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SLUG MAGAZINE



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Ellen Young – Events Coordinator

Our world got a whole lot brighter last year with the addition of Events Coordinator, Ellen Young. A graduate of the University of Utah's Gender Studies department, feminist, music lover and all-around badass, Ellen joined the SLUG team in the fall of 2015. Ellen's chipper attitude imparts a positive vibe on SLUG's HQ, where she works with SLUG's marketing team to strengthen the magazine's outreach at SLUG-produced and SLUG-sponsored events, such as SLUG's *Localized*, the *Summer of Death* skate series and *The SLUG Games* Ski & Snowboard Competition Series. Ellen also applies her experiences as a former lifter at *Snowbird Ski & Summer Resort* and as a Utah powder lover while delivering mags to Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons. We're proud to shred with Ellen!



ABOUT THE COVER: This untitled piece is one in **David Brothers'** imaginary world of *Rolithica*, an exhibition at *UMOCA* (see pg. 28). It addresses "questions of fake, authentic, futility, ludicrousness and sincerity of a place," says Brothers. The opening reception for *Rolithica* occurs Feb. 5, and the show will run through April 30.

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FIREWORKS

Presented By:



(L-R) Eric Robertson and Catherine Leavy imbue New Shack with glossy synthpop.

Photo: Gilbert Cisneros

LOCALIZED

By Christian Schultz
christian@slugmag.com

Fall into the glassy architectures of three local electropop duos this month at *SLUG's Localized*, with New Shack, **Angel Magic** and **Rare Factor**. The free show takes place at 8 p.m. on Feb. 18 at *Urban Lounge*, and is sponsored by *KRCL 90.9 FM*, *Spill Ink SLC*, *High West Distillery* and *Uinta Brewing Co.*

Industrious and resilient, Provo-based synthpop duo New Shack have burst into a bright existence in the last year and a half. Recalling the gauzy, early-'00s indie pop of bands like **Stars** and **The Postal Service**, and at times veering into cerebral dream worlds inhabited by **Cocteau Twins** and **Purity Ring**, New Shack's **Catherine Leavy** and **Eric Robertson** have hatched a glistening, vintage-inspired synthpop sound that's all their own.

The pair formulated New Shack in 2014 during a period when they were living on separate continents. Though Leavy was living in Germany and Robertson in Provo, they collaborated virtually, each working on their respective contributions to songs. "I would make beats, songs and ideas, and then send them to her," Robertson says. Leavy would respond quickly with vocal tracks for each song. "It was collaborative," Leavy says, "but we would work separately. I would come up with some kind of story or lyric. I'd write vocals and send him back some kind of demo."

Despite working across continents, New Shack was a perfect collaboration for Leavy and Robertson, who released an EP in November of 2014 and their debut full-length, *Shadow Girl*, in June of last year. "There's been times where I've sent her a track and like, three hours later, she's sent back a full demo, and we'd maybe change one thing, if anything, from that to the final," says Robertson. Leavy's ability to adroitly add lyrics to Robertson's demos makes the band's process quick. "Eric's able to build these tracks that are so unique and so great," Leavy says. "Usually, when he sends me an idea, the track is already [fleshed out]. I'm like, 'Yes, this is exactly right.'"

Leavy, who now resides in Provo, contributes serene vocals and beatific lyrics to Robertson's perfectly produced vintage-synth sounds. "Once I get a melody in my head, I tend to write songs in a kind of fury," she says. "I write lyrics and poetry a lot—I keep files and files of it on my computer. Sometimes Eric will send me a track that really speaks to me, and I kind of start hearing a hook, and I might connect it to words I've already written, or I'll write the words to that melody I hear." Leavy's airy vocals complement Robertson's electronics, and together, they blend into a complete whole. "What I really like about New Shack is that I write the beats

NEW SHACK

and she writes the melodies and lyrics," says Robertson, "and we don't really get into each other's business too much. I think that's why it works so well."

The duo's collaborative sound shines on *Shadow Girl*, a 10-track album of dreamy synthpop crafted with vintage synthesizers. Though the album has a gritty, analog-synth flair, *Shadow Girl's* magic is in its flourishes of subtle, modern twists. "There's definitely a modern edge to it," says Robertson. Leavy agrees: "While there's a lot of actual '80s vintage sounds, I do think our sound is pretty niche—it's pretty different," she says. The album balances neatly between vintage-synth attitudes and contemporary leanings. Glossy synths and chimes color tracks like "Operation" and "Stereo Station," while tiny beats, claps and samples skitter across the album, placing it on a forward-moving path. Pulling each track along, Leavy's vocals shift to the tune of each track, one minute dreamy and ethereal, another, pulsing right along to the beat.

Shadow Girl's forward momentum has brought them accolades here at home and abroad, including a nod on *SLUG's* own Top 5 "Organic Free-Range Local Albums" of 2015. "New Shack really clicking and being successful so fast is really kind of unexpected," says Leavy. "I recorded [New Shack's] EP on cellphone earbuds, like, not even iPhone earbuds. It was really, really lo-fi." Not content to coast on the wave of *Shadow Girl's* success, Robertson has begun to incorporate gui-

tar into their previously all-synth aesthetic for their new EP, entitled *Eingang*. "The tones on the guitar that I'm using now are pretty '80s-sounding as well—ambient and big," he says. Their August 2015-released single, "House of Frankenstein," featured a chorus-saturated guitar hook, but *Eingang* promises to push the envelope further. "We've even gone farther from that with guitar and big drums," says Robertson. "There's less synth on the new one."

Eingang will also be the first release on New Shack's boutique label, **Pleasant Pictures Music**. Pleasant Pictures—which is also the name of the studio where Robertson produces music for select local acts, including **Hive Riot** and **Static Waves**—will release *Eingang* and other curated records digitally and physically on CD and vinyl. In addition to starting a record label, the duo also acted in videos for four of their tracks in 2015, ranging from the *Mad Max*-esque aesthetic of "Disassembly" to the minimal visuals in their "House of Frankenstein" video. They also play selectively in Provo and Salt Lake at hometown venues such as *Velour Live Music Gallery*, *Muse Music Cafe*, *Urban Lounge* and *Club X*.

You can see New Shack live at *SLUG's Localized* on Feb. 18 at *Urban Lounge*. Purchase New Shack's music at newshack.bandcamp.com, and find them on Facebook, or on Twitter at @newshackmusic.

Angel Magic's *Fall Through* is a warm cocoon of comfort for anyone who still believes that electronic music is cold, calculated or insincere. Released in November 2015 on Utah's premier electronic label, **Hel Audio**, *Fall Through* is a complete vision of Angel Magic's elegant combo of raw, beat-driven electropop and soft, tranquil vocals.

A project of **Andrew Aguilera** and **Lauren Smith**, Angel Magic began nearly four years ago when Aguilera was dating Smith's then-roommate and making chiptune music. Smith's band, **Gils**, asked Aguilera to add some drum machine work for a live show that they were doing. "That sparked interest in me working with Lauren more," Aguilera says. The two then collaborated on a track for a project Aguilera was involved with called *Weekly Beats 2012*. "I only did seven weeks of it," he says. "I could only survive that long, but for the first week, we did a track for it. That jumpstarted [the collaboration] 100 percent, and just worked from there."

Earlier in 2015, Aguilera also released *Soda*, an album of effervescent, soft drink-sampling electronics, with his project **Mooninite**. "During *Soda*, I contacted [Smith] and asked [her] to do vocals on a *Soda* track," Aguilera says. "Then [she] sent me an email saying, 'By the way, if you're ready to do Angel Magic, I'm ready.' So I said, 'OK, right when this is done, let's get started.' That's when we went full force into it."

Though both parties keep busy with other projects, they've managed to make time for Angel Magic recordings and live performances over the years. In preparation for *Fall Through*, Angel Magic's first proper full-length album release, the duo released *2012-2015*, a collection of their output from their first years of collaboration. "I am constantly writing," Smith says, "not even necessarily to music, and if I had a thought for a concept or specific lyrics, I'll write it down. Sometimes [Aguilera] will show me instrumentals, and I'll feel like, 'Oh, this is the one that this concept matches.'" Aguilera affirms that it was

collaboratively casual. "Let's just make a track today and post it on Soundcloud," he says, describing their process. "We didn't have any plans or weren't trying to talk about it as a [thing] yet."

Though their process had been more casual until last year, Aguilera and Smith rolled the momentum of *Soda* and *2012-2015* right into *Fall Through*. "Once we had that collection of demos together and it was getting to the point where we were playing more shows," Aguilera says, "we decided to curate all the demos that we had thrown on Soundcloud throughout the months and just put that out on Bandcamp, so that we could reach people a little bit more and they could hear our sound and get familiar with it." During the making of *Fall Through*, Aguilera was living in Salt Lake and Smith in Orem, and Aguilera would send his ideas via email or text. "I would make a track that I felt could be coherent enough to have a vocal track on it," he says, "and would send [Smith] an audio text message and be like, 'What do you think of this?' Then she'd be into it and send me back something within hours, a sketch of something that blew my mind."

While Smith's lyrics are influenced by artists such as **Adrian Orange** and **Laura Veirs**, it's the repetition and strangeness of Italo disco that's provided an aural topography for the duo's world of beats, samples, keyboard harmonies and dream-inducing vocals. Many of *Fall Through*'s tracks feature beats or grooves that loop and repeat, as Smith's smooth vocals and other magical patches and beats flutter in and out of the mix. "We try to be literal with the angel sounds," Aguilera says. "We sample sprinkle sounds, fairy sounds, sparkles, **David Blaine** talking about magic—all sorts of stuff to make it pretty literal. Even if it's not always audible, it's at least present." Their strict use of hardware such as drum machines, polyphonic synthesizers and digital delay pedals adds a magical touch to their recordings as well. "There's a lot of accidents in the recording because of that, but I think it adds a lot of character," Aguilera says. "It doesn't feel plastic—it has that human mid-tone in it."

Because Smith and Aguilera use hardware to record, their live performances have preformed movements but allow for some fun improvisation. "We try to make it a whole, self-contained thing," Aguilera says. "We try to do an intro, so we have a sequence playing of a sparkly note, and then we have David Blaine talking about how his magic defies doctors' recommendations, but he still does it. And then we jump into the track and go from there. We have everything sequenced. I have all of it on my machines—it's just a big, giant mess that we're both dealing with, and on top of that, [Smith's] doing vocals." Smith sings her parts live, though she's trying to work out how to incorporate layers into her performance. "I do keep trying to think of ways to incorporate [more vocals]," she says. "I'll play my harmonies on the keyboard, but I'd like to be able to include more." Both agree that playing live has helped them tune in to each other. "We played a lot that year," Aguilera says, speaking of 2015. "It helped us get to know each other's movements."

Fall through Angel Magic's uniquely crafted world of beats at *SLUG's Localized* on Feb. 18 at *Urban Lounge*. For more information on *Fall Through* and Angel Magic, visit helaudio.org.

(L-R) Fall through the melodic electronic production of Andrew Aguilera and Lauren Smith at *Urban Lounge* on Feb. 18.



Photo: Gilbert Cisneros

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Autism in Love

By Kathy Zhou • @moonkissed



(L-R) Lindsey Nebeker and Dave Hamrick navigate their love for each other amid the autism spectrum in *Autism in Love*.

Photo: Matt Fuller



(L-R) Director Matt Fuller and Producer Carolina Groppa will discuss *Autism in Love* at the Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center on Feb. 10.

Photo: Marco Cordero Photo: Matt Fuller

Back in 1988, *Rain Man* hit the theaters. **Dustin Hoffman** endeared audiences to one of his most memorable roles as mental calculator Raymond Babbitt, a character inspired by screenwriter **Barry Morrow's** meeting with the real-life, Salt Lake City-born megasavant **Kim Peek**. The four-time Oscar Award-winning film launched Peek, along with his extraordinary memory capacity, to fame. With his father, Peek traveled the world, not only astonishing audiences with his abilities, but also inspiring them to recognize and respect each other's differences.

Dave Hamrick, who each describe the different ways by which they've learned to understand and express themselves to one another. "We wanted to make sure to represent the autism spectrum as fully as we could," says Fuller. "Autism is complex, and we knew we couldn't truly define it, but we wanted to be as wide and dynamic as we could in capturing how it affects people and their relationships differently."

The documentary came to fruition when Dr. **Ira Heilveil**, who runs a practice in Southern California specifically for children on the spectrum, wanted to write a book or article about adults with autism and romance. Heilveil brought the concept to Groppa, who then worked as his research assistant. "The minute Ira pitched me the idea, I knew right away that it would make for a powerful documentary," says Groppa, who enlisted Fuller's help on the project. The pair began their research, interviewing individuals on the spectrum about their romantic lives and pursuits. Eventually, their research laid the foundation for the documentary and built a large network through which the two were able to find nine subjects—although, as is often the case with documentaries of this style, only four are shown in the final film. "We had full subjects that we spent a year with, that we got to know in a deep, meaningful way—so to make the decision to pull them out of the film is really, really difficult," says Fuller, who credits editor **Alex O'Flinn**. "Those decisions are always dictated by what's best for the movie: How are we creating the most effective film? What's going to keep audiences engaged, communicate what we want to communicate, affect them emotionally?"

Autism in Love is judicious and laudable, offering a shrewd and clear-eyed look into the lives of adults with autism and love. The narrative captures the characters' most vulnerable moments, some especially tender—like when each subject describes their definitions of being

in love, which range from mathematical formulas to looking into someone's eyes to "I don't know"—and some especially distressing. "We were never worried about exposing too much," says Fuller, "because those moments were only brought up to the camera because our subjects wanted to share those with us, to be heard and understood in ways that they hadn't before."

Like so many other contemporary documentary films, *Autism in Love* is especially resonant and necessary because it offers an honest and accessible platform for previously underrepresented or inaccurately portrayed voices to share their stories on their own terms. "In *Autism in Love*, there's a little bit of all of us in each of the subjects," says Fuller. "That raw access to their minds and hearts makes you feel connected to them so deeply and so quickly. With the ability we have now to capture and tell stories, we can finally see ourselves onscreen in characters that are in other worlds than those that we live [in]."

The 2016 Peek Award for Disability in Film presentation and free film screening will be held Feb. 10 at 7 p.m. in the Rose Wagner Performing Arts Center. Director Matt Fuller, producer Carolina Groppa and film subjects David Hamrick and Lindsey Nebeker will be present for a post-film discussion moderated by RadioWest's **Doug Fabrizio**. For more information about the film, visit autisminlove.com.

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BY ELEORA NELSON
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<p>SAT FEB 6 11AM</p> <p>KID FLIX MIX Directed by Various Filmmakers 44 min 2015 Various Countries Not Rated</p> <p>A wonderful selection of the best short films included in the 2015 New York International Children's Film Festival.</p> <p><i>The City Library</i> 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>TUE FEB 23 7PM</p> <p>SONITA Directed by Rokhsareh Ghaem Maghami 90 min 2015 Iran/Germany/Switzerland Not Rated</p> <p>An Afghan refugee dreams of becoming a hip-hop artist in a culture that doesn't allow women to sing.</p> <p><i>The City Library</i> 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>
<p>TUE FEB 9 7PM</p> <p>IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON Directed by David Singleton 100 min 2007 UK Rated PG</p> <p>This documentary brings together crewmembers from every single Apollo mission which flew to the Moon to tell their story.</p> <p><i>The City Library</i> 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>TUE MAR 1 7PM</p> <p>ORION: THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING Directed by Leanne Finlay 88 min 2015 UK/USA Not Rated</p> <p>Jimmy Ellis – an unknown singer as part of a crazy scheme that had him masquerade as Elvis back from the grave.</p> <p><i>The City Library</i> 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>
<p>WED FEB 10 7PM</p> <p>AUTISM IN LOVE Directed by Matt Fuller 75 min 2015 USA Not Rated</p> <p>An exploration of the lives of adults with an autism spectrum disorder as they pursue romantic relationships.</p> <p><i>Rose Wagner</i> 138 W 300 S Salt Lake City</p>	<p>SAT MAR 5 11AM</p> <p>ODDBALL Directed by Stuart McDonald 98 min 2015 Australia Not Rated</p> <p>The true story of an chicken farmer who, with his granddaughter, trains his dog to protect a wild penguin sanctuary from fox attacks.</p> <p><i>The City Library</i> 210 E 400 S Salt Lake City</p>
<p>THUR FEB 11 7PM</p> <p>UNBRANDED Directed by Phillip Barbeau 106 min 2015 USA Not Rated</p> <p>Following four men and sixteen mustangs on an epic 3,000-mile journey from Mexico to Canada to inspire adoption of mustangs. Also screens in Moab & Ogden.</p> <p><i>Viridian Event Center</i> 8030 S 1825 W West Jordan</p>	<p>FREE FILM SCREENINGS: HOW DO WE DO IT?</p> <p>Utah Film Center is able to provide free film screenings through the generosity of sponsors and members. You can become a member of Utah Film Center for only \$60 a year (\$5 a month) and help keep film free!</p> <p>www.utahfilmcenter.org/supportus</p>

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METRIC

By Christian Schultz • christian@slugmag.com



A good measure of success in the music world is how often a band can infiltrate the industry's arena-and-airwaves club while still writing, recording and releasing records completely on their own. As the electro-punk vets of Metric can attest, it's a prickly space to occupy, fraught with expectation and heavily guarded opinions. "Oh, there's anxiety all right," says Metric singer, **Emily Haines**, "but it's the good kind." On the dancefloor-ready heels of the group's sixth studio album, *Pagans in Vegas*, Metric return to *The Depot* on Feb. 17 as strong as ever in their 17-year career together.

Formed in Toronto in 1998 by Haines and **Jimmy Shaw**, Metric are an unstoppable creative force. From their early working name, **Mainstream**, to the duo's initial mandate to disrupt and infiltrate commercial radio, it comes as no surprise that Metric have climbed out of the indie divide and made a name for themselves in decidedly industry channels. "We were branded 'too underground for the mainstream and too mainstream for the underground' by a label guy very early in our career, and it turns out he was right," says Haines, who uses this iconoclasm as a tool in Metric. "I think it is the only reason we have been able to survive. We carved out a place for ourselves in between the two." Shaw agrees: "When Emily and I met, I think the very first conversation we ever had was about being the anomaly on the radio," he says. "It was about being the alternative in a world of alt rock—we've never really fit in either space."

While Metric's first two albums, *Old World Underground*, *Where Are You Now?* and *Live It Out*, were indie-rock successes—respectively going gold and platinum in Canada—it was their fourth, most rock-influenced album, *Fantasies*, that vaulted them into the stratosphere. "The response to *Fantasies* was quite surprising for us," says Haines. "Our personal lives were in upheaval. Suddenly, new people seemed to understand and like us in rather large numbers, and it was quite a shock. Our lives really did change with that album." With each new access level, Metric have reached a new set of fans. "We've always taken the approach of growing the band, even when it means swallowing your ego, which is why we have been fine with opening for mainstream acts when the opportunity makes sense," Haines says. "We built this thing to last, and I love meeting people who have just discovered us and are going back to *Old World Underground* and *Live It Out* to get caught up."

Glinting like a neon marquee advertising Metric's career of sinewy electronic rock,

Pagans in Vegas is the synth-flourished jewel in their crown. Relishing in '80s new wave inspiration, from **Depeche Mode** and **The Cure** to modular synthesizers, *Pagans* combines the angsty ethos of early Metric with the bombast of *Fantasies*' arena-sized hooks. "Metric was very much designed to be a means for us to push ourselves in any direction that beckons us for whatever reason," says Haines. "So when [Shaw] played me what he'd been working on and confessed that he had zero desire to record guitars and drums in the same way we had done it before, I was the one who said, 'Let's do this instead.'" The resulting album traverses rhythmic pulsations ("Cascades"), beatific anthems ("Celebrate"), **Vince Clarke**-esque chirps ("Other Side") and instrumental, modular-synth explorations ("The Face, Pt. 1") that push Metric's sound into new territory. Haines' and Shaw's inclination paid off. "Doing the same thing wasn't going to feel right to us," Shaw says. "This music didn't want to go there."

Pagans' lyrical concerns also reflect the group's newfound attitude—exploratory independence. "Lyrically, I am inclined to address the bullshit that went along with [Metric's mainstream success]," Haines says, "because I don't want to be one of those people that gets famous and then never comes back to the world. Celebrities are paraded around in our culture as proof that 'anything is possible,' the way big winners in casinos draw our attention away from the thousands of doomed gamblers the rigged system requires to thrive. I have the highest aspirations for myself possible when it comes to my work, so untangling it from dreams of fame and fortune is tricky." Haines' euphoric declaration of "I want it all" on "The Shade" goads listeners into thinking that the group is content with where they've landed, yet conversely, they're guarded about the whole premise: On "Other Side," Shaw sings, "All we want is to feel like all we got didn't cost us everything," a nervous reflection of their place in the world.

Following the standard that Metric's held since their early days, Haines asserts that repetition has not been conducive to the band's creativity. "The most frightening thing for me as an artist is the idea of spending the rest of my life attempting to repeat what succeeded in the past," she says. "If we've done this right ... we've created a body of work that gives people something they need, whether they've been with us since the beginning or are just finding out about us now."

For more information on *Pagans in Vegas*, follow Metric at [facebook.com/metric](https://www.facebook.com/metric).

WANTS IT ALL

(L-R) Joshua Winstead, Joules Scott-Key, Emily Haines and Jimmy Shaw of Metric are iconoclasts within the music industry.



Photos: Alyssa Gafkjen

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MADISON BLACKLEY

PROFESSIONAL SNOWBOARDER BONAFIDE BADASS

By Lauren Ashley

laurenlouashley@gmail.com

Photos: @cezaryna



Madison Blackley is a shredder from the crew Too Hard.



Frontside boardslide.



Method.

For most of us, being a professional snowboarder sounds like a dream come true: receiving sponsored gear, chasing snowstorms around the world, owning a decent small business built on the reputation of your name, followed by an insurmountable amount of likes on Instagram. Though it seems enticing, this lifestyle isn't at all what we spectators believe it to be. Most professionals are actually about as normal as the average person in the checkout line. Snowboarding professionals often buy their own season passes, travel very little because they lack funding and rarely get noticed in public. For 26-year-old professional snowboarder Madison Blackley, being a pro is about as useful as being a modern-day treasure hunter.

"If there wasn't an industry within snowboarding, everything would be perfect," says Blackley, who has been shredding the Wasatch Mountains since she was a bright-eyed 11-year-old. "Though I've been winning contests since I was 18 and have significant sponsors, I still consider myself an amateur. The term pro is for those who can consistently pay their rent from snowboarding." Throughout her entire career, Blackley has struggled with the realization that the term professional doesn't equal a significant income. Instead of considering herself a professional, Blackley considers herself to be an expert. "I read somewhere that it takes 10,000 hours to become an expert at something," she says. "Considering I've been passionate about a snowboarding career since I was young, I believe I can definitely call myself an expert at snowboarding."

Though Blackley doesn't refer to herself as a pro, at this point in her career, and to the rest of the snowboarding industry, she's not only a professional but, also, a veteran. She's participated in three Dew Tours, has won multiple resort-sponsored rail jams and qualified for the Olympics.

What's so refreshing about Blackley is that she's a realist. Snowboarding is her passion, but she knows where the sport stands in her existence, and she knows how to keep it real. From a young age, Blackley knew that she wanted to pursue a life as a professional rider, so she threw herself out there by participating in any contest available, making connections with other riders and even postponing college so she could focus on the sport. After years of winning on the contest circuit and gaining sponsors, Blackley realized that snowboarding as a professional was as good as a pipe dream. "The Olympics has changed the game for snowboarders like me," says Blackley. "To gain any recognition as an athlete, you almost have to be part of the U.S. Team." Three years ago, before the Dew Tour became the qualifying contest for the U.S. Olympic Slopestyle Team, Blackley was ranked fourth among U.S. females. With a ranking that high, Blackley could have made her break into professional snowboarder status. But to level the playing field for the Olympics, only the top three females qualified for the team. The rest of the competitors, including Blackley, lost their ranks, titles and points from a contest that once helped them prove their skill set and talent to the snowboarding industry. "The Olympics permanently changing the contest circuit, coupled with my stepdad passing away, made me realize that I snowboard be-

cause I'm passionate about the sport, not because I'm passionate about the money or recognition that I could get from it," Blackley says.

Since that catharsis, Blackley has changed the way she engages with snowboarding. Instead of getting bent on being the best pro snowboarder around, she balances her craft and lifestyle with healthy doses of reality. "I wait tables, and I'm going to school for a degree in business," she says. "Ideally, I want snowboarding to always be part of my life, but I also realize it won't last forever." Regardless of her sensible approach, Blackley is still a legitimate professional snowboarder with current sponsorships from companies like Vans, Battalion, Airblaster and Smith. She also rides and shoots film as many days as she possibly can with her riding crew, **Too Hard**. "I guess you can say I chase the snow," she says. "If it's storming and we have a few great days or weeks, I take advantage of it by filming as many spots as I can."

The response to Too Hard has been overwhelming. Not only have these ladies

managed to release three films the last three seasons, they also teamed up with Vice, who did a documentary on them called *Lady Shredders*. "[*Lady Shredders*] couldn't have been more accurate," says Blackley. "They focused on the financial struggle that professional female riders face as well as competing for the public's attention and respect in a male-dominated sport."

Blackley has learned a lot about who she is and how the conventions of the snowboarding industry can help or hurt the lifespan of a professional. From contest junkie to sophisticated and versatile rider, Blackley knows that the best thing she can do as a snowboarder is to stay confident, play to her strengths and be thankful for the moments she has on the mountain. She shows professionals and non-professionals alike that snowboarding isn't always about the hype of winning money and recognition, but about enjoying snowboarding for snowboarding's sake. Check out Madison Blackley and the Too Hard crew on Vimeo.

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Soup with la mein, tofu, broccoli, cabbage, sprouts and tomato broth is one of many hearty noodle combinations at CY Noodles House.

Driving down State Street in South Salt Lake, you can't help but notice a traditional pai-fang, a large and colorful Chinese gate marking the entrance to Salt Lake's Chinatown. This new-ish development houses Utah's largest Asian supermarket as well as a strip mall of notable restaurants.

CY Noodles House opened in the summer of 2015 in Chinatown, offering diners something different in the shopping development. CY stands for Choose Your, as in Choose Your Noodles—a new concept in casual dining. The restaurant is small and cozy with a minimalist and modern feel. A small counter wraps around the open kitchen where you can watch noodles being made. Service is shockingly quick—customers can usually get food in the same amount of time that it takes to get through the lunch rush at Chipotle. The fast-food angle does not mean that the food isn't top notch, though—CY Noodles House offers a short menu with an emphasis on quality and freshness. The wait staff is warm, polite and happy to answer questions about the menu.

Unlike the more traditional restaurants in Chinatown, their menu is concise. Simply pick your noodle and preparation, add a protein and vegetable, and wait for your noodle masterpiece. There are four ways to order noodles: soup (\$9.25), Chow Mein (\$10.75), Dan Dan (\$9.25) and Seasoned Dry Noodles (\$9.25). Although there are eight different noodles to choose from, I've been partial to the la mein, the only noodle made fresh in house. Biting into the la mein is extremely satisfying—it's neither too thick nor too thin; a hefty, toothsome addition to each cooking method. Other interesting options include rice noodles, udon and ramen. Extra shrimp costs \$1, extra noodles are \$2 and extra meat costs \$3.

Protein selections include Angus Beef and Spicy Angus Beef, which adds fiery notes and gratifying meaty characteristics to your dish. The firm tofu is less flavorful, but deftly soaks up the surrounding essence and adds a unique, squishy texture that I enjoy. The most surprising option is the mouth-watering Orange Chicken, which is sweet, savory and covered with a thin layer of crisp fried batter. I ordered this on a whim and was floored by how scrumptious it was. Other options include spicy ground pork, braised short rib, fried shrimp, fried chicken leg quarter and grilled chicken.

Vegetable add-ins are fresh and plentiful. The tender steamed broccoli is my favorite—I love the slightly bitter flavor and firm texture. The pak choy, a nutritious Chinese cabbage, imparts a mellow sweetness as well as a pretty green color. The other veggie options of napa cabbage, bean sprouts and lettuce don't add a

lot of flavor, but they impart a crave-able crunch. You can order all five or opt out altogether.

My favorite soup combination is la mein noodles, tofu, broccoli, cabbage and sprouts steeped in a rich tomato broth. The tomato broth touts an incredibly deep flavor, which I've never tasted before—think of a silky Campbell's tomato soup made with bone broth. Accented with the fresh greens and cubes of spongy tofu, this dish is filling, comforting and healthy. If you're not into tomato, try the Hot and Sour or Traditional Broth.

The Chow Mein is prepared with your choice of noodle, stir-fried with green onions and eggs, then topped with a generous sprinkling of crunchy peanuts bits. My go-to Chow Mein is la mein with Orange Chicken and broccoli. This simple combination is phenomenal. The orange-glazed meat is beautifully balanced with the fresh steamed broccoli and peanuts—a melody of sugared, deep-fried meat and savory flavors. If you're unsure what to order, keep this one in mind.

Traditionally, Dan Dan Noodles are spicy and full-flavored, with chili and garlic used liberally. The heat level varies on each visit, although most of the time, it's well-seasoned with just enough spice to round out the competing tastes. Exercise caution when adding the Spicy Angus Beef to the Dan Dan Noodles—you might be in over your head. On the other end of the flavor spectrum, the Dry Seasoned Noodles come with

a mellow brown sauce. It takes chili sauce or Sriracha to add zest to this dish—perhaps spicy beef or Orange Chicken would be a better accompaniment than the tame tofu I usually order.

To accompany your noodles, order the Shrimp and Scallion Dumplings (\$7.50)—they're a joy to eat. The dumplings are delicate and light, filled with a green paste made of fragrant scallions and shrimp, served with a hot chili sauce. The potstickers (\$5.45) are just as good, filled with the perfect amount of ground pork. They pan fry the bottom of the tender dumpling, creating a delectable, crisp contrast in each bite.

CY Noodles House doesn't have a liquor license, so I console myself with their dessert-like smoothies (\$3.95) instead of sake. Green Tea is my favorite choice—I dig earthy flavors mingled with sweetness. Honey Citron Tea is another good option. For an extra 50 cents, add special popping boba pearls to your smoothie. At first, I was convinced that these boba pearls were actual blueberries—the flavor is so fresh and juicy! It's a nice change of pace from thick, chewy tapioca boba.

Whether you're looking for a quick spot for takeout or feel like lingering over multiple courses, CY Noodles House is your best bet for noodles in South Salt Lake.

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VIOLENT BY NATURE

By Bryer Wharton • bryernw@gmail.com

Excitement seems like a small word to use about the fact that Florida's old-school death metal titans Obituary are coming to Salt Lake City on March 1. The closest that I thought I would ever come to seeing Obituary live was in the spring of 2002 when I saw a band called **Catastrophic**, featuring Obituary guitarist **Trevor Peres**, play a show alongside **Immortal** and **Manowar** up in Seattle. At the time, Obituary were on hiatus with no hints of a regroup. Obituary officially regrouped in 2003, but have not played SLC since. Classics are a must to headbang to live, like "Slowly We Rot," but so are songs from Obituary's latest, their 2015 record, *Inked in Blood*, such as the riff-heavy, fast-to slow-tempo "Visions in my Head." Perhaps the reason why Obituary are such a seminal death metal band is that in making music, they "let happen whatever will happen," says Obituary drummer **Donald Tardy**. "I believe that is the best way we create unique songs and keep the Obituary style."

My nostalgia for Obituary comes from my early teen years, sorting through the CD rack at *The Heavy Metal Shop*, where I found Obituary's album *World Demise*. The cover art and band logo looked cool, so I snagged it. Not long after, I quickly purchased the band's first three albums. I got hooked because they didn't sound like the typical American death metal band. The snarly vocals, mid- to down-tempo-style riffing, a gritty, down-tuned guitar tone and organic yet complex drum tones of Obituary's brand of U.S. death metal is what I love about them.

Inked in Blood, maintains the classic Obituary mid-tempo, guitar tones and crunchy, crushing riffs. The vocals are also more clear and understandable with the new material. In the past, vocalist **John Tardy** (Donald's brother) pretty much snarled everything, and he admitted growling random noises live in the past. *Inked in Blood* sticks to Obituary's roots—progressing the songwriting forward with more guitar complexity, subtle bass-guitar sounds and guitar soloing.



Photo: Ester Segarra

Obituary will pulverize *The Complex* with groovy death metal on March 1.

This album arose from a successful crowd-funding campaign last year, which has enjoyed critical and fan praise. The songwriting took a few years, but the band gained motivation to record the songs because fans who donated to make the album were anxiously awaiting the final product. "We were blown away by the success we had with the Kickstarter campaign," says Don. "It just goes to show how passionate our fans are and how much they want to be a part of it more than just buying an album once it is released." The album is the third that Obituary recorded in their own studio. "It was an amazing project, and we are very proud to say we did it without any outside help—[it was] all recorded live with microphones in the studio, no triggers, no sound replacement, no post-editing cleanups," says Don. "I don't think the fans care where you record it or mix it—as long as it sounds like the band they want—and I think we stayed true with this production. It's not rocket science; it's just metal."

In the early '90s, Obituary focused on their music and avoided being similar to others during the U.S. death metal explosion of that time. Over the years, they stuck to their roots and let the music "flow without thinking too hard," says Don. "We'll leave blastbeats for the other bands. We are happy with that mid-tempo, groovy Obituary style that our fans have grown to love."

Don shares Obituary band duties with John, and they also have a successful side-band called **The Tardy Brothers**. They are working on their next album, and Don expresses that touring will be a big part of the future. Don also played drums for **Andrew WK**'s band during the Obituary break. Earlier in their career, Obituary collaborated with

a hip-hop artist **Necro**, and did a hip-hop vocal remix of one of their songs. "We are not afraid to have fun," says Don. "We are fans of old-school rap, and I still enjoy listening to some of it nowadays—**Ice Cube**, **Da Lench Mob**, **Geto Boys** and, of course, my first love: **The Beastie Boys**."

Don never considered Obituary's six-year hiatus a breakup—"Just a break," he says. "Looking back, it was a great decision to just take a break away from the music scene. It's not an easy industry to try [to] make a career in. Thanks to the fans, we can keep doing this for many years, we hope." As for my excitement to see the band live, Don says, "Obituary is one of those bands that gets more compliments about our live sound and performance than the albums. It is a testament to just how long we have been together playing onstage."

Obituary's lineup contains the original core of members, for the most part: Don, John and Peres. The biggest shift has come via their talented bassist, **Terry Butler**—who played for **Death**, **Six Feet Under** and **Massacre**—who joined in 2010, and newcomer **Kenny Andrews** on guitar. "Both bring such a great attitude and positive vibe to the table that it makes touring and recording such a blast," Don says. "We are all best friends and are having more fun now than ever before, and I think that shows when you see us onstage smiling. We know it's death metal, but we can't help but smile."

Obituary will smile a deathly grin in Salt Lake City March 1 at *The Complex* with **Cannibal Corpse**, **Cryptopsy** and **Abysmal Dawn**.

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ARTES de MÉXICO en UTAH

Photo: Russel Daniels



(L-R) Artes de México en Utah board members Renato Olmedo-González and Claudia Benítez, Projects Coordinator Luis López and Co-founder Susan Vogel connect their community through the appreciation of Mexican art and culture.

The ART of
CREATING
COMMUNITY

ARTES de MÉXICO

By Mariah Mellus • mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

Artes de México en Utah, a Utah community nonprofit, is celebrating its fifth anniversary this month. Five years is a momentous occasion for a nonprofit organization. This organization is small—only one full-time staffer supported by a resourceful, enthusiastic board and dedicated volunteers—but their mission, to promote the appreciation of Mexican art in Utah, is boundless.

Their journey began in 2010, when the *Utah Museum of Fine Arts (UMFA)* featured a traveling exhibition, *Las Artes de México from the collection of the Gilcrease Museum*. UMFA asked **Susan Vogel**, Artes de México co-founder, to create a companion exhibit on **Pablo O'Higgins**, as she had been writing a book about his deep ties to Utah. Vogel was impressed by the connection that youth visitors and patrons had made with a personality like O'Higgins' and realized that his connection to two places was an experience they related to.

At the same time as this exhibit, "Politics had heated up over immigration reform, people were wary of going out in public, [and] people felt threatened by deportation and breaking up families," Vogel says. She feared that the *Saturday Family Day* activities at the UMFA—and subsequently, *Las Artes de México* and the O'Higgins exhibit—would be deserted. Instead, as she turned the corner from the parking lot to the museum entrance one Saturday, she witnessed the power of art to bring people together. Hundreds of families—close to 2,000 people—showed up to enjoy food, games, crafts and conversation. "At the exhibit's wrap session, we sat down and brainstormed how to keep this momentum going," she says. With the support of early grantors—the Utah Humanities Council, Utah Division of Arts and Museums, Salt Lake City Arts Council and ZAP—and a strong partnership with the Consulate of México in Salt Lake City, Artes de México en Utah was formed.

Artes de México has since celebrated the visual arts through statewide traveling exhibits featuring the work of artists **Frida Kahlo**, **José Guadalupe Posada**, **Agustín Casasola** and **José María Velasco**, to name a few. Also, once a month, Artes de México offers academic discussions at the lovely and historic *Jane's Home* in downtown Salt Lake. **Claudia Benítez**, an Artes de México board member, says, "Culture isn't just art or music—it's everything that connects a community. Our programs honor the rich Mexican culture." This series features professionals and educators discussing everything from contemporary Mexican architecture to the history of tequila.

Latino immigrants are often expected to leave their culture in the past and adopt the "American Way" in the States. Contrary to the typical "melting pot" theory of the U.S., however, Artes de México board member **Renato Olmedo-González** relates the Latino cultural dynamic to a salad effect: "In the melting pot, we don't know where one starts and the other finishes, but for Latinos, we can pick out the pieces—we're more like a tossed salad," he says. This tossed-salad effect can be traced back generations upon generations to the early colonization of Mexico. Art provides a great access point to relate to communities, history and heritage. Artes de México offers classes in English and Spanish on a variety of subjects including Ancient Mexico, Colonial Mexico, the Mexican Revolution, Mexican Muralism, Post-Revolution art and society, and contemporary Mexican and U.S./Latino art.

Over the last five years, Artes de México has found much success in offering programs as diverse as the community it represents. Mainstay programs like the *Domino Mexican Independent Film Tour* celebrates its fourth year while the third annual *Sor Juana Poetry Competition* pushed through tradition and became the first Spanish-language program to receive honors dur-

ing the Utah Humanities Book Festival. Named after 17th Century Mexican poet **Juana Inés de la Cruz**, the competition is sponsored by the Utah Humanities Council, and this ceremony was the first time that Spanish-language poetry shared the main stage with the many other valued content and programs of the Humanities Council. Check artesmexut.org to find out how to submit come mid to late spring.

Their newest program, *Día de los Niños*, takes Artes de México programmers back to their childhood. *Día de los Niños*, the celebration of Children's Day, is on April 30. Olmedo-González says, "I always looked forward to Children's Day activities when I was a kid. Children get the day off from school, and kids are out playing at the parks and running through the sprinklers. I remember going on special field trips, but they don't celebrate it here in the States." In a partnership with Discovery Gateway, Artes de México created Utah's first *Día de los Niños* celebration last year. Hundreds of people showed up to give their kids the opportunity to celebrate this holiday like they did as children, and others wanted to teach their kids about different cultures and traditions. The community's response was so amazing, Artes de México has decided to make this an annual celebration, and has partnered with the *Natural History Museum of Utah* for this year's event.

Artes de México isn't just for the Latino community or just about art—Artes is for our entire community. If you'd like to know more about this fabulous community resource, their extensive programming opportunities or forthcoming fifth-anniversary activities, join their newsletter at artesmexut.org. Classes are free and open to anyone!

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Initially founded in Los Angeles in 2012, the name *Suicide Lane Cycles* is a not-so-subtle reference to co-founder **Nik Garff's** home city. After a brief stint on the sunny West Coast, he and **Davy Bartlett** returned to Salt Lake City, transforming a 10-years-vacant, former automotive shop just off State Street into a stunning retail space and custom motorcycle workshop. "When we got here, it was full of old shit—old car parts and everything that this building had ever been piled up for a decade," says Bartlett. "So we spent the better part of a year cleaning it out and building our shop. Everything in here was here already—all the wood on the walls was old shelving that was here, as well as the valve shims on our countertop. We sweated a lot, but we didn't put a lot of money into what is here."

Visitors to their space will find a cleanly laid-out display of products from various motorcycle brands, much of which is arranged on custom-built mounts made of old tools and hardware found packed away in the building when they inherited it. A customized Harley-Davidson Sportster rests prominently in the front window display. Hats, patches, helmets and shop manuals are stacked in shelves on their walls along with an ancient punch clock they found—just

for the hell of it. It gives one the feeling that they have been there longer than a year, though they recently celebrated their one-year anniversary at their current location, where they displayed photographs by **Kristin Roper** in a collection entitled *Mothers Who Ride*, which featured two-wheeling women along with their kin. Their shop was packed with people checking out their bikes, photos and metal mask art pieces that Bartlett made.

Tucked away in the back are a dozen motorcycles lined up and—similar to form—there are neatly organized tools mounted at workbenches, which aligns with *Suicide Lane's* ethos: "We don't ever compromise the integrity or performance of a bike," says Bartlett. "Especially as a Dad and a business owner, if I sell someone a motorcycle, it has to [be able to] stop. ... We used to not ride our bikes as safely as we do now, but age, experience and having kids changes how you do everything. We aren't afraid to go fast, but I'd rather ride my bike forever than a little bit faster."

Seeing the work that has gone into their bikes and retail space almost makes one winded, along with

merely thinking about the attention to detail and all of the blood, sweat and oil they have spilled in pursuit of excellence. "I just want to improve upon what has already happened," says Bartlett. "I don't want to do the same thing over and over again." They work to order, but also love when they can get personally creative. Says Garff, "You will always get the best result by letting the craftsman do what he does best."

Suicide Lane offers both customization as well as mechanical servicing, which means that if it has two wheels and makes loud noises, they can work on it. Although both of them are equally capable, they both tend to focus on different tasks when creating a custom bike. "Nik is definitely the fabricator; I'm definitely the wrench," says Bartlett. Davy agrees: "We both collaborate on design," he says. "He usually cleans the bathrooms more than me, and I put up with his dad jokes." They acknowledge that if a customer asks for something they can't do or someone else does a lot better, they aren't afraid to refer them to another shop. "I think every shop has developed its own aesthetic, and I think that is really important," says Bartlett. "I love everyone [in the motorcycle community] that I know, and all the shops that are in Salt Lake have brought their own personality to the table."

They both feel that people shouldn't be afraid to get into motorcycling, though they admit that it might seem daunting. "I have met so many cool people [through motorcycles]," says Garff. "People LOVE talking about their bikes. Don't be intimidated if they've got a big beard and a bunch of tattoos—go up and compliment them on their bike and ask them about it. You'll make friends, too."

ESCAPE FROM LA. **SUICIDE LANE CYCLES**

By Tyson Call @clancycoop



(L-R) Davy Bartlett and Nik Garff of *Suicide Lane Cycles* set up their custom motorcycle workshop in Salt Lake in 2014.

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What's Doin' at the RUIN

By Jordan Deveraux
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Photo: John Barkiple



(L-R) Lance Saunders, Cale Montrone, Jonathan Kooley, Rheda Fouad and Michael McCaleb want you to hang out at *The Ruin*.



Just outside the hubbub of the recently bustling granite district of Sugar House is a bar that doesn't care how fast you can chug a beer. There is no flat-screen television broadcasting a football game, no video poker or shuffleboard in the corner. Nachos, for better or worse, cannot be had here. *The Ruin*—the newest and most refined vision for public drinking—has arrived and resides just east of Highland Drive on Wilmington Avenue.

Many different entrepreneurial backgrounds converged to create *Ruin*, which officially opened its doors to the public on Dec. 11, 2015. Co-owners Cale Montrone, editor of *Revolv Magazine*; Jon Kooley, creative director of *LI Outerwear*; Michael McCaleb, co-founder of *Zuriick*; and Rheda Fouad, CFO of *Super Top Secret*, hashed out the idea for the bar, without any prior bar-ownership experience, then later brought on Lance Saunders (co-owner *Urban Lounge*, *S&S Presents*, *Rye & Drinks* and *Kilby Court*).

Aside from the twang of '50s rock n' roll playing through the P.A., the atmosphere is a quiet one. "The concept derived from someone's living room, taking that to the bar scene, so you have the feeling that you're at somebody's house more than you're at a bar," says McCaleb. But that's not to say it's one of those wine-and-cheese, book-club kind of living rooms where the stench of Prozac and divorce lingers in the air. They still serve Pabst by the can, but there is definitely a clear point of departure from, say, *Sugar House Pub*. "You can't come in here and get a shot of Fireball," says Fouad. "I don't want some guys in here chest-bumping."

Upon walking through the doors of Sugar House's newest watering hole, I notice the sheer angles of the stainless-steel bar and the bronze lighting, which makes me think of all manner of dark spirits—whiskey and rum, that is. But the lights aren't dim to hide puke stains or any other form of drunken blight. Rather, they create harmony between the organic and inorganic—the wood from the tables and chairs contrast with the steel polish of the exposed trusses and ducts overhead to create an overall effect of purpose. "Everything in this bar was custom-made for this bar," says Saunders. In fact, much of the furniture was built by the proprietors themselves, including the barstools and the two-top tables built into the wall, which offers a sense of being in a library with the desk-lamp lighting.

The Ruin is much less a judgment of bars that provide an atmosphere for hooligan-ery than it is one that seeks an alternative to the typical features of a bar. Absent, too, are the things one might find on the walls of your average roadhouse. "There are so many bars that I go to where I'm assaulted by ads all the time," says Saunders. Indeed, the only signage on the walls of *The Ruin* is a neon last-call sign, the purpose of which is to prevent the bartender from having to yell across the room. Neither are there portraits of buxom ladies nor '70s guitar idols.

Everything about this bar reflects the minimalist philosophy that the owners intended. A lot of the furniture is Mid-Century modern. The menu is solid, and the drinks are simple. To cut the time it takes to get a cocktail, bartenders use a limited palette of

four or less ingredients. Montrone, *Ruin's* General Manager, assures me that taste doesn't suffer in the equation, saying that all possible ingredients, including all of the juices, are made in house.

The Ruin will be a saving grace for anyone looking for tranquility in the recently developed and dense areas of Sugar House. It will cater to the new apartments as well as young professionals working in the area. "We want to be the place where people come get a drink after work," says Montrone.

Amid Utah's changing economic climate will emerge a new generation of competitive business owners in Salt Lake City who realize the necessity of innovation and uniqueness to maintain a successful enterprise. "It's hard to make something completely different—[Utah bars] all have access to the same type of liquor," says Fouad, "[but] there are better restaurants here than there were 10 years ago. That should be happening with bars." You can expect to see businesses similar to *Ruin* sprouting up around the valley because the owners' vision doesn't stop at this one bar. "This is a stepping stone in a bigger picture," says Kooley.

We are constantly affected by the spaces we inhabit. At the risk of sounding like a jerk, I'll hazard a guess that this is the theory behind architecture and interior design—to create mood by virtue of space and décor. *The Ruin* and its atmosphere will instill a mood that is neither smug nor slobbering, blotto nor sober, which is its intention.



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SISYPHEAN ART: DAVID BROTHERS' ROLITHICA

By Brian Kubarycz
knaibr@hotmail.com

David Brothers is a local multimedia artist best known for film sets built for directors of both local and national renown. This commercial scenographic work, though frequently seen by many, hardly represents the full range of his talents. In a show at the *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art (UMOCA)*, Brothers features close to 15 color photographic prints that reveal not just his panoramic vision but also his underappreciated knack for capturing specific perspectives and unique moments. The show, obscurely entitled *Rolithica*, debuted Jan. 29 and includes both a full-scale installation and photographs capturing select glimpses of *Rolithica*, an artificial reality that exists principally in Brothers' imagination. "It's an invented place," Brothers says, "one inhabited more by derelict architecture, props and dummies than real people."

The cultural detritus that the world *Rolithica* comprises creates an implicit, visceral sense of forgotten narrative, lost history. Simply put, Brothers assembles and documents large-scale, artificial ghost towns with the same imaginative eye that an archaeologist might bring to the reconstruction of uncovered ruins. With the exception of the installation piece, Brothers considers photographs the ideal final format in which to present the cosmos of *Rolithica*. Despite working in a flat medium composed principally of light and shadow, Brothers' understanding of photography remains highly material and gestural, like a daily process of rag picking. "I think of photography as a form of building," he says. "When I take photos, I feel myself to be collecting and composing patterns, colors and textures into larger compositions. Photography is never far removed from my need to carve, build and decorate."

"Perhaps I'm being too modest," says Brothers, "but I still don't consider myself a real photographer." Brothers hardly dismisses that art form, however, and indeed mentions a number of photographers who deeply impress him—in particular, he likes the photography of artists such as **Roger**

Ballen, who has worked extensively with **Die Antwoord**. "I admire his way of filming the gritty and grotesque admixture which is South African township culture," he says. The *UMOCA* show will present Brothers' two-dimensional work in conjunction with the aforementioned constructed set. At the time of this interview, the set was still to take on its finished form, but so far appears to be a cavern cut from hundreds of square feet of industrial Styrofoam. The structure is impressively large—one could crawl through its tunnels.

When I approach Brothers' studio, I find myself suddenly within a hangar strewn with an odd array of antiques and curios selected from various decades, as well as a number of set paintings harkening back to eras ranging from the Great Depression to the Vietnam War. These sundry oddments range in size from the monumental (a massive painted portrait of **Lyndon B. Johnson**) to the miniature (sewn dummies, toy shoes and kindergarten furniture). It is a web of temporal and spatial contradictions, a space populated by objects whose origin, function and relationship seem anchored solely by the presence of Brothers himself. "I've been rescuing and collecting props for years," he says. Indeed, you can see the growing collection expanding throughout Brothers' warehouse studio. "At present, I am fascinated by modifying discarded shoes and other castaway items," he says, "as well as exploring the kind of curious objects that accumulate around roadside shrines and memorials."

An evenly graying bespectacled figure, covered in Styrofoam dust and seated in an antique wicker chair, "I'm just an old guy in Utah," Brothers says nonchalantly. To lend evidence to his claim of being a curmudgeon, Brothers proceeds into a minor rant about his frustration with major tech corporations and their propensity to discontinue software that he considers vital to his work. "I had many, many gigs of files I could no longer treat and had to throw away," he says. "But fuck it."

Old guy or not, Brothers' work remains intractably rooted in a youthful spirit of irreverence and rebellion, one he contracted as a Utah outsider of the '70s and '80s. Brothers' memories are centered mostly around alternative media. "For a brief and exciting moment, certain persons were able to sneak into the establishment and subvert it," he says. "It was a time America was not yet saturated in irony, and **Jimmy Carter** could still shock the nation by confessing to lustful thoughts in *Playboy* magazine. It was then I realized I could do art by myself, in my own way." *Rolithica*, which is composed of glossy, high-resolution images of ersatz storefronts and derelict billboards, represents Brothers' own effort to use the sleek technology of the film industry in defiance of the industry's own intentions.

Another crucial influence on Brothers was **Dennis Hopper's** film *Easy Rider*, which he sees as utterly groundbreaking. "In retrospect," Brothers says, "it's not a great film, but it still produced some powerful, disruptive and iconic images." *Easy Rider* created a kind of countercultural or marginal mystique that figures in Brothers' photographic art, which aestheticizes abandoned personal objects and derelict public spaces. Though not interested in glamorous faces or figures, each of *Rolithica's* images relates a monumental film still, full of ambient energy not yet condensed around a human body, but hovering around and between inanimate puppets and other objects.



Photo: Russel Daniels

David Brothers has unveiled the imaginary world of *Rolithica* at UMOCA.

shoot, so there's no tendency to overbuild." Nevertheless, these sets are highly labor-intensive, taking some two to three hundred hours to complete. "Sometimes I feel like Sisyphus," he says, "always building, only to tear back down—though I have learned to find satisfaction in futility."

Brothers describes himself as someone who needs a constant challenge. "I learned to be persistent mostly by observing the intense motivation of others. I guess I need a battle, though deadlines certainly help." Brothers' preferred form of

Brothers had always been a fan of Southern Gothic literature. "I loved **Flannery O'Connor** and the rants of Baptist preachers," he says. Riffing off of the conventions of fundamentalist Christianity and fringe cults of the day, Brothers, at only 20, created an absurd quasi-entity called The Church of Jayne Mansfield, and regularly aired inflammatory broadcasts on a Christian radio station. The station's regular listeners soon began calling in to voice their outrage. "It spun out of control," he says. It caught the attention of the national media, and in short time, Brothers found himself receiving queries from *Rolling Stone* magazine. Others might seize the moment to gain celebrity status, but Brothers chose otherwise. "It was a piece of performance art," he says, "but I felt it had become too fake, easy. I shut it down."

In his current art practice, Brothers builds and photographs without any official assistant. "I've learned to work fast," he says. "I know in advance what I need for a

battle is not a quest for victory so much as a mere struggle for survival. "I come from a post-hippie, non-yuppie background," he says. "For us, to be ambitious was uncool." Consequently, when asked about how it feels now to suddenly receive the artistic recognition he has for so long lacked, the voluble artist suddenly grows pensive.

Brothers tells me he grew up as the junior member of a community of Utah artists, most of them based in Davis County. These were all very gifted, driven, generous and inspiring persons, Brothers says, "but each seemed to have some fatal flaw, the kind of thing that wrecks a career but makes for a great novel." As opposed to advancing a career, Brothers claims simply to have immersed himself in his present work. "When I consider that I've remained a motivated and active artist for so many years, I feel I've had success all along."

To survive financially, Brothers has worked as a "key scenic" (managing a crew of four to 12 set painters) for a variety of well-known projects, including Disney films such as *High School Musical*. "I've always loved my job," he says. "I love to paint." Brothers' life as a painter initially began in the Studio Art and Film programs at the University of Utah. "But I felt I arrived a year or two too late," he says. "I would hear stories of how wildly creative the environment used to be, about visits by major troublemakers like **Chris Burden** and **Andy Warhol**. But all that went away. I remember being told by one of the remaining older teachers that art school had become a place artists go to die." Brothers tried to maintain a free and provocative spirit nevertheless, and he always chose the more difficult path. "Filmmaking back in those pre-digital days, it was so complicated and expensive," he says. "You'd have had to be insane to go into it." Indeed, Brothers considers much of the most interesting art from that time to have been decidedly low-tech. "I remember the beginnings of zine culture, or feeling the need to inspect every telephone pole in the city to know what was going on."

Aside from DIY graphic culture, Brothers also drew inspiration from various venerable institutions around Salt Lake. "I really liked the old *Natural History Museum* on the [University of Utah] campus," he says. "It still had a *Smithsonian* mystique to it. And I remember the feeling of entering the old *Hansen Planetarium*. These places awakened my sense of time and memory." To step into these buildings was to be transported, like **Fredric Jameson** stepping into the *Weston Bonaventure*, into a fantastic, alternative world. For Brothers, their disappearance is a genuine cultural loss. "When I was much younger, I didn't think much of it, but now, when I see an old building being torn down, I get really pissed." Our current consume/dispose/move-on society is far too transitory for Brothers. "Nobody stays put anymore," he says. Nor, he believes, does anybody respect the slow personalizing process of dilapidation, the time it takes to break things in.

In contrast, Brothers has created *Rolithica*, an imaginary world in which Brothers can abide. "There is no script and there are no identifiable characters," he says, though there is an implicit set of rules which—right down to the artificial language Brothers invented for his world—determine *Rolithica's* evolving shape, of which Brothers' photos grant us fragmentary glimpses. All of this lends *Rolithica* a sense of what Brothers calls "divinity," which, in my view, could mean the possibility of creating a private world on his own unique terms, one with some residual sense of mystery, of "aura." By this, Brothers seems to maintain a sense of self-sufficiency and the freedom to create a world of objects that exist for their own sake, still building churches after all these years—hence Brothers' imperative to decorate.

David Brothers' *Rolithica* opened Jan. 29 and runs through April 30 at the *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art*. An opening reception will be held on Feb. 5 at 7 p.m. The exhibition and reception are free and open to the public.

David Brothers creates unsettling puppets that inhabit *Rolithica*.



Photo: Russel Daniels



Photo: Russel Daniels

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

By James Orme • greaserjames@gmail.com

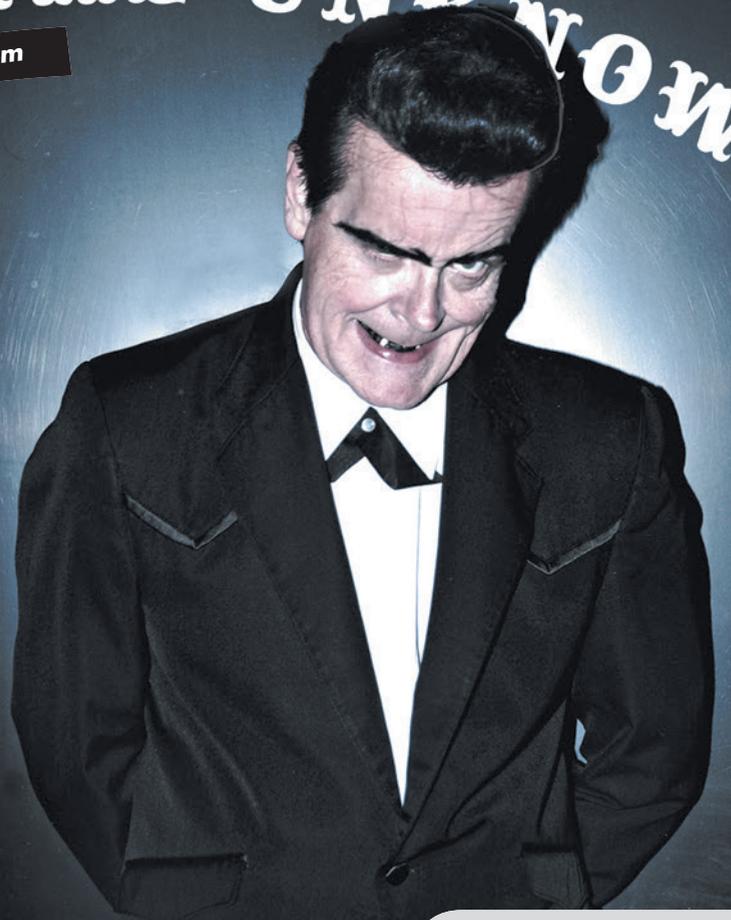


Photo: Justice Howard

When I think of the classic country music era, what strikes me is how many colorful and different characters there were. There were dangerous personalities like **Merle Haggard** and **Johnny Cash**, and happy, genial types like **Buck Owens** or **Eddy Arnold**—whatever they were, they were memorable. For whatever reason, these characters seemed to have all but dried up, so when you discover a character like Unknown Hinson, there's so much to latch onto that you can't help but become fascinated by him. This king of country western troubadours—who stops by *The Depot* on March 5—discussed all sorts of topics, from his hair to his guitar playing. The conversation, with his signature Southern drawl on the other end, left no doubt in my mind that he's truly one of a kind.

SLUG: What do you think of country music today?

Unknown Hinson: It ain't got no heart, no sweat. It's completely manufactured. It's something to keep the vidiya [sic] meters a taggin'. I don't pay no attention to it. I couldn't tell you who the number one country star is if my life depended on it. I don't listen to the radio unless it's an oldies station or something.

SLUG: Who's your definition of good country?

Hinson: My favorite all-time country artist is **Faron Young**—he was popular back in the '50s—and guys like **Lefty Frizzell** and **Hank Williams Sr.**, of course—just real, honest songwriter singers. These days, it's a whole circus where you pay \$50 to \$100 to see 'em get up and pantomime their songs. Some of them don't even really sing onstage.

SLUG: You're quite the accomplished guitar player. Who are some of your guitar heroes?

Hinson: Well, my mama picked guitar when I was a little-bitty boy, and she showed me one chord, and after that, she said, "Look here: If you want to do this, you'll figure it out," and she disappeared. I never saw her again, but I stuck with it. As far as heroes—**Django Reinhardt**, **Merle Travis**, **Chet Atkins**, **Joe Maphis**—I even like some of the surf guitarists like **Dick Dale**. I like anything that's well-executed.

SLUG: You have such a great head of hair. How have you kept it up all these years?

Hinson: It's a lot of work, but I would do anything for the wor-mens [sic]. My wor-mens fanbase wants to see me, so it's the Unknown Hinson ecosystem. The wor-mens get their men to buy tickets—'cause they want to see the King

singing and playing his guts out—and buy her drinks, so when she's feeling real good, he gets lucky when he takes her home. I don't get to go home with her—I just put her in the mood. That's my job; that's my quest.

SLUG: It was recently **Elvis'** 81st birthday—R.I.P. What are your thoughts on Elvis? Is he still the King?

Hinson: He's definitely the King of Rock n' Roll. If you don't like Elvis, you must be communist, ya know. I like his early stuff, before he went into the service, before he started making all those Hollywood movie pictures and became a different thing.

SLUG: You're coming to town with **The Reverend Horton Heat**. Do you like touring with them?

Hinson: We just did our third show last night, and it's been wonderful. Everyone's treatin' me real well, and touring with Reverend Horton Heat is great. They're like one of my top three favorite bands in the world. They're unbelievable musicians, and it's such a treat to play with and watch them every night.

Catch Unknown Hinson, the king of country western troubadours, at *The Depot* on March 5.

SLUG: What's the perfect Friday night for Unknown Hinson?

Hinson: One of my show-date concerts: everybody happy, good sound, lots of liquor and plenty of purdy wor-mens. That sounds good to me—that's all I really need.

SLUG: Who do think should be our next president?

Hinson: To be 100-percent honest with you, I don't even know who's running. I don't follow politics. I'm not allowed to vote 'cause I'm an ex-con—I don't have a votin' card, so I don't pay it much attention. All I can do is live each day as best I can, love as many wor-mens as I can and entertain the folks.

To say Unknown Hinson is quite the character would be a vast understatement—he's set on a path to reach legendary status. Folks will be talking about Unknown Hinson for years and years after he's gone, and there's something right about that. Check out Unknown Hinson when he plays with **The Reverend Horton Heat** and **Legendary Shack Shakers** at *The Depot* on March 5.

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SLUG Magazine hosted a Mad Max-themed ski and snowboard contest for the 16th annual SLUG Games Amateur Ski and Snowboard Competition Series Presented By Monster Energy on Saturday, Jan. 23, at Brighton Resort in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Congratulations to SLUG Games winners and thanks to all participants! Special thanks to the Brighton Diggers

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Photos: Chris Kiernan – (1) Henry Hawkins, 17 & Under Men's Snowboard 3rd Place, mute grab (2) Nate McCartney, 17 & Under Men's Ski 1st Place, cork 540 (3) Royal Reed, 17 & Under Men's Snowboard 2nd Place, One-footer (4) Zach Preobrazhensky Men's Open Ski 3rd Place, switch 540

Photo: @cezaryna – (5) Trevor Eichellberger, Best Trick, gap frontside lip from the big jump to the down bar (switch screamin' semen)

Sundance Film Festival 2016

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SNOW



Griffen Siebert • Backside 180 • Mt. Hood, Oregon

By Bob Plumb • bobbyplumb@yahoo.com

Snowboarding with your friends is the best feeling. Last spring, we went on a drinkwater tour through Oregon with all the homes. This photo sums up the day we live in: one guy snowboarding and everyone filming or shooting photos with their phone. Nobody does it like Griff, flying through the air, grabbing his board and going backward.



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Tinder Bender

By Mike Brown • mgb90210@gmail.com

It's amazing what our phones can do these days. They're little computers in our pocket that keep us all warm at night and do everything for us. Children today are so lucky—they'll never have to know what the *Yellow Pages* are or what the Dewey Decimal System did. And if they want to find out, well, they just have to stick their hand down their pants and Google it. In fact, to me it's strange that we are even still calling them phones. Phone calls are the thing I least use my phone for. Among the many apps in Cyber Land, there are several that will supposedly help you get laid, go on a boring date or meet a life partner—whichever you prefer. The most popular one is probably Tinder.

I found out about Tinder by walking into a local diner that was pretty empty at that moment, except for a row of snowboard kids sitting at the bar, most of whom I knew. None of them were eating, and all of them were simultaneously and quietly glued to the glows of their cellular tellurals. So I sit down and say, "What the fuck are you guys doing?" to which one of the snow bros replied, "We're on Tinder, dude. You match with girls, and most of them probably want to fuck." So I say, "Oh, so it's kind of like Grindr?" to which no one replied. None of the snowboarders had heard of Grindr. I guess that's why snowboarders don't use poles.

I decided to take a seat and see what all the non-fuss was about. The instructions were simple: You look at a picture, and if you like it, you swipe right. If you don't like it, you swipe left. For how much I enjoy being lazy, I thought that this just might be the perfect dating app for me. Unfortunately, I'm not that photogenic. I've gotten comments from more than one of my matches on my Tinder profile along the lines of, "Why do you look like a serial killer?" and whatnot.

My OkCupid profile had taken a shit as of lately, so I went ahead and started swiping. The first thing I noticed was the amount of BYU coeds on the app—another Happy Valley, Utah, stereotype in the making. This made me wonder why so many BYU babes would flirt with jeopardizing the honor code, and it made me laugh. Were they were so naïve that they didn't know the primary reason of the app was for anonymous sex? Either way, none of the Zubie chicks listed in their profiles if they were into floating or not. (If you don't know what floating is, please just Google it right now.)

This app works WAY different for girls overall than it does boys. Us silly boys, with our need for instant gratification and fast ejaculation, are basically a sea of creeps. I, myself, hardly ever matched with anyone when I was on the app, and I get mistaken for **Michael Fassbender** like all the time. But every girl I was a friend with that would show me her Tinder profile on her phone had an ungodly amount of matches and creepy messages.

Another thing I have noticed about Tinder is the amount of fishing pictures people have on their profiles. Personally, I hate fishing, but there is something

oddly subliminally metaphorical going on here: You are figuratively fishing for people on this app, so it makes sense to show off a giant rainbow trout. The Tinder fish-pic drinking game soon ensued. It's pretty self-explanatory—take a shot for every fish pic you swipe. You'll be too wasted in no time to message back that terrible person you accidentally liked on the app.

As worthless as the app was for me, I'm sure that it works great for some people. One of the funniest parts about working in a cozy neighborhood bar is noticing the awkwardness of a couple's first Tinder date. That "You don't look like your profile pics at all" face that I get to see people make is priceless. One of the great-

est pranks of mankind could just be Apple's camera settings' ability to make us look way more attractive than we will ever be.

But sometimes the Tinder date goes all right. You might get laid, or the person turns out to actually not be creepy. Then what? Nowadays, there come certain new milestones in our relationships, such as changing our Facebook status from single to whatever—and deleting your Tinder app is no exception. How do you know the one you are with is really down? It's not the flowers, nice dinners, meeting the parents or even the ring. It's cleaning out your cell phone and deleting your browser history.



Illustration: Garrick Dean

Swipe right for Mike Brown.

BEER OF THE MONTH

By Mike Riedel • alegeek@gmail.com

Sour IPA

Brewery/Brand: Epic Brewing Company
ABV: 4.0%
Serving Style: Draft, 22-oz. bottle

IPAs are a hot item in Utah's craft beer scene. Every brewery in the state has one, and it doesn't matter if it's the full-strength (true-to-style) version or the 4-percent, Utah-session variety—people want them, and they're drinking the breweries dry. IPAs aren't the only hot beer style out there, though. There is another trending style that's busted its way onto the local beer scene as well—sour beers. These jaw-locking beers couldn't be more different in taste to their English-inspired cousins. Whereas IPAs are malty and bitter, sour beers are massively tart and fruity. When a brewery faces two "must-have" beer styles and has the audacity to cross-breed them, they make sour IPAs! If you think this is a good idea, sit back and enjoy the show—if not, let's see if I can at least try and expand your horizons a little.

Our story begins at Epic Brewing with brewmaster **Kevin Crompton** and his team of enthusiastic brewers. These guys never met a beer they didn't like—combine that with the tenacity to invent something new to Utah, and you've got the basis of some serious "mad scientist" beer-bending. Epic's been experimenting with the bitterness of hops and levels of acidity for over a year to come up with the right blend of sour, pucker and hop-smack to appeal to Utah's ever expanding beer palates. All that hard work has paid off, and people have exclaimed, "We like it and we want more!"

The popularity of the test batches was overwhelmingly positive—so much so that Epic decided to include it in their new Utah Session Series of beers that hit grocery stores and bars last month. This is a beer that was made for session drinking (one after another).

Description: This IPA hybrid pours a slightly hazy, straw/copper hue, with a serious amount of effervescence and a healthy two-and-a-half fingers of puffy and pocky, bone-colored head. As the beer disappears from the glass, the head leaves a decent fence of foam lace around the glass. The nose is dusty and smells of grain and wood with a big lemon smack. Pine needles

and musty grapefruit peel finish off the aroma, creating a bitter salad of sour orchard fruits, florals and dry wood. The taste starts sharp with big lemon and doughy malts. There's a bit of harsh grain huskiness as well. Sharp cheese comes next, generating a ghostly sweetness on the back of the tongue. The end lends itself to the hops. Neutral citrus peel pops in, providing a twang on the sides of the tongue as a healthy dose of astringent pine resin wraps itself around some sour yeasty notes. It finishes bone dry, with the yeast, lemony wood and leafy hops forming a Potential Hydrogen "PH" tornado. The carbonation is fairly understated after its initial frothy overtures, and the body is medium-light in weight and not particularly smooth.

Overview: So this is what a "mad scientist" beer looks like. It won't appeal to every palate, and it may surprise—pleasantly or otherwise. Fucking with the laws of beer nature can reap huge rewards or huge disappointments. Like all IPAs, this beer will shine while the hops are fresh, so take notice of its freshness. I've noticed over time that the hops can take on a cheesy flavor that can be off-putting. Ultimately, it's you, the consumer, who will decide if cutting-edge brews such as these will stand the test of time, but you owe it to yourselves to get your asses out there and experience it for yourselves. You'll be a better beer geek for it.

Cheers!



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SKEATHE

By Niels Jensen • njensen1@gmail.com



Every skater knows the feeling: Getting a trick at an amazing spot that is nearly impossible to skate provides a unique sense of satisfaction. Unfortunately, we all know the other side of it as well. With Erik Jensen filming, Mark Judd of After Dark Skateboards attempts an extra-long nose manual at the new Federal Courthouse in Downtown SLC. It only took two attempts to alert security, robbing him of the landing. You win some, you lose some. But knowing Mark, this ledge hasn't seen the last of him.



GALLERY STROLL



Photos: Talyn Sherer

Enjoy masked creations while wearing a mask of your own at the Utah Arts Festival's annual Masquerade Party.

Escaping Winter with Gallery Stroll

By Mariah Mellus
mmellus@utahfilmcenter.org

Winter can be smothering at times, choking out our days with blankets of snow—or worse, smog. Utah's winter weather could be why this month's *Gallery Stroll* offerings lean toward escapism. Whether it's finding comfort in similarities, exploring dreamlike lands, or partying like it's Fat Tuesday, the *Salt Lake Gallery Stroll* has the cure for all those winter hues.

Utah Arts Alliance presents the second annual *Curiouser and Curiouser* exhibit at the *Urban Arts Gallery*. Local artists explore the imaginative and wondrous world of Lewis Carroll's beloved classics *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. A Mad Artists reception party will be held Friday, Feb. 19 from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. in conjunction with the public *Gallery Stroll*. Patrons will enjoy a Mad Hatter-style tea party. Costumes are not mandatory—however, best-dressed will be awarded prizes. Enjoy the various interpretations of this timely tale while sipping on tea and cookies, all the while enjoying the vibrant ambience of DJs and live music. Everyone is welcome. The *Urban Arts Gallery* is located at 137 South Rio Grande St. at *The Gateway*. For those who want a quieter gallery experience, the show opens Feb. 2, and will be on display through Thursday, Feb. 28. For more info, visit urbanartsgallery.com.

Relating to someone else is an effective way to escape one's own tedious reality. It's the basis for reality television's popularity, and one reason why people

look to connect to the world through various media art forms. It's a fundamental part of our being to connect ideas, share experiences and relate to the people around us. On Feb. 19, *Alpine Art and Frame* open the exhibit *Relatable*, a clever show focused on artists who are related—not by blood, but by their style, approach, medium, subject matter, color or composition. We know that art has a way of speaking to the viewer, but what message will it convey when it sings in a chorus of related work? *Alpine Art* is located at 430 E. South Temple, and the opening reception is Friday, Feb. 19, from 6 to 9 p.m.

Ready to get out of Dodge but can't afford a Vegas vacation or a trip to promenade Bourbon Street? Try a mini getaway to the *Falls Event Center* on Feb. 20 for the *Utah Arts Festival's* annual *Masquerade Party*, benefiting the 40th annual *Utah Arts Festival*. Enjoy food, drinks, dancing and "just for fun" gaming (it's still Utah, kids—no gambling here). Tickets can be purchased at uaf.org. Now, if you only had something to wear—fear not: The mask exhibit on display through Feb. 12 at the *Utah Arts Festival Gallery* on 230 S. 500 W. can provide you with lots of wardrobe inspiration. Twenty-six of Utah's hottest artists created one-of-a-kind mask creations, all of which are available for purchase and can be picked up prior to the big party for your stylish escape.

When the pressure of winter seems like too much and you need a change in scenery, don't head for the hills—go out for a *Gallery Stroll*.

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ASK A COP



Illustration: Brighton Metz

Dear Ask a Cop,

I wanted to get your opinion on a recent experience that I had at the Salt Lake County Jail. I was booked for a D.U.I. one night a couple of weeks ago. Prior to getting the D.U.I., I had been struggling emotionally and been suicidal. While I was being booked at the jail, I was accused of being a heroin addict, ridiculed for being a journalist, and belittled for the clothing I was wearing. In the holding cell, I tried to slit my wrists with the wire from my bra. The next thing I know, I was tackled to the floor by three officers and doused with so much pepper spray that I couldn't breathe. I was taken to the medical floor, where I was thrown in a cell with a metal bed and shoved food through the door three times a day. My body swelled up from the pepper spray, including my hands and face. I had a severe reaction to the pepper spray, and started having serious heart palpitations. My wrist became infected and oozing. I continually pleaded with the guard to see the nurse or the doctor, and he walked by and laughed at me.

Two days later, I finally saw the doctor and was admitted to the general holding area. The officers refused to give me a bandage for my wrist, because I needed a "medical order" for it. It was grotesquely infected at this point. The verbal abuse from the guards in the general holding area was absolutely one of the most belittling experiences I have ever had. Here is my question: While I understand the seriousness of the repercussions and consequences involved with a D.U.I., I'm curious as to what the protocol is with regard to processing people with mental health issues. How does my experience match up with that protocol, and did the police break from proper procedure?

Sincerely,

Pissed Off Patron

Dear Patron,

The current identifier for these holding facilities now is "Adult Detention Center," which is supposed to be kinder and gentler, but that wasn't your experience. I have no experience in corrections, FYI. Although some of the officers you encounter in jail are sworn peace officers, the majority are correctional officers (CO), an entirely different training and certification. COs have one foot in the law enforcement door that may one day lead to being a sworn police officer.

Jail areas are recorded. Everything you described was recorded, including the mental health areas. Your jail experience, upon filing a complaint, can be easily confirmed. You should file a complaint, and those recordings, coupled with the records from your doctor of the treatment you received for the infection, could provide you some recourse.

Arresting officers or agents have to identify if their arrestee is suicidal, intoxicated, on drugs, injured, etc. The only special treatment I've ever seen for suicidal detainees is detainment in a rubber room. Per usual procedure, you likely were not singled out in that regard.

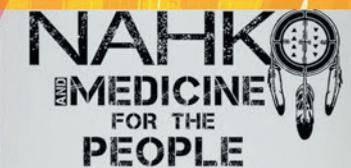
All COs receive training in dealing with the types of people I describe above and more. It sounds to me like they were just being cruel.

-Cop

Have a question for the Cop?
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askacop@slugmag.com



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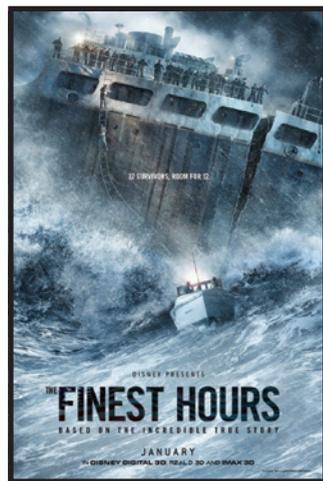
13 Hours: The Secret Soldiers of Benghazi
Director: Michael Bay
Paramount
In Theaters: 01.15



There was a time, not so long ago, when this movie buff would get excited for a new Michael Bay movie. Sure, I was 13 years old, but there was nothing better than explosions, car chases and fire fights on the big screen. For the next 10 years, things were mostly decent (sorry, *Pearl Harbor*), but then Bay got his hands on the *Transformers* franchise, and everything went to hell. A decade later and four robotic disappointments in the bag, one would be nervously excited whenever Bay decides to step outside of the war between the Autobots and Decepticons. On Sept. 11, 2012, in Benghazi, Libya, extremist fighters attacked an American diplomatic compound as well as another secret compound nearby. In order to thwart the attack, six American soldiers fended off wave after wave of attacks in order to save the lives of the other present American personnel. Since the confrontation, many controversies attributed to the United States' lack of response have been brought into question and fingers have been pointed. With that said, Bay, along with the surviving soldiers, refuses to bring the cloudy political issues into play and only focuses on what those

soldiers did to survive. When the majority of a 144-minute film is nonstop action, we need a director capable of delivering controlled chaos, and Bay is one of the best for the job. (Granted, those robot disasters were almost unwatchable, but the action was in attendance). Along with the action, **John Krasinski, James Badge Dale, Pablo Schreiber, David Denman, Dominic Fumusa and Max Martini** all bring a realistic sentiment to their real-life counterparts as they reflect on family and brotherhood in between times of life-threatening danger. This project proves that the spirit of the pre-*Transformers*, product-placement-obsessed Bay is still alive inside there somewhere, which excites this critic incredibly. One can only hope that this enjoyable entity can escape more often with even greater action sequences. —*Jimmy Martin*

The Finest Hours
Director: Craig Gillespie
Disney Pictures
In Theaters: 01.29



Among the many film divisions under the Disney umbrella—including Marvel, *Star Wars*, Pixar, *The Muppets* and Disney Animation—one you can be certain to witness every year that attempts to tug on the heartstrings: the inspirational, live-action, true-story project. In fact, director Craig Gillespie

gave us *Million Dollar Arm* in 2014, so he's no stranger to the topic of discussion. In his latest endeavor, Gillespie unveils the heroic tale of Boatswain's Mate First Class **Bernard Webber (Chris Pine)** of the Coast Guard and his 1952 attempt to rescue a sinking oil tanker that has broken in two with the back half still carrying 32 desperate crew members. Along with one of the greatest Coast Guard rescue missions to date, Webber and his fellow coasties must also navigate the hurricane of force that comes in the form of his strong-minded girlfriend, **Miriam Pentinen (Holliday Grainger)**, who refuses to stand in the shadows as she demands the safety of her lover from his commanding officer, **Daniel Cluff (Eric Bana)**. While venturing to the disaster site, the other half of the film focuses on **Ray Sybert (Casey Affleck)**, an introvert mechanic aboard the tanker who must take control of the turbulent setting and calm the remaining survivors' nerves in order to survive. Time after time, viewers will find themselves thinking, "I can't believe this really happened." The image of a massive ship split in two and floating adrift in the sea is truly unbelievable. While the tanker's exteriors are primarily visual effects, the interiors include a beautifully crafted four-story practical set. At the beginning of the story, Pine thoughtfully depicts Webber as a compliant guardsman unwilling to question authority, but as the dangers become a reality, Pine channels the insubordinate traits of another Captain he portrays in another production series. Gillespie succeeds at showcasing the moving human spirit, but keeps things exciting with exhilarating ocean action sequences with nerve-racking weather conditions. —*Jimmy Martin*

Punk's Dead: SLC Punk 2
Director: James Merendino Cinedigm
In Theaters: 02.12

Before I moved to the Beehive State in the fall of 2000, one of my only references to this fascinating city was an independent movie titled *SLC Punk*. I watched it more times than I can remember and enjoyed every viewing for its exciting acting, energetic soundtrack

and local resonance. It's been 18 years since its release with multiple rumors that a sequel was on the horizon. As much as I enjoyed the first installment, I questioned whether or not it required or deserved another engagement. The initial ending was pretty cut and dry. Sadly, my concerns were affirmed after witnessing the 65-minute (75 with credits) continuation of once-beloved characters who should have remained untouched until the end of time. Essentially, the deceased Heroin Bob (**Michael A. Goojian**) returns to narrate the story of his son, Ross (**Ben Schnetzer**), a straight-laced, death-obsessed goth who must come to terms with his emotions after losing his girlfriend while driving to a punk concert with his friends Crash (**Richard Colson Baker**) and Penny (**Hannah Marks**). While the kids venture to the venue, Ross' mother, Trish (**Sarah Clarke**), rallies all of the willing previous characters, including Sean (**Devon Sawa**), John the Mod (**James Duval**) and Eddie (**Adam Pascal**), to help locate her rebellious son. There's not much more to it than that. Once again, James Merendino attaches a fantastic soundtrack that includes everything from **Rancid** and **Screching Weasel** to **New Order** and **David Bowie**, along with a great message of punk music engaging the audience with a love for music, but that's where the positivity ends and the chaos begins. The entire movie comprises simple two- to three-minute scenes and music montages, which all fade to black. It's a vicious cycle that never ends. The acting is nonexistent because the screenplay refuses to offer anything with substance. Any attempt for characters to showcase emotions is for naught, since there is absolutely no foundation to build said relationships. For something that's been in the making for almost two decades, one would hope for more than a 65-minute shoddy, slapped-together pile of gibberish. Some franchises and their characters should be left alone and admired from afar, and this is certainly one of those cases—an absolute disappointment. —*Jimmy Martin*

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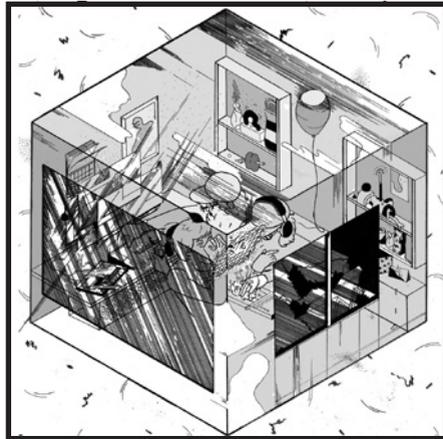
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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

Angel Magic

Fall Through
Hel Audio
Street: 11.21.15
Angel Magic = XXYYXX + Anamanaguchi + Mooninite



Andrew Aguilera and **Lauren Smith** formed Angel Magic in 2012 after working together previously on different projects. The duo create lo-fi synth electronic music similar to Aguilera's solo project, Mooninite. This is their second release with Hel Audio under the name Angel Magic—the first, titled *2012–2015*, features 12 tracks and comprises demos that the duo created leading up to the release of their debut album, *Fall Through*.

With relaxing synth beats and whispering vocals provided by Smith, *Fall Through* reflects the dreamlike state of mind before a deep sleep, and it's perfect for getting cozy in your room reading a book or blogging on Tumblr. *Fall Through's* opening track, "William," begins with a slow, deep beat as Smith whispers, "I could fall ..." over and over again in the background. One of the stronger tracks on the album, "Far Away" has a light and bouncy feel to it where Smith sings about wishing she were farther away from a lost lover, saying, "Far away / I just pushed you out of my heart," capturing a feeling of remorse in a song that expresses longing through its melody.

Aguilera and Smith have created an album that fits well with the name Angel Magic, as glittery synth sounds and vocals fill the speakers like a wisp of cool air. In addition to the music, their label, Hel Audio, often commissions local artists to create album covers for their releases. Using black-and-white geometric shapes, the cover of *Fall Through* is a graphic image of Aguilera and Smith working together in a small room creating music. Hel Audio releases are available online at helaudio.org or, occasionally, in local record shops like *Raunch*, *Diabolical* and *Graywhale*. Angel Magic's music is also available online at angelmagic.bandcamp.com. —Julia Sachs

The Boys Ranch

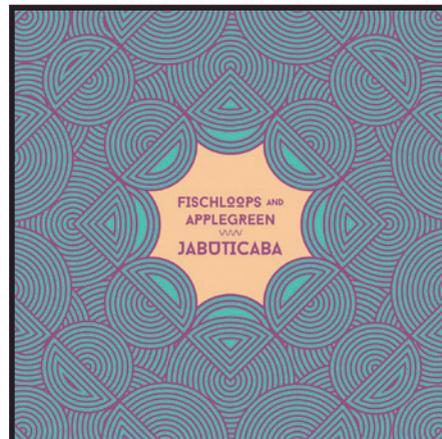
The Boys Ranch
CCG Records
Street: 10.10.15
The Boys Ranch = Johnathan Rice + Jan & Dean + Little Joy



This beachy EP from SLC natives The Boys Ranch is a collection of four tracks that hearken back to the clean, surf pop sounds of yesteryear (complete with the standard boom-tat-tat-boom-tat drum lines). Unlike the recent trend of beach-goth artists, The Boys Ranch use more classic, lighthearted guitar tones. In tunes like "In the Sun (Surf Song)" and "Surf's Up Beaches," the band throws no curveballs in its embrace of the almost forgotten swing of a West Coast, beach-side prom band. From a distance, the album is a nice enough listen from the impressive multi-instrumentalist **Dennis Fuller** as he takes on yet another genre. However, among its differences between songs, the EP succeeds in its production of the slow, jazzy number "In The Shade (Turf Song)," which seems the most genuine in its freedom from the pop-cultural "surf" sound. With the inclusion of horns and the doo-wop bass vocal line, The Boys Ranch bring a welcome change to my expectations—it's patient and serene in a way that is evocative of an earlier 20th Century relationship to waterfront relaxation and leisure. At other times in the EP, especially in the song "Mine Mine Mine," I wonder if this release is just dumbing itself down by pandering to the Californian revivalism of beach culture. However, in their chamber pop-inspired sounds, Fuller shows the most of himself in his influences, which makes him charming and provocative in his kinship with artists like **Beirut**. Because The Boys Ranch do not possess the grit and the dirtiness that characterizes the beach goth/surf platform, I hear in them more of a potential to reorient the style back toward the sophisticated and the classical. If they make a full album, I'm hoping to hear more tracks like "In The Shade." It's a real gem. —Nic Smith

Fisch Loops and Applegreen

Jabuticaba
Self-Released
Street: 11.14.15
Fisch Loops and Applegreen = Tinariwen + DJ Shadow



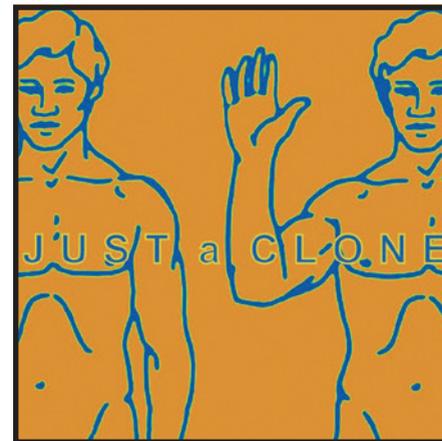
Jabuticaba is a split-album—longer than, but related to, a split-EP—released both digitally and on cassette by local musicians Fisch Loops (**Numbs**, **Furthermore**, **Julio Child**, **Daniel Tiger**, **Dani Lion**) and Applegreen. Its aim seems to have been the exploration of world music through sample-mashing, loops and unique instrumentation. The immediate attention-grabber of Fisch Loops' side is that each song title correlates to an animal noise (e.g. "Bray!", "Cool," "Hiss!"), and the corresponding sound thereof is either explicitly or implicitly employed in the respective song. Fisch Loops also incorporate aspects of island, funk/soul, trance and '80s synth music over pounding tribal beats to create a whole that is distinctly varied and versatile—always pulling back right before the sound crosses the established perimeter. Some of my favorites are "Trill!"—easily the odd-ball track, with its heavy hip-hop bass beat and a theremin (or something like it)—and the rapid-fire synth-based "Roar!"

The Applegreen side focuses the sounds of world music through the lens of folk, and chooses the body as its title theme ("Mouth," "Heartbeat," "Leg 4,"), though without direct correlation between the titles and sounds. One might immediately notice the minute nuance of sound on the Applegreen side: everything seems razor sharp and done for an exact purpose—I especially appreciated the deep bass that blossoms in its tracks. Though Applegreen variously embrace chanting, synth-vocals, spoken-word, flutes, wind-chimes and hand-claps, the most inviting pieces are those that center around classical/folk-style guitar playing—specifically "Headnod," "Eyes" and "Limb 2." My only issue is that neither band presents a list of

or hint to the samples they used in the tracks. Ultimately, the album as a whole flows seamlessly (variation included) with a nice balance between the styles—yet one is left to wonder about (and hope for) a full collaboration in the not-so-distant future. —Z. Smith

Just a Clone

JUST A CLONE
Fullblone
Street: 12.01.15
Just a Clone = Lemonheads + Modest Mouse + Nirvana



Ogden's Just a Clone just exited a time machine where they visited indie rock's underwhelming beginnings. They took detailed notes, observed the greasy-haired, flannel-clad boys, listened intently to its slacker-like deliveries and paid attention to the era's disdain for being liked by an adoring public. The self-described "no wave" project got lost in grunge's Forest of Self-Loathing, walking lonely circles with lower-than-standard tuned guitars only to return to 2015. The results of their time-bending experience created disdain toward music's current trend of overproduction, instead recording lo-fi anthems long enough to make a significant point.

First, their self-titled release offers hand-me-down batches of good songs. Just because a garment has a little age on it doesn't mean you shouldn't wear it. Despite the opening track, "(Again)," and its conspicuous false start, the band finds its footing and the vocals make their stumbling effort to recover worth enduring. *Bleach*-era Nirvana splash and stain everything around in "Portable Hole," adopting **Kurt Cobain's** guttural bellows and vocal cadences. Careful not to descend into tribute band territory, the song labors, weighing heavier and heavier with each passing second. "Secret" loiters unintentionally like the last guest to leave the party, going from welcome to a nuisance.

The album's saving grace hides in the poignant song-writing. "You know you're right / And I am wrong" resonates like an unfinished thought on "E.I." "Time," *Just a Clone's* standout track, returns to its pervasively melancholy chorus the perfect amount of times needed. "Smother" also creates and forges its own path. The relative major/minor relationship pours over the speakers like an argument that is better left unresolved.

On the other hand, Just a Clone bear too many understated performances. "Host" peels and sticks grunge's most recognizable elements: droning vocals, drudging riffs and Xanax-induced stupors. Repeat the same formula until the album feels finished. It closes on too somber a note, one that wonders if the collective has

a difficult time getting out of bed each day.

Inconsistent yet charming like an old, three-legged dog, *JUST A CLONE* resembles its namesake: a collective that uses the musical language that it imitates. Doing nothing new with it reduces them to an unintentional tribute band searching for their own identity. —Stephan Wyatt

Mayday RED

Let It Burn
Opus Meridan Records
Street: 11.15.15
Mayday RED = Taylor Swift x Bruce Springsteen



I was a little surprised to see the word "debut" tacked on to Mayday RED's apparently first album, *Let It Burn*. If you've ever seen their webpage, you'll know that this local duo has published a lot of their work already. Certainly, their experience together has made **Jeremy Hoop** and **Rachel Koller** an extremely compatible combo, and their synergy shines through on this debut album. The two pass lead and lyrics back and forth effortlessly, harmonize flawlessly and, most impressively, were able to introduce me to a new type of music I had no idea I would enjoy.

Turning on the radio, I wouldn't be surprised to hear any song off of *Let it Burn*—in fact, I'd be quite pleased. This complex mixture of pop, country and electronica seems to do it just right! The songs are intricate with many voices: Softer sections stay interesting with odd percussive effects and counterpoint melodies, and large ensembles fill the room when the energy rises and things get noisy. Crisp cutoffs, some fun effects added behind the scenes, and a lot of creative ideas come together to create this well-polished mix that weaves more instruments in and out of each song than I could count!

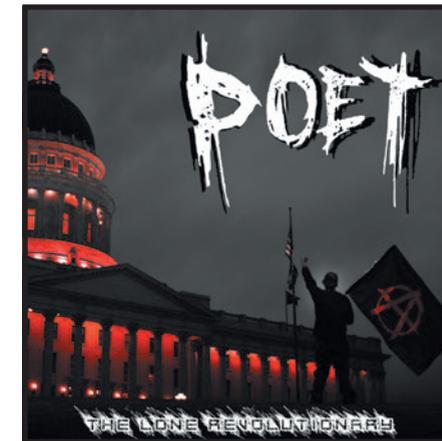
Refreshingly, Mayday RED are well in control of their dynamics, and each song is a proper blend of energetic choruses and relaxed verses. From the dancey "Take a Ride" to the slow and evolving "Sleep Baby Sleep" to the soft and somber "Broken Man," this album covers a lot of territory—generally, though, each song develops almost like a conversation between the two vocalists, taking place amid a country landscape of violins, synthesizers and effects.

While rhythms typically aren't too complex throughout *Let it Burn*, many different melodies develop within each song, which keep it all sounding fresh.

Mayday RED are unlike any group I've heard, offering a successful fusion of genres I had no idea could mix and match. I didn't expect to enjoy *Let it Burn* as much as I did after picking up on some definite country undertones in the first couple of songs, but without a doubt, Mayday RED have created an album that defies genre and had me dancing and wanting more. —Alex Blackburn

Poet

The Lone Revolutionary
Self-Released
Street: 10.30.15
Poet = Clawson + Burnell Washburn



The self-described "hip-hop anarchist" Poet does not fail to live up to his own hype. "Crash & Burn" sets the tone early in the album, bringing up **Eric Garner's** murder and challenging those who talk about injustice from behind the protective screen of social media to take the streets and protest. Poet mixes up rap tracks with spoken-word tracks, including "Hope" and "Race in America," unafraid to touch on recent events and tell his listeners to come to their own conclusions instead of trusting the media. On a more personal level, Poet touches on how these issues hit closer to home for those of us in Utah and for him in particular, talking about his experience of being bi-racial, losing friends to drugs and cancer, being a father, and struggling with a past marred by alcoholism despite the conservative atmosphere. In "Pay To Play," Poet talks about the predatory nature of promoters who capitalize on new, emerging artists trying to break into the scene and create a fanbase by requiring a down payment in order to play an event. "Now I don't know when this practice started, but in all frankness, it fucking disgusts me," he says before saying that these types of promoters try to "pimp" out artists who already work hard on their craft, pay for their own studio time, and just want to play for their fans. *The Lone Revolutionary* has enough heavy material to make a real statement, and tracks featuring other artists, including **Icy Blu**, **Kendoggy** and **Machild** (to name a few), seem to be the strongest in terms of both lyricism and rhyme, though there are certain vocal inflections, mainly in the spoken word tracks, where some words and lines seem rushed. However, the message "I'm fucking awake" is more than clear and Poet has a perspective that deserves to be heard. —Ali Shimkus

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MUSIC REVIEWS

Charlie Hilton

Palana

Captured Tracks

Street: 01.22

Charlie Hilton = Nico x (Tamaryn + Craft Spells)

After leaving high school, **Blouse** frontwoman Charlie Hilton, changed her name from her given Sanskrit name, Palana, in favor of the more androgynous Charlie. The fact that she acknowledges both names as a solo artist is revealing, as she sings in the title track, "Palana," "I needed to go somewhere / I needed to become somebody else." This signals a departure from a prior life while also making light of it. Though there is nothing autobiographical about it, *Palana* is an honest display of Hilton's life and love, giving a stark, honest look at her inner thoughts and interspersing quirky pieces like "Let's Go To A Party" and "The Young." The album follows in the same theme of dual personality and self-discovery: The first half of the album has a melancholic, electronic undertone that resembles Blouse material, but the second half of the album has a folksy, whimsical aspect. It's the work of someone who doesn't take themselves too seriously but still has something important to say.

The consistent quality that permeates the album is the strength of the songwriting and the simple yet effective lyrics. Hilton's verses are straightforward and seldom allegorical as she sings, "Get off my back / I'm not your pony" in "Pony" and "Let's Go To A Party / We don't have to talk" before leading into a chorus of "I'm only happy when I'm dancing / When I'm dancing for you" in "Let's go to a Party." The simple poetry of Hilton's lyrics seems to mirror her work in Blouse, where songs such as "They Always Fly Away" have a nursery-rhyme quality that Hilton's wistful, somewhat haunting voice enhances. Love songs, such as "No One Will" and "100 Million" (a collaboration with **Mac DeMarco**), are definitely a deviation from the electronic darkwave genre in which we're more used to hearing Hilton's voice, utilizing light strings and piano to create a sound that is both bittersweet and nostalgic. "100 Million" even offers a less sardonic version of DeMarco, who complements Hilton's voice perfectly. This softer, sentimental side of Hilton is certainly a departure from Blouse, but it highlights the poetic, artistic quality of *Palana* that sets her solo work apart from other solo artists breaking away from their bands.

Palana is a brave album for Hilton, as it certainly exposes more of her own personality and her own experiences, whereas Blouse's discography usually deals with more abstract themes and a consistently

darker sound. Unfortunately, some of the songs, such as "WHY," venture dangerously close to dragging or being too repetitive, lacking some of the force behind them that never lacks in Blouse. Hilton's solo act in general seems to want to take on a more indie/folk **Bright Eyes** quality that has certainly been done before, but the quirkier songs of the album, such as "The Young," avoid pigeonholes by stretching time and sound with uninhibited saxophone noises, crashing cymbals and a lack of adherence to a single time signature. The avant-garde nature of *Palana* is something that Blouse fans are not used to, and it's something that Blouse fans need to hear. *Palana* shows a more folksy, personal and intimate side to Charlie Hilton that was previously unheard, resulting in a different take on Blouse's more psychedelic sound. —Ali Shimkus

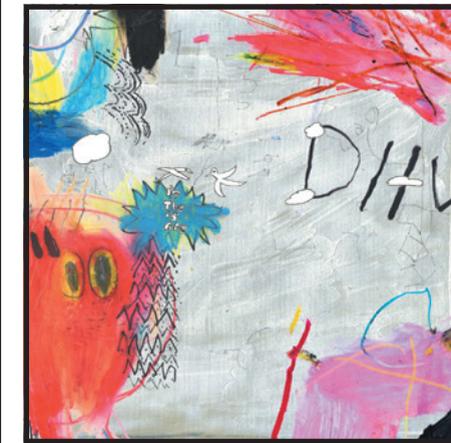
DIIV

Is the Is Are

Captured Tracks

Street: 02.05

DIIV = Beach Fossils + The Cure (1979)



I can't tell you how long I've been waiting to write this review. Well, I suppose I could—I've been waiting well over a year to write this damn thing. Accordingly, I had set my hopes quite high for *Is the Is Are*. And I'll set shit straight right now: The album met my hopes, if not exceeded them. I kind of saw it coming when I saw DIIV live last October. They played a good mix of old and new material, and I really liked what I heard from the new album. Then I gave their new album a solid listen, and goddamn was I stoked.

Right off the bat, *Is the Is Are* stands apart from DIIV's debut album, *Oshin*. The overall sound has improved,

but more importantly, there are plenty of vocals. Normally, I'm a fan of nearly vocal-free tunes, and that's what I've always liked about *Oshin*. The vocals were absent in a few of those songs and sparse in the others. Yet, this new album includes vocals on every track, and they all sound great—and quite melodic. Hell, I didn't think **Zachary Cole Smith** had a voice like that. He nails it.

In addition to the improved and more constant vocals, their songs are a bit lengthier this time around, and the whole album is well-composed. Simply put: DIIV just sound better. Each song is well spread out with nice lead-ins and swirling effects across the board—not to mention the dark and sometimes melancholic guitar riffs throughout, but that's just my style. That brings me to my next point: This album gets into some dark shit—I mean, kind of.

Smith had hinted that their second album would be a lot darker than the first. So maybe I was listening for it, but I picked up on that pretty quick. Don't get me wrong—the album has some slightly (and I mean slightly) more upbeat tunes. Although, I will tell you, there's a lyric in there that goes something like, "Now I'm fucked to die in a world of shit." I feel you there, man. I'd say that's about as dark as the album gets. The album's tone is definitely gloomier than *Oshin*'s, as I always thought *Oshin* had that West Coast beach sound. DIIV have set themselves apart in terms of sound with *Is the Is Are*, however.

Some of the best songs on the album are the darker ones. They all have a distinct sound. The vocals in "Valentine" exhibit somewhat quick verses with no breaks between lines. "Dust" contains similar vocals over a sporadic, screeching guitar. Despite the number of dark tracks, DIIV did a decent job mixing it up throughout *Is the Is Are*. While the album is dismal, for the most part, the tracks vary from quick and light-hearted to slow and somber.

With all this talk about how great their new album is, I'm starting to understand why DIIV took a bit longer to release it. You can tell they took their time with the entire album. Honestly, *Is the Is Are* has everything *Oshin* didn't: lengthy songs, plenty of vocals and better composition. You DIIV fans are in for a real treat. —Dylan Evans

Pop. 1280

Paradise

Sacred Bones

Street: 01.22

Pop. 1280 = Ministry + Killing Joke + The Sisters of Mercy

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Pop. 1280 establish *Paradise* as an unoccupied city filled with breathtaking buildings and perfectly paved streets. What a waste, considering that the album's ironic title and industrial cityscapes create an ideal community for humankind's damned. Owning as much to **Harlan Ellison** as Ministry circa *The Land of Rape and Honey*, Pop. 1280 borrow their vocabulary, but they further it to set them apart from their legendary predecessors. They illustrate their fictitious, nihilistic worldview, layered in artificial intelligence and diminishing empathy, using modern boxes and primitive tools.

Along with the rest of the band, lead screamer **Chris Bug** weaves together eight vignettes and one instrumental deeply rooted in doom and despair. Beginning with "Pyramids on Mars," the song's narrator encounters several characters who try to deter him from discovering what he knows to be true. The mood permits no light inside, with the slowly beaten toms and two-note synth riff. Bug's **Al Jourgensen**-esque howls explode over a vintage **Bo Diddley** beat on "In Silico." The seven-minute-long lament climaxes with **Andrew Chugg**'s uptempo drums accenting Bug's polemical declaration, "I dream in infrared!" "Chromidia" fails to yield, with the sci-fi sounds best suited for the upcoming *Blade Runner* sequel, panning from one circle of hell to the next.

Uniformity and concision sets apart Pop. 1280's *Paradise* from its two previous albums, *The Horror* and *Imps of Perversion*. 2012's *The Horror* attempted to scare in ways like **Bauhaus** and Sisters of Mercy had done so flawlessly in the past. *Imps of Perversion* drew nefarious characters and provided the wretched soundtrack to lives already waist-deep in the results of their bad decisions. The synthesis of the first two records bring to head the band's best-laid plans. *Paradise*'s evenness lies within the sonic and lyrical narratives wound to near-symmetrical precision. "USS ISS" charges forward like a line of infantrymen, undeterred from its mission to destroy everything in its path. Like Killing Joke before them, "USS ISS" can do without choruses and conventional arrangements. The song succeeds in its mission, taking no prisoners and leaving nothing in the wake of the band's destruction.

A sharp shift in mood and timbre drives *Paradise* off of the cliff during the album's sole instrumental bearing the same name. **Ivan Lipp**'s atonal, **Daniel Ash**-like guitar lines amid heavy drones float over the remainder of the tracks like the eye of a hurricane. The percussion rattles and swings like a train hoping to avoid derailing in "Rain Song." Bug takes note of how little control individuals have over their own fate, moaning, "Invisible hands have invisible plans." The single-note bassline pulsates indefinitely while advice is rendered to an unnamed character: "You want my advice? Don't play this game." Never gaining momentum, "The Last Undertaker" again features Chugg's dependency on his intermittently played toms. The beat comes and goes and comes again. The synth bassline suffocates the desperate breaths taken by the song's narrator. It never changes—nor does its character's fate.

Folk tales spun from the future's dismal end, *Paradise* makes their brand of catastrophe hymns sound stunning and pleasant. It reminds us that at the end of

each day, tomorrow brings with it another Sisyphean boulder to push upward. And in between each day's malaise hides our mischief, something Pop. 1280 articulate without shame or judgment. —*Stephan Wyatt*

Rotting Christ
Rituals
Season of Mist
Street: 02.12
Rotting Christ = Septic Flesh + Varathron + Moonspell



Whenever your band has a big name and reputation in the metal/extreme metal scene, there are expectations with each new album. For me, *Rituals* meets those expectations and goes above and beyond. These Greek metal stalwarts became well-known in the underground for their earlier works of black metal, then transitioned to a gothic metal style, and now into what I like to call grandiose dark metal. *Rituals* is quite grandiose, and while Rotting Christ play on the styles that the band explored on their previous albums, *Katá ton Dáimona Eafthoú* and *Aealo*, they vary heavily on the album and execute them more atmospherically—yet, it's still crushing.

Rituals may just sound fresh and new to my ears, but for me, it plays out as more interesting and more engrossing than Rotting Christ's other recent output. Despite the vinyl version of the new album being released on a double-LP, the album maintains a duality of the "Side A / Side B" dynamic. The first half of the record exhibits plenty of atmospheric. The band performs vocals in Latin and Greek with an almost evil-Gregorian chant method, and the songs flow together nicely, which keeps the pacing fast. The drumming on the first half of the album is one of its key elements and driving factors. It's the drums that crush more intensely than any riff—the song "Apage Satana" is almost all drum and vocals—even the riffs cling to my ears like black tar.

The songs, in a way, feel simplified, but conversely, more dynamic than the last few albums. From rough translations of song names, Rotting Christ have returned to more Satanic themes than *Katá ton Daimona Eafthoú*'s more lyrical types of cultural and mythological themes. Despite what Rotting Christ actually say lyrically—because I don't speak Latin or Greek—this

lyrical direction helps amplify the themes of the album and its mystical, magical feeling. Back to the structure of the album, the second half becomes a bit more structured with less atmospheric styling. The rhythm gets slower, but the record transitions from a powerful, bone-crushing feeling to an intensely darker and grittier vibe. One of the English-titled tracks, "For A Voice Like Thunder," starts out with a sample of battle sounds and turns into a spoken-word passage that becomes almost gratuitously dark—it's also the first track to feature the slower rhythm style and focus more on the guitar structure. The fast, epic, fist-pumping-type songs fit Rotting Christ's live shows in the way of getting the crowd to go, "Hey, hey, hey!" Fortunately, however, they often divert from that high energy to slower moments. The style of this record fits the live feeling of Rotting Christ perfectly. I can see that the band focuses on crowd interaction as they take album opener "In Nomine Dei Nostri," which features a drum/riff combo with high energy, and move down tempo to a slower, doom-like song like "Devadevam." The duality of *Rituals* is its greatest strength as it mixes up energy and momentum, which results in a fully engrossing record—one that is more than I hoped for from Rotting Christ. —*Bryer Wharton*

Savages
Adore Life
Matador Records
Street: 01.22
Savages = Black Sabbath + Swans + Siouxsie and The Banshees



Back in 2013, we saw *Silence Yourself*, the triumphant debut LP from London-based four-piece Savages. Clad head to toe in black, Savages strove for uncompromising authenticity as they brought the impatient and thunderous heart of post-punk back, topping off their unforgiving album with singer **Jehnnny Beth**'s 36-line manifesto, which sharply decried a world of far too many voices and distractions clamoring for our attention.

Now, a couple of years later, Savages are still looking closely at their audiences—and the world—only this time around, they're less quick to condemn, more quick to hope. The band's follow-up album, *Adore Life*, launches into thick, unadulterated aggression in one of the album's singles, "The Answer," with Beth

veering from lines like "Love is the answer" to "I'll go insane." The song comes with a video of Savages performing in a sunlit room to a small but packed crowd, which writhes, thrashes and loses itself, embodying the song's part passion, part delirium. It's an intimate and true portrait of Savages' fans and live performances, but the band's accompanying message is what encapsulates *Adore Life* and sets it apart from *Silence Yourself*: "We've observed our audience all around the world and noticed that something is happening. People want to do good, or to be good, or just to feel good."

Adore Life is an exhilarating examination of power, change, self-possession and, most of all, love. Savages maintain their confrontational austerity and near-theatrical defiance (**Ayse Hassan**, **Gemma Thompson** and **Fay Milton** go harder than ever on bass, guitar and drums, respectively), but while they aren't playing love songs, per se—they're capturing the many complexities of love and desire. Beth wrote each incisive lyric, and she brought a more personal, unguarded dimension to *Adore Life*: the ascetic "Evil" came in response to massive religious protests against France's 2013 legalization of same-sex marriage; "Sad Person" likens love to a drug addiction; "Slowing Down The World" is a slow saunter, with Beth crooning that hypersexuality, "Darling, it's not a crime"; and in "When In Love," Beth is frantic, unsure of whether love is angel or demon.

Savages set out to craft songs that are mean and heavy, but *Adore Life* is an unyielding force because it brings an uncanny sense of lightness, too. "Adore" is a processional torch song that starts out bare, with Beth asking, "Is it human to adore life?" It's a life-loving, seize-the-present track that talks about death so that we can grasp love—and fittingly, it isn't until the very end that the song builds into its jarring climax, one of the album's most affecting moments. "T.I.W.Y.G." is a fiery, brandishing blitz, a reminder that Savages won't hesitate to spin their songs into assaults: "This is what you get when you mess with love," shouts the grunting, fast-talking Beth over the relentless and precise instrumentals. Savages are throwing rapid punches, but just as suddenly as they start, they're swerving into *Adore Life*'s closing track, "Mechanics." Here, Beth is operatic and stately as she croons about sex, pain and pleasure. Offhand harmonics and chimes shimmer over the dense layers of guitar and bass, which soon plunge into a monumental-feeling soundscape. As we near the album's end, it's impossible not to feel that *Adore Life* is an expression of the love that Savages explore throughout—the urgent, controlled chaos, the elegant yet formidable, the rapturous—and when Beth gently declares the album's final line, "My love will stand the test of time," we don't doubt her. —*Kathy Zhou*

Striker
Stand in the Fire
Breaking Records
Street: 02.05
Striker = Raven + Enforcer

Striker have definitely hit their stride on their fourth full-length album, *Stand in the Fire*. The band struck gold, combining the essence of the classic heavy



metal sound of their second album, *Armed to the Teeth*, with the aggressive, fiery thrash guitars found on their third record, *City of Gold*.

Stand in the Fire's second and third tracks are excellent examples of the classic heavy metal sound Striker recreate. They break into big '80s choruses reminiscent of **Tokyo Blade** with simple, strummed-open guitar chords, a massive snare drum—although not entirely replicating the snare from **Judas Priest**'s *Turbo* or **Saxon**'s *Destiny*—and vocal hooks that instantly seep into my brain. One feat Striker have over Tokyo Blade is a killer saxophone cameo on the second track, "Out for Blood," intermingling with an awesome fuzzy guitar solo. The last half of the album moves away from the classic '80s metal choruses and finishes the album in a more speed metal style.

Stand in the Fire exchanges some of the speed from *City of Gold* for more varied guitar melodies, while preserving the groove and immense amounts of energy. The guitar solos in the opening track, "Phoenix Lights," illustrate **Timothy Brown** and **Trent Halliwell**'s ability to combine technical skills, such as sweeping, with catchy, memorable runs up the fret board. Striker did maintain some of the aggression found on *City of Gold*, however. The title track boasts the same machine gun-like riffs, pounding double bass and killer guitar solos, as found in the band's last album. But it seems as though they discovered a perfect, whole-package formula, including the amazing overlaying vocal melodies that the band's last album was missing.

Dan Cleary's vocal melodies are considerably more elaborate on this album, and it seems that slower, more melodic guitar riffs lay the perfect foundation for Cleary to really display his skills as a vocalist. He tastefully adds light, reverbing finesse to the ends of vocal lines and to expand his harmonies in the choruses. Striker preserve their lyrical themes of heavy metal, beer-drinking and unity, reviving their common trope of group chants such as, "I'll drink to that!" on the tenth track, "Better Times." They also throw in a track or two about a love surprisingly unrelated to beer.

The sound on *Stand in the Fire* is perfect for a traditional heavy metal album. The guitar tone is hearty and crisp as the riffs flow, and the solos are as smooth as butter. I appreciate the fact that Cleary avoided slathering auto-tune all over his vocals, if he

even used it at all. The bass of the kick drum stays at a reasonable level and leaves room for the bass guitar to be heard. The toms are deep and punchy, and the snare sounds huge. They almost captured a totally organic drum sound, but each kick on the bass drum is unnaturally even.

This is an album I can listen to twice in a row and still be able to find exciting, new, tiny details. Each song differs in tempo and melody, contributing to the easy digesting of the record. This is the perfect album to start off 2016. (*Metro Bar 05.15*) —*Madi Smith*

Sunflower Bean
Human Ceremony
Fat Possum
Street: 02.05
Sunflower Bean = TOPS + DIIV

Brooklyn-based Sunflower Bean are a dynamic trio who've made lightning-fast progress as a band to watch, pairing their fast-paced and energetic psych rock with equally paced, widespread tours. While their first release, the EP *Show Me Your Seven Secrets*, is a heavy drifter, loud and wild, their debut album, *Human Ceremony*, is a clean-faced, intricately pieced-together contribution to that strange creature of contemporary psych rock.

Sunflower Bean have a gloomy, compelling energy underneath all that shimmering reverb, which actually makes it feel like some lovely offspring of shoegaze and psych rock. That seems like an obviously awesome combination, but I can't think of many notable examples, which makes the sound of this album stand out all the more. Sunflower Bean's style is really exciting, and I think it could appeal to a lot of different listeners. Coming out of a mecca of music, it might be easy to pigeonhole them as indie wonderkinds, but their music is dynamic. Dreamy, shimmery jangles jumble up with rough garage rock on many of the songs, so there's something new to notice with every new listen. The album contains a slightly different version of their EP's "2013," and it exemplifies their tendency to catch a listener off-guard with its hazy, repeated-back lyrics, sounding like some echoed spell. The song plays at a harried pace—it's maybe the fastest song on the album, but it doesn't overwhelm.

Sunflower Bean's music feels all-out and urgent in some way or another. All three members of the band are under 21, and for anyone who's ever been at the end of adolescence and at the mouth of the 20-something cave, their music makes perfect sense. The poetic lyrics and fine, crystal voice of bassist **Julia Cumming** sprawl on top of a hodgepodge of sweet-spirited psychedelics and rippling, ever-changing melodies that change pace at breakneck speed. The album feels like a picture of something unsteady, like one of those well-timed photos of a building in mid-collapse. They are capturing certain ideas and feelings and throwing everything into expressing them. They manage to make a song about staying home ("I Was Home") sound something like a riot, and then to contrast that, "Creation Myth" comes on, the dreamy pinnacle of the whole thing, where Cumming's voice swoops in a heavenly way

that sticks in your head.

What's most impressive about Sunflower Bean is that their EP and this album are both really fantastic pieces produced in a very short amount of time. Their music is just a concentration of goodness: It's dense with thoughtfulness, but doesn't feel bogged down or pretentious. It feels natural and playful, especially with tracks like their single, "Easier Said." There is a youthful energy powering every straightforward drum beat and every meandering crash of guitars.

Human Ceremony doesn't fit in—or blend in—with psych rock because it doesn't follow any cookie-cutter patterns. It's aimless and confusing at times, heavy and grungy at others, but there are no tired themes or sounds here. They remind me of a lot of different things all at once, in a way I haven't been able to pin down. The many colors they show off in this album make me feel like their next one is going to be just as interesting. If you haven't listened to Sunflower Bean yet, listen to this album. Their music, as of now, is youthful rock music, and I think it's only going to get cooler from here on out. —*Erin Moore*

Ty Segall

Emotional Muggger

Drag City

Street: 01.22

Ty Segall = WAND +

Queens of the Stone Age's *Era Vulgaris*



It's official: Ty Segall is over himself. It took eight solo albums (and then some) of elevating his old-school teenage-boy rock into a celebrated international event before he could properly gut the beast and turn its corpse inside out for an 11-track collection of some beautifully mangled anti-anthems. It's risky, it's messy and it's unsettling, but *Emotional Muggger* is doing something new enough to earn pause—even if only to silently mouth the phrase, "What the fuck?"

Unlike the smoothly executed tracks found in 2014's *Manipulator*, almost every song on *Emotional Muggger* takes place in a state of manic anxiety. Starting with the lumbering riff of "Squealer," Segall flaunts his own ability to build and release sonic tension as the line "Cut my finger / hurts to push it down" introduces a vision-blurring bass resolve. Other tracks like

"Baby Big Man" and "Emotional Muggger / Leopard Priestess" follow suit in this way: small treats of jam in the midst of jarring electric chatter. However, it would be a mistake to say that this aspect makes the tracks predictable. Segall seems to be constantly resisting his own tendency to create easily headbang-able power rock songs and instead attempts to tame the noisy parts of his string-bending brain. Sometimes he does this irresponsibly, like the completely useless and overly conceptual "W.U.O.T.W.S." (a kind of Segallian "Revolution 9"), but most of the songs feel purposeful in their challenges toward the listener. In fact, Segall is actually the most impressive when he builds a perceptible groove within what would otherwise be the musical equivalent of a seizure trigger. "The Magazine," for example, is somehow undeniably hypnotic, despite the lead instrument sounding akin to the screeching mating call of dial-up Internet and a note-less (but nevertheless gratifying) solo in which he just strangles the shit out of his guitar.

If this is starting to sound a little unappetizing, I don't mean to suggest that this album is all business or some torturous treasure that you "just have to listen to one more time" to enjoy. Yes, it's abrasive at points, but it's still having fun with itself. The undoubtedly FUZZ-inspired track "Diversion" is perhaps the moment of most clarity on the album (and thus humorously named) with its straightforward delivery of the heavy, and "Squealer Two" incorporates elements of funk with its wobbling bass tones and falsetto harmonies. The album isn't trying to push you away—rather, it invites you along to explore the potential validity of misfit sounds. Segall hints to this in the track "Candy Man" where he chants "Pick me up / I am done / candy's gone / no more fun," which, given the musical content and recurring theme of "candy" in this album, it wouldn't be a stretch to interpret this line as Segall's changed attitude toward his songwriting style as he departs from the more accessible expectations of the psych rock genre—that, or, you know, drugs.

As a whole, *Emotional Muggger* is easy to get down with as long as you know where to focus without getting distracted or overwhelmed by the peripheral madness—i.e., having a consciousness—i.e., it's good psych rock. To be frank, Segall could have easily turned out another classic-style album, and his fans would have eaten it up, but he didn't. In the ever-growing world of genre demanders and pigeonholers, trustworthy aesthetics are the chains of creative prison. So I applaud Segall's step into uncomfortable territory. It's the real deal. (Urban 03.12) —*Nic Smith*

Urgehal

Aeons In Sodom

Season Of Mist

Street: 02.12

Urgehal = Impaled Nazarene + Carpathian Forest x Darkthrone

Urgehal are too often overlooked by dumbasses and hipsters (I know I'm being redundant) when discussing the "second wave" of black metal from Norway. The reasoning behind this is confusing to say the least—Urgehal should be held with religious veneration alongside the rest of the greats. These guys have

arguably been at it much longer than their peers, or at least just as long, and deserve all that unearned respect you shitstains keep showering on **Liturgy**, whose manifesto on black metal should be illegal to own. I think one of you is going to need to take me to the hospital to get my rage hemorrhoid drained just from thinking about it (I'll do a Cliffnotes version of the "manifesto": shitty-scarf-wearing douche tries to emo-bukkake the coolest genre of metal with pretentious, rambling bullshit).

Now that that's out of the way, it should be noted that *Aeons in Sodom* is somewhat unconventional in the way it was crafted. There isn't a consistent vocalist throughout the tracks, which I wasn't even aware of before I read the liner notes, despite my familiarity with the band. If you'll allow me to describe the album in words **Gordon Ramsay** would use, it's kind of like an updated, fresh and rustic approach to the band's sound. Obviously it's going to be different than past releases in some ways, but it still retains the essence of the band and much of what makes them unique (the almost Finnish Satanic anger, diabolical urgency and genuinely misanthropic feel of the sound). Perhaps most importantly, *Aeons* is a departure in some of the riffing, vocals and sound, with very good (albeit sorrowful) reason. The album is dedicated to the memory of Urgehal's founding member **Trondr Nefas** (may he rest in peace). To pay their respects, many well-known O.G.s in black metal community make vocal appearances and guest guitar solos (side effects of which may include sexual arousal/melted facial features) on the album. I'll name-drop a few of the more noteworthy guests: **Nocturno Culto** (Darkthrone), **Niklas Kvarforth** (**Shining**, **Skitliv**), **Nattefrost** (Carpathian Forest) and even a keyboard contribution courtesy of **Lars Fredrik Frøislie** (**Tusmørke**).

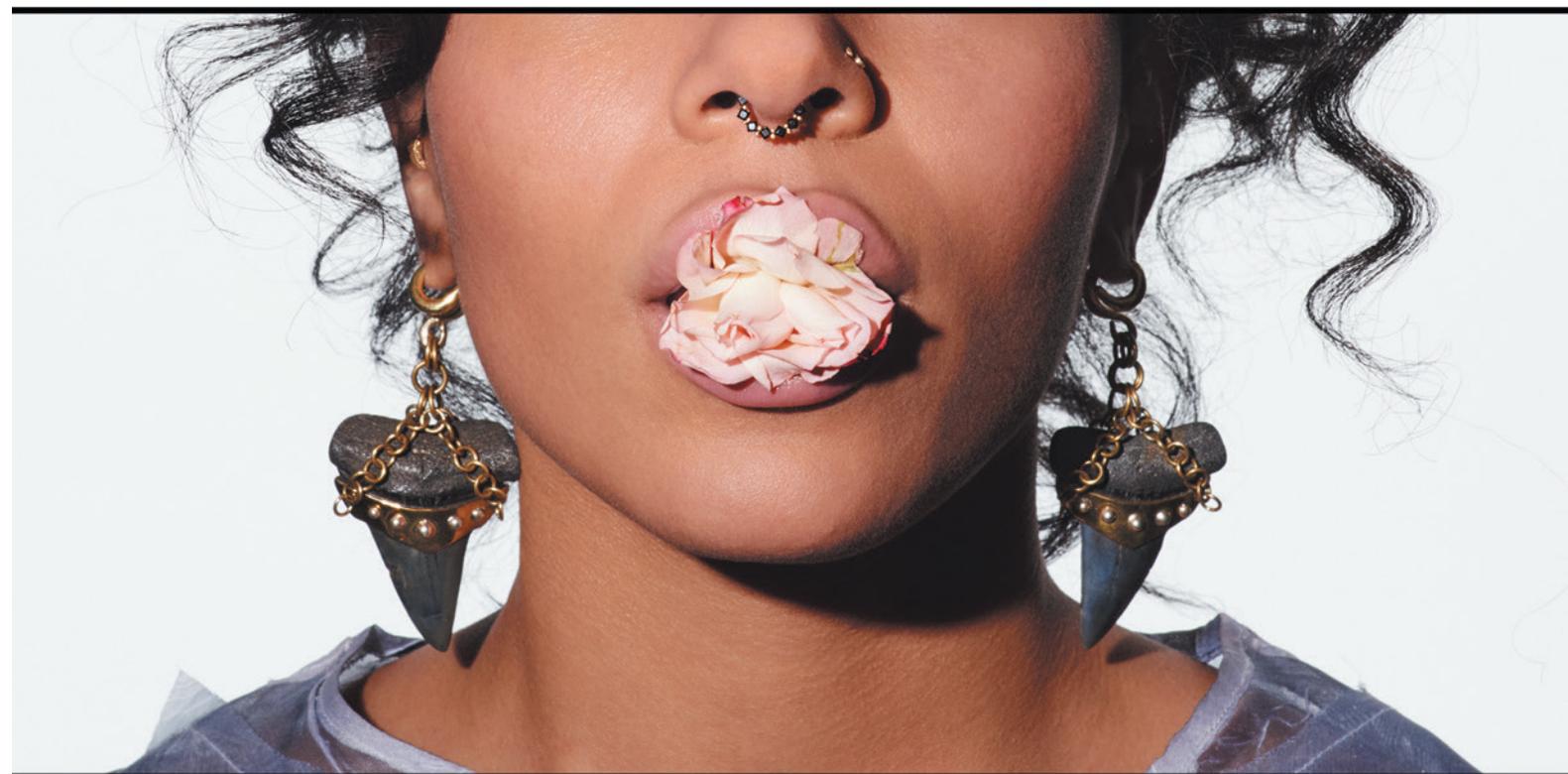
Instrumentally and aurally, this is a Norwegian black metal album made by a Norwegian black metal band. It showcases a breadth of skill by the full-time members and the contributors. Fast/holy-shit-that's-fast, slow and mid-paced drumming, tremolo-thrashing guitars, and vocals that are consistent but not monotonous (despite the number individual performances) abound throughout, and the songs stand out on their own. "Forgettable" is a word I wouldn't use except to illustrate inversely that the songs are memorable as shit. *Aeons in Sodom* opens with a disconcerting intro called "Dødsrite": whispers are progressively drizzled with guitar feedback, and I did laugh a little when somebody in a thick Scandinavian accent starts yelling over all this to introduce the band and album—"WE ARE URGEHAL, AND WE ARE HERE TO FUCKING DESTROY YOU!" Even though I was already well aware to whom I was listening, I did appreciate the memo about their mission statement.

I was initially going to give this a raving review ... and still am, a stark-raving review at that, because the cover of **Autopsy's** "Twisted Mass of Burnt Decay" makes this even more of a masterpiece. Pack your bags—I guess we're going to Sodom for an indefinite amount of time. —*Nuko Kapao*

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Get your event listed for free in our calendar! Sign up for a free SLUG Calendar account at slugmag.com/calendar.

Friday, February 5

Doris Day, Wicked Bears, Red Sleeves - *Kilby*
Breezeway, Marla Stone, Yak Yak Yak - *Muse Music*
Mike Gordon - *Park City Live*
Museum-Wide Opening Reception - *UMOCA*
Dubwise, Roommate, Darkside, illoom - *Urban*
Canyons, MiNX, Michelle Moonshine Trio - *Woodshed*

Saturday, February 6

Thunderfist, Magda Vega - *Ice Haüs*
Brumby, Luna Lune, Mad Max & The Wild Ones - *Kilby*
Manufactured Superstars - *Park City Live*
Great Dane, Mr. Vandal, Dsz Khensu - *Urban*

Sunday, February 7

Rubedo, Soft Limbs, Albino Father - *Kilby*

Monday, February 8

Asking Alexandria, While She Sleeps - *Complex*
Enforcer, Warbringer, Exmortus, Cauldron - *In The Venue*

Tuesday, February 9

The Middle Mountain, SEACONS, Young North - *Kilby*

Wednesday, February 10

Skate Maloley, Derek Luh - *Complex*
Sally Yoo, Thomas Jaques, Ana Hardy, Benton Wood - *Kilby*
Streetlight Woodpecker - *Salt Lake Acting Co.*
Mark Hummel & The Blues Survivors, Tony Holiday Anson Funderburgh, Little Charlie Baty - *State Room*
Your Meteor, Rumble Gums, Daisy & The Moonshines - *Urban*

Thursday, February 11

Jack & Jack, Daya - *Complex*
Dr. Dog, The Bright Light Social Hour - *Depot*
RADIUS, Psychosis, Kasen Shawn - *Kilby*
Scenic Byway, Mark Dago, The Hound Mystic, Beachmen - *Urban*

52 SaltLakeUnderGround

Friday, February 12

Brighton Night Party - *Brighton*
The Departure, Westward, Blue Jay Boogie - *Kilby*
Andre Power, Concise Kilgore, DJ Juggy - *Urban*

Saturday, February 13

Kip Moore, The Cadillac 3 - *Depot*
Valen-Grime, Getter, Herobust, Ricky Remedy, DRIX & MorZFeeN - *In The Venue*
Mandolin Orange, The Dead Tongues - *Kilby*
Theories, Voidsmen, Moon of Delirium, Burn Your World - *Loading Dock*
Naughty By Nature - *Park City Live*
Royal Bliss, Wayland, Another Lost Year - *The Royal*
Family Art Saturday - *UMOCA*
Metalachi, Folk Hogan, The Hips - *Urban*

Sunday, February 14

Gallows Bound - *Club X*
Nahko And Medicine For The People - *Depot*
The Infamous Stringdusters, Mandolin Orange - *Park City Live*

Monday, February 15

Cradle Of Filth, Butcher Babies, Ne Obliviscaris - *Complex*
Scru Face Jean, RADIUS, Steve Jedi - *Kilby*
Jon Wayne & The Pain - *The Royal*

Tuesday, February 16

Hoodie Allen, SuperDuperKyle, Black Bear - *Complex*
Jukebox The Ghost - *Complex*
Interift, Cityscape, Haven Johansen - *Kilby*
Chasing Morgan - *Loading Dock*
G. Love and Special Sauce - *Park City Live*
MarchFourth!, Diego's Umbrella - *State Room*
Earphunk - *Urban*

Wednesday, February 17

State Champs, Neck Deep, Knuckle Puck, Like Pacific - *Complex*
Metric, Joywave - *Depot*

Diane Coffee, Creature Double Feature, Giants in the Oak Tree - *Kilby*
Stephen Kellogg and The South West North East, Liz Longley - *State Room*

Thursday, February 18

Arms and Sleepers, YEYEE, AudioTreats, Soft Blonde - *Kilby*
The Hollow, Ellipsis, Innocence Lost - *Loading Dock*
Fleshgod Apocalypse, Carach Angren, Abigail Williams, Turned To Stone, Disforia - *Metro*
The Budos Band, The Weekenders - *State Room*

SLUG Localized: New Shack, Angel Magic, Rare Factor - Urban

Friday, February 19

Logic, Dizzy Wright - *Complex*
Reel Big Fish, Suburban Legends, The Maxies - *In The Venue*
Mojave Nomads, RKDN, Melting Rain - *Kilby*
Eagle Twin, Oxcross, Accidente - *Urban*
Salt Lake Gallery Stroll - *Various Galleries*
Joshua James, RuRu, Colby Stead - *Velour*

Saturday, February 20

Calabrese, Die Monster Die, Corvid, Dirtbomb Devils - *Club X*
Kitfox - *Kilby*
The Crossing, The Wednesday People, Miniature Planets - *Loading Dock*
The Solarists - *Muse Music*
SENSE/ABILITY Tour - *UMOCA*
Groove Garden, Demarkus Lewis, Boogie Basics, Anthony Motto, Hot Noise - *Urban*
Hive Riot, Coral Bones - *Velour*

Sunday, February 21

Card Reading Day

Monday, February 22

Galactic - *Park City Live*

Tuesday, February 23

Hawthorne Heights, Mest,

The Ataris, Handguns, London Falling - *Complex*
STRFKR, Com Truise, Fake Drugs - *Depot*
Of Ruins, Fortunes - *Loading Dock*

Wednesday, February 24

Megadeth, Children Of Bodom, Havok - *Complex*
Dirty Dishes, Quiet Oaks, Panthermilk - *Kilby*
Art Alexakis, American Hitmen - *Metro*
Matisyahu - *Park City Live*
California Guitar Trio & Montreal Guitar Trio - *State Room*

Thursday, February 25

H2O - *Complex*
Chase Bryant - *Depot*
Harm's Way, Take Over, Deprive, Repulse - *Kilby*
Gravespell, Embryonic Devourment, Silent Sorcerer, Thalgora, Delusions of Godhood - *Loading Dock*
Freakwater, Jaye Jayle - *State Room*
Hot Vodka, UFO TV, Red Dog Revival, The Nods - *Urban*

Friday, February 26

Blessthefall, Miss May I, The Plot In You, Sirens & Sailors, A War Within - *Complex*
Nervosa, F.U.M.E. Brothers, Latter Day Skanks, Broken Bodies, Bestial Carnage, The Cliterinas, Goro - *Metro*
Nero - *Park City Live*
Poor Man's Whiskey, Gorgeous Gourds - *State Room*
Mr. Vandal, Erasole James, Dsz Khensu - *Urban*
Haley Hendrickson, Drape, New Shack, The Blue Aces - *Velour*

Saturday, February 27

The Number Ones - *Bayou*
Night of Shining Stars - *Capitol Theater*
Azizi Gibson, Felly & Gyyps, Matt Burton, MindBody&Beats - *In The Venue*
Emily Wells, Lorna Dune - *Kilby*

Poor Man's Whiskey - *OP Rockwell*
Hell's Belles - *State Room*
'80s Dance Party - *Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 28

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Lex The Hex Master, Trilogy - *Complex*
Skizzy Mars - *In The Venue*

Monday, February 29

Matt Hires, John Allred, Grizzly Goat - *Kilby*
Anderson East, Dylan LeBlanc - *State Room*
Ringo Deathstarr, Future Death, No Sun - *Urban*

Tuesday, March 1

Cannibal Corpse, Obituary, Cryptopsy, Abysmal Dawn - *Complex*
MC Lars, Mega Ran - *Kilby*
Eleanor Friedberger - *State Room*

Wednesday, March 2

Animal Collective - *Depot*
Beacon, Natasha Kmeto - *Kilby*
Cash'd Out - *OP Rockwell*
Wolf Eyes, Timmy's Organism, Video - *Urban*

Thursday, March 3

Yellow Claw, Moksi - *Park City Live*

Friday, March 4

Pick up the new issue of **SLUG - Anyplace Cool**
Poet, The Delphic Quorum, Theta - *ABG's*
Wasatch Powder Keg Sprint - *Brighton*
Vince Staples - *Complex*
Carly Rae Jepsen - *Depot*
Hippy Sabotage - *Kilby Court*
Ripchain, A Balance of Power, Towards Chaos, Silent Sorcerer - *Loading Dock*
RuPaul's Drag Race Season 7: Katya - *Metro*
SLC Tattoo Convention - *Salt Palace*
John Moreland, Lilly Hiatt - *State Room*
Djunya, Wolf Bitch - *Urban*
Red Yeti - *Velour*



FEBRUARY

241 S 500 E SLC
DOORS @ 8 PM UNLESS NOTED
21+

- 2/4: **FREE SHOW Conquer Monster**, Soft Limbs, Beachmen
- 2/5: **Dubwise: Roommate**, Darkside, illoom 9 PM DOORS
- 2/6: **Great Dane Of Team Supreme**, Mr Vandal, Khensu
- 2/10: **FREE SHOW David Bowie Tribute Night**: Rumble Guns, Daisy & The Moonshines, 90s Television and more!
- 2/11: **FREE SHOW Scenic Byway**, Mark Dago, The Hound Mystic, Beachmen
- 2/12: **Soulection: Andre Power**, DJ JUGGY, Concise Kilgore 9 PM DOORS
- 2/13: **Metalachi**, Folk Hogan, The Hips
- 2/16: **Earphunk**
- 2/17: **FREE SHOW Candy's River House**
- 2/18: **SLUG Localized**
- 2/19: **Eagle Twin**, Oxcross, Accidente
- 2/20: **Demarkus Lewis**, Boogie Basics, Anthony Motto, Hot Noise
- 2/23: **FREE SHOW Bitchin'**, Red Bennies
- 2/24: **FREE SHOW Dead Things**
- 2/25: **FREE SHOW Red Dog Revival**, The Nods, Red Telephone, Hot Vodka
- 2/26: **SLMA Ceremony final phase** - Into The M.u.h. Album release Mr Vandal, Erasole James, DSz, Khensu (9 PM DOORS)
- 2/27: **80's Party featuring Flash & Flare** (9 PM DOORS FREE BEFORE 10:30 PM & \$4 AFTER)
- 2/28: **That1Guy**
- 2/29: **Ringo Deathstarr**, Future Death, No Sun



COMING SOON

- 3/02: Wolf Eyes
- 3/05: Prince Fox & Stelouse
- 3/10: STWO
- 3/11: El Ten Eleven
- 3/12: Ty Segall & the Muggers
- 3/18: Thriftworks
- 3/19: Rob Crow's Gloomy Place
- 3/21: Murder By Death
- 3/23: Crookes/Geographer
- 3/24: La Luz
- 3/25: San Fermin
- 3/29: Cullen Omori
- 3/30: Shannon & the Clams
- 4/03: Ra Ra Riot
- 4/08: Pete Yorn
- 4/12: Matthew Logan Vasquez of Delta Spirit
- 4/13: Autolux
- 4/15: The Cave Singers
- 4/17: Cloud Cult
- 4/29: Napalm Death/Melvins
- 5/13: TORTOISE
- 5/19: Sticky Fingers

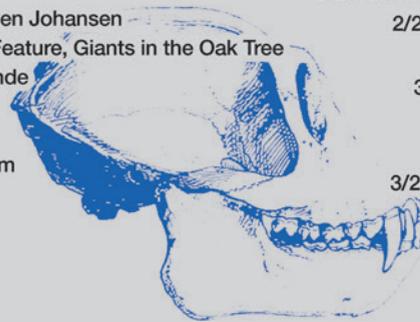


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Kilbycourt FEBRUARY

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DOORS @ 7 PM UNLESS NOTED
ALL AGES

- 2/2: **Harold Henry**, Well Okay, Scott Rogers
- 2/4: **Tarot Death Card**, Lazy Susan, After Hours
- 2/5: **Doris Day Album Release**, Wicked Bears, Red Sleeves
- 2/6: **Brumby**, Luna Lune, Mad Max & The Wild Ones
- 2/7: **Rubedo**, Soft Limbs, Albino Father
- 2/9: **Seacons**, The Middle Mountain, Young North
- 2/10: **ACOUSTIC SHOWCASE: Sally Yoo**, Thomas Jacques, Ana Hardy, Benton Wood
- 2/11: **Radius**, Psychosis, Kasen Shawn
- 2/12: **The Departure**, Westward, Blue Jay Boogie
- 2/13: **Mandolin Orange**, The Dead Tongues, TBA
- 2/15: **Scru Face Jean**, Radius, Steve Jedi
- 2/16: **Spy Hop's 801 Sessions: Interift**, Cityscape, Haven Johansen
- 2/17: **KRCL Presents: Diane Coffee**, Creature Double Feature, Giants in the Oak Tree
- 2/18: **Arms and Sleepers**, YEY, AudioTreats, Soft Blonde
- 2/19: **Mojave Nomads**, RKDN, Melting Rain
-HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LANCE SAUNDERS!
- 2/20: **Kitfox Album Release**, Emily Brown, Brian Bingham
- 2/24: **Dirty Dishes**, Quiet Oaks, Panthermilk
- 2/25: **Harms Way**, Take Over, Deprive, Repulse
- 2/26: **From Indian Lakes**, SOREN BRYCE, L'Anarchiste
- 2/27: **Emily Wells**, Lorna Dune
- 2/29: **Matt Hires**, John Allred, Grizzly Goat



OTHER S&S SHOWS

- 2/2: Safetysuit @ The Complex
- 2/11: Dr. Dog @ The Depot
- 2/16: Jukebox the Ghost @ The Complex
- 2/17: State Champs/Neck Deep @ The Complex
- 2/17: METRIC @ The Depot
- 2/19: LOGIC @ The Complex
- 2/23: Hawthorne Heights/Ataris @ The Complex
- 2/23: STRKFR/Com Truise @ The Depot
- 2/26: Blessthefall @ The Complex
- 3/1: Cannibal Corpse @ The Complex
- 3/2: Animal Collective @ The Depot
- 3/16: Daughter @ The Depot
- 3/28: A Great Big World @ The Complex
- 4/8: Father John Misty @ The Depot



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