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**Community Development Executives**  
 SLUG HQ 801.487.9221 [sales@slugmag.com](mailto:sales@slugmag.com)  
 John Ford: [johnford@slugmag.com](mailto:johnford@slugmag.com)  
 Nate Abbott: [nate@slugmag.com](mailto:nate@slugmag.com)  
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**About the Cover:** Jim Jarmusch told us in our interview that he's a fan of *SLUG*, and wasn't affording any mainstream media press. It was flattering, to say the least. The portrait of him on our cover was shot by his longtime partner, **Sara Driver**. Read more on the iconic filmmaker and his latest release on pgs. 36-37.

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### Contributor Limelight: Carl Acheson – Intern/Writer



rap" like **2 Chainz** every once in a while either—and his favorite band is **Interpol**! Acheson is a man about town—you may have seen him riding his green fixie, Lucille, in cathartic bliss, solo, or at *Urban Outfitters*, carrying out his duties as Shipment Receiver. You can catch him at local food proprietors such as *Eva* and *Washington Square*, likely enjoying a good read, but don't hesitate to say hello. He also writes for *The Reaches*, and holds the writing experience he gets from *SLUG* in high regard. Hopefully, Acheson knows how highly we think of him, too!


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LEFT | Jillian Mayer (American, b. 1984), *#PostModern*, 2013. Video still, 14 minutes, 38 seconds. Edition of 5. Courtesy David Castillo Gallery.

RIGHT | Tacita Dean (British, b. 1965), *JG*, 2013. Courtesy Marian Goodman Gallery, New York and Paris, and Frith Street Gallery, London.

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# DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

What's up with all these 5k runs for diseases? I'm looking at the November issue of SlugMag and I see this atrocious "Jingle Bell Run for Arthritis." Am I the only one that thinks they're throwing it in the faces of those with arthritis? Hey, look at us run, with ease, through the streets while your deprecated body can't even wipe its own ass without searing pain. Don't worry though, we're running FOR you, since you can't. It seems heartless, it seems thoughtless, it seems like an excuse for SLC's fitizens to fit it up in our streets while making fun of the handicapped.

They should be ashamed and so should SlugMag for allowing its advertising.

Shoutout to Topo in Red Orchestra, you shoot like a blind 3 year old.

ifytbairz

Hi Daniel,

*If you knew anything about arthritis, you would know that movement actually decreases pain. Go ahead and WebMD that shit while you're at your computer typing "anonymous" letters criticizing organizations that help people in need.*

XOXO, SLUG

Dear Dickheads,

Look. I love you guys/gals/guygals, but I take issue with the fact that you ran a profile on EA Games in November. EA is the largest video game publisher in the world. It's a multi-billion dollar corporation. Frankly, there isn't anything even close to "underground" about it. Yeah, I guess it's cool that they have a branch in Salt Lake and it's giving local people jobs, but ya know, so are Adobe and eBay and fucking

Arctic Circle (who are locally-based, by the way). If BP or Walmart opened a corporate office in Salt Lake, would you cover them as well? I mean, I know that if Apple established a branch here you sheeply hipsters would be all over that shit, but EA doesn't exactly have the same cred among self-hating young people. If you're gonna write about EA, then you might as well write an article heralding the arrival of Dunkin' Donuts into the Salt Lake Valley. Seriously, my old roommate knows the manager of the one across from the library, I can totally hook you up with that corporate donut sweetness.

Larry the Looter

Larry,

*I'll let this one slide because I know that your girlfriend made you write this at gunpoint because she's mad at you for your gaming habits. What you need to do is spend some quality time with her and take her somewhere nice, rather than feeding her the Cheetos-cheese buildup off your fingers between COD sessions. Of course EA Games is a corporation. However, games like The Sims and GTA5 propagate little experiments and hypothetical situations that reflect the conscience and consciousness of Western society. It's big developers who provide these virtual experiences, so we don't feel sorry for investigating this cultural phenomenon, since it's developed locally. Feel free to develop an "indie game" of the same interactive caliber, and we'll feature you (we know you're just pining for attention anyway). Until then, stick to what you know: weird cyber-punk sex with your annoying girlfriend.*

XOXO, SLUG

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# YAKTOOTH



## Localized By Alexander Ortega alexander@slugmag.com Photos: Gilbert Cisneros

Urban Lounge is gonna get weird on Jan. 10. This month's *Localized* features headliners Yaktooth, who are prepared to deliver their heavy-rock goulash, and Baby Gurl, a drums/bass two-piece bent on slamming out a grooving assault. Chaotic hardcore openers **Die Off** will pummel you, starting at 9 p.m. *Localized*, brought to you by **Bohemian Brewery**, is just \$5 and is hosted by **Ischa B.** If you're not 21+, or if you're sick/immobile, be sure to stream the show at [gigviz.com](http://gigviz.com).

Yaktooth are completely in their element 'round a truck in the parking lot of their practice-space building, *Downtown Music*, swilling Natty Lights. They are earnest and unpretentious musicians who founded and discovered this musical niche together in January 2012, and released their debut album, *Consensual Healing*, on Feb. 7 of last year (recorded and mastered by **Andy Patterson**). Drummer **Whil McCutchan** says, "A lot of those songs were written while we were trying to cut loose from being super concerned about what we were doing and making enjoyable music for other people." He was previously in **Long Distance Operator** with guitarist **Josh West**, both of whom also played in **Lazy Billy and the Pillows** with bassist **Evan Anderson**. "Both of those bands just ended up dissolving randomly and uncomfortably," says West, "so the three of us left to vamp together." After being what Anderson (also of **Dead Horse Point**) calls "band supporters," playing "other people's music," these founding three members feel liberated with the music they now play in Yaktooth. Anderson says, "When we started this, it was finally like, 'Alright! I'm doing whatever the HELL I want.'"

Though Yaktooth are a "heavy" band, their sound initially derived from jam output. "It was the worst struggle at first—it was so awkward and uncomfortable," West says. "We've all been fans of heavy music and everything, [but] we didn't plan on that; it just turned out that way—it's just what came out of us." What has resulted is a "heavy" amalgamation: *Consensual Healing* features math-y, slightly dissonant guitar noodling that punctuates sludgy riffs, with screechy vocals flashing at irregular intervals. Their math-informed instrumentation calls to mind the corybantic guitar work of **Form of Rocket**, but it's tempered by a stoner metal sensibility with the grooving propulsion of **Tolchuck Trio**. West says, "Local music in general is a huge inspiration for us." Indeed, Yaktooth embody a Salt Lake sound carved from *Kilby Court's* aughts days, yet stand out as being fresh due to their experimental nature: "We're way bigger fans of the stuff that isn't 'tr00 metal' 'cause we're too fuckin' weird for the metal kids and we're too heavy for the indie kids, so we have a weird place, but I feel like that's where we belong," says West, who cites **Iceturn** and **Smashy Smashy** as personal influences.

Yaktooth mainly include the core rock instruments of guitar, bass, drums and vocals, but enhance their sound with a vocal-effects processor: "Wrustle," the final track on *Consensual Healing*, exhibits wheezing, alien-sounding vocals and, later, droning vocals that sound akin to kargyraa-style throat-singing. West says, "I can sing, but I'm better at yelling, but we don't want to yell all the time. It got to the point where [we were] like, 'What can we do to really twist up the vocals and make them weird?' So, we bought a vocal-effects processor, and that's what we use!" This addition underpins some of the zany characteristics of Yaktooth's sound, and their live persona furthers their quirkiness: They initially played in "teeny" white shorts only, and their opening performance at *Localized* last April could be described as being

possessed by the spirits of North Dakotan truckers—kind of scary. McCutchan says, "It kind of makes you uncomfortable, but you're OK with it." Yaktooth have diluted this aspect, but still maintain an appropriate amount of eccentricity to keep it interesting.

Another element that adds to Yaktooth's weirdness is their approach to lyrics: "Lyrics were never important to us 'cause no one in Salt Lake can understand what you're saying when you're onstage in your heavy band playing at fuckin' *Burt's*," West says. "It's just how it comes across." Yaktooth grafted nonsensical, almost-gibberish lyrics—sometimes in Spanish—onto the songs on *Consensual Healing*. For a new album they are writing, they will still steep its language in arcane symbolism, where "what's going on" won't be clear—however, it will contain a narrative arc. West says, "I don't want to call it a concept record—it's a story record. It's a story about something that really happened mixed with some mythology. We have taken [lyrics] a lot more seriously lately, if only for the fact that we have to tell a story ..." Expect this album's release in February or March.

Yaktooth recently toured the West Coast to enthusiastic crowd responses, sharing bills with the likes of **Gaytheist** and **Teeeph**, and formed friendships with touring bands for whom they've opened in SLC to form a good footing for said tour. "We'll definitely go on the road again," says West. They are judicious about the number of local shows they play in order to uphold their drawing power, but when they do play, you can catch them at *The Boys' House*, *Salt Haus*, *Shred Shed* and (maybe) *Willie's*. Listen to *Consensual Healing* at [yaktooth.bandcamp.com](http://yaktooth.bandcamp.com).

Regarding *Localized*, Yaktooth couldn't be happier. West says of Baby Gurl, "They're our fuckin' brothers," and of *Die Off*: "We love *Die Off*—those kids are fuckin' awesome!"

Baby Gurl share their *Downtown Music* practice space with Yaktooth, and there's somethin' in the wat—er—Natty Light around those parts. The best way to fully grasp what **Chris Wadsworth** (bass, vocals) and **Jordan Fairbanks** (drums, vocals) do as a duo in Baby Gurl is to see them perform. Their between-song "banter"—if one could call it that—is reminiscent of cavemen grunting before they switch back to grooving bass-and-drum tracks riddled with odd vocals with effects, spacey keys and other quirky sounds. The closest thing to their hilarious and slightly unsettling stage persona is to listen to "Tweaker Time," where bouts of crying interrupt the song's trajectory. Though it may sound dark on their record, *A Name And A Blessing*, Baby Gurl have one prerogative when it comes to fully manifesting their music live: "What am I gonna do to make this asshole laugh onstage while we're playing to [where] he fucks up?" says Wadsworth of playing with Fairbanks. "We do not try to take ourselves seriously onstage."

Baby Gurl formed in April of 2012. Previously, Fairbanks became interested in hardcore via **Matt Wiley** (currently of **Eons**) and played in **Medea**. He expatriated to Maryland to play noise music for a spell, and even played in Eons prior to **Taylor Orton**. Fairbanks' first band was **Medicine Circus**, and he would go on to play in the inimitable **Heathen Ass Worship** with **Josh West**, then **Long Distance Operator** with **Whil McCutchan** of Yaktooth. "I actually met Jordan on a social fucking app on a goddamned phone," says Wadsworth. "It

was a gay hookup app, pretty much ... and it's called GROWLr ... All he said about himself was, 'I'm all about the music.'" The two started jamming out a confluence of "riffs, drums, riffs, drums," says Fairbanks. They initially tried out West to play guitar. Wadsworth says, "He played with us for, like, an hour or something, and stopped, and he was just like, 'I'm done.'" To their taken-aback responses, West said, "You guys don't need a guitar player."

What has resulted is, at its core, music that traverses funky rhythms and collapses into stoner metal breakdowns with Wadsworth's fuzzy scale noodling accompanied by Fairbanks' on-point, rhythmic drumming. Wadsworth considers Baby Gurl's sound as "definitely heavy," he says, but, "... it's not heavy like metal, 'We're just there to rip heads off,' and shit [though] it's just a lot louder and heavier than people would expect." The two acknowledge that their "heavy" sound is fused with a groove-based approach to songwriting. Fairbanks says, "I've heard two descriptions that I really like. One is: '**Tim and Eric** playing **Kyuss** songs,' and the other one is '**Frank Zappa** meets **Primus**.'" Baby Gurl recorded their album with **The Dark Wizard**, too, which they released in February of 2013. The two initially included the sparse lyrics that appear on *A Name And A Blessing* as jokes in terms of the subject matter—sometimes just to provide verbal percussion, so to speak. "James," for instance, includes the words, "Watch out, motherfucker. I'm gonna roll you over in my electric wheelchair," a first-person narration from a paraplegic thug. Additionally, the "shit" and "fuck" of "Neanderthal" functions as a count-off to the next song part that Fairbanks had trouble transferring to. Amid the zany, "tongue in cheek" gibberish, though, "it kind

of sounds dark to me," says Wadsworth. "... That's not what we're trying to do live—we're just trying to be happy and stupid!"

Baby Gurl have plans for a follow-up full-length to *ANAAB* along with a split with some friends in California. "We have a million ideas that we just have to work on," Fairbanks says. The main conceit behind their upcoming releases, they say, would be to spend more time in the studio, since they recorded their debut in a mere six hours and spent just another six hours adding the sound effects, although Wadsworth clarifies and says, "I'm not saying we're going to stop having fun. It's just that—when it comes to recording—it's going to take a little more time." For the time being, *A Name And A Blessing* is available for download for a suggested price at [babygurl.bandcamp.com](http://babygurl.bandcamp.com).

The band accompanied Yaktooth on their tour of the West Coast, having also made friends with **Gaytheist** during their SLC stop and reconnecting with them for a show in Portland, which, they report, went amazingly. Baby Gurl continue to play out of state: "We do weekend warriors. Since June, we've done one weekend warrior where went to Denver," which, Wadsworth says, included two shows in Denver and one in Laramie, Wyo. They also plan to make use of their West Coast hookups to play a Central California tour.

Regarding their local niche, Wadsworth finds that Baby Gurl and Yaktooth don't necessarily fit into the Salt Lake music scene, which spurs Fairbanks' dichotomization of SLC's sound in general: He says, "I feel like we do in the sense that we're kind of doing our own thing. Everyone in the Salt Lake scene is doing [that], and they're pulling new influences that they find out about into their own projects, and it just escalates the music scene in Salt Lake City [to be] greater and greater all the time."


In terms of headlining with Yaktooth, Wadsworth says, "Those guys suck. I hate their lives." Brotherly love aside, you don't want to miss this month's *Localized*—think "Tooth Gurl."





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The history of social and religious conservatism in Birmingham, Ala., runs deep, but even down in the heart of the South, there are pockets of open-mindedness and tolerance. Much like how the Mormon atmosphere here in Salt Lake City has constructed a much stronger-than-normal LGBT community within the state of Utah, the Christian and Evangelical influence in Birmingham has bonded together the gay community in Alabama in a way that strengthens them and makes them even more visible against their conservative background.

*Theatre Downtown*, a community theater that operates inside an antique store on Birmingham's Fifth Avenue, is one of the forces working to increase that pocket of open-mindedness and tolerance in the South through innovative and often original plays and musicals. Founded in 2006 by **Billy Ray Brewton** and **Cindy DeSa**, *Theatre Downtown* churns out fabulous productions all year round. Documentary filmmaker **David McMahon** grew up in Birmingham—and it was only a matter of time before he came across one of Brewton's plays. "I went to see [*Theatre Downtown's*] production of a previous play, an original play called *We Three Queens*, which Billy Ray wrote, and I was struck by how irreverent and really hilarious it was, and I admired that Billy Ray seemed to have no respect for the conventions of theater and just basically did whatever the hell he wanted to do," McMahon says.

Luckily, McMahon grew up in one of those pockets of open-mindedness and tolerance. "It was a real lifesaver for me, growing up there. I got exposed to like-minded people and supportive people," he says. So when he found out Brewton was going to do an original musical called *Skanks In A One Horse Town*, he decided to give it a shot and turn the experience into a documentary, premiering at the *Slamdance Film Festival* this month.

Filming *Skanks* was a bit of a 180 from McMahon's previous film work, which includes co-directing *Bayou Blue*, a documentary about a serial killer in Southeastern Louisiana, with director **Alix Lambert**. McMahon says, "I learned so much from Alix. She's a wonderful friend and a wonderful director, and really sort of a mentor for me through that process [of directing *Bayou Blue*]. She thought of things that I never would have thought of on my own ... It was a great experience." When he started looking for his next project, McMahon wanted something a little more lighthearted—something that wasn't quite as bleak as *Bayou Blue*, and he ended up with *Skanks*. The musical, *Skanks In A One Horse Town*, follows three "skanks" from *Studio 54* in 1978 as they travel back in time—with some help from a magic, time-traveling disco ball—to the Old West of 1878, where they, Meat Loaf, Conway Twitty and a cyborg version of Anita Bryant, must stop a railroad baron from building his rail line straight through the town of—wait for it—Deep Hole, and turning it into a ghost town. The musical is raunchy, vulgar and beautifully explicit. McMahon's documentary follows the production of the show from early rehearsals to the opening-



By John Ford [johnford@slugmag.com](mailto:johnford@slugmag.com) Photos: Kim Hatfield

night performance, and includes plenty of in-depth looks into the lives of the cast members. "When I started shooting it, I knew that it was a dirty, controversial musical—ridiculous, certainly, but definitely dirty—with drag queens in it, in a conservative Southern state," McMahon says.

The controversial material within the musical is certainly entertaining, but it's the characters behind the scenes who truly make this film come together on a much larger scale. As a main cast member, **Chuck Duck** is one of those standout characters. "When we found

David McMahon's documentary follows the production of the controversial and drag-fabulous play, *Skanks In A One Horse Town*.







The over-the-top characters behind the scenes of *Skanks* provide congruency to the film.



out David was doing a documentary on the show, [we were] super psyched, but nothing could've prepared me for the experience of having cameras following us around at every rehearsal. It was so much fun. I loved the whole experience. David and his crew were such sweethearts," says Duck, who plays Oklahoma Jackson—the main skank within *Skanks In A One Horse Town*.

Duck did his first play when he was 17, and even performed as **Prince** during a high school assembly—the footage of which is included in *Skanks*—but he didn't get started doing drag until he was in his mid-20s. "I've always loved makeup—loved watching my mom and aunts put it on. Any chance I could sneak and put it on, I would," says Duck. His first drag experience was at an amateur night at a local gay bar, where he performed as a nun with a dark side to **Madonna's** "Erotica/The Beast Within" mix. He didn't continue doing much drag in bars, but he loved doing it, so he started doing drag in theater productions. Duck says, "In drag, I don't have to worry if I'm sashaying too much. I was always picked on for my swish when I walk—I became quite self-conscious about it—[but] when I'm in drag, I don't have to hide it. I can flaunt it." And flaunt it he does—on- and off-stage.

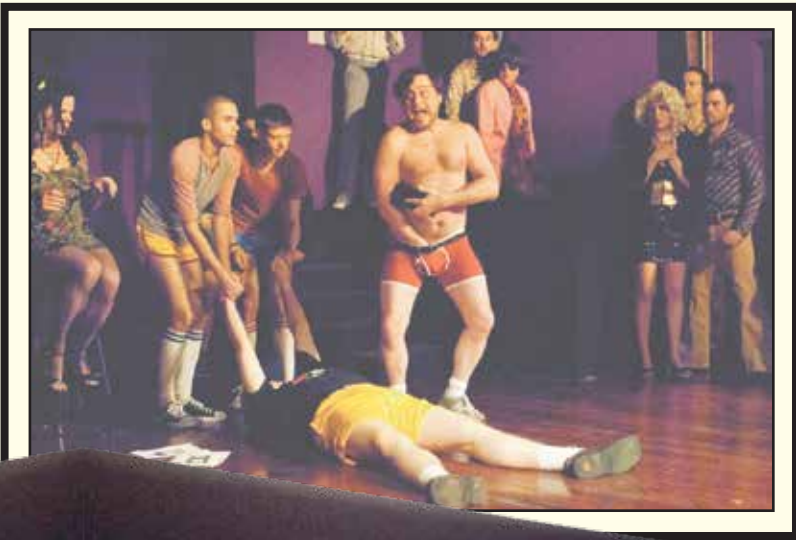
One of the most personal aspects of the documentary comes from a focus on father/son relationships—particularly with Duck

and **Juan Carlos Batlle** (another actor in the play) and their fathers. McMahon says, "[While filming *Skanks*] the stories that unfolded were a surprise to me. Definitely, the father/son dynamic was a surprise to me. It became important to show ... how they really formed this surrogate family [within *Theatre Downtown*]*—that what they may not be getting from home or from their childhood or youth, they're getting from this company of friends.*" The exposure of Duck's and Batlle's family dynamics magnifies those friendships formed between the *Theatre Downtown* cast members, and encourages viewers to connect with this film on many levels.

Another personal characteristic from *Skanks* comes from the original music in *Skanks In A One Horse Town*. Brewton wrote this musical with songs about three-ways, sticking "it" up the ass and skanks—a good portion of which are sung by men in drag playing the "skanks" within the production. Assisting with lyrics, but especially with composition, were **Christoph** and **Flannery Hooks**. Flannery's talents especially shine throughout *Skanks*. McMahon says, "Flannery is one of those people who has no clue how gifted she is ... 'cause she sits down and just writes songs—like in 10 minutes—just plucks the melody out of the sky." The catchy tunes and naughty lyrics will surely cause viewers to have these songs stuck in their heads for a good, long time.

McMahon thought that *Slamdance* would be a great place for *Skanks* to premiere. "Just the mission statement of the festival has a purity to it that is pretty great," he says. Once it was announced that the documentary had been accepted, McMahon says, "I was thrilled! ... [and I'm] really excited about coming out to Park City." Playwright Brewton

*Skanks* will premiere at the *Slamdance Film Festival* in Park City, with David McMahon present along with some of the cast.



and many members of the *Skanks* musical production will be joining McMahon in attending the festival, including Hooks and Duck. "Getting accepted into *Slamdance* was something I never expected. When I heard and it really sunk in, I had a real good cry. The fact that my little story is gonna be told on the big screen is more than I could've ever imagined," says Duck.

The way this documentary has come together has surpassed all of McMahon's expectations from when he first decided to make the film. As with *Bayou Blue*, he went into the production of the documentary agenda-less, but was amazed at every turn as the piece came together. "[*Skanks*] sort of captured what community theater is meant to be—and community theatre in the sense that it's really about forming a community ... and it's really funny," McMahon says. And funny it is. If you've ever been involved behind the scenes of any type of production, you're sure to get a kick out of McMahon's documentary—and to be smitten by the incredible cast who put this musical together.

You can see the world premiere of *Skanks*, and probably several of the skanks themselves, at this year's *Slamdance Film Festival*, which runs Jan. 17–23, 2014, in Park City at the *Treasure Mountain Inn*. Go to [slamdance.com](http://slamdance.com) for more details, and check [skanksthefilm.com](http://skanksthefilm.com) and the *Skanks* Facebook page for more info about the film itself.

Screening Times:  
Sunday, Jan. 19 — 10:20 a.m. — Treasure Mountain Inn: Main Screening Room  
Tuesday, Jan. 21 — 8:10 p.m. — Treasure Mountain Inn: Gallery

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# ZEST



## Kitchen & Bar: Where Flavor Comes to Dance

By Amanda Rock • [amandarock.212@gmail.com](mailto:amandarock.212@gmail.com)



Photo: Talyn Sherer

Zest's Zucchini Noodles is a raw, healthy dish you'll find yourself craving.

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### KITCHEN:

TUE.-THUR. 4 P.M.-11 P.M.

### BAR:

FRI.-SAT. 4 P.M.-1 A.M.

There are few places in Salt Lake City as unique as *Zest Kitchen & Bar*, an intimate bar serving spot-on, downright craveable food with lively flavor. Contributing to Salt Lake City's reputation as an up-and-coming vegan hot spot, the menu boasts intriguing cocktails and sustainable vegetarian (mostly vegan) fare as well as live music, DJs and dancing on the weekend.

**Casey Staker**, of the popular *W Lounge*, is the owner and operator of *Zest Kitchen & Bar*, which has been gaining a steady following since they opened over a year ago, appealing to the vegetarian and gluten-free crowd as well as hardcore foodies. This can only be attributed to Staker's mad food skills. He is well trained in both raw and "regular" food. The menu is unprecedented in downtown Salt Lake: Raw, gluten-free and vegan have never been so good. You won't find vegetarian food masquerading as the Standard American Diet. There are no veggie burgers or imposter chicken fingers here, only an emphasis on real, local food, bright flavors and unique combinations.

Among the small plates offered, I adore the Brussels Sprouts and Slivered Almonds with Masala Almond Sauce (\$7). Tender, crunchy Brussels sprouts mingle with a rich, spicy vegan cream sauce with hints of curry and pepper. I'd put this in the ring with Salt Lake's other popular Brussels sprouts from *Eva and Copper Onion*. It's also worth mentioning that, as leftovers go, this dish rivals cold pizza when eaten out of the fridge the next day.

Other small plates to indulge in are the delectable Hot Stuffed Mushrooms with Cashew Cheese (\$8) and the Local Cheese Plate with House Marinated Olives, Nut Crackers and Raw Honey (\$13). Tempting dishes like these are included in the daily special, *Appy Hour*. Every day from 4-6 p.m., diners can enjoy \$2 off each of these small plates. It's a great time to get acquainted with the menu, enjoy a cocktail or two and unwind from a day of work.

Speaking of unwinding, Zest's cocktails are impeccable. My favorite is the Cello Driver (\$8). In a world of pretentious cocktails, I appreciate how straightforward and tasty it is. Fresh-squeezed orange juice, a bit of basil for depth and organic lemon vodka tastes like a bright, sunny day in an ice-cold glass. I'm looking

forward to plenty of these to battle my Seasonal Affective Disorder this winter. The Cello Driver also pairs well with Zest's delightful raw dishes.

A raw dish I find myself craving is the Zucchini Noodles with Fresh Tomato Sauce, Pesto and Pine Nuts (\$13). The thin, curly noodles made from zucchini hold their shape against the tomato sauce and absorb the tangy, bold flavors. A scoop of fresh, creamy pesto and pine nuts elevate the dish, adding exquisite texture and flavor. I was a bit shocked that a raw dish would be substantial enough for a proper meal at first, but now this is one of my favorites!

If you're looking for an entrée served warm to keep the chilly winter at bay, I'd suggest the Lemon Risotto Cake (\$13). It's as comforting a dish as you would imagine. Another delicious option is the Eggplant Parmesan (\$13), served with traditional parmesan cheese, or their mouth-watering cashew cheese. You can't go wrong with either.

Out of everyone I've talked to, the unanimous appeal of *Zest Kitchen & Bar* is dessert—more specifically, the Chocolate Beet Cake with Avocado Mousse (\$6). This cake is a revelation in two sumptuous layers. Each bite contains rich chocolate, studded with sweet beets, topped with light-yet-creamy chocolate avocado mousse. The beets add sweetness and a gorgeous silky texture. The end result is the kind of cake you want to be alone with. You can buy the entire cake for \$40, and someday soon, I might just do that.

Another impressive dessert is the Rosemary Infused Tart topped with Honey Whipped Goat Cheese and Fresh Strawberries (\$6). In the few bites I stole from my husband's plate, I fell in love with the tang of goat cheese with the sweet strawberries and perfectly crumbly crust. Next time, I'll be ordering my own slice with a cup of black Charming Beard Coffee.

*Zest Kitchen & Bar* has established itself as part of Salt Lake City's dining and nightclub scene. Minimalist and modern in decor, *Zest* is a comfortable spot for drinks. Daily specials, including free corkage on Tuesday nights and Vine Wednesday, where the entire array of organic, biodynamic and sustainable wine is \$2 off, are also a draw. The staff is always welcoming and friendly. Whether you're stopping in for a drink and dinner after work or a night on the town, *Zest Kitchen & Bar* fills in a niche in Salt Lake.



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# EMPOWERING THE FEMALE VOICE IN FILM

By Brinley Froelich / [brinleyfroelich@gmail.com](mailto:brinleyfroelich@gmail.com)

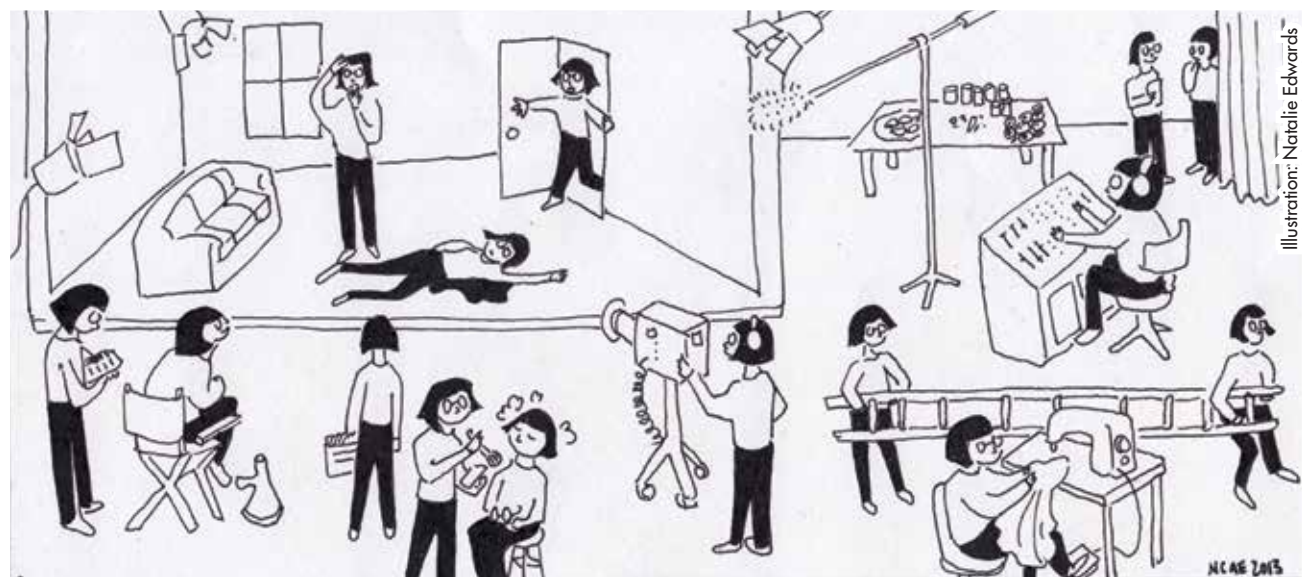


Illustration: Natalie Edwards

**The Utah Women in Film boast a strong membership of talented women who span every position in the film industry.**

With projects in the works that include a roller-derby horror film, Westerns and sci-fis with strong female roles, commercials, music videos and comedies, the **Utah Women in Film** boast a strong membership of talented women, including directors, actresses, costume and makeup artists, photographers and more, all with tenacious creative vision. What started three years ago as a support network for female filmmakers in Utah has grown into a solidified non-profit that connects women to resources and mentorship, providing a wide range of expertise along the way.

The UWIF holds monthly "schmoozes"—meet-and-greet events to introduce members to people with similar artistic visions—along with hosting classes, seminars and workshops throughout each month. While membership is focused on being female-only, anyone is welcome to attend the schmoozes or classes. According to **Valerie Cameron-Walker**, a board member responsible for marketing and branding, "The cool thing about Utah Women in Film is that it fills the void of that mentorship, the classes, of people that are wanting to come in and learn, and they don't have to feel like they don't know enough—they're welcomed by everyone." Women often go under-represented not only in film, but on the crews as well. As **Jenny Krompel**, Director of Resources and voice-over artist, says, "We're working in a very male-dominated industry, and sometimes it's nice to be able to network and connect with other filmmakers who are going through some of these circumstances that you face." But that shouldn't deter the guys from going. As **Emily Ann Roth**, photographer and networking extraordinaire (currently serving on the marketing team) says, "Even guys can get a little intimidated and feel like they're not invited, but they're always invited—we're always

reminding them." Excuses for not being a part of a group of strong female voices are officially obsolete.

Utah Women in Film have three tiers of membership: student, or novice members, general members and professional members (people currently working in the industry). If you're curious, the group recommends joining the Facebook page and attending the schmoozes before deciding to become a member. The hesitations for being a part of UWIF are common, and, what I imagine, shared among many women. Actor, writer and director **Shelly Brandon**, a new member, says, "I kind of watched them for about six months before [I joined] because I wasn't really sure if it was for someone of my skill level because I consider myself very new ... I found out that they were doing really excellent workshops and that it was for anyone, at any skill level, to come and get questions answered and seek mentorship, so I joined and I've been going to as many workshops as I can get to. I find them very valuable."

Aside from feeling too novice to join, many women may feel a competitive edge with other women in the film industry. Cameron-Walker says, "I was a little bit hesitant to come to the group because I've actually had bad experiences working with women and better experiences working with men. For me, and a lot of other women that come into this field, we're treated like one of the guys at some point. When you get into the entertainment business as women, we almost are taught to see each other as automatically conflicting because we are competing for that one spot that the women are going to get on the set ... for us to share those stories has really helped because now, we don't have to be in competition

with each other. We can help each other get onto the set."

The biggest task is increasing the visibility of female crewmembers who are willing and able to work in Utah. As Utah grows in the film industry, more and more people are coming here to shoot and find people to work with, and UWIF wants to be a resource that connects available talent to appropriate projects. Brandon says, "Women are so underrepresented in film in general, just having a woman in film (or on set) makes me go, 'Oh, that's where the women are!' Because when I talk to men, they're not opposed to working with women—they just don't know how to find us."

As UWIF grows, members and board members hope to be able to not only connect women to each other in Utah, but want to be able to offer benefits on par with other Women in Film groups throughout the nation. "My hope for the group is to continue that forward momentum, growing in members and firming up as an established non-profit. We've gone through some growing pains, and now that the board is really solidifying, they're really movers and shakers, and that's what it's going to take to get this from a grassroots, small-time non-profit to something where we will hopefully be able to offer grants and scholarships for filmmakers to make features and to do documentaries. I'm excited for that," Krompel says. Currently, members can reap the rewards of a broadened network of supportive women, as well as being connected to studios, education, resources and mentors who are available and happy to guide filmmakers through any rough or confusing patches in the journey. Go "Like" their page on Facebook to be up-to-date on events, and be on the lookout for them at *Sundance* as well!



## UTAH FILM CENTER

## JANUARY 2014 FREE SCREENING SCHEDULE



Directed by Hayao Miyazaki  
86 min / Japan / 1988 / Rated G



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TUMBLEWEEDS YEAR-ROUND

SATURDAY /// JANUARY 4 @ 11AM

### MY NEIGHBOR TOTORO

One of the most endearing and renowned films of all time, *My Neighbor Totoro* is a deceptively simple tale of two girls, Satsuki and Mei, who move with their father to a new house in the countryside. They soon discover that the surrounding forests are home to a family of Totoros, gentle but powerful creatures who live in a huge and ancient camphor tree and are seen only by children. But beneath the film's playfulness and narrative simplicity lie depths of wisdom. As with much of Miyazaki's work, at its core *My Neighbor Totoro* is about humankind's relationship to the Earth.



Directed by Ali Samadi Ahadi  
80 min / Germany / 2011 / Not Rated



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FILMS WITHOUT BORDERS

TUESDAY /// JANUARY 14 @ 7PM

### THE GREEN WAVE

*The Green Wave* is a touching documentary-collage illustrating the dramatic events and telling about the feelings of the people behind Iran's Green Revolution. Facebook reports, Twitter messages and videos posted in the internet were included in the film composition, and hundreds of real blog entries served as reference for the experiences and thoughts of two young students, whose story runs through the film as the main thread.

Official Selection - 2010 International Documentary Festival Amsterdam, and 2011 Sundance Film Festival



Directed by Penny Lane  
84 min / USA / 2013 / Not Rated



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THROUGH THE LENS

MONDAY /// JANUARY 6 @ 7PM

### OUR NIXON

Throughout Richard Nixon's presidency, three of his top White House aides obsessively documented their experiences with Super 8 home movie cameras. Young, idealistic and dedicated, they had no idea that a few years later they'd all be in prison. *Our Nixon* is an all-archival documentary presenting those home movies for the first time, along with other rare footage, creating an intimate and complex portrait of the Nixon presidency as never seen before.

Director Penny Lane in attendance for post-film Q+A moderated by Doug Fabrizio, host of KUER's RadioVies



Directed by Jia Zhangke  
125 min / China / 2013 / Not Rated / Warning: Violence / Mandarin w/ English subtitles



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TUESDAY /// JANUARY 28 @ 7PM

### A TOUCH OF SIN

Inspired by four shocking (and true) events that forced the world's fastest growing economy into a period of self-examination, *A Touch of Sin* is the latest from master filmmaker Jia Zhangke, "one of the best and most important directors in the world" (Richard Brody, *The New Yorker*). This daring, poetic and grand-scale film focuses on four characters, each living in different provinces, who are driven to violent ends.



Directed by Steve Hoover  
92 min / USA / 2013 / Not Rated



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TUESDAY /// JANUARY 7 @ 7PM

### BLOOD BROTHER

Rocky Braat, a young man with a troubled past, went traveling through India without a plan. There he met a group of HIV positive children living in an orphanage—a meeting that changed everything for him. Rocky left his life, friends, and career to live with the kids. Steve Hoover, his best friend and filmmaker, was unsettled and intrigued by this drastic action. In an effort to find out what compelled Rocky to give up every source of stability in his life, he decided to trace Rocky's story, following him to India.



Directed by Zachary Heinzerling  
82 min / USA / 2013 / Rated R



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WED. /// JANUARY 29 @ 7PM

### CUTIE AND THE BOXER

A reflection on love, sacrifice, and the creative spirit, this candid documentary explores the chaotic 40-year marriage of renowned "boxing" painter Ushio Shinohara and his artist wife Noriko. Now 80, Ushio still struggles to establish his artistic legacy, while Noriko is at last being recognized for her own art—a series of drawings entitled "Cutie." Spanning four decades, the film is a moving portrait of a couple wrestling with the eternal themes of sacrifice, disappointment and aging.

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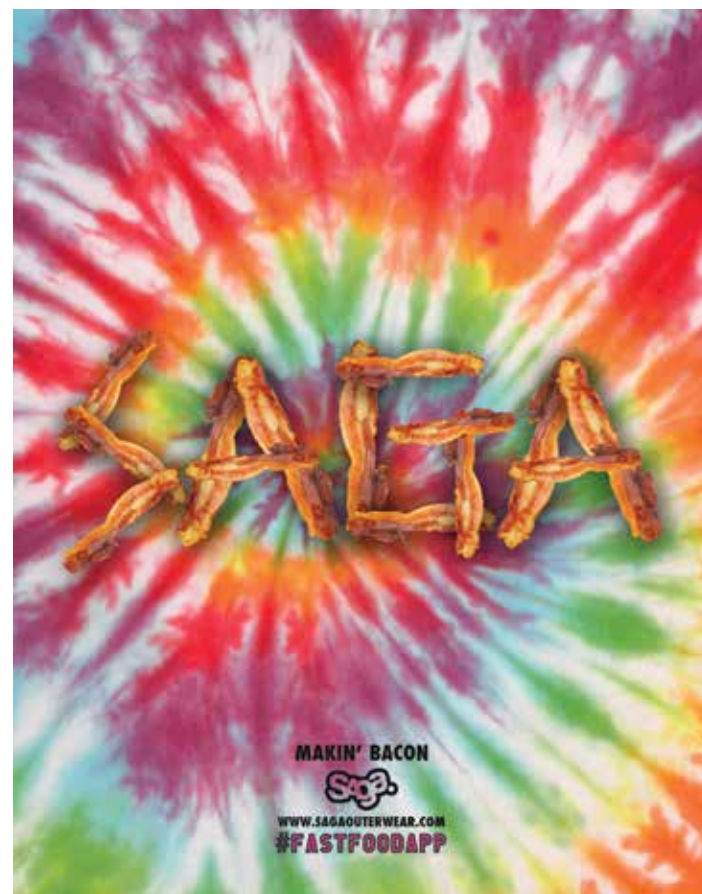
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By Steven Goemaat • [stgoemaat@gmail.com](mailto:stgoemaat@gmail.com) • Photos: Panzer Photography

When describing the way to my house to people when I was younger, I would give landmarks just like anybody else. I'd say, "after the sharp curve," or "just before the big tree." For the Godfrey household, just keep your eyes peeled for the mini Mega Ramp—you can't miss it. **Gregg Godfrey** is the co-creator and producer of MTV's *Nitro Circus*. Gregg and the Nitro crew are best known for insane stunts, tricks and contraptions that they dream up and make a reality within their TV shows. Dating back to the early days of **Travis Pastrana** and Gregg doing stunts on dirt bikes and mountain bikes, the show has evolved to a proportion where nothing is out of the question.

Over the years of reality TV shows, DVDs and a Fuel TV mini series, the show has grown to a live-performance event, which is making its North American debut this January. On tour with *Nitro Circus Live* is a star-studded cast and some new, blood-related additions. They call themselves the

**Godfrey Clan**: They are the sons and nephews of Gregg Godfrey and they are quite the talented bunch. Made up of **Ethen Roberts, Josh Roberts, Tyler Roberts, Chanler Godfrey, Gavin Godfrey, Preston Godfrey** and **Colton Brockbank**, they are the guys following in the footsteps of Gregg and the people they grew up around. As genetics would have it, these guys are equally willing to throw themselves in any different way to push their sport—or whatever you call it—to all new levels.

Following in the footsteps of guys like Gregg and Pastrana is no easy task. To keep these guys at the top of their game, the backyard of the Godfrey residence in Sandy, Utah is an absolute training facility for all things that are awesome. A miniature version (which is still pretty big) of the Mega Ramp that they use in the *Nitro Circus Live* shows is the focal point to the four-acre compound. A double-wide skate ramp with transitions modified on all sides is the next in line, with a roll-in that drops into the bike and dirt

jump course in the back corner of the yard. The facility is a dream place as far as I am concerned, just as long as you've got the marbles to hang. I personally don't see myself going off of any Mega Ramps anytime soon, but around this crew, anything is possible.

Gregg Godfrey, the captain of the chaos, gathered up the Godfrey Clan, and we talked about the aspects of the group: strong points, weak points, who the guinea pigs are and who has gained some wisdom throughout the years. First up was Colton, described not as a guinea pig, but as the gerbil of the bunch by Gregg. Colton enjoys skateboarding, wakeboarding and jumping around on all of the other contraptions, even the snowboard on wheels. Next up was Ethen, who claimed to be, "not really good at anything, but above average at most things." I can tell you from my short, firsthand experience that Ethen is one talented kid. In a matter of a couple minutes, Ethen had gone from back-flipping his mountain bike to catching midair





(L-R) JOSH ROBERTS, ETHEN ROBERTS, COLTON BROCKBANK, CHANLER GODFREY, GAVIN GODFREY, PRESTON GODFREY AND TYLER ROBERTS WITH (BELOW) GREGG GODFREY MAKE UP THE *NITRO CIRCUS* GODFREY CLAN.

touchdown passes from Colton. As far as energy goes, these dudes put the Energizer Bunny to shame. Down the line, we go to Tyler, who, as his clan told me, was a "job-stealer." Bikes, snowmobiles, tricycles and pretty much everything else—Tyler is up for it. Gregg chimed in on the issue and clarified that, "Tyler isn't necessarily a job stealer—he is just the dumb one to try it first. He is a guinea pig, just like all of these guys."

Josh was next, the oldest and calmest of the bunch and the "special one" of the group. Josh described himself as, "The one to do the things that no one else wants to do." That said, Josh proceeded to tell me about how he has knocked several front teeth out multiple times within the last year. He also showed how he has gained some wisdom through his experience and upgraded to a full-face helmet to keep those pearly whites, or plastics, right where they need to be. Chanler was next around the horn. Chanler is the guy behind the camera when the cameras are not around, as well as a builder, caregiver and is even described as the "landlord" by his clan. When it comes to stunts, Gregg described his son, Chanler, as being the safe guy. "Chanler is a guy who waits back to jump into something. He'll always do it, but he likes to make sure it's doable first. I don't know if he is smarter or just a pussy," says Gregg. Can you feel the love? Because I know I can.

Next up was Preston, the youngest of the group, who, in Gregg's opinion, is "the most talented of the whole bunch, but he just doesn't give a shit." Preston's niches include the tricycle, bike and being a full-time ladies man. Last but not least was

Gavin, who is the "most competitive of the group," says Gregg. Gavin is up for anything and prides himself on his bathtub-jumping abilities as well as many other things. Competitiveness is definitely prevalent with these guys, and to say whether it is friendly or not is a call that I can't make. They're an eclectic group to say the least, and I think the title of "circus" fits these guys just fine.

As far as contraptions go, this team has quite a few that they have taken off the Mega or Gigant-A-Ramp. Most notably among these contraptions is the tricycle. A big-kids tricycle is, of course, equipped to take an impact, and these guys push the limits that have only been imagined by 7-year-olds. "No matter what you do on the trike, you are going to get jacked up. Either a wheel falls off or you hit your back on the seat—it is different every time. It is just so fun to throw it around," says Chanler. Obviously, being able to say that you belong to the world's most talented group of tricycle riders comes with a price to pay. Practicing for such stunts can only be done by sticking it first try or jumping into things like foam pits and reservoir mats, which are padded mats that soften the blow and provide a smooth surface to aid in sliding out when a stunt starts going south. Tyler says that the mat "feels a lot better than hitting dirt." No matter what these guys are landing on, the great moments are littered with thrills and spills, but that is what keeps the show genuine and keeps these guys pushing their limits along with the rest of their *Nitro Circus* team.

High points and low points are just part of the game when you take the risks that these guys do,

but it is the constant push toward progression that keeps them going. Among these highlights were such things as Tyler nearly learning double back flips on his BMX bike at the ripe age of 15 in the Vegas show and Chanler attempting a front flip in Australia that ended in what Gregg calls "one of the worst crashes I had ever seen." As these guys say, though, it is all part of the game.

With their first-ever North American Tour kicking off this month, the clan is excited to be in the States and is especially excited to perform for their home crowd. The closest the clan has come to this was a Las Vegas show a couple years back that only included about half of them. Josh gave me a little spoiler alert to some tricks that may be going down this trip around. "I'd say Ethen and Gavin both have triple back flips on hard-tail mountain bikes pretty much dialed in," he says. Whatever happens, witnessing these guys in action will definitely be a treat.

As far as the future goes, the Godfrey Clan plans to keep it going with *Nitro Circus Live* and to keep having fun with their family. "The uprising of the Godfrey Clan!" says Josh. *Nitro Circus Live* is touring North America beginning Jan. 3 and hitting Salt Lake at the *Energy Solutions Arena* on Jan. 17. Come have some fun and see a great bunch of athletes doing some of the most insane stunts you'll ever see while having the time of their lives. Until then, catch up on all of the fun with *Nitro Circus TV* episodes and tour videos. Also, hit these guys with a follow on Instagram, Twitter and all of your other social media sites @nitrocircus to keep your mouth watering.

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# PHOTO-TO-FEATURE

By Andy Wright  
andywrightphoto.com

Not to be outdone by the bombardment of skate parks that have popped up in our state in the last decade, mountain bikers are starting to get their own parks. While I'm sure this has left plenty of geaheds creaming their paddled Spandex shorts, I am unmoved. Nothing against mountain biking—in fact, I think it's something I could get into if the bikes didn't look so damn silly. Maybe one day, I will get over this aversion, much in the same way I've come to love and appreciate the style of beer I once referred to as "mountain bike beer." I think it started with the whole Fat Tire craze in the '90s. I wanted no part

of that hoppy, over-priced swill that the polar fleece/cabinner crowd celebrated with. Sure, it would do in pinch, but that pinch was only when there was no more Pabst. Well, I've grown up, and (thanks to beer), a little rounder in the last decade. I've really come to appreciate the mountain biker's suds. Maybe they're on to something with those crazy-looking wannabe motocross bikes. In the meantime, it's good to see **Jordan Mendenhall** making good use of public funds, utilizing mountain biking obstacles to shred on.



Jordan Mendenhall—Stalefish—Park City, UT

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# Mike Brown's Monthly Dirt

## House Party! By Mike Brown @Fagatron

I'm not a big fan of house parties these days—I prefer my drinking on the idle comfort of a barstool or in the cozy confines of my couch. Maybe that's why I usually end up acting like such a jackass when I go to a house party. Whether it's peeing off a roof onto the partygoers or stealing all the alcohol because I didn't like the host—both of which I am guilty of—I have oftentimes been simply known as “That Guy” at house parties.

You don't want to be “That Guy.” You shouldn't be “That Guy.” But get enough booze in me and throw me in a storm of idiots, and I transform into “That Guy.”

For research on this article, I decided it would be a good idea to crash a house party, but house parties seem to cater more toward booze bingers a bit under my age demographic. So, I didn't really have any leads on where one would be. Luckily, I live near a college campus, so finding one wasn't a problem, but being the weird, old guy at the house party is just another version of “That Guy.”

House parties usually seem to fall into two categories: ragers or duds. How many times do you show up on someone's porch and it's like visiting a rest home with fewer sedatives? There's nothing worse than showing up to a party you are obligated to go to with a shitty guy/girl ratio, empty liquor bottles and no music.

Showing up at a proper rager, however, can make for a great Friday night. There's nothing like showing up to a party where it doesn't matter if you are invited or not, kids are puking and shots are falling. This is the kind of shindig where, if the cops don't shut it down, it's not a success. One such rager I attended was equipped with a full DJ and PA, and when the cops came to shut it down, doormen quickly organized and locked everyone in, all while the DJ turned the volume up and played **NWA's** “Fuck The Police.” I tried to step out to smoke and the doorman kindly told me that no one could leave until the fuzz were gone. I commended his dedication to keeping everyone safe, and shotgunned another beer.

This weekend, I found a proper rager to attend: loud music, people dancing, still plenty of liquor at 11:30 p.m.—all great ingredients for a rager recipe. Unfortunately, there was a total “That Guy” at this party and, for once, it wasn't me. What made this guy “That Guy?” Well, I didn't know him at all, and he grabbed

my dick three times. It's one thing if one of my buddies gives me a hearty, good-natured dick slap in the name of fun, but goosing guys and girls you don't know is grounds for a smack in the mouth.

Starting fights at house parties is totally non-triumphant, though. It doesn't impress the girls and, to make matters worse, I knew the host. Left hooks are disrespectful to the house and the host, and the problem with being drunk is you think you can fight way better than you actually can. Being too old to fistfight anyway, I let the mild sexual assault slide and walked home alone with a road soda.

There are a lot of things you should and shouldn't do when you go to a house party. One thing you shouldn't do, as I mentioned earlier, is pee on people. I learned this the hard way. Although the consequences for my actions weren't initially enforced at the party, I did get hit by a car that night—instant karma that should warm the hearts of anyone who felt my warm piss that night.

Also, don't be the guy who steals the booze, unless the party really, really sucks. Back when I was younger, I hung out with these dudes from Baltimore who specialized in this. We would go to shitty parties on purpose because, well, the liquor store was closed.

They had an elaborate formula for such heists. We would start by casing the place, looking for the nearest exits and stash points, such as bushes and whatnot. We would place two people at the doors, and then create a distraction—usually using a girl to flirt with the host. Then someone had to grab the alcohol. Sometimes the getaway consisted of just running like hell, but, most of the time, we were smooth enough to get out of there unscathed. Now that I look back, those were good times.

Really, though, the best thing to do when showing up to a house party is to be the guy who shows up with a 30 rack, a beer bong and a pizza. You will be amazed at how many friends you will make. Or, be the guy who dances first. Starting the dance party is a sign of bravery, and girls will salute your shorts for such behavior.

Whether you choose to be “That Guy” or pizza-and-30-rack guy is up to you. But some things you always should do are: drink as much free booze as you can, be nice to the host and leave when they ask you to, and leave before the cops show up or you are asked to help clean up.



Mike Brown's advice for house party ragers: Don't be “That Guy.”

Photo: Jake Vivor

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I have a motto: “If I don’t love me, nobody will.” Without trying to sound like a total douche, I have acquired a certain amount of notoriety. It doesn’t just come to you—you have to work for it. I am truly grateful for whatever fame I have. I’ve worked really hard in my life to be a “personality,” and with hard work has come reward and opportunity that I can’t even begin to thank the universe for throwing my way. I want to publicly say, especially to you and my close friends, that I love you way more than you love me.

At one point in my life, I was bouncing from one metropolitan city to another, all over the world, and there wasn’t one club I couldn’t get into. I was the clubbing tranny rocker—I was super young and wild and crazy. I was **Lindsay Lohan** and **Anna Nicole Smith** (who also was a dear friend) rolled into one. I sang in bands, performed in rock operas, acted in independent films, lip-synced at the hottest night clubs around the world, flew on private jets full of cocaine, and go-go danced in music videos in Germany. I was on TV in Iceland, and I did ecstasy with a real princess (I’ll tell you who if you ask me). I’ve been to the Oscars, sat on **Hugh Hefner**’s lap and walked down runways—none of which means anything, really, ‘cause like they say, you’re only as hot as your latest endeavor.

I’m a party girl, a socialite, a celebrity. I am an attention-seeking whore. There are no tutorials on how to be celebrity, so it’s not like I was able to read up. Be present and show up is the first lesson. I make sure that I walk into a room with a presence, and trust me, everyone knows when I’ve arrived. Confidence is a must. However, you have to live with everyone assuming that you’re a cunt. Even though I practice catching flies with sugar, I won’t hesitate to put you in your place if I feel disrespected. I have heard rumors that I was run out of SLC in the ‘90s, that I have a drug problem, that I have AIDS and, my fave, that I’m a trust fund kid—rumors are fun! But the moment I knew I was loved was after a show in front of 1,500 people in a large venue in SF. I was dying inside! I’d never performed in front of that many people. When I was done, the crowd went insane with applause—I swear I nearly blacked out. From that moment, I was addicted and willing to not only do what I had to do to keep it coming, but I could also live with the backlash.

As of late, I’ve been getting recognized a lot from my column. This is largely due to the photo attached to each one. It’s my “thing”—you gotta have a thing. I couldn’t just be anonymous—I like to be recognized for my work, literally. I have spent my life having my photo taken. I know what is good, how it should be lit and from which

angle the shot should be taken. The photo is just as important as the words, and on some level, even more. I have people tell me they get *SLUG* to see what my photo is first and then read the writing. *SLUG* and the troupe of photographers are bitchin’ at helping me with this monthly art project.

With the celebrity comes the awesomeness of opened doors with red carpets and all those bells and whistles, but behind the velvet ropes, there are dark sides. I’ve had two boyfriends who, I later found out, were in it for the social climbing. It hurt so bad that, to this day, I can’t have a relationship without questioning motives.

**Princess Kennedy’s storytelling talents will be etched into history—and bathroom stalls.**

At times, I also wish I had invisibility super powers. If I could be invisible to go to the grocery store and run errands, that would be awesome—‘cause there is nothing worse than getting hangover food with day-old bar hair and bloodshot eyes and having a fellow shopper recognize you. The last thing I hate about fame is that it really can be a bit lonely. People think you always have some fabulous thing planned at all times, so you don’t get a lot of calls and you worry about stupid shit, like how it looks to show up places alone.

I guess the only thing I care about is that I’m able to leave a mark posthumously. I hope there is one thing I do in this life that I get recognized for and that lives on forever, like **Marilyn Monroe**, for example. She has that phenomenal legend status that makes her more famous as the years go by. She’s been dead some 50 years, and still appears on T-shirts and posters, but has been given an update with designer skinny jeans and tattoos. That’s fame!

I have no delusions that I am or ever will be Marilyn Monroe—I don’t really think I’m a celebrity, but I am recognizable, and there’s nothing I love more than people coming up and saying, “Hey, you’re Princess Kennedy, huh? I love and never miss your column in *SLUG*.”

Thank you—you’re the reason I do it.

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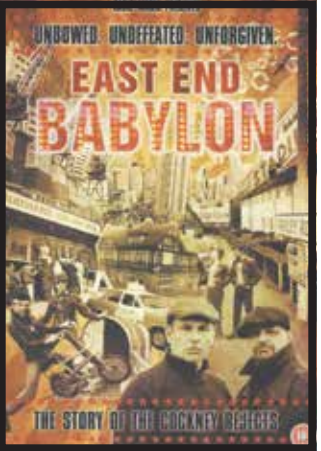


# MOVIE REVIEWS

## Kids Like You & Me MVDvisual On DVD: 12.03.13

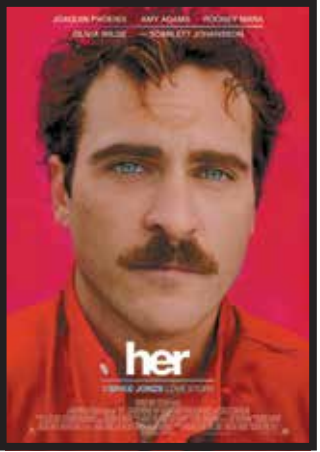
This documentary surprises with its abundance of information and humility. What I thought might be a 75-minute video of **Black Lips'** illegal antics on- and offstage (probably still worth watching) turned out to have more political information than it did illegal activities. The story follows Black Lips across a "revolutionary" Middle East tour. Revolutionary, because places like Egypt don't have much of a garage or punk scene, and they rarely see U.S. bands. If your band has the means to tour anywhere, are you going to pick one of the most unstable parts of the world? Sure, Mexico is insane and Africa is tragic in many ways, but the Middle East seems to be constantly on the verge of imploding. This documentary shows that tension and how the Black Lips' music provides the youth a break from the constant stress of life in the cities they tour. This isn't because the Black Lips are special, but because they're willing. They're willing to share their music where many other American bands can't or won't, and to show those in the Middle East that, in many ways, we are just like them. —Justin Gallegos

## East End Babylon: The Story Of The Cockney Rejects Cádiz Music On DVD: 11.12.13



Directed by **Richard England** (who produced *Oil City Confidential*) and told from the perspectives of **Mick (Stinky Turner)** and **Jeff Geggus (Cockney Rejects)**, this essential rock n' roll documentary is a must-see for any music lover. Mick and Jeff cite that for them, there were only three ways to deal with living in the infamous East End of London's Canning Town: football (soccer), boxing and rock n' roll. Formed in 1978, the Cockney Rejects cut a swath through the London punk scene. They coned their way into their first demo, went to *Top of the Pops*, then headlong into brutal fights with rival football fans due to their undying allegiance to **West Ham**. Something they more than publicized through their hit cover of West Ham's anthem, "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." This impressive documentary utilizes historical footage alongside impressive accounts from members of the band. They tell the dramatic history of London's East End through entertaining tales of the toughness and resilience of one of England's most notorious punk/Oi! bands. One word of warning: If you're not well acquainted with the cockney dialect, use subtitles when digesting this film. Otherwise, grab a pint and enjoy. —Nick Kuzmack

## Her Warner Bros. In Theaters: 01.10



Leave it to **Spike Jonze** to take us into the not-too-distant future and excite us with the advancement of tech-

nology, yet shock us with the possibilities. Theodore (**Joaquin Phoenix**) works as an author to other people's intimate letters while unable to keep his own marriage intact. After purchasing the latest operating system with artificial intelligence, our lonely writer is introduced to Samantha (voiced by **Scarlett Johansson**) and the two form an unconventional, passionate relationship that will test their limits on fully sharing themselves with someone else. Spike Jonze is a master at simplifying the extraordinary and making you believe the impossible. As he did with *Being John Malkovich* and *Adaptation.*, Jonze mesmerizes audiences with a twisted sense of reality. Besides the phenomenal acting from Phoenix and an astonishing voice-only performance from Johansson, Jonze succeeds in developing an environment where the likelihood of humans dating machines is not only not absurd, but believable. Think about what the masses thought about online dating 10 years ago, and what the perception is now. With gaming consoles recognizing its users' identity by their physical appearance and modifying its behavior to their preferences, who knows how long until we all have a Samantha in our own lives? —Jimmy Martin

## The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug Warner Bros. In Theaters: 12.13.13

It's been 12 years and four feature films since we were first introduced to **Peter Jackson's** vision of **J.R.R. Tolkien's** Middle Earth. In *The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug* (or what I am calling "Walking: The Prequel: Part 2 of 3"), we are reconnected with the company of dwarves who are journeying to reclaim their kingdom and golden treasure from the legendary and deadly dragon, Smaug (voiced by **Benedict Cumberbatch**). In tow is everyone's favorite hairy-footed hobbit, Bilbo Baggins (**Martin Freeman**), and charismatic sorcerer, Gandalf (**Ian McKellen**). It's clear that Jackson is stretching Tolkien's words as much as humanly possible in terms of length, but the liberties that he's taking by adding characters to the story is actually one of the better elements. While their characters are nowhere to be found in the pag-

es of this particular story, **Orlando Bloom's** Legolas and **Evangeline Lilly's** Tauriel lead the majority of the well-crafted action sequences that have them performing feats with a bow and arrow one would never think possible. Seriously, *The Avengers'* Hawkeye and *The Hunger Games'* Katniss Everdeen could only dream of having these types of skills. This rendition is certainly a better execution than last year's adventure, and the cliffhanger ending leaves audiences craving for the "precious" follow-up. —Jimmy Martin

## The Secret Life of Walter Mitty 20th Century Fox In Theater: 12.25.13

Just when you thought your case of diabetes was cured after viewing the sweetest film on the planet, *Forrest Gump*, almost two decades ago, along comes **Ben Stiller** and his remake of the 1947 tale of a daydreamer who envisions personal heroics with wild, imaginative sequences. In this modern-day interpretation, Walter Mitty (Stiller), a daydreamer who longs for love and heroism, works for *Life Magazine*, but when the photo negative for the publication's final cover goes missing, a global manhunt for the renowned photographer is set in motion. Stiller sheds all the embarrassing roles of late to genuinely take on the actions of a kindhearted shut-in who decides to live life to the fullest. As our lead escapes volcanic eruptions, man-eating sharks and oxygen-deprived altitudes, his fascination for his co-worker crush (**Kristen Wiig**) keeps him yearning to be a better man who refuses to waste another breath of life. Stiller, who also directs, captures the essence of the human condition with a heartfelt tale of courage, bravery and sensitivity. Stiller has not been this alluring and enjoyable since 2010's *Greenberg*, and Wiig's authentic sincerity only adds to the film's charm. A personal favorite comes with the inclusion of comedian **Patton Oswalt** as an inquisitive and concerned eHarmony employee who continuously offers our protagonist advice on his online dating profile. Stiller has turned this old tale of wonderment into a present-day journey of affection and excitement. —Jimmy Martin

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# THE DYING ART OF LIGHT

By Esther Meroño

esther@slugmag.com • Photos: Russel Daniels

Over 100 years after Cinématographe was invented and used by the **Lumière** brothers in France to show the first paying audience a projected film, **Edward Norton** looks directly into the camera

as he explains the job of a projectionist in a scene from *Fight Club*. "Why would anyone want this shit job?" he asks as his alter-ego Tyler Durden splices pornography into family cartoons. "Because it affords them other interesting opportunities."

Walking up the steps to the projection booths of the **Salt Lake Film Society's** *Broadway Theatre*, I imagine what it would've been like, watching that scene from *Fight Club* when it showed in theaters in 1999, from a projection booth—like looking at a reflection, perhaps. **Lance Walker**, SLFS Head Projectionist, has been working in the booth since 2001, just before the Salt Lake Film Society came into fruition to save the *Tower Theatre* from demise. "There really wasn't anyone else who could come here and do it, so they trained me and the other guy who was working the concession stand at the time ... They showed me really fast how to do it, and everything else I've had to learn on my own," he says. Walker speaks slowly and affirmatively—he reminds me of a more subdued version of **Wallace Shawn's** character in *The Princess Bride*—a little bored, a little cynical, and his rare smile reveals an endearing gap in his teeth behind a full beard.

We walk through the hallway to the projection booths and Walker apologizes for the smell, but the overwhelming aroma of popcorn that fills the lobby below doesn't seem to penetrate the dark upstairs. Instead, the winding hallways contain a light scent of dust among the organized clutter of boxes, tables and machines—very few people come up here, which is part of the magic. "I like the projection booth because it's like a dark hole that no one really wants to go into," says Walker. "It's loud and dark and it's not a place for people to go."

Tyler Durden defines the employment opportunities of a projectionist as creative mischief, but speaking with Walker—and having worked in the movie theater business myself for nearly

a decade—I realize that, though most projectionists aren't using their position to terrorize children, there's a certain character trait needed to draw someone to the booth: those who find solace in solitude. Walker tells me he's not much of a film fanatic, citing *The Shining* as a favorite, and admitting he prefers B movies he can watch and be done with in the comfort of his own home. " ... I can pause [the movie], get food or drink, go to the bathroom and never miss any of it. I can have the lights on or off. I don't have to come into work or any of the other movie theaters, now very demanding of you knowing exactly where you want to sit. I'm not into that," he says. "I guess I might be a control freak."

A few days later, **Scott Farley** of *Brewvies Cinema Pub*, and I sit in a booth at *Juniors* discussing his own film interests: "I think I have a fairly deep knowledge of film for a pedestrian, but not for a film buff," he says. "I would say that I am an autodidact and there were times when it was necessary for me to know film ... I sort of tried to surround myself with people who were real cinema heads and try to get them to educate me, but ... I am pretty absent from my own personality, and what people tell me to think, I'm pretty easily convinced of ... " Having spent a few years' worth of Friday nights with Farley closing up *Brewvies* when I worked there, I can personally attest to his above-average knowledge and understanding of film, having benefitted from a number of his recommendations—and anyone can call the *Brewvies* Movieline at 801-355-5500 to hear his forcibly optimistic and concise reviews for the current lineup.

Farley's history in the booth starts in Logan, when he was attending Utah State University in 1985. "You try to have jobs, and since you can't make a lot of money because there isn't a lot of money to be made unless you're having a miserable life, you come up with jobs where your perks also fill your social needs," he says, explaining what led him to start working at a movie theater. "Dates were free, and I could hook up friends on any number of levels, so I had entrées of social significance greater than just my charming personality." Farley eventually ended up at the *Tower Theatre*, working under **Greg Tanner** before the SLFS took over, making his way to *Brewvies* in 1997. "I kind of left being a projectionist when I came to *Brewvies*," he says, admitting that the years he's been at the cinema pub have been more fruitful as a bartender. Though it's true that the job is now predominantly accomplished by the bussers, they're trained at a very surface level, making Farley's nearly three decades of projection experience crucial when it comes to troubleshooting impending film disasters—soon to be antiquated memories.

**Lance Walker, Head Projectionist for the Salt Lake Film Society, has survived the digital conversion, though his job has considerably changed.**





In his 2011 documentary series, *The Story of Film: An Odyssey*—consequently another Farley recommendation—Irish film critic **Mark Cousins** describes film as “the art of light.” He says, “[**Thomas**] **Edison** and the many other manic, ideas-y inventors of cinema realized that beyond the equipment and machines, what you needed most for movies was light”—essentially making the role of the projectionist somewhat of a poetic intermediary between the art and the audience. According to the first episode of the series, and confirmed by Walker’s extensive knowledge of traditional movie projectors, the actual machine is an amalgamation of varying components from other inventions, including the sewing machine and the vacuum, slowly tweaked by new innovations, but not as quickly evolving as one would expect compared to the technological advances surrounding it. Perhaps this is why, a year after Tyler Durden explains the basics of projector mechanics, the first digital projectors are installed and tested in a few movie theaters across the country.

Nearly 14 years later, the labs producing celluloid film are shutting down and movie studios big and small have finally caught up with the digital, economical and eco-friendly age, sending notices to theaters, independent and commercial, that they’ll no longer be producing 35mm prints. Instead of heavy, metal canisters of film, briefcases are arriving on theater doorsteps full of hard drives about the size of a paperback—compressed movie files. Large chain theaters, like the Megaplex at the Gateway, completed their conversion to digital a couple of years ago, but a quick search on Google reveals that independent theaters across the country are struggling to purchase the expensive new projectors in time to meet the studio deadlines—a story of its own. Salt Lake’s independent theaters have survived the changing of the guard, and at the *Broadway*, aside from two running 35mm projectors, the outdated machines have been pushed into even darker corners to make room for whirring blocks—looking a bit like oversized window units—topped with glowing touch screens. In one day, Walker laments, a century’s worth of invention and innovation was replaced. “Film” is a vestigial word now.

The job of the projectionist, though, is still very much alive, however changed. “I was led to believe that the digitals would take care of themselves, which they haven’t done yet, so I still have a job,” says Walker. “They never implied that I would be fired, but that I would have less to do. It’s all the same amount of work—it’s just different work.” Walker is now part DJ, part IT tech. His day begins by uploading or “ingesting” the movie into the digital projector, inserting special keys sent via email to decode the encrypted information, and then, essentially making a playlist that includes a schedule of showings, trailers, credits, etc. “When it was all 35mm, you would come in and turn on the power, thread up the movies, and you were ready to go,” says Walker. “Now, you have to make sure the machines are actually networked, and sometimes you have to restart them several times

to make sure that they’re connecting. So it just takes a lot more time to get the day started, but other than that, you just put in the schedule and it goes. Then someone complains about it—the cleaning lights have been left on—and you’re like, ‘That’s not my deal—the machine left the cleaning lights on.’ When automation is going, it just makes people think it’s taken care of—I don’t have to worry about it.’ Digital is a fickle thing.”

At *Brewvies*, the two back-to-back 35mm projectors have not been converted as of writing this article, though they’ll be switched out soon, but Farley sees the change as a positive one. “The idea of not having to use resources which are largely slandered, and



ship items across the country that burn carbon—it’s going to be a great efficiency and a great good in a deep ecological sense to not have film,” he says. “The projection will always be significantly improved, because it’s really easy to flub a film and ruin it, and digital looks good now.” Walker agrees, saying, “I really think that whoever did the digitals went around and figured out all of the awful things that happen, and they did a really good job in putting their thing together.”

There’s no romanticizing 35mm film when you’re the one spending a whole night in the booth, putting together two miles of film after dropping a print—which Farley admits to having suffered on a couple of occasions in his early days as a projectionist. “That will never happen anymore—I will never have to look at a projector and think, ‘How do I fix this?’” he says, pausing with what I read as a hint of poignance.

For myself, threading the film through the projector was a meditative respite from the rush of working as a barback. It was detail-oriented, mechanical work that satiated a compulsive urge. It was a small piece of art that I mitigated to an audience through a machine whose parts contain the genealogy of industrious and romantic ideas. The digital conversion has changed the mechanics of cinema, evolved the projectionist from a torchbearer waiting in the shadows to a button pusher glowing in the dark, but no one’s really crying about it. “It is, after all, just an aesthetic end you’re searching for,” says Farley. “There’s no quantity of truth you’re trying to get out of it because it’s a lie anyway—you’re just trying to get a really great lie.”

**Scott Farley  
of *Brewvies*  
Cinema Pub boasts  
over three decades  
of experience in the  
projection booth.**



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**TILDA SWINTON AND TOM HIDDLESTON  
PLAY ALTRUISTIC VAMPIRE LOVERS IN *ONLY  
LOVERS LEFT ALIVE*.**

## ONE TRAIN MAY HIDE ANOTHER: AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM JARMUSCH

By Esther Meroño • [esther@slugmag.com](mailto:esther@slugmag.com)

"I love getting lost in a place I don't really know—it's something very freeing. Instead of anxiety, like some people have, I feel so free to be lost," says Jim Jarmusch. "I like to follow instincts, and oddly enough, it's a kind of discipline. My little game of 'get lost and don't know where you are' is a process for me that is very helpful for my imagination." Most know Jarmusch as an influential writer-director of American independent cinema, boasting an interlacing filmography of artistic, counter-culture films like *Dead Man*, *Ghost Dog* and *The Limits of Control* since the release of his debut full-length, *Permanent Vacation*, in 1980 as a 27-year-old grad student at NYU. The man is a sub-cultural icon, eschewing the mainstream to create rewarding works of art that long to be close read. Raised on **Jean-Luc Godard** and New Wave cinema, nurtured through adolescence by **Kenneth Koch** and the New York School poets, and slow diving into the future with the support of **ATP Recordings** and a handful of relevant musicians, Jarmusch's intellectual repertoire is expansive and continuing. Much like his films, the man has the ability to lose himself in the present details, while retaining an impressive understanding of the past. Perhaps it was subconscious self-reflection that materialized the filmmaker's latest character creations: a couple of incisive, decades-old vampires in his upcoming release, *Only Lovers Left Alive*.

"My interest was, 'Wow, if you could be alive that long, imagine what your perceptions would be like and all the experiences you'd have.' Your knowledge of things would be incredible, if you could remember it all ... Just having an overview of history that way was very attractive to me," says Jarmusch. *Only Lovers Left Alive* is the filmmaker's addition to a long history of vampire mythology in both literature and film, and he's versed on the great and obscure. Jarmusch links his characters' British roots to "The Vampyre," a poem written by **Lord Byron**'s physician, **John Polidori**, in 1819, the first time vampires appear in literature. Film-wise, he cites **Carl Dreyer**'s *Vampyr*, first and foremost, claiming it's more of a poem than a monster movie. "I like the ones that walk outside the margins, that follow the genre in a way, but they're not just following the **Bram Stoker Dracula** idea," he says. "Of course, *Nosferatu* is an incredibly great film as is the universal *Dracula* with **Bela Lugosi** as well, but those are the ones that meet the expectation, and I like the ones that are traveling outside the mainstream."

*Only Lovers Left Alive*, before anything else, is a love story between Adam (**Tom Hiddleton**) and Eve (**Tilda Swinton**). "Ours isn't a horror movie ... they just happen to be vampires. The thing I love about vampires, too, is that they're not monsters, they're humans that have been transformed," says Jarmusch. "Even *Nosferatu* is not purely a monster—there's a sophistication to him." Adam and Eve are such altruistic vampires, in fact, that acquiring blood the more traditional and fatally seductive way is

considered retro and obscene. He describes his characters eloquently, calling them both wild, but saying, " ... [Adam's] the guiding sunlight of the film, [Eve] the golden light of reason and intelligence ... She's very happy to have the gift of her consciousness—it's something very fragile and beautiful to her—and he is too, but he's a little more romantic in a way, tortured a little, somehow."

The filmmaker is known for being somewhat incestuous in his use of cast and crew members, and Swinton is quite obviously a favorite actor, and a good friend. According to Jarmusch, *Only Lovers Left Alive* might have remained in the shadows had she not kept the project going despite the film's languid start and precarious financing. The part of Eve was written with her in mind from the beginning. "It's good to work with people you know, but you've always gotta remember there's people you don't know who are amazing that you might get a chance to meet and work with, too," says Jarmusch, who also gushed over French cinematographer **Yorick Le Saux**, production designer **Marco Bittner Rosser** and editor **Affonso Gonçalves**, all of whom he worked with for the first time on this film.

Other than using children's digital cameras from Toys "R" Us for **The Raconteurs'** "Steady, As She Goes" music video in 2006, *Only Lovers Left Alive* also marks Jarmusch's introduction to shooting digitally. "I'm a film person. I love the magical thing of film, which is, first of all, light affecting chemistry on the surface of the film material, and then light passing through the print when you project it that creates this magical world of light and shadow," says Jarmusch. "Now, digital is a different kind of magic: It's numbers being translated. So, my first thing is that I don't like digital, and I don't like MP3 sound, and I like analogue sound and vinyl and cassettes ... but at the same time, I believe in these things as tools, and I love technology—I just love the old stuff, too." However, all of his qualms about digital, including the neverending depth of field and unnatural skin tones in daylight, didn't end up applying when shooting *Only Lovers* because it was mostly shot at night. Shooting digital ended up being more efficient, as the desired effect in a scene could be achieved with very minimal lighting, among other benefits. "I found great strength in [digital] even against my own prejudice," says Jarmusch. "So it turned out to be quite a magical tool for what we were doing and very helpful. It changed my preset dinosaur obsession with film, and now I'm more open."

Jarmusch's creative process is incredibly free-flowing, reflective of his self-proclaimed motto: "It's hard to get lost if you don't know where you're going"—which is one of the many reasons why his films stand out. When beginning production for 2009's *The Limits of Control*, for example, he didn't even have a script—just a lot of ideas that

were collected along the way. *Only Lovers Left Alive* started with a full script, but veered from it often. "I have this one chance in my life to be in this place, shooting this thing, with these people, so I'm going to shoot as much as I can think up," says Jarmusch. "I have to do that because I don't know what I'm doing—I know that I will figure it out in the editing room ... You have to listen to the film, and that's just my way to capture everything I can ... "

He describes a scene in the film where Adam and Eve have a sort of quarrel, saying that in preparation, he asked Hiddleston and Swinton to write out their own lengthy speeches, venting to the other character. Though Jarmusch cut out most of the dialogue, he was able to capture the feeling needed for the scene. "I'm always playing like that, trying to think of another angle for something. If we're standing outside to do a shot and it starts to rain, most films will say, 'OK, shut down, it's raining, it's not in the script,'" says Jarmusch. "Well, my first reaction is, 'Mmm, what would this scene be like in the rain?' ... I don't like to follow the map too closely, because in life, when you take the detour, that might be where you meet your lover! Or that might be the place you learned something you never expected."

Of course, no Jarmusch film is complete without an exceptional, personally curated score and soundtrack. *Only Lovers'* composer is Dutch lutist **Jozef van Wissem**, with whom Jarmusch released two albums in 2012, supplemented by Jarmusch's latest musical project, **SQÜRL**, a trio including **Carter Logan** and **Shane Stoneback**. SQÜRL released two EPs in 2013, consequently with vampiric squirrel cover art and track names that undoubtedly relate to the new film. *SLUG* music writer **Ryan Hall** describes them as "no wave destruction paired with the lethargic and caustic wail of major-chord stoner riffs and a warped, warbled approximation of the music of the American West." With a rich and varied musical background himself, Jarmusch's track selections are always a special gift for music aficionados. "There's a kind of cowardly nature in the corporate film world where the suits want everyone to get what they expect, and what a drag. What kind of life is that where you just get what you expect? So I find it so disappointing when there are these incredible genres of music around the world, and then it always sounds like the same thing." Musical cameos in *Only Lovers* include Lebanese singer **Yasmine Hamdan**, who wrote the song she's seen performing specifically for the film, New York psychedelic space rockers **White Hills** in a quick scene, and the soundtrack features **Zola Jesus**, '60s soul singer **Denise LaSalle** and rockabilly musician **Charlie Feathers**.

Like everything else, the music in the film is a carefully selected detail with a touch of meaning beyond its surface appeal—especially with one of the main characters (Adam) being a musician. "[Adam and Eve] have been alive a long time, so they appreciate things from all of human history, and they're also not hierarchical about high culture/low culture—they appreciate it all," says Jarmusch. "So having lute music, which is particularly associated with Baroque and Renaissance periods, mixed with sludgy, molten drone rock, is a kind of nice way to reflect that mixture of their interests as well ... They like good stuff—they don't care if it's **Franz Schubert** or Charlie Feathers' rockabilly—if it's good, it's good, and they don't differentiate that way.

It's very Jarmuschian to write a love story about vampires free of the lustful violence usually associated with the genre. Jarmusch's style has been criticized in the past as dull and contrived, but to appreciate his films, one must lose all expectations of Hollywood allure and watch them in the same way one would read a poem, or look at a painting: making connections, finding pleasure in the weighted details and minute brush strokes, and accepting the incomprehensible. "These poetic structures are much more inspiring to me in the form of my films, in a way, than prosaic structure because poetry leaves spaces around things. Poetry doesn't have to connect everything syntactically or even logically," says Jarmusch. "Someone said—I think it was **e e cummings**—that you can understand a poem without knowing what it means—which I love so much ... A lot of people don't get it or they may not like it, but the hell with 'em." It can be important to have waited at least a moment to see what was already there.

*Only Lovers Left Alive* has been screening at film festivals around the world, including the *New York Film Festival* and *Cannes*, and will make an appearance at *Sundance* in the Spotlight category. If you don't catch it there, it's set for theatrical release in April of this year.

### SCREENING TIMES:

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**JIM JARMUSCH'S TAKE ON THE  
VAMPIRE GENRE IS AN INTELLECTUAL  
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Anyone following the world of snowboarding over the past few seasons knows **Lick the Cat**. Those who haven't figure it's got something to do with new, somewhat painful advances in beastiality trends, or a reason for your girl to break up with you after she hears those words and her name at a New Year's party. That second answer is actually closer to accurate because it all started with the **Yelowolf** song, "Lick the Cat," playing at a ski resort. But still, what exactly is a Lick the Cat? In short, we'll call 'em a tight-knit group of friends who enjoy shenanigans, making snowboard films, and who have *Crash Bandicoot* on N64 hooked to the TV in front of their toilet.

"Lick the Cat is just a group of homies that love to board and hopefully remind people to keep the fun in snowboarding when it gets way too serious. That's the reason everyone started boarding anyways ... to have fun," says cat licker, *Milosport* shop employee, U of U student and Nitro team rider **Griffin Siebert**. "It started with **Sam [Taxwood]** **Ben [Bilodeau]** and the **Big Jerm** [filmer **Jeremy Thornburg**] making a handycam edit, when the Yelowolf song was just released. One thing led to a next, and the dumb name stuck." Thus, Lick the Cat pawed its way into the loving heart of snowboard culture in 2011. Since then, LTC have nuzzled in deeper with their full Spring Break snowboard coverage at Park City last year and their free snowboard movie, dubbed *Project LTC* after the movie *Project X*: a compilation of the previous season's work, poking fun at frat-surfer culture, backed by the all-time finest house club mixes and featuring plenty of shirtless to buck-ass-nude shred excursions.

The group originated in Utah, including locals like Siebert, Taxwood and Bilodeau, but has made room in its furry underbelly for in- and out-of-state boarders. "It's just whoever boards with us every day; it's a big group of [10-20] people frothing out," says cat licker **Michael Wick**. He's talking about amateur- to pro-snowboarder friends like **Evan Drage**, **Spencer Schubert**, **Blaze** and **Sage Kotsenburg**, **Nils Mindnich**, **Zander Blackmon** and too many more to keep track of. "Yeah, everybody just kind of does their own thing, and then we all just come back together and froth out, and then everybody leaves, and then we all meet up [again]. We're all always kind of together, [at least] a few of us," says Wick.

That sort of networking is impressive, considering how much these dudes like to travel. Throughout any winter, the



goal for every sponsored snowboarder is to at least get together enough usable video footage in order to make a three- to five-minute video part. Those who are lucky enough to have a budget from sponsors part ways from LTC and travel all over the U.S., Canada, Europe or Asia to search out and ride the most innovative and unknown urban features. Those stuck solely with their snowboard friends and gumption get to hunt for new adventure within as much territory as they can physically cover out of their own wallet—but that’s not even counting resort riding, special events or contests. The proud few will get invitations to places like the X-Games, where you’ll find Sage, or other events, like last year’s *Holy Bowly* contest in Japan, where Taxwood competed. “It was cool because I’d never been to Japan. I got to meet guys like **Jamie Lynn**, **Wes Makepeace** and just the best group of snowboarders to be around in general. I’d never experienced anything like it before,” says Taxwood. As the summer creeps ever closer, showcase opportunities like *The Launch*, also known as the younger man’s *Superpark*, will come around. Add some more spoice, and then a majority of these gents make their way to Mt. Hood, Ore., working needed slots at summer snowboard camps like the famous *Windells* or *High Cascade*.

Matter o’ fact, Michael Wick was there last summer to document the first and only LTC tattoo ever done to date. “So we were at the Ark [Mt. Hood’s finest employee housing compound—so musty that employees would rather sleep outside in tents] in **Johnny [Lazz]** and **Riley [Nickerson]**’s tent, aka The Club, and we’d been drinking Fireball all day, and Staxx [Sam Taxwood] got a tattoo—it was tight. I mighta poured a little bit of tequila on the needle before it went in—you know, get a little more buzz in there for him,” says Wick.

If I had to pick a favorite about Lick the Cat, it’d be their carefree attitude in all things. More recently and most notably, the group released their first full-length movie, *Project LTC*, created by Jeremy Thornberg in the style of laidback fun. What sets this stuff apart from just about everything since maybe *Team Thunder* or *DOPE II* is, well ... the fun. Not to say that everyone else isn’t having fun doing what they’re doing, but with LTC, no one’s worried about that 15-second lifestyle intro shot of them sucking the man’s dick, fish-eye lenses, “the perfect song,” or trying to please while trying to making it look natural. These guys started with themselves, underdeveloped frontal lobes and some shitty filming before they upgraded their camera and kept the same routine, and that’s goddamn admirable. “Last year, we all just made the movie out of our own pocket,” says Siebert.

As for video coverage this year, a good secret handful of cat lickers will be headed toward the *Snowboarder Mag* season compilation, while the underdogs will lick their own destinies into forever and all eternity. Just about every one of these riders is busy configuring parts for their individual industry movie edits this winter, and a *Project LTC* Vol. II is still up in the air based on how much video footage Thornberg can pool together for LTC use. Regardless, most of the fun happens in between the mega bangers, and LTC web edits have enough entertainment to keep the public asking what will be next.

While street rails are where most of the real work is done, the consensus for favorite resorts seems to be “*Brighton* when it snows, *Park City [Mountain Resort]* when you want to ride the obstacles or get in the air,” says Siebert. Bilodeau adds, “I really like Pioneer Peak [at *Brighton*].” That’s not too surprising, in light of the variety of terrain up both of the canyons—LTC have local options for the amateurs and the pros. Lick the Cat also like to give love to the locals who love them back, including businesses like their main board shop, *Milosport* and Oregon-based *Cobra Dogs*, who

**Benjamin Bilodeau leaning patriotically to the right with his goofy self.**



contribute the recipe to their own Hotsnake Hotdog Pizza every Sunday at the *Spedelli’s* lounge on Foothill Drive, where LTC like to hang out.

As the season continues to build momentum, Lick the Cat live on. With a new year of snow come endless opportunities for the crew to find new adventures that are sure to find their ends in Fireball, frat parties, Sheilas and bleached hair. For those in the neighborhood on any given winter Wednesday, try *Willies Lounge* for **DJ Matty Mo** nights to spot yourself an original cat licker. To those not fortunate enough to witness the coolin’ wrath of Michael Wick in person, make your way to snowboardermag.com for the newest of the new video edits, like the November recap of opening day at *Park City Mountain Resort*. You can also stalk them down on Instagram by following them *@LICKTHECAT*, and especially *@mtn\_babes* or *#girlsthatdip*. Oh yeah, Sam Taxwood is getting a pro-model snowboard.



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Garrison Conklin—Ollie From Bump To Flat—SLC, UT

# PHOTO FEATURE

By Weston Colton • [westoncolton.com](http://westoncolton.com)


The ollie is the foundation of almost every trick on a skateboard. When you are just learning to skate, you practice ollie-ing up curbs, over soda cans, a deck on its side, a manhole cover, off a picnic table and down stairs. You are always trying to go higher, longer, faster—and it feels amazing. Some people just

have unbelievable power and finesse in their ollies. Garrison is one of those guys. I would have been happy with an ollie from curb cut to curb cut here, but Garrison saw the challenge to clear the whole driveway to the flat on the other side, and went for it. I'm sure it felt just as great as the first time he ollied up a curb.



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*Travis Rice Pro Model*  
[dcshoes.com](http://dcshoes.com)

At \$400, this is DC's priciest albeit most innovative buy on the market—no wonder they made it for one of the best snowboarders on the planet. I ordered these half a size bigger than I usually do, which proved wise. What shocked the hell out of me was that there was no breaking-in process, so my feet were in heaven from Run One. The minimal profile and lightness are unmatched. It's stiff enough for the 100-day park or big-mountain rider, yet the amount of flex you get out of the toe box when hiking is comfortably unreal. I didn't even mind the fact that these are BOA laced because they locked my feet where they needed to be. Then, I tried to take a boot off. The lower tightening BOA system jammed up and my authorized dealer had to snip the wires in order to get one of the boots off my foot. He told me that he'd seen the problem on this model before and that it was so jammed that the part couldn't be removed or replaced. I wear snowboarding boots for a living, and I've avoided BOAs for that very reason. Someday, BOA will dominate the industry simply because it tightens where laces can't, but until the kinks are worked out, I stay skeptical: [warranty@dcshoes.com](mailto:warranty@dcshoes.com). —Tim Kronenberg

## DPS Skis

*Wailer 112RPC Pure3*  
[dpsskis.com](http://dpsskis.com)



Born from the desire to make durable, high performance skis, DPS (Drakes PowderworkS) has engineered some of the most interesting shred sticks

out there. The Utah-based company has become fully invested in creating a unique set of products that give skiers the ability to hone their skills and enjoy the next level of snow sliding. The Wailer 112RPC is their latest all-mountain ski, and it delivers on its promises of being stiff and light. At 186 cm in length, its dimensions are 141/112/128. This equates to a longer turn radius (15–18m), but it is a surprisingly nimble ski in tight terrain. When it comes to a powder ski, these things float like a dream. It is nearly impossible to sink the tips in deep snow. In open terrain, they like to run and the stiff tail makes cliff-stomping as easy as stepping off a curb. A lower-profile tip and tail with minimal camber also allows the ski to be predictable on hard pack. The model tested featured the Pure3 construction. Manufactured in Utah, this generation uses prepreg carbon laminate and nanotech resins that keep the ski light and give it a consistent flex pattern. Its aspen core is specifically engineered to work in conjunction with the carbon build to increase its torsional stiffness and dampening. This is evident in the chunder when most ski tips would chatter and deflect. It is an overall impressive ski that lives up to its all-mountain moniker. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

## Fretlight Guitars

*Special Edition FG-531*  
*Vintage Electric Fretlight Guitar*  
[fretlight.com](http://fretlight.com)



When I first heard about this concept, I laughed and joked with skepticism: a guitar with lights in the fret board? How are lights in a guitar neck really going to help my guitar-playing skills? I wrote off the Fretlight as more of a toy than an actual instrument, figuring I could at least use it to entertain drunken party guests. Then it arrived. Instantly, I knew I had misjudged this six-string electric axe. I ordered the Special Edition FG-531 Vintage Electric Fretlight guitar

in black with a pearl pick guard and it was fucking beautiful. Modeled after a Telecaster, the craftsmanship was there. It boasts an advanced Polymer Fretboard, Stratabond birch neck and two vintage coil pickups—all components aiding in its vintage sound. The spec list continues with three-way pickup, selector switch, two-way truss rod, fully adjustable bridge, a Stratabond neck and of course, the LED fret lights. Easy-to-install Fretlight Studio software was included and a USB cable connects the guitar to a PC or Mac. Once I plugged it in, I was hooked! The Fretlight Studio is packed with numerous ways to improve one's ability. MIDI versions of popular songs by **The Beatles**, **Nirvana** and numerous others were available to play along with. Tempos and speeds are easily manipulated according to skill level. As the computer tracked the song, chords lit up on the FG-531, showing me where to place my fingers. As a visual learner, this took my guitar lessons to a whole new level, making them carefree while increasing my performance immediately. The Hal Leonard play-along videos were also surprisingly cool. I loved the chord and scales section, where I could read lessons on music theory. Overall, the Fretlight Guitar and its software programs are incredible resources for guitarists of all levels. I implore skeptics of the Fretlight to try it out at a local authorized retailer—you may find yourself changing your tune. —Ann Eliza

## Tokyo Flash

*Kasai Adjust*  
[tokyoflash.com](http://tokyoflash.com)



Wearing a watch used to be a necessity, until almost everyone on Earth got a cell phone, and then it became an accessory. If you want a watch that makes a statement, the Kasai Adjust is a perfect addition to your wardrobe. The LED display appears

like a futuristic bracelet made for sci-fi television, but is actually a visual code that displays numbers. The watch itself is simplistic, giving you the date, time and an alarm—allowing you to set everything including the display color to customize it to whatever you're wearing. To be blunt, like any piece of jewelry, it's meant to be shown off and talked about, which you won't have much issue with because the sleek, black metal appearance (or silver steel, if you prefer) fits with practically any ensemble, casual or formal. The only real issue is the price, coming in at \$179, which is actually quite reasonable if you look at any pimp watches on the market today. If you want to stun the present while feeling like you live in the future, definitely take a look at this item from Tokyo Flash. —Gavin Sheehan

## Ultimate Ears

*UE Boom*

[ultimateears.com](http://ultimateears.com)

For being almost as tall as a wine glass, the UE Boom pours out a lush cascade of sound. Its Bluetooth capabilities are perfect for quickly throwing on **Hooded Menace** while cooking dinner—after the initial sync with a phone, the only other step is to turn it on, and presto: I'm getting my death metal on while stirring noodles! The most impressive aspect of the UE Boom is its balance of different tonal registers. The bass is well rounded and the speakers distinguish it enough to let those sweet grooves shine through. The mids and highs sound crisp and bright, but not blaring or blown out. Now, I know that merely having this technology and being able to enjoy music in this manner are nothing short of wizardry, but I do have one gripe: The Bluetooth connection starts to cut out at about 30 feet. I know—this is totally #whitegirlproblems, but it would be nice to keep my phone in my pocket when I go into the kitchen while the speaker functions as the hearth of my party in the living room. That aside, the UE Boom is a solid product that has served as a speaker that I've directly connected with a quarter-inch cord to replace my shitty MacBook speakers; I'd say \$199 is a fair price point, given how new the speaker is on the market—it helps that the battery lasts for a couple hours, too. Overall, the UE Boom typifies a quality-focused product. —Alexander Ortega

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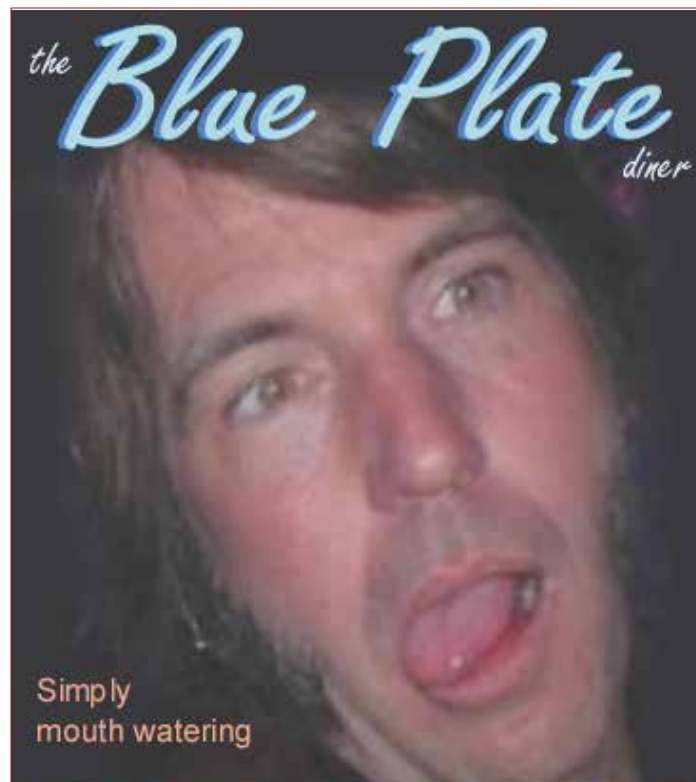
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Illustration: Ryan Perkins

## Reel To Steel

By Esther Meroño  
esther@slugmag.com

Holy shit it's cold! Of course, I'm still biking in this abomination—they'd probably take my column away if I didn't show up to work with a scarf tied around my head, crying icy tears through the fabric—but what's motivating me to keep pedaling is the thought of thawing out with a nice cup of tea and a bike movie! So, for those of you who have opted for rollers this winter, I've compiled a list of some entertainment options that don't include frostbite or icy asphalt scrapes. We all know the classics—*American Flyers*, *RAD*, *Breaking Away*, *Quicksilver*, *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure*—but I reached out to the trusty ole **SaltCycle** community for some of their favorites, which turned up an eclectic list of titles I'd missed.

With film festival season just around the corner, I decided to prep by watching the trailer and/or bike scene for each of the following, and am providing you with a short review and my very own version of a Tomatometer: The Crankometer. Personally, I don't watch anything under 70 percent, so you can definitely trust my opinion, at least as much as that of renowned film critic **Jebidiah Atkinson**.

*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (suggested by **Joshua W McCarrel**—who is apparently the leader of "Team Clammy Chamois," so you know this guy enjoys the small things in life): This movie's been in my Netflix queue for, literally, years. I don't think you can call yourself a Utahn until you've seen it, but I finally got around to watching the bike scene. First thoughts: Oh my god, someone put shoes on that girl! Riding a bike, whether you're pedaling or not, without something covering your fragile little toes, is absolute insanity—I'm talking to all of you Twilight cyclists wearing flip flops in the summer. Once I got past that, and the fact that she looked way too comfortable sitting on the handlebars for such a long and bumpy ride, I was faced with another moral dilemma: the show-off trope. There's one in *Quicksilver*, too, but that includes some dancing, and it's indoors, so I give it a pass. Guys doing dumb tricks to prove their machismo in front of girls is getting old, and it hits too close to home in a male-dominated bike scene. I give this one a 20 percent on the Crankometer.

*The Stars and The Water Carriers: The 1973 Giro d'Italia* (suggested by **Ryan Wade McCalmon**): OK, I totally understand why Ryan genuinely digs this movie—available in its entire 1.5 hours on YouTube—because he's the most hardcore, die-hard cyclist I know. I'm sure a bunch of other people would raise their hands and tell me they liked this film, too, if I asked. However, unlike Ryan, it would only be for hipster points, and guaranteed, if given the chance to watch it, they'd talk through the whole thing as they sipped PBR. I got through a few clips, and woke up half an hour later, only to be lulled to sleep again. If watching a bike race isn't already a total snoozefest for you, by all means, try it out. For the rest of us, it's a great cure for insomnia! I'll give this one a 50 percent on the Crankometer, purely for vintage charm.

*Rising From Ashes* (suggested by **Davey Davis**): I cannot believe I missed the Salt Lake screening of this documentary. It's about the first Rwandan National Cycling Team, and not only does it look like a beautifully shot, tear-jerking doc, it's narrated by **Forest Whitaker**, who's the next **Morgan Freeman**, in my humble opinion. The only thing that bugs me is the whole "white man saves Africa" motif, but someone's gotta pay for all those expensive bikes. There's no release date on this yet, so we'll all just have to watch the trailer over and over again. This one gets an anticipated 90 percent on the Crankometer.

*The Triplets of Belleville* (suggested by **Shanna Ford**): Who doesn't like an animated film with a killer soundtrack? This one's a far cry from *Frozen*—though the latter seems more fitting for the weather. *The Triplets* has been on my watch list for some time now, but it keeps getting passed up 'cause it seems like the kind of artsy film you've gotta be in the right mood for, especially since the animation looks a little vintage (which isn't a bad thing, but I've been spoiled by CGI). Still, it's a fun concept and I've been conditioned to love musicals—thanks, Disney—so it gets a 75 percent on the Crankometer.

There were a number of other films suggested to me, if none of these strike your fancy: *With My Own Two Wheels*, *Bicycle Thieves*, *Return of the Scorchers*, *Still We Ride*, *The Road From Karakol*, *Dead Fucking Last*, *Ride The Divide*, *Jour de Fête*, *A Sunday in Hell*, *Le Vélo de Ghislain Lambert*, *The Paper Brigade*. Sounds like someone needs to host a few movie nights this winter! I'll bring the popcorn and my Crankometer.

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# BEER REVIEWS

By Mike Riedel  
[mikey@slugmag.com](mailto:mikey@slugmag.com)

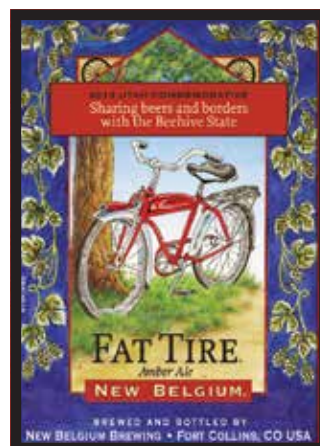
For the last decade, I've had to listen to people along the Wasatch Front (hell, across the fucking state!) piss and moan that they couldn't get New Belgium beers in the Beehive State. It was almost as if there was some kind of JFK conspiracy surrounding the demand. It was a bit odd.

In 2012, if you were to look at New Belgium's distribution map, you'd see a huge Utah-shaped hole in the western United States that penetrated down to the Earth's core. Our roads were good enough to ship their beer across the west, but our state's totalitarian form of liquor control was not.

Then, one thing changed: Utah's demand for high-point beer (beer above 4% alcohol by volume) went through the fucking roof. The state's unrefrigerated warehouse was too small and they needed space. Enter the beer distributors: They had plenty of refrigerated space and a willingness to get in the (money) game. Legislation was passed, the beer was stored cold and New Belgium's big refrigerated storage concerns were a thing of the past.

So now, New Belgium's beers are finally in Utah! Here are some insights on the few that are available. More labels will definitely follow.

**Fat Tire Amber Ale**  
New Belgium  
ABV: 5.2%  
Serving Size: 12 oz. Bottle



**Description:** Pours a crystal-clear amber color. The nose is malty with a bready, biscuity character and a touch of floral hops in the background. The flavor mostly follows the nose—again biscuity, bready malt with a few subtle, secondary floral hoppy notes.

**Overview:** Many consider this to be one of the more famous entry-level craft beers. It didn't become this popular because it sucks.

**Accumulation White IPA**

New Belgium  
ABV: 6.2%

**Serving Size:** 12 oz. Bottle  
**Description:** Pours a cloudy, somewhat hazy straw color with a nice, foamy cap on top. The nose is a hoppy blend of grass, grapefruit and lemon with a touch of earthiness. The taste is similar—tart and grassy, but more earthy and with a pleasant spiciness as the flavor lingers on the tongue.

**Overview:** White IPAs are fairly new in the beer world. This is better than most white IPAs, but still not better than the Wasatch Ghost Rider.

**Rampant Imperial IPA**

New Belgium  
ABV: 8.5%

**Serving Size:** 12 oz. Bottle  
**Description:** Light, amber/orange in color, this beer is great to look at! The nose is primarily citrusy hops followed by some sweet, grainy malts. The taste also starts with citrusy hops along with some bready caramel malts. Caramel and toasted malt tend to dominate in the middle. The end has hints of lemon and pine.

**Overview:** If you're not quite sure if imperial IPAs are for you, this is an easy option that's not too complex. The malts tend to dominate over the hops, making it not overly bitter.

Cheers!

Follow more of Mike's musings on beer at [utahbeer.blogspot.com](http://utahbeer.blogspot.com).

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## GAME REVIEWS



**Batman: Arkham Origins**  
**Warner Bros. Interactive**  
**Reviewed on: Xbox 360**  
**Also on: PS3, Wii U, PC**  
**Street: 10.25.13**

Arkham City manages to hold its own as a solid—but not perfect—entry. The most notable improvement is the inclusion of more specialized thugs for Batman to pummel. In addition to the common ne'er-do-wells that plague Gotham, Batman now faces martial artists who can counter his basic attacks and steroid-powered Bane groupies who can grab our hero and smash his face into a wall. Combat gets pretty tricky when confronted with a mob that mixes these archetypes together, which often requires a more creative use of Batman's gadgets. And let's not overlook the boss fights. Batman's confrontations with the myriad assassins who have descended upon Gotham are some of the game's best moments. Its inherent prequel-ness raises a few nitpicky questions—why didn't Batman break out electric gloves in *Arkham City*?—but it's cool to see Batman's first encounters with some famous villains. The real success with *Arkham Origins* revolves around a storyline that unfolds like a mixtape of some of Batman's finest comic book moments, leaving the player with a deeper perspective on the characters of Batman and the Joker.

—Alex Springer

**LEGO Marvel Super Heroes**  
**TT Games/Warner Bros. Interactive**  
**Reviewed on: Xbox 360**  
**Also on: DS, 3DS, PC, Vita, PS3, Wii U, PC, PS4, Xbox One**  
**Street: 10.22.13**

This is about as inclusive of an all-in-one Marvel experience as you're going to

get in a video game. This game went all out by creating a massive LEGO NYC to play in with every hotspot in the Marvel canon, allowing you to visit and fight everything from the Fantastic 4 building to Asteroid M. The game's 150-plus characters are a who's who of Marvel history. (Hardcore fans will question the glaring omissions of certain characters, given that random henchmen are included.) There are, however, several downsides. Flying is a bitch and, in some respects, is clunkier than the last Batman game that introduced it. The race challenges are frustrating even for experienced gamers, loading times can take forever or even stall the game, and don't get me started on the fact that you can't play as Deadpool until you're nearly at 75 percent of completion. Even those flaws can be overlooked, with help from the sheer fan-boy joy you'll receive every time you fly through the city as Iron Man, crush cars as The Hulk, and save Manhattan from danger several times. —Gavin Sheehan

**The Sims 3: Into The Future**  
**EA**

**Reviewed on: PC**  
**Also on: OSX**  
**Street: 10.22.13**

EA has given the Dicks the chance to escape Hell and head into the future, also known as Oasis! Tim Dick has since been spending his days riding the Wind Carver (Hoverboard is copyrighted) and ignoring his wife, Debbie Dick. *Into the Future* gave me the opportunity to mistreat the residents of the game in an entirely new way. Sure, I did the quests and leveled up my robot-building ability, but all the while, I focused on waging war on the citizens of Oasis. This proves that the new Sims expansion is their best yet because it allows jerks like me to thrive with the rest of civilization. I realize my actions aren't in the spirit of the game, but it's the fact that it lets me do these things that makes it so incredible. If you haven't moved your Sims into the future, then you're missing the best expansion they've done.

—Thomas Winkley

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Illustration: Steve Thueson

Dear Cop,  
What can be done to address the absolute collapse of traffic light observation by Utah drivers? I witness at EVERY intersection EVERYDAY, cars running red lights. Every fucking intersection in this grid planned city. Where do I go to get this fixed? City Council meetings? Do I start a petition to get you retards fired for criminal negligence? Because I also routinely witness this occurring within the vicinity of nearby patrol cars. Do we need traffic cops?

I have a simple solution. It's not the best, but I believe it would be most effective. SLC needs traffic cameras. The amount money they would generate alone in fines, would pay off our national debt! Imagine what that money could be used for in Salt Lake. I'd also bet the cost of buying and installing them throughout Salt Lake would be paid back within 5 minutes. Rising insurance rates and ticket cost would fix the problem on the "drivers" side of the equation.

I'm not a fan of Big Brother at all and I haven't done significant research to see if my traffic camera solution is the answer. Please do not answer me with DMV rules of the road or tell me that I'm wrong, because I see you assholes run red lights too!

Sincere thanks for your time!  
The Intern George Jung.

**Dear George:**

**Yes, we run them, and hopefully you see the courtesy flash of the overheads as we "blow" the intersection. That's our way of letting the public know that we're on something not yet officially declared an "emergency" (Code 3), but your family member, or our brother officer, would really appreciate it if we got there faster than fast. That's all—nothing nefarious.**

**Your pro-increased-surveillance stance in this "anti-NSA/ big government is watching" environment is interesting.**

**Yes, almost all Utah drivers are assholes. Hence, Utah has achieved the driving hallmark of "Douche Driver." I think Utah possessing this classification is an effect of the dominant belief that Douche Driving is celestial and right, and if your driving style isn't similar, or "acceptable," well, you're wrong and not worthy of driving. Other states know that diverse conveyors exist, with different ways of maneuvering—or they might have learned to drive in another environment—and that doesn't make their "way" wrong, bad or evil, regardless of whether they act on an alternative driving desire.**

**So, Utah drivers believe it's their driving way or hit the highway. I believe that driver doctrine is exactly why there's no traffic surveillance recording in this state. No Douche Driver actually wants a chance at being busted on camera. There used to be recording traffic cameras in this state called Photocop, but a state Senator got one of those tickets and boom, it was gone. The government wanted to install plate readers on the major illicit drug interstate thoroughfares to bust meth traffickers, but Utah said no. I think some of the predominant Douche Drivers were afraid they'd be stopped and then have to explain why they had 900 Roxis in their car.**

**George, know this: Basically, every cop in this state is becoming a walking and driving surveillance platform. Currently, many cops (soon all) carry constant audio/video recording devices that capture all encounters, including traffic, on their person. The predominants in Utah haven't figured this out yet. Until they do, and rule against them, you'll see a lot of your desire for increased surveillance fulfilled.**

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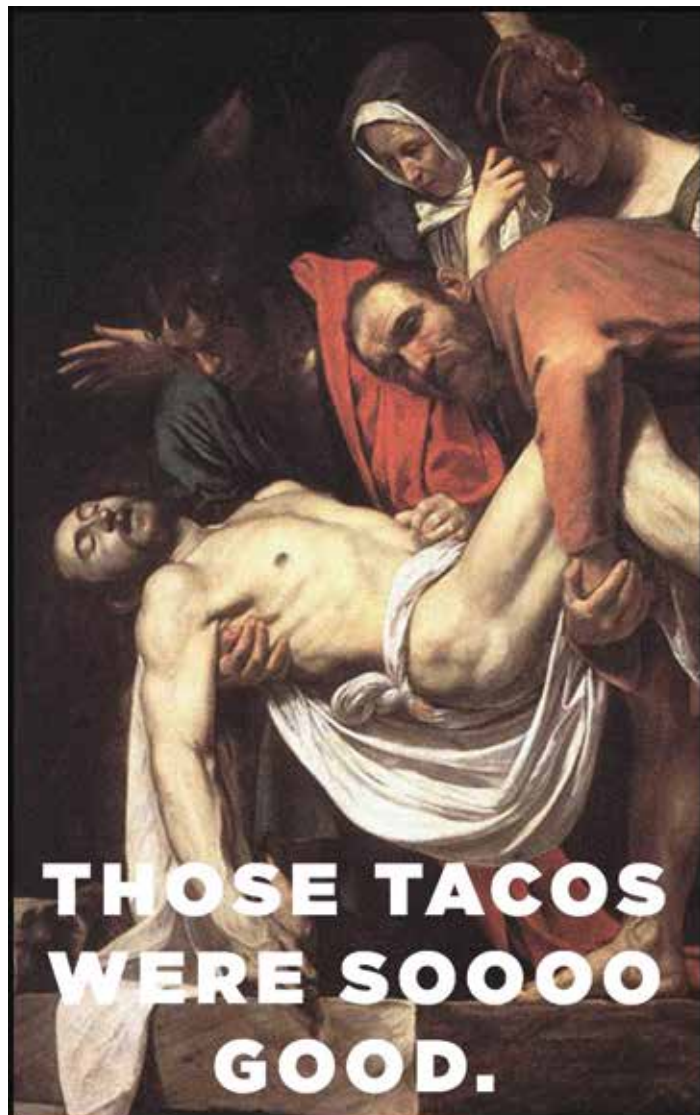
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## GALLERY STROLL



### TURNING THE CORNER

By Mariah Mann Mellus  
mariah@slugmag.com

In my mind's eye, the months of a year lay out like an oval. January begins at the far left, then February and March make the turn, then a straightaway for April and May, June starts to round another corner to July, the polar opposite of January, and the oval continues. I refer to this oval often when planning out events, tracking seasons or referencing memories. I've created this calendar using basic shapes and dates, yet it's uniquely mine. It's funny, one's connection to shapes: a square with a triangle on top is universal for a house, and an octagon is synonymous with a stop sign. A contemporary artist will flip that triangle, open up that octagon, dissect a line and recreate and redefine your basic views on shape, space and perspective.

Utah is home to some amazing contemporary art venues and artists. Take, for example, *Central Utah Art Center's* (CUAC) featured artist for the month of January, **Steven Stradley**.

Stradley marries painting, sculpture and architecture, using the stark, white gallery walls as his canvas. Likened to modernist architecture, Stradley uses well-defined planes with horizontal and vertical lines, juxtaposed alongside functional or operational elements for dramatic effect. The process engages angles, corners, floors and doorframes, putting the whole gallery on display. **Dana Hernandez**, gallery manager at CUAC, is thrilled to have Stradley's work on display. She says, "He came into the gallery one day with some friends and family during one of our gallery strolls. He mentioned he was an artist and how he loved the space. I looked him up later, and his work blew my mind. I thought, 'Wow, he's really good, and it would be amazing to see what he could do with our space.'"

Stradley, a Utah native, attended Utah State University for his Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting. He currently resides in Michigan while he finishes his master's degree in the same discipline at Michigan State University. His work has been seen in numerous group shows in Salt Lake and Michigan. His past solo exhibits in SLC include *Kayo Gallery*, *Palmers Gallery*, *Baxter's Cafe* and *Tanner Frames*. His work continues to find its way back to Salt Lake as he is a participant in the annual *300 Plates* show for **Art Access**. Stradley's impact on the Utah art scene reaches beyond his personal career achievements; before moving to Michigan, he taught at Mountain Ridge Junior High School in Highland, Utah and formally held art talks and critiques from his Salt Lake home for aspiring artists and art patrons.

Stradley is currently working with CUAC to highlight its transition and under-appreciated spaces, such as the storage cubby and hallway between the gallery's two exhibition spaces. Plans include using the floor space, which might not initially sound super avant-garde, but how often do you go into a gallery and walk on the artwork?

As you can imagine, working within a particular gallery, using their walls as a canvas, each piece is very site specific and temporal. No two shows are alike, and after the show ends, the walls go back to their nondescript, uniform look.

Stop by to see *CUAC* as you've never seen it before, and show this Utah artist some Utah love on Friday, Jan. 17, from 6-9 p.m. *CUAC* is located at 175 E. 200 S. The show will remain on display through March 15. Regular gallery hours are Wednesday through Friday, 12-7 p.m. and Saturday, 12-4 p.m. For more information, you can visit them at [cuartcenter.org](http://cuartcenter.org).

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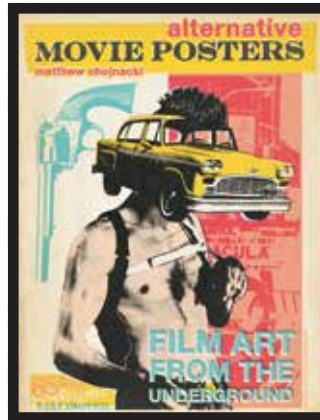
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## BOOK REVIEWS

**Alternative Movie Posters: Film Art from the Underground**  
Matthew Chojnacki  
Schiffer Publishing  
Street: 10.28.13



"Film posters aren't quite what they use to be," Matthew Chojnacki says it all in the book's introduction. Film posters, at one time, were the primary source for promotion. They had to be original. They had to be eye-catching. Over the last 20 years, however, that has changed. Whether it's due to the Internet, or other avenues of promotion, movie posters as of late aren't so much of an art as they are heavily Photoshopped, airbrushed celebrity headshots. Chojnacki took it upon himself to create an awesome coffee table book comprised of hundreds of interpretations from contemporary independent artists. This 207-page hardcover book features over 100 artists (most of whom contribute multiple prints), each with their own unique style. The film selection is just as impressive as the art, with a nice mixture of cult movies and Hollywood blockbusters. The minimalist interpretations of classics like *Wizard of Oz* and *Zombieland* fit perfectly alongside the cartoony *Teen Wolf* and *Evil Dead* posters, as well as the comic-book style *Anchorman* piece. *Alternative Movie Posters: Film Art from the Underground* is the first book to document these visionary designers and is a must-have for any film buff and/or fan of contemporary art. —Nate Abbott

**The Mountain: My Time on Everest**  
Ed Viesturs w/ David Roberts  
Simon & Schuster  
Street: 10.08.13

The high places of the world attract characters from various walks of life. Ed Viesturs happened to be a veterinarian with a penchant for climbing. By 2009, he had been on Mount Everest 11 times and reached the summit on seven of those occasions. In his latest memoir, *The Mountain*, Viesturs recounts Everest's fabled past and the characters who succumb to "the irresistible lure of the world's highest peak." The book brilliantly chronicles expeditions to Everest since it was first deemed the planet's tallest summit. From the Brits to the Japanese, to harrowing ascents by American and French climbers, the book illustrates the triumphs and tragedies that have taken place on the mountain. Co-author David Roberts does a terrific job of segueing from historical accounts to some of Viesturs' more intriguing expeditions. Borrowing from journal entries made by Viesturs, the stories of his trips to Everest and other 8,000-meter (~26,000 feet) peaks come to life in stunning detail. A colorful collection of photos adds to the realism. The book also shows the intensity with which Viesturs has pursued a life in the mountains and how he continues to come home safe. This is a must-read for any adventure enthusiast. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

**Under Your Skin**  
Sabine Durrant  
Emily Bestler Books/Atria Books  
Street: 01.01.13

During an early morning run, TV news anchor Gaby Mortimer stumbles across the corpse of a young woman in the park near her home. The book takes on the perspective of Gaby's thoughts, detailing her experience, as the police seem to focus increasingly on the idea that she is the killer. From the moment I began reading, I only put the book down when I unwillingly passed out mid-sentence. From the psychology of her failing marriage to the intense anxiety following such a disturbing discovery, not one thought is missed. This provides a remarkable look into the mind of the character, making the story seem so real that, a few times, I was too terrified to walk around my house in the dark. A proper collage of constant metaphors, combined with the unique angle of Durrant's writing, creates a story unlike any other I have read. This is supported by the fact that Durrant is a journalist. Snatch a copy as soon as the opportunity arises. This novel will seamlessly complement the imminent freeze over and abundance of blankets Salt Lake City winters bring. —LeAundra Jeffs

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5 Duncan Phillips Presents Artist Showcase FREE SHOW 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	6	7 WHITEY MORGAN & THE 78'S TACO TUESDAYS	8 WHISKEY WEDNESDAY SOUL & CINEMA	9	10 TBA	11 TBA Brunch 11-3
12 Brunch 11-3p	13	14 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	15 WHISKEY WEDNESDAY SOUL & CINEMA	16	17 Billy Shaddox Honey Pine \$5 SHOW	18 SPINDRIFT Brunch 11-3
19 Brunch 11-3p	20	21 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	22 WHISKEY WEDNESDAY SOUL & CINEMA	23	24 TBA	25 TBA Brunch 11-3
26 Duncan Phillips Presents Garage Acoustic Series FREE SHOW 6-8p Brunch 11-3p	27	28 TACO TUESDAYS \$1 TACOS 5-CLOSE	29 WHISKEY WEDNESDAY SOUL & CINEMA	30 Live Jazz Moxie Cherry & The Garage Allstars FREE SHOW	31 TBA	





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**A Lily Gray**  
**Waiting Room**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.29.13**  
**A Lily Gray = Ashes Divide + Karnivool**

Polished, local alt-rock group A Lily Gray returns with another teaser of an EP that will get you salivating for a full album from this quintet. I am a huge fan of the melodies this band is able to build on tracks like "Gone Away" that are simultaneously uplifting and sorrowful. The track "Velvet Letter" is, overall, the weakest of the four (a subjective measurement, certainly), sounding somewhat repetitive aside from the sweet ripping guitar solo bridge. **David Lynn's** vocals continue to impress with his clear and passionate delivery, made all the more powerful by his band's ability to construct thoughtful composition around him. These guys just flat-out know how to make a beautiful, self-aware rock album. —*Megan Kennedy*

**Anthropology**  
**Anthology**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 10.21.13**  
**Anthropology = Don Caballero + Pele + Ghosts and Vodka**

It's exciting to hear a young band with such obvious musical talents being put to good use. This type of Midwestern math-pop made by and for music egg-heads often goes unexplored by musicians shoehorned into bands who don't have the same penchant for shredding in some perversely weird time signature or really appreciate near-blast beat double kick drum or two-handed

apping in a pop format. Every once in a while, those musicians find each other and the racket is beautiful. While less jazz-oriented than their Midwestern antecedents (and not heavy enough to be, you know, mathcore), Anthropology often find some kind of demented groove and stay in the pocket for a few seconds before another knee-jerk tempo change will rip them out. Anthology is an infectious, relentlessly positive album full of dizzying highs and brainy, muscular rhythms and melodies. —*Ryan Hall*

**Cornered By Zombies**  
**Hurry Up and Wait**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.16.13**  
**Cornered By Zombies = [(The Fucking Champs + At The Gates) - vocals - bass guitar] + Kill 'Em All-era Metallica**

Finally. **Baz Eisenman** and **Jason Denney** are a metal duo of prodigies whose musicianship eats away at your insides, simultaneously vicious and wistful. Eisenman makes his skill known from the get-go in "Survival of the fittest, And we're out of Shape." exhibiting his axe prowess à la melodic death metal guitar technique. His melodies are the most emotive in "Derek Joined the Air Force," where his hammer-on, pull-off guitar navigation infests his pedal-tone, rhythmic compositions. Also: Denney is a machine. In "Simon Says," he deftly transfers from snare-to-kick beats and double-kick trills to solidify the song's trajectory—don't get me started on his blast beats. His rolls in "It Was Like That When I Got Here" add contour to this record, and the duo's synergy in "Will you take the

**Rusty Axe?** is astounding. This is fucking art. CBZ, quit your jobs and tour. —*Alexander Ortega*

**Decibel Trust**  
**Self-Titled**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.05.13**  
**Decibel Trust = Barenaked Ladies + American Idiot-era Green Day**

After I listened to this, I put on old-school **They Might Be Giants**. Why? One, because they're fuckin' rad, and two, because Decibel Trust sound like what you'd get if you heard **John Flansburgh** singing **New Found Glory** songs at a karaoke bar. Decibel make decent use of chunky power chords à la every pop-punk band ever, along with somewhat catchy melodies let loose in a geeky and nasally voice, but instead of getting fun tunes about incandescent gas like with TMBG, you get "Heroin Heather," which isn't quite as dark as you'd think, and "Hookers Give Lousy Backrubs," which isn't as funny as you'd think (plus it's a lie—these guys should speak with their pimp). The band is upbeat and probably great if you're not picky about your alt-pop, but there's plenty of room for growth and experimentation. For now, toss on TMBG's *Lincoln* and pretend this never happened. —*CJ Morgan*

**DiseNgaged**  
**Hazardous**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.09.13**  
**DiseNgaged = DevilDriver + Jungle Rot + Soulfly**

Hazardous is the debut effort from Salt Lake's DiseNgaged, and, while uneven, many of the tracks show potential for the band. DiseNgaged deal in groove-oriented death metal and clearly have hardcore undertones. Lyrically, things often navigate toward juvenile (see "Smash The Baby" and "The Mad House") or feature an abundance of swearing, but the vocal style itself is spot on. There's a good debut EP in here, but *Hazardous* suffers from a lack of editing and feels like a band still trying to figure out what it wants to be. There are drum fills that needn't be there, and guitar lines that have potential, but barely keep from going off the

**Float the Boat**  
**Basement Tsunami**  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 10.16.13**  
**Float the Boat = Wolf Parade + Vivian Girls**

A disclaimer: I must admit to being partial to the zeitgeist of the '80s and '90s utopic visions of the future, with visions of cyborgs, space colonies and virtual realities. With that being said, this album, heavy on the synths and afrobeats, came across as a sci-fi-funkadelic album to rock your way to space. "Merge" is what initially pulled me in, with a swaying melody to get lost in, where "Funky Freaky Fresh" gets you off your ass and shaking your thang. The album balances the weird ("Ignoramus Bonanza") with sincere ("Regret"), all the while avoiding a dull moment. Buckle up! —*Brinley Froelich*

**Gravecode Nebula**  
**Sempiternal Void**  
**Baneful Genesis**  
**Street: 11.01.13**  
**Gravecode Nebula = Esoteric + Ved Buens Ende + Virus**

This massive debut album from Gravecode Nebula is the stuff nightmares, or what those really weird dreams that don't make any sense are made of. Ultimately, it's all just beyond heavy—doom/dirge gravel on gravel riffs that overflow in slow portions of songs followed by some ripping black metal-type riffs which seamlessly morph into dark, psychedelic-like oddities. All of it is not an easy listening experience—it's more akin to flesh being ripped from your skull only to have a strange ectoplasm of healing applied by extraterrestrial microorganisms. There are more reasons to listen to this than minutes on the album. Stare into the void, contemplate the meaning of life, think of **Bob Ross** happy trees in conjunction with humanity consuming itself. All of those reasons make just as much sense as this album makes you actually



feel. This is a feel. This is a feast for carrion for decades to come. —Bryer Wharton

**Intra-Venus & the Cosmonauts**  
*Launch*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 03.12.13**  
**Intra-Venus & the Cosmonauts = The Velvet Underground + The Clash + Night Beats**

Intra-Venus & the Cosmonauts play raw, psychedelic punk rock. Their EP *Launch*, recorded and engineered by the band DIY-style, reflects their experimental punk mentality. It's not polished—it's rebellious. The recording makes me imagine a thrashy live show—guitars being broken, beers being spilled. Ya know, a good ol' fashioned mind-fuck punk show! The EP includes four songs to give you a taste of the experience, so listen up and then see 'em live! —*Ischa B.*

**La Verkin**  
*Judge the Judger*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 08.31.13**  
**La Verkin = Daughters + Hot Snakes**



La Verkin's freshman album is something to admire. Meaty chunks of **Form of Rocket**, cubed and diced bits of **Accidente** boiled in a mild **Ian MacKaye**-based stock—this album is a stewy mess that gets better the following day. *Judge the Judger* has hot, fast guitar riffs stumbling over sour-crimson bass lines and pithy drum-thrumming—dissonant chords being the binding ingredient. What's with the soup comparison? It sounds smooth, well thought-out, all six songs have been cared for, and the flavors accompany each other well. The album is still as hard as a day-old roll, but I wouldn't have it any other way. The strongest two songs are "Locomotive" and "The Road"—I can hear **Narrows** or **Pelican** potentially playing these songs. Pick this album up and don't let it sit in the fridge too long. —*Alex Cragun*

**The Moth & the Flame & Hidden Records**  
**Street: 10.29.13**  
**TM&TF = Beck + Snow Patrol + Radiohead**



Producer **Joey Waronker** (drummer for **Beck**) has melded together this artistic vision with unconventional and wonderfully complex rhythms. This EP thumps in its catchy haunt and one can't help but to close their eyes and listen. **Brandon Robbins'** lyrics and guitar strums desire the kind of sadness that can only make you hope for more. **Mark Garbett's** keyboard paints the atmosphere with an echoing melody that drummer **Andrew Tolman** marches you through. The album's lead single, "Sorry," welcomes you to this world, but "How We Woke Up" defines it. This is a solid follow-up from a band that is clever enough to be experimental in a head-nodding sort of way. I look forward to more. —*Benjamin J. Tilton*

**No Sleep**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 06.19.13**  
**No Sleep = SunShade 'n Rain + Stephen Malkmus**

Happy Valley pop rock is alive and well with the Provo band No Sleep's self-titled full-length. Guitarist **Matthias Hammon's** shimmering, fingerpicked arpeggios dominate the somewhat spare production with the sweet-without-saccharine vocals of **Shelby Crawley**, who shares vocal duties with Hammon. It's a happy event indeed to have this release on the local listening landscape, with the astutely written chord changes that at times veer (not too far) into jazz territory. There is a spiritual side to Hammon's lyrics, like "People, come outside/Feel the rain from on high/Sing out loud and see/What the Lord has done for thee" from "Raincloud," and the album's closer, an ode to the *Book of Mormon* character Abinadi. But it doesn't ever get really preachy—it's just a really well-written and played, additively listenable set of original ballads. —*Stakerized!*

**OK Ikumi**  
*10/13*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 10.21.13**  
**OK Ikumi = Kraftwerk + Chrome Sparks**

**Karl Jørgensen**, you rat bastard, what have you done with my brain? I have fallen in love with this album and refuse to take it off repeat. OK Ikumi's aqueous album, *10/13*, has been flowing through my head the past few weeks now, and I can't seem to shake the sounds from out of my ears. "Red Air" and "Fading" are the most crucial elements that make this album the perfect reflection of astral ambiance. Jørgensen's builds are effortless and defy gravity, and his drops are so subtle, yet satisfying. Throughout each track, Jørgensen skillfully brings out certain elements (a resounding note or kick), building the volume until your unconscious mind can barely take it anymore before slowly releasing it to fade back in place. The album's sound is amazingly polished and clean, and I honestly haven't felt this inspired by a release in a long, long while. —*Kamryn Feigel*

**Riksha**  
*Dream Drops Red*  
**Dark Harvest Records**  
**Street: 09.27.13**  
**Riksha = Soulfly + Tool + Killswitch Engage**

Riksha plays heavy, hard, shiny metal, and their new release, *Dream Drops Red*, is a neatly executed album of exactly that. The music is loud, mean and beautiful. The growling vocals range from creative to devastating. The band is comprised of talented local musicians who have been rocking out for a long time, so it's no surprise that they are finding success with sponsorships and making tour plans. If you love metal, you will love Riksha, so hop on and enjoy the ride! —*Ischa B.*

**Robert & The Carrolls**  
*Everybody's Famous EP*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 11.09.13**  
**Robert & The Carrolls = (Rooney + Of Monsters and Men) + Phillip Phillips**

The first time I pressed play on *Everybody's Famous*, with its opener "Vintage," I was transported to the PCH, driving fast no doubt, but still taking it all in around me—the smells, the sounds, the sun soaking into my skin. This is comfortable music, indie's answer to meatloaf. Over the five-song offering, the Carrolls rarely make any missteps, mostly treading through themes of love and love lost—painted against the backdrop of their original home of California. For me, "Sow and Sleep" is the EP's high point. It's fa-

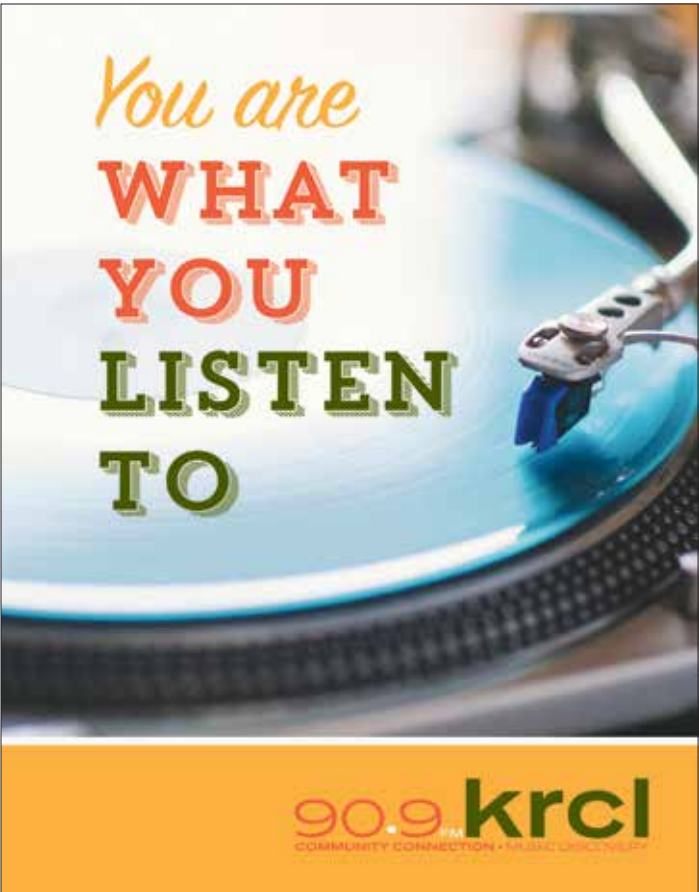
miliar, for sure—with acoustic guitars playing behind a heartbroken **Robert Carroll** singing, "If you need a man to hate, I'll fill that place," but also something very new—Miss **Brooke LeBaron**, with her cello and beautiful harmonies, brings the whole track together and makes it something special. All in all, this effort can be placed on the upper end of the never-ending pile-up of similar music. —*Blake Leszczynski*

**Vile Blue Shades**  
*Live! in Salt Lake -or- Live! in Denver (I Don't Remember)*  
**8ctopus Records**  
**Street: 10.31.13**  
**Vile Blue Shades = Red Bennies + The Corleones - The Wolfs**

Red state, blue state, now that both the Red Bennies and Vile Blue Shades allegedly are no more, Utah is much less a punk rock state. This live release celebrates the sheer musical mess, the utter chaotic clusterfuck that was the Vile Blue Shades. It starts off with "All Our Favorite Songs Are Red Bennies Songs," acknowledging what they, and many local punk bands from the late '90s, owed the Bennies, including borrowing members. Both bands laid down a kind of groove to fuel their raw power. "Creature of Natural Beauty" and "Exceptional Whore" are two songs that demonstrate the dichotomy of VBS' hypnotic attraction. One of the coolest local CD packages ever includes three different covers, including art by **Sri Whipple** and others. The limited edition CD release of 300 sold out, but you can get the digital version at [vileblueshades666.bandcamp.com](http://vileblueshades666.bandcamp.com). —*Stakerized!*

**The Wasatch Fault**  
*Self-Titled*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 10.24.13**  
**The Wasatch Fault = Phish + Modest Mouse - Trey Anastasio**

The actual Wasatch Fault lies dormant—the effects when it finally moves are anybody's guess. The band from Logan and Salt Lake City, Utah veers between something like a jam-band groove and indie rock angst. Vocalist **Tyler Gilvarry**, in his existential meanderings, resembles a much less tortured **Isaac Brock** of Modest Mouse. It's a slightly odd combination, but it really works. Produced by **Robert LeCheminant** of local folk combo **L'anarchiste**, the sound is much more raucous than that band's. They claim that during their show on Oct. 18, 2013 at the *Shred Shed* in SLC, a 3.8 earthquake was occurring in Logan. Coincidence? At times, the sound they create is nothing less than seismic. —*Stakerized!*





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# MUSIC REVIEWS

## Aloa Input

**Anysome**

**Morr Music**

**Street: 10.18.13**

**Aloa Input = The Notwist +  
Architecture in Helsinki**

The styles the trio of **Aloa Input** (**Cico Beck**, **Florian Kreier** and **Marcus Grassl**) play with are multifaceted in their variations, but despite such a wide variety between the songs, the common thread throughout *Anysome* remains positively tropical. The surfer rock in "Another Green World" turns into an old-school bossa nova islander jam in "This Must Be The Age," while "Clouds So Far" features some lo-fi rap reminiscent of early acts associated with **Yoni Wolf**. The jams stay fresh and vibrant, with a welcome variety of instrumentation that places you as a tourist in the listening experience, as you relax and take a sip in a beachy paradise. —*Brinley Froelich*

## Axxas/Abraxas

**Self-Titled**

**Captured Tracks**

**Street: 03.04**

**Axxas/Abraxas = Crystal  
Stilts / Tame Impala**



**Ben Asbury** is the man behind Axxas/Abraxas and the newest addition to the Captured Tracks roster. Producer **Jarvis Taveniere**, of Brooklyn psych band **Woods**, lends his skills but unintentionally casts his shadow over the album. Asbury's affinity for jangly rhythms and '60s guitar experimentation showcases his talent, but the album sounds too much like an amped-up version of Woods' songs. The vocals are

nearly identical. If this album had come out 10 years ago, it would've been an incredible '60s/'70s rock revival album, but today it's quite the familiar sound. That's not to say I won't be playing it over and over again, but it will be much more interesting to hear Asbury's work in the future with a different producer and a different sound. That being said, it's an impressive debut. —*Justin Gallegos*

## Big Star

**Playlist: The Very Best of Big Star**

**Sony Music Entertainment**

**Street: 11.26.13**

**Big Star = The Replacements  
+ R.E.M. + Flamin' Groovies**

In the latest catalog of the preeminent power pop group Big Star, *Playlist* outlines all the incarnations of this influential band. Indeed, this is the first compilation to chronicle all eras of Big Star. It features five tracks from the jangle-rock of their first two records, as well as two tracks from the proto-dream pop record, *3rd/Sister Lovers*. In addition, there are seven live tracks taken from their performance at Missouri University and a rehearsal take from *Nobody Can Dance*. The album serves as a good introduction to the band, as well as being methodically arranged to give the listener a complete and stellar (pun serendipitous) listening experience. —*Jordan Deveraux*

## Bipolaroid

**Twin Language**

**Get Hip Recordings!**

**Street: 11.13.13**

**Bipolaroid = Pink Floyd +  
Strangers Family Band**

I haven't heard an album with this same perfection of vintage sound in a long time. Songs such as "Tonight We Paint the Town Our Favorite Colour" and "Efflorescent Adolescent" (plus basically every other song on the album) sound like they could be missing tracks from *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Slurred vocals paired with psychedelic lo-fi create music that can weird you out while simultaneously forcing you to dance, albeit strangely. The whole album almost sounds like it was recorded at a live show in some

smoky pub in Camden. Weird-as-fuck lyrics, like "Yesterday falls on sword/Is today's paper tiger/But tomorrow will cower backwards in slow motion ("Ave, Quixote") and strange, swirling effects tie the hallucinogenic theme together nicely. But on the other hand, not much original style or material is covered. If you're a fan of classic psychedelic rock, like myself, and aren't necessarily looking for a new twist, this album is sufficient. —*LeAundra Jeffs*

## Candy Warpop

**Transdecadence**

**Self-Released**

**Street: 08.01.13**

**Candy Warpop = Hole +  
Mazzy Star + PJ Harvey**

Candy Warpop is sugary-sweet, pop punk goodness, with a delicious and flexible female vocal and a musical sensibility that suggests a variety of top-notch influences. **Tool**, **The Meat Puppets** and **Veruca Salt** all come to mind, and even **Mogwai**, as demonstrated in my favorite on the album, a whispery track called "Afterlife in Dreams." The band isn't just talented at putting together a quality release—they are highly connected with their fanbase as well, with two successfully funded Kickstarters under their belt. They're based out of Las Vegas, but with the new album out, I'm hoping they'll add SLC to any tour plans they might have and treat us to the real-deal experience. Yummy. —*Ischa B.*

## Celeste

**Animale(s)**

**Denovali Records**

**Street: 11.22.13**

**Celeste = Asooth + Amenra  
+ Cult of Luna**



Listening to *Animale(s)* is not enjoyable. It's a tough, thick, oppressive listen, sung in French, with few moments of respite from what sounds like 100 guitar tracks crunching over relentless drumming. *Animale(s)* made me feel like I was on a city bus on a cold, cloudy day, nausea creeping up on me because all that I'd inhaled for the past 30 minutes was diesel fumes and stale air. Singled out, there are areas on *Animale(s)* that are excellent, like when the band breaks into a hardcore groove, the tremolo picking switches keys for two bars, or the pair of much-needed instrumental tracks. All of this isn't to say that *Animale(s)* isn't worthy of a listen—it's packaged beautifully and is appropriately claustrophobic, and may very well be on year-end lists. Celeste's latest is relentless, which can be exhilarating, but in this case, it's fatiguing. —*Peter Fryer*

## Chuck Inglish

**Easily EP**

**Federal Prism**

**Street: 10.15.13**

**Chuck Inglish = ½ of The  
Cool Kids + Curren\$y**

Good ol' Chuck has always been a beast of collaboration, and this latest serving of tracks is a testament. "Swervin," which features **Sir Michael Rocks** and **Polyster the Saint**, showcases classic Inglish/Rocks. The Cool Kids flow over a quick, snappy beat backed up with synth and funky basslines. You could hear a single like this on any Cool Kids album. My favorite track, "Tangerine," which is the bassiest off the EP, features **A\$ton Matthews** and **Kashflow da God**, who take turns with Inglish spitting bars about cash, women, drugs, guns and fashion. It's just one of those songs you turn up in your friend's car so you can pretend you're in a music video while mean-mugging the elderly and homeless. Chuck's only indiscretion was featuring **Mac Miller** on the EP's title track because that dude just sucks, but because the other four songs are pretty solid, his sin is forgiven. —*Carl Acheson*

## The Crystal Method

**Self-Titled**

**Tiny e Records**

**Street: 01.14**



**The Crystal Method = Daft Punk – inflated egos + The Chemical Brothers + Infected Mushroom + Beats Antique**



For their fifth studio album, The Crystal Method created a refreshing twist on what most electronic artists are currently producing, using heavy synth and rock elements to blow the minds and speakers of its listeners. The opening song, “Emulator,” a loud, synthesized instrumental rock track, begins the album with a bang before going into its fast-paced, yet easy-on-the-ears follow-er, “Over It,” featuring **Dia Framp-ton**. Although the album was good as a whole, the back and forth between heavily synthesized electric guitar riffs and chiptune style (perfectly exemplified in the track “110 to the 101”) made the album seem a bit all over the place, but that’s what the group is known for. Some album highlights were “Storm The Castle,” “110 to the 101,” “Over It” and the final track on the album, “After Hours.” –*Julia Sachs*

**Cymbals**  
*The Age of Fracture*  
**Tough Love Records**  
**Street: 01.27**  
**Cymbals = Empire of the Sun + The Cure + David Bowie**

Care was taken with each track on the Cymbals’ progressive new album. From start to finish, **Jack Cleverly’s** (singer/guitarist) thought process can be felt in this non-concept-like album. The songs on this record stand as individuals, each one unique with no connection to its surroundings. On tracks like “The Natural World” (from the prior EP), the band really shows off its indie-disco roots, and you get the feel that this eclectic sound comes very easy to them. *The Age of Fracture* comes from academic **Daniel Rodgers’** idea that collective meanings have become uncertain. The album flows exceedingly well, despite its unique format, and is enjoyable in its entirety. –*Benjamin J. Tilton*

**The Devil Makes Three**  
*I’m a Stranger Here*

**New West**  
**Street: 10.29.13**  
**Devil Makes Three = Blind Willie Mctell + The Pine Hill Haints + Roscoe Holcomb**



Few bands can capture the imagination like Devil Makes Three. They invoke deep-woods medicine shows, jumping blues juke joints and midnight hootenannies by moonlight. They’ve sold their souls at the crossroads of blues, hot jazz and old timey acoustic folk music, and when the outcome is the material found on *I’m a Stranger Here*, no preacher in the land could condemn them. Devil Makes Three have always used simplicity as a strength, but this record has the broadest scope from the band yet. Even when other musicians add their playing to the dynamic, at the center is still DMT doing what we’re used to. I’ve always been taken aback by how well these guys blend different styles of Americana music. They deconstruct American genres and show its genealogical lines. This is acoustic roots music at its very best. –*James Orme*

**Ensemble Economique**  
*Interval Signals*  
**Denovali Records**  
**Street: 12.13.13**  
**Ensemble Economique = Starving Weirdos + Jefre Cantu-Ledesma**

*Interval Signals*, one of two recordings from **Brian Pyle’s** Ensemble Economique solo project released in December, is a 40-minute pastiche of field recordings, radio sounds, and as the album’s title implies—interval signals. There is a comforting sense of familiarity in the sort of noise featured in this recording—broadcast signals, rain, conversational voice, and what sounds like traffic. Instrumental sounds, such as a stray organ or piano melody, layer into elements of musique concrete. When creating a tape edit or loop—I use tape as a specific example, because there are very few opportunities for revision with that format, in the event of a mistake—there is a feeling of unpredictability and potential magic that occurs. I am not aware of Pyle’s specific composition

and production setup, but that feeling is present. At its best, *Interval Signals* recalls another time and place, distant or perhaps imagined—but the music and sensation it creates are consistently unique. –*T.H.*

**Ensemble Economique**  
*Light That Comes, Light That Goes*  
**Denovali Records**  
**Street: 12.13.13**  
**Ensemble Economique = Starving Weirdos + Jefre Cantu-Ledesma**

My first thought upon hearing the familiar “if you need help, please hang up and try again...” recording in *Light That Comes, Light That Goes’* opening track, “If You Need Help,” was that it may be a bit too ubiquitous of a sample to be effective in another context. Upon further consideration, however, I realized that may not be the case for much longer. The number of homes with land-lines has diminished greatly just within the last several years. Each piece on this record carries a sense of isolation or solitude. They are not tonally bright, nor do they necessarily communicate the feeling of someone reaching out to be heard. However, they are not weightless or without presence, and by the final track, “Radiate Through ME,” the direction of the album has changed—with drums and vocal harmonies introduced into the album’s instrumentation. I’m interested to hear where this project goes next. The aforementioned track and “Glass On the Horizon” are album highlights. –*T.H.*

**Juan Wauters**  
*N.A.P North American Poetry*  
**Poetry**  
**Captured Tracks**  
**Street: 02.04**  
**Juan Wauters = The Beets + Sleater-Kinney**

*N.A.P North American Poetry* is filled with beat poetry, combined with the radiant attraction of pop, dunked in folk. For the most part, this is a very passive album, with the exception of an occasionally upbeat poppy number, like “Sanity Or Not.” Lyrically, the songs are somewhat simplistic (“Goo”). Numbers like “All Tall Man Will Fall” offer fun, social critiques of consumer conformity, while “Breathing,” featuring **Carmelle Safdie (Beachniks)**, offers reflections on human relationship interaction. Despite such enlightening topics that partially make up this album, I must admit that overall, it isn’t a terribly exciting listen. Though, to be fair to folkly type people, if you like The Beets, you might dig this, so have at it. –*Nick Kuzmack*

**Evan Ønly**  
*No Matter What EP*  
**Underwater Peoples Records**  
**Street: 02.01**  
**Evan Ønly = Soft Cell + Pet Shop Boys**

In his debut solo EP, **Evan Brody** takes an old sound and makes it new again. Most of *No Matter What* could easily be mistaken for classic ’80s music, which, as far as this writer is concerned, the world needs more of. “Take Me Back” is arguably the strongest track from the EP—the beat might be slow, but the song is powerful and gets your head rocking—though the title track, “No Matter What,” certainly earns its spot as the album’s first single. Fans of **Family Portrait**, a band fronted by Brody and made up of Underwater Peoples’ founders, will appreciate how much more Brody’s voice stands out on this solo EP compared to previous EP releases. *No Matter What* is fun to listen to, and Brody is certainly an artist to keep an eye on. –*John Ford*

**I Break Horses**  
*Chiaroscuro*

**Bella Union/PIAS**  
**Street: 01.21**  
**I Break Horses = Tamaryn + Sigur Rós + Poliça**

Although it feels like I’ve heard this album a hundred times before, performed by different artists throughout the years, I Break Horses deliver a skillful synth-pop performance of epic proportions. *Chiaroscuro* is filled with reverb and drawn-out chords that echo off the vocals of **Maria Lindén** and her partner, **Fredrik Black**. Lindén is a proficient acoustic ecologist and hauntingly uses her music to transform her audience from the physical to metaphysical world. There are some pretty epic power ballads on the album, but I’m partial to favor some of the milder tunes, such as “Heart To Know”—an eight-minute-long experience that’s actually worth losing yourself in. Overall, I didn’t feel that *Chiaroscuro* has done anything radically new or inventive, but aesthetically, they pulled off something worth giving a listen to. –*Kamryn Feigel*

**Juan Wauters**  
*N.A.P North American Poetry*  
**Poetry**  
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**Street: 02.04**  
**Juan Wauters = The Beets + Sleater-Kinney**

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**Maggie McClure**  
*Time Moves On*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 02.11**  
**Maggie McClure = Meg & Dia + Michelle Branch + Veda**

Filled to the brim with cutesy pop confessionals and whimsical, dreamy instrumentals, Maggie McClure masters the small-town-girl-meets-big-city vibe. With tracks like “Central Time” and “Reset,” which detail her move from Oklahoma to Los Angeles, combined with her sugary sweet vocals, McClure demonstrates that just because a

concept has been done many times, it doesn’t necessarily have to suck. Keeping its bubblegum sweetness simple and fairly clichéd, her lyrics relatively transparent and its composition upbeat, this album is good for a fun, easy listen, but not much else. –*Allison Shephard*

**Mode Moderne**  
*Occult Delight*  
**Light Organ Records**  
**Street: 01.21**  
**Mode Moderne = Morrissey + Joy Division + Help Stamp Out Loneliness**

For their third LP, Vancouver outfit Mode Moderne have embraced their goth pop style wholeheartedly and created their most confident album to date. As on 2010’s *Ghosts Emerging* and 2012’s *Strange Bruises*, **Phillip Intile** croons melancholy over “real goth” post-punk with subdued glimpses of cheery melodic pop, but here, **Joshua Stevenson’s** production polishes the band’s sound for a greater balance of dark and light. Alongside brooding tunes like “She, Untamed,” “Severed Heads” and “Thieving Babies’ Breath” there’s the genteel jangle fade-in of “Strangle the Shadows,” **The Chameleons**–like chime of “Dirty Dream #3” and the female harmonies on the upbeat “Unburden Yourself.” The fruit of this effort is “Baby Bunny,” one of the finest indie pop songs that I’ve heard in the past year. The aptly named *Occult Delight* is filled with such repeat elegance. –*Christian Schultz*

**Mogwai**  
*Rave Tapes*  
**Sub Pop/Rock Action**  
**Street: 01.21**  
**Mogwai = Neu! + Maserati + Explosions in the Sky**



If I would have bet you 10 years ago that Mogwai would return to its synth explorations on 2003’s *Happy Songs for Happy People* and turn into a kinda boring post-rock band that locked itself into a relentless kraut groove, I would be \$12.69 richer (adjusted for inflation). On the back of 2011’s technically excellent, but well-worn, *Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will*, *Rave Tapes* finds its muse in **John Carpenter**

synth work and locked-in kraut bass lines, but without all the piss and vitriol that made Mogwai’s sonic attacks such refined masterpieces. With that said, this is a Mogwai album, and Mogwai at their most flat is better than 90 percent of the often hackneyed post-rock genre. By changing up their sound, Mogwai don’t really break any new ground, but still sound better than most of their crescendo-core imitators. –*Ryan Hall*

**Motörhead**  
*Aftershock*  
**UDR Music**  
**Street: 10.22.13**  
**Motörhead = Motörhead**



In an age when most of the great classic hard rock bands are slowing down and approaching their twilight years, Motörhead keeps charging ahead, playing the hardest and truest rock n’ roll ever recorded. *Aftershock* sounds like it was written in the back of a speeding getaway car, and the lyrics read like a dusty tome of long-forgotten outlaw poetry. “Dust and Glass” rips your guts out with all the grit and swagger of the blues, while “Going to Mexico” rockets down the road without a care. Listen close, because this is what real rock n’ roll sounds like. –*Henry Glasheen*

**Nausea**  
*Condemned to the System*  
**Willowtip**  
**Street: 01.07**  
**Nausea = Repulsion + Napalm Death + Majesty**

It’s a given that January is going to start with a lot of nausea, but this Nausea is a different kind. It’s the band of grind-core (not the crust punk band) legend **Oscar Garcia**, who did the vocals on **Terrorizer’s** *World Downfall* album. Nausea is back with a new full-length with Garcia handling vocal and guitar duties along with original drummer **Eric Castro** and some new blood. Unlike Terrorizer’s new material, Nausea retain all the raw glory they did on their *Crime Against Humanity* record. *Condemned to the System* is balls-out grind: The drumming is beyond magnificent—there are so many grind records that would love to sound like

this album does. This shocks the system so much more than anything Napalm Death has done in over a decade, and I fucking love Napalm Death. As far as “comebacks” go, this gets two big thumbs up right in the eyeballs of the scene. –*Bryer Wharton*

**The Pack A.D.**  
*Do Not Engage*  
**Nettwerk Music Group**  
**Street: 01.28**  
**The Pack A.D. = Garbage + Deap Vally + The Cranber-ries**

The follow-up to 2011’s *Unpersons*, *Do Not Engage* again finds The Pack deep inside the blues-rock universe with some sharp, tight guitar riffs and soulful, rough-spun vocals from **Becky Black** and driving rhythms from **Maya Miller**. By now, many of us have heard every incarnation of blues-acid-rock-fuckin’-something-or-other so we might find ourselves a little discriminating. Sure, The Pack A.D. don’t redefine the genre, but they cover a lot more ground than a lot of their contemporaries with plenty of cutting lines, high-pressure drum kicks, and even some mellow tracks to keep the pace varied. Highlights are “Loser,” which has an almost **Cobain-meets-Morissette** self-loathing feel, “Battering Ram,” which has a simple riff and turbo-potent melody reminiscent of tracks from **Black Keys’** *Thickfreakness* and “Rocket” with a great off-kilter chorus that’s both disorienting and charming. It might not be anything fresh, but it’s a good listen. –*CJ Morgan*

**PEP**  
*My Baby and Me*  
**Self-Released**  
**Street: 02.14**  
**PEP = The Shangri-Las + “Summer Nights” from Grease**

Not sure if this is parody or homage, as *My Baby and Me* is clearly indebted to girl pop groups like **The Ronettes** and **The Shangri-Las**, but it brings absolutely nothing new or modern to add anything fresh to what those groups started. Instead of being a natural progression and evolution inspired by these groups, PEP seems content to be a hollow amalgamation of the greatest hits of the ’60s. The sound is too polished, the harmonies too reflexive, and the lyricism safe and boring.

In fact, most of these songs sound like they would fit very well on a Kohls holiday commercial. As a huge fan of the groups PEP seems to be imitating, I thought *My Baby and Me* might grow on me, but after about a dozen listens (the thing is a short 11 minutes long), the only thing I want to do is listen to “Leader of the Pack” on repeat and forget this ever happened. –*Taylor Hale*

**The Rebel Set**  
*How To Make A Monster*  
**Burger Records**  
**Street: 01.21**  
**The Rebel Set = The Fuzz-tones + The Oblivians**

The ultra-quick single-string picking that opens *How To Make A Monster* drowns in wet reverb the way **The Ventures** did it. But as soon as the budget-tone of the synth organ and lo-fi drums come in, it sounds so close to **The Mummies** that the grainy footage (easily accessible on YouTube) of them stumbling over their own tattered mummy-rags fills my mind. Frontman **Joe Zimmerman** chants his vocals through fuzz like you’d expect from **Tyvek**—straying from The Mummies enough to avoid rip-off status. Plus, you wouldn’t get the texture of female harmonies like those in “Bubblegum” from The Mummies. Even though I don’t dislike any of the tracks, I’d recommend the album just for the instrumental (aside from the occasional female, horror-film-scream), “Planet Katey,” that’s slid into the album’s center. –*Steve Richardson*

**Rosie Lowe**  
*Right Thing EP*  
**37 Adventures**  
**Street: 12.02.13**  
**Rosie Lowe = Beth Gibbons + Lamb**

Fresh from her recent guest stint on **Lil Silva’s** “No Doubt,” UK vocalist Lowe’s debut EP showcases a new and striking talent. While musically, the EP’s tunes sound as though they could have been created in the early 2000s—think **Portishead’s** drone and Lamb’s pop catchiness merging together—vocally, these four tracks are elevated by her dramatic flair and experimentation at play, especially on the title track and the seductive “Me & Your Ghost.” The more acoustic-based “10K Balloons” initially sounds like a ballad, until the dub and reverb kick in. The pleasant “Games” has a jazz-tinged suavity to it and is the most upbeat sounding of the four tunes. Co-produced by **Kwes (Eliza Doolittle, Damon Albarn)** and **Dave Okumu (The Invisible)**, the duo’s draping of Lowe’s backgrounds may initially sound a tad dated, but in today’s retro-obsessed scene, maybe that’s not such a bad thing. –*Dean O Hillis*

**Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings**  
*Give the People What They Want*  
**Street: 01.14**  
**Daptone Records**  
**Sharon Jones = James Brown + Alabama Shakes**

After a battle with cancer this past



summer and the subsequent delayed release of the album, Sharon Jones returns with her Dap-Kings, more powerful than ever, with the appropriately titled *Give the People What They Want*—the follow-up to 2010’s *I Learned the Hard Way*. *Give the People What They Want* isn’t just a subtle throwback to ‘60s soul music—it is the resurrection of soul music. “Retreat” revives a crisp ‘60s psych sound with stabbing guitar that is softened by a super funky bass line, warm horns and Jones’ smoky voice. “Now I See” is the anti-love anthem that has you jumping around your living room and forgetting all your bad relationships, and the album ends with a sweet and soft, horn-heavy love song, “Slow Down Love,” which leaves you lamenting the good ones. Jones & The Dap-Kings only get stronger with every release and every obstacle, making this one of their most solid albums of the past decade. —D. Russell

**Throwing Muses**  
*Purgatory/Paradise*  
**It Books**  
**Street: 11.11.13**  
**Throwing Muses = The Breeders + Kristin Hersh - Frank Black**

As one of the more rocking acts on the initial **4AD Records** lineup, Throwing Muses combine hummable melodies with jagged guitar lines and punkish rhythms. The band was 4AD’s first American signing, and expanded the label’s “brand” to include “college rock.” The group played at the U of U’s Mayfest in 1991. Now, 10 years after their last release (and 25 years after their landmark album, *House Tornado*, in 1988), they’ve come out with *Purgatory/Paradise*—32 songs that balance the delicate confessionals of **Kristin Hersh**’s vocals with the dynamism of their instrumental drive. They still have the same spirit on songs like “Sunray Venus”—both embodying the muse, the source of inspiration and the punkish urge to throw away, and cast the muse to the wayside. This CD was followed up with a version released Dec. 3 of an art book of photographs, lyrics and writing by Hersh and CD insert. It’s a great way to immerse yourself in the band, its visual images and lyrical energy. —Stakerized!

**Tom Brosseau**  
*Grass Punks*  
**Crossbill Records**  
**Street: 01.21**  
**Tom Brosseau = Port O’Brien + M. Craft**

North Dakota prodigy, Tom Brosseau, is soaring into the New Year with his newest album, *Grass Punks*. Compared to prior albums like *What I Mean To Say Is Goodbye* and *Posthumous Success*, *Grass Punks* falls on the simpler side of

things. He uses less instrumental variation on this album, but still manages to produce a cool, indie-folk sound. Brosseau keeps it acoustic, even titling one of his tracks “I Love To Play Guitar.” He accompanies his calming melodies with contemplative librettos—the kind of lyrics his fans relate to, in a haunting kind of way. *Grass Punks* is a Sunday morning or late-night kind of album. —Lizz Corrigan

**TOY**  
*Join the Dots*  
**Heavenly Recordings**  
**Street: 12.10.13**  
**TOY = Tame Impala +**



**Holograms + Pulp**  
London’s TOY have already kicked up a stir across the pond, getting themselves on a number of high-ranking “Best Of” lists with their 2012 self-titled debut. *Join the Dots* furthers the idea of “psyche-meets-Kraut” by throwing out huge, psych-y dollops of fuzz-tone and synth warbling and then, through long and spacey mid-sections, peeling back the gazey veneer to reveal a churning and mechanic underbelly. It’s in the persistent thrum of the title track, the “spaceship landing” sequence in “Conductor,” the plaintive, melting quality of “Endlessly,” “Left to Wander”’s **New Order**–esque composition. It’s a captivating result, drawing listeners into something that’s explosive and persistent that ebbs and meanders with a metronomic conviction. It’s all-encompassing. It’s danceable. It’s got hooks for days. What more can you really ask for? It’s sure to make more critical lists in the future—this is space-post-punk done right. —Dylan Chadwick

**Trentalange**  
*Same Illusion*  
**Trentalange**  
**Street: 01.28**  
**Trentalange = Karen O \* PJ Harvey**

Opening with slow drums and an upper-register metronomic piano, Trentalange keeps it simple and dark, yet still poppy. Channeling fellow female rock singers, vocalist **Barbara Trentalange** manages to find the perfect balance between mellow, contempla-

tive lyrics and bangin’ rock n’ roll, tempos varying from anxiously quick to mournfully slow. Mixing woodwinds and strings in songs like “In Your Grace” and “Lies” add a nice reprieve from the abundance of minor chords and vocal trills. Overall, the album conveys a sense of darkness and emotion without being too emo or clichéd. —Allison Shephard

**Ultra Bidé**  
*DNA vs DNA-c*  
**Alternative Tentacles**  
**Street: 10.15.13**  
**Ultra Bidé = UNSANE + Halo of Flies + Sonic Youth**

Ultra Bidé have long been a source of aggressive music that could be described as noise rock mixed with artsy post-hardcore. They’re a first wave punk band, having surfaced in Japan in the late ‘70s. It’s been over a decade since their last full-length record, so this 11-track disc is a welcomed treat—and they come out swinging. The title track showcases the group’s dual bass and drums combination beautifully. At times, the record has a bit of a 1980s radio feel to it—but only if you were listening to skull-shattering music in the 1980s. Other tracks, like “Phase is Massive Power Attack Weapon,” give off the vibe that the world is coming to an end and that mechanized, modulating bass notes are our only defense. The only drawback is that all 11 songs barely break the half-hour mark. I was sad that it ended so quickly, but I enjoyed the ride. [02.04 @ Burt’s] —James Bennett

**VNV Nation**  
*Transnational*  
**Anachron Sounds**  
**Street: 10.15.13**  
**VNV Nation = Bruderschaft + Angels and Agony + Imperative Reaction**



Remaining true to their sound, VNV Nation have stuck with their trendy, almost mainstream, future pop style that created their popularity. If you put this release on shuffle with their last three albums, you would only slightly be able to distinguish the new songs from the old. The vocals sound the same—the only difference is the lyrics. There

is little variance in the beats. I do see artistic progression in the instrumental “Aeroscope,” with its escalating four-on-the-floor beat. I also love the thrill of the hunt with the story of “Retaliate”—it shows a bit more aggression than what we have become accustomed to. This release is compacted with meditative, upbeat, inspiring lyrics you can connect to personally. If you are one who truly loves their older sound, you will enjoy this one. —Mistress Nancy

**Xiu Xiu**  
*Nina*  
**Graveface**  
**Street: 12.02.13**  
**Xiu Xiu = This Song Is a Mess But So Am I + Former Ghosts**



This is obviously a work of love. This homage to the late, great soulstress **Nina Simone** is beautiful and stark. I would probably never compliment **Jamie Stewart**’s vocal ability, but its breathy awkwardness set to the abstract, minimalist pseudo-jazz is fitting. For me, the highlight of the album is the more upbeat and familiar “See Line Woman,” in which Stewart finally raises his voice above a whispering whimper, as the instrumentals seem to slither and screech. I think that jazz is very suiting of Stewart’s vocal style and allows for a more palatable form of abstract expression. —Cody Hudson

**Young Turks**  
*Where I Rise*  
**Animal Style Records**  
**Street: 11.05.13**  
**Young Turks = Modern Life Is War + Casey Jones**

“I don’t give a shit, your music means nothing! Your actions speak even less,” yells **Matt Koenig** at the beginning of “Territo(royally) Pissed.” Grumpy, unsatisfied, furious yelling backed by breakdown-heavy and fast-paced guitar and groovy drums. It’s the finest of Northwest hardcore punk, full of rebellion and self-assurances. Fans of **Comeback Kid** in particular will feel quite at home with Young Turks. Just make sure you turn your stereo up all the way—these guys deserve the volume. —Matt Brunk



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**JANUARY 16<sup>TH</sup>**



**JANUARY 28<sup>TH</sup>**

**RANDY ROGERS BAND**  
**JAN 10<sup>TH</sup>**  
**DEVIL MAKES 3**  
**JAN 22<sup>ND</sup>**  
**TRIBAL SEEDS**  
(ALL AGES)  
**JAN 24<sup>TH</sup>**  
**TOAD THE WET SPROCKET**  
**JAN 31<sup>ST</sup>**

**KARL DENSON'S TINY UNIVERSE**  
**FEB 21<sup>ST</sup>**  
**GALACTIC**  
**MAR 10<sup>TH</sup>**  
**YOUNG DUBLINERS**  
**MAR 15<sup>TH</sup>**  
**UMPHREY'S MCGEE**  
**MAR 20<sup>TH</sup>**  
**ST. VINCENT**  
**MAR 28<sup>TH</sup>**  
**NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL**  
**APR 1<sup>ST</sup>**  
**YONDER MOUNTAIN STRING BAND**  
**APR 2<sup>ND</sup>**  
**CHRISTINA PERRI**  
(ALL AGES)  
**APR 5<sup>TH</sup>**  
**CHVRCHES**  
(ALL AGES)  
**APR 22<sup>ND</sup>**  
**MOGWAI**  
**MAY 21<sup>ST</sup>**

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ALL EVENTS SUBJECT TO CHANGE





# THE DAILY CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in print, online and on our iPhone app! Sign up for a free SLUG calendar account at [slugmag.com/calendar](http://slugmag.com/calendar).

## Friday, January 3 Happy Birthday, Cody Kirkland!

7th Street Blues Band - *ABG's*  
Pixar In Concert - *Abravanel*  
Fox Street - *Brewskis*  
Simian Greed - *Burt's*  
Reverend Horton Heat, Jello Biafra, Old Man Markley - *Depot*  
Gut Wrought - *Diabolical Records*  
Jane Rose & The Dead End Boy - *Garage*  
Tony Holiday - *Hog Wallow*  
Kill Your Darlings - *Jim Santy Auditorium*  
Tennis, Poor Moon - *Kilby*  
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Pucks for Possibilities - *Park City Ice Arena*  
Road Show - *Rose Wagner*  
The Horse I Rode, Sights, Wearing Thin, Rocky Mountain District - *Shred Shed*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Velour Slumber Party 5: Book On Tape Worm, Jay William Henderson - *Velour*  
MiNX, Bombshell Academy - *Woodshed*

## Saturday, January 4

Zombiecock, Knuckledragger - *Burt's*  
Brazilian Nights - *Capitol Theatre*  
High Desert Blues Band - *City Limits*  
Nellie McKay, Turtle Island Quartet - *Eccles Center*  
Wisebird - *Hog Wallow*  
Kill Your Darlings, Clifford's Really Big Movi - *Jim Santy Auditorium*  
Atlant, Krewmika, New Truth, MC Untitled & Khalel - *Kilby*  
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Pucks for Possibilities - *Park City Ice Arena*  
In Her Own Words, For The Win, Seasons Change, In The Making, I Call Captain, Wired For Havoc - *Shred Shed*  
Bad Blood II - *Uprok*  
DJ Matty Mo - *Urban*  
Velour Slumber Party 5: Book On Tape Worm, Bat Manors - *Velour*  
Unhinged Paradise, Jordan Duncan - *Why Sound*

## Sunday, January 5

Nightmare Alley Film Series - *Brewvies*  
Kill Your Darlings - *Jim Santy Auditorium*  
Stelth Ulvang, The Hollering Pines, The Bully - *Urban*

## Monday, January 6

Copper & Gemstone Earrings Class - *Silverschmidt Design*  
Red Telephone, Coyote Vision Group, The Wasatch Fault, The Pentagram Crackers - *Urban*

## Tuesday, January 7 Happy Birthday, Christian Schultz!

Whitney Morgan & The 78s - *Garage*  
O'Kingdom, A Faylene Sky, The Words We Use, Stories Of Ambition - *Shred Shed*  
Maria Taylor, PJ Bond - *Urban*

## Wednesday, January 8 Happy Birthday, Angela Brown! Happy Birthday, Jordan Deveraux!

Kung-Fu Theater - *Brewvies*  
Skellum, Malev Da Shinobi, Dine Krew - *Kilby*  
Tom Bennett - *Metro*  
Trebuchet, The Circulars, Jesus Christ & The Goddams, And I The Lion, Trey The Ruler - *Shred Shed*  
Cornered By Zombies, Grass, Jesus Or

## West Elm & Craft Lake City Workshop: Cake Decorating with Megan Whittaker - West Elm SLC

Cat Fever, Marny Lion Proudfit - *Why Sound*

## Friday, January 10

Irony Man - *ABG's*  
Beethoven's Piano Concerto No.4 - *Abravanel*  
T-Bird & The Breaks - *Brewskis*  
Randy Rogers Band, Wade Bowen - *Depot*  
Chalk, Fossil Arms - *Diabolical Records*  
Craig Chaquico - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Bipolar Bears - *Hog Wallow*  
The Armstrong Lie - *Jim Santy Auditorium*  
The North Valley, Golden Sun - *Kilby*  
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
BBoy Federation: They Reminisce

The A-Okay's, The Anchorage, Super Hero - *Kilby*  
Tainted Halos, Change To Fire, Life Has A Way, Bastard John, Attack The Sunset, The Avenues - *Murray Theater*  
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
BT - *Park City Live*  
Ring Around The Rose - *Rose Wagner*  
Tony Holiday, The Highway Thieves, Tom Bennett - *Sand Trap*  
The Fission Breakers, Mermaid Baby, Color Animal, The Wild War - *Shred Shed*  
**SLUG Games: Battle At Basin presented by Scion - Snowbasin**  
The Dusty 45s, Honey Pine - *State Room*  
The North Valley, Holy Water Buffalo, Dark Seas - *Urban*  
Mad Max & The Wild Ones - *Velour*  
Josh Sales - *Why Sound*  
Green Leafs - *Woodshed*

## Sunday, January 12 Happy Birthday, Tony Bassett!

The Armstrong Lie - *Jim Santy Auditorium*  
Fry Street Quartet - *Libby Gardner*  
Adam WarRock, Schaffer The Darklord, Tribe One, Mark Dago - *Shred Shed*  
Nipsey Hussle, Yazzi, Zigga, Ortega The Omega - *Urban*

## Monday, January 13

Outline In Color, Neurotic November, Consumed By Silence, No Safe Way Home - *Shred Shed*  
Textured Disc Pendant Class - *Silverschmidt Design*  
Palace Of Buddies, Koala Temple, Beachmen, Skellum - *Urban*

## Tuesday, January 14 Happy Birthday, Katie Bald!

Jayke Orvis & The Broken Band, James Hunnicutt - *Burt's*  
Front Bottoms - *Club Sound*  
The Front Bottoms, You Blew It!, The Wild - *In The Venue*  
Calmosa, Bobby Meader - *Shred Shed*  
Waka Flocka Flame, Concise Kilgore, DJ Juggy - *Urban*

## Wednesday, January 15

Writer's Edge - *City Library*  
Raccoon Dog - *Kilby*  
Anna Deavere Smith - *Kingsbury*  
Reel Big Fish, Suburban Legends, Mighty Mongo, The Maxies - *Murray Theater*  
The Contrás, Creature Double Feature, In Transit - *Shred Shed*  
Lorin Walker Madsen, Lebaron, Nathan Spenser Revue - *Urban*

## Thursday, January 16

Spindrift, Mortigi Tempo - *ABG's*  
Nick Hexum Quintet - *Depot*  
Talia Keys, Gemini Mind - *Hog Wallow*  
Matt Pryor, The Glass Gentleman, Matthew

Quen Nanes - *Kilby*  
Speed Of Sound In Seawater, And I The Lion, Eidola, Red Bennies - *Shred Shed*  
T Bird & The Breaks - *State Room*  
Salt 9: Jillian Mayer - *UMFA*  
Saga Party - *Urban*  
**2014 Sundance Film Festival - Various Venues**  
Steff & The Articles - *Velour*  
Corey Christiansen - *Why Sound*

## Friday, January 17 Happy Birthday, Shawn Soward!

Cloche, Kristina Lenzi, Sue Henich - *Art Access Gallery*  
Smoke Season, Charles Ellsworth - *Bar Deluxe*  
Red Shot Pony - *Brewskis*  
Irony Man - Video Shoot - *Burt's*  
Euphoria Again - *Diabolical Records*  
Nitro Circus - *Energy Solutions Arena*  
Billy Shaddox, Honey Pine - *Garage*  
Panic At The Disco, The Colourist, X Ambassadors - *In The Venue*  
Murs, Jabee, Marley B, Cash Lansky - *Kilby*  
Dirt Road Devils - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Worst Friends - *Shred Shed*  
Pickwick, Rose Windows - *Urban*  
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
**2014 Slamdance Film Festival - Various Venues**  
8 Year Anniversary - *Velour*  
The Wild War - *Why Sound*  
Tony Holiday, The Pour House - *Woodshed*

## Saturday, January 18

Decible Trust - *Burt's*  
La Traviata - *Capitol Theatre*  
Autumn Eclipse, Life Has A Way, Alien Landslide - *City Limits*  
Spindrift - *Garage*  
The Fellows, Wandering Woods, Echo Dog - *Muse Music*  
Dirt Road Devils - *Outlaw Saloon*  
The Sinisters - *Shred Shed*  
Andy Frasco & The U.N. - *State Room*  
Hard-Edge Paintings - *UMFA*  
Joshua James, Armon Jay - *Urban*  
Yogi's Give Back - *Various Venues*  
8 Year Anniversary - *Velour*

## Sunday, January 19

**Happy Birthday, Matt Brunk!**  
Robert Delong, Audio Treats - *Kilby*  
Delusions Of Godhood - *Shred Shed*

## Monday, January 20

Pink - *Energy Solutions Arena*  
Max Pain & The Groovies, Breakers, Dark Seas, Super 78s - *Urban*

## Tuesday, January 21

**Happy Birthday, Ben Tilton!**  
Sphynx - *Burt's*  
Roe V. Wade Anniversary Party - *The Hotel*

## Wednesday, January 22

Devil Makes Three, The Brothers Comatose - *Depot*  
West Water Outlaws - *Hog Wallow*  
Rye Rye, Blake Lewis, D. Woods, Eryn Woods, Lakeview Drive - *In The Venue*  
The Guard Cats, Gravitaf, Parchment - *Kilby*  
Pepper - *Lo-Fi Cafe*  
Outdoor Retailers Party - *Urban*

## Thursday, January 23

The Danger Kids - *Kilby*  
Mike Birbiglia - *Kingsbury*  
Page-To-Stage Festival 2014 - *Rose Wagner*  
Its Awake, Of Ivy & Ash, The Infernal - *Shred Shed*  
Intro To Beadwork - Necklaces - *Silverschmidt Design*  
Orgone, Salem - *State Room*  
gLAdiator, NightFreq, Flash & Flare - *Urban*  
The Autmn Defense - *Velour*  
Agnes Of God - *Westminster College*

## Friday, January 24

Zodiac Empire, ESX - *ABG's*  
Anthony B, Tribe of I, Bludgeon Muffin - *Bar Deluxe*  
Deathblow, Bloodpurge - *Burt's*  
Leddfoot - *City Limits*  
Tribal Seeds, Mystic Roots, Wakane - *Depot*  
Jawwzz - *Diabolical Records*  
Lady Antebellum, Kip Moore, Jana Kramer - *Energy Solutions Arena*  
Marinade - *Hog Wallow*  
Stubeeeee, Arrows Inward - *Kilby*  
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Page-To-Stage Festival 2014 - *Rose Wagner*  
Babylon - *Shred Shed*  
Hell's Belles - *State Room*  
Tacita Dean - *UMFA*  
The Autumn Defense, The Hollering Pines - *Urban*  
Agnes Of God - *Westminster College*  
Once The Lion - *Why Sound*  
Funk & Gonzo - *Woodshed*

## Saturday, January 25

Fetish Ball - *Area 51*



Ultra Bidé @ *Burt's* 02.04

The Toasters, Bombshell Academy, Fat Candace - *Bar Deluxe*  
Kid Slim, Spektators - *Burt's*  
Double Down Band - *City Limits*  
Deseret Drifters - *Hog Wallow*  
Colt 46 - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Page-To-Stage Festival 2014 - *Rose Wagner*  
The (little) BEaST of SB Dance - *Rose Wagner*  
Mr. Smith, Burnell Washburn, Jesus Or Genome, Black Lion - *Shred Shed*  
Hell's Belles - *State Room*  
Saga Outerwear Outdoor Retailers Party - *Urban*  
Agnes Of God - *Westminster College*  
The Romptompers - *Why Sound*  
Carnage - *Woodshed*

## Sunday, January 26 Happy Birthday, Tommy Dolph! Happy Birthday, Rheanna Sonnichsen!

Geek Show Movie Night - *Brewvies*  
Into It Over It, Heartless Breakers, A Great Big Pile Of Leaves, TWIABP - *Shred Shed*  
Into it. Over it. The World Is A Beautiful Place & I Am No Longer Afraid To Die - *Uprok*

## Monday, January 27

Isabelle Faust - *Kingsbury*  
3 Doors Down Acoustic - *Park City Live*  
Wrath Of Vesuvius, Uroboric Deity, The Lament Configuration, Cries Of The Captive - *Shred Shed*  
The Watches, Big Wild Wings, Birthquake, Jawwzz - *Urban*

## Tuesday, January 28 Happy Birthday, Kendal Gillett! Happy Birthday, Talyn Sherer!

The Freeway Revival Band - *Bar Deluxe*  
L.S.D.O., Victims Willing, Drazie Method, Maimed For Life - *Burt's*  
STS9 - *Depot*  
Swollen Members, Madchild, Slaine, Supreme Villain, DJ Juggy - *Urban*

## Wednesday, January 29

**Happy Birthday, Selma Ortiz!**  
Soufly - *Complex*  
Dizzy Wright - *Murray Theater*  
Mad Conductor, Storming Stages & Stereos, The Departure, New Truth - *Music Garage*  
A Lot Like Birds, Sianvar, The Venetian Fair, Stolas, Visitors, Eidola - *Shred Shed*  
St. Lucia, Sir Sly - *Urban*

## Thursday, January 30

Mark Chaney & The Garage Jazz Allstars - *Garage*  
Kris Lager - *Hog Wallow*  
Chocolate Desserts For Valentines - *Les Madeleines*  
Mad Conductor, Chance Lewis - *Muse Music*  
The Expendables, Stick Figure, Seedless - *Park City Live*

Mideau, Polytype, Richie Kissinger - *Velour*

## Saturday, February 1

High Desert Blues Band - *City Limits*  
Dwight Slade, Vince Morris - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Pure Bathing Culture Bright Whistles, The Wild War - *Kilby*  
Burn the Gallows, Ilios - *Muse Music*  
Farmboy - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Sara Davis Buechner - *Rose Wagner*  
The Pentagram Crackers, The Future Of The Ghost, The Circulars - *Urban*  
Adam Miller - *Why Sound*

## Sunday, February 2

Leggy Meggy's Va Va Voom - *Bar Deluxe*  
Nightmare Alley Film Series - *Brewvies*

## Monday, February 3

Silver Antlers, High Counsel, Conquer Monster, Stag Hare Band - *Urban*

## Tuesday, February 4

Kid Congo Powers, The Pink Monkey Birds - *Bar Deluxe*  
Ultra Bidé - *Burt's*  
Parkway Drive, Upon A Burning Body, Betrayal - *Murray Theater*  
Unthinkable Thoughts, Dipped In Whiskey, Uroboric Diety, Delusion Of Godhood - *Shred Shed*  
North Mississippi Allstars, Lightnin Malcol - *State Room*

## Wednesday, February 5

Grant & Twain - *Salt Lake Acting Company*  
The Greenery, Call Of The Void - *Shred*

*Shed*  
North Mississippi Allstars, Lightnin Malcolm - *State Room*  
Workshop for Teachers: Trade and Travel on the Silk Road - *UMFA*

## Thursday, February 6 Happy Birthday, Sunny Oliver!

Jeff Ross - *Egyptian Theatre*

Reggie & The Full Effect, Dads, Pentimento - *Kilby*  
Mountain Standard Time - *State Room*

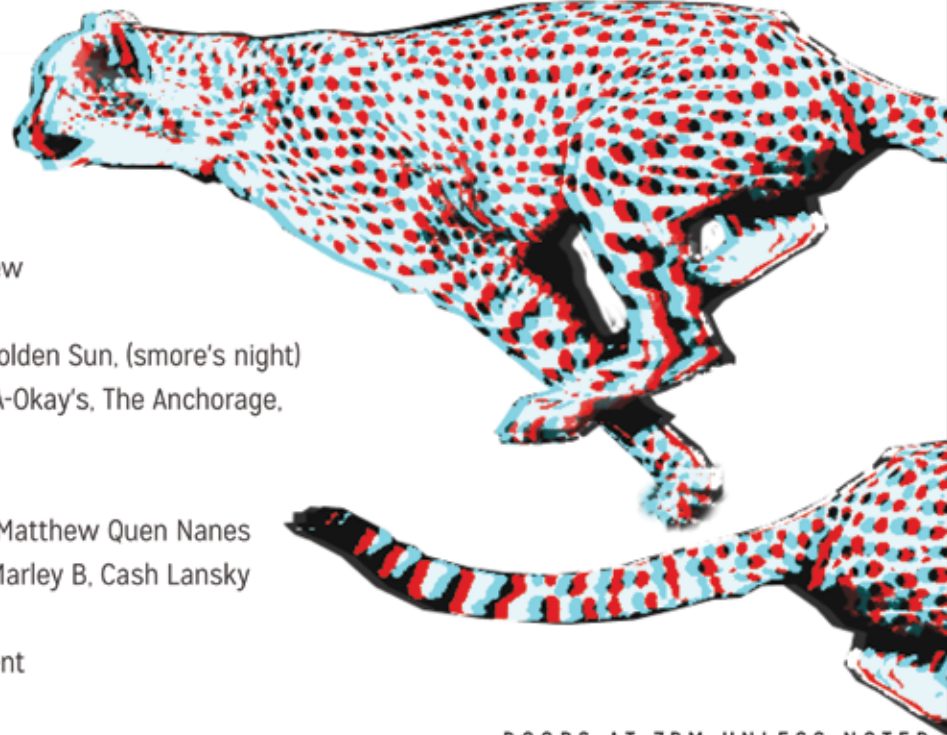
## Friday, February 7

**Pick up the new issue of SLUG - Anyplace cool!**  
Mozart & Shostakovich - *Abravanel*  
Bombshell Academy, Sturgeon General - *Bar Deluxe*  
The Eagle Fan Jam - *Depot*  
Jeff Ross - *Egyptian Theatre*  
Touche Amore, MeWithoutYou, Seahaven, Drug Church - *In The Venue*  
Yonas - *Kilby*  
Wild Country - *Outlaw Saloon*  
Keller Williams - *Park City Live*  
Paul Cardall, Josh Wright - *Rose Wagner*  
Dubwise - *Urban*  
Provo Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Ogden's First Friday Art Stroll - *Various Galleries*  
Will Shamberger, The Red Light Commandos, Unhinged Paradise - *Why Sound*



## KILBY COURT JANUARY

- 1: Westward The Tide, TBA
- 3: Tennis, Poor Moon
- 8: Skellum, Malev Da Shinobi, Dine Krew
- 9: Roots of Arcatia, TBA
- 10: The North Valley Album Release, Golden Sun, (smore's night)
- 11: Show Me Island, Be Like Max, The A-Okay's, The Anchorage, Super Hero
- 15: Raccoon Dog, TBA
- 16: Matt Pryor, The Glass Gentleman, Matthew Quen Nanes
- 17: Murs (of LIVING LEGENDS), Jabee, Marley B, Cash Lansky
- 19: Robert DeLong, Audio Treats, TBA
- 22: The Guard Cats, Gravital, Parchment
- 23: The Danger Kids, TBA
- 24: Stubeeee CD Release, Arrows Inward, TBA
- 31: Dent May, Jack Name (featuring Jack of White Fence), Gothen



DOORS AT 7PM UNLESS NOTED  
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## THE URBAN LOUNGE JANUARY

- 1: Worst Mistakes Party: I Am The Ocean, Breaux, Heartless Breakers
- 2: The Circuluars, Strong Words, Jawwzz + Cheap Trax DJ Set after the show
- 3: Dubwise
- 4: Matty Mo Weekly Saturday Night Dance Party Kick Off FREE BEFORE 11:30 & \$5 AFTER
- 5: Steith Ulvang (Member of The Lumineers), The Bully, The Hollering Pines
- 6: FREE SHOW! Red Telephone, Coyote Vision Group, The Wasatch Fault, The Pentagram Crackers
- 7: Maria Taylor
- 8: Cornered By Zombies, Jesus or Genome, Grass
- 9: Planet Asia, The Baylens, Zman, Black Lion, Burnell Washburn, Melvin Junko, DJ Street Jesus, True Justice
- 10: SLUG LOCALIZED: Yaktooth, Baby Gurl, Die Off
- 11: \$5 The North Valley Album Release, Holy Water Buffalo, Dark Seas 8 PM Doors + Matty Mo Dance Night at 11:30
- 12: Nipsey Huggle, Yazzi, Zigga, Ortega The Omega
- 13: FREE SHOW Palace Of Buddies, Koala Temple, Beachmen, Skellum
- 14: Waka Flocka Flame, Concise Kilgore, DJ Juggy
- 15: Lorin Walker Madsen
- 16: Saga Party
- 17: Pickwick
- 18: Joshua James, Armon Jay
- 20: FREE SHOW Max Pain & The Groovies, Breakers, Dark Seas, Super 78s
- 22: Outdoor Retailers Party
- 23: Danksquad Clothing Outdoor Retailers Party with gLadiator
- 24: The Autumn Defense (members of Wilco), The Hollering Pines
- 25: Saga Outdoorwear Outdoor Retailers Party FREE BEFORE 10 & \$5 AFTER
- 27: FREE SHOW The Watches, Big Wild Wings, Birthquake, Jawwzz
- 28: Swollen Members, Madchild, Slaine, Supreme Villain, DJ Juggy
- 29: St. Lucia, Sir Sly + Neighborhood Brains DJ Set Following the show
- 30: J.D. Wilkes & The Dirt Daubers, Ugly Valley Boys
- 31: Dirt First with: Mr Vandal, Gravytron, Grimbalee, Tetris Fingers



### COMING SOON:

- Feb 1: The Future of The Ghost
- Feb 7: Dubwise
- Feb 8: 5th Annual Samba Queen Gala
- Feb 9: Rehab
- Feb 13: Getter
- Feb 15: Mates of State
- Feb 18: Shearwater
- Feb 21: Corn Truise
- Feb 22: El Ten Eleven
- Feb 23: Lord Huron
- Feb 24: MartyParty
- Feb 28: SLUG Magazine's 25th Anniversary Party
- Mar 1: The Grouch & Eligh
- Mar 2: Russian Circles
- Mar 4: Richie Ramone
- Mar 5: Gardens & Villa
- Mar 6: Lord Dying, Eagle Twin, Subrosa
- Mar 8: Real Estate
- Mar 10: Leslie & The LY's
- Mar 13: The Sword
- Mar 21: Mr. Gnome
- Mar 22: Odesza presented by Saga
- Mar 23: That I Guy
- Mar 25: Yellow Ostrich
- Mar 28: Afro Omega
- Apr 3: Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks
- Apr 11: Typhoon
- Apr 24: Mobb Deep
- Apr 26: Bombay Bicycle Club
- May 12: The Akaholiks & Beatnuts
- May 22: HAIM

DOORS AT 8PM UNLESS NOTED  
**241 S 500 E SLC | 21+**

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**JANUARY  
17TH**

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