GAME REVIEWS**



Welcome to Auraxis, where support columns kill more soldiers than the enemy.

**Planetside 2**  
**Sony Online Entertainment**  
**Reviewed on: PC (Exclusive)**  
**Street: 11.20.12**

The game starts with your character in a drop pod, falling through the atmosphere to land on the raging battlefield below. You hit the ground beside a friendly tank, raise your weapon to scan for nearby enemies and the friendly tank runs you over with the in-game chat reading, "LOL SORRY." Welcome to *Planetside 2*—that's going to happen a lot. *Planetside 2* is a massively multiplayer, free-to-play first-person shooter based around the concept of territorial warfare. The only notable games close to this level of player-fueled combat are the PS3-exclusive *MAG: Massive Action Game*, which only supported up to 256 players, and the original *Planetside*. Three different factions fight for control over three different continents, liberating and conquering bases and outposts with the blood and sweat of hundreds of players viciously tapping away at their keyboards. Fans of the *Battlefield* series will find the basic idea familiar: Bases are captured by a squad of troopers holding an objective until the counter ticks down and its ownership is transferred. Combat takes place with a heavy emphasis on vehicles and frequent accidental team-killing, and most players are going to want to pick up a headset and find an outfit of players to join. Choice of faction is mostly aesthetic preference, except for the New Conglomerate faction—their soundtrack music is awful, so good luck playing them for more than an hour without trying to murder your sound card. It's also a gorgeous game, although the engine is horribly optimized and it takes a pretty hefty computer to run it on full graphics. Aside from

that, there just aren't a whole lot of games like *Planetside 2* out there. Games have been trying to simulate battlefields for generations, rarely succeeding—*Planetside 2* delivers, and it's so much fun. —Matt Brunk

**Pokémon: Black Version 2**  
**Game Freak/Nintendo**  
**Reviewed on: Nintendo 3DS**  
**Also on: DS/DSi**  
**Street: 10.07.12**

The theory about growing up is that you put away childish things, pay your bills and don't waste time in your day hunting imaginary monsters. So why is it that once a year, I wake up in a dirty hotel room with a Pikachu-shaped needle hanging from my arm? Being the first true "sequel" in *Pokémon* history, you'd think that the life-sucking villain in question would be less enticing. Two years after unleashing the legendary Pokémon and stopping a troubled youth from destroying the world, you begin as a new trainer ready to document all the cute, furry creatures and start anew. Characters from the game's predecessor have taken roles as gym leaders, researchers and even adventurers you encounter while reliving events from the past. Because of the two-year gap, closed-off areas from the previous world are now available and the landscape has shifted quite a bit. If anything can be dubbed an improvement, it is the addition of Pokéstar Studios. If your time isn't adequately filled by catching and leveling monsters with which to beat other children's pets to death, you can roll to the studio to shoot independent, non-pornographic Pokémon snuff films. This game is built to take hold and ruin your life—you must play it. Stop denying your inner child, grow out your pedophile mustache and join the revolution. —Thomas Winkley

## BOOK REVIEWS

**Feeding Back: Conversations with Alternative Guitarists from Proto-Punk to Post-Rock**  
**David Todd**  
**Chicago Review Press**  
**Street: 06.01.12**

Before the first page, *Feeding Back* faces an uphill battle. The tendency to canonize and idolize the *Gods of Rock Guitar* looms large. It has only recently been challenged in rock history, and these conversations reveal that the style of guitar discussed in this volume is largely built in conscious opposition to that canonization. Alongside the reverence for the holy trinity of **Hendrix, Page and Beck**, "alternative" too nearly reads "nonessential." Todd seems to acknowledge this fundamental problem, but does so by underemphasizing the necessity of these conversations (*From Proto-Punk to Post-Rock* almost sounds like an in-joke—that's a pretty miniscule slice of the musical universe) and assumes the reader knows as much about these obscure musicians as the author. I'd like to consider myself an assiduous student of music history, and I'm even a guitarist, but I've never heard of **Richard Pinhas**, for example. He also seems to pick pet favorites (**Jason Pierce** but no **Kevin Shields**?) in addition to more universally regarded guitarists. While Todd's introductions are helpful, and his prose transcends typical rock-critese, the significance of the conservations depends wholly on the reader's interest in the guitarist. The **Lee Ranaldo** interview is great, but mostly because I really like **Sonic Youth**. The notable exceptions are **Glenn Branca**, who proves especially articulate about his style and process, and **Kim Deal**, who is just really charming. A more compelling book might have had Todd, in his distinctly strong voice, paraphrase these conversations in a series of essays that more fully describes these musicians' place in the history of alternative rock. —Nate Housley

**A Guru Is Born**  
**Takeshi Kitano**  
**Vertical**  
**Street: 06.05.12**

*A Guru Is Born* follows the fictional journey of Kazuo Takayama as he joins a religious sect and slowly and somewhat haphazardly works his way up to become the order's guru. The book was originally published in Japanese back in 1990, and the biggest problem this translation has is that, in far too many places, it feels like a translation. Aside from that, the story is interesting on several levels. Kitano pulls back the curtain on organized religion, revealing the ease with which corruption takes place and questioning faith from every possible angle. This is definitely a conversation-sparking book, but, keep in mind, if you're a devout follower from any corner of religion, this dark satire might not be for you. —Johnny Logan

**The Lowbrow Reader**  
**Reader**  
**Edited by Jay Ruttenburg**  
**Drag City Inc.**  
**Street: 05.22.12**

Despite our own booming zine scene in Salt Lake City, I miss the opportunities to receive some of the bigger titles found in bigger cities. The online universe has opened those doors, but, really, I would love to grab a physical copy of *The Onion* or *The Lowbrow Reader* anyplace cool along with my copy of *SLUG*. *The Lowbrow Reader Reader* is a best-of collection featuring comedic articles, essays and commentary on society, pop culture, the random and, especially, the obscure. Jay Ruttenberg, the mastermind behind this rag, shares his own thoughts on the likes of *Billy Madison* and other subjects imperative to the survival of mankind. *The Lowbrow Reader Reader* is also host to a number of other writers spilling their guts on juicy tidbits such as "A visit with Ol' Dirty Bastard," by **Margeaux Rawson**, and one of my favorites in the book, "Ways of Looking at Gene Wilder," by **M. Sweeney Lawless**. *The Reader Reader* offers several interesting perspectives and original ideas on topics that we may already be familiar with. This is an illustrated magazine, so you can expect some classy material from **David Berman**. —Ben Trentelman

**The Place of Knowing: A Spiritual Autobiography**  
**Emma Lou Warner Thayne**  
**iUniverse**  
**Street: 01.21.12**

I love a good love-life, feel-good, pick-me-up kinda read, and, though it starts off rather darkly to be characterized like that, this book fits right in that category. It's an autobiography, a snippet of time in Emma Lou Warner Thayne's life, when she was forced to look her humanity and mortality dead in the eye when she was literally impaled *through her face* by a rod that flew off a truck in front of her while driving one day. Although it was a near-death experience for her, rather than simply wallowing, she spent her difficult recovery reflecting on what this life meant to her, and came back from the experience ready to live the rest of her life to the fullest. I love the perspective, and it's not horribly tainted with religious references, and certainly not offensive, so it's a fine read about facing something all of us will have to at some point: the prospect of dying. Thayne is over 80 years old, so she's had time to learn some things about perspective, hardship and perseverance, and she's a great writer, so the read is smooth and captivating. If you're in the mood for a lift, pick it up and stop to remember that life is sweet, and to appreciate all the little things, all the good—without having to live through the suffering that inspired Thayne to write this book. —Ischa B.

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**JAN 22<sup>ND</sup>**  
**PINBACK**  
**JAN 26<sup>TH</sup>**  
**AESOP ROCK**  
 (ALL AGES)  
**JAN 30<sup>TH</sup>**  
**GALACTIC**  
**FEB 19<sup>TH</sup>**  
**MICKEY HART**  
**BAND**  
**FEB 26<sup>TH</sup>**

**UMPHREY'S MCGEE**  
**MAR 8<sup>TH</sup>**  
**G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE**  
**MAR 14<sup>TH</sup>**  
**YONDER**  
**MOUNTAIN STRING BAND**  
**MAR 15<sup>TH</sup>**  
**YOUNG DUBLINERS**  
**MAR 16<sup>TH</sup>**  
**DONAVON FRANKENREITER**  
**MAR 24<sup>TH</sup>**  
**KMFDM**  
**MAR 28<sup>TH</sup>**  
**REBELUTION**  
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## BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel  
mikey@slugmag.com

Getting a beer-reviewing gig is no easy thing—every asshole out there with a tongue can pretty much tell you if they like or don't like a beer. The only reason I was able to secure this column was that I had the foresight to roofie **Tyler Makmell** and send him whirling and screaming into Montana's underground sex trade—where I believe he will do very well. Apart from being a conniving bastard, I've also been writing about the local beer scene at the *Utah Beer Blog* for the last seven years. I think I have a pretty good pulse on Utah's beer culture and hope you can find some use for my reviews. If you are interested in checking out my daily musings, please visit me at [utahbeer.blogspot.com](http://utahbeer.blogspot.com). For the first reviews of 2013 we have two brand-new offerings and the return of an award-winning classic. So let's get on with it.

**Sea Legs Baltic Porter**  
Brewery/Brand: **Uinta Brewing Co.**  
ABV: 8.0%

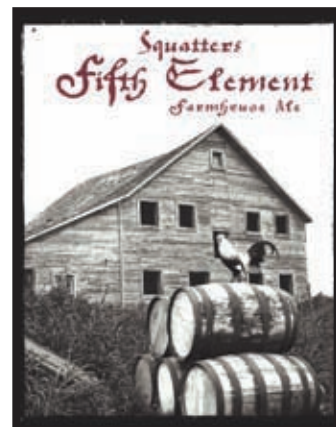
**Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle**  
**Description:** This manly looking, would-be ass-kicker has the appearance of an old, dark Steinway piano with mahogany tones when held to the light. The deep khaki head rose to the width of two manly fingers before shrinking to one. The nose is just as you'd expect from a black beast such as this with dark roasty malts, dark fruit, caramel, molasses, chocolate and licorice. As it hits your tongue, you get punched with sweet raisins and brown sugar, followed by chocolate, vanilla and very light smoke midway through the swallow. Coffee, light char and gentle, woody notes are in the finish. It's not too heavy and has a somewhat creamy carbonation.

**Overview:** This is a smooth, rich, silky beer. This well-crafted baltic porter shows great depth and complexity of flavor. It is an exceptional balance of sweet, bitter and roasted character—a fine example of this style. This looks like it will be a limited release, so don't wait too long or you'll be a very sad beer geek.

**Switch Barrel Aged Ale**  
Brewery/Brand: **Wasatch Brewing Co.**  
ABV: 8.8%  
**Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle**  
**Description:** Considering this beer has been sitting in oak barrels for 18 months, it pours a brilliantly clear champagne color with two fingers of

head that look like something right out of a Calgon Soap commercial. The nose is more like wine than beer. Wood from the barrel comes through with hints of tangy citrus. The taste starts surprisingly fruity with sweet grape and nectarine. Subtle notes of coriander and clove hit midway through as well. The finish takes on a nice fruity tartness that makes the whole package shine, while woody notes from the barrel help dry out the palate.

**Overview:** Due to the sweet nature of Port Wine and the base beer (Wasatch White Label), I was expecting a much sweeter, brazen beer. What we got was a complex, subtle, delightful ale, full of complex flavors and drinkability. This a very limited release and will run you about \$20 a bottle.



**Fifth Element**  
Brewery/Brand: **Squatters**  
ABV: 6.7%  
**Serving Style: 750 ml Bottle**  
**Description:** I love the way this beer looks! The way the cloudy apricot/straw color and foamy cap appear in my tulip-shaped stemware makes me want to "rent a room." The nose has a bit of a barnyard funkiness to it with hints of lemon. The taste starts with light citrus notes then transitions into tart green apples, peach and white pepper. Next comes a dry oakiness that complements the tartness well. The finish is a combination of champagne-like dryness and bitter florals.

**Overview:** This is a fantastic take on the saison style. The wild/tart characters really make it stand out. It's not a heavy beer by any means—the carbonation is bright and a little prickly on the tongue. Big flavors and the oak aging add many interesting dimensions to this highly sought-after beer.



Dear Cop,

About a month ago, I was sitting on the porch of my apartment with my brother when, across the street, we saw a woman briskly walking away from a shirtless guy, who eventually pulled her back down the sidewalk out of our sight in clear resistance. My first instinct was to run over there and see if she needed help, but my brother helped me reevaluate, and I called 911.

When two policemen arrived, they asked us what you would think—what they were wearing, the direction they went, etc. At one point, though, after asking me and my brother how the situation appeared, and after my brother had said something along the lines of "She definitely didn't want to go with him," one cop, who said he was 24 years old, said, "I don't know, man, girls are pretty kinky these days."

For me, this wasn't a time to joke about this type of situation. Also, I imagine that even if this kid is concurrently enrolled in some sort of college program, he's not exactly taking Women's Movements 1010 or anything. My question: Is there any sort of pedagogical directive for the general police mentality to be mindful of women's rights, feminism, etc.? Did that young officer just have bad timing with what he thought would be a quip? To what extent is the institution of the police, from what you can infer, pushing to be progressive about the trials that women face?

—Curious about being serious

Dear Seriously Curious,

Just as 5 percent of our population is born a douchebag (the wife-beater you described), the same is true for cops. Five percent of cops are going to be complete fucking idiots. You bring up the cop's education—know that you only have to have a GED to be a cop. Granted, many people with college degrees now want to be cops, so it's pretty difficult to get hired if you have no education, but a GED is the minimum education requirement.

The population of the USA—and the world, for that matter—has never shown much demand for highly educated law enforcement (not that more or higher education makes you a better cop—it doesn't). Most federal jobs require a bachelor's degree at least, but you're not talking street-working law enforcement in many cases. Ask any FBI dude who actually works the street (uses his handcuffs) what he thinks about his federal co-workers, and he'll tell you that 95 percent of them are office sittin', hemorrhoid spoutin' douchebags. So, you're stuck with a lot of educated and uneducated delta bravos.

Yes, you ran into some misogynistic, immature asshole. Sometimes, a complaint from someone he serves is what's needed to get cops to change, or, better yet, to look in the mirror. I have no idea where you live, but I know for sure that SLPD and WVPD use civilian review boards for all police complaints. Other agencies might as well. This guy sounds like a perfect candidate for your complaint.

Cops receive training constantly about these issues. Hopefully, nobody becomes a cop to degrade women or the weak. Here's to hoping they took the job to protect and serve those who truly need it.

Have a question for the cop?  
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# MOVIE REVIEWS

**Color Me Obsessed: A Film About The Replacements What Were We Thinking Films On DVD: 11.20.12**

If you're not that familiar with the music of The Replacements, this two-hour documentary may fly a little over your head with its wealth of knowledge, but it is entertaining nonetheless. Unlike most music documentaries, which feature interviews and music from the band being featured, *Color Me Obsessed* veers away from that path. Instead, the entire film consists of interviews from fellow musicians and fans heavily influenced by the Minneapolis punk band. Despite the fact that the surviving members of The Replacements are not actually featured, there are a bunch of great stories told by those around them during their 12 years as a band. This is a truly fascinating and well done documentary about one of the seminal bands in rock n' roll history. But again, if you are a bit of a stranger to The Replacements, it might help to listen to some of their albums beforehand, which will make it easier to understand the references being thrown around.

—Jory Carroll

**Django Unchained The Weinstein Company In Theaters: 12.25.12**

For decades, **Quentin Tarantino** has borrowed themes, tones, characters and other elements from earlier cinematic works and placed them directly into his own creations. Some viewers scoff at this technique, while I, and many others, respect the director's knowledge and appreciation for the art form. The writer/director has emulated Asian sword-wielding cinema, World War II Nazi dramas and has now decided to take on classic Westerns with a twist. Set in 1858, a dentist by the name of Dr. King Schultz (**Christoph Waltz**) comes across a chain gang of slaves in the Texas wilderness, but this meeting was no coincidence. In search of a trio of criminals known as the Brittle Brothers, Dr. Schultz, who is actually a skillful bounty hunter, has tracked down Django (**Jamie Foxx**), a

slave within the group who knows the identities of the sought-after criminals. Finding the notion of slavery unbecoming, Dr. Schultz offers Django a deal: In exchange for helping him locate the outlaws, Django will be set free, given \$75 cash, trained in the art of bounty hunting and the two will set out to rescue Django's wife from the clutches of an infamous plantation owner (**Leonardo DiCaprio**). Not one to let his fans down, Tarantino packs this rustic rendition with over-the-top violence and gallons upon gallons of blood spilled on the ground and splattered across the walls. He has assembled a proficient ensemble with a role that was clearly developed and written for Waltz and a never-before-seen merciless manifestation personified by DiCaprio. Known for his eccentric soundtracks, Tarantino does tend to go overboard with this selection that mixes a blend of genres that include 1970s folk and modern-day hip hop that tends to distract rather than contribute.

—Jimmy Martin

**The House I Live In Abramorama In Theaters: 01.04**

Inspired by director **Eugene Jarecki**'s relationship with his childhood caretaker, **Nannie Jeter**, *The House I Live In* serves as a great introduction and overview of America's 40-year-long War on Drugs. Through a series of interviews with law enforcement officers, scientists, drug users, drug dealers, incarcerated individuals and the families of the incarcerated, Jarecki paints a vivid picture explaining that the violation of drug laws has become a multi-generational problem for poor Americans—especially poor African Americans like Nannie Jeter. Along the way, Jarecki explains that historically, every drug law passed has been tied to race and that many small towns across the country have become financially dependent on their prisons and law enforcement agencies. As he carefully stacks the information, it becomes apparent that Americans jail their population more than any other country because prisons are profitable. Although *The House I Live In* was informative, some of the narrative connections Jarecki attempted to make seemed to stretch

a bit thin, such as comparing the rate that Americans lock up their own citizens to an attempted genocide of the lower class. While I agree that it's absurd that in 2009, 1.7 million individuals were arrested for nonviolent drug charges, comparing the statistics to genocide is a bit far-fetched. Eventually, the information in the film became incredibly repetitive and it felt as if Jarecki was leading the audience in circles. *The House I Live In* was good, but at 110 minutes, probably would benefit from some additional editing.

—Jeanette D. Moses

**The Impossible Summit Entertainment In Theaters: 01.18**

You may not recognize **Juan Antonio Bayona**'s name at first glance since he's only directed one feature (*The Orphanage*) prior to this release, but after witnessing his tragic tale of family, loss, courage and the kindness of strangers, you won't be able to stop talking about the director from Barcelona. *The Impossible* is the true story of a family spending their Christmas vacation in Thailand during the horrific tsunami that occurred on Dec. 26, 2004 and the widespread devastation the country endured. After the catastrophe shatters everything in its path, Mary (**Naomi Watts**) and her eldest son, Lucas (**Tom Holland**), find themselves separated from Henry (**Ewan McGregor**) and the two other children. In need of medical attention and with his father missing, Lucas is forced to take on the role of caretaker for his mother and rely on the benevolence of the country's locals. With wars and unspeakable crimes occurring every day across the planet, Bayona reinforces the good nature human beings are capable of when duty calls. Watts and McGregor offer career-defining performances as both protective parents and vulnerable victims, but it's the unknown Holland that surfaces with a career-igniting performance that is sure to launch the young actor into the next stage of stardom. The unbelievable visual effects set the viewer directly in the chaos, but Bayona takes you by the hand and guides you on a journey that's so astonishing, it has to be

real. —Jimmy Martin

**Zero Dark Thirty Columbia Pictures In Theaters: 01.11.13**

**Kathryn Bigelow** returns to the director's seat after her intense war drama *The Hurt Locker* won six Oscars, including Best Picture and Best Director at the 2010 Academy Awards. Back in the Middle East for her next project, Bigelow focuses her attention on the global manhunt for the world's most wanted terrorist of all-time, **Osama bin Laden**. Bigelow opens the film with a blank screen and the audio from 911 calls made from victims trapped inside the World Trade Center on that unforgettable morning. She instantly sets the tone on the gravity of the crimes committed and the necessity to capture/kill those responsible. Fast-forward to 2003 and we are introduced to a CIA interrogator (**Jason Clarke**) and Maya (**Jessica Chastain**), a fresh-from-the-farm recruit recently deployed to the war zone, attempting to acquire information from a known terrorist affiliate. Once again, Bigelow refuses to pull her punches as she spotlights the controversial methods used to extract the desired information as Clarke repeatedly states, "When you lie to me, I hurt you." Informational trails are followed and dead ends are discovered on a regular basis, but Maya, unlike her colleagues, refuses to take her sights off the goal at hand no matter how far off the path she's pushed. If you haven't been living under a rock for the past year and a half, you're well aware of the story's conclusion, but I can guarantee you that you've never experienced it like this. The recreation of the raid on bin Laden's compound is as intensely heart-pounding as it is unnerving. While Chastain stands toe-to-toe with her associates in a workplace dominated by males to get the job done in front of the camera, Bigelow does the same behind the camera, and the result is a commanding lead performance led by a brilliant filmmaker who is sure to receive multiple accolades once again.

—Jimmy Martin

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# ASPEN HARVEY HUNT

## 08.28.75-01.27.10

Aspen Harvey Hunt was born into this world named Richard Harvey Padley Jr., but on account of our dad being a total douchebag, he quickly took on the name Harvey after our grandfather, a kind and gentle man. Not long after that, he legally changed his name to Aspen Harvey Hunt to honor our other grandfather and the aspen tree, the largest organism on the planet—as big as his personality. He seemed to change names like he changed girlfriends.

Early in life, Aspen grew wings for art and poetry, winning numerous contests and developing his own style of expression. Aspen had a special, spiritual connection with feathers, which also poured over into his art. He later fell into his true strength of music. He began **The Dirty Birds** thinking it was a pop/blues band. I informed him

it was more like dirty country (alt country had not been coined yet), and the very next band practice he showed up dressed like fucking **Roy Rogers**. The Dirty Birds went on to make two albums: *Thinglesing* and *Mama's Cafe*. He left his fellow musicians with an excellent, unfinished album, and a slightly narcissistic but equally excellent screenplay about his life.

He found "the needle" too early in life, which ultimately lead to his untimely death. He never really had a chance that way. He really loved the finer things in life: beautiful women, steaks, fancy cigarettes and drugs. Aspen poured himself into his art with whatever means possible, even to his own demise. They say "no junk, no soul," and they may be right.

Aspen loved his children, **Sean** and **Aria**. He spent 13 years away from his son, and when they were reunited, they were the best of friends. We all took his death very hard. Time helps, but never really fully heals. The single thing that hurts me most: No one on this earth is as capable of understanding my dark side, my love of sappy songs, or my handwriting. We didn't always see eye to eye, get along or even keep from beating the shit out of each other, but I love you and miss you (we all do).

Save a good spot for me in heaven for a long, long time from now, you Dirty Bird! With love from your little brother and everybody else who loves you, rest in peace, Aspen.

—Nate Padley (little bro, big fan)



## JANUARY SCREENING & EVENT SCHEDULE

### TUMBLEWEEDS YEAR-ROUND



Directed by George Mihalka  
Rated PG / 90 min / 2008 / Canada

THE CITY LIBRARY  
210 E. 400 S.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5 @ 11AM

### STICKS AND STONES

Based on a true story, this heartwarming family film demonstrates the importance of good sportsmanship. While attending a hockey tournament in Canada, anti-war protesters heckle an American youth team who vow to never return. A year later, the captain of a Canadian pee-wee hockey team works to organize a friendship tournament with the U.S. team to make amends and strengthen Canadian-American relations.

### SCIENCE MOVIE NIGHT



Directed by Miranda Smith  
Not Rated / 54 min / 2001 / USA

THE CITY LIBRARY  
210 E. 400 S.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8 @ 7PM

### THE SHAMAN'S APPRENTICE

Renowned ethnobotanist Dr. Mark Plotkin first traveled to the Amazon thirty years ago seeking a cure for diabetes. There he found both extraordinary biological riches and shamans who healed with plant medicines. Beautifully filmed in the rainforests of Suriname, *The Shaman's Apprentice* is a powerful story of one man's quest to preserve a deep and ancient knowledge of the rainforest's plants. We will be joined by U of U biologists Phyllis Coley and Tom Kursar after the film.

### THROUGH THE LENS



Directed by Scott Thurman  
Not rated / 92 min / 2012 / USA  
Post-screening Q+A with director Scott Thurman, moderated by Doug Fabrizio, host of KUER's RadioWest.

ROSE WAGNER CENTER  
138 W. 300 S.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9 @ 7PM

### THE REVISIONARIES

In Austin, Texas, fifteen people influence what is taught to the next generation of American children. Once every decade, the highly politicized Texas State Board of Education rewrites the teaching and textbook standards for its nearly 5 million schoolchildren. And when it comes to textbooks, what happens in Texas affects the nation as a whole. *The Revisionaries* follows the rise & fall of the most controversial figures in American education today.

### DAMN THESE HEELS! YEAR ROUND



Directed by Andrea Meyerson  
Not rated / 86 min / USA  
Post-screening Q+A with Jennifer Leitham

BREWVIES  
677 S. 200 W.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10 @ 7:00 PM

### I STAND CORRECTED

When world-famous jazz bassist Jennifer Leitham takes center-stage, it's obvious the striking redhead is an original. She's a talent made all the more unique because she began her life & career as John Leitham. *I Stand Corrected* charts her rise as a instrumental virtuoso and reveals how she risked everything with her decision to undergo sexual reassignment surgery. Presented in partnership with Equality Utah

### SPECIAL SCREENING



Directed by Dianne Whelan  
Not Rated / 88 min / 2012 / Canada  
Post-screening Q+A with Apa Sherpa

THE CITY LIBRARY  
210 E. 400 S.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31 @ 7PM

### 40 DAYS AT BASE CAMP

At 18,000 feet above sea level and over the course of 40 days last Spring, documentary filmmaker Dianne Whelan immersed herself in the challenging and captivating world of base camp at Mt. Everest. With spectacular footage of the mountains' landscape as a backdrop, *40 Days at Base Camp* is an intriguing and intimate portrayal of three climbing teams and their journey to the peak.

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# LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

**Accidente**  
*Headless*  
**Exigent Records**  
**Street: 10.19.12**  
**Accidente = Acid Tiger + The Blood Brothers**

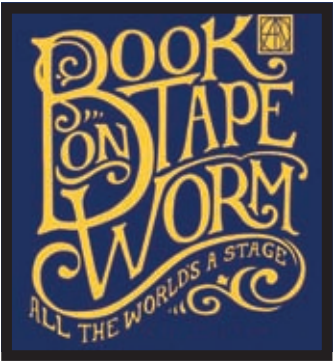


With an opening track eye-catchingly titled “Listen Bitch,” Accidente kick off their most recent endeavor with a chunky bass line as frontman **Peter Mackowski** emits sarcastic, guttural growls that build into a riffy number. Mackowski continues the growls into “Pundit” with the aid of the band’s piquant sense of guitar melody that is always in motion as the band chants, “It’s all so black and white!” “Roofie Closet” continues Accidente’s sardonic attitude with the opening lyrical line, “You know what I want, baby ...” (Read the title), which jumps into rock n’ roll hooks and bends atop a bossy rhythm section. My one slight criticism of the release is that sometimes the constant shifting of the guitar parts loses itself in a wash that forsakes dynamics, not allowing the instrumental mastery to shine through. “Death-Blood-Skulls- Dragons-and-Stuff,” however, shows Accidente using more demarcated riffs that evidence their ability to break their mold and use this energy to finish out the album with finesse. —*Alexander Ortega*

**The Arcadians**  
*No More Nightmares*  
**Monotone Records**  
**Street: 11.03.12**  
**The Arcadians = Fictionist + Fleet Foxes**  
After releasing an EP earlier this summer, this Provo-based indie band is back again with a 10-track album, *No More Nightmares*. Like a lot of indie bands these days, The Arcadians follow a trend of putting less focus on song melodies, keeping the spotlight on vocals, along with simple chord changes and guitar

riffs. Most of the tunes on the album lean toward the pop-rock style, but there are some occasional hints of indie flair. One of the tracks that stood out was “Brick and Mortar,” which caught my ear first with a heavy organ howling in the back-ground, and then again with a nice guitar solo near the end. The music scene in Provo continues to grow and thrive, and The Arcadians are just another piece to the puzzle. *No More Nightmares* shows the band taking a step forward in a promising direction. —*Jory Carroll*

**Book on Tape Worm**  
*All the World’s a Stage*  
**New Nervous Records**  
**Street: 10.13.12**  
**Book on Tape Worm = Iron & Wine + Owen**



This small space is just too short for me to adequately express how good this album is. It really is one of the best I’ve heard come out of Utah for some time. Book on Tape Worm have struck a perfect balance of expressing themselves artistically and considering their audience. Their folksy aesthetic is unique because of its whimsical nature and delicate sound, which is accented nicely by cello and bells. The storybook-esque lyrics are gently sung in beautiful harmonies. Each song gracefully blends with the previous to form the concept album’s four acts. The physical CD case is as well-crafted and unique as the music: It resembles an antique hardbound book and includes a few pop-outs of the band playing on different sets. The album’s final song, “Pianocide”(one of the standout tracks), ends with a slowly fading piano note that leads into about twenty seconds of silence—hardly enough time to allow this wonderful collection of songs to fully sink in. —*Jesse Thomas*

**Brisk 1er**  
*This Is The Place 2*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 12.03.12**  
**Brisk 1er = Brother Ali x (Jay-Z + Nas)**  
Technically, Utah has a place in the World Atlas, but so far, Salt Lake City is not “on the map” when it comes to rap music. Brisk 1er’s second compilation album coalesces meaty funk beats with a wide variety of local rap artists. If he continues to pump out substantial mix tapes, the crossroads of the West will soon be a heavy contender in the national underground rap scene. The content a la libretto ranges from growing up in such a strange and wonderful place, to competitive taunting about superior flow and the female figure. After 22 tracks, though, I had danced my ass off, but was left wanting when it came to lyrical material. Many songs accuse other artists of sticking to cliché subject matter when in reality, most of the vocalists in the collection staying inside the box of popular maxims. If philosophical messages had been included, the substance range could have been improved. Still, gems like “For the Mind” featuring **Smash Brothers** pull you in, and every song features extremely impressive mixing and creativity. —*LeAundra Jeffs*

**The Direction**  
*Deal with the Devil*  
**Spy Hop Records**  
**Street: 08.22.12**  
**The Direction = Buckcherry + Black Crowes + Avril Lavigne**  
Even though you might not think “gypsy anything” based on the equation of music I used above to describe The Direction’s sound, use your imagination when I say that they create a unique brand of gypsy-blues-rock that incorporates sounds from all of the above. It’s very cool, with that kinda hip, slightly under-produced quality that makes it sound almost like it was recorded at a live show. Different songs feature both male and female vocals, and I will admit, I prefer the female vocals at the forefront. There’s nothing wrong with the others, just that the female has a bit of a quiver in her wail that reminds me of **Cocorosie**, whom I love. The general instrumentation is expanded upon with a bit of banjo on song three, “The Professionals,” which is my favorite because of the folksy feel it gets from the extra strings. Yet another great collection of work from some of the **Spy Hop Productions** spawn. Love ‘em. —*Ischa B.*

**The Hung Ups**  
*6 Songs*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.05.12**  
**The Hung Ups = Guttermouth + The Vandals + One Man Army**  
I love everything about punk rock—the anger, the energy, all of it. I hope that three-piece bands like The Hung Ups are always around. The songs on this EP are so immediate and easy to get into. I can’t say that there’s any groundbreaking strokes going on here, but punk rock has never been about that—it’s about stripping everything away until you have something that’s purely yours. The Hung Ups reach the part of me that always wanted to be in a punk band myself, and that band probably would’ve been a shitty version of this. My favorite track on this EP is “Dante Hicks,” an ode to the lethargic main character in the first **Kevin Smith** film, *Clerks*. The whole record moves fast, and although there’s not much deviation between tracks, each gritty pop-punk tune is enjoyable. Catch these boys at one of their many shows around Salt Lake—it’s sure to be a good time. —*James Orme*

**Joshua Payne Orchestra**  
*Ra Ra Ra*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.01.12**  
**Joshua Payne Orchestra = Radiohead + DJ Shadow + Thelonious Monk**  
**Joshua Payne** is an unmistakable Salt Lake character who never seems to put down his guitar, gigging everywhere from *Bar X* to *Grand America*. He’s versatile, as is his sound. On his most recent album, Payne and his orchestra join pop and contemporary jazz in an unlikely space: the mainstream. *Ra Ra Ra* is an album of pop covers that Payne transforms into avant-garde wonderlands full of ‘90s angst and experimental electronica reminiscent of **Christian Asplund**. At first, I found the album shocking in its fracturing of recognizable billboard hits like **Jay-Z** and **Kanye West**’s “Niggas in Paris” and **Chris Brown**’s “Look At Me Now.” However, Payne successfully re-appropriates these songs, reconstructing them into complex compositions that exhibit his musical genius and that of his bandmates. —*Anna Kate Gedal*

**Linus Stubbs**  
*Incandescent*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 09.28.12**  
**Linus Stubbs = Emancipator + Bonobo + Blockhead**  
Having heard more of Stubbs’ work with collaborators like **The Numbs**, it could be easy to typecast him as a standard hip hop producer, more concerned with fat bass and recognizable samples than expressive music. But *Incandescent* is a different Linus Stubbs than I’ve heard before. Channeling electronic producers like Emancipator, **Caribou** and **Kabanjak**, Stubbs manages to craft an album of songs as cohesive and committed as anything I’ve heard from the legendary Blockhead. The instrumentation and samples are varied from classic and dusty-sounding like on “4 Hours Later,” to a little more electronic and clean on the titular track. More than a few of these tracks are going to make it into my ski-mix rotation this year. Particular favorites include “Fresh Set of Wings” and “1, 2.” Stubbs just needs some talented emcees to put over some of this stuff and we have world-class hip hop in the making. —*Rio Connelly*

**MiNX**  
*MixTape*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.14.12**  
**MiNX = Karmin + Blondie**  
The chameleon-like duo of **Ischa Bee** and **Raffi Shahinian** are definitely trying to make an impression on our local music scene. With a staggering 45 free tracks available to download from their website ([minxband.com](http://minxband.com)), they are certainly one of the most prolific. There is a sense of fun that runs through most of these tracks: a heavy emphasis on hip hop lite, mostly with emcee Ischa free-styling her vocals, like on “Old Skool,” “The Party” or “Les Peche.” However, their music is actually more interesting when she sings, like on the optimistic “Beautiful Day” and “Rain, Rain.” Equally impressive are the talents of Shahinian, and his skills give the music an eclectic sheen not usually found on local albums. Much like its title, there is a vast blending of styles, and hopefully the duo can reign in some of the energy and focus on their obvious strengths. —*Dean O Hillis*

**Odium Totus**  
*Nullam Congue Nihil*  
**Blasphemic Hymns**  
**Street: 10.09.12**  
**Odium Totus = Grand Belial’s Key + Ved Buens Ende + early Darkthrone**  
Describing their music as “all about torment,” Odium Totus vacillates between dreadful moments of wretched hopelessness and pugilistic riffs that pound the listener senseless. With a sound reminiscent of Ved Buens Ende’s *Written in Waters*, *Nullam Congue Nihil* is a caustic, vicious insult aimed at every living thing on the planet. Yet, even this bleak darkness hides a subtle sense of aesthetics, and listening to the album

multiple times reveals layer upon layer of sheer dissonant majesty. Odium Totus sets out to prove that even the most punishing and immediate black metal can be atmospheric, like the ringing in your ears after repetitive, blunt-force head trauma. Between **Dyingnysus**’ continuous death rattle and **R. Sodomizer**’s pounding percussive assault, *Nullam Congue Nihil* mocks the very concept of mercy by its explicit promise of pain. Listen at your own peril. —*Henry Glasheen*

**Problem Daughter**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 09.09.12**  
**Problem Daughter = Dead to Me + The Flatliners + Banner Pilot**



These guys have been cranking out solid punk rock tunes since 2008, and this self-titled release proves that punks can still progress. The opening trio of songs (particularly “Church Bitch”) channels the melodic style of punk rock championed by bands from the Bay Area and/or Gainesville and eaten up by frequenters of [punknews.org](http://punknews.org). “Misty Marie Kleinman” sees the band slowing down a bit, showcasing their sentimental side and even incorporating some syncopated reggae-style rhythms in the middle of the track. The standout track is “Anxious Endeavors,” where the band’s mixture of contagious energy, heartfelt emotion and raw lyrics are punctuated by some excellent female vocal contributions. I’m stoked that bands like this exist in Salt Lake. —*Ricky Vigil*

**Robert & the Carrolls**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Afterparty Records**  
**Street: 04.07.12**  
**Robert & the Carrolls = Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros – Avett Brothers**  
Can’t get enough **Mumford & Sons**? Want to be ahead of the curve on the next band from Provo destined to hit it big? Robert & the Carrolls are for you. Everything about this EP is polished and presentable, if bland and anonymous, and the same goes for the model shots on their Facebook page and their (premature?) branding. On these four songs, I hear a lot more Robert than the Carrolls—I’m not sure what the six people on the album cover are playing. They look great, though. —*Nate Housley*

**Settle Down/Sure Sign of the Nail**  
*Split EP*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 09.19.12**  
**Settle Down = I Am The Ocean + Underoath – clean vox**  
**Sure Sign of the Nail = Teeth of Lions Rule The Divine + Saint Vitus**  
This split single is a fantastic introduction to two of Salt Lake’s finest bands, and the songs they’ve chosen have a great emotional contrast. Sure Sign of the Nail opens with “Flora and Fauna,” a slow, ambient, tranquil trip with a thick bass line, overlaid with beautiful humming guitar and deep vocals that remind me of some primitive, Gregorian chant, rattling the deep parts of your chest with its dark beauty. Settle Down ups the tempo on their track, “Zombie Powder: Poking the Sick Dog.” It has a groovy pop bounce that only enhances the intensity of the soaring guitars and thumping drums. The vocal back-and-forth between **Dreu Hudson** and **Alex Johnson** is so organic, so complementary. These dudes are above and beyond the crowd when it comes to finding the flow of their music and leaping in head-first with their talented screams. It’s a short ride, but it gets you salivating for bigger releases from these two. —*Megan Kennedy*

**uMaNg**  
*Lasting Impressions*  
**BBZ Darney**  
**Street: 09.12.12**  
**uMaNg = Jedi Mind Tricks + DJ Premier + Madlib**



uMaNg’s *Lasting Impressions* is an angry, gloomy and full-speed testament to the talent this guy possesses in his rap. He goes fast the whole album long and never misses a single beat in a line. Whether it be family, poverty, hip hop or alcoholism, uMaNg uses all the intensity he can muster to show those images in a believable way and make it feel like you’re getting knifed in the ear. He gets his points across in clever lines that make you smile. “No person wants to be fed knowledge through some words, they just want they own head noddin,” on the track “2013: A Space Odd-esse,” and “May be best if you sing a tune, because for you flowing sounds like it might be the most impossible thing to do,” on “What I’m About” are two of

many. Like most hip hop albums, there isn’t a whole lot of variety from song to song, but it matters little on *Lasting Impressions* because every song will get your head nodding. —*Chris Proctor*

**Uniphi**  
*Walk your Road*  
**Uniphi Records**  
**Street: 06.08.12**  
**Uniphi = Phish + UB40 + Jack Johnson**  
*Walk your Road* is a straight-up feel-good jam-a-licious love-fest. The music is country-reggae, the vocals are executed with an island twist, and the lyrics are a non-stop celebration of life, full of self-exploration, appreciation and love. Cheesy much? Only in the best way. Uniphi is a great fit for the upbeat **CJB**-esque mainland reggae crew that has evolved here in Utah. Soul-searching song titles include “Brother Sister,” “Where I Am” and “People of the Sun.” The latter is my favorite song on the album, with twinkling piano throughout, giving it a totally uplifting vibe. Great little instrumental quirks abound, so if you are into this very friendly genre, this album will definitely brighten your day. Enjoy! —*Ischa B.*

**Worst Friends**  
*Infinite Apology*  
**Exigent Records**  
**Street: 11.11.11**  
**Worst Friends = Fugazi x Capsule**  
Having recorded this album as a two-piece, (pre bassist **Elliot Secrist**), **Mike Cundick** and **Jarom Bischoff** exhibit their impeccable knack for creating rock songs that are both virtuosic and passionate without lapsing into cheesiness. Opener “Nah Dude” pulsates with a riff that sounds like it is finger-picked, oscillating betwixt the lower and higher strings, which moves in a consistent, choral way, which explodes into erratic strumming. Bischoff rolls on the snare to sound off for “Blood and Guts” as the two switch off on vocals over a break-down-y beat. Cundick’s noodly guitar calls to mind **Minus the Bear** as he sings powerfully and with ease. Worst Friends treat listeners to instrumental tracks—e.g. “Flip Your Lid” and “This Is Not a Loom Song”—demonstrating that rock can pierce emotions devoid of lyrical content. The pulsing “Cache Valley Sucks” and dynamic, noisy “Swamp Eagle” close out the release to suggest that you should definitely see Worst Friends live. —*Alexander Ortega*

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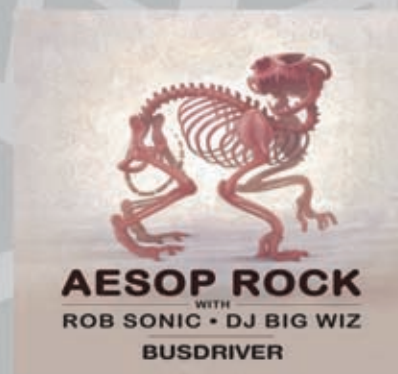


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PRESENTS

# MUSIC REVIEWS

## Amenra

Mass V

Neurot Recordings

Street: 11.27.12

Amenra = Pelican - Neurosis

Amenra's imitation of mid-'00s sludge metal rings as hollow as their shallow lyrics and flimsy "ritual" premise. This album really feels like going to church. Every song is like a monotone sermon delivered over redundant sludge riffs. The lyrics are meaningless pap, and the "concept" feels vapid and self-indulgent. Perhaps I'm asking too much of the self-described "Church of Ra," but Mass V sounds less like a ritual to an ancient Egyptian god of the sun, and more like Easter Mass with your smelly Aunt Gretchen. Sludge fans won't find anything new or surprising here, but some people find routine comforting. If you want to have a little fun amid the tedium, try reading the lyrics to "A Mon Ame" to the tune of a soft jazz song. —Henry Glasheen

## Big Dipper

Crashes On the Platinum Planet

Almost Ready

Street: 11.27.12

Big Dipper = Volcano Suns + The

Embarrassment + Iron Gerbils

Many years ago, I heard the term "astronomy pop" used to describe Big Dipper. I can think of no better way to illustrate the band's bringing-together of wonderfully arranged, sharp guitar riffs, double vocals and otherworldly harmonies. When you pair those aspects with one of indie-rock's most intuitive and driven rhythm sections, you're left with something that simply feels celestial—even ethereal. Big Dipper was, of course, originally active from 1985 until about 1990. Those five years left us with four studio albums and an independent, smart rock tradition that continues to fuel musicians and fans to this day. A successful reunion tour and a three-disc retrospective drove the band to finally work on new material. *Crashes on the Platinum Planet* is the band's first new album in 20 years. And they haven't missed a beat. The lead song, "Lord Scrumptious," gives off a palpable, early-1970s British psychedelic vibe, going from quiet to loud and back again without ever



feeling forced or pessimistic. "Princess Warrior" comes across as a simple, romantic pop song until you listen more closely and realize the lyrics talk about a difficult recovery from illness. It is also one of a few tracks where drummer **Jeff Oliphant** does the lead vocal. The other 10 songs are equal parts hard rock and straight pop—a testament to Big Dipper's uncanny ability to still create the type of music that made them important over two decades ago. —James Bennett

## Cemeteries

The Wilderness

Lefse Records

Street: 10.23.12

Cemeteries = Grizzly Bear + Wild

Nothing

One-man band **Kyle J. Reigle** has taken some of my favorite elements of other bands—mainly **Beach House**—and blended them into a big, dreamy shoegaze soup. Each song blends into the next—at times, this is pleasant, but it is mainly just boring. The latter half of the album picks up the tempo a bit, which really plays out favorably. "Roosting Towns" is probably my favorite track. With its pounding drum beats and almost math-rock-like guitar lines, it is probably the only track on the album where Reigle sounds like he has a sense of purpose. Like many shoegaze or dream-pop albums, *The Wilderness* rides that line between stunningly boring and stunningly beautiful, and I suppose it is more of the latter, be it ever so slightly. —Cody Hudson

## Doomsday

Self-Titled

Disorder Recordings

Street: 11.06.12

Doomsday = Goatwhore +

Wolvhammer

Doomsday is a new inception from hardened metal veterans, including **Jeff Wilson**, other former members of black metal band **Nachtmystium** and a million other projects between them. This album is a heady, crunchy mix of dark punk rock, guitar-driven thrash, and doom metal, relentless as a grizzly on speed clawing your eardrums right from your head. There is an odd melody here and there that bleeds through the roaring din, and a perfectly wicked solo on "Bring Down The Knife" that is intense enough to make your heart explode, just before the tempo slows to a sludgy, nightmarish crawl. A primal thickness oozes throughout the album, conjuring images of monsters in the blackest forests, and making the atmosphere so much deeper than its speed and acidity would first imply. A great cover of **GG Allin's** "I Kill Everything I Fuck" gives the album's end a fun punk sendoff, and demonstrates the impressive abilities of these musicians to run the genre gamut while still putting their own signature on the sound. —Megan Kennedy

## Electric Shepherd

The Imitation Garden

Self-Released

Street: 12.18.12

Electric Shephard = Brian Eno x

Led Zeppelin

Confused and lightly chaotic, Electric Shepherd's sophomore album listens like an underwater drum and bass hallucination. The psychedelia is infused with a dense blues foundation in an innovative and tantalizing manner. Cymbals dominate most of the drum sections. This album is a laborious undertaking and is not to be trifled with. To sit down and focus your entire attention for the one hour and 12 minutes that it jams could cause either mind explosion or narcolepsy. *The Imitation Garden* is best utilized as the backdrop for intense contemplation or relaxed activity. Sample "The Escapist" to spice up your mundane daily chores. The scope of tones alights the imagination and is best on the second or third try. —LeAundra Jeffs

## How To Destroy Angels

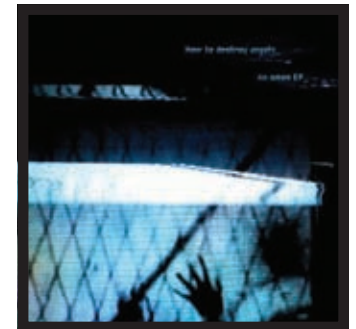
An Omen EP

Columbia Records

Street: 11.13.12

How To Destroy Angels = Orbital

+ VNV Nation



Fronted by **Trent Reznor** and his wife, **Mariqueen Maandig**, How To Destroy Angels is an electronic-based group continuing the collaboration and digital experimentation between Reznor and producer **Atticus Ross**. If you liked the soundtrack work for *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* or *The Social Network*, then you'll have a decent idea of what you're getting into. There isn't any industrial-strength fury or angst here, and the six-song EP is soft enough that it's going to be a tough transition for **Nine Inch Nails** fans. Particularly, instrumental tracks "On The Wing" and "The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters" are almost quiet enough to be electronic ambience. Even the non-instrumental songs don't showcase a lot of passion behind Maandig's beautiful vocals, and being able to hit the notes doesn't mean anything if it still sounds like boring background music. —Matt Brunk

## Jah Wobble & Keith Levene

Yin & Yang

Cherry Red

Street: 11.12.12

Jah Wobble & Keith Levene =

Public Image Ltd + King Tubby +

Miles Davis

2012 has been a good year for Public Image Ltd. fans. After 17 years, **John Lydon** and PiL released *This Is PiL*. Also, two original PiL members, Jah Wobble and Keith Levene, released a four-song, self-titled EP.

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To close out 2012, Wobble and Levene released the full-length, *Yin & Yang*. “Fucking Yin, Fucking Yang/ Soft little whisper, big fucking bang” spits Wobble’s Cockney, in-your-face vocals on the opening title track. The downside: Four of the 10 tracks are repeated from the EP. The title “Yin & Yang” is perfect, Wobble’s thunderous, wandering bass lines flawlessly ride alongside and then interweave with Levene’s demented, freeform guitar rumblings, which create a pure balance throughout the 10 songs. The standouts are the pop-tinged “Mississippi,” the jazz fusion of “Fluid” and the strange, drug-induced trip you take while listening to “Within You Without You,” a **Beatles** cover. —*Courtney Blair*

**Knox**  
*Here EP*  
**Last Night on Earth**  
**Street: 12.17.12**  
**Knox = Burial + The xx + Portishead**  
Knox is a brother-and-sister pair from Brooklyn, and it’s their sweet, soft vocals that hold this album together. Their harmonizing is subtle—their voices are only tinged with slight differences—but beautiful, crafting a cozy nest to inhabit while digesting the music. The sound itself finds some sort of meeting place between the dark, patient beats of post-dubstep, the experimental trend of percussion-izing vocals, and the effective mood setting of trip hop and shoegaze. The tone of the EP’s three original tracks are echoed and desolate, and the two remixes of “Here” by **John Tejada** and **kuxxan SUUM** up the tempo with techno-influenced, four-to-the-floor beats. Tejada leans towards the 2012 future garage sound, while Kuxxan SUUM revisits **Four Tet**’s roots, both creating vastly different but endlessly danceable versions of the same track. —*Jessie Wood*

**Menahan Street Band**  
*The Crossing*  
**Daptone Records**  
**Street: 10.30.12**  
**Menahan Street Band = Parliament + Miles Davis + Barry White + Duff Man**  
Frankly, I had no idea Brooklyn hipsters could have soul until I heard Menahan Street Band’s latest album, *The Crossing*. For lack of a better word, their music is sexy. The layered brass section, the trilling flutes and the serenading funky trumpets all make for a luxurious sound. If *The Crossing* were a fabric, it would be cheetah-print silk. The psychedelic guitar riffs harken back to **Jimi Hendrix** and other, likeminded, acid-dropping, late-60s icons. The band’s talent has been recognized by big guns including **Jay-Z** and

**50 Cent**, who’ve chosen to sample the Brooklynites’ tracks on their own. This album is contemporary and fresh, capturing the blinding pace of New York. In their songs, we hear the hustle of the Brooklyn commute to Manhattan. We hear drunken flirtations at Bushwick bars. We hear the glamour, depression, loneliness and the mania of life in The Big Apple. —*Anna Kate Gedal*

**Old Man Markley**  
*Blood on My Hands 7”*  
**Fat Wreck Chords**  
**Street: 11.06.12**  
**Old Man Markley = Trampled by Turtles + Larry and His Flask + Red Smiley**  
Old Man Markley needs to be a huge band soon—it’s just one of those things that would make the world a little more right. When mediocre bands like **Mumford & Sons** are winning Grammys and playing stadiums while these guys are grinding out bar gigs, it’s just a damn shame. Since these guys came on my radar two years ago when they released their debut, *Guts and Teeth*, they have consistently exceeded my expectations with their amazing playing, well crafted songs and their tremendous live show. Their new single, *Blood On My Hands*, gives a tease as to what might be in store for us as far as an upcoming full-length release. The title track is equally aggressive and sophisticated with blazing banjo and enchanting four-part vocal harmonies. The B-side is an exclusive cover of **Dillinger Four**’s “Folk Song,” to which they give a jaunty treatment with their string playing, but the melody and spirit of the song come through, which is truly where the charm of the songs lies. I can’t wait for more from these guys. —*James Orme*

**Pere Ubu**  
*Lady From Shanghai*  
**Fire Records**  
**Street: 01.07**  
**Pere Ubu = TV on the Radio + Teenage Jesus and the Jerks + Wire**  
Pere Ubu is a band I am aware of and whose records I own—but I cannot recall the last time I found myself listening to any of their music. Hearing *Lady From Shanghai*, I have the feeling that this will not change much. From its beginning in 1975, the band represented a turn toward greater experimentation within the musical context of the post-rock/ no-wave genres. “414 Seconds” is as easily digestible as the music on *Lady From Shanghai* gets, and accurately demonstrates the album’s aesthetic—dance music at odds with itself, vocals not quite sung or spoken, guitars that sound like guitars but are played in the jagged style of much post-punk. It is useful



for a sense of musical history, as the band has inspired several well known, contemporary acts—whether those artists or a majority of their audience are aware of that indirect inspiration. —*T.H.*

**Sleeping Bag**  
*Women of Your Life*  
**Joyful Noise Recordings**  
**Street: 11.27.12**  
**Sleeping Bag = Weezer + Japandroids**  
If the **Beach Boys** experimented with a garage rock album, it would sound a lot like *Women of Your Life*. The knack the Beach Boys had for extremely catchy vocal melodies is the same way Sleeping Bag grabs you with their instrumentation. Their guitar rhythms are never stagnant. There’s always a mean solo or guitar effect right around the corner in each of their songs. If you loved the *Blue Album*, then you’ll dig this record. I didn’t know how much I was missing ‘90s alternative rock in my life until I played this one. “Saturday Night” is one of the most unorthodox indie jams I’ve heard. It’s catchy from the start, and the **Nirvana**-esque guitar energy of “Coco” makes these two songs my favorite on the album. —*Justin Gallegos*

**Substance Abuse**  
*Background Music*  
**Feed The Peeps**  
**Street: 12.04.12**  
**Substance Abuse = People Under The Stairs + Zion I + The Alkaholiks**  
It’s been six years since Los Angeles-based emcees **Subz** and **Eso Tre** released their critically acclaimed album, *Overproof*, and the duo has clearly been busy. Hip hop has changed a lot since then, but these guys pretty much ignored the hype and kept making the music they wanted: old-school California hip hop. The beats are heavy with sampled strings, phased bass, muted guitar and the occasional, funky horn. Continuing their history of collaboration, *Background Music* is full of guest appearances by the likes of **Myka Nyne**, **Percee P**, **Sadat X** and even the legendary **KRS One**. However, while the songs are of consistently high quality, there’s something missing from this album. Maybe it’s one or two really addictive hooks, or a blisteringly fast verse, but the tempo is solid through-

out, and it leaves me wanting a little variation. That said, “Goon Hand,” “Don’t Get Us Wrong” and “Rear View” are some favorites. Substance Abuse is worth checking out, including their back catalog. —*Rio Connelly*

**The Vaccines**  
*Come of Age*  
**Columbia**  
**Street: 10.02.12**  
**The Vaccines = latter-day Strokes + Maximo Park**  
The Vaccines’ first album, *What Did You Expect From The Vaccines?*, provided tremendous likability while the title provided a puzzling question, which I couldn’t answer until now: I was expecting anything but *Come of Age*. In this most recent release, The Vaccines drift far away from their initially charming stoner-surf rock sound and deep into the realm of excessively anthemic power-pop—a genre least liked by stoners or surfers. Most of the album contains simplistically rhyme-focused lyrics with a recurring “misunderstood underdog” theme. Luckily, a few songs like “All in Vain” abandon this concept, which consequently makes them decent at best. In sum, this album is ironically unfit to be a soundtrack of any budding rebel, unless **Nancy Reagan** were to direct a troubled teen PSA where the script contains the phrase “get loaded” more than twice. —*Gregory Gerulat*

**Vomitor**  
*The Escalation*  
**Hells Headbangers**  
**Street: 01.22**  
**Vomitor = Deströyer 666 + Vöetsek + Hellhammer**  
There’s a ringing in my ears, and it’s not from the first track off this, Vomitor’s third full-length album, “Pits of Nightmare/Pitch Black,” which is basically a whole lot of guitar noise. This Australian band, known for being raw, dirty and all those unpleasant things, screams punk rock ideally, but it’s all damn metal in the end. The band’s 2010 record, *Devil’s Poison*, made my arm hairs, even the gross ones that are all long, stand up. *The Escalation* is a bit different in the fact that it’s not all speed—there are plenty of breaks with grooves and basement production, and the guitar sound could probably grate cheese if you played this record loud enough. It’s oddly perplex in its simplicities, but it’s a record you can spin and spin and be happy about. I thought the last album was nasty—this sucker’s drenched in acid and, at times, it actually can be a painful listen—good thing I’m pretty close to a masochist. This death and thrash stuff is something Australia is truly ruling the world at. —*Bryer Wharton*

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Castle Axe, Brute Force, Zombiecock - *Burt's*  
Bil Dwyer, Moody McCarthy, Kathleen  
McCann - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Kim Archer - *Garage*  
SNRG - *Green Pig*  
Stonefed - *Hog Wallow*  
Stomping Grounds - *Kilby*  
Saul, I Hear Sirens, Centris 3 - *Muse*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Poplar*  
The Weekenders, Holy Water Buffalo,  
The North Valley - *Shred Shed*  
Bullets & Belles, Triggers & Slips - *State Room*  
First Friday: Venessa Gromek - *UMOCA*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Slumber Party #4: Book On Tape  
Worm, Mideau - *Velour*  
Wade & Friends - *Why Sound*  
Son Of Ian - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, January 5**  
Water Music - *Abravanel Hall*  
Radiata, Dirty Love Guns, Heartbreak  
Hangover - *Bar Deluxe*  
Mullet Hatchet - *Brewskis*  
Yeldah, Genevieve Smith, New Nomad - *Burt's*  
Bill Charlap Trio, Freddy Cole - *Capitol Theater*  
DJ Battleship - *Copper Club*  
Almost Human - *Cube*  
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*  
Sarah Watkins, Ruth Moody - *Eccles Center*  
Bil Dwyer, Moody McCarthy, Kathleen  
McCann - *Egyptian Theatre*  
The Sunny Side Of The Street Band - *Garage*  
Terence Hansen Trio - *Green Pig*  
SNRG(synergy) - *Hog Wallow*  
Puddle Mountain Ramblers - *Johnny's*  
Chance Lewis & Apt, Dumb Luck,  
Athiest - *Kilby*  
Lo Fi Riot, Riva Rebels, The Hung Ups,  
Money penny, The Lee Harvey Osmonds - *Muse*  
DJ Graham Funke - *Park City Live*  
Jim Derrickson - *Poplar*  
Dethrone The Sovereign, The Lament  
Configuration, Designing The Aftermath,  
Koala Combat, Of What may Come - *Shred Shed*

Sticks + Stones - *SLC Main Library*  
Winter Farmers Market - *State Fairpark*  
Eagle Twin, Cornered By Zombies,  
INVDRS - *Urban*  
Slumber Party #4: Book On Tape  
Worm, Mideau - *Velour*  
Know Your Roots - *Woodshed*



**Exclusive interview with Sea Wolf on [slugmag.com](http://slugmag.com). Playing with The Devil Whale, Pentagram Crackers at Urban 01.19**

**Sunday, January 6**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
Craft Sabbath - *SLC Main Library*

**Monday, January 7**  
**Happy Birthday, Christian Schultz!**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
The Violet Lights, ESX, Clayton G - *Kilby*

**Tuesday, January 8**  
**Happy Birthday, Angela Brown!**  
**Happy Birthday, Jordan Deveraux!**  
Woe Is Me, Texas In July, Capture The Crown - *In The Venue*  
Derek Marsden, Madi Hart, Grey  
Zimmerman, Jackson Hohl - *Kilby*  
Restless, Statuette - *Shred Shed*  
The Shaman's Apprentice - *SLC Main Library*  
Red Bennies, Holy Water Buffalo, Pest  
Rulez, The Bully - *Urban*

**Wednesday, January 9**  
**Happy Birthday, Kyle Trammell!**  
I Am Czar, The Danger Kids - *Kilby*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Jesus Or Genome - *Poplar*  
BreauX, The Coltranes, Motherboy,  
Regal Beast - *Shred Shed*

The

Chamberlain, Brian Kubarycz, Jimmy  
Lauscher, Skylar Arbon - *Bar Deluxe*  
Ugly Valley Boys, Blue Moon Bombers - *Brewskis*  
Night Jib Fights - *Brighton*  
The Insurgency, The Glorious Bastards - *Burt's*  
Elite Fight Night - *Complex*  
Miss DJ Lux - *Downstairs*  
Shemekia Copeland - *Egyptian Theatre*  
David Williams, Joshua Payne  
Orchestra, Pentagram Crackers - *Garage*  
Tito Kennedy's - *Green Pig*  
Coreshot - *Hog Wallow*  
Hollywood Undead - *In The Venue*  
Anthropology, Horsha On The Moon,  
L'anarchiste, Seafinch - *Kilby*  
Hectic Hobo - *Poplar*  
Exigent Presents: Light Black, Dwellers,  
La Verkin, DØNE - *Shred Shed*  
Randy Rogers Band, Wade Bowen - *State Room*  
ObsessedArtist X Skullcandy Project,  
Das Racist - *The Metro*  
Augustana, Lauren Shera - *Urban*  
Steven Stucki - *Velour*  
80's Made, Ed Dogg, Mr. 8 Ball,  
Digital B.O.B. - *Why Sound*

**Saturday, January 12**  
Salty Tassels Burlesque Show - *Bar Deluxe*  
Sounds Like Teen Spirit - *Brewskis*  
Folk Hogan - *Burt's*  
DJ Battleship - *Copper Club*  
DJ Z-Trip - *Downstairs*  
Anna Deavere Smith - *Eccles Center*  
Shemekia Copeland - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Rose's Pawn Shop, The Pour Horse - *Garage*  
Candy's Riverhouse - *Green Pig*  
Chicago Mike Beck - *Hog Wallow*  
The Used, We Came As Romans,  
Mindflow - *In The Venue*  
Marinade - *Johnny's*  
The Direction, In Color - *Kilby*  
Tendervishes - *Poplar*  
Huldra, Oxcross, Eons, Founders Of  
Ruin - *Shred Shed*  
Cash'd Out - *State Room*  
Family Art Saturday: 2013 Art  
Calendars - *UMOCA*  
**SLUG Localized: Screaming Condors, Simian Greed, Cancer Culture - Urban**  
Velour's 7 Year Anniversary - *Velour*  
Approach The Throne, Refuge - *Why Sound*  
Jack + Jill - *Woodshed*

**Thursday, January 10**  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
I Stand Corrected - *Brewvies*  
Bastard John, Undeclared Millionaire - *Burt's*  
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*  
Paul Boruff - *Hog Wallow*  
Justin Carter, Sink The Seas, Gabrielle  
Gioffre, The Dark Jive - *Kilby*  
Bar Deluxe Presents: Ghost Town  
Gospel - *Shred Shed*  
Songwriters In The Round: "The  
Lamplight Pages" - *Velour*

**Friday, January 11**  
Samuel Smith Band, Camden

**Monday, January 14**  
**Happy Birthday, Katie Bald!**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Channel 801, Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
Dead Pilots, Starvist, Where The  
Sidewalk Ends, Don't Trust Anybody,  
My Cat Died - *Shred Shed*

**Tuesday, January 15**  
Lake Mary - *Kilby*

**Wednesday, January 16**  
Bret Mosley - *Hog Wallow*  
Grizzly Spectre, Stag Hurr Brand, The  
Asshole Century - *Kilby*  
Robin Williams - *Kingsbury*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*

Pleasure Thieves, God's Revolver,  
Minerva - *Urban*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*  
**Thursday, January 17**  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Salt Lake Whalefishers, Pat Mountain  
- *Burt's*  
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*  
Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*  
Red At Dusk - *Kilby*  
Speak For Yourself Poetry Night - *Muse*  
Mixed Apes, Red Panda - *Shred Shed*  
Singers & Songwriters In The Round - *State Room*  
Geographer, On An On, Giraffula - *Urban*

**Friday, January 18**  
**Happy Birthday, Barrett Doran!**  
Pagan Dead, Visigoth, Yaotl Mictlan - *Bar Deluxe*  
Scumdance - *Blonde Grizzly*  
Tony Holiday - *Brewskis*  
Friday Night Socials - *Brighton*  
Tuxedo Tramps, The Slick Shifters,  
Mayson Lee - *Burt's*  
Tribal Seeds, Stick Figure, The Maad  
T-Ray - *Depot*  
Triggers & Slips, Lorin Walker Madsen  
& The Hustlers - *Garage*  
Terence Hansen Trio - *Green Pig*  
Jack + Jill - *Hog Wallow*  
Larusso, I Was A Wave, Good Morning  
Tonight, Mess Of Me, Rhapsody  
Complex - *Kilby*  
Danielle French - *Poplar*  
Dusk One, Mindstate, Atheist - *Shred Shed*  
Son Of Fathers - *State Room*  
Analogital - *UMOCA*  
Hot Noize - *Urban*  
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*

**Slamdance - Various Venues**  
7 Year Anniversary: Desert Noises, The  
New Electric Sound - *Velour*  
Little Barefoot - *Why Sound*  
Horsha On The Moon - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, January 19**  
**Happy Birthday, Matt Brunk!**  
Charles Ellsworth - *Bar Deluxe*  
**The SLUG Games: Revenge Of The Nerds - Brighton**  
All Systems Fail - *Burt's*  
DJ Battleship - *Copper Club*  
Tony Holiday & The Velvetones,  
Rainbow Black - *Garage*  
American Hitmen - *Green Pig*

Steven Roth - *Hog Wallow*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Johnny's*  
Disforia, Merlin's Beard, Eidola, Written  
In Fire - *Kilby*  
Hair - *Kingsbury*  
UNI, Ex Machina, Regal Beast - *Muse*  
Picabo Ski Challenge - *PCMR*  
Chris Bender - *Poplar*  
The Sugar Show - *Rose Wagner*  
Genocide Coven, Odium Totus, Blood  
Purge, Deathblo, Valdur - *Shred Shed*  
Winter Farmers Market - *State Fairpark*  
Sea Wolf, The Devil Whale,  
Pentagram Crackers - *Urban*  
7 Year Anniversary: The Moth & The  
Flame, Parlor Hawk - *Velour*  
Mike Grover - *Why Sound*  
Hillside - *Woodshed*

**Sunday, January 20**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
Cory Mon - *Garage*  
James Moors, Kort McCumber - *Holladay United Church of Christ*  
Hair - *Kingsbury*  
The Sheds, Truth And It's A Burden - *Shred Shed*

**Monday, January 21**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
Dead Prez - *Urban*

**Tuesday, January 22**  
The Walkmen, Father John Misty - *Depot*  
Trapt - *In The Venue*  
Shatner's World - *Kingsbury Hall*  
Canibal Ox - *Urban*

**Wednesday, January 23**  
Antique Scream - *Burt's*  
IO Echo - *Kilby*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
Travis Hill Project, Kopo - *Murray Theatre*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, January 24**  
Dubvirus, Crisis & Steezo  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Backcountry Film Festival - *Brewvies*  
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*  
Reverend Horton Heat - *In The Venue*  
Nataly Dawn - *Kilby*  
Lorin Walker Madsen, Bluhme, Matt  
Weidauer - *Muse*  
Coles Whalen - *Poplar*  
Raindance, Still Sea, Rile, And I The  
Lion, Don't Trust Anybody - *Shred Shed*  
Samsara - *Star Hall*  
Dubvirus, Crisis & Steezo - *Urban*

**Friday, January 25**  
Lady Muraski - *Bar Deluxe*  
Two Weeks Notice - *Brewskis*  
Victims Willing, Salt Lake Spitfires, Riva  
Rebels - *Burt's*  
Wax Tailor - *Complex*  
Sum 41, I Am Dynamite, Hunter  
Valentine - *Depot*  
Bronco, Color Animal, Albino Father - *Garage*  
Tony Holiday - *Green Pig*  
Marinade - *Hog Wallow*  
Joshua James, Jay William Henderson  
- *Kilby*

Electronic Dance Party - *Muse*  
Jim Derrickson - *Poplar*  
Judast, INVDRS, Oldtimer, Tiger Fang - *Shred Shed*  
Head For The Hills, Salem - *State Room*  
Venessa Gromek - *Q&A - UMOCA*  
Night Sweats, Hang Time, DJ Geronimo  
- *Urban*  
Park City's Last Friday Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Immodest Socks, Christina Johnson,  
Curtis Wardle - *Why Sound*  
Funk N' Gonzo - *Woodshed*

**Saturday, January 26**  
**Happy Birthday, Tommy Dolph!**  
DJ Battleship - *Copper Club*  
Pinback, Judgement Day - *Depot*  
WRD: Uinta Madness Roller Derby vs.  
HVDD Molly Morbids - *Derby Depot*  
Bullets & Belles - *Garage*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Green Pig*  
Back Wash - *Hog Wallow*  
Emmure, Whitechapel, Uneath, Obey  
The Brave, The Plot In You - *In The Venue*  
Tony Holiday Band - *Johnny's*  
Sweatshop Union, Burnell Washburn  
- *Kilby*  
Tommy Emmanuel - *Kingsbury*

Hi Ho Silver Oh, Charlyne Yi, The Salt  
The Sea & The Sun God, Nitwit - *Muse*  
Terence Hansen - *Poplar*  
Exigent Records Showcase - *Shred Shed*  
People's Market Seed Swap - *Sorenson Unity Center*  
Sweatshop Union - *Urban*  
The Brocks, Q&A - *Velour*  
Paul Christiansen, Hoodoo - *Why Sound*

**Sunday, January 27**  
**Happy Birthday, Jason Gianchetta!**  
**Happy Birthday, Alex Pastucha!**  
Joshua Payne Orchestra - *Bar X*  
Geek Show Movie Night - *Brewvies*  
Hi Ho Silver Oh, Charlene Yi! - *Busta Crack Shack*  
Marv Hamilton - *Garage*

**Monday, January 28**  
**Happy Birthday, Kendal Gillett!**  
DJ Godina - *Bar X*  
Film Buff Night - *Brewvies*  
The Melodians, Natural Roots, Roots  
Rawka - *Urban*

**Tuesday, January 29**  
Incredibly Strange Movie Night -

*Brewvies*  
Nonpoint, Candlelight Red - *In The Venue*  
Red Waiting Blue - *Urban*  
Red Wanting Blue, Loren Walker  
Madsen - *Urban*

**Wednesday, January 30**  
The Toasters, Mrs Skannoitto, 2 1/2  
White Guys - *Bar Deluxe*  
Aesop Rock, Rob Sonic, DJ Big Whiz,  
Busdriver - *Depot*  
Molly Gene One Whoaman Band/  
Hipps-N-Ricco - *Garage*  
Silverstein, Glass Cloud - *In The Venue*  
The Rhythm Section - *Kilby*  
A Flea In Her Ear - *Kingsbury*  
Big Shiny Geek Show Pub Quiz - *Lucky 13*  
BodyLogic - *Sugar Space*  
Koala Temple, Birthquake, Cliffs - *Urban*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Willie's*

**Thursday, January 31**  
David Williams - *Bar X*  
Beercan - *Burt's*  
Mark Chaney & The Garage Allstars - *Garage*  
Velerie Larsen - *Kilby*  
A Flea In Her Ear - *Kingsbury*  
The Porch - *Storytelling - Muse*  
40 Days At Base Camp - *SLC Main Library*  
BodyLogic - *Sugar Space*  
Faith Johnson - *Velour*

**Friday, February 1**  
**Pick up the new issue of SLUG anyplace cool!**  
Shredding In Space - *Brighton*  
Heavy & Light Tour - *Complex*  
The Pour Horse - *Garage*  
Isaac Farr Trio - *Green Pig*  
Son Of Ian - *Hog Wallow*  
A Flea In Her Ear - *Kingsbury*  
A Night Of Art & Music - *Muse*  
Matthew & The Hope - *Poplar*  
All Systems Fail, Discoid A, The  
Uteriors - *Richards St. Art Collective*  
Portland Cello Project, Alialujah Choir  
- *State Room*  
Body Logic Dance: Elemental - *Sugar Space*  
First Friday - *UMOCA*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Polytype, Mideau - *Velour*





01: FOURTH ANNUAL FIRST MISTAKES PARTY: SETTLE DOWN, WORST FRIENDS, VISITORS  
 02: FREE SHOW: BOOTS TO THE MOON, COYOTE HOODS, BIP BIP BIP, SHADOW PUPPET  
 03: FREE SHOW!: BEACHMEN, SPIRIT MASTER, GIRAFFULA, KOALA TEMPLE  
 04: DUBWISE  
 05: EAGLE TWIN, CORNERED BY ZOMBIES, INVDRS  
 08: FREE SHOW: RED BENNIES, HOLY WATER BUFFALO, PEST RULEZ, THE BULLY  
 09: LUCID 8 CD RELEASE  
 10: SOUL NIGHT SPINNING ALL VINYL  
 11: AUGUSTANA (ACOUSTIC), LAUREN SHERA  
 16: PLEASURE THIEVES, GOD'S REVOLVER, MINERVA  
 17: GEOGRAPHER, ON AN ON, GIRAFFULA

COMING SOON:

FEB 03: SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB  
 FEB 04: WOVENHAND  
 FEB 06: KEN STRINGFELLOW  
 FEB 07: MOKIE PERFORMING THE GREATFUL DEAD  
 FEB 09: GRAVEYARD + THE GROWLERS  
 FEB 12: OM  
 FEB 14: TED DANCIN' PROM  
 FEB 15: PHUTUREPRIMITIVE  
 FEB 19: DOSE1  
 FEB 21: RE-UP SERIES PRESENTS NICO LUMINUS  
 FEB 22: MOUSE ON MARS  
 FEB 24: TORO Y MOI  
 FEB 27: MASERATI  
 FEB 28: JOEY ARAIS

MAR 02: MENOMENA  
 MAR 06: BLUES CONTROL  
 MAR 07: MINNESOTA  
 MAR 09: THAO & THE GET DOWN STAY DOWN  
 MAR 12: TRUST  
 MAR 19: UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA  
 MAR 20: CAVEMAN  
 MAR 21: PICKWICK  
 MAR 22: EMANCIPATOR  
 APR 04: ALT-J  
 APR 05: SPIRITUALIZED  
 APR 13: NIPSEY HUSSLE  
 OCT 31: VILE BLUE SHADES

18: HOT NOIZE  
 19: FRESH PRESENTS SEA WOLF, THE DEVIL WHALE, PENTAGRAHAM CRACKERS  
 21: DEAD PREZ  
 2: CANNIBAL OX  
 23: SUNDANCE PARTY WITH SPECIAL GUEST TBA  
 24: THE RE-UP SERIES PRESENTS DUBVIRUS WITH CRISIS & STEEZO  
 25: NIGHT SWEATS CD RELEASE, HANG TIME CD RELEASE, DJ GERONIMO  
 26: SAGA PRESENTS SWEATSHOP UNION FREE BEFORE 10 PM AND \$5 AFTER  
 28: THE MELODIANS, NATURAL ROOTS, ROOTS RAWKA  
 29: RED WANTING BLUE, LOREN WALKER MADSEN  
 30: KOALA TEMPLE, BIRTHQUAKE, CLIFFS

**JANUARY**  
**THE URBAN LOUNGE**  
 21 & OVER ||| 241 S. 500 E. SLC

- 3- SCHOOLBOY HUMOR, ARIA, LATE IN THE PLAYOFFS
- 4- STOMPING GROUNDS
- 5- CHANCE LEWIS & APT, DUMB LUCK, ATHIEST
- 7- THE VIOLET LIGHTS, ESX, CLAYTON G
- 8- DEREK MARSDEN, MADI HART, GREY ZIMMERMAN, JACKSON HOHL
- 9- I AM CZAR, THE DANGER KIDS
- 10- JUSTIN CARTER, SINK THE SEAS, GABRIELLE GIOFFRE, THE DARK JIVE (6:30 DOORS)
- 11- ANTHROPOLOGY, HORSHA ON THE MOON, L'ANARCHISTE, SEAFINCH
- 12- THE DIRECTION, IN COLOR (CD RELEASE!), TBA
- 15- LAKE MARY, TBA
- 16- GRIZZLY SPECTRE, STAG HURR BRAND, THE ASSHOLE CENTURY
- 17- RED AT DUSK, TBA
- 18- LARUSSO, I WAS A WAVE, GOOD MORNING TONIGHT, MESS OF ME, RHAPSODY COMPLEX
- 19- DISFORIA, MERLIN'S BEARD, EIDOLA, WRITTEN IN FIRE (6:30 DOORS)
- 23- IO ECHO, TBA
- 24- NATALY DAWN, TBA
- 25- JOSHUA JAMES
- 26- SWEATSHOP UNION & BURNELL WASHBURN (6:30 DOORS)
- 30- THE RHYTHM SECTION, TBA
- 31- VELERIE LARSEN, TBA

ALSO COMING TO SLC FROM S&S PRESENTS:

1/22 - FATHER JOHN MISTY & THE WALKMEN @ THE DEPOT  
 1/30 - AESOP ROCK W/ ROB SONIC & DJ BIG WHIZ @ THE DEPOT  
 2/1 - HEAVY AND LIGHT 2013 TOUR PRESENTED BY:  
 TO WRITE LOVE ON HER ARMS  
 JON FOREMAN (OF SWITCHFOOT) & FICTION FAMILY,  
 CHRISTINA PERRI, NOW NOW, WILL ANDERSON (OF PARACHUTE),  
 AARON GILLESPIE (OF THE ALMOST),  
 BRYCE AVARY (OF THE ROCKET SUMMER),  
 ANTHONY RANERI (OF BAYSIDE), NOAH GUNDERSEN,  
 THE LONE BELLOW, SATELLITEM, ANIS MOJGANI  
 3/2 - PASSION PIT & MATT & KIM @ THE COMPLEX  
 3/22 - IMAGINE DRAGONS, ATLAS GENIUS, NICO VEGA @ THE COMPLEX  
 (SOLD OUT!)

**JANUARY**  
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# THE COMPLEX

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[WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM](http://WWW.THECOMPLEXSLC.COM)

THE GOOD FIRM PRESENTS  
**ELITE FIGHT NIGHT**  
 FRIDAY JAN 11TH

**Winter Whomp!**  
 01.25.13  
 FRIDAY JANUARY 25TH  
**DOWNLINK**  
**DANK Loudpuck**

**Wax Tailor & THE DUSTY RAINBOW EXPERIENCE**  
 SOLO SET+VOCAL GUESTS  
 FRIDAY JAN 25TH

**HEAVY AND LIGHT**  
 FRIDAY FEBRUARY 1ST

**EMILIE AUTUMN**  
 FRIDAY FEB 8TH

**BLACK VEIL BRIDES**  
 WEDNESDAY FEB 27TH

**MARDI GRAS 2013**  
 FRIDAY MAR 1ST

**PASSION PIT**  
 SATURDAY MAR 2ND

## CLUB NIGHTS (21+)

**TUESDAYS - COMEDY ROADKILL**  
 OPEN MIC COMEDY  
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 DIFFERENT PROMOTERS FOR DIFFERENT VIBES  
**SATURDAYS - CLUB MAS**  
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